In dust of roses in an antique jar,
With rare sweet savors round and over it
Of spicy odors Time can never mar,
I find a letter by a woman writ.
No ghost could make me shudder as the sight
Of this poor missive all so long miseen,
Wherein I read of all my lost delight
And all the sweetness of what might have been

A woman's face, a woman's tender touch, A woman's gentle voice and soft caress— Yourself, my darling, whom I loved so much, Forever by my side to soothe and bless— All mine for but one poor unspoken pray'r My faint lips might have uttered long ago— All lost (and surely this is hard to bear) Because I did not hope and could not know!

I hold the crumpled sheet that tells it all, And, looking on your gracious loving words, One dead sweet hour my dreaming thought

recall,
Made glad by whisp'ring leaves and song birds. And in a green and shady woodland place I see the Spring's pale sunshine on your The matchless marble beauty of your face, Beyond all other women's cold and fair.

Across a dreary gulf of tears and pain
You come, a radiant vision of the Past,
And all unchanged, unwithered, still remain,
O love, as when I looked upon you last!
Ah, had I told you in that hour, my sweet,
Of all the true deep love you could not gues,
And poured my soul's wild passion at your fee
I might have heard your soft and whispere
"Yes!"

But, fool and blind, I did not dare to speak Hut, tool and blind, I did not dare to speak;
No tender glance or word would fear allow
Because my love had made my heart so weak!
I wrote my pray'r, and read the answer—now
Now—and I waited, oh, with that despair
In that dead time of bitter loss and shame;
And while I deemed my grief too hard to bear,
You watched and wondered, and I never came!

Some wayward chance, some pitiful mistake—
Ah me, could sadder destiny appear?—
Two hearts were ruined and two hearts might
break—
This letter lay among the roses here!
Oh, cold and cruel irony of Fate,
That, having held most precious gifts unseen,
Then mocks us with the bitter words, "Too
late."

And hardest taunt of all, "It might have

## SIR HUGH'S LOVES

Evelyn sighed as she read the letter; it sounded a little cold to her. If she had been in Erle's place she would have wanted him to come at once. Was it not her right as his promised wife, to be beside him and to try to comfort him? How could she have the heart for these hollow gaieties, knowing that he was sad and troubled? If it had been left to her, she would not have postponed their marriage; she would have gone to church quietly with him, and then have returned to Bel grave house to nurse the invalid; but her aunt had seemed shocked at notion, and Erle had never asked her to

Evelyn was as much in love as ever, but her engagement had not satisfied her; every one told her what a perfect lover Erle was -so devoted, so generous. Indeed, he was perfection in her eyes, but still something was lacking. Outwardly she could find no fault with him, but there were times when she feared that she did not make him happy; and yet, if she ever told him so, he would overwhelm her with kind affectionate speeches.
Yes, he was fond of her; but why was he

so changed and quiet when they were alone together? What had become of the frank sunshiny look, the merry laugh, the careless indolence that had always belonged to Erie? She never seemed to hear his laugh now: his light-hearted jokes, and queer provoking speeches, were things of the past. He was older, graver; and sometimes she fancied there was a careworn look on his face. He was always very indignant if she hinted at this—he always refuted such accusations with his old eagerness; but nevertheless Evelyn often felt oppressed by a sense of distance, as though the real Erle were eluding her. The feeling was strong upon her when she read that letter; and the weeks of separation that followed were

scarcely happy ones.

And still worse, their first meeting wa utterly disappointing. He had come to the station to welcome them, and had seen after their luggage, and had questioned about their journey; his manner had been perfectly kind, but there had been no eager welcome in his eyes. Lady Maltravers said he looked ill and wearied, and Evelyn felt wretched. But it was the few minutes during which her aunt had left them together that disappointed her most; he had not taken the seat by her at once, but stood looking moodily into the fire; and though at her first word he had tried to rouse himself, the effort was painfully that has come between us, and that he fears

Just then he looked up, and their eyes

met. ...
"I am afraid I am awfully stupid this evening, Eva," he said apologetically; "but I was up late with Uncle Rolf last

Yes," she answered gently; "I know you have had a terrible time; how I longed to be with you and help you. I did not enjoy myself at all. Poor Mr. Huntingdon but as you told Aunt Adela, he is not really

"No, he is just the same; perhaps a trifle more conscious and weaker; that

"And there is no hope?" "None; all the doctors agree in saying

"Poor Mrs. Trafford." "Ah, you would say so if you could see her; Percy's death has utterly broken her

down; but she is very brave, and will not spare herself. We think Uncle Rolf knows ner, and likes to have her near him; ne always seems restless and uneasy if she leaves the room. But indeed the difficulty is to induce her to take needful

"You are looking ill yourself, dear Erle," she returned, tenderly; but at that moment Lady Maltravers re-entered, and Erle looked at his watch.

"I must go now," he said hastily; and though Evelyn followed him out into the corridor there were no fond lingering words. "Good bye, Eva; take care of yourself," he said, kissing her; and then he went away, and Evelyn went back into the room with a heavy heart. He had been very kind, but he had not once said that he told herself that something hadcome between

But there was no opportunity for coming to any understanding, for the shadows were closing round Belgrave House, and the Angel of Death was standing before the

Ah! the end was drawing near now. Mr.

Huntingdon was dying.

He had never recovered consciousness, or seemed to recover consciousness, or seemed to recognize the faces round him; not even his favorite Erle, or the daughter who fed and soothed him like an infant; and yet in a dim sort of a way he seemed conscious of her presence. He would wail after her if she left him, and his withered hands would grope upon the coverlet in a feeble, restless way, but never once did he articulate her

He was dying fast, they told Erle, when he had returned home that night; and he had gone up at once to the sick-room and

Mrs. Trafford was sitting by the bed as usual. She was rubbing the cold wrinkled hands, and speaking to him in a low voice; she turned her white, haggard face to Erle as he entered, and motioned him to be quiet, and then again her eyes were fixed on the face of the dying man. Oh! if he would only speak to her one word, if she cares and perplexities then?" could only make him understand that she

forgave him now!
"I have sinned," he had said to her,

but in the presence of the dead there should be peace;" but she had answered him with bitterness; and then he had fallen across the feet of his dead grandson, with his grey head stricken to the dust with late repentance. And yet he was her father! She stooped over him now and wiped the death dews from his brow; and at that moment another scene rose unbidden

to her mind She was kneeling beside her husband; she was holding him in her arms, and he was panting out his life on her bosom. was panising out his life on her bosom.
"Nea," she heard him say again in his weak, gasping voice, "do not be hard on your father. We have done wrong, and I am dying; but, thank God, I believe in

the forgiveness of sins;" and then he had asked her to kiss him; and as her lips "Father," she whispered as she thought of Maurice. "Father!"

The fast glazing eyes turned to her a noment and seemed to brighten into "He is looking at you—he knows you,

Ah, he knows her at last; what is it he

Come home with your own Nea, father —with your own Nea; your only child, Nea; and as she bends over him to soothe him, the old man's head drops heavily on shoulder. Mr. Huntingdon

CHAPTER XXXIX.

EVELYN'S REVENGE. Look deeper still. If thou canst feel Within thy inmost soul, That thou hask kept a portion back While I have staked a whole Let no false pity spare the blow, But in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy beart a need That mine cannot fulfil?
That mine cannot fulfil?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake, or still?
Speak now lest at some future day
My whole life wither and decay.

Adelaide Anne Proctor.

Evelyn Selby stood at the window, one afternoon about three weeks after Mr. Huntingdon's death, looking out on the snowy gardens of the Square, where two rosy-faced lads were pelting each other with

snowballs. She was watching them, seemingly absorbed in their merry play; but every now and then her eyes glanced wistfully towards the entrance of the Square with the soher expectancy of one that has waited long, and is patient; but weary.

Erle had once owned to Fay, in a fit of

enthusiasm, that Evelyn Selby was as good as she was beautiful; and it was true. Placed side by side with Fern Trafford, and deprived of all extraneous ornament of dress and fashion, most people would have owned that the young patrician bore the palm. Fern's sweet face would have suffered eclipse beside her rival's radiant bloom and graceful carriage; and yet a little of the bloom had been dimmed of late, and the brown eyes had lost their bright

As a well-known figure crossed the Square, she turned from the window with a sigh of relief; "at last," she murmured, as she sat down and made a pretence of busying herself with some fancy-work; but it lay unheeded on her lap as Erle entered and sat down beside her.
"I am afraid I am very late this after-

noon, Eva," he said, taking her hand. "Mrs. Trafford wanted to speak to me and so I went up to her room; we had so much business to settle. She has given me a great deal of trouble, poor woman, but I think I shall have my way at

"You mean about the money?" "Yes; I think she will be induced to let me set aside a yearly sum for her mainten-ance. She says it is only for her children's sake if she accept it; but I fear the truth is that she feels her strength has gone, and that she cannot work for them any

"No; not even a quarter; though I tell her that so much wealth will be a heavy burthen to me. Eight hundred a yearthat is all she will accept, and it is to be settled on her children. Eight hundred; it

is a mere pittance."
"Yes; but she and her daughters will live very comfortably on that; think how poor they have been; indeed, dear, I think you may be satisfied that you have done the right thing; and after all, your uncle wished you to have the

money."
"I do not care about it," with a stifled
The following afternoon Fern stood by to rouse himself, the effort was paintury evident. "He is not happy; there is something on his mind," thought the poor girl, watching him. "There is something the image of this content is something on the table beside the content is something to not care about it, with a swince the window, looking out on the white snowy road sparkling with wintry sunlight. Her little black bonnet lay on the table beside diamond pendant now that you so admired."

"No, no; I do not want it; you give me too many presents. Tell me, Erle, does Miss Trafford come to see her mother, now she is ill?"
"Yes, of course; but I never see her,"

he answered so quickly that Evelyn looked at him in surprise. "I have not spoken to her once since Uncle Rolf's death—the lawyers keep me so busy; and I never go into the sick-room unless I am specially

"But poor Mrs. Trafford is better

"Yes; and Dr. Connor says that it will be better for her to be anywhere than at Belgrave House. We want to persuade her to go down to Hastings for the rest of that. His health has been breaking for the winter. When I see Miss Trafford, I years, and the sudden shock was too much for him. No; it is no use deceiving our interrupting himself hurriedly—" never selves; no change can happen but the letter that you wanted to speak to me parti-cularly. What is it, Eva?" looking at her

very kindly.
"Yes; I have long wanted to speak to you," she returned, dropping her eyes, and he could see that she was much agitated. "Erle, you must not misunderstand me; I am finding no fault with you. You are always good to me—no one could be kinder; but you are not treating me with perfect

"What do you mean?" he asked, astonished at this, for no suspicion of her meaning dawned upon him. "You have no fault to find with me. Surely want of frankness

is a fault?"

"Yes, but I think it is only your thought for me. You are so anxious that every thing should be made smooth and bright for me, that you do not give me your full confidence, Erle"—pressing closer to him, and looking up in his face with her clear, loving eyes. "Do you think that I can love you so and not notice how changed you have been of late—how pale and care-worn? though you have tried to hide from

me that you were unhappy."

He pulled his moustache nervously, but he could not answer her. "How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you

cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, as though my presence but dignelled the aloud." had dispelled the cloud." " And why not, Eva? do you think your bright face would not charm away any melancholy mood?" But she turned away as though not noticing the little compliment. He was always making these pretty speeches to her, but just now they jarred n her. It was truth—his confidence

that she wanted; and no amount of soft words could satisfy her.
"You are always good to me—always," she went on; "but you do not tell me all that is in your heart. When no one is speaking to you, I often see such a tired, harassed look on your face, and yet you will never tell me what is troubling you, dear; when we come together-when you make me your wife, will our life be always unclouded; am I to share none of your

He was silent; how was he to answer her? "It would not be a true marriage," she

continued, in a low, vehement tone, you did not think me worthy to share your thoughts. Erle, you are not treating me well; why do you not tell me frankly what makes you so unlike yourself. Can you look me in the face and tell me that you

are perfectly happy and satisfied?"

"I am very fond of you; what makes you talk like this, Eva," but his eyelids drooped uneasily. How was he to meet those candid eyes and tell her that he was happy—surely the lie would choke him— when he knew that he was utterly miser-

"Erle," she said in a low voice, and he face became very pale, "you do not look at me, and somehow your manner frightens me; you are fond of me, you say—a few months ago you asked me to be your wife; can you take my hand now and tell me, as I understood you to tell me then that I am dearer to you than any one else in the

"You have no right to put such a question," he returned angrily. "You have no right to doubt me. I have not deserved this. Eva."

"No right!" and now her face aler. "I think I have the right, paler. You do not wish to answer the question that is because some one has come between us. It is true, then, that there is some one

dearer to you than I?"

He hid his face in his hands. No, he could not lie to her. Was not Fay's miserable exile a warning to him against marriage without confidence. He would have spared her if he could, but her love was too keen eyed. He could not take her hand and perjure his soul with a lie; he loved her, but he could not tell her that she was the dearest thing in the world to

It all came out presently. He never knew how he told it, but the sad little story of his love for Fern Trafford got itself told at last. Poor Erle, he whose heart was so pitiful that he forbore to tread on the insect in his path, now found himself compelled to hurt perhaps wound fatally—the girl who had

given him her heart.

Evelyn heard him silently to the end. The small white hands were crushed together in her lap, and her face grew white and set as she listened; but when he had finished, and sat there looking so down-cast, so ashamed, so unlike himself, her clear, unfaltering voice made him raise nis eyes in astonishment. "I thank you for this confidence; if—if—' and here her lips quivered, "we had been married, and you had told me then, I think it would have broken my heart; but now-it is

"And you can forgive me, dear; you can be sorry for me? Oh, Eva! if you will only trust me, all may yet be well. I shall be

happier now you know the truth."
"There is nothing to forgive," she answered quickly; "it is no fault of yours my poor Erle, and you were always good to me—no," as he tried to interrupt her, "we will not talk of it any more to-day; my head aches, and of course it has upset me. I want to think over what you have said It seems" -and here she caught her breath as though I can hardly believe it you go away now, dear, and to me to-morrow. To morrow come we shall see how far we can trust each

"I must go away if you send me," he answered humbly, and then he got up and walked to the door. He had never felt more wretched in his life. She had not reproached him, but all the color and life had gone out of her face. She had spoken so mildly, so gently to him. Would she forgive him, and would everything be as though this had never happened? "Oh, Erle, will you not wish me good-bye?" and then for a moment the poor girl felt as though her heart were breaking. Was she

nothing to him after all?"

At her words Erle quickly retraced his steps. "Forgive me, Eva," he said. and there were tears in his eyes; "I am not myself, you know; all this takes it out of a man." And then he stooped over her as though to take her into his arms.

For an instant she shrank from him then she lifted up her face and kissed him.
"Good-bye, Erle," she said, "goodbye, my darling. No one will ever
love you as I have loved you." And
then as he looked at her wistfully, she released herself and quietly left the room night.

her, and the carriage that had brought her from Belgrave House had just driven away from the door. Erle had given special orders that it was to be at Miss Trafford's service, and every morning the handsome bays and powdered footman drew a youthful crowd around the side door of Mrs. Watkins'. Sometimes Fern entered the carriage alone, but very often her little sister was with her. Fluff revelled in those drives; her quaint remarks and ejaculations often brought a smile to Fern's sad

rps.
Those visits to Belgrave House were very trying to the girl. Mrs. Trafford used to sigh as she watched her changing color and absent looks. A door closing in the distance the sound of a footstep in the corridor, made her falter and turn pale. But she need not have feared; Erle never once crossed her path. She would hear his voice sometimes, but they never once came face to face. Only one day Fern saw a shadow cross the hall window as she got into the carriage, and felt with a beating heart that

Erle was watching her.

That very morning her mother had been speaking to her of Erle's generosity; indeed the subject could not be avoided. "Re wanted me to take half his fortune," Mrs. Trafford had said with some emotion; "he is bitterly disappointed at the smallness the sum I named; do you think I am right to take anything, Fern? My darling, it is for your sake, and because I have no strength for work, and I feel I can no longer endure privation for my

children. "I think you are right, mother; it would not be kind to refuse," Fern returned quietly; and then she tried to feel some interest in the plans Mrs. Trafford was making for the future. They would go down to Hastings for the rest of the winter Fern had never seen the sea—and then they would look out for some pretty cottage in the ccuntry where they could keep poultry and bees, and perhaps a cow, and Fern and she could teach in the village school, and make themselves very busy; and the mother's pale face twitched as she drew this little picture, for there was no responsive light in the soft grey eyes, and the frank, beautiful mouth was

"Yes, mother," she at last answered, throwing her arms round her mother's neck "and I will spend my whole life in taking

care of you.' care of you."

She was thinking over this conversation now, as she looked out at the snow, when her attention was attracted by a private brougham, with a coronet on the panel, that stopped before Mrs. Watkins', and the next moment a tall girl, very quietly dressed, entered the house.

Fern's heart beat quickly. Was it possible that it could be Miss Sciby? But before she could ask herself the ques-But tion, there was a light tap at the door, and the girl had entered, and was holding out

both her hands to Fern.

"Miss Trafford, will you forgive this intrusion? but I feel as though we knew each other without any introduction. I am Evelyn Selby; I daresay you have heard my name from "-with a pause-" Mr. Huntingdon.'

"Oh, yes, I have heard of you," returned Fern with a sudden blush. This was Erle's future wife, then—this girl with the tall graceful figure and pale high-bred face that,

in spite of its unusual paleness, looked very beautiful in Fern's eyes. Ah, no wonder he loved her! Those clear brown eyes were very candid and true. There could be no comparison between them-

She had little idea that Evelyn was saying to herself, "What a sweet face! Erle never told me how lovely she was. Oh, my darling, how could you help it? but you shall not be unhappy any

longer! "Of course I knew who it was," went on Fern, gently; "you are the Miss Selby whom Mr. Erle is to marry. It is very kind of you to come and see me.

Oh, the bitter flush that passed over Evelyn's face; but she only smiled faintly.
"Do you know, it is you who have to do me
a kindness. It is such a lovely afternoon, and you are alone. I want you to put on bonnet again and have a drive with me; the park is delicious, and we could have our talk all the same. No, you must not refuse," as Fern colored and hesitated at this unexpected request; "do me this little favor—it is the first I have ever asked you." And Fern yielded.

That drive seemed like a dream to Fern. The setting sun was shining between the bare trees in the park, and giving rosy flushes to the snow. Now and then a golden aisle seemed to open; there was a gleam of alsie seemed to open; there was a gleam of blue ice in the distance. Miss Selby talked very quietly, chiefly of Mr. Huntingdon's death and Mrs. Trafford's sudden failure of strength. But as the sunset tints faded and the grey light of evening began to veil everything, and the gas lights twinkled, and the horses' feet rang out on the frozen road, Evelyn leant back wearily in her place and relapsed into silence. Either the task she had set herself was harder than she thought, or her courage was failing; but the brave lips were quivering sadly in the

But as the carriage stopped, she suddenly roused herself. "Ah, are we here?" she said with a little shiver; "I did not think we should be home so soon." Then turning to the perplexed Fern, she took her hand gently. 'You must have some tea with me, and then the brougham will take you back;" and, without listening to her frightened remonstrance, she conducted her through a large, brilliantly lighted hall and down a narrow corridor, while one of the servants preceded them and threw open a door of a small room, bright with firelight and lamplight, where a pretty tea-table was already set.

Fern did not hear the whispered order that Miss Selby gave to the servant, and both question and answer were equally lost on her. "Do not say I have any one with on her. "Do not say I have any one with me," she said, as the man was about to leave the room; and then she coaxed Fern to take off her bonnet, and poured her out some tea, and told her that she looked pale and tired. "But you must have a long rest; and, as Annt Adela is out, you need not be afraid that you will have to talk to strangers. This is my private sanctum, and only my special friends come

"I ought to be going home," replied Fern uneasily; for the thought had suddenly occurred to her that Erle might come and find her there, and then what would he think? As this doubt crossed her mind, she saw Miss Selby knit her brow with a sudden expression of pain and the next moment those light ringing footsteps, that Fern often heard

in her dreams, sounded in the corridor. Fern put down her cup and rose; aust go now," she said unsteadily. But as she stretched out her hand for her bonnet, Erle was already in the room, and was looking from one pale face to the other in undisguised amaze-

"Miss Tarfford!" he exclaimed, as though he could not believe his eyes; but Evelyn quietly went up to him and laid her hand on

Yes, I have brought her. I asked her to drive with me, and she never guessed the reason; I could not have persuaded her to come if she had. Dear Erle, I know your sense of honor, and that you would never free yourself; but now I give you back this "-drawing the diamond ring from her finger; "it is Miss Trafford's, not I cannot keep another woman's

property."
"Eva," he remonstrated, following her to the door, for she seemed about to leave them; "I will not accept this sacrifice; I refuse to be set free," but she only smiled

"Go to her, Erle," she whispered, "she is worthy even of you; I would not marry you now even if she refused you, but" with a look of irrepressible tenderness-" she will not refuse you;" and before he could

answer her she was gone.

And Fern, looking at them through a sudden mist, tried to follow Evelyn, but either she stumbled or her strength forsook But all at once she found herself in Erle's arms, and pressed closely to him.

"Did you hear her, my darling?" he said, as the fair head drooped on his shoulder; "she has given us to each other—she has set me free to love you. Oh, Fern, I tried so hard to do my duty to her; she was good and true, and I was fond of her— I think she is the noblest woman on God's earth-but it was you I loved, and she found out I was miserable, and now she refuses to marry me; and—and—will you not say one word to me, my

dearest? How was she to speak to him when her heart was breaking with happiness-when her tears were falling so fast that Erle had to kiss them away. Could it be true that he was really beside her; that out of the mist and gloom her prince had come to her; that the words she had pined to hear from his lips were now caressing her ear.

But Evelyn went up to her room It is not ordained in this life that saints and martyrs should walk the earth with a visible halo round their heads; yet, when such women as Margaret Ferrers and Evelyn Selby go on their weary way silently and uncomplaining, surely their guardian angel carries an unseen nimbus with which to crown them in another

CHAPTER XL.

AUNT JEANIE'S GUEST.

The cooing babe a veil supplied,
And if she listened none might know,
Or if she sighed;
Or if forecasting grief and care,
Unconscious solace then she drew,
And lulled her babe, and unaware
Lulled sorrow too.

Jean Ingelow.

All the winter Fay remained quietly at the old Manse, tenderly watched over by her kind old friend and the faithful

For many weeks, indeed months, her want of strength and weary listlessness caused Mrs. Duncan great anxiety. She used to shake her head and talk vaguely to Jean of young folk who had gone into a waste with nought but fretting, and had been in their graves before their friends realized that they were ill; to which Jean would reply, "'Deed and it is the truth, mistress; and I am thinking it is time that Mrs. St. Clair had her few 'broth,'

all Jean's sympathy found expression in deeds, not words.

Jean seldom dealt largely in soft words; she was somewhat brisk and sharp of tongue—a bit biting, like her moorland breezes in winter time. In spite of her reverential tenderness for Fay, she would chide her quite roughly for what she called her fretting ways. She almost snatched the baby away from her one day when Fay

was crying over him. "Ah, my bonnie man," she said indig-nantly; "would your mither rain tears down on your sweet face, and make you sair-hearted before your time? Whist, then, my bairn, and Jean will catch the sunshine for you;" and Jean danced him vigor-

onsly before the window, while Fay peni-

tently dried her eyes.
"Oh, Jean, give him back to me. I did not mean to make him cry; the tears will come sometimes, and I cannot keep them I will try to be good—I will,
"But baby Hugh had no wish to go back to his mother; he was crowing and pulling Jean's flaxen hair, and would not heed Fay's sad little blandish-

ments.
"The bairns are like auld folks, remarked Jean, triumphant at her success, and eager to point a moral; "they cannot bide what is not bright. There is a time for everything, as Soloman gays, 'a time to mourn and a time to dance;" but there is never a time for a bairn to be sair-hearted; neither nature nor Soloman would hold with that, as Master Fergus would say. Ech sirs! but he is a fine preacher, is Master sirs! but he is a fine preacher, is Fergus."

Fay took Jean's reproof very humbly. She shed no more tears when her baby was in her arms. It was touching to see how she strove to banish her grief, that the baby smiles might not be dimmed. Jean would nod her head with grim approval over her pile of finely ironed things as she heard Fay singing in a low sweet voice, and the baby's delighted coos answering her. A lump used to come in Jean's throat, and a suspicious moisture to her keen blue eyes, as she would open the door in the twilight and see the child-mother kneeling down beside the old-fashioned cradle, singing him to sleep. "He likes the songs about the angels best," I'ay would say, looking up wistfully in Jean's face. "I sing him all my pretty songs, only not the sad ones. I

am sure he leves me to doit.

"Maybe the bairn does not know his mither apart from the women angels," muttered Jean in a gruff aside, as she laid down her pile of dainty linen. Jean knew more than any one else; she could have told her mistress, if she chose; that it was odd that all Mrs. St. Clair's linen was own connect. Jean would not have lifted a finger to

restore Fay to her husband. The blunt Scotch handmaiden could not abide men— "a puir hearted, feckless lot," as she was wont to say. Of course the old master and Mr. Fergus were exceptions to this. Jean worshipped her master; and, though she held the doctrine of original sin, would never have owned that Mr. Fergus had a fault. But to the rest of mankind she was suspiciously uncharitable. "To think he drove her from him—the puir bit lammie," she would say; "and yet the law can't have the hanging of him. Redmond, indeed! but we won't own to any such name. It is lucky the old mist-ess is not ower sharpsighted—but there, such an idea would never get into her head."

(To be continued.)

Here and There. California has sent east seven solid train loads of raisins, each train composed of twenty cars, thus far this season.

It is a singular fact that the recent cold

snap in Georgia froze up the ice factory at Griffin and deprived the town of ice. A man in Paineville, Ore., bit off an ad-A man in Paineville, Ore, bit off an adversary's nose in a qurrrel and the local paper says that he was fined \$250 and placed under bonds to keep the piece.

Congressman Scott, of Pennsylvania, is

worth anywhere from \$15,000,000 to \$20, 000,000. He began life as a clerk on a canal boat at the age of twenty.

A ferocious panther rushed through the

streets of Montgomery, Pa., pursued by a pack of dogs, the other day. A score of men turned out with guns to kill the animal, but it escaped into the woods.

Whenever Ben Mann, of Terrell county, Ga., returns from a hunting trip-he throws

a nickel to his favorite pointer and the dog

picks it up in his mouth, trots over to the butcher's and buys a piece of meat for himself. When the fire department at Brunswick Ga., is called out at night Mrs. M. C. Rowe hangs a lantern on the piazza of her house to notify the firementhat there is hot coffee awaiting them there when they have fin-

ished their labors.

A Kansas City oculist says that nearly two-thirds of the spectacles and eyeglasses which near-sighted people pay good prices for are merely bits of common glass treated with a coating of chemicals, which gives them the appearance of being genuine peb

bles.
The largest diamond ever found in the United States was picked up by a laborer employed in grading a street in Manchester, Va. It weighed 233 carats in rough, and 113 carats when cut. It passed into the possession of Capt. Samuel Dewey, and John Morrissey once loaned \$6,000 on it.

A young man in Tallahassee, Fla., who

in calling on his sweetheart stayed until past midnight, found the front door of the house fastened when he was ready to go. He made his exit through a window, and fell into the hands of the town marshal. who mistook him for a burglar and marched

him off to the lock-up.

Mrs. Johnson Newman, of Jasper, Tex., heard dogs baying the other evening, and going out of doors she found that they had driven a handsome buckdeer into a corner of the fence near the house Procuring an axe, she dealt the animal two powerful blows on the head and killed it. The Pinte Indians of Nevada are just now engaged in their annual rabbit hunt. It is their custom to form a circle ten or twelve miles in diameter and gradually contract it until large numbers of rabbits have been driven together in the centre. Then the slaughter begins, the little animals

being killed in thousands. How the Bank of England is Protected. The Bank of England doors are now so finely balanced that a clerk, by pressing a knob under his desk, can close the outer doors instantly, and they cannot be opened again except by special process. This is done to prevent the daring and ingenious unemployed of the metropolis from robbing the bank. The bullion depart-ment of this and other banks are nightly submerged several feet in water by the action of the machinery. In some banks the bullion department is connected with the manager's sleeping-room, and an entrance can not be effected without shooting a bolt in the dormitory, which in turn sets in motion an alarm. If a visitor during the day should happen to knock off one from a pile of half sovereigns the whole pile would disappear, a pool of water taking

Novel Remedy for Rheumstism.

A lady residing on South Main street arose from her bed last night in response to the appeals from her daughter, who was suffering from rheumatic pains, to give her a vigorous application of some effective liniment which the family had been in the habit of using on such occasions. The fond mother rubbed her daughter's limbs and applied the remedy without stint. The pains soon disappeared and the daughter slept well until morning, when she discovered that nearly 50 cents worth of cough medicine had been wasted on her rheumatism. Her pains returned as quickly as they had disappeared. Jacksonville (Ill.)

Doggishness Acknowledged, Passenger (in crowded car) fs this seat

Occupant—Don't yer see it is? Passenger (forcibly removing bundles, placing them on the floor, and sitting down)-Pretty comfortable kind of a sty,

The Empty Barn. the richest bachelor in the United States. His fortune of \$20,000,000 was made in the dry goods trade, and yields him an annual "If I were as bald as you," said Gus DeSmith to one of the most prominent moome of a million and a half. citizens of Austin, " I would wear a wig.' "Idon't see why you should ever wear a wig if you were bald," was the quiet re--Notice is given by Bennet Rosamond, of Almonte, of application for divorce from his wife, Adair M. Rosamond, on the grounds of adultery and desertion. sponse, "an empty barn doesn't need roof."—Texas Siftings.

"A THREE-TIME WINNER."

He has sustained his record with admira-

Apropos of this we recall the following

nteresting reminiscence of aquatic annals On a fine bright day in August, 1871, an excited multitude of 15,000 to 20,000 per-

sons lined the shores of the beautiful Kene-

becasis, near St. John, N.B., attracted by

four-oared race between the famous Paris

crew, of that city, and a picked English crew, for \$5,000 and the championship of

the world. Wallace Ross, the present re

Blue Nose crew, and "Jim" Renforth, champion sculler and swimmer of England

and of the world, was stroke in the English

But three hundred yards of the course had been covered when the Englishmen

noticed that their rivals were creeping

Harry Kelly, ex-champion of England, who was pulling No. 3 oar.

"Î can't, boys, I'm done," said Renforth,

and with these words he fell forward, an

inanimate heap in the boat.

"He has been poisoned by bookmakers,"
was the cry, and belief.

Everything that science and skill could suggest for his restoration was tried; but

after terrible struggles of agony, the strong man, the flower of the athletes and pride of

his countrymen, passed away.

The stomach was analyzed, but no sign

or trace of poison could be found therein

though general examination showed a very strange condition of the blood and the life

giving and health preserving organs caused by years of unwise training. While

the muscular development was perfect the

The whole system was, therefore, in just

that state when the most simple departure

momentous consequence. His wonderful strength enly made his dying paroxysms

more dreadful and the fatality more cer-

tain.
Hanlan is now in Australia. Beach

champion of that country, is a powerful fellow, who probably understands the lia-

bility of athletes to death from over

serious on the heart, blood and kidneys

as shown by poor Renforth's sudden death Within the past three years he has taken

particular care of himself, and when train-

ing, always reinforces the kidneys and pre-

vents blood congestion in them and the con-

Warner's safe cure, the sportsman's uni versal favorite, and says he "is astonished at the great benefit."

Harry Wyatt, the celebrated English trainer of athletes, who continues himself

to be one of the finest of specimens of man-

hood and one of the most successful of trainers, writes over his own signature to

the English Sporting Life, September 5th, saying: "I consider Warner's safe cure

invaluable for all training purposes and outdoor exercise. I have been in the habit of using it for a long time. I am satisfied that it pulled me through when nothing else would, and it is always a three-time

Beach's and Wyatt's method of training

Sixty Thousand Useless Words.

"There is no man living," said a public

school teacher the other day, "that knows every one of the 75,000 words in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, nor half, nor a

third of them. Nor is there a man that

could define them if he were asked. Shaks-peare, who had the richest vocabulary used

by any Englishman, employed only 16,000 words. Milton could pick out from 8,000,

but the average man, a graduate from one of the great universities, rarely has a

vocabulary of more than 3,000 or 4,000 words. Right here in Buffalo there are

Americans born and bred who contrive to express all their wants and opinions in 300 words, and in the rural districts the know-

ledge of 150 or 200 words is sufficient to carry a man through the world. So the

unabridged dictionary is cluttered up with 60,000 or more technical or obsolete words

that you never hear in ordinary conversa-

A Large Estate.

dotted so thickly with thirfty cities, towns and villages! Amid them all, with ever

increasing popularity and helpfulness, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

giving hope and cheer where there is disease

and despair. Wherever there is humanity there is suffering; wherever there is suffer-ing there is the best field for this greatest

American Remedy. Consumption (which is lung-scrofula) yields to it, if employed

in the early stages of the disease; Chronic Nasal Catarrh yields to it; Kidney and

Liver diseases yield to it! If you want the best known remedy for all diseases of the blood, ask for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical

Making Hay While the Sun Shines.

Bobby," remarked one of the guests at

dinner party.
"Yes," assented Bobby, with his mouth

after pa an' ma give a big dinner like this, it's always cold pickin' for the next thirty

Always Prompt in Action.

This is just what every sufferer wants—prompt action and rapid relief from pain. The grandest discovery of the age, the great pain cure, is Polson's Nerviline—prompt,

powerful, pleasant to the taste, and yet so

pure that it may be given to the younges

infant. Try a 10 cent sample bottle, which

you can purchase at any drug store. Nervi

line, the great, sure, and prompt pain cure. The large bottles are only 25 cents.

The Merciful Wife is Merciful to "Him."

to require him to say, "Say, should such a shapely sash shabby stitches show?" be

fore she will unboit the front door .- Jour

Our lady friends will be interested in

knowing that by sending 20c. to pay postage, and 15 top covers of Warner's Safe Yeast (showing that they have used at least

15 packages) to H. H. Warner & Co., Roches

ter, N. Y., they can get a 500 page, finely illustrated Cook Book, free. Such a book, bound in cloth, could not be bought for less than a dollar. It is a wonderfully good chance to get a fine book for the mere post-

There Was Wire Enough.

let me congratulate you. I hear you have

Happy Father—By George, can you hear him all this distance?—Pittsburg Chronicle

a new boy at your house.

Friend (to happy father) -Hello, Jones.

Isaiah Williamson, of Philadelphia, is

age and the ladies should act promptly.

When a man comes home late at night, after working hard all the evening at the office on the books, it is mean for his wife

full, "I am making the most of it,

"You seem to be enjoying yourself,

Discovery, and take no other.

days."—Harper's Bazar.

A broad land is this in which we live,

papers.—Buffalo Courier.

s sound and should be followed by all.

training, the effect thereof being

from ordinary living and exertion was

neart and kidneys were badly congested.

nowned oarsman, pulled stroke

Excitement was at fever heat.

ble pluck and success, but the tremendous strain of years of training must certainly

some day find its limit.

Has Hanlan Lost His Grip ?-Philosophical Training Demanded. The defeat of "Ned" Hanlan

This institution which had last year the Teemer at Toronto in August indicates the "end of the glory" of the doughty cham

largest enrolment of all the Canadian Colleges for women is offering superior advantages to young wemen in Literary Course, Fine Arts, Commercial Science and Music at the very lowest rates. Address, Principal Austin, B. D.

ALMA LADIES' COLLEGE.

ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO.

Explained. " My sister Calra," said Bobby to young Mr. Sissy, "was talking to ma about your leaving so early last night."

"Did she say she was sorry, Bobby?" whispered young Sissy.

"No; she said she s'posed you went home so early because very likely you mamma won't let you carry a night key. -The Epoch.

Fopular Preparation ! Pure, Potent, Powerful! Pallid People

Praise, Progressive People Purchase! Posi-tively Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets,

Properly Partaken, Preserve Physical Powers, Produce Permanent Physical Perfection, Purchase, Prove ! Who Told You So ? "Give us a dozen, Jim," said the veteran

It is a solemn hour with a rose lipped society bud when she begins to wonder vaguely how a mustache feels on the face Binghamton Republican.

The Longest Word in the Dictionary s incompetent to communicate the inex pressible satisfaction and incomprehensi-ble consequences resulting from a judicious administration of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, a preparation designed especi ally for the speedy relief and permanent cure of all Female Weaknesses, Nervous-ness and disease peculiar to the female sex. The only remedy for a woman's peculiar ills, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee, to give satisfaction. See guarantee on wrapper of bottle. This guarantee has been faithfully carried out for many years by the proprietors.

The Palate-Tickling Oyster.

On the subject of cyster eating the writer recently saw a rhyme something after this order, entitled " How to kill an oyster:" Don't drown it deep in vinegar, nor season it at Nor cover up its glistening form with pepper like

But raise it gently from its shell, and firmly hold your breath,
And then, with eager tooth and tongue, just tickle it to death.

Better Times.

Men talk of it being hard times for the poor, and yet a poor man can to-day buy a locomotive for \$9,000, which would have cost him \$30,000 ten years ago. - Detroit Free Press.



The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing aitments peculiar to females, at the Invalids Hotel 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.

Br. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and variable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had buffled 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 ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the wonderful st sprendages in

As a powerful. invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the wmon and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," deblistated teachers, milliners, dressnakers, seamstresses, "shop-girla," house-keepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, br. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest carthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, fritability, 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 mentai anxiety and despondency.

Br. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

monly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Br. 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 whatevereause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dyepcepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small doses, will prove very beneficial.

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

As a regulator and promoter of tinational action, at that critical period or change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent and can produce only good results. It is eoually 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 Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicise for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee, 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 (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. Y. D C N L. 51 87.

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