The garden pale her world shuts in, A simple world, made sweet with thyme, Where life, soft lulled by droning bees, Flows to the mill-stream's lapsing rhyme.

Poor are her cottage walls, and bare, Too mean and small to harbor pride Yet with a musing gaze she sees Her broad domains extending wide.

Green slopes of hills, and waving fields, With blooming hedges set between, Through shifting veils of tender mist Smiles, half revealed, a mingled scene

All hers—for lovingly she holds
A yellow packet in her hand,
Whose ancient, faded script proclaims Her title to this spreading land

Old letters! On the trombling page Drop unawares, unheeded tears, These are her title deeds; her lauds Spread through the realms of bygone days.

SHIRLEY ROSS

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

"You have noticed that, have you?" Hugh laughed. "Yes—I believe he flatters himself that we are somewhat alike, and indeed so we are, so far as complexion and azz and the color of hair go—and he has p rticularly good feet. This resemblance, that as it is, proved very useful once. had made an engagement to meet a man a the Bal de l'Opera, in Paris, but, when the time came, I was more agreeably engaged, Sir Hugh continued, with a laugh at th recollection, which Guy Stuart recalled long afterward. "I made Latreille don my costume and sent him to the masked ball where he personated me with perfect suc

"And without detection?" Major Stuart

asked, in surprise.

"Quite so. He did not unmask, but he managed to lose three hundred francs at ecarte afterward, at my expense, of course and he told me that he had enjoyed himself He is the coolest, most most thoroughly. He is the coolest, most self opinionated fellow in existence—quite

"He is rather a character, evidently, remarked Guy, laughing. "But here he is," he added, as the door opened and Latreille came quietly, with his usual noiseless

"Well, Latreille," said his master, from his place on the hearth-rug, and without removing his cigar from between his lips,

'what have you gleaned?''
"The family is one of the most ancient and distinguished in this part of Scotland, Sir Hugh," Latreille answered quietly, not at all intimidated by the scrutiny with which his master's friend was honoring "Sir Gilbert has one son, the gentle man who, Martin says, called upon you on Tuesday, and who is in the army, and three daughters.'

"Three daughters," repeated Sir Hugh, with a swift glance at his friend, who hid smile under his heavy, dark moustache. "Are they grown up, Latreille, or child

"Miss Fairholme is grown up and very beautiful, Sir Hugh, quite a belle in the county; but the other two young ladies are he school-room."
That will do," said Sir Hugh slowly.

"Is there anything else?" he asked, seeing that the man lingered. There is another young lady at Fair

holme Court, Sir Hugh."
"Another young lady!" repeated Sir Hugh, with a laugh. Who is she—the Oh, no, Sir Hugh. She is Miss Rose

a nicce of Sir Gilbert's; and she is as beautiful, Martin says, as Miss Fairholme Oh, very well. We will ride this morn Order the horses fortwelve, Latreille.

when the man had disappeared. "Two marriageable young ladies—a daughter and "But both equally charming. I frather curious to see the Scotch belles."

"I know the style—reddish hair and freckles, high cheek-bones and thick waists," said Sir Hugh contemptuously. "However, we'll trust to chance. Guy, are you

As Sir Hugh spoke he came up to the table with a little laugh and held out the

the soldier, with a smile. "It was your own proposal," answered ir Hugh. "You said 'Let us toss up,' Sir Hugh. and I am quite willing to do so, and trus

"If there is such a thing," supplemented Major Stuart lightly. "Well, go on and let us see what chance will decide."

"How did we say?" Sir Hugh asked, with the coin suspended between his fore-finger and thumb. "If it is 'heads,' Fairholme Court carries the day; if 'tails,' we remain here. "Very well. Fire away."

Sir Hugh spun the coin, and simultane ously both young men leaned forward to see the result. The silver glittered as the winter sunlight fell upon it, spun round rapidly for the space of a few seconds and the settled down.
"Head!" exclaimed Sir Hugh.

"Head!" echoed Guy Stuart. "Fairholme Court has carried the day. Who knows, Hugo mio, but that you may meet your tate one of the two sandy-haired, freckled dam sels you described so eloquently."

'Who knows ?" echoed Sir Hugh. write the acceptance at once so that there may be no drawing back."

Light words, lightly spoken, and forgotten almost as soon as said. And yet, if they could have foreseen the events which wer to grow out of such a trivial occurrence as the spinning of a coin Sir Hugh's hand would have fallen powerless to his side before it twirled the silver, and Guy Stuart would have never suggested to trusting to chance. Ah, with what useless regrets they recalled the occurrence in after years. CHAPTER V.

Shirley, did you know that Sir Hugh Glynn is coming to-day?"
"I heard Aunt Geraldine say so," Shirley

Ross answered indifferently, without lifting her head from her drawing.
"Aren't you curious to see him?" Jean Fairholme asked, in her clear, childish

"Not a bit. Why should I be? He i not unlike anybody else, I suppose?"

"I suppose not," Jeanie said dubiouslyshe had heard so much of the new master of Maxwell that she was not quite certain

but that he was very unlike anybody He hasn't got two heads, I presume, said Maud, the elder of Sir Gilbert Fair-holme's two younger daughters, with a touch of contempt, "nor four arms, nor other peculiarity of that kind

"Of course not, Maud," said Jean indignantly. "How can you say such silly things?" But Alice was so curious see him that I thought Shirley would be

sure to be curious also. "I don't see what reason you have for thinking so," said Maud Fairholme, with a toss of her pretty fair head. "Alice is

generally curious about men, if they're rich; but I have never seen Shirley similarly afflicted. The only men she ever feels interest in are Jack and Oswald.' Probably because they are the only men who take any interest in me," Shirley remarked laughingly, turning her face with

a bright glance to Maud. "Jack is my brother and Oswald is a very kind cousin."

"Pray had you over a cousin, Tom? Did your cousin happen to sing? Sisters we have by the dozen, Tom, Bisters we have by the dozen, Tom But a cousin's a different thing!" Quoted Maud saucily. "Did you ever hear those lines, Mistress Ross?'

ing. "I wonder how she would reprove such flippancy."
"Miss Martin is at present in the bosom of her family," rejoined Maud, laughing; "at least I hope so. She intended to get there by this time when she started this morning, and she is welcome to remain there as long as she wishes." I am afraid that would not suit Aunt

"I am afraid not; but it would suit me Jean, will you race me down the covered walk before it gets dark?"

"Yes!" exclaimed Jean: and the two "Yes!" exclaimed Jean; and the two children vanished out of the glass door. The wintry twilight was filling the room, but the fire burned red and clear, and threw a warm pleasant glow over the rather bare, bald-looking apartment. Shirley liked the fire-light; she put away

Shirley liked the fire-light; she put away her drawing carefully—it was a sketch she was doing for Jack—and, leaving the table, went and sat down on the rug before the fire, such a weary tired face it was, with such great yearning hazel eyes, and such tender sorrowful crimson lips. Crouching there upon the rug, looking into the red glow of the burning coals, she

saw no pleasant "fire-castles" to brighten the checrless room; she was too dispirited for that, she felt too sick at heart and desolate. And yet a casual observer would have thought that there was no excuse for her depression. Outwardly Shirley's life at Fairholme Court was pleasant enough. She was neither starved, nor beaten nor ill-treated; she had food to eat—the same luxurious living to which Sir Gilbert and ady Fairholme were accustomed; she had clothes to wear—not quite so costly and pretty perhaps as her Cousin Alice's, but then Alice was a grown up young lady who had been presented to Her Majesty, and was "out" and Shirley had not long been emancipated from the school-room, and was but young yet; she had books to read, the school-room piano was always at her service when Miss Martin and the younger girls did not want it for a music lesson or for practicing purposes, and she could take her walks abroad with the governess and her pupils whenever it pleased her so

What more could any reasonable being want? Many a girl not half so comfortably circumstanced was perfectly happy and contented with her lot, while Shirley's great sorrowful haunting eyes seemed mutely, yet so eloquently, reproachful that Lady Fairholme often felt a very strong inclination to box her ears.

And Shirley herself would have eater dry bread with a sunshiny countenance and laughing, happy hazel eyes if that dry bread could have been eaten in the society of one person who loved her. She would have worn the shabbiest of garments if loving eves had told her that the dingy setting did ot matter, that the picture was as pleasant in its tarnished frame as it could have been in one gorgeous with gilding and carving. She was a contented little mortal naturally; she was not conceited, or ambitious, o anxious to outdress or outvie her neighbors and a very little sunshine would have sufficed her—but even that little seemed to

be denied to her.

They were not actively unkind to her at Fairholme Court; no one, except perhaps Alice Fairholme, disliked the beautiful girl who was so gentle and quiet and unobtru-sive, and never in the way; but they did not care for her, and in that lay the sting. No one cared whether she was glad or sorry well or ill, rested or tired; no one sym pathized, no one heeded. She was so lonely in the great cheerful bustling household she was neither useful nor ornamental, as

Alice had told her one day. It would make very little difference to any one's comfort and happiness if she were to fade away and die. No one would care much but Jack. And even Jack would not miss her very much, Shirley thought pitifully, if she wore to die. He had many friends and companions in London now; and, though when he came to Scotland for the short annual visit which was all Sir Gilbert would allow he was kind and tender as of old, Shirley felt that she was no longer necessary to him, as she had been in the past. Jack was a man now, a tall hand-some fellow with a smart little mustache and particular as to the cut of his coat. What foolish nonsense people talked when they said women were older than men for their years! Jack was only a year or two Shirley's senior, but he had left her far

Nobody at Fairholme Court wanted he —that was evident. Her uncle treated her with careless kindness, her aunt gave her a smooth fair cheek to kiss night and morning, and occasionally reproved her for some trifling fault of deportment or manner. Alice snubbed her perpetually, and the children were fond of her in their fashion a rather selfish, cruel fashion, for they tyrannized over her unmercifully. Her Cousin Oswald was kind to her when he was at home, which was but rarely, for he did not care to ask for much leave. Even Miss Martin, the children's governess, was cold and distant, while the serv neglected or patronized her—and the servants patronage was infinitely harder to bear than

behind, and while he was a man, she was a

Altogether Shirley Ross felt herself very lonely, sorrowful little waif upon the wide, wide world, and already, at the very outset of her voyage, she was tired and worn and longing for its end.

When Shirley came first into her new home, fresh from her mother's funeral, she was far too miserable to heed any of her surroundings. All her faculties seemed to be dulled by the terrible grief which had fallen upon her. She could think of noth ing but the sorrowful journey and its end, of the dear gentle mother who had always been so careful and tender over her. But youth is very elastic, and it soon recovers even from the bitterest grief; and, as the first numbed deadness of despair wore off, she began to feel the want of some sympathy, some affection from those around her; but she found her timid advances ignored or repulsed, and she was thrown back upon herself, chilled and dispirited, and during the two long years she had lived at Fair-holme Court she had lived as solitary a life

as it was possible to lead. Fairholme Court was a stately and commodious mansion built in the end of the last century, but fitted up with every modern convenience. It possessed no haunted passages, no secret chambers. Was bright, cheerful, and modern within; the small windows had been removed and wide panes of plate glass substituted; the rooms were spacious and well ventilated, the drawing-rooms extremely handsome. To Shirley the house was neither so beautiful or so interesting as a humbler but more antique and less pretontious abode would have been; but the grounds were lovely, and the view from the upper windows was so beautiful

that it often made Shirley forget her troubles. The school-room, the only sitting room is so young, and I don't get a chance, you really free to the little dependent, and that see. However it can't be helped," he added only out of lesson hours, was a lofty square room, lighted by two long windows which opened on to a lawn; round this side of the house there was a veranda, and Maud and Jean Fairholme were fond of taking their lessons out there on the hot summer days.
Within, the room gave most unmistakable signs of the use to which it was put. There were a long-enduring Broadwood piano, the most uncompromising-looking sofa in one corner, and a reclining board in another; the carpet showed signs of hard service, and there was many an ink-plash on the red cloth table cover. Two recesses were filled with book shelves, and on the walls were hung some simply-framed water-color pictures, Oswald's and Alice's productions, and some few of Shirley's own. It was neither a picturesque nor a pretty room, nor a fitting background for the little figure

in the fading

"Fortunately for you, Miss Martin is not within hearing," said Shirley, laughing. "I wonder how she would reprove quite possible for any one to enter And Shirley went in quietly, in her soft her lips quiver. grace, and so still that it was quite possible for any one to enter the room without being aware of her

Presently the door was pushed oper noisily, and a young man entered, a slight dark man, with a black mustache and something of Shirley's own regularity of feature. He was handsome and graceful and rather foreign looking, and Shirley's affection for her Cousin Oswald had partly originated in the fact that there was much resemblance between him and her

lead mother.
"Shirley," he exclaimed, "are you here? Why, it is blind man's holiday here, and no mistake!

"Is that you, Oswald?" Shirley said, turning round from the fire and speaking ir such a pretty pathetic thrilling voice. "Do you want me?"
"Want you? Of course I want you!

ne replied, as he advanced towards the fire What do you mean by moping there in the dark when there are two delightful eligible young men having afternoon tea with Alice and her ladyship in the oak arlor?

Shirley laughed lightly, turning her fac toward him as he threw himself into the ow chair by the fire, which was Miss Martin's favorite seat, and, forward, looked at her by the light of the

fire.
"They don't want me, and I don't want them," she said carelessly. "Who are the delightful eligible young men, Oswald?

"Not to know them argues yourself un known, little coz.," he rejoined lightly. am sure their names have been ho words here for the last twenty-four hours. At first it was 'Will they come or won't they come?' Then it was 'Oh, here they are'—'No, it isn't'—'Yes, it is!' I am sure I should think Alice has lost consider ably in weight since the morning, she has undergone such an agony of expec-

"I wish Alice could hear you," Shirley remarked lightly.
"I am glad she can't. What an awful

wigging I should get. But, little woman look here; there are two young men, I tel you, and you are welcome to one--not to the one,' you know, but to the other; so

have come to fetch you."

"Hadn't you better tell me which is the one and which is the other?" said the girl merrily—"or I may be inclined to appropriate what was not intended for

"You would soon be enlightened. Oswald Fairholme said laughingly. you were in the cak parlor for five minutes ou would have no need to ask that ques tion. To the one we are all sweetness and smiles and empressement, to the other we are merely civil and gracious. Shirley, when are you going to fall down and wor ship the golden calf?"

"Whenever I get the chance," she replied, with sudden earnestness.
"Do you mean to say that you, Shirley Ross, would marry for money?" cousin liftling up his hands with affected horror

'I do most certainly.' "You mercenary little wretch!" he said aughing, "I thought you were above such a thing. But you're just like the rest of the sex. I shall never find a woman to marry me because I am the best looking the because I am heir to Fairholme Court and away Gilbert's only son. So says the

world. "Poor Oswald! What a misfortune it "Not of what a must be to be an only son and heir!" Shirley said, laughing. "But you have not yet told me who the eligibles are." "One, my dear and curious cousin, true daughter of mother Eve, and 'the one' is you come at last? Where have you bee

daughter of mother Eve, and 'the one' is Sir Hugh Glynn, the new owner of Max-biding yourself? I thought you would well, who has come to Scotland to see about the alteration and restoration of his about the alteration and restoration of his "Hugh Glynn-what a pretty name!" said Shirley dreamily.

And an awfully good-looking man—as

handsome for a man as you are for a girl, tea, and measuring the cream and sugar Shirley—and you are unusually lovely, you daintily into the delicate cups. know. Stuart is a sabreur of the Guy Liv- "Sir Hugh Glynn—my niece, Miss ingston style, just the fellow to fetch a comantic lassie like yourself.

"Am I tidy?" Shirley asked, as she rose slowly and stood upright, turning to her cousin to be inspected; and Oswald Fair-holme, as he looked up at her, thought in his heart that no lovelier vision than his Cousin Shirley had poet ever dreamed of o artist painted. She was a slim slight girl, whose every

movement was rarely graceful, who walked as few Englishwomen ever walk, who carried herself with an unconscious grace which had she been less beautiful, would have made her remarkable anywhere. When her cousin spoke of her as unusually lovely, he did her no more than justice. She was pale, with the beautiful marble-like pallor which is as far removed from the sallowness of ill health as light from darkness: her hair curling over her broy and gathered into a soft wavy knot on the nape of her neck, was of a fair chestnut brown, golden where the sun kissed it her eyes were of the purest, darkest hazel shaded by long eyelashes which, like her straight clear eyebrows, were many shade darker than her hair, being almost black; and the sweet mouth with its pouting tender crimson lips was as perfect a mouth as lover ever kissed. She was dressed in a black, closely fitting serge dress, with a plain linen collar round her throat and a bunch of mountain ash berries at plain linen

her breast. "I don't think there is much amiss with you," said the young officer, surveying her critically. "I like your gown much better than that elaborately made garment which Alice has donned in honor of Sir Hugh. say, Shiriey" he added, as he rose also, and they stood for a moment side by side on the hearth-rug, "is it not an awful nuisance? I can't get my leave re newed; co that I shall have to be off on

Friday "Oh, Oswald"—and Shirley's face, as she raised it to his, was full of unfeigned distress-" what a pity!"

"Yes, it is a nuisance. I was looking forward to a waltz with you at the ball seemed such a kindly, friendly place to her on New Year's eve. But it can't be helped. The regiment cannot get on without the impression that her daughter had made

in a regretful tone. "Your mother will be so disappointed—and so will some one else," she added, smiling. A slight color rose in Oswald Fairholme's

clear dark cheek. "Ruby is not likely to forget you Oswald," the girl answered gravely. "You

know that." "I don't," he answered moodily. "She philosophically; "so I must grin and bear it. Come along, coz, and make an impression on Major Stuart and cut Alice out if

you can. "Aunt Geraldine does not like you to talk in that manner," Shirley s severely, as they went out of the sch room together, Oswald's hand through his "But she can't hear it, child, so it

does not matter," he returned carelessly Now prepare to make your entree in They both paused for a moment at the door, and the young man looked down

laughingly at his cousin.
"Oswald, you will not be foolish?" she said entreatingly. "Aunt Geraldine will be vexed, you know."

unrustling serge, with her sweet innocent hazel eyes, to meet her fate.

To Shirley's artistic eyes the oak parlor was by far the prettiest and pleasantest room at Fairholme Court. The ceiling was of oak, and its elaborate carving would have delighted a connoisseur. The walls were paneled and wainscoted in the same wood, and the mantel-piece was high and equally elaborately carved. Just now the room presented an aspect both comfortable and picturesque. It was lighted only by the great blazing fire; but its flames as they roared up the wide old chimney were quite sufficient to make it light, and not even the furthest corners were in

shadow damask, and here and there about the room were placed Bohemian glass vases, the deep rich hues of which harmonized with the hangings. Lady Fairholme, a tall, slender graceful woman, was sitting on a low chair near the fire, sipping her tea, while Alice a beautiful blonde, very unlike Sir Hugh's picture of a Scotch belle, was presiding over a dainty tea-equippage of Sevres china and silver, which stood on a gypsy table by her side. Near her, in an attitude of easy, careless grace, stood Sir Hugh Glynn, bend ing slightly toward her as he spoke, and smiling with that air of devotion that he habitually wore when speaking to a pretty woman; while leaning against the carved support of the mantel stood Guy Stuart looking with amused yet admiring eyes at Alice, as she sat in her coquettish Watteau tea gown of pale blue and pink, pouring out tea and flirting with Sir Hugh.

It was a pretty picture, Shirley thought as she stood for a minute at the door, Oswald's handsome smiling face peering over her shoulder—the quaint fire-lit room high-bred-looking the graceful women, the high-bred-looking men, Alice's white hands moving so deftly among the delicate cups and shining silver Sir Hugh bending over her, with the fire light falling full upon his handsome facand fair hair.

As the door opened, however, both men glanced toward it, and into Sir Hugh's handsome blue eyes there came a sudden swift glance of admiration, while on Guy Stuart's face grew a look of bewildered recognition and surprise and

Surely he had seen that lovely girl's fachefore! before! Surely those great lustrous eyes were familiar to him! Had they not haunted him during the first part of his voyage to India two long years before? Did they not bring before him a grey October evening, with light shining upon the water and a steamer ready to leave her moorings a steep ladder, and another beautiful face, wan, and pale, and haggard, which had rested for a few moments against his shouller as he carried the slight form in his

strong arms?
Did those soft, haunting, sorrowful eyes not remind him of other things-of a crowded railway station, with passengers hurrying to and fro, and porters shouting and guards bustling by, and of a young man's eager sorrowful face, which had lighted up suddenly, and then shadowed again? Did he not seem to hear a quick joyful cry, echocd by one equally quick but low and terrified, and to see again the group which so promptly sur rounded the motionless figure and bore i

All these things he saw again and heard as in a waking dream, as his eyes dwelt for a moment on the lovely shy face and grace-

Shirley came forward, coloring slightly mansion: the other is his friend Major with her beautiful eyes downcast. Oswald Stuart, of the Royal Bluffs, at your service." Fairholme, glancing from one man to the other, saw the same look of eager admirs tion on both faces, and smiled to himself.
Alice went on indifferently pouring out the

Ross," continued Lady Fairholme, in her low, soft languid tones; and Sir Hugh bowed low, while Shirley inclined her pretty head, shyly it might be, yet with a grace and self-possession any other woman

might have envied.
"Major Stuart-Miss Ross," continued step or two forward. Shirley raised her graceful head, and

their eyes met. There was a moment's silence. Alice glanced up anxiously. Was Major Stuart petrified at sight of her cousin's beauty, she wondered.
"I think we have met before," he ther

said, gently, in those grave rich tones which Shirley remembered so well; and without a word, but with her lips quiver e remembrance, the girl put her hand in his.

CHAPTER VI.

A week passed, and a second week entered into, and Sir Hugh Glynn and Guy Stuart were still at Fairholme Court, and apparently so well satisfied with their quarters that they were in no haste to leave them. They had gladly accepted Sir Gilbert's cordial invitation to remain with them over the Christmas and New Year weeks, when several other guests were to assemble at the court.

Oswald Fairholme had gone back to hi

regiment, grumbling not a little at his hard lot, and leaving many a parting injunction with his cousin that she was not to encour age Major Stuart if she saw that Sir Hugh Glynn was attainable; and Shirley had laughed and crimsoned, with a sudden conscious light flashing into her eyes, which were half glad and half sorry just then—sorry because Oswald was going, yet glad with a gladness new and strange to her, poor child, the source of which she did not try to discover.

Life was very pleasant at Fairholme Court just then; and eyen a letter from Jack, saying that he could not get the week's holiday he had wished for, haid,y marred Shirley's pleasure for longer than a few minutes. Never had the Court me."

Oswald, I am very sorry," the girl said, her husband's niece, and Alice was too much occupied by her endeavors to make a conquest of Sir Hugh Glynn to much heed of Shirley during those short December days.

Thus Shirley was left free to follow her "Do you think so?" he said, eagerly own devices; and the use she made of her "Well, that is some consolation; and, the use she made of her leisure time was—to fall in love. Poor Shirley, if you get an opportunity, don't let idea that it was so with her. She only knew that the world seemed to have grown far more beautiful during those days than it had ever seemed before. Her life had become suddenly filled with a great golden light which touched and glorified everything. She did not know whence or how it she did not know what she felt o what had come to her. She knew dimly that she was not the same Shirley, and that she could never be the same again strange new thoughts came to her, wishes strange new thonguts came and aspirations and longings. She felt tears which were not tears of sorrow, and that there was a strange stir, half pain, half pleasure at her heart which she could

not analyze.

If the girl had had a mother or sister of any woman who cared for her then, she might have guessed what had befallen Shirley. Never in all her life which was past and never in all her life to come had she been or would she be so lovely as she was during those brief winter days. There was a bright, shy light in her hazel eyes,
a sweet, soft color flickering in the creamy
mignonne; don't be afraid," he answered,

her lips quiver.

She was glad and sorry, happy and miserable at once. Shirley's capacities for happiness were great, and her capacities for misery were equally large. The earth seemed a paradise of sunshine and music and joy to her; the roses of her life were all in blossom, strong and fragrant and sweet; and they reached their fullest bloom one fine day before Christmas, when Guy Stuart came into the oak parlor where she was sitting alone and told her that he loved her and asked her to he his wife Shirley-tremulous and startled, but oh, so happy !-put both her hands into his with out a word, as she had done on that after noon when they had met again. But this time the little hands were not empty; they were full of the riches of a great, deep, passionate enduring love: and, with a ten der "My darling!" Guy took her to his heart.

(To be continued.)

Frozen Music. The "arounder" of the Buffalo Courie s an elegant liar. Here is his latest pro duction: The sexton of a west side church eglected to keep up the fires that warm the Sunday School, last Saturday night and when Sunday noon the teachers and scholars came they found the temperature extremely bitter. As the result of the ntense cold in the room a singular phenomenon was observed. It is customary for the school to sing in concert for ten or fifteen minutes before the formal exercises are begun. The precentor announced the hymn, "I love to tell the story," the pianist played the prelude, and the teachers and scholars all lifted up their voices and gave expression to the first note. But to the surprise of all, instead of a burst of melody there was only the faintest sound, while at the same time the vapory breaths or the singers mingled, and at once congealed and fell in frozen hail on the carpet. Still they sang, as loud as they could, but before the sound of their voices escaped six inches from their lips the notes froze and fell pattering on the floor. By the time the first stanza was finished the floor was white, Another song was tried, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," with the same result—the notes fell thick and fast as they were uttered and the scraps of music that reached one's cars were abrupt and cracky. So the singing was given up and lessons were begun, but even then it was noticed that in the colder corners of the room if several scholars spoke at once the Biblical narrative dropped on the floor. The precentor, who is of a scientific turn, gathered up a large hatful of the frosty pellets, and it was curious to note the difference in their formation. Those that were the notes of good singers were round and smooth; while were jagged and uneven. When the precentor went homeand he took about half a peck of the hail in his pockets, and showed the stones to the other members of the family, putting them in a heap on the table near the grate. In a moment or two he was startled by hearing in loud ringing tones the first line of "I love to tell the story," which continued, augmenting in sound, until about the middle of the song when several other voices broke in with "Onward, Christian Soldiers," mingled with occasional questions like "What is the ninth commandment?" or "Who was word with the duty?" "Visic confusion of the commandment?" vexed with the devil?" This confusion of ongues seemed to rise from the table, and on looking at the hailstones it was seen that they were melting, and liberating the strains of song that they had locked up in the Sunday School. The medley was almost deafening at times and it was not

The Latest from Paris.

that the music ceased to resound

Cloth gowns of pale sucde have white beaver. Accordion pleats are in favor for light ilks or woollen fabrics, as well as for net

or lace. Low be it spoken-but there is an unmistakable tendency toward lace for afternoon wear.

Polonaises grow more and more in favor, and are preferably of wool over silk or vel Cloth of gold, subdued by brown chenille

fringe woven over it, is a rich novelty for carriage wraps.
Plaid woollens of very light tints, rough winter through.

Epaulets of fur, as well as wide Russian turned-over collars and broad pocket flaps, appear on new coats. Long, soft vests of silk gauze have a frill

of lace at the left side and many drooping bows of brocaded ribbon.

Dressy sealskin turbans have a soft crown aid in pleats at the left side, and a rolled band of deeper fur.

A mere edge of fur upon draperies, with

medallions upon the lower skirt, is far and always more stylish than a deep band.
Pinked edges of cloth gowns are stylishly outlined with gold or silver thread and are nderlaid with a band of darker plush. Deep round collarettes of lace, sewed to the upper edge of ribbon band, fall low upon the shoulders and curve up under a

oopy bow in front. Very young women wear as a finish to high corsages, wide high collars of silk muslin, or narrow puffs of crepe lisse end-ing in a bow behind.

Directory styles both for gowns and bonnets are affected in Paris by the fashionable minority that finds or thinks it chie to be hideoua

Blue cloth jackets, covered with gilt braid and red or brown jersey, with tinsel yermicelli wriggling over them, are equally and gayly hideous.

We are threatened with a revival of lowers. Already they are seen in panels, and sometimes pleated ones form a front, with plain side draperies.—N. 1'. Commercial Advertiser.

Trained Down too Fine. " Our landlady told the divinity student

his room was wanted yesterday," said the young man that beards on South John young man that heards on South John street. "You see we had turkey at digner yesterday, and after the divinity student had worked away on a drum-stick for ten minuted he says: 'Mrs. Grimes, may I ask if this turkey was a member of the Young Men's Christian Association? 'No, of course not : what an absurd question what do you mean, sir ?' asked the landlady with some asperity. 'Oh, nothing, only see this bird's been using dumb-bells, o Indian clubs or something for its muscle, and I thought maybe it was a Y. M. C. A. gymnasium bird." I heard her tell him under the stairs in the hall after dinner, that he could go to wunst.'

She Knew Him "My husband, I know, will never jump ever the Brooklyn Bridge."

Why? "There are no saloons to stop at on the way down.

A Thoughtful Spouge.

Husband (home late)—Ish you (hic) ready have gash turned out, my dear Wife—Yes; but I'll get up and turn it out myself, John. I'm afraid to have you get so near the flame.

Protection and Free Trade.

Bagley-Gagley, me boy, I'm blawsted sorry to see you've turned out a rank Pro tectionist. You were with us once, ye

know. Gagley-I know it: but that infernal English accent you brought over last trip has settled it. No more free imports DARED TO BE TRUE.

Great Physician Disregards the Man dates of Royalty. Dr. Radcliff was the most celebrated

physician of England in Queen Anne's He amassed a very large fortune, and was for many years the physician to the Queen as well as to most of the English nobility. For some reason the Queen took dislike to him at one time, and dismissed him as Court physician. In her last ill

ness, however, she sent for him.

He refused to obey the summons, declar ng " since Her Majesty's case is so desper ate and her distemper incurable, I hardly think it proper to give her any disturbance in her last moments, so near at hand, but rather let her die as easy as possible." Dr. Radcliff observed, a short time befor nis death, " when I was young and yet un

skilled in medicine, I possessed at least twenty remedies for every disease; but, now, since I have grown old in the art of healing. I know more than twenty diseases for which I have not even a singe remedy The late Dr. Holland, who was an edu cated physician, some years before he died, said in Scribner's Monthly: "It is a fact that many of the best proprietary medi-cines of the day are more successful than many physicians, and most of them were first discovered or used in actual medical practice. When, however, any shrewd person, knowing their virtue

person, knowing their virtue and love seeing their popularity, secures and ad-vertises them, in the opinion of the bigoted, all virtue went out of them."

The late Dr. Dio Lewis, who seldom prescribed any medicine, wrote to the prictor of Warner's safe cure "If I f myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble I should use your preparation. The testimony of hundreds of intelligent and testimony of hundreds of intelligent and very reputable gentlemen hardly leaves room to doubt that you have fallen upon one of those happy discoveries which occasionally bring aid to suffering humanity."

Dr. R. A. Gunn, Dean of the U. S. Medical College of New York, sometime since wrote and published: "The ingredients of Warner's safe cure are among the nost valuable medicines of our materia nedica, and the combination is such as to nsure the best possible action on the kid-

insure the best possible action on the kidneys and urinary organs."

Dr. W. E. Robson, of London, late surgeon in the Royal Navy, wrote to the Family Doctor: "Having had more than seventeen years' experience in my profession, I conscientiously and emphatically state that I have been able to give more relief and effect more cures by the use of Warner's safe cure than by all other medicines ascertainable to the profession." oines ascertainable to the profession."

Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. R. S. E., editor o

Health, London, Eng., advises a correspondent of his paper: "Warner's safe cure is perfectly safe and perfectly reliable." These are physicians so skilled, so independent, so honest, so true to the conscien tious teachings of their noble profession that they dare tell the truth to kings or queens or the whole world.

Enterprise at Vassar. A Vassar girl tells in the New York Morning Journal of the curious ways in which some of the poorer students at that institution earn their pocket money. "Some of the girls who come up to Vassar," she says, "are as helpless as babes. They are the daughters of millionaires, and never brushed their own hair or sewed a button on their boots in their lives. They are only too glad to have some one do those things for them, and that is how the poorer girls make pocket money. Last year a pretty blue-eyed girl came to college, and stated during the first week that her tuition and board were paid by a kind relative, but every penny for dress, car fare, and the thousand and one little incidentals she

must earn herself.'' Soon after her arrival the following announcement appeared on her door : Gloves and shoes neatly mended for 10

Breakfast brought up for 10 cents. Hair brushed each night for 25 cents a Beds made up at 10 cents a week.

"That little freshman made just \$150 the first year," continues the account, "and that paid all of her expenses and a good part of her tuition fees."

A Case of Conscience. "Look here, Matilda," said a lady to the colored cook, "you sleep right close to the chicken-house, and you must have heard those thieves stealing the chickens last night."

"Yes, ma'am. I heerd the chickens holler and heerd the woices ob de men."
"Why didn't you go out, then; or why

didn't you wake us up?"

"Case ma'am (bursting into tears), 'case ma'am, I knowed my old fadder was out dar, and I wouldn't had him know I'se log' confidence in him for all de chickens in de world. If I had gone out dar and coched him it would had broke his ole heart, and he would had made me tote de chickens home feah him; besides, he done tole me de day before dat lie's gwine ter pull de

chickens dat night."- Petroit Free Press A General Tie-up

of all the means of public conveyance in a large city, even for a few hours, during a strike of the employees, means a general paralyzing of trade and industry time being, and is attended with an enormous aggregate loss to the community How much more serious to the individual is the general tie-up of his system, known as constipation, and due to the strike of the most important organs for more prudent treatment and better care. If too long neglected, a torpid or sluggish liver will produce serious forms of kidney and liver diseases, malarial trouble and chronic dyspepsia. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are a preventive and cure of these disorders. They are prompt, sure and effective, pleasant to take, and positively

Earned by Experience.

harmless

Moonlit strolls are romantic and all that but the god of wedded bliss never smiles with such absolute certainty of a as when he sees a coy Beatrice and her be wildered Dante cnuggle together on the dark side of a pea coal fire, with no eye upon them but that of a stuffed owl in the next room.—Binghamton Republican.

Tin. Coming Comet.

It is fancied by a grateful patron that the next comet will appear in the form of a huge bottle, having "Golden Medical Discovery "inscribed upon it in bold charac-Whether this conceit and high compliment will be verified remains to be seen, but Dr. Pierce will continue to send forth that wonderful vegetable compound and potent eradicator of disease. It has no equal in medicinal and health-giving properties, for imparting vigor and tone to the liver and kidneys, in purifying the blood, and through it cleansing and renewing the whole system. For scrofulous humors and consumption or lung scrofula, in its early stages, it is a positive specific. Druggists

How It Ha, poned.

"Did you make enough money on your stock deal, John, to buy the sort of carriage you promised? I suppose you did, though," she added, confidently; "you said you put in your money at the bottom of the market." "So I did, my dear, so I did; but the bottom itself dropped out.

The Spanish Senare yesteracy voted in favor of the principle of trial by jury.

Wife—" John, the doctor is downstairs with his bill." Husband—" Tell him I'm not well enough to see him."

ITCHING PILES.

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

for 50 cents. A New Haven policeman saw a lot of boys bury something in a sand bank. He dug down and found a tin-can containing nearly 1,000 keys of all kinds. It is thought that the boys thought of burgling a little ust for fun.

Woman's Work,

There is no end to the tasks which daily confront the good housewife. To be a suc cessful housekeeper, the first requisite is good health. How can a woman contend against the trials and worries of housekeep ing if she be suffering from those distress ing irregularities, ailments and weaknesses peculiar to her sex? Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a specific for these disorders The only remedy, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufactur-ers. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case, or money refunded. See printed guarantee on bottle wrapper.

They took a vote in Rolla, Mo., recently on the question who was the "sweetest girl in school," and as a result there have been no fewer than twenty fights between young men and old, friends and brothers of the fair contestants. No event that has occurred in the town's history has so stirred up its society.

Seven Years

Of suffering relieved in as many days. Corns cause in the aggregate as much suffering as any single disease. It is the magic solvent power of Putnam's Corn Extractor that makes it speedily successful in removing corns. Take no substitute, however highly recommended. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is the best. Sure, safe and painless.

Fatal Errors.

Successful Merchant-I have no further eed of your services, sir.

New Clerk—Eh! What's happened?

"You have been here but one day and ave already cost me two good customers. "My gracious! In what way?"
"You addressed Miss Skinandbones, that old maid heiress, as 'Mrs.,' and you called Mrs. Sweetsixteen, who was married last week, 'Miss.'"

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeess, and indescribably miscrable, both physiless, and indescribably miscrable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "gononess," or emptiness of stomach in the mering, tengue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, but flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp biting, transient pains here and there, odd feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladice-Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Tyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood, purifying event

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-tainte and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kirtneys, and other exerctory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial district, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

Br Pierce's Golden Medical Discovers

THES ALL HUMORS.

r common Blotch, or Eruption, to the Serofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores, walk or Rough Skin, in short, all disease caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful prelitying, and invigorating meditine. Great Eating Uleers rapidly heat and rits benigh inducence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter. Exceeding Exystipelas, Boils, Carbunetes, Sore Exes. Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings, and Enlarged Glands, sends for Excess Rystamps for a large Treatise, with coloure plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same queues at for a Treatise on Serofulous Affections." "FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse it by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Bledical Discovery, and good

CONSUMPTION. which is Seroiula of the Luugs, is arrest dand cured by this remedy, if taken in the carlier states of the terribly fattal the line when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "Consemption Cutar," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, arts-billious, pectoral, and nutritive properfies, is unequace, nor single as a remedy for Consemption, but for all Chronic Diseases of the

Liver, Blood, and Lungs, For Weak Lunga, Spitting of Blood, Suortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Broneilitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.
Sold by Druggists, at \$1.00, or Six Bottle; for \$5.00.

Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER. THE COOK'S BEST FRIENT

GONSUMPTION

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