- What is life? It is a garden,
 Where are weeds and tragrant flowers,
 Driers, brambles, spreading shade trees.
 Glaring heat and cooling bowers.
 One will find screnest pleasures
 Where another will but mourn;
 Life is truly what you make it—
 Roses pluck—but not a thorn.
- If you look for joy and gladness If you seek for woe and sorrow, They will be on either hand.
- Many a thorn, or blooming flower Will annoy you, or adorn; Life is truly what you make it— Roses pluck—but not a thorn. Crabbed, cross, despondent, gloomy, Heavy-hearted, you complain; Joyous, cheery, gleesome, smiling, You feel nought of grief or pain. Glowing sunlight, midnight darkness Cheers, or leaves you sad and lorn
- Life is truly what you make it— Roses pluck—but not a thorn.
- Care or comfort, peace or strife, Such will be the good or evil You will scatter through your life Seek to find the good and pleasant, Of the slightest evil shorn;

Together.

We two in the fever and fervor and glow "Of life's high tide have rejoiced together e have looked out over the glittering snow And knew that we were dwelling in summe weather.

For the seasons are made by the heart, I hold,
And not by outdoor heat or cold.

We two in the shadows of pain and woo Have journeyed together in dim dark places,
Where black-robed sorrow walked to and fro,
And fear and trouble with phantom faces
Peered out upon us and froze our blood,
Though June's fair roses were all in bud.

We two have measured all depths, all heights We have bathed in tears, we have sunned laughter,
We have known all sorrows and all delights—
They never could keep us apart hereafter.
Wherever your spirit was sent I know
I would defy earth—or heaven—to go.

If they took my soul into paradise
And told me I must be content without you,
I would weary them so with my lonesome crie
And the ceaseless questions I asked abo

They would open the gates and set me free, Or else they would find you and bring you to me -Ella Wheeler Wilcox

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

They were still standing together before the fire when Alice and Sir Hugh and the other visitors at the Court came in from a walk through the grounds. It was a clear fine, but frosty winter day and the girls were wrapped in furs and sealskins, and Sir Hugh wore a great-coat trimmed with the darkest of sables, in which he looked very handsome and foreign and distinguished. They were in laughing and chatting merrily, bringing with them, as it were, a breath of fresh cold air from the outside world; and Shirley started and blushed and moved away from Guy's side as they entered and only Sir Hugh saw the star and the pretty color which rose in the fair girl's face.

"So you have returned." she said, rather nervously, as she left the fireside. it pleasant out ?"

Very pleasant, but rather answered Ruby Capel, a bewitching little brunette, with whom poor Oswald was very much in love, but who, during his absence, was carrying on a desperate flirtation with young Algernon Rivers, an eligible from Dumfife. "You should have come, Shirley, although I dare say you and Major Stuart found it very comfortable by the fireside." She spoke lightly, and without any

special meaning; but the color deepened in Shirley's face, and a slight smile stole up under Guy Stuart's heavy dark mustache as he glanced toward Shirley, whose shy eyes did not meet his. "I suppose you would like some tea? Shirley asked.

"Happy thought!" said Alice, who was allowing Sir Hugh to assist her to remove her long sealskin coat. "Ring and order

Shirley was about to obey, when Guy forestalled her; and, as she lifted her eyes shyly to his, he looked down at her and "We shall have skating to-morrow,"

said Rupy Capel, unfastening her fur cape and tossing it aside. "Are your skates in order, mesdames? It is freezing hard, is it not, Mr. Rivers ?"

It must be if you say so," answered Mr. Rivers gallantly: "but it did not seem to me so very cold, after all." "I don't think it is freezing hard, Ruby,

said Miss Fairholme, who had been watching her cousin a little curiously since her entrance. "Shirley, how you have burned your face over the fire!"

With a pretty little conscious gesture, Shirley put up both her hands to her hot cheeks, and Ruby Capel

It is a very pretty rouge," she said

lightly, "and very becoming. I should advise you to try it every time that you are I should going out, Shirley; and I wish you would give me your recipe."
"Is it not the fire?" asked Alice, with

affected surprise. "Shirley is always so pale that— Ah, here is the tea! I am so pale that— Ah, here is the rea: 1 am glad! Shirley, will you pour it out? I am She sunk into a low chair, in an attitude

of fatigue and exhaustion, giving Sir Hugh a coquettish glance from her blue eyes, which noticed that he was rather paler than was his wont, and that there was an expression of unrest upon his face. and something almost like pain in his blue eyes.
"Are you tired also, Sir Hugh?" Alice

inquired, languidly.

But he did not answer—indeed he did not hear the question. He was wondering what was the meaning of those red cheeks of Shirley's, and that new light, luminous and glad, which shone in Guy Stuart's

As she noticed his abstraction, Alice Fairholme's face darkened slightly, and a gleam of annoyance and displeasure flashed into her blue eyes; but she only nestled her pretty fair head against nestled her pretty the cushions of her chair with a tired,

Shirley," she said. "You would have gone into raptures over the rime which was on the skeleton trees; it sparkled like myriads of diamonds in the sunshine-did it not

Hugh acquiesced absently. He seemed to be more occupied with watching Shirley Ross as she stood before the tea equippage than Alice approved of. The handsome blue eyes were fixed upon her cousin with an intent earnest scrutiny which had dispersed all their sleepiness, and his hand, unconsciously even to himself, was clinched as it rested on the

"I really think we shall have some skating soon," said Miss Capel gayly. "I have not skated for a long time. These mild winters of ours quite prevent us from excelling in the accomplishment. Just as one has mastered the outside edge, mastered the thaw sets in and puts a stop to every

thing."
"Yes, it is very provoking," agreed Rhoda Montolieu, a pretty gray-eyed girl, a school-friend of Miss Fairholme's and an heiress; "we never do get any skating. Shall we petition the clerk of the weather. Mr. Rivers, to be clement enough to give us

"Perhaps he might if you were the petitioner, Miss Montolieu," Algernon Rivers answered, bringing her some tea, and lowering his voice perceptibly. "I know that if I were the clerk of the weather

I could refuse you nothing."
Rhoda Montolieu laughed lightly.
"Then I wish you would become so," she

said, merrily. "No bread and butter, thank | her the music-stool, his hand touched hers

you—a macaroon, please."
"Do you skate, Miss Ross?" Sir Hugh asked abruptly, as he went over to the table to fetch Alice's tea; and Shirley started a little and looked up at him in rather a be wildered manner, as if she had not the least idea what he meant. 'I beg your pardon," she said, nervously. "I did not hear, Sir Hugh,"

"Why, coz, your wits seem wool-gatherg!" Alice cried, laughingly, from the pths of her great arm-chair. "Sir Hugh depths of her great arm-chair. "Sir Hugh is asking you if you skate, and you look as startled as if he had made some alarming proposition. Where are you, Shirley?" 'Not here," Sir Hugh remarked coldly, as he brought Miss Fairholme her tea, and drew un a low chair to her side. "Miss

Ross's thoughts are evidently far away." 'And Major Stuart looks equally distrait," said Alice, softly. "I am afraid they have grown sleepy over the fire. But it is a curious coincidence, is it not, that they should both have wandered away together? You look tired, Sir Hugh," she added gently. "Won't you have some tea? It will refresh you. I forgot when we were out that you had ridden over to Maxwell his morning.'

"I am not tired, thanks. No, Miss Fairholme, I don't care for tea, you

know.' "But we will convert you. I am quite an old woman in my affection for it; and, judging by Major Stuart's performance at present, he seems to share my predilec-

Sir Hugh looked across at the group round the tea-tray, and his brow dark ened. Algernon Rivers seemed to be dividing his attentions pretty equally between the two girls; but Major Stuart was standing at Shirley's elbow, cup in hand, while Miss Ross, her face slightly turned toward him over her shoulder, was pouring in some cream with due deliberation. They were both smiling, and Shirley's hazel eyes were downcast. As Hugh Glynn watched them, a passion of hatred and resentment rose in his heart and almost to his lips. "I had no idea Miss Ross had such a capacity for flirtation," he said coldly. " I

"And do you imagine that Shirley is flirting?" asked Alice softly. "You are utterly mistaken, Sir Hugh: she is quite in earnest, and I hope for her sake that Major Stuart is equally so. Why, Shirley could not flirt! She does not know the meaning

of the word." "Then she is very unlike most of her sex," said Sir Hugh moodily. "With such a face as hers she need not be long in

ignorance, I should think." 'Such a face as hers!' Do you think her so very pretty?"

"Pretty' is not the word," he answered quietly. "She is extremely beautiful."
Alice Fairholme bit her lip.

"Yes, she is beautiful, I think," she

said, with apparent frankness—"though some people think her too pale. My poor

aunt, her mother, was very beautiful, I believe, but I never saw her," "How was that? It is not three years since her death, I understand."
"Not three years yet—oh, no; but I have never been abroad, you know."

And did Mrs. Ross never come to Scotland?' he asked, with some interest. -never," Alice said gravely, with a faint little sigh.

"Never! Why? Pardon my ouriosity, Miss Fairholme; but really it seems to me that it was very strange not to return even for a time to her native land."

"Yes, very strange indeed," Alice said softly. "There is some sad story connected with it, I think," she added. "I do not know what it is, because my father and mother have never spoken of it to me; but I was always aware, even in my childhood, of some mystery which surrounded Aunt Marian. Of course I should not speak so frankly to any one but you," she concluded, with a swift upward glance.

Sir Hugh murmured something expressive of his gratitude for the confidence, and relapsed into silence. Alice felt rather annoyed and irritated. What right had this man to show so much interest in what regarded Shirley? Well, if appearances were to be credited, he would not be able to show that interest much longer, or to any purpose—for Alice's quick eyes had imnedistely discerned that there was some. thing unusually tender in Major Stuart's manner toward her cousin.

"Shirley, can't you give us some music?" he asked languidly. "Try that new song she asked languidly. Oswald sent vou.'

"I could not sing to day," Shirley said, flushing and trembling a little. excuse me. Alice." "Cannot sing to-day-why? Have you

cold?"

"But what? Don't be lazy, child! You never sing now," said Alice, pettishly.
"Oh, do sing us something!" Ruby echoed. "You used not to be so chary of your music, Shirley.'

"Will you accept an unworthy substi-tute?" said Guy Stuart smiling. "Shall I play you something, Miss Fairholme?" "You will be very kind if you take pity on us, Major Stuart," returned Alice sweetly. "Sir Hugh looks tired and out

of sorts, or I would press him into the service; but, when you have played, perhaps Shirley will favor us."

"Major Stuart went to the piano, which stood in a recess facing the mantel-piece, and sat down. He was a good musician,

and presently, as his fingers strayed over the keys, a flood of soft rich melody filled the quiet room. Mr. Rivers and the two girls ceased their chatter, Alice closed her eyes and leaned back languidly in her deep arm-chair, Sir Hugh pulled nervously at his long fair moustache and watched Shirley furtively as she sat with her hands clasped idly on her lap, her face turned toward the piano, and a little smile upon

How beautiful she was—how rarely, wonderfully beautiful! In all his life he had seen no woman whose beauty had so impressed and charmed him as hers did. Could it be that Guy Stuart had won what he would have given so much to possess? Sir Hugh Glynn set his teeth hard together at the thought. It was impossible. He should not have her. She should be his. That very evening he would ask her to be his wife.

It had been his purpose to do so from the first day he had seen her. As she stood in her simple serge dress in the doorway, with a knot of red berries at her breast, she had seemed to him most beautiful and greatly to be prized. He, Hugh Glynn, avowed opponent of marriage as he was, had then and there resolved to make her his wife. But he

he was, had then and there to make her his wife. But he had been in no hurry; he felt so safe, so secure. This dowerless beauty ever he chose to make her the offer, and meanwhile it was very pleasant to treat her with the graceful courtesy, not un-touched by tenderness, which he knew could not but be grateful to the lonely girl, while he flirted a little with Miss Fair holme; perhaps with an avowed—even to himself—intention of making Shirley

iealous. But while he had been hesitating another had come forward and had stolen her from him; and, although she had never been his, except in his thoughts— Hugh Glynn felt passionately resent-ful against the friend who had forestalled him.

Presently the music ceased; and Alice after thanking the musician, again turned to Shirley; and the girl rose dreamily and went over to the recess. Guy, still retaining his seat, turned with a smile

"Are you going to sing?" he

mile.
"Yes," she said shyly; and, as he gave

gently for a moment.
"What shall I sing?" asked Shirley,

bending over the piano. "The new song you were practising this morning," said Ruby Capel gayly. "It is firelight, you know, and your back is turned to us, so that no one will see your

"Yes, that song of Blumenthal's which Oswald sent you," said Alice. Bhirley hesitated for a moment, and then with a swift sudden smile which no one could see, for her face was turned to the piano, she began to sing; and the words of ner song sunk into two hearts there with very different effect.

'She has not found her king as yet;

The golden days, the golden days glide by;
They bring no grief, no grief she should forget,
Nor any cause to sigh.
No heart for her devotion made, No heart the passionate summers but the passionate summers but the barmed she walks and unaffrayed She has not found her king.

Men bring their titles and their gold-She turns in scorn away;
That man must be of diff rent mold
She swears she will obey.
Titled by gift of God is he,
And rich is a rarer thing than wealth
That unknown man must be
Whom she will own her king.

But when he comes, as come he will, Strong 10 support and grand, With supplication that shall fill Her soul like a command, She'll place her hand in his And take whate'er the world may bring, Proud and content, contented for his sake Whom she hath made her king."

The rich contralto voice, so beautifully soft and sweet, and so highly cultivated died dreamily away; and Shirley rose from the piano.

"Thank you, my darling!" Major Stuart whispered softly; and their eyes met for a moment, hers so sweet and fond, his so proud and tender; then Shirley moved over to the fire. At the same moment the dressing bell sounded, and the girls

"I am afraid she was just a little bit of a prig," Ruby said laughingly. very pretty song, Shirley." " But it is "Judging by the words, it would be advisable not to find a king at all," remarked

Sir Hugh carelessly, "since before he came 'No grief she should forget, Nor any cause to sigh

"Treason to your sex, Sir Hugh?" said Alice gayly, "Come along girls; mamma likes us to be in time, you The girls trooped off, laughing and chat

ting as they went, their quick light steps sounding clearly over the oaken floor. Mr. Rivers soon followed, and the two friends were left alone.

For a moment they stood in silence, looking down at the red glow of the fire;

then Sir Hugh took up the fur-trimmed coat he had put aside, and, humming softly as he went, moved away. At the door Guy's voice arrested him.
"Wait one minute, old fellow-I have something to tell you.

Sir Hugh paused; for a moment he put his hand on the caken frame of the door as if he needed its support, then he turned quickly and made a few sters in the

"What is it?" he asked quietly. "I wanted to tell you— What is the matter, Hugh? Are you ill?" said Guy hastily.
"Ill? No, of course not. What is

it, Stuart? I have a letter to write before dinner.' "Do you remember my telling you that we might meet our fates at Fairholme

Court?" Guy said, with a smile. "I don't know about you, Hugh, but I have met mine. "Caught!" exclaimed Sir Hugh, with a forced laugh. " "Who is it, Guy? Miss

"No, of course not," said Guy, looking surprised. "Why, do you guess her, Hugh I fancied you admired her more than Miss Montolieu," Sir Hugh answered, carelessly. "But, if it is Miss Monto-

lieu, I congratulate you sincerely, for she's a pretty girl and an heiress to "It is not Miss Montolieu," said Major Stuart, somewhat gravely. "It is Shirley

Ross. "Shirley Ross!" Sir Hugh exclaimed in an accent of intense surprise that struck Guy almost painfully.

Yes," he said, simply. "You seem very much surprised, Hugh. I am very much surprised," returned Sir Hugh, gravely; and there was a short Why are you so astonished. Hugh

Major Stuart asked then. "I know that I am unworthy, but---' " My dear Guy, it is not that. I fancied -but I was wrong of course-that Miss Ross, with her great beauty, would look out

for a rich man, but—"
"But she has consented to take a poor "You may safely congratulate me, Hugh."
"I will wish you all happiness, old fel-

low," Sir Hugh said, cordially; but being encumbered with his heavy coat, perhaps he did not see Major Stuart's outstretched " I always think that congratulations should be kept until one sees how the marriage turns out. I will keep mine till

He then walked away, beginning to hum softly before he had traversed half-a-dozen yards; and Guy followed, feeling some-what disappointed and chilled for all his happiness.

CHAPTER VII.

Shirley Ross went up to dress for dinner feeling wildly, almost deliriously happy. What strange, new, wonderful, beautiful thing was this that had come into her life? Guy loved her; and in one momen. all the earth had been changed and glorified. She could never more be sorry or sad or deso-late. Guy loved her. He had taken her into his strong arms and whispered it into her ears, and had put his lips to her forehead; and never in all her life. Shirley thought, would she forget that loving clasp that tender kiss! She was so happy that she could have sung out loud in her joy she could have sung out loud in her joy and gladness, and have danced for very

As she stood before the mirror, changing her dress and arranging her hair with eager unsteady little hands, she leaned suddenly forward and scrutinized her own face with new earnestness, and then drew back, flushing a little, and smiling shyly at her own thought. Yes, she was pretty, very pretty. She had always known that she was good. looking, but it had never been a source of much joy to her before; now, however, she was glad. It delighted her to think that Guy's relatives, at least the old grand uncle, the only one whom he had kept up any intimacy with, and who loved him so tenderly, could not cavil at his

choice. And then she made her little prepara-tions quickly and eagerly. She put aside the usual evening dress of black grenadine, and took out one which she had had in the old happy days when her father and mother lived—a soft dainty Indian muslin quaintly and prettily made, with a good deal of soft lace about it. Both lace and muslin were yellowed bytime; but they were none the worse for that, Shirley knew
—they seemed all the softer, and more harmonious; and the dress had never been for it had been made after a quaint old-fashioned style of her father's choosing, so that it was not antiquated,

even now. And when she had gathered up the pretty chestnut hair, and coiled it daintily round her head; she donned the pretty robe, and then stood shyly looking at herself, pleased "Are you going to sing?" he said softly; and Hugh Glynn's eager eyes caught her tender little glance and whether she would not remove the Indian whether she would not remove the Indian muslin and wear the black grenadine.

Hugh had occasioned.

"I have been asking Miss Ross to accept failed to get his legacy on this absurd my best wishes and congratulations," Sir technicality.—N.Y. Times.

herself, and Alice would sneer; but where did that matter so long as Guy was satisfied and she could read approval in his compliment."

"I hope Shirley will find that your nartial." trought, smiling a little as she turned a way old friendship has not made you partial, from the glass, and left the room rather Guy responded, smiling; "and, when you

As she passed down the long corridor she was quite unconscious of a pair of passion-ate resentful eyes, which were watching her afterward how cold and death-like were the eagerly with almost fierce tenderness, and fingers that clasped his. Shir was too much absorbed in her own Shirley's engagement to Major Stuar

Then, when she came into the drawing had not been able to deceive herself as to room, smiling softly as she fastened the the impression which Shirley's beauty flowers into the old yellow lace at her throat, she saw a tall slight figure leaning than Alice, but she possessed that far against the mantel-piece, his head resting more attractive—that of fascination. wearily upon his hand. Her heart leaped more attractive—that of fascination. up in gladness. It was Guy, she thought, and they would have half-an-hour's chat all by themselves before the others came power of attraction; and even in the bitter down: but Sir Hugh Glynn, as he turned to meet her saw all the pleasure die out of the her beautiful hazel eyes.

"It is not Guy," he said with a bitterness with whom she came I contact, which Shirley could not but hear; and the color flickered in her cheek for a moment,

She went forward slowly and gr vely. Sir Hugh's words and tone did not please her; yet was he not Guy's friend, and did he not love and trust him, and were not Guy's friends hers from henceforward? As she drew nearer to the baronet, she saw by the light of the wax candles on the

mantel-piece that he was strangely pale and that his hand was unsteady.

"Is anything the matter?" she said hastily. "Sir Hugh, are you ill? Can I

get you anything?"

He turned from her with a sudden gesture of pain, and bowed his head upon his hands for a moment in silence. Shirley stood silently also, trembling now with a sudden dread and terror. What had happened? Was Guy ill? She had seen him a few moments before—not quite halfan-hour-but something might have happened between then and now.
"What is it?" she said, almost faintly

in her terror. "Guy-is anything-"
"No," he answered, lifting his head and neaking in the same bitter mournful tone. there is nothing the matter with Guy

and of course you have no thought for any She looked at him in surprise, her eyes juestioning and astonished, her cheek lushing with a little indignation "No," he went on, "there is nothing wrong with Guy. You may set your heart

at rest-for, since all is well with him, you need not heed what other heart is broken."
"I do not understand," Shirley faltered nervously.
"And yet it is a very simple matter," he said, in a low tone. "What may bring the greatest joy to one man may bring the most intense sorrow to another. Guy has been telling me," he went on, lifting his head and looking at her with mournful,

passionate eyes, "of the happiness which you have conferred upon him; but I wonder if you thought that while you made im so happy you were breaking my heart. Shirley started, looking up to him with wide, frightened eyes and colorless cheeks. "You did not know," he said gently at least I think you did not-and I did not think, or, fool that I was, I would not have let him steal my darling from me. Shirley," he went on passionately, "from

the first moment that I saw you I have loved you with my wbole heart. is it too late? Do you care for that man! He cannot love you as I love you—he can " At least he is too true and noble to do what you are doing, Sir Hugh," she interrupted, mastering her emotion by a strong effort and speaking proudly and disdain-

"He would not betray his friend! fully. "Ah!" broke from him like a sharp exclamation of pain, and he grew pale to his lips as he drew back a little. "Forgive me," he said hoarsely then. "I was wrong. Forgive me." But, as he turned from her, the suffering

on his face struck Shirley with a sense of remorse for her hasty words, and she said "I did not mean to hurt you, but, oh, Sir Hugh, I cannot bear to think that I should grieve you! I never thought that you would care."

you?" he asked eagerly. "Shirley, if I had of commerce in that region since Stanley spoken first, should I have had any showed the importance of the great river. chance? I am rich. Guy is a poor man,

gravely; and the gleam of hope which had sprung up in Sir Hugh Glynn's heart safely navigate the lower river. faded as he heard the brave simple words hotels for the entertainment of tree and saw the steadfast look in the earnest yes.
"Lucky fellow!" he said, trying to speak

lightly, but failing utterly in his bitterness and resentment. "Well, he deserves his good fortune, if any man ever did. I can give him no higher praise, Miss Ross, than that I think him worthy even of

you."
There was a brief silence, and when Sir Hugh spoke again he succeeded in forcing something like cordiality into his

Miss Ross?" he said gently. "I could not help those words, yet I would give half my wealth to have them unsaid again. You trust me enough, do you not, to know that will conquer what is unworthy of Guy's friend? I will not offend you again. If you wish it, I will go away and—and—see

vou no more." At that moment, if she had told him to go, he would have obeyed her, and the misery and wretchedness that grew out of his love for her would have been prevented. For a few seconds her fate lay in her own hands, and she could have decided it. But she did not know it, and she let the chance

Go away. Why should he go? He was Guy's friend, and he, Guy, would be sorry if he left. Surely he would be able to conquer his weakness—a weakness for which Shirley grieved too truly to feel flattered by it. but which surprised even as much as it pained her. She had thought that Sir Hugh cared for Alice. Poor Alice, perhaps she loved him, and by and by he would give her his love, and they would all be happy together. As she hesitated, these thoughts flashed like lightning through her brain, and ther good angel fled, and her mother's fate was

upon her. She put out her hand to him with a frank gesture of trust.
"Do not go," she said gently. "I do trust you. I know you will be true to your-

If and to Guy."
"Thank you," he returned gravely. "I will try to be worthy of your trust and bolical, friendship. And, as I am his friend, Miss erratica Ross, will you believe that I am yours also oclitical -vours most sincerely and faithfully-and hat, if ever I can serve you, you may command me for Guy's sake." he added softly. 'as well as for your own? Will you belie this, and make use of me if there should be

any need?"
"Thank you," Shirley answered, coloring hand; and at the same moment Guy Stuart came in looking handsome and distinguished in his quiet evening He started slightly as he caught sight of

agitation which her interview with Sir Hugh had occasioned.

herself, and Alice would sneer; but what Hugh said easily. "Our old friendship,

hastily, although she knew that it was come to us for our congratulations carly, and that she should find no and good wishes, you will be as one in the drawing-room for fully half-an-houryet.

Hugh."

At this time their hands met frankly in

happy thoughts to heed the footsteps that was received by Sir Gilbert and Lady followed her down the carpeted stairs; and, while she lingered in the conservatory to get a flower, the footsteps passed her, and went on.

"The was to have a laggement to happy thoughts to happy thoughts to help to happy thoughts to help the lady strength was received by Sir Gilbert and Lady followed her down the conservatory to get a flower, the footsteps passed her, and that such a dangerous rival should be removed from her daughter's path, for should be removed from her daughter and lady that should be removed from her daug days to come, when her beauty faded under heavy overshadowing clouds, charm was always felt more or less by all

> gave almost unmixed satisfaction, the only rawback to her pleasure being that Shirley, although two years her junior, was likely to be married first. But this was such a slight cause for annoyance, and the reasons for being satisfied were so very many that Alice was very warm in her congratulations, and so kind that Shirley felt quite grateful. Shirley was now safely disposed of, and her beauty could no longer interfere with Alice's own triumphs. Sir Hugh Glynn had been much struck by her consin's loveliness Alice had been far too quick-sighted not to perceive, but now, of course, such admiration could have no results, and could not possibly interfere with her own plans for the subjugation of the eligible baronet.

Oswald wrote a charming little note congratulation to his cousin, telling her that he had met some brother officers of Major Stuart's who had amply endorsed the good opinion which Oswald had formed of that gentleman, and Jack sent a few warm lines which, tender and glad as they were, made Shirley's eyes fill with tears, for which she could not

Altogether for once the course of true love seemed to be running very smoothly, and Shirley's cup of gladness seemed to be brimming over. And yet—and yet— Poor Shirley! The shadow of her mother's fate was hovering over her and almost ready to fall, and the words which might have saved her from it had died away on her mother's lips, as she lay in the light of the gray October dawn, drifting away from life into eternity.

(To be continued.)

Husbands as Nuisances. Sometimes the effect of marriage is to ransform a male exquisite into a sloven, especially if the cares of poverty and an increasing family rest upon his shoulders; or it may be that he is by nature slovenly and easily relapses into that ideal destroying condition when the vanities of youth cease to act as a spur. Husbands of this kind commonly let their beards grow, kind commonly let their beards growneglect to polish the heels of their boots and develop an irritating tendency to affect rubbers in all weathers. Their hats, if not actually shabby, are usually antiquated and their trousers being worn too short invariably bag most ugly at the knees They wear long overcoats, and either carry no umbrellas (caring nothing for their ding old clothes) or umbrellas of prodigious cir cumference, of cheap material, and warranted to turn inside out every time the wind happens to catch them right.

These men, if living out of town, are almost sure to hatch a fondness for almost sure to hatch a fondness for poultry and to spend their Saturday after-neons and Sunday mornings pottering about hencoops and watching the strut of their favorite roosters. They care nothing for society, not much for the opera or the play, and are alarmingly prone to fall asleep over their newspapers in the evening. They usually prefer a pipe to a cigar and they are mighty consumers of beer Even to such base uses may the married man descend.—Herald of Health.

Commerce of the Congo. The fact that fifteen or twenty-five our would care."

"Would it have made any difference to mouth of the Congo illustrates the growth One ocean steamer has already ascended the river to Boma, fifty miles from the "I love Guy," the girl said simply and sea, and the best channels are being marked by buoys, so that deep draught vessels may hotels for the entertainment of travellers have been built at Banana and Boma. One reason why the whites on the lower river enjoy far better health than formerly is said to be because they have discarded canned meats, and now raise their own beef Cattle thrive finely at Boma, and it takes a steer every three days to feed the whites who are now living at that station .- Neu

York Sun. Calling for the Doctor. A physician in extensive practice was lately asked: "What proportion should you say of those people who send a servant flying to your office with 'Come right away!' or make the telephone jingle with 'Come as quick as you can are chiefly from fear and imagination?" The might safely put it at two-thirds. arrive the mere announcement that it is nothing serious allays the fear. While I m writing the prescription and chatting pleasantly on some other topic the last stage of convalescence has been nearly reached, and when I say, in an assuring tone, 'Take this and you will be all right in the morning,' the case is settled.

Intuition, Not Conscience "Did you never think," asked the chaplain, "did there never come to you a con-viction, in your sinful life of robbery, that you were doing wrong?" "Often there did, boss," replied the burglar—half-pay, retired—" many a time it has flashed on me that I was in the nursery, where the first flash of the bull's eve would waken half a dozen howling kids, when I ough to be in the old man's bed room a skinin his trousers and goin' through the ward obe and bureau drawers regular. Oh, yes I've often felt as I was doin' wrong. But'
—apologetically—" that was when I was green hand at the business, don't you know.'

-Burdette. A Linguistic Blizzard.

Of all the beastly, outrageous, disgusting unnatural, degenerate, deformed, ill-gotten misconceived, unlawful, illegitimate, dia hypochondriacal, erratical, nonsensical, heterogenous, heter oclitical, dough-headed, brain-spayined diotic, snidish, incomprehensible conglomeration of typographical bulls ever perpetrated upon an innocent and unoffend-ing public the indescriable mass appearing in the Boise City Republican of a recent date takes the cake.—Malad (Idaho) Enterprise

A Legal Technicality.

A French provincial lawyer recently died. In his will he directed that an annuity of \$400 a year be paid to the servant who should "close his eyes." When this clause was read the servant who perthe two at the fire; then he came forward slowly, while Shirley flushed and paled alternately, for she could not conquer the alternately, for she could not conquer the activation which her interview with Sir reminded the servant that his master had

A Discussion Not Decided by Prayer-

The following is an extract from a late New York Tribune editorial: "There is, perhaps, no mental vice so common as intolerance of opinion. Even such as think they have emancipated themselves from the clinging defect find it hard to acknowledge frankly to themselves that the opinion of some one else upon a matter they have studied may very well be as deserving of respect as their own, if it differs radically from their own. If we could all get rid of this 'last infirmity,' not only of 'noble minds,' but of nearly all human minds, how much less friction there would be in life, how much less bitterness and heartburning and envy and all

In an adjoining column of the same paper was found the following peculiar comme tary on the editorial:

The bitterness of the controversy in the American Board over the question of probation after death was very great. This rather shocked the simple-minded and earnest foreign missionaries who attended the sessions of the Board, one of whom said he had always thought such questions were decided by prayer. But if the debate was not altogether Christian in spirit, it was strictly parliamentary. The brethren didn't forget to put a copy of Cushing's Manual in their value along with their Bible, and apparently some of them con-sulted it oftener than the Bible."

Is it a fact that there is but little tolera tion in this country, and less than in others? "Comparisons are odorous," said Mrs

Malaprop. Perhaps we have been claiming too much for this free nation.
We must admit that in the professions there is yet much of the old time prejudice against new ideas. Preachers preach the old doctrines and doctors prescribe the old medicines. Bitter controversies arise when anything new is proposed.

But the march of progress is not stayed. Men are travelling heavenward under new creeds and being cured by new medicines.

Much the same state of facts seems to exist in other countries.

When Dr. Robson, a leading physician of London, formerly of the Royal Navy proclaimed that Warner's safe cure was specific in kidney derangements, the hide bound school to which he belonged threat ened to debar him from practice, if he did not recant. But he replied that his state nent was based on such evidence that he could not recant.

Since then, Dr. Wilson, F. R. S. E. Editor of "Health," a recognized English authority, announces in his magazine that "Warner's safe cure is of a perfectly safe character and perfectly reliable." Many English physicians are now prescribing it.

The "schools" in this country still bar all proprietary medicines. But Dr. Gunn, Dean of a New York Medical College, long since published : "Warner's safe cure is a very valuable remedy;" and he says he knows that many physicians prescribe it

though not by name.

Good things in creed or practice are not to be cried down by the old fogies simply because they are new. The spirit of toleration thrives on opposition.

LOVE AND DIPLOMACY.

Why Chamberlain Lingers After His Mis sion Has Failed. When Joseph Chamberlain first came to Washington it was thought his social campaign would amount to more than his diplo have practically failed, but the Britisher's admiration for the daughter of a Cabine officer is one of the current rumors. Mr Chamberlain appears to be "having a very good time," and is not in any hurry to close the negotiations. He is either the guest or the host at a dinner nearly every night Theatre parties are frequently given in his onor, and at the balls he is active dancers. His attentions mostto the young woman referred to have been so marked as to cause comment. The rumor is of course denied by her friends out there is a certain amount of it. Mr. Chamberlain has been twice left a widower. Although about 50 years of age, he does not look more than 30, and shows the enthusiasm of a boy without

sacrifice of dignity. When he came to the United States his attention to the many pretty young women he met were impar-tial. He for a time made his compliments to them all in such a way that no one could latter herself that she monop admiration. Of late, however, he has not peen so impartial, and this has given ris to the latest story. The young woman whose friends deny there is anything in it, is a brunette, tall and stately, and noted for her simplicity in matters of dress. She is good looking, but by no means the handsomest girl in official life at the capital. The best blood of New England courses in her veins, and she has all the Boston culture without its affectation.—

Chicago Tribune.

Great Little Men. Some of the greatest men that ever lived were of small stature and insignificant appearance. The reader will readily recal many instances. Very small are Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, but they are far more effective than the huge old-fashioned pills which are so difficult to swallow and so harsh in their action. The "Pellets" are gentle and never cause con-stipation. For liver, stomach and bowel

Following History. Mr. Moxey is giving a masquerade party, and is found by Mrs. Moxey in the wine-cellar during the height of the festivities.

Mrs. Moxey—Nathan, this is abomina-Nice looking Charles the First you are! Aren't you?
Mr. Moxey—S-sh! Thish rep'sents way
he looked after the executionsh!

derangements they have no equal.

Do Not Forget It. It is a fact that NERVILINE cannot b surpassed by any combination for the relies of pain. The reason is a good one. Nervi-line contains the best, most powerful and the latest discovered remedies. It is a magic pain cure. Rheumatism, stiff cramps, neuralgia, colic, in fact all pain internal, external and local, are subdued in a few minutes. Go at once to any drug store and get a trial bottle. It will cos you 10 cents, and you can at a small cost test the great pain cure, Polson's Nerviline. Large bottles only 25 cents.

The Catch of the Year. Utah mother (to daughter)— You will probably meet young Mr. Brigham at the ball to night, dear. Daughter—Yes, mamma.

Utah mother—And you must be as pleasant as possible. Mr. Brigham is the most desirable party of the season; he has only one wife, you know. In many of the churches of Edinburgh

on the 15th ult. pulpit references were made to the deaths of the Rev. Dr. Phin, the Rev. Dr. W. Wilson, and Mr. Herdman R. S. A. In the Sheriff Court of Edinburgh, on the 17th ult., in connection with the sequestration of Paterson, Cameron & Co., S. S. C., it was stated that the deficiency

The Cumbrae Collegiate building and Cathedral of Argyle and the Isles have, it is said, been finally closed, and their connection with the Episcopal Church in Scotland has now ceased.

The "Pilgrim's Progress" has been translated into the language of the Fantis Upper Guinea.

It is a significant fact that most of the women who have achieved fame in art, literature, or "affairs," have enjoyed viger-This shows that the mind is never capable of the severe and continued application necessary to creative work, unless the body is at its best. The woman who aspires to fill an exalted place among her associates must be free from nervous debility and female weaknesses. Dr Pierce's Favorite Prescription will banish these, and it is warranted to restore those functional harmonies which are indispensable to health. As a specific for all those chronic weaknesses and ailments peculiar to women it is unequaled.

A Definition.

Clara (who is charming)-Charley, dear, what is an agnostic? Charley (who is clever)—He is a fellow who pretends he can know nothing and thinks he knows it all.

> The Common Lot. There is a place no love can reach, There is a time no voice can teach, There is a chain no power can break There is a sleep no sound can wake.

Sooner or later that time will arrive, that place will wait for your coming, that chain must bind you in helpless death, that sleep must fall on your senses. But thousands go every year untimely to their fate, and thousands more lengthen out their days by heedful, timely care. For the failing strength, the weakening organs, the wasting blood, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a wonderful restorative and a prolonger of strength and life. It purifie and invigorates the system, thereby fortifying it against disease. Of druggists

No Use to Him. Book Agent (to one of the "severa Michigan)—Let me show you, sir, the "New American Encyclopædia"—
Lumber—No; never mind. I am very

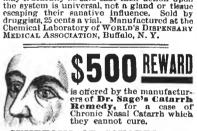
busy to day-Agent-But it will surely require little time to examine— Lumber-No, no; I tell yeu I am very pusy! And if I weren't I couldn't ride one of the infernal things any way.

Australia now exports oranges to Eng



ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS. Reing entirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically scaled. Always fresh and reliable. As a laxative, alterative, or purgative, these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.

SICK HEADACHE, Rilious Headache,
Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion,
Hillous Attacks, and all
derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently
cured by the use of Dr.
Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.
In explanation of the remedial power of these
Pellets over so great a variety of diseases it In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon



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

"Untold Agony from Catarrh."

"Unfold Agony from Catarra."

Prof. W. Hausner, the famous mesmerist, of Ilhaca, N. Y., writes: "Some ten years ago 1 suffered unfold agony from chronic massi catarra. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so boarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarra Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent." "Constantly Hawking and Spitting."

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting."
THOMAS J. RUSHING, ESQ., 2902 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure." Three Bottles Cure Catarrh. ELI ROBBINS, Runyan P. O., Columbia Co., Pa., says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

Merchants, Butchers.

AND TRADERS GENERALLY,

We want a good MAN in your locality to pick CALFSKINS For us. Cash furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S

DONL. 788. **CURE FITS**

Branch Office, 37 Young St., Toronto. **DUNN'S** BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

CONSUMPTION

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on the estate was likely to amount to