A Country Idyl.

"Oh, let mo leave the city's heat, Its fripperies and formalities, And place once more my tired feet On nature's actualities. Th turn from fashion's minic train, Its aping arts, its high disdain, And babe my tired heart and brain In primitive realities."

He turned from "fashion's mimic train," And sought the calm rusticity Of field and forest, lake and plain, Disburdened of publicity. But horse flies marked him for their prey, And down bie headbone day by day And down his backbone day by day The caterpillar wound his way In sinuous eccentricity.

And when beneath some arbor snug He'd lie in thoughtful revelry, The bumble-bee and tumble-bug Would come with fiendish devilry, With daddy longlegs run a race, And march in military pace Across his bleared and blistered face, In wild, tumultacus revelry.

And while the still breeze from the south Lapped him in dreams elysian, The gay green frogleaped in his mouth The gave randering indecision ; The weaked chowed up both his hose, The snake crawled thro his underclo'es In wandering indecision.

He lay there in the valley green, The ity inter in the value green, The city's strain to calm off, And the farmer with his mowing machine. Then mowed his outstrotched arm off. And then he rose with nurderous will And reamed the earth and vowed to kill All poets who with finedials skill Such pastoral lies could palm off.

# SHIRLEY ROSS:

# A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

"Then you must forgive her," she said, averting her eyes from his face, with a little pang at her heart when she saw the pain there. "I have forgiven her; but"-he paused, and his strong fingers pulled nervously at his mustache; then he went on rapidly-"I care for her far too much to keep up a show of resentment against her; still I am not at all sure that it would not be wiser to go away and never see her again

"Why ?" Shirley asked.

"Because-because I can hardly think she cares for me when she doubted me on such slight grounds, Lady Glynn."

Shirley glanced at him: there was mistaking the pain on his face; and she felt sorry that a girl who had been fortunate enough to win such a love as his should have been weak enough to doubt it, and so raise doubt in his own mind.

You must not say the grounds were slight," she said earnestly. " Most women, I think, would have been vexed and pained ; and you must not think that, because she had not perfect faith, she has not perfect love. Girls are different from men, you know; they want constant assurance of the love they inspire, and you must try to

forget her jealousy in love." "That is love's curse," he answered, smiling, but his face was brighter for the earnest words she had spoken; and the pain he had felt at the want of faith in him hich pretty Rosie Venn had shown was almost removed.

Presently the sound of wheels rapidly approaching the house made Madge start up with a quick joyful exclamation. Shirley too rose to her feet; but her knees trembled, and she was forced to sit down again while she tried to appear composed and to quell the nervous agitation which seized her. Madge flew out into the hall, and Mr. Litton followed, for he feared that he might be needed in his professional capacity if Sir Hugh had returned with his friends

Soon the room door opened and Sir Frederic Oliphant entered, going over to Shirley with outstretched hands and very troubled eyes; and, as she looked up at him, her own were very dim. "My poor child," he said, gently, "they

would not accept bail! We did our best." "I am sure of that," she said gently, and turned away from him for a moment in silence. "How did he bear it ?" she asked steadily then, looking at him with brave

steadfast eyes. "Well and bravely," he answered warmly. "There was a sad dignity were inclined to be bitter against him." "I am glad to know that," she said

"Will they let me see him?" 'Yes; if your are well enough and equal to it, you may see him to-morrow.' Thank you, I shall be well enough.

And Guy!" "Guy remained at Adinbrooke ; he wished

softly : and the child crossed the room and put her chubby little fingers on Shirley's soft sealskin. "Father's," she answered brightly.

"And mother's?' "Yes; but mother has gone away, you

know; the angels came and fetched her.

ntent and tender, were studying the child's face.

"I was sorry," the child went on, 'because no one ever kissed the place and made it better, when I foll down, as sho did; but father was very sorry;" and the bright face shadowed a little at the ro membrance.

"And you were his little comfort?" "Yes, who told you so-did father? He always calls me that."

Shirley lifted her on to her knee, and pressed her quivering lips to the pretty hair; and the little girl with all a child's quick instinct and pity for any one suffering, put up her arm and clasped Shirley's neck and nestled her golden head against the soft sealskin of Shirley's coat; and there was inexpressible comfort in the

tight clasp and the clinging little hand. It seemed to Shirley, as she sat there with Amy Graham nestling in her arms, that much of the darkness which hadfallen upon her spirit as she entered the castle had been lifted since the child had entered the room. That anything so good, so bright, so innocent should have lived in that gloomy place was sufficient to remove half

its gloom : and Amy never guessed what a little comforter in truth she had been to the eautiful lady who had clasped her so tenlerly and so closely. "You live here always, Amy ?"

"Yes, always; but sometimes we go away together to the sea-side, father and me and the nurse." "Do you like the sea-side, my dear?"

"Yes: but I like the castle best.' "You have no little brother or sister?

Shirley asked softly. "No"-the child shock her head as it rested against Shirley, and the blue eyes grew very wistful-"1 had a little brother once, but he went with mother to heaven."

"Captain Graham has seen great trouble." Capean oranam has seen great trouble." Lady Oliphant said, in a low voice. "He lost his young wife and little son within a few days of each other." Shirley looked up wistfully; she was

thinking, perhaps that "grief is more for the living lost than ever it is for the dead;" but she remained silent; and in a few me ments Captain Graham came back, his stern face softening into a beautiful tender-ness as he caught sight of the child in Lady Glynn's arms and saw the more peaceful look in the beautiful hazel eyes which met

his with andden switt inquiry. "Sir Hugh can see you now," he said quetly. "Have you been making friends with my daughter, Lady Glyner? She is generally a little addicted to shyness."

"She was not afraid of me," Shivley said as she put the child down—and Captain Graham noticed how long and close and fond the kiss was which she pressed upon the rosy check—and then she followed the

governor out of the room. He led her himself down the long passages and the stone steps, thinking mean-while that it was rare for the gloomy prison to receive such a beautiful visitant, and himself too opened the door of the cell where Sir Hugh was confined.

"I will take care that you are not disturbed." he said very gently. "And, Lady Glynn, I need hardly tell you that he is

"I will not forget," she said steadily. "I will not be less calm than I am now. Thank you, Captain Graham.'

She went in softly; he closed the door after her, and Shirley was in the prisoncell with which her dreams had been haun ted more than once.

It was a bare whitewashed room, scropulously clean, and through the high barred windows a ray of wintery sunshino had struggled in and lay softly on the floor, while in the little grate a fire was burning cheerily. Sir Hugh was fully dressed, lying upon the bed with closed eyes, and he looked so haggard and attenuated and looked so haggard and attenuated and death-like that Shirley's heart almost ceased to beat with a sudden fear. Her noiseless movements, the soft unrustling velvet dress that she wore, did not attract his attention, and she was fully a minute n the room, watching him, before he saw

Her thoughts went back almost involuntarily to the days when she had known him first, and she saw him again as he had been

he asked, after a short pause.

"Yes. Was it vory painful, Hugh ?" "No, my darling. I think I am dead to pain now. I remember thinking once that, if you knew of my crime, the sight of the "Did they, darling?" Shirley's fingers it seemed as if I did not care who else saw night struggling with the torror of it, and were parting the wavy golden hair from my shame. And they were all vory good dared not go to sleep for fear of it recurwore parting the wavy golden hair from my shame. And they were all very good dared not go to sleep for foar of it recur-the pure white brow, and her eyes, very and patient, Shirley, although poor Guy [ring] Oh, Shirley, even now, if I dared, I was terribly cut up because they would not

take bail." "We were grieved at that, Hugh." "Were you, my darling?" he said wist-fully. "I think it is almost better so. I have been such a burden to you these last veeks that---She raised her hand to his mouth and

silenced him, and he caught it and pressed prayer. it fondly to his lips. "It is better so, Shirley," he said again

"I cannot help feeling what misery I should have saved you and Guy if I had been honest and brave enough to do what was right at first. But regrets are unavailing and useless-besides, it is too late for any "They were silent for a space then, the

eyes of both resting on the red glow of the fire, and Hugh's faint, struggling broathing alone breaking the stillness. "Guy has been so good to me," he went

on softly. "I have no words to speak of his goodness. I think the very sight of him puts life into me, Shirley. My dar-ling, it takes so much of the pain away to

think that I leave you in his care." Weeping now, she leaned her head against his arm, and asked him tromulously and brokenly through her tears no to speak to her; there might be happiness for them yet.

"For you, yes, my best and dearest, happiness enough, I pray Heaven, to atone in some measure for the misery of the east ; but Shirley, if you look forward a ittle, only a few short weeks, you can no but see that it will be better for me. Darling, forgive me ! 1 did not mean to psin you. I am not worthy of one of those precious tears, and yet they make me so happy.'

Hugh Glynn that they fell upon his heart like the blessed rain from heaven upon the parched earth, bringing healing and softenbarren before.

quiety-and Shirley noticed that he never called her his "wife all through these bitter days---" when I awoke all the past came before me-all my past life so selfish and worthless and useless, and all the wretchedness I made by my fatal love for you all those years of our married life, when

" Ah, do not talk of them !" she entreated sadly. "I cannot think of them now with-out deep pain. If I had been less proud and unforgiving, if I had not cherished my anger against you, all this might never have been. Oh, Hugh, I am as guilty in the sight of heaven as you can be ay, and more guilty, since my sin lasted for years, and yours was immediately reported of.

and yours was immediately recented of." "Love, you had every right to hate me," he said sadly; "I had injured you past all forgiveness. But let us not talk of the past, since it so pains you. Let us talk of your future, Shirley." She started and looked up at him. "You know dear child that by the will

"You know, dear child, that by the will I made soon after after " he hesitated a little, then went on hurriedly "I stole you rom Guy, I left what was all yours by right away from you, and now-

But her gentle hand upon his stopped him. "Hugh!" she said entreatingly. "What would you say, my dearest?" h

isked as he saw how her lips quivered and how the pained color rose in her face. "Hugh-that will-do not change it-1 could not "

There was no need to finish the sentence ; he understood her, and a flush of shame rose to his hollow cheek.

he misery I brought on his sister ?" wered gently. "But you are very weary, dear. Will you let me read to you now?" Yes, presently. Do you ever sing now, Shirley?

Heaven, oh, thank Heaven for that ! Oh, Shirley, if you could know how the thought of the trial haunted me at first, how often

ch, how often-I saw the crowded court. if you knew of my crime, the sight of the the judge, the accusing faces, the contempt horror and repugnance in your eyes would of my crime and cowardice and baseness kill me; but, when you knew it, and Guy, in every eye! How I used to wake at

would pray that the end might come be-fore that, that I might not be judged at any earthly tribunal, but by that Judge who is more merciful than any earthly judgel And Shirley, as she bent over him trying to soothe the agony of terror which had seized him, in her heart echoed his

#### CHAPTER LIL

Three weeks went by. Sir Hugh Glynn was very ill, sick unto death; and with every hour the certainty increased that he would not live to be tried for the deed he had done under the summer sky on the rocks at Easton. His illness was a complicated one, brought on partly by exposure and want, partly by remorse and misery. The exposure to the weather on that Christ mas night when he had been found sense less in the snow by the woman he had wronged so deeply had aggravated the chest-complaint from which he had suffered for months; one lung was entirely gone, the other was going fast, and the end

night come at any time. Daily, almost hourly, he wasted and became weaker, and each day, when the prison door closed after Shirley, she wondered whether, when she came on the ollowing day, he would be living to her that fond bright smile which always ame into his eyes when they rested upor her, no matter how great his suffering had

een the minute before. To the last day of her life Shirley remembered Captain Graham's kindness and consideration for hor then. The circumsta cos of the case were strange and inusual cortainly, and perhaps admitted of They were falling now thick and fast upon his fevered hand, and it seemed to lung fully they they fall upon his here were the to fail and the was

rateful and contrite exceedingly. He did not suffer much, except when the terrible paroxysms of coughing recurred ng and fertility where all had been dry and and the subsequent hemorrhage, and word of complaint never passed his lips "Last night, dearest child," he went on It was often difficult to Guy Stuart remembering the Hugh Clyan he had known in the by-gone years, to recogniz him in this patient, uncomplaining, peni tent sufferer. That Hugh Glynn had been so proud, so selfish, so impatient of any contradiction, so unbending, so heedless while the prisoner in Adinbrooke Jail was so unselfish, so tender over others, so repentant and gentle, that he won sym-

bathy from all with whom he was brough 1 contact. Shirley saw him daily for a short time Sometimes he was well enough to talk to her, at others he was able only to lie with her hands in his, and his eyes resting with undying love and tenderness on her Sometimes he would ask her to read to him—always those same blessed merciful, divinely beautiful lines which comforted him as nothing else could. Sometimes his mind wandered a little from very weak ness, and he would murmur disconnected and broken words which told them much of what he had suffered and borne in the past; but often, when he was in this con

dition, the touch of Shirley's lips upon his brow and her voice speaking his name would bring him back to the present, and he would make a pathetic struggle against the unconsciousness for a few moments when he would wander again, or sink half into a stupor, half into a sleep.

(To be continued.)

# TWINS LIFT A DEBT.

A Fortunate Mother Wipes Out a Mort gage.

"If you make up the even two doze "I see, my dear," he said, after a long "I see, my dear," he said, after a long silence. "I will not urge you then. Tell me about your brother," he went on presently. "Will he ever forgive me all he min I be methor of the meth short distance from Pottstown, to Mrs Nader, the mother of twenty-two children "He thinks that he was more the cause as she was rocking the twenty-second child of that misery than you, Hugh," she ans-in a cradle upon the occasion of his visit The man meant his offer as a joke-but-The next year the owner was on hand promptly to collect the interest, when to I have so often thought of that his surprise the proud mother motioned summer r rune so enset shought of that his surprise the proud mother motioned song you sung one day in the oak parlor at him to the cradle, and lifting the coverlet, Fairholme Court. It was the day Guy showed him fine twins, which completed proposed to you, I think, and I shall never the two dozen. There was nothing to do forget your face as you sung it. Oh, my but grin and bear it. The owner lifted the

cross the Delaware.

Record.

At one of the largest hotels in Atl

times in nearly the century of his life, and

he had eighteen children by his first wife

How She Got Out,

"O, papa, I was caged once," said a little girl. "When I was visiting auntic

n the country last summer I went into

"Well, how did you finally get out?" "O," she replied, with a toss of her curly head, "I had a little hatchet and 1

hatched myself out."-Chicago Tribune.

This is the Worst.

bing Dalmatian insect powder on his dog, got off this dreadful one to his mother:

A Rising Young Man.

to bed without his supper,

where he is in his class now;

Yes; it's nearer the stove."

Blifkin's boy, who was engaged in rub-

OURRENT TOPICS.

Tux greatest woman in the world died last Monday. She was a Nova Scotian, her maiden name was Anna Swan, and she was the wife of Capt. Bates, the Kentucky giant. Her actual height was 7 feet 9 inches, and her weight 325 pounds. She had been exhibited all over the world, yet she was as modest and retiring as a woman of her size could be. She had one child, but it died in infancy.

An interesting experiment was recently ade by a Dr. Durand in reference to the relative power of imagination in the two sexes. He gave to 100 of his hospital patients a dose of sweetened water. and shortly afterwards entered the room, ap parently greatly agitated, saving he had by inistake administered a powerful emetic. In a few minutes four-fifths of the subjects were affected by the supposed emetic and were mainly men, while every one of those not affected were women.

WHETHER or no there exists some mys terious connection between camp meetings and rain, the fact remains that the weather during their continuance is generally of a decidedly moist character. This year has been no exception to the rule; but instead of dampening the enthusiasm of the dwellers in tents it appears to have added to it. The camp-meeting, amid all other changes is likely always to remain as a distinctive feature of Methodism, valuable for the physical rest which it affords and for the friendly associations which it engenders.

THOSE who deprecate the principles on which the opposition of organized charity to indiscriminate alms giving is based would have their eyes opened could they read the details of a case in one of the courts of New York this week. A lame voman who was imported by one Green field as his capital in a begging venture such him for the recovery of \$235, being a balance of \$300 she had deposited with him

during her twenty-six weeks' operation less board at the rate of \$2.50 a week. She gained the suit with interest and costs and once more illustrated the profitableness o begging. Eight big ocean steamers are being built

for the trans-Atlantic lines, and some sharp contests of speed are expected when the are floated, for all are being built with a view to lowering the record. The Guion line has on the stocks what will be the big-gest vessel afloat---not including, of course, the Great Eastern, which is to be broken She will be 11,500 tons. SirWilliam Pierce who designed the Oregon, Alaska, Umbria and Etruria, is her designer, and he says she will cross the ocean in five days. Her length will be 560 feet, breadth of beam 63 feet and depth of hold 52 feet. Several striking departures will be made in her construction.

THE Duke of Marlborough has recognized the force of the point that his New York marriage with Mrs. Hammersley was of very doubtful validity and has had another ceremony performed in England. This re-moves all doubt in the matter, as there can e no question as to the validity of the English marriage. The Duke's experience should be a lesson to every divorced defendant who may want to go to New York to get married. The New York law prohibits a person against whom a decree of divorc ter-houses. has been granted for his or hor marital in-fidelity from marrying again during the lifetime of the complainant without leave of the court.

UNITED STATES CONSUL Leoning, of Bre men. reports the arrival in that port of ome tobacco grown in the German colony of Camoroon, in Africa. It is the produc of a first crop, and is regarded as tully of a first orop, and is regarded as may equal, if not superior, to Sumatra leaf. The price paid in Bremen for this tobacco was 50 cents per pound. Similar grades of Sumatra sell for 88 cents to 95 cents per pound. Quite a boom in this tobacco is now being experienced in Bremen. Companies are being formed and capital is being liberally invested in its cultiva tion. It is expected to compete sharply with Sumatra, being of quality equal t the Dutch product and much cheaper.

A TELEGRAM from Pittsburg to the New York Times says that a "prominent local mining ongineer and coal expert thinks natural gas is giving out." He says: 'Within two years at furthest coal lands will be selling for what they were considered worth before natural gas was thought of. This will be due largely to the failure of the gas fields to supply the demands made upon thom. Gas, like oil, will in time exhaust itself. New fields may be opened, but, taking all in all. I think the outlook for coal

Rankin says, and to Bartley Campbell in the following winter. Readds: "This P. A. Fitzgerald Rankin adds : Was considered an unlucky man, and I was certain that managers would never listen to a play written by him : so I hired Miller to father the work and paid him \$5,200 for the fraud" This is a fair illustration of many happenings in the Grub street lite-rary line. The stage carpenter who sawed out the play got \$200, the literary charla-tan who lent it his name got 26 times as much, and the actor of it probably doubled the last named sum at least twenty times. And Bartley Campbell and Louis Aldrich got the hint of that profitable piece

theatrical joinery out of poor Fitzgerald's work to boot. PROBABLY the most aggravating passenge the street car drivers have to dosl with is the able-bodied man who pulls the bell and then proceeds to alight before the car stops. Of course the driver obeys the signal and then looks round for his passenger to alight. Nobody stirs, and on further in vestigation he sees the person who rang the bell across the street, unconscious of or ndifferent to the fact that he has caused the driver and horses unnecessary labor and the passengers unnecessary delay. Of course, if a passenger wishes to do so it is his privilege to pull the bell rope, and nobody will complain. But in that case let him keep his seat until the car stops and then get off. But if he proposes to leave the car while it is in motion why does he ring the bell? There are many citizens who never think of stopping a street car to get on or off they are alone and unencombered by hag gage. No one should try it, however, who hasn't learned to jump with the car, a precaution that is sometimes neglected by people old enough to know better and who

are very much surprised on stepping off the wrong way to find themselves lying flat on their backs in the streets.

In a recent report to the English Educa ion department Sir James Chrichten Browne, M. D., gave it as the result of his investigation of alleged over-pressure of work in elementary schools that "the soeds of disease are being sown broadcast by the schoolmaster." Its found that suicide, insanity, and many diseases of the heart and the kidneys are increasing in England year by year; and he ex-pressed the opinion that "the main cause of this increase is over-pressure in elemen-tary schools." This is a startling judg-ment of high authority on a subject of strictly vital interest, and we have no reason to question its truth. To force

the unformed and reluctant brain to tasks beyond its normal power is far more cruel than to overtask the muscular syster by excessive physical work. In the latter the body soon reaches its maximum of pos sibility and there stops, with a stunted growth, a premature development, and an onfeebled system as its consequence. In the former there is an excited condition of the nerves, a permanent damage to the brain, and a deterioration of all the vital functions which depend upon the brain. There are many small graves where children lie buried who might have lived the allotted span of human life but for the baneful haste and ambition of indiscreet parents. There ar many schools which are worse than slaugh

A Wonderful Offer.

For many years the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy have offered good faith, \$500 reward for a case of Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure The Remedy is sold by druggists at only 5 cts. It has fairly attained a wide world reputation. If you have a dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages discharges falling from the head into th threat, sometimes profuse, watery and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous purulent, bloody and putrid; if the eye are weak, watery and inflamed; if there i ringing in the cars, deafness, hacking o coughing to clear the threat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scale from ulcers, the voice being changed and

has a nasal twang; the breath offensive smell and taste impaired; sensation o not put upon the market until ther-oughly tested, and has the endorsement dizziness, with mental depression, a hack-ing cough and general debility, you are suffering from nasal catarrh. The more of Prof. S. A. Lattimore, M. A., Ph., / LL.D., Official Analyst of foods and omplicated your disease, the greater num and scores of eminent chemists, physibor and diversity of symptoms. Thousand of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in con sumption, and end in the grave. No dis-ease is so common, more deceptive and

HEADGEAR FOR SUMMER.

#### An Old East Indian Says we Don't Wear the Right Kind Here.

Referring to the style of headgear worn here during the summer weather, says the Hatter and Furier (New York), a veteran East Indian expressed the opinion that in-ducements were held out for sunstrokes. " It is astonishing," said he, "that a people so practical and scientific as the Americans should permit this evil to go so long un-checked, for the vast majority of the sunstrokes are easily preventable by affording proper protection for the head. Almost every man I meet in New York has his hair trimmed closely with one of those diminutive lawn-mowers in the hottest months and wears the flimsiest sort of a hat, whether of straw or felt. That is a weak shield against the penetrating rays of your glaring, scorch-ing sun. Women find a natural safeguard in their abundant hair, especially when they wear it coiled on the top of their head. Of course they are not as much exposed to tho sun's rays as the men are, but even if they were the ratio of prostration would be much larger among the males with their thin headgear and closely-cropped hair. Sunstroke is almost unknown among the nativos of eastern countries. You may think that the coiled turban of an East Indian is a heavy and ungainly thing to wear above one's brain, but instinct and experience have taught him the advisability of giving ample protection to the head, no matter how coolly he may apparel the rest of his body. Then, too, the use of umbrellas is very general in countries near the equator. Europeans in the East realize the value of light but thick helmets. You in New York will learn after awhile

#### o wear the right kind of a hat in summer. ITCHING PILES.

SYMPTOMS-Moisture; intense itching an stinging ; most at night; worse by scratch ing. If allowed to continue tuniors to the which often bloed and ulcerate, becomin which often bloed and ulcerate, becomin stops the very sore. SwAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. It equally efficacious in curing all Ski Diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. Swayne's OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

-Two boys were trying to jump down a few steps on the stoop of a house wherein they resided. Says John to Jim : "Can you jump down six steps?" Answers Jim : "I wouldn't risk it here. We better go to some other house. If I break my neck here in front of my house I get the licking I ever had." And off they went.



has been before the public now about

ton years, and in that time has

proved itself to be all that it

It is purely vegetable, contains nothing harmful, and DOES purify

the blood and CURE disease

as it puts the kidneys, the only blood purifying organs, in com-

It cures permanently. We have tens of thousands of testimonials to this effect from people who were

cured years ago and who are well

It is a Scientific Specific, was

medicines, N. Y. State Board of Health.

cians and professional experts.

has been represented.

plete health.

to-day.

to be near Sir Hugh. "That is like Guy," she said softly; and during the rest of the day she was very

#### CHAPTER LI.

Punctually at 12 o'clock on the ollowing day Lady Oliphant's brougham drove through the quaint old town of Adinbrooke, and turned up the hill where the old castle stood which was now used as the county jail, and drew up at its gate. The morning was fine and clear, and, as Shirley Glynn and Lady Oliphant passed into the building, a ray of wintry sunshine fell on the younger woman's lovely face, touching it with a momentary brightness which faded as they entered the comparative darkness within. The governor, a stately, military looking man, with a stern yet not unkindly face and a heavy iron-gray mustache, came down to meet them. He had met Lady Oliphant before, and shook hands with her in a frank friendly fashion, bowing low to Shirley as he did so, and looking at her with interested eyes as they went on to-gether. He had heard much of her beauty and grace, and hername had been familiar to him when she had been a queen in society and feted and sought after and followed.

His face was touched with a deep com passion as he preceded the two ladies to his own private room, where Guy was wait-ing, looking haggard and worn and pale, as if the night had been a long and restless

Shirley gave him her hand in silence, and a gleam of tenderness stole into his weary eyes as they met hers, while his heart ached for her with an agony which had never ceased even for a moment. If he could have spared her any further suffer-ing, he would gladly have done so at the cost of his own life; but this trouble nothing could lessen-pains, influence, wealth, all were alike powerless.

"I must ask you to wait a few minutes," Captain Graham said courteously. will not be longer, I think." "It

He placed chairs for them, then left them alone in his pleasant sitting-room. It was a cheerful room handsomely furnished, and windows looked over a garden which in the summer was bright and fragrant with the summer was bright and fragrant when the beanty and the smell of flowers. Lady Oliphant and Guy exchanged a few sen-tences as they waited; Shirley sat by the window, looking out with wistful eyes and pale parted lips. Something in the place seemed to stille her; even in that cheerful sire noom she could scarcely breather; and airy room she could scarcely breathe; and Guy, without speaking, opened the window near which she sat. Hor eyes glanced up at him gratefully, and then she looked out again at the dreary garden.

Presently the door opened, and a pretty golden-haired little girl came bounding in, but stopped shyly, seeing the strange ladies. Guy bent down to her and took her little hand in his. She was a daughter of

hittle hand in his. She was a daugdter of Captain Graham's, whose acquaintance he had made the night before. "Don't go away, Amy," he said, smil-ing. "Come, and speak to these ladies. Did you want your father?" "Yes," she whispered shyly, shaking her who are her foce as ghe left her hend in

curls over her face as she left her hand in his; and Shirley turned from the window at the sound of the sweet childish voice, As she was kneeling by his side, he took at the sound of the sweet childish voice. As she was kneeling by his side, he took and the stifted sensation at her heart left her as she saw the shy bright blue cycs looking at her wistfully from henceth the looking at her wistfully from beneath the lessen the pain there, he thought, as he veil of falling vellow hair.

full of life and health and gayety; she remembered the New Year's-ove ball at Fairholme Court and their interview in the chool-room, which had been the beginning of such misery, and it almost seemed as if

she could hear again the patter of the rain against the window-panes as she had heard it then, and the moan of the wind in the leafless trees. And it was his love for her which had brought him to this grievous strait, the impulse of an undisciplined heart, which, having always received "good," could not bear to resist "evil." The heavy lids were slowly lifted, and

his eyes opened and he saw her, and over his face came a sudden brightness which gave it for a moment some of the beauty of other days. The next minute she kneeling boside him, and his weak arms were round her, his face hidden where Amy's golden head had rested a few minutes before, and there was silence. It was Shirley who, remembering Cap-

tain Graham's injunctions, moved first. She disengaged herself gently from his weak clasp, and put him back upon the pillows, and his eyes dwelt upon her with all the old passionate tenderness as she bent over him.

"So you have come to me, Shirley ?" he said at last, while his eyes drank in the beauty of her face and his hands clasped "You expected me, Hugh? You knew I

would come?'

"Yes, but " " But what, dear?"

"But I was almost sorry afterward that I had asked you. This is no place for you

"It is my fittest place, Hugh; and as often and as long as I can I will be with you here."

He smiled feebly.

"How pleasant it is to hear you speak in that little tone of decision," he said. "It is very pleasant to see you in that dress, Shirley."

He touched her velvet and fur with his

Bender fingers for a momont; and she smiled bravely into his altered face. "I am glad," she said brightly. "But tell me of yourself, Hugh." "Of myself, dear ?" he ccheed. "There is not much to tell, save that I am happier, much brave t there have during much more at rest, than I have been during all these long months."

She stooped toward him and put her lips to his forchead.

"And you are not suffering much. Hugh ?' "No-hardly at all. And I am much

stronger. Captain Graham sent me that arm-chair, Shirley : and it is only sheer laziness which makes me lic here."

He rose as he spoke, and staggering to his feet, managed with Shirley's aid, to reach the arm chair, where he lay back exhausted even by that effort.

exnausted even by that effort. "I can see you better here," he said presently, smiling at her, with his pale lips quivering a little and his eyes very dim. "And I want to see as much of you very as I can, my brave, generous darling. seem to have so much to say to you,

will of falling yellow hair. "Whese little girl are you?" she said "They told you about yesterday, dear?" the longest," he said feebly. "Thank and excitement involved therein.

darling, soon, when you are free, you can mortgage, and said he believed in protect ing home industry. Mrs. Gilbert, who formerly lived at place your hand in your king's with perfect confidence, for

""Titled by gift of God is he, And rich in a rarer thing than wealth!"

Does it pain you for me to talk thus, "Dear the alth, and Mrs. Osler, who lives near the Shirley?" he continued, wistfully. "Dear, Market street ferry in Camden, is famed it is my only comfort now to think how far and near as the maternal propriotor of your future will atone for the past." "Let me read to you, Hugh," she plead-

ed earnestly. "Presently, dear. It is so pleasant to look at the happier things in store for you. You have had bitter things long enough poor little woman; but, if it pains you, will think of them when I am alone. I am ready, dear, if you will read." Yes

The Book, a worn and shabby little volume, which had taught them both many a lesson during those terrible days at Erin tale, was lying on the table. Shirley drew it toward her, and turned over the leaves City last week there stopped a fine-lookin hesitatingly. "Always the same chapter, Shirley," h old man of some 90 years, now a retired merchant. He has been married three

said, with a little smile. "You know that which tells of the son who was dead, and slive again, who was lost and found.' six by a second and four by the third making a total of twenty-eight. The Steady and sweet and grave and reveren was her voice as she read those grand words

which tell of a Father's infinite love and never failing pardon words which have brought comfort and healing to man a sinner; and, as he listened, the look o peace deepened on the haggard attentive face of Hugh Glynn, and his thin burning ingers closed over her hand.

When the reading was over, they sat for while silont in the dim firelit cell, their hands clasped and Sir Hugh's head rest-ing on his wife's shoulder. The same strange sense of unreality which had been upon Shirley before was upon her now; was all part of the same dream. Was it possible that it was Hugh Glynn, the man

she had hated and despised, who was lying thus peacefully against her now, and that it was her heart which was so full of pity and compassion and tenderness? Was is his hand which clasped hers, his voice

which said softly — "Love, I am too happy! It is not righ that such a wrotch as 1 have been should know such blessedness as this! Shirley, it eems to me more than ever now that your forgiveness and Guy's are an earnest of that other forgiveness for which I hardly lare to hope.

And then again he pressed her hand Assignately to his lips; in his humiliation the never sought to touch hor mouth and call her by tender names, which almost broke her heart, remembering how he loved her and how he had suffered for that

After a time, seeing that he was very much exhausted, she induced him to rest upor the little pallet-bed again. It was approaching the time when she must leave him, she knew; and he guessed soalso by the sorrow-

ful yearning which came into her eyes. "If I were brave enough and unselfish enough," he said huskily, "I would tell you not to come here any more, my darling; but I cannot give up entirely the comfort of social you. But do not come often, Shirley; this is no place for you, and—" "Hugh," she answered steadily, "I will come, as I said, as often and for as long as

they will let me." He smiled gratefully and sadly.

was never so bright since natural gas came in use." Similar predictions were made concorning the petroleum supply twenty Franklin street and Fairmount avenue

years ago. proudly told her friends that she was the THE marriage of Dr. Butler, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, last week, to Agnata Ramsay, daughter of Sir John Ramsay, has created extraordinary interest on account of the remarkable university careor of the bride. Both bride and bride nearly a quarter of a hundred children, and says she will live long enough to see each one of her twenty-three offspring the groom enjoy the distinction of being senior in classics, a coincidence without parallel Dr. Butler is a man of high academica appy parent of a third generation of

Oslers, who are well represented in the city distinction and extremely popular. One o the bridesmaids was a fellow student of the A happy attendant at the games of the bride at Newnham College; she wore spoc canny Scots at Gloucester yesterday was a mother from the land of thistles who tacles, giving her a curious appearance Dr. Butler is 55 years of age and the brid kept her eye on the lively movements of fifteen young Scots who danced the High-22. He presented her appropriately enough with finely bound copies of Plato, Sopho land Fling to the music of three bagnines cles and Dante. anti

THE old proverb, "Better late than never," has just been illustrated by a striking instance. Ninety-seven years ago

posted in Paris a number of the Gazette Universelle, directing it to "Mon-sieur X, in Montre f sieur X—, in Morges, Switzerland," but the newspaper did not arrive at its destination until last week. It appears oldest of this young colony is 70 years of age and the youngest 16. The old gentlethat the Gazette, which had been waiting man is hearty and happy, and takes his daily bath in the surf with as much gusto as his 30-year old grandson and his 8-year. for delivery ever since January, 1791, had got mixed up with a bundle of other newspapers, and was found with its cover and old great-granddaughter. - Philadelphia

address still intact amidst a heap of rubbish in a garrot. The finder conscientiously sent it to the Morges post-matter, by whom it was as conscientiously forwarded to the present representative X-family still living at Morges. So unique a some bushes, and after a while I found I was caught. The bushes were so thick that I couldn't get out." specimen of postal integrity deserves to be exhibited in a postal museum, or would not be out of place amongst the curiositie

in the Newspaper Museum at Aachen. No one can accurately estimate the dam

age which has been done, especially in reaccidentally started; that is they have developed, unexpectedly, from smaller fires. The persons setting them ont, however, have exhibited a criminal carelessness The owners of valuable river property arc

"How does a campaign flag differ from this insect powder?" Of courso she gave found fault with because they discriminate as to whom they will allow to camp upon it. it up, and the boy answered and said: "Because one is flung to the breeze and the but the fault-finders would be less given to severe criticism were they aware of all the other is brung to the fleas." He had to go anxiety and worry the campers have caused. A few days ago, says a Kingston paper, tourists were refused a landing at

one man's wharf, and on the same day a fire was started in his bush. Before it was To his fond father, who has asked him " Oh, checked it had burned over a considerable territory. That was not the first experi-ence of the kind which the landlord had where he is in his class now: "Oh, pa, I've got a much better place than I had the

> warns every camper henceforth to go else where with his fires Later, another pro porty owner, near to the same place, had most of his hay burned up, and the scarcity of fodder makes the loss a serious one.

MCKEE RANKIN writes to the Chicago Times that the late Bartley Campbell had nothing to do with "The Danites." It

was dramatized from Joaquin Miller's skotch, "The First Families of the Sicras," by P. A. Fitzgerald, of Philadel. phia, an old actor, to whom Rankin paid done. The play, under the title of "Poor Little Billie Piper," was first read to Joaquin Miller in the summer of 1876, Wall street has just lost one of her most daring speculative leaders, Charles  $\Lambda$ . Johnes, who in the last few years has made over \$2,000,000 in the stock market, break-ing down his health utterly in the strain

dangerous, less understood, or more un-successfully treated by physicians. Ironclads versus Locomotives

War comes high, and next to it prepara tions for war. The English Admiralty esti mates that a first-class ironclad costs £750,000, or in our money about \$3,750,000 First-class locomotives cost about \$10,000 apieco, so that 375 locomotives, that serve the uses of peace, could be built for the monoy put out on one vessel which is good for nothing if not a destroyer of the produc tions of peace.--Boston Transcript.

> " Never morning wore to evening but som heart did break," says Tennyson; and the part that ill health often plays in heart wreck is too great for computation. Uter ine disorders especially becloud the spirits and sap the springs of vitality and nervous force. For these distressing diseases, func tional irregularities, unnatural discharge

constant pains, weak back, lassitudo, dull-ness, sinking sensations, ill temper, and all weakness and derangements peculiar to females, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription a perfect specific. Sold by all druggists.

True to Life.

"Let us play we are married," said little Edith, "and I will bring my dolly and say: 'See, baby, papa !'" "Yes," re-plied Johnny, "and I will say, 'Don't bother menow, I want to look through the paper 1' "

When droad disease, with iron hand, Hangs its dark manthe over thee, Escape its all-coslaving band, With Golden Medical Discovery.

Dr. R. V. Pierce's Golden Medical Dis covery cures coughs, colds, and consumption if taken in time. Of druggists.

Sentiment and Business.

Young man-1 cannot understand, sir for breach of promise; you remember that you were bitterly opposed to our engagement because I wasn't good enough for hor, and would disgrace the family. Old man - Young man, that was senti-

ment ; this is business. Let The World Know It.

You can purchase a bottle of Polson's Nerviline, the greatest pain remedy in the world. Nerviline curcs headache. neuralgia, toothache, pains in the side or back rheumatism, etc. As an internal remedy Nerviline is prompt, effective and pleasant to take. Nerviline has no equal as a painsubduing remedy, and a test bottle costs only 10 cts. Call on your druggist and invost 10 cts. Nerviline, Norviline, nerve psia cure.

#### That Gilt Bible with Gold Clasps.

"Talking about swindlers," said old Deacon Blizzard, "about two years ago a book pedler came along, and, as we had no Bible in the house, I bought one with a pretty red cover, with ' Holy Bible' in git letters on the back, and clasps on to it, and I'm danged if we didn't discover last week that the book was a volume of census reports for 1870, with a bogus back; and

everything from one bottle, they having a specific for each import-ant disease. Fight shy of any preparation which claims infallibility.

H. H. Warner & Co., do not cure

The testimonials printed by II. H. Warner & Co. are, so far as they know, positively genuine. For the past five years they have had a stand-ing offer of \$5,000 for proof to the contrary. If you are sick and want to get well, use

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# MEMORY

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Tho Shoe & Leather Reporter, N.Y., and Shoe & Leather Review, Chicago, the loading trade papers of the U.S. in the Hideline, have sont their presentatives to invostigate Mr. Page's busin marison the Reporter gives him this endorsement. "We believe that in extent of tight-veright race material collected and carried, Mr. Page bolds to be the state of the state of the state of the stock is the largest held by any house in this stock is the largest held by any house in this stock is the largest held by any house in this stock is the largest held by any house in this stock is the largest held by any house in this stock is the largest held by any house in this stock is the largest held by any house in this stock is the largest held by any house in this stock is the largest held by any house in this stock is the largest held by any house in this stock is the largest held by any house in this stock is the largest be a store of the store of the stock is the largest be a store of the store of the stock is the largest be a store of the store of the store is the largest be a store of the store of the store in the inte in this country, while in super-arty of quality he is confessed by at the head." "Query: If Mr. Page's business is the largest inte line in the United States, is it not the bost possible proof of his ability to pay highest prices? If he did not do so, would he naturally got more states and any of his compatitors in the same hine? for us. Cash Furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address, C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S.



# last quarter." "Indeed. Woll, where are you?" "I'm fourteenth." "Fourteeuth, had, and he is to be excused if he curtly you little lazybones! You wore eighth last term. Do you call that a better place?"

### Pointed.

A confirmed tippler remarked in the presence of his little son that at one period he didn't touch a drop for two years. " Pa," said the little fellow, " was that your first two years ?"