CHAPTER I.

"Miriam," said the wife of the Reverend James Archer, looking up from the book she held in her hand, as though struck with a sudden thought, " you are to be sure to go with us to the reading room to-night.

The young lady addressed was sitting on the other side of the fire place in the pleasant Rectory drawing room. She was dressed in deep mourning, and she held, to screen her face from the fire, the magazine she had grown tired of reading. She awoke from a reverie as the elder lady spoke, and a pair of deep set gray eyes, which had been gazing, unseeing, into the shadowy room, came back to the speaker's face.

"And why particularly to-night?" she asked in a soft toned, somewhat weary "You know I don't care much for the evenings spent among your model young men, and I had promised Tommie to have an hour with him in the nursery after dinner."

"Poor mite! He'll be disappointed; but there must be no calling off. James told me I was to be sure to speak to you about it. It's a mercy I remembered. The Hickses sent word they were going down-that there was to be some music, and that we were to beg you to take some songs. You won't mind really, will you?"

"Of course not, if you and Mr. Archer really wish it. But, surely, Miss Hicks won't want any assistance from me! She sings a great deal."

Mrs. Archer laughed. "She does," she said-"a great deal. Shall we content ourselves with speaking of the quantity, and be mercifully silent as to the quality of her singing, poor little girl?"

"Oh. I meant nothing unkind!" the other returned indifferently. "One must utter the sacred name of Hicks with bated breath, I know—say flattering things of them, or for ever hold one's peace; and really, from what little I have seen of her, I do indeed like Lady Hicks. She seems to me a kind and pleasant womana vast deal too good for the all important Sir Robert."

"My dear, just think of his money!" "I defy you to think of anything else," the girl answered, with a smile. "He won't let you. I can't help wondering, myself, how many thousands of people have been ruined by the beer which puts so much money into his pockets."

"It certainly is atrociously had beer," the other ladysaid. "Not that that need concern us, as we don't drink it. What does concern us is the very good use to which Sir Robert puts his money. Look at this model parish of ours; no poor-almost no vice—thanks to him! We ourliberality. I have to recapitulate his vir- , he has lost." tues very often, for I confess he is to me at times a little insupportable. By-the-way, he was asking a great many questions about you, the other day."

Apparently ignoring this last observation, the girl threw the magazine she had held lightly from her, and rose from her chair; she stood a moment by the fire, stretching out before her two slim white hands, one of which was ringless, the other-the left one-bearing on its third finger a heavy wedding ring.

try over some songs," she said.

was an inveterate reader, and her taste in literature was not such as gave the Reverend James unmitigated satisfaction. "Take something pretty. I suppose this brother of Lady Hicks will be there

"Brother—what brother?" asked Miriam, carelessly turning over the music at the piano. "I did not even know she had a brother."

"Why, yes! He lives abroad; came back you all about it."

me," the girl said tranquilly, putting a song before her and sitting down to the piano. "But I don't want to hear. Go on with your book. Lady Hicks' brother does not interest me in the least."

With that she struck some chords on the piano, and presently the room was filled with the deep tones of a rich contralto voice. Half an hour passed while Mrs. Archer read her novel and the young lady sang and played. At the end of that time she closed the piano, came and knelt on one coming up at that instant claimed his the hearth rug, stretched her hands to the fire, and looked thoughtfully at the blaze. Suddenly, without turning her head, she

"And what was Sir Robert inquiring about me?" she said.

The room had grown dark in that halfhour; Mrs. Archer, who had been reading by the firelight, reluctantly closed her book and looked with rather dazed eyes at the girl.

"The usual thing," she answered presently. "You know what he would surveying the scene, a look of calm preask.'

"Was I a widow? Then who had my husband been? Were you certain there had been, as Betsy Prig would say, 'sich | a person'? Could you vouch for my respectability?"

"Stop there!" Mrs. Archer interrupted. "Thanks to your manner, and to a certain | the fire, she suddenly wavered in her look there is about you, no one has asked | progress, but only for a moment; as her me that question yet.'

"And you? What did you tell him? him?"

having come into a little property lately, news, chancing to look in Miriam's direchad advertised for a comfortable home appearance. in a clergyman's family, which advertisement you had, fortunately for me, antold him?

The elder woman nodded. "Something of that."

The girl keptsilence for a few moments, kneeling on the hearth rug, gazing into the fire.

"It is a harmless deception, surelyeven your husband admits that -harmless and in my circumstances necessary; but you won't forget that it is, after all a deception. My name is not King, you remember, and I am not a widow that I know of-I wish with all my heart that I might be. I don't want to deceive you; I will tell you everything, if you and Mr. Archer wish it. But you have been so kind; you have taken me on trust, as it

you be troubled with the recital of what self ready to accompany them. is, of course, painful to you? occasion should arise, you will tell me, that is all. Till then we can trust you, Miriam.'

Miriam turned, and laid her arm across | he will think of her?"

Mrs. Archer's knee.

"I have been lucky in one circumstance of my life," she said softly-"to have been led to you. Dear Georgie-I may call you Georgie? - it was all so long ago -five years ago! I am not very old yet, am I? I was a child then. There could | ing down the room; had it been otherwise, have been nothing very terrible in me, or about me, you would think-nothing that | tion would have been made. Mr. Keene's | way. a man, worthy of the name, should have | face had paled from its healthy bronze to feared to face and to endure. But he, an ashen hue, and the eyes, looking out my husband, cast meoff-when he should from under the broad, rather heavy brow, have shielded, he disowned me. Ah, had in them a wildsurprise, a questioning sometimes I have envied you your chil- hovror. dren and your husband's love! Mine has wherein I have been less deserving of happiness."

"Dear, I should like to ask you one question. Donot answer unless you wish to do so. Did you love him—this man—do you still feel any affection for your husband, if he is alive?"

"Do I? No-a thousands times no! Did I? I can't say. What do girls of seventeen know of their hearts? What I felt for him you would not dignify by the name of love, perhaps; but he was to save me from a life I hated; he was strong and I was weak, and I liked him and leaned on him-leaned on him, and he failed me."

Out of suffering you shall be made strong," repeated Mrs Archer sofily. "No one could call you weak now, dear. How long is it-may I know, Miriam?since you saw your husband?"

"It is five years. I have never seen him since the hour he married me." Mrs. Archer was silent for a moment, passing her hand gently over her friend's dark and softly rippling hair.

"I wish that he could see you," she said. "It is foolish; but I can't help wishing that. You may have been a pretty girl but you are a beautiful woman selves too would be poorly off but for his | now. It might punish him to see what

The girl gave a little bitter laugh. "May he never know the extent of his misfortune!" she said. "I hope that I may never see him. I pray that he is

The Reverend James Archer and the two ladies who accompanied him had a walk of a mile along the sloppy roads of Eastwick before they reached the parish schoolroom, in which, nightly, most of the respectable young men of Mr. Ar-"If I am to sing to-night I may as well | cher's flock were wont to assemble for the mild recreation of newspapers, bagatelle, "Yes, do," Mrs. Archer rejoined, her and coffee. The lights showing through eyes wandering back to her book. She | the red-curtained window illumined the dreary surroundings, and were a welcome sight to the ladies, whose cloaks and faces were wet with the drizzling rain. Ere they reached the little iron gate before which some few men and boys were congregated, a carriage drew up, the lamps flashing b. ightly, the horse's spirits in no wise damped by their wet skins.

"The inevitable Hicks!" whispered Miriam, as two ladies wrapped in furs descended and passed over the wet pavequite unexpectedly the other day. I told | ment to the schoolroom door, followed by a tall and powerfully-built man. who du-"I do not recollect your having told | tifully carried more wraps upon his arm. Mr Archer called his wife's attention

> to this gentleman. "That's Keene," he said, "the brother

> I thought he would come.' Mrs. King leant forward a little eager-

> "Whatdid you say was his name?' she asked. "Keene? I wonder I was never

> told that Lady Hicks's name was Keene.

And how, then, do you spell it?" But Mr. Archer did not answer. Some attention, and the two women passed al one into the lamplit, heated room. It was full of young men, who were turning over with scant interest the newspapers and books plentifully strewed over the long table, intent on a game of dominoes, or playing bagatelle. Lady Hicks and her daughter were disappearing in the direc-

tion of the cloak-room, and the gentleman who had escorted them, divested of the heap of wraps he had brought in, stood, with his back to the roaring fire

occupation on his bronzed face.

The two ladies came quickly up the long room, Mrs. Archer unwinding, as she advanced, a voluminous black woollen scarf from her throat and head. Miriam thickly veiled and shrouded in a long fur cloak. As she glanced at the man by friend looked at her questioningly, she my husband has ceased to exist, that, cher, deep in the recital of some parish apologetic eyes.

"Come, dear, take off your cloak!" she said. "Are you not well, child, or is it swered, and-here I am. Is that what you only that lace veil which makes you look ed over to his sister. so pale?"

swered a little unsteadily. "Should you home." mind it very much if I went home?"

"Dear Mrs. King," cried Lady Hicks, him. "you never are intending to walk! Of course you will take my carriage. Ella, go and ask uncle Kingston to come and speak to me for a moment. He will fetch the coachman from the inn at once."

"Oh, no-oh, no!" demurred Mrs. King hurriedly. "Please do not-pray do not go, Miss Hicks. It is a minute's faintness; it will pass "

they should leave her to recover by herself; and after a little further delay. she, having unclasped the handsome closk and "My dear, why not? And why should I thrown off her hat and veil, declared her-

"Her pallor does not spoil her beauty," Lady Hicks decided, glancing with admiration at the proud cold face. "She will be a revelation to Kingston. I wonder what quiet and unembarrassed, met for a mo-

In two minutesshe had asked him.

think of her?" She did not look at her brother as she asked the question, but followed with her to one other person that night a revela-

been a miserable tate; and yet I swear | call herself?" he asked; and Lady Hicks | him, Mrs. King?" to you that, although I have been less must have been indeed preoccupied not Mrs. King thought a great deal more happy than other women, I do not know to notice the sudden hoarseness of his than she choose to say. Among other

Voice. ing. "Did not I tell you all about her as ance of this man of whom they spokewe drove here? She is the Mrs. King, you of Kingston Keene-her husband! Was know, who lives with the Archers. I call she herself altered as much as that? At her quite an acquisition. You will any rate, he had recognized her instantly hear her sing-her voice is as fine as her | -she was sure of that- and she said to face. Come with me; I will intoduce herself that the change in her had been

sister left him to join Mrs. Archer, he calmly to-night in the man's presence, turned his back on the bright and cheer- and had recognized that her strongest ful room, and, leaning an elbow on the feeling towards him was now one of conchimney piece and his head on his hand, temptuous indifference. After the first looked down with unseeing eyes and shock of the surprise-after that first heavily beating heart into the fire. A sick quailing-she had felt and shown no great unmeaning buzzing and hum of embarrassment in the meeting She voices was sounding in his ears; his knew this, and was proud-proud of the thoughts were in a tumultuous whirl whose strength and the composure which had wild confusion no effort of his will could come to her at her need; and she walked steady.

said to himself.

He moved down the room, intending to slip out at the door unobserved; but a fresh young voice cried as he passed-"Uncle Kingston! Oh, will you come here, if you please? You play chess, do you not? Then will you go on with this game and release Mrs. King, who is gouncle Kingston-Mr. Keene."

A pair of serious and steady gray eyes set beneath delicately marked level brows, were raised with no embarrassment, with not the faintest sign of recognition, to Mr. Keene's face, and calmly refused to lower themselves before the glance they encountered. Mrs. King rose from the table, and, as she did so, with her two hands she lightly swept the chess-men from the board.

"You must begin a fresh game," she sheep lagged behind, he touched them up said gently to the intelligent-looking lad whom she had been instructing in the intricacies of the game.

and shapely hand. He sank down upon the seat she had vacated, looking vacantly at the chess-board before him andidly fingering the men. He was a nervous gentleman, surely, thought the lad at his side,

observing how the brown hands trembled. Presently through the hushed room voice. It was always said by Ella Hicks, ing on the side walk beside the writer. after indulging an appreciative audience there with her little treble pipe, that the drave?" was asked. schoolroom was delightful to sing in. Mr. Archer, who was musical, stood transfixed, a light of pleasure on his tace; he had not heard Mrs. King's voice to such ad The room seemed vantage before. to throb to the rafters with the melodious sounds. The voice, thrilling and acside grewwet with tears, The singer had 'City of Brotherly Love.'" been excellently taught; in addition to the natural talent she possessed, she had | they ?" learnt the art of pronouncing her words distinctly, of weighting them with deepest feeling. Not a syllable was missed of those she now sang, and there was a passionate complaint conveyed in them beyond what they themselves or the music to which they were wedded expressed.

"Alone through summer sunshine, Alone through winter's rain, Alone neath ehsitering hedgerows, Or 'mid life's scorching plain.

Smiles wreathed in feigned pleasure. Heart racked with trouble sore; Alone, alone in a piciless world For over and evermore!

"Never to fill youth's promise, Never to know life's bliss, Never to rest in shielding arms. To feel no infant's kiss:

To be, 'mid love of others, Outcast. Weary and more; Alone, alone in a pitiless world For ever and evermore!"

As the last notes died away. Mr. putation I'll be quiet." Keene awoke as if from a dream. He came on again, and in another instant was | turned to the lad beside him, who, hav- overcome him, and he trudged along in "Why do you ask? What should I tell in the cloak-room receiving the pleasant ing pulled out a large red handkerchief, absolute silence for some time. At last greeting of Lady Hicks and of Ella her was blowing his nose vigorously, looking he raised his head and continued : "That my name is Miriam King, that daughter. A few minutes later Mrs. Ar- at his neighbor the while with moistened

I had given up music teaching and tion, was somewhat startled at the girl's he asked. "I never heerd one give it dorg back after them if they are ten miles tongue like her before."

For all answer Mr. Keone pushed the where the sheep are or who's got them, chess-board from him and rose. He cross- that dorg will get them to me, or I'll eat

"I don't feel quite well," Miriam an- wait for you. I am going to walk

Lady Hicks turned a startled face on

"Home?" she repeated. "To walk? Why? Aren't you well?"

"Well enough; but the room is stifling. Don't you feel it so ? I am longing for a mouthful of air."

Without further ado, he passed down the room. Close by the outer door Mrs. King was standing, apparently watching a game of Merris, over which two youths They would not heed her suggestion that knit puzzled brows. Involuntarily Mr. Keene stopped. Against his will he looked over the bent heads of the young men to the calm and beau'iful face on the other side of the table. Mrs. King kept her eyes lowered; but, as one of the players broke into a loud laugh over a blunder he had made, she smiled sympathetically, then raised her eyes, and ment the look fastened on her; then slowly the black lashes dropped over the "Is not she beautiful? What do you cloudless eyes, and she was again apparently absorbed in the game.

A minute more and Mr. Keene had gained the wet road, and was splashed eyes the graceful black robed figure mov- recklessly homeward through pools of muddy water, nnheeding the pelting of the rain or the dark discomfort of the

"An odd fellow, that Keene!" the Rector remarked a couple of hours later, as he with his woman folk also tramped the Eastwick roads. "What made him rush off in that strange fashion? Fine-looking "Do you know her? How does she man, is he not? What do you think of

things, she thought of the difference "Do I know her?" she repeated, smil- which five years had made in the appearmore inward than outward. It had been But Mr. Keene drew back; and, as his with a sense of triumph she had stood homeward with a firm step and proudly-"I must get out into the fresh air," he carried head-free, she told herself, free and independent!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

One Dog to Thousands of Sheep. An immense drove of sheep went stumbling, tumbling, and trotting out of Newark the other day, on their way to Philadelphia. They seemed to walk all lessly, and with certainty. Don't buy ing to sing? Mrs. King, let me introduce over one another, bumped together, and crowded until it seemed as though some must have been trodden under the feet of the others. A rough-looking countryman trudged ahead in the middle of the road, and the sheep followed closely. He

seemed as dusty, ill-humored and out of sorts as the sheep themselves. In the rear, a tall and gaunt farmer tramped along, with a long hickory stick in his hand. At every few steps he uttered a peculiar cry, and whenever the

with his hickory stick.

At his heels, and bringing up the tail end of the procession, was a long-bodied As he watched her action, a thrill that lean and scarred shephard's dog. He ran was aimost a shudder passed through with his nose close to the ground, and Kingston Keene's strong frame at sight of apparently paid little attention to the the single plain gold ring on one white drove. But when two of the sheep got astray, and trotted into a garden, the dog jumped over the fence and chased them back in line in no time.

As he forced them into the herd the sheep swerved away from him. The dog trotted around the drove, making it still more compact in form, and then returned rang the solemn tones of a rich contralto to his master, who by this time was walk-

"How many sheep are there in the

"Well, about eight hundred." "You're way off," said the man with a good-natured grin. "There's three thousand three hundred and twenty-eight." "Where do yo take them to?"

"We drive them from here to Philadelphia, selling them on the way to cusing, shook the heart of one man who butchers, or whoever wants to buy them, listened, and the eyes of the boy at his and getting rid of all that remains, in the

"They are owned in Philadelphia, are

"No, they ain't," said the man, quickly, "they are owned by A. B. Mattnews, of Kansas City, Mo., and they travel about fiftee nmiles a day, and they're an infernal nuisance !"

After this he walked along in silence for some time, and then made a general remark that indicated that his life was

not one of unalloyed happiness. "If it wasn't fur that dorg," he said kicking the brute affectionately as he passed him, "my mate and me could never get these cattle through on time, but that animal is worth ten men. Good sheep dorgs, you know, are scarce now in this part of the country. I wouldn't take anything on earth for mine. He's as faultless as can be, and he knows as much should tell you some of the very wonderful things that dorg has done, you'd call me a liar, and as I don't wish no such re-

"When we get at the end of a day's march, if we find that three or four of "She makes ye feel bad, don't she, sir?" the sheep are missing, I can send that away, and it don't make any difference the whole drove, hoofs, bones and wool." "Agatha, you will excuse me if I do not -N. Y. Sun.

Shoeing Horses.

In response to an inquiry from a subscriber as to the propriety of shoeing horses, the editor of the Massachusetts Ploughman says: As the sole object of shooing the horse is to prevent too great a wear of the ground surface of the outer crust of the hoof, it is very obvious that in certain districts where the roads are sandy and loamy the shoe may be dispensed with, much to the relief of the animal and to the pecuniary benefit of its owner. On pavements and macadamized roads the wear is too great and the foot must be protected There are very many young animals that are shot merely because it is a custom to do so, and not because necessity calls for it. Where the shoe has never been applied, the hoof takes on a natural hardness, which fits it for an astonishing amount of work without injury. When it is desirable to remove the shoes entirely, the foot should be gradually inured to this new order of things by slow work, otherwise lameness will follow, especially in those cases where the owner has allowed the sole and frog to be mutilated by the knife of the blacksmith. These parts ought never to be touched with instruments. On icy reads, with heavy draught, it is probable that calkins cannot be given up, but these projections to the shoe are employed uselessly in many cases, much to the injury of the animal, especially where they are not all of equal height. In fine, there is no reason why every farmer should not try the experiment of using his horses without shoes especially on the farm work.

## Nerviline, What is it?

Polson's NERVILINE is a combination of the most potent pain relieving substances known to medical science. The constant progress made in this department of science points upward and onward. Nerviline is the latest developement in this movement, and embodies the latest discoveries. For neuralgia, cramps, pains in the head-external, internal, and local -Nerviline has no equal. Expend 10 cents in the purchase of a sample bottle of Nerviline and be convinceed of its marvellous power over pain. Sold by druggists. Large bottles 25 cents, at all druggists.

Disinterestedness is the very soul of

How Would it do? This bad weather requires a remedy.

It seems as if the whole responsibility should rest on Vennor and Wiggins, for we had some kind of weather before they appeared upon the scene. How would it do to string them up? Would it make things better? Another hint of importance - don't hang on to your corns as weather indicators. Better string them out root and branch Putnam'z Painless Corn Extractor will do it quickly, paindangerous flesh-eating substitutes. Get Putnam's, and no other."

Venture not to the utmost bounds of even lawful pleasures; the limits of good and evil join.

THERE is a curious diversity of taste among smokers as to the kida of pipe they prefer. Some like the clay pipe best, others again the meerschaum, some must have their pipe well seasoned before they can enjoy it, others again must have a new pipe and throw it away whenever It bocomes a little old. But though this di raity of taste among them is curious, it is not at all curious that there is substantial unanimity among them that the "Myrtle Navy" brand of Meesrs. Tuckett & Son is the

Nothing more quickly consumes the vigor of life, than the violence of the emotions of the mind.

Yes you can get something to stop that cough "Pectoria" will do it in no time. Try Pictoria, it never fails. The great 25 cent Cough and Cold Cure.

To the generous mind the heaviest debt is that of gratitude when it is not in our power to repay it.

Young Men !- Read This THE VOLTAICH BELT Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELEC-TEO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC AP-PLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men )young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitalicy, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumasism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaran-

teed. No risk is incurred as thirty days'

trial is allowed. Write them at once for

illustrated pumphlet free. A man's valor had better flow from the ends of his fingers than ocze from the end of his tongue.

Important. When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

When death, the great reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent, but our severity.

Catarrh-A New Treatment. Perhaps the most extraordizing succes that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of catarrh Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefitted, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence as any man, I don't care who he is. If I of living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and no Reflection, caused by this thought, other treatment has ever cured catarrh. The done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street West, Toronto, Canada. and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrh.—Montreal

It is the first little step that loses all. After that the road is slippery, and we are down before we know it.

Cold feet and hands are certain indications of imperfect circulation of the blood. Dr Carson's Stomach Bitters promotes the circulation keeps the bowels regular and induces good health. Large bottles at 50 cents.