## The Shiftless Man.

The man who never shuts a gate nor closes up You bet, when he takes off his shirt, he throws it on the floor, Or if he uses con b or b ush to equal ze his hair, You'll find the comb laid on the bar, the brush

upon a chair. The poker for the stove is laid upon the mantel-He never knows about his clothes-nor where

to find himself-To breakfast he is alwar slate, his dinner's always cold ;

To supper he's so far behind he scowls and swears and scolds. He uses morey free, 'tls true; bas jovial friends

For many of his needed wants he finds himself in debt; Of all his family thus he says: "I love myself the best : And when I am provided for, why need I mind the rest?

I look out into the garden again indifferently, I wonder what Ronald Scott thinks of me? I know my want of interest in everything puzzles him a littlehe cannot imagine why I do not take any pleasure in my woods, my meadows, my horses, my dogs, and my beautiful old house. Certainly I have been ill, but I am well now-so well that I have been on horseback several times, and have driven Olive and myself all about Yattenden in my basket-phaeton. But people say my illness has changed me very much; my face looks haggard, there are dark shadows under my eyes. Nobody knows what I suffer; through all my wanderings I have never mentioned Gerard Baxter's name. I am surprised that I did not, he is never cut of my thoughts. I have never heard of him since that day when we said goodbye to each other in my leafy combenot a single word! I do not know whether he is dead or alive -Olive does not know. She has never spoken of him since that morning she told me all she knew about him as we came through my wood. I do not think she suspects anything-she never thought I cared for him, she would have been sure to tell me.

Ronald Scott has been very good to me in a brotherly kind of way-he and Olive treat me very much like a spoilt childsometimes I suspect he thinks me anything but an agreeable kind of person. I wonder if he ever cared for anybody himself -if he cares for anybody now. It would be impossable to tell from that grave stern face-I often fancy he is a man who would have-

"Two soul-sides, one to face the world with And one to show a woman when he loved her.' "Cousin Ronald. 'I ask suddenly, with-

out turning my head. "have you any sweetheart in England?" "Why do you ask, cousin Rosalie?"

"Because I want to know I suppose." "But I may not care to have you know that I am sweetheartless."

"Then you have none?" "Have you one in your eye for me?"

"I suppose you came back for a wife, "Why do you suppose so?

questions with questions! Because when | both. an Indian judge somes back to England, everybody knows he comes back to look for a wife."

"Then everybody is wrong, so far as I am concerned."

her?" " Because I did not come home on any such quest, Cousin Rosalie."

"Upon your word?" "Upon my honor !" he laughs, looking

round at me. "Why, cousin, I never thought you had a turn for match-making! "I never thought so either. But I

know plenty of pretty nice girls-Ellinor Deane and Ada Rolleston and Katie." "Why do you leave out your own particular friend ?"

"Do you like Olive?" I ask quickly, glancing round at him.

"Or do you like her too well to wish to see her married to me?"

"I think you are too late to try for Olive," I say, shaking my head.

"You would not advise me to enter the lists against Lockhart?" he asks smiling

"We, I think Olivelikeshim-a little. But she is such a madcap—what she likes one day she hates the next." "Then, if she likes Lockhart to day,

there may be some chance for me to-mor. row."

"I should like yo, and Olive to care ing out. for each other," I say reamily. "I like her better than any other girl in the is this?"

world." "Then you must like me a little, to wish to bestow her upon me?"

"I like you very much, cousin. You have been very kind to me?" "Rosalie, do you like me well enough

o are what becomes of me?" How can you ask such a foolish question?"

"As you said just now-because want to know." "Of course I care. You are the only cousin I have—it is not as if I had half a

dozen, or half a score, like most people.' "And you care for me with the caring that you might have divided among half a dozen, or perhaps half a score ?"

I do not answer. "Rosalie, I did not come back to England to look for a sweetheart-or a wife. But do you think you could ever care enough for me-at any future time-to give me both?"

His grave eyes meet mine unwaveringly; his head is a little bent-as he looks in-

tently into my face. "No," I answer, in the same grave, matter-of-fact tone in which he has spoken, without any change of color or added pulsation of the heart. "I shall never care for any one, Ronald - I do not intend to marry any one. This place ought to have been yours-at my death, it will be-

long to you."

shocked look. "Why, child, I am ever so many years older than you are !"

"Only ten. And, when one does not care to live, it makes a great d fference-' "But you do care to live! It is only some morbid fancy you have taken into your head-people often take such fancies into their heads when they have been ill."

"This is no fancy of mine-the stronger I get, the more I seem to see how little life is worth living !" "But you have so much to live for; you have everything your heart can de-

Have 1? I do not answer him, my eyes are on the great pearly bank of cloud whose fringes are slowly turning from silver to gold in the light of the setting

"Rosalie, will you let me try to make you happy? Will you try to care for me a little? I love-i have loved you ever since the first moment I saw your face. Don't you think I could make you happy, loving you so much as that?"

I do not think it for a moment. I do not seriously entertain the thought even for one seco d of time. A year ago it might have seemed to me a very desirable arrangement. It would restore Woodhay to the man whom I always felt ought to have had it. But a year ago I did not care for any one else. Now my heart lies buried in a grave that was dug for it down among the tangled ferns and leaves and grass in my shadowy combe one day-a grave whose fresh sods I have never visited-a grave where with my dead love I have buried all hope, all pleasure, all desire of life.

"I am sorry, if you really care for me, cousin Ronald. I don't know how you can "-smiling slightly-" knowing how

"May I ask you one question, Roalie?" I know what the question is before I look round into his face.

"Yes," I answer slowly; "I suppose you have a right to ask.

"I do not want to ask it by reason of any right, and you are not bound to an-

"No I am not bound to answer you." "Rosalie, have you ever fancied that you cared for any other man?"

The question is put so gravely, so composedly, that it does not startle me. 1 answer it just as gravely, just as composedly, looking straight before me at the smooth gray terrace-walk.

"Not fancied it, courin Ronald! I have cared for another man so much that, though you may be a hundred times better, a thousand times worthler, you can never be to me what he once was.'

"I am not going to ask you his name. But this man, Rosalie-t cannot be but that he loved you in return?" "Oh, yes he loved me !"

"Then is he dead?"

"No," I answer, with a strange little smile; "he is married."

For one moment Ronald Scott stands beside me in dead silence. I do not look at him; but I can fancy the astonishment -the disgust perhaps-in his grave stern "You are a Yankee for answering | face-his silence might mean either or

"Poor child," he says at last-and his tone is only pitiful, not disgusted at all-"poor child !"

I do not look at him, and I do not think he is looking at me. But two great tears "Because you know where to find | well into my eyes and fall upon my ashypurple gown.

"I will not trouble you any more, dear," he says gently. "I would never have asked that question if had dreamed what your answer would be. But I did not think you cared for any one-it seemed so unlikely that - he would not care for

I hold out my left hand to him-the one next to him-without turning my head. The foolish tears drop down my cheeks and fall upon the gown whose dead violet shade Olive abhors.

"I shall be your friend always, Rosalie -remember that !"

"Yes," I say vaguely, not dreaming how soon I shall make trial of his friendship; "I shall remember."

He stoops and kisses my hand gravely, dispassionately and walks out of the room just as Olive and Mr. Lockhart come in

"There is no news in the paper to-day," Olive says, picking up the Times from the floor where Ronald Scott had thrown it. "Is there not?" I answer languidlystill standing in the deep bay-win low look-

"Nothing tha I call news. Oh, what

She does not speak again for a minute or two. I suppose she is studying the paragraph which seemed to have attracted her attention. I am studying the sunset colors in the sky, the mystic glory of my sunset hill, the deep ruddy green of n'v shadowy woods. Mr. Lockhart has just wished us good-bye and left the room; Digger has carried away the tea-things Olive has more than once suggested that it is time for my ante-prandial drive; but I am in no mond for exerting myselfeven to the ext. at of putting on my hat.

"Such a hornible thing!" Olive exclaims. "Allie, di you know that unfortunate Gerard Bax, 'r was married?"

"Yes," I answer calm v, without turning my head; "I knew it metime ago." "I declare I don't like to ell you about ever known the wretched boy.

"What is it?" I ask confron ug her. The girl is sitting on the corne of the I turn my head now to look at him. sofa, looking up at me with a white startl-

his wife?"

# CHAPTER IX.

Olive Deane went away this morning and Ronald Scott left after luncheon-the house seems quite lonely and deserted. But I am not thinking of either my friend "At your death!" he repeats, with a or my cousin, as I sit alone in my brown-

panelled morning-room at Woodhay, hold, ing in my hand the Times of yes erday. I had hidden the paper away that I might study something in itat my leisure to-day -something that I already know by heart. As I sit in the deep old-fashioned baywindow, with the paper in my hand, my eyes are on the blaze of color without, intently staring. I see no sunny garden precints shut in by tall green hedges top. ped by the blue sky. I see a man in a prison-cell-gaunt, haggard-the man whom I still love with all the reckless obstinancy of my nature—the boy whose weakness of purpose has spoiled both his life and my own.

I believe every word of the story he told to the magistrate before whom they took him, though, in the face of such overwhelming evidence as was produced against him, I do not see that there was any course open to the magistrate but the course he adopted, of committing him to prison to take his trial at the Octobe Sessions for the murder of his wife.

The account of the examination before the magistrate is given in full in the paper in my hand, under the heading of " Police intelligence." I have mastered every particular of the case, weighed every grain of evidence in my own mind. But, conclusively as the crime seems to be | ro ight | home to the wrteched lad who is os and his trial in October, I am entirely convinced that he had no hand or part in it as that I had no hand or part in it myself.

Three weeks before the day Gerard Baxter was arrested on the charge of having made away with his wife-on the twenty-third of July-his mother in-law, Eliza White, deposed to having gone to lodgings to visit her daughter. The prisoner opened the door for her, and told | could be ascertained; but, from the state her that her daughter had gone out, about half an hour before, to buy something in a neighboring street. She had gone home perfectly satisfied, and fully intending to call again in the evening; but some business of her own prevented her doing this, and, when she repeated her visit on the following morning, she was rather surprised to hear from her son-in-law that her daughter had again gone out. On neither occasion had he invited her into the room, but had stood in the doorway to answer her inquiries. He said her daughter was quite well, and that he expected her in every minute; but he did not ask her to wait, nor had she time to waste waiting for her. She thought Gerard Baxter's manner rather odd and surly; but then he never had a very pleasant manner, and it made no impression upon her. She was so sure that he had been telling her the truth on both occasions that she never thought of making any inquirles among the neighbors. In answer to the magistrate, she said the lodgings were very poor ones. Gerard Baxter was an artist, and could not always sell his pictures; but he had some copies of pictures for churches, she thought, and they had brought in some money. They never were in actual want.

She went on to say that she had not called again for several days, being rather hurt with her daughter for never coming near her. She had been in the habit of running into her house every evening almost when her husband went out. They had not got on very well together. Her daughter was a child almost, and very thoughtless, and Gerard Baxter was soured by dissapointment and poverty, and had lately begun to drink-not hard, but more than was good for him; but he was never cruel to his wife at the worst of times, so far as she knew. Mrs. Eliza White's evidence was so impartial that it produced a strong impression in her favor in the court.

ings to inquire after her She blamed herself for it very much afterwards; but she had to earn her own bread by washing, and had lodgers to look after. At the end of a week she went, however, and found the door locked; then she turned into the room of a neighbor on the next floor, a woman named Haag, the wife of a German who played the violin in the orchestra of some theatre-she forgot what theatre. Mrs. Haag said that she was surprised to hear her making inquiries for her daughter, since Baxter had told them all she had gone to stay with some cousins in the country. They had not seen nor heard anything of her in that house since the twenty-second of July ; Mrs. White herself had seen her on the twenty-first.

Mrs. White then resolved to wait ti her son-in-law should come in; but, though she sat with Mrs. Haag for more than two hours, Baxter did not make his appearance. Meanwhile Mrs. Haag told her all she knew-how for three days Baxter had told them, when they inquired for his wife, that she had just gone out and would be in presently, and on the fourth had told her-Mrs. Haag-that she had gone to visit some cousins in the country. The neighbors suspected nothing. When they asked for her later on, he said he had had letters from her, and even gave them messages which she sent to them in the letters. He left his wife alone very much, and they all pitled her -she was so young-a mere child, and so pretty. On the morning of the twentysecond they had had words about something; she-Mrs. Haag-heard him threaten to rid himself of her-to choke her, it—it is enough to shock you if you had she thought he said; but such threats were common enough in that tenementhouse—she had never given them a second

thought. Mrs. White, finding Baxter did not come back, left Mrs. Haag, and went "Why, he was arrested the day before | home. She knew Lily-her daughter's yesterday on a charge of having murdered | name was Eliza-the same as her own, but she always called herself Lily-had some consins in Kent; and, though she was surprised to hear she had gone to pay so. Ard, being troubled with her own concerns, she gave no more thought to the matter until the afternoon of the fourteenth of August.

Here the witness was so overcome by grief that it was some time before the examination could preceed.

On the afternoon of the fourteenth of August a policeman came to her, to take her to the mortuary. A body had been found floating in the river near Blackfriars Bridge; Mr. Haag had happened to see it, and at once recognised it as the body of Mrs. Baxter, and the girl's mother was sent for to identify it, as her husband was not to be found.

Mrs. White had no difficulty in identifying the body, though it had been in the water a considerable time-three weeks, the surgeon said, who made the post mortem examination. The face was much disfigured from the action of he water; but the beautiful red gold hair, the small even teeth, the girl's height and age, the wedding-ring on her finger, were all conclusive evidence. Her clothes were poor, and had no mark upon them-a black cashmere drass, black jacket, and a little brooch with hair in it, which Mrs. White at once recognised as having been a present from herself to her daughter-she had put the halr into it herself-it was her father's hair. Mr. and Mrs. Haag had also identified the clothes, but could not remember the brooch. Mrs. Haag, being called up corroborated Mrs White's evidence in every particular. The prisoner obstinately refused to answer any questions put to him by the Bench, and maintained all through the inquiry a sullen demeanor, which had considerably prejudiced the court against him.

So much I had read, studying every word-I think the sentences have burnt themselves into my brain. There were no marks of violence on the body, so far as it was in when found, this could scarcely be satisfactorily proved. It was supposed that Baxter had pushed his wife into the river on the night of the twenty-second of July-the day Mrs. Haag had heard him threatening to take her life.

I believe Gerard Baxter to be innocent of the crime imputed to him. I have not asked Ronald Scott his opinion, nor uncle Tod-1 could not trust myseif to ask them any questions. But I heard Olive ask uncle Tod at breakfast what they would do to Gerard Baxter, and uncle Tod said they have sworn to take the life of Riel should would try him, find him guilty most probably, and condemn him to death. The guilt seemed most conclusively brought to him-whether he would be recommended to mercy or not he could not say. It might come out that there had been extenuating circumstances. It was a horrible business altogether.

It is a horrible business. I think so, as I sit staring into my quiet sunny garden, into which even the echo of such evil deeds has never come. It is all so peaceful, so orderly-the blackbird and thrush hop in and out of the tall thick walls of yew and beech, my peacock glimmers up and down in the distance, faint pearly clouds float across the serene sky. How different it is from the wretched London street, perhaps more wretched court or alley, where the man to whom I would have so freely given Woodhay, with all its gardens and terraces, woods and meadows, has worked and starved till it seems that his misery has driven him mad! I hate the blue sky, the orderly flower beds, the ruddy gables, and carved window-settings of my quaint old house. I cannot bear to look at them, thinking how little happiness they have given me. If I had been what he imagined me, the penniless girl learning music as a means of future livelihood, I would have married him, and we should have been happy. But I refused him, because I was Miss Somers Scott of Woodhay Man-For a whole week she saw nothing of or. And now all my woods and moors her daughter, nor did she go to her lodg- and meadows have turned to ashes between my tee h.

# (TO BE CONTINUED )

# Dodging a Cyclone.

I heard a noise and ran out to see what it was. I saw at some distance off a heavy black cloud, funnel shaped and twisting at the bottom like a screw. It seemed whirling with rapidity, and was coming through the woods like a wild animal. It was just awful. People began to cry out and run around distracted, and I felt very queer. I saw that big black thing come bouncing along like a great cannon ball and I concluded I was about to fly away on it and be an angel. The cloud did not lie close to the ground, but bounded up and down, jumping clear over the tops of some of the trees and tearing others to pieces. I thought I would lie down a while. I selected a spot that was full of mud and water. I don't know why I chose such a place, but maybe it was because I was in a hurry and did not have time to chose well. It was a soft place, however, and had its attractions at that moment.

After I had got myself well settled in the mud I saw the cyclone was giving me the go by. It passed about 200 yards to my recurring to every one's memory as a proleft and tore things up terribly. There was a tree standing there in full view. The cyclone struck it about forty feet of which for a fee will furnish a small cobra from the ground, turned the branches to any applicant, "and no questions askand all around half a dozen times like lightning, and then snatched the whole | der procures one of these reptiles and upper portion into kindling wood and carried it off. It was an awe-inspiring sight, and although I am glad I saw it I don't want to see it again-not so close, anyhow.

# How to Deal with Ghosts.

There has been much talk lately in spiritual apparitions generally, I have seldom heard better advice on the subject of ghost-seeing than that them a visit, it was not outside the bounds given to me now many years ago by of probability that she should have done a very hardened sceptic. With a merry among their bulky goods to act sa ratdoor, take a pistol; if he comes up through the floor, take a pill."

## THE REBELLION.

Interesting Chat about the Boys af 11g Front Tom Howie, Armstrong and Deall, the three scouts who captured Riel, expect to get a Government reward.

The Winnipeg Field Battery is the only corps at the front which ha received no casualties in any of the engagements.

The nights in the Northwest are very chilly, while the days are the opposite. The "boys" are as dusky looking as the " breeds."

Plans of the battle fields have been drawn by the hundred. Almost every one has his own idea of the brush he was fighting in. "A" Battery has done wonderful ser-

vice and hard work. They have the greatest percentage of killed and wounded in all the engagements. Chief Stewart, of the Hamilton Police Force, has been appointed Marshall in

connection with the trial of Riel and other

rebels. A counsel from the Quebec bar has to be appointed. A great many of the wounded who had to be taken to the rear in wagons were put in stretchers made of cattle hide, which were fastened hammock fashion

across the wagon. Complaints are made of the outgoing and incoming mails for the troops which seem to reach their destination very slowly. The post effice authorities do not seem to know the position of the different regiments.

Saskatoon seems to be the proper place for a crossing and probably the Government will reward the generosity of the Temperance Colony by running the telegraph line into the settlement.

The post office authorities at Winnipeg are now sending two mails weekly to Battleford by Swift Current, instead of by Qa'Appelle, as formerly. All mails for the volunteers at the front go by this

A rumor is current that a secret organization has been formed at Winnipeg with branches all over the Dominion, who he be let escape from the hands of the Government at the forthcoming trial.

Some crank sent a bundle of tracts, addressed "Louis Riel, leader of the rebel halfbreeds and Indians, N. W. T.," which fell into the hands of the General. On opening the package a number of tracts and religious pamphlets were discovered. Inside a pamphlet was a page of the Bible containing a portion of the Psalms of David with a sheet of note paper, on which was written "Prepare to die! Why shed blood? You must die!" Louis David will not need the advice now.

A large parcel of supplies for the Halifax Battalion, together with a number of hospital shirts and other necessaries for the wounded, have been sent from Wyld, Brock & Co.'s establishment, Toronto, by express to Moose Jaw. The hospital supplies were contributed by the ladies of St. Anne's parish, and other supplies were purchased by funds collected in Walkerton, Ont.

The merchants of Prince Albert reaped an immense profit from the troops. The prices charged were enormous, even for dry goods. As no one expected the campaign to be so lengthy, few provided themselves with more than a change of underclothing, and as none have been served out to the troops the pay of many of the men has been overdrawn in order to provide themselves with clothing. Jackets and trousers had to be bought from the Hudson Bay Co.'s stores from the men's private purses. The rough camp life has not left a complete uniform on any of the men.

Private A. G. Scovell, Royal Grenadiers, who was wounded at Batoche on May 9th, and who has returned to Toronto, describes as follows the way in which he was hurt and Moor killed: "Our company was extending in skirmishing order, and the men were lying on the ground a few paces distant from one another. The enemy, as far as we could judge, was from 75 to 100 yards distant. I had extended my arm to get a couple of cartridges when I was struck. The bullet passed through the coat sleeve, through my arm, and then struck the coat again. Tom Moor was on my right hand, and the bullet, after disabling me, struck him on the head, and then glanced off. He lingered until 11 o'clock that night and then expired. I crawled off the field and went to the church, where the dressers attended to me; after that I was placed in the hospital tent."

## The Reptile Assassin. As a means of suicide the small veno-

mous serpents of Oriental countries have always been in vogue—the asp of Cleopatra minent example. In certain parts of Bengal there is said to be a race of gipsies, one ed." A man who desires to commit murplaces it within a bamboo just long enough to let the head protrude a trifle at one end and the tail at the other. Armed with this deadly weapon, the murderer creeps softly to his enemy's tent at the dead of night, cuts a hole in the wall, and introduces the bamboo. The tortured reptile, careless upon whom it wreaks its animosity, strikes its fangs into the sleeper, then certain circles concerning ghosts and is withdrawn, and the assassin steals silentbut ly away. Snakes are often employed in tropical countries as a sort of domestic animal. The ship chandlers of Rio de Janeiro, for example, have each a boa housed twinkle in his eye, he said, "My dear | catcher; these often become tamed, and young friend, if a ghost comes in at the | are recruited by menageries, in which service they perform another utility by affording an income to their owners.