

DAWN.

(BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.)

CHAPTER I.

"You lie; you always were a liar, and you always will be a liar. You told my father how I spent the money."

"Well, and what if I did? I had to look after myself I suppose. You forget that I am only here on sufferance, whilst you are the son of the house. It does not matter to you, but he would have turned me out of doors," whined George.

"Oh! curse your fine words; it's you who forgot your swab. Ay, it's you who forgot that you asked me to take the money to the gambling-tent, and made me promise that you should have half of what we won, but that I should play for both. What are you beginning to remember now—is it coming back to you after a whole month? I am going to quicken your memory up presently, I can tell you; I have got a good deal to pay off, I'm thinking. I know what you are at; you want to play cuckoo, to turn 'Cousin Philip' out that 'Cousin George' may fill the nest. You know the old man's soft points, and you keep working him up against me. You think that you would like the old place when he's gone—ay, and I dare say that you will get it before you have done, but I mean to have my penn'orth out of you now, at any rate," and, brushing the tears of anger that stood in his brown eyes away with the back of his hand, the speaker proceeded to square up to George in a most determined way.

Now Philip with his broad shoulders and his firm-knit frame, would, even at eighteen, have been no mean antagonist for a full grown man; much more than he look formidable to the lanky, overgrown strapping crouching against the corner of the wall that prevented his further retreat.

"Philip, you're not going to strike me, are you, when you know you are so much stronger?" "Yes, I am, though; if I can't match you with my tongue, at any rate I will use my fists. Look out."

"Oh, Philip, don't! I'll tell your father." "Tell him! why, of course you will, I know that; but you shall have something to lie about this time," and he advanced to the attack with a grim determination not pleasant for his cousin to behold.

Finding that there was no escape, George turned upon him with so shrill a curse that it even frightened from his leafy perch in the oak above the same turtle-dove, intensely preoccupied as he was in cooing to a new-found mate. He did more than curse; fought like a cornered rat and with as much chance as the rat with a trained fox-terrier. In a few seconds his head was as saugely tucked away in the chancery of his cousin's arm as ever any property was in the court of that name, and to speak truth, it seemed quite possible that, when it emerged from its retreat, it would, like the property, be much dissipated and extensively bled.

Let us not dwell upon the scene; for George it was a very painful one, so painful that he never quite forgot it. His nose, too, was never so straight again. It was soon over, though to one of the parties the time went with unnatural slowness.

"Well, I think you've had about enough for once," soliloquized Philip, as he critically surveyed the writhing mass on the ground before him; and he looked a very handsome lad as he said it.

His curly black hair hung in waving confusion over his forehead, and flung changing lights and shadows into the depths of his brown eyes, whilst his massive and somewhat heavy features were touched into a more active life by the light of that pleasing excitement which animates nine men out of every ten of the Anglo-Saxon race when they are engaged on killing or hurting some other living creature. The face, too, had a certain dignity about it, a little of the dignity of justice; it was the face of one who feels that, if his action has been precipitate and severe, it has at any rate been virtuous. The full but clear-cut lips also had their own expression on them, half serious, half comical, humor, contempt, and even pity were blended in it. Altogether Philip Carefoot's appearance in the moment of boyish vengeance was pleasing and not uninteresting. Presently, however, something of the same change passed over his face that we see in the sky when a cloud passes over the sun; the light faded out of it. It was astonishing to note how dull and heavy—ay, more, how bad it made him look all in a breath.

er the intense and almost devilish malignity of the expression that hovered on the blurred features and in the half-closed eyes. But no attempt was made by George to translate the look into words, and indeed Philip felt that it was untranslatable. He also felt dimly that the hate and malice which he was regarded by the individual at his feet were of a more concentrated and enduring character than most men have power to originate. In the lurid light of that one glance he was able, though he was not very clever, to pierce the darkest recesses of his cousin's heart, and to see his inmost thoughts, no longer through a veil, but face to face. And what he saw was sufficient to make the blood leave his ruddy cheek, and to fix his eyes into an expression of fear.

Next second George dropped his head on to the ground again, and began to moan in an ostentatious manner, possible in order to attract some one whose footsteps could be plainly heard proceeding slowly down a shrubby-path on the other side of the yard wall. At any rate that was the effect produced; for next moment, before Philip could think of escape had he wished to escape, a door in the wall was opened, and a gentleman, pausing on the threshold, surveyed the whole scene, with the assistance of a gold-mounted eye-glass, with some evident surprise and little apparent satisfaction.

(To be Continued.)

M'SWAT'S FRONT DOOR.

It is the Cause of an Earnest Conversation Between Billiger and Lobelia.

"I tell you I locked that front door myself! I know I locked it!" The voice of Mr. McSwat was stern, high-pitched and menacing. "You were the last to go to bed, weren't you?" demanded Mrs. McSwat. "I was."

"And you locked the door, did you?" "Once more I tell you I did." "Sure of it, are you?" "How many more times have I got to tell you I locked that door the last thing before I started upstairs?" "Well, I found it unlocked this morning."

"I can't help that, madam." "I have no doubt, Billiger," said Mrs. McSwat, with a praiseworthy attempt to say it soothingly, "that you think you locked it, but the fact remains—" "The fact remains exactly as it was before!" he roared. "I don't think anything about it. I know it."

"Did you come down stairs in the night and unlock it?" "I am not in the habit of walking in my sleep." "I am not asking you about your habits. Did you come down in the night and unlock that front door?" "I did not."

"Well, I was the first one who came down this morning and I found the door unlocked. How do you explain that, Billiger?" "I don't explain it at all. See here, Lobelia! Are you trying to make me out a liar?" "I am not trying to make you out anything. All that I am trying to do is to get at the facts."

"What difference does it make, I should like to know?" "No difference, only I should like to find out—" "Do you find the house upside down? Has anything been stolen?" "No. There isn't a sign that anybody has been in the house. That's what makes it so hard to understand."

"Don't try to understand it. Let it go." "But—" "Has it occurred to you that perhaps you didn't find that door unlocked when you came downstairs?" "Do you think I don't know when I find a door unlocked. Be a little careful how you—" "I have no doubt, Lobelia, you think you found that door unlocked, but the fact remains that just before I went upstairs I—"

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A Few Items Which May Prove Worth Reading.

Four-fifths of all the hail-storms occur in the day time. The largest organ in the world is in the cathedral of Seville, Spain. It has 53 pipes and 230 stops. Kissing rarely occurs in Japan unless between husband and wife. A mother does not even kiss her child.

The longest distance at which a telephone is operated is between Boston and St. Louis, about 1,400 miles. There are no cows, sheep, or pigs in Japan. The Japanese do not drink milk, eat meat, or wear woolen clothing. Zena King, of Fairland, Mich., made a vicious kick at a dog. He missed the animal, but struck a post, and broke his leg.

Lightning struck the home of Joseph Voorhees, at New Hackensack, N.Y., seven times within an hour, during a recent thunderstorm. St. Peter's, at Rome, required three and a half centuries for its completion; and while it was in course of erection forty-three popes reigned.

The oldest poplar tree in France is in Dijon. Authentic records show that it was in a flourishing condition in the year 722, nearly 1,200 years ago. In Hindostan when the parents of a baby cannot agree upon a name, two lamps are placed over the names. The one over which the lamp is brighter is that which is chosen.

On the police force of Duluth, there is an officer, Royal McKenzie by name, whose height is 6 feet 10 3/4 inches, and whose weight is 265 pounds. His age is 26 years and he states that he is still growing.

When Mrs. John Elitch, of Denver, desires an exciting and pleasant drive she harnesses a large ostrich to a light spring wagon, and gaily sets forth. The ostrich moves very rapidly, easily covering eighteen miles an hour.

A body of water known as the Lake of Ink, is in the Cocopal Hills, Arizona. It is of inky blackness, but does not stain the flesh. The temperature of the water ranges from 110 to 118 degrees. Rheumatic patients bathe in it, and find relief.

Charles H. Rhine, a colored boy, aged twenty, of Howard County, Md., can lie on his back with his arms extended above his head, and let a man weighing 150 pounds stand on his palms, and then arise from the ground until he is erect, and still sustain the man on his hands.

A typewritten letter was sent to a farmer in Burke County, N.C., from the State Board of Agriculture. He thought it was an insulting intimation that he could not comprehend "pen and ink writing," and he indignantly returned it, stating that he could "read writin' yit."

NEW MATERIAL FOR MATCH-STICKS. Wood Will Very Soon Give Way to Paper Sticks. It is predicted that paper is the coming material for matches. The prospect of the wooden match industry being appreciably affected by a new process for manufacturing matches of paper is held to be extremely probable, particularly as the best wood for this purpose is constantly growing scarcer and more costly.

SOME NICE TEA SETS. The sum of \$2,000,000 would not be an extravagant estimate of the value of the Queen's china at Buckingham Palace, and at Windsor, considering that the Sevres dessert service in the green drawing-room at Windsor is valued at \$100,000, and the Rose du Barre vases, in the corridors, at \$50,000, while there are six Sevres vases at Buckingham Palace for which there were put up to-morrow at \$80,000.

SHE KNEW HIM. Mary, you don't sympathize with me when I have to push the lawn-mower. No; if it was the snow-shovel you would be making the same old fuss.

THE WISE VIRGINS. Their lamps are trimmed and burning. And so of course, it ought to be supposed with safety that Their curling-tongs are hot.

AN ARMY OF TRAMPS.

What Reports Collected Give of the Unemployed of the United States.

Table with 2 columns: State and Number of Tramps. Total: 336,250.

THE PRINCE'S KENNELS.

At his Sandringham home the Prince takes great interest in his kennels, which comprise about 15 houses, each having its own yard, and every group of five its front grass plot. A paddock where the dogs are allowed to romp in, and a hospital for invalids, have also been added. The Prince's kennel-man has some 70 dogs under his care, of various shapes, sizes, and breeds, most of which has been presented to the Squire of Sandringham.

Mr. Adams, a Norfolk Island descendant of the mineowners of the pick brought in \$49 at a recent London. He has written a complete history of the Pitcairn Island community, and of the transference to Norfolk Island.



Fifty Years Ago.

Who could imagine that this should be the place where, in eighteen ninety-three that white world-wonder of arch and dome should shadow the nations, polychrome... Here at the Fair was the prize conferred on Ayer's Pills, by the world preferred. Chicago-like, they a record show, since they started—50 years ago.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

have, from the time of their preparation, been a continuous success with the public. And that means that Ayer's Pills accomplish what is promised for them; they cure where others fail. It was fitting, therefore, that the world-wide popularity of these pills should be recognized by the World's Fair medal of 1893—a fact which emphasizes the record:

50 Years of Cures.

MRS. MADDEN'S YEAST. Makes the BEST BREAD. To the Madden Yeast Co., London, Ont. The Madden Yeast Co., London.

The D. & L. Emulsion. Is invaluable. If you are run down, as it is a food as well as a medicine. The D. & L. Emulsion Will build you up if your general health is impaired.

IF YOU HAVE WEAK BACK, LAME BACK, BACKACHE, LUMBAGO OR RHEUMATISM, DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS WILL CURE YOU. DO YOUR HANDS OR FEET SWELL? IF SO YOU HAVE WEAK KIDNEYS, DOAN'S PILLS WILL STRENGTHEN THEM.

Webster's International Dictionary. The One Great Standard Authority. Send a Postal for Specimen Pages, etc. Successor of the "Unabridged."

Durham Tannery. Robe Tanning. Horse Hides, Cow Hides, Dry. SKINS, Etc., Tanned Suitable or ROBES and COATS by the new process, which for Finish and Softness can't be beat. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED — THOS. SMITH.

A. GORDON. Dealers in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Spectacles, Silver and Flat Ware of all descriptions. Repairing a specialty. Upper Town, Durham. The "Chronicle" is the only 2-Page Local Newspaper in Western Ontario.