## DAWN.

CHAPTER XVI.-Continued.

"You are trying to make me vain. You forget that whatever I know, you. which is just enough to show me how much I have to learn, I have learned from you. As for being your superior in mathematics, I don't think that, as a clergyman, you should make such a statement. Here is your tea." And the owner of the voice came forward usual, on the occasion of the severance to me!" into the ring of light.

She was tall beyond the ordinary height of woman, and possessed unusual beauty of form, that the tight few words." fitting gray dress she wore was well calculated to display. Her complexion, which was of a dazzling fairness, was set off by the darkness of the lashes that curled over the deep gray was twisted into a massive knot, was is it possible to describe on paper a presence at once so full of grace and man, and of a higher and more spiritual beauty? There hangs in the Louvre a picture by Raphael, which represents a saint passing with light steps over the prostrate form of a dragon. There is in that heaven- inspired face, the equal of which has been rarely, if ever, put on canvas, a blending of earthly beauty and of the calm, awe-compelling spirit-gaze-that gaze, that holy dignity which can only come to such as are in truth and in deed "pure in heart"-that will give to those who know it a better idea of what Angela was like than any written description.

may have seen some such look as that she wore on the faces of those around us. It may be brought by a great sor- one thing to offer to educate a little row, or be the companion of an over- | girl, and another to do it. Not know- | that something was wanting in it. whelming joy. It may announce the ing where to begin, I fell back upon And this was what was wanting in consummation of some sublime selfsacrifice, or convey the swift assurance into the curriculum of a classical and much love to give! of an everlasting love. It is to be mathematical education. Then, after a Did she but guess it, the still recesses Angela, without a moment's hesitafound alike on the features of the happy mother as she kisses her new-born ity, and I formed a design. I said to of the multitude of the lines around allow a shilling a week to Mrs. Jakes' babe, and on the pallid countenance myself, 'I will see how far a woman of the saint sinking to his rest. The sharp moment that brings us nearer God, and goes nigh to piercing the Rome becomes as familiar to her as her veil that hids His presence, is the occas- mother-tongue, till figures and symion that calls it into being. It is a beauty born of the murmuring sound I will teach her mind to follow the sacof the harps of heaven; it is the light ret ways of knowledge. I will train it of the eternal lamp gleaming faint- till it can soar above its fellows like ly through its earthly casket.

This spirit-look, before which al wickedness must feel ashamed, had found a home in Angela's gray eyes. was a strange nobility about her. Whether it dwelled in the stately form, ance. or on the broad brow, or in the large glance of the deep eyes, it is not pos- he stopped her with a motion of the was piled up with account-books, did I had no right to do it, but I could not as if a giant hand, holding a giant pen, sible to say; but it was certainly a hand, and went on: part of herself as self-evident as her face or features. She might well have

"Truth in her might, beloved, Grand in her sway; Truth with her eyes, beloved, Clearer than day; Holy and pure, beloved, Spotless and free; Is there one thing, beloved, Fairer than thee!"

Mr. Fraser absently sat down the tea that Angela was giving him, when we took the liberty to describe her personal appearance.

"Now, Angela, read a little." "What shall I read?"

opening her copy at hap-hazard, an- my dear Angela, I shall expect to reap nounced the page to her companion, a full reward for my labors." and, sitting down, began to read.

What sound is this, now soft and mel- me?" with a juster cadence.

ed. I have succeeded with you-"

that I am to stop now just as I have trouble." begun to learn?"

thing that I can teach you, and, be- for her to answer. sides, I am going away the day after! to-morrow."

ing for a few months."

ing a holiday."

be impossible.

pursue the subject. of a scholastic connection, to deliver This embrace affected the clergyman

stool to the corner of the fireplace, away now, dear, I am tired to-night; she wiped her eyes and sat down al- I shall see you at church to-morrow most at his feet, clasping her knees to say good-bye." with her hands, and gazing rather sad- And so she went homeward through

ly into the fire. eyes. The face itself was rounded and "been educated in a somewhat unusual with a tempest far more tremendous very levely, and surmounted by an am- way, with the result that, after ten than that which raged around her. ple forehead, whilst her hair, which years of steady work that has been As for him, as the door closed he always interesting, though somewhat gave a sigh of relief. of a tinge of chestnut gold, and mark- tion denied to the vast majority of your long," he said to himself. "And now ed with deep-set ripples. The charm sex, whishtat the same time you could for to-morrow's sermon. Sleep for the of her face, however, did not, as is so be put to blush in many things by a young! laughter for the happy! work school-girl of fifteen. For instance, for old folks-work, work, work!" often the case, begin and end with its though I firmly believe that you could And thus it was that Angela became physical attractions. There was more at the present moment take a double a scholar. much more, in it than that. But how first at the university, your knowledge of English literature is almost nil, and your history of the weakest. All a woman's ordinary accomplishments, The winter months passed away slowly dignity, of the soft leveliness of wo- such as drawing, playing, singing, have for Angela, but not by any means unof necessity been to a great extent neg- happily. Though she was quite alone lected, since I was not able to teach and missed Mr. Fraser sadly, she found them to you myself, and you have had considerable consolation in his preto be guided solely by books and the light of nature in giving to them such time as you could spare.

"Your mind, on the other hand, has been daily saturated with the noblest thoughts of the intellectual giants of two thousand years ago, and would in that respect be as much in place in a well-educated Grecian maiden living before the time of Christ as in an English girl of the nineteenth century.

partly by accident and partly by de- ravens through the flower-starred began to come here some ten years of restlessness, amounting at times alsince-you were a little thing thenand I had offered to give you some teaching, because you interested me, At times, but, ah, how rarely! we and I saw that you were running wild in mind and body. But, when I had undertaken the task I was somewhat puzzled how to carry it out. It is the Latin grammer, where I had be- Angela's life; she had, if we except her gun myself, and so by degrees you slid nurse, no one to love, and she had so year or two, I perceived your power of her heart already tremble to the tion. "Then I really think you might cultivated under favorable conditions can go. I will patiently teach this girl till the literature of Greece and bols hide no mysteries from her, till she can read the heavens like a book. proud design, pursued steadily through study, "come in here; I want to speak this, he is not forbidden to sell them many years, has been at length ac- to you." complished; your bright intellect has risen to the strain I have put upon it, and you are at this moment one of the best all-round scholars of my acquaint-

> She flushed to the eyes at this high praise, and was about to speak, but

a fact but too little known, that a twenty years ago. His frame had pounds. With this I speculated suc- face of the cloud. classical education, properly under- grown more massive, and acquired a cessfully. In two years I had eighteen been the inspiration of the lines that stood, is the foundation of all learn- slight stoop, but he was still a young thousand. The eighteen thousand I cry out, but it is in vain. Your voice ing. There is little that is worth say- powerful-looking man, and certainly invested in a fourth share in a coal- is lost before it reaches the fields and ing which has not already been beauti- did not appear a day more than his mine, when money was scarce and farm-houses. Old men sleep on; young fully said by the ancients, little that age of forty-two. The eyes, however, coals cheap. Coals rose enormously men whistle as they work. With that is worthy of meditation on which they so long as no one was looking at them, just then, and in five years' time I blue sky overhead, and that glad sunhave not already profoundly reflected, had contracted a concentrated stare, as sold my share to the co-holders for shine bathing the earth, even the boom though they were eternally gazing at eighty-two thousand, in addition to of a great cannon would not startle tion, my dear Angela, you possess to some object in space, and this appear- twenty-one thousand received by way man or beast. an eminent degree. Henceforth you ance was rendered the more marked of interest. Since then I have not spewill need no assistance from me or by an apparently permanent puckering culated, for fear my luck should desert any other man, for, to your trained of the skin of the forehead. The mo- me. I have simply allowed the money mind, all ordinary knowledge will be ment, however, that they came under to accumulate on money and other ineasy to assimilate. You will receive the fire of anybody else's optics, and, vestments, and bided my time, for I in the course of a few days a parting oddily enough more particularly those have sworn to have those estates back present from myself in the shape of a of his own daughter, the stare vanish- before I die. It is for this cause that box of carefully chosen books on Eu- ed, and they grew shifty and uncer- I have toiled and thought and screwed ropean literature and history. Devote | tain to a curious degree. "Oh! anything you like; please your- yourself to the study of these, and of the German language, which was your Thus enjoined, she went to a book- mother's native tongue, for the next shelf, and, taking down two volumes, year, and then I shall consider that handed one to Mr. Fraser, and then, you are fairly finished, and then, too,

odious as the sweep of a summer gale "I shall expect, Angela," and he rose his shifty eyes, ah, how changed from very fond of Isleworth-in fact, he over a southern sea, and now again from his chair and walked up and down | those bold black orbs with which Maria | rather dislikes it; but like all the like to the distant stamp and rush and the room in his excitement-"I shall Lee fell in love four-and-twenty years | Caresfoots he does not care about break of the wave of battle? What expect to see you take your proper ago! and finally threw down his pen parting with landed property, and, can it be but the roll of those mag- place in your generation. I shall say: nificent hexameters with which Hom- Choose your own line, become a critier charms a listening world. And cal scholar, a practical mathematician, rarely have English lips given them or-and perhaps that is what you are most suited for with your imaginative "Stop, my dear, shut up your book; powers-a writer of fiction. For reyou are as good a Greek scholar as I member that fiction, properly undercan make you. Shut up your book stood and directed to worthy aims, is for the last time. You education, my the noblest and most far-reaching, as dear Angela, is satisfactorily complet- it is also the most difficult of the arts.' In watching the success that will assur-"Completed, Mr. Fraser!" said Ange- edly attend you in this or any other la, open-eyed. "Do you mean to say line, I shall be amply rewarded for my the first place, I find that the house-

Angela shook her head with

"Well, my dear, I must not keep you any longer-it is quite dark and blow-"Going away!" and then and there, ing a gale of wind-except to say one assure you that there is no money ficient in brains. Your cousin George daffodils, narcissus, lily, snowdrop, jonwithout the slightest warning, Angela more word. Remember that all this wasted now." -who, for all her beauty and learning. is—indirectly, perhaps, but still none the less truly—a means to an end. There are two educations, the education of the mind and the less truly only succeeding in being husky, for, latter, all the time and toil spent upoddly enough, it is trying even to a on the former will prove to little purclergyman on the wrong side of middle pose. The learning will, it is true, reage to be wept over by a lovely woman; main; but it will be as that quartz come. He has been away a long "don't be nonsensical; I am only go- out of which the gold has been already while." crushed, or the dry husks of corn. It At this intelligence she pulled up a will be valuless and turn to no good use, will serve only to feed the swine "Oh," she said, between her sobs, of intellectual voluptuousness and in-"how you frightened me! How could fidelity. It is, believe me, the higher you be so cruel! Where are you going to?"
I am going for a long trip in Southearthly lore. The loftier object of all
education is so to train the intellect
that it may become competent to un"I always disliked

Christian the real end of learning is the appreciation of His attributes as exemplified in His mysteries and earthly wonders. But perhaps that is a the conclusion of our studies by tak- subject on which you are as well fitted to discourse as I am, so I will not enter "I with you would take me with into it. 'Finis,' my dear, 'finis.'"

Angela's answer to this long oration Mr. Fraser colored slightly, and his was a simple one. She rose slowly eye brightened. He sighed as he ans- from her low seat, and, putting her hands upon Mr. Fraser's shoulders, "I am afraid, my dear, that it would kissed him on the forehead and said: "How shall I ever learn to be grate-Something warned Angela not to ful enough for all I owe you? What should I have been now but for you! "Now, Angela, I believe that it is How good and patient you have been

something in the nature of a farewell strangely; he put his hand to his heart, oration. Well, I am not going to do and a troubled look came into his eyes. that, but I want you to listen to a Thrusting her gently away from him, he sat down.

She did not answer, but, drawing a | "Angela," he said, presently, "go

the wind and storm, little knowing "You have, dear Angela," he began, that she left her master to struggle

arduous, you have acquired informa- "Pray God I have not put it off too

#### CHAPTER XVII.

sent of books, and in the thought that she was getting a good hold of her new subjects of study. And then came the wonder of the spring with its rush of budding life, and who, least of all Angela could be sad in spring-time? But nevertheless that spring marked an important change in our heroine, for

it was during its sweet hours, when, having put her books aside, she would "I have educated you thus, Angela, roam alone, or in company with her You will remember when you woods around the lake .that a feeling most to dissatisfaction, took possession of her. Indeed, as the weeks crept on and she drew near the completion of her twentieth year, she realized with a sigh that she could no longer call herself a girl, and began to feel that her life was incomplete,

her, a life is marked to mingle with her own. She does not know it, but that now so often springs unbidden | your mother, and the Isleworth

woman's life and love. a falcon above sparrows.' Angela, my as he heard her footsteps passing his me or to my children. But mark

her face. She had not been called in- most enough." to that study for years. She entered, however, as bidden, Her father, who

and he motioned to her to sit down. | ing.' She did so, and fixed her great gray ees on him with some curiosity. The effect was remarkable; her father fid-"What is it that you will expect of geted, made a mistake in his calcula- vously tapping his pencil on the actions, glanced all round the room with | count book before him. "George is not with an exclamation that would have though we appear to be good friends, shocked Angela had she understood it. he hates me too much ever to consent,

"How often, Angela, have I asked under ordinary circumstances, to sell you not to stare me out of coun- it to me. It is to you I look to overtenance! It is a most unladylike trick | come that objection." of yours."

She blushed painfully. "I beg your pardon; I forgot. will look out of the window.'

"Don't be a fool; look like other people. Now I want to speak to you. In you." hold expenditure for the last year was three hundred and fifty pounds. That My dear, you have learned every- gesture of doubt, but he did not wait is more than I can afford; it must not exceed three hundred this year."

sin George yesterday? He is back at selling the property." last at Isleworth." "Yes, Pigott told me that he had

"When did you last see him?" "When I was about thirteen, I be- sex you are, you won't find that an lieve; before he lost the election and uncongenial occupation."

went away." "He has been down here several pallor now, and she answered with times since then. I wonder that you cold contempt: "I always disliked him, and kept out



## in the... Rain Storm

the man got very wet. The wetting gave him a cold. The cold, neglected, developed to a cough. The cough sent him to a bed of sickness. A dose of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, taken at the start, would have nipped the cold in the bud, and saved the sickness, suffering, and expense. The household remedy for colds, coughs, and all lung troubles is

# Cherry

Send for the "Curebook." 100 pages free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

do the same. Now, look here, Angela, will you promise to keep a secret?"

"Yes, father, if you wish it." of fact"—and here he sunk his voice, and glanced suspiciously round-"I am worth at this moment nearly one hundred and fifty thousand pounds in

"That is six thousand pounds a year at four per cent.," commented of work and your great natural abil- footfall of one now drawing near; out put a flue into the old greenhouse, and

mother."

hard cash."

"Curse Mrs. Jakes' mother! Nobody as the first reflection of the dawn but a woman would have interrupted strikes the unconscious sky and shodows with such nonsense. Listen. You the coming of its king, the red flush must have heard how I was disinheritto her brow tells of girlhood's twilight | ed on account of my marriage with ended, and proclaims the advent of tates left to your cousin George, and how, with a refined ingenuity, he was "Angela," called her father one day, forbidden to bequeath them back to to me; no doubt the old man never His daughter stopped, and a look of | dreamed that I should have the money blank astonshmenit spread itself over to buy them; but you see I have al-"How did you get so much money?"

Get it! First, I took the old plate and been cut by the whole neighbor-Philip was employed in adding up hood for twenty years; but now I something when his daughter entered, think, with your help, my time is com-

"With my help. What is it that you wish me to do?"

"Listen," answered her father, ner-"I? How?"

"You are a woman, and ask me how I you should get the blind side of

"I do not in the least understand Philip smiled incredulously.

"Then I suppose I must explain. If | As so many salads are now made

"Oh! father, how can you?" ejaculated Angela, in an agony of shame. marry him; I only want you to make | think he wants? a fool of him. Surely, being of the

Angela's blushes had given way to

"I don't think you quite understand feel, for I know no other girls. Perto explain. I had rather go blind than use my eyes for such a shameful pur-

"Angela," said her father, with as much temper as he ever showed now, "let me tell you that you are a silly fool; you are more, you are an incumbance, "Your birth," he added bitterly, "robbed me of your mother, nad the fact of your being a girl deprived our branch of the family of their rights. Now that you have grown up, you prefer to gratify your whims rather than help me to realize the object of my life by a simple course of action that could do no one any harm. I never asked you to commit yourself in any way. Well, well, it is what I must expect. We have not seen much of each other heretofore, and perhaps the less we meet in the future the better."

"You have no right to talk to me so," she answered with flashing eyes, "though I am your daughter, and it is cowardly to reproach me with my birth, my sex, and my dependence. Am I responsible for any of these things? But I will not burden you long. And as to what you wanted me to do, and tihnk such a little of, I ask you, is it what my poor mother would have wished her daughter-"

Here Philip abruptly rose and left the room and the house.

(To Be Continued.)

#### THE CYCLONE'S PATH,

A Scene of Beauty and Peace Changed Into One of Wrath and Destruction.

As you stand here on this hill and look down into the valley your eyes never rested on a more peaceful scene. It is five miles down to where you see the shimmer of the lake under this afternoon sun. It is a mile from this hill across to the sides of the wooded mountain.

How quiet everything is! The smoke curls lazily up from half a dozen farmhorse sgrazing in the fields; now and !horses grazing in the fields; now and than I do; but I keep good friends then you catch sight of a farmer movwith him for all that, and you must | ing about. Down there in that grove is a school house, and a dozen or more children have just been called in from recess. Heaven never created a more "Well, then, I appear to be a poor perfect June day. It would be hard man, don't I? And remember," he to find in all the world a more beauadded, hastily, "that with household | tiful spot. Every tree in that valley expenses I am poor; but as a matter is in full bloom. There is just a faint stir of air, now and then, and it brings up to us the odor of flowers and blos-

What's that! We face down the valley with a start of surprise. No one has shouted. No one is near. There was no sound. And yet there was

#### SOMETHING TO ALARM

The blue bird had ceased her song. the chirping of the cricket beside the great rock is heard no more. You can almost feel something like a shudder in these trees, up which the wild grape vines are climbing in such profusion. There is no change down in the valley. No shadow of danger has crept into the open door of the school-house to

give warning Down beyond the lake a cloud suddenly appears in the blue afternoon sky. It seems at first as if one of the tree tops had suddenly been thrust upward, but it rapidly enlarges. Once before you saw a similar cloud, and the recollection makes you chill. Its center is a blue-black; its edges are frayed and ragged and tangled. As you gaze at it, your breath coming faster was seated at his writing-table, which my grandfather bought, and sold it. and your pulses throbbing, it seems not greatly differ in appearance from aford to have so much capital lying was thrust forward to write the word "I have recognized in teaching you what he was when we last saw him idle. It fetched nearly five thousand Death!" in letters of fire across the

You look down into the valley and

### IT IS COMING

Scarcely a minute has passed since you saw the cloud. It seemed hanging like a balloon in a still sky at first. Now it is moving-whirling about like a great wheel-advancing up the valley! There is a distant moaning-nearernearer-and now Death himself bounds over the tree tops hiding the lake and strikes into the valley with a mad shriek to sound the alarm.

A cannon ball could scarcely have kept pace with it. And now you look down into the va'ley again. It is still a valley, shut in by the rugged ranges which have defied the wrath of Heaven for centuries, but what of the houses, trees-those who slept and those who worked? Wreck-ruin- death; There are a few wounded, there are many dead. Not a house, tree nor fence is left standing. Even the headboards marking the graves in the little cemetery have been rent and riven and carried afar.

The plague of fire or sword would have wrought less destruction. The wrath of the cyclone is the wrath of the Creator.

### CERTAIN POISONOUS FLOWERS.

you ever take the trouble to look at from flowers even children have taken yourself in the glass, you will probat to eating buttercups, and, as a result, bly see that Nature has been very a small boy at Pittsburg died a few "I will do my best to keep the ex- kind to you in the matter of good days ago. The poisonous flowers are penses down, father; but I can as- looks; nor are you by any means de- buttercups, celandine, wood anemone,

Little Dot-Oh, mamma, the organ grinder's monkey is at the window, an' he has a little round box in his hand. "You idiot, I don't want you to Mamma-Well, my pet, what do you Little Dot, after a glance at the organ-grinder-I guess he wants to

THE PRIZE-WINNER.

borrow some soap.

The autumn girl who gathers leaves, Won't hit it, we surmise. what a girl feels-at least, what I Like the autumn girl who stays a

Horse

Sewin

12 Doz on Sac for only, Covers.

6 only. I worth ? If you w

in lead | pounds a

W

Highest Alargea Flannel

given WOOL times. ning dor

FRESH ways on

Lower T