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onicle is the most wide ewspaper published in inty of Grey.

NOT HEADQUARTERS.

What did her father say?" 'He said he couldn't understand why ame to him-all his property was in purpose. wife's name."

Heiress and Wife.

CHAPTER V .- Continued. "Have you been scolding Daisy your pretty face. taking the panting little damsel, my duty, Daisy. It is too late to from the floor and seating her upon back out now; for once I am firm. his knee, and drawing her curly head You must start to-morrow morning." down to his rough-clad shoulder, and holding it there with his toil hardened throwing herself down on her little hand. "What have you been saying white bed when she had reached her to my little Daisy that I find her in own room, "what shall I do? I can't tears?"

mend her willful ways she might turn sent off to school. I-I dare not tell out like her moth-"

does Daisy know of such things?" he your senses run away with you, Sep- where to find Rex," she mused, "I tima."

with you, John Brooks. Haven't you him." the sense to know that Daisy is get- window with a sigh. "I must see ting too big for you to take on your Rex to-morrow morning," she said knee and pet in that fashion? I am "I mean to make a lady of you. You really ashamed of you. Daisy is al- determinedly. And the weary little most a woman!" snapped Septima, golden head, tired out with the day scornfully-"quite sixteen."

amazement, holding little Daisy off a dreamless sleep, the happiest, alas! blooming face, and stroking the long know for long and weary years. fluffy golden curls as he replied;

child. Why, it seems as though it were but yesterday I used to take her and laugh to see her stretch her chubby hands up, crying for frolicsome, romantic child yet."

Daisy nestled her tell-tale face closer on his broad shoulder to hide the swift blushes that crept up to cheek and brow.

"I have news for you,"

wondering if he could possibly have glare of the candle-light heard of her romantic marriage with Rex turning white to the very lips, her blue eyes darkening with sus-

good-humoredly, "don't get excited, pet, it will take me just as long to tell it anyhow; it is something that will please you immensely."

He drew from his breast pocket as he spoke a thick, yellow envelope, which contained several printed forms with blank spaces which were to be filled up. There was something in his voice which made Daisy look at him, but her eyes fell and her cheeks flushed hotly as she met his glance. Daisy was not used to keeping a

secret locked up in her truthful little arms around his neck and whisper were still twined in her dark, glossy to him of her mad, romantic marriage, hair; but they were quite faded now, and of the handsome young husband who loved her so fondly.

heroes had been imaginary ones, her well the character of the woman beideas of love only girlish, romantic fore her-who made no secret of her fancies. It was all very exciting and dislike for the child thrust upon charming. She was very fond of their bounty-and readily imagined learn the depths of love which, soon- ing out the scheme she had planned. er or later, brightens the lives of lovable women.

a wistful glanca.

"I am going to make a lady of you, send you off to boarding-school. That's what you have always want-

ed; now I am going to humor your Uncle John. I-I have changed my ing impatient.

"What !" ."I-I don't want to go off to board-

ing-school now. I had rather stay here with you.' John Brooks laid down the pipe he ly down the path.

was just lighting in genuine sur-

teasing to be sent to school. I-well, confound it-I don't understand the ways of women. I always thought you were different from the rest, of Daisy." Daisy, but I see you are all the same. ies, Sole Plates and points for the Never two days of the same mind. What is the reason you've changed your mind, pet?"

"Indeed, I don't want to go now Uncle John. Please don't talk about it any more. I-I am happier here than I can tell you."

John Brooks laughed cheerily. "It's too late for you to change your mind now, little one. I have made arrangements for you to start bright and early to-morrow morn ing. The stage will be here by daylight, so you had better start off to bed at once, or there will be no roses

in these cheeks to-morrow." He never forgot the expression of the white, startled face Daisy raised little Birdie's letter over again to octo his. For once in her life Daisy was unable to shake him from his

"I know best, little one," he said. as he threw himself down at full you to relieve him of that."

have no fortune; little Daisy, but It will be hard again, Septima?" he asked, angrily, to lose my little sunbeam, but, it is

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" sobbed Daisy, go without seeing Rex. I never heard "I was telling her if she did not of a girl that was married being Uncle John I am somebody's wife. excitedly. "I shouldn't have thought springs out of bad and crosses over would have dared say that. What to the little white curtained window, gazing out into the still calm muttered, indignantly. "Don't let | beauty of the night. "If I only knew would go to him now. Surely he "Don't let your senses run away would not let me be sent away from She turned away from the which had just died out, sunk rest-John Brooks looked at his sister in fully down upon the snowy pillow in gazing into the sweet little that poor little girl-bride was to

A dark, dreamy silence wraps the "Ah, no, Septima; Daisy is only a cottage in its soft embrace, the moon, clear and full, sails tranquilly through the star-sown heavens, and with me through the cotton-fields, the sweet scent of distant orange groves is wafted through the midnight breeze. Yet the dark-cloaked bursting blossoms, growing high figure that walks quickly and softabove her curly golden head. Pshaw! ly up the graveled walk sees none of Septima, Daisy is only a merry, the soft, calm beauty of the still summer night. She raises the brass knocker with a quick, imperative touch. After a wait of perhaps ten minutes or so Septima answers the summons, but the candle she holds "Look up, pat," he said, coaxingly, nearly drops from her hands as she beholds the face of her midnight visi-"What-what is it?" gasped Daisy, tor in the dim, uncertain flickering

> "Miss Piuma," she exclaims, in amazement, "is there any one ill at the Hall?

"No!" replies Pluma, in a low, soft, "Come, come, now," laughed, John, guarded whisper. "I wished to see you-my business is most importantmay I come in?"

"Certainly," answered Septima, awkwardly. "I beg your pardon, miss, for keeping you standing outside so long."

As Pluma took the seat Septima placed for her, the dark cloak she wore fell from her shoulders, and Septima saw with wonder she still wore the shimmering silk she had in all probability worn at the fete. The rubies still glowed like restless, leaping fire upon her perfect arms and She longed to throw her snowy throat, and sprays of hyacinth drooping, crushed, and limp ameag her curls; there was a strange dead-Daisy knew so little of real life, white pallor on her haughty face, and less of love and marriage, up to and a lurid gleam shone in her dark, the time she had met Rex! Her slumbrous eyes. Pluma had studied handsome Rex, but she had yet to she would willingly aid her in carry-

Slowly one by one the stars died out of the sky; the pale moon drift-Daisy looked at the envelope with ed silently behind the heavy rolling clouds; the winds tossed the tops of the tall trees to and fro, and the my little sunbeam. I am going to dense darkness which precedes the breaking of the gray dawn settled over the earth.

The ponies which the groom had held for long hours pawed the ground "But I-I do not want to go now, restlessly; the man himself was grow-

"She can be up to no good," he mut-

tered; "all honest people should be in their beds." The door of the cottage opened, and Pluma Hurlhurst walked slow-

"All is fair in love's warfare," she mutters, triumphantly. "Fool! with "Why, it's only last week you were your baby face and golden hair, you crying those pretty eyes of yours out, shall walk quickly into the net I have spread for you; he shall despise you, Ay, crush with his heel into the earth the very flowers that bear the name

CHAPTER VI.

could have happened to detain The rest of the soldiers was only sav- result that he lost his eye, which was Daisy. He was very nervous, fever- ed by hurrying to the above mention- removed on July 23, by the doctor who ish, and impatient, as he watched the ed artificial hill, Such rain showers attended him from the date of the sun rising higher and higher in the in the Sahara, even if they last from accident. of a minute.

"Pshaw!" he muttered, whisking off the top of the buttercups near him with his ebony walking-stick. "I am not myself at all. I am growing as nervous as a woman. I think I'll read cupy my mind until my sweet little Daisy comes.'

He sighed and sauled in one breath,

length on the green grass under the FROM ERIN'S GREEN ISLE square white envelope, addressed in a childish hand to "Mr. NEWS FROM Rexford Lyon, Allendale, West Virginia, Care of Miss Pluma." Rex laughed aloud until the tears started to his eyes, as they fell on the words; "Care of Miss Pluma," heavily underlined in the lower corner.

"That is just like careless little romping Birdie," he mused. supposes, because she knows who Miss Pluma is, every one else must certainly be aware of the same fact." He spread out the letter on his knee, trying hard to while away time in

perusing its pages. Rex looked so fresh and cool and handsome in his white linen suit, lying there under the shady trees that summer morning, his dark curls rest-"Hush!" exclaimed John Brooks, Oh, if I could only see Rex!" Daisy lighting up his pleasant face, it is not ing on his white hand, and a smile to be wondered t he was just the kind of young fellow to win the love of young romantic girls like Daisy and Pluma-the haughty young heir-

> Slowly Rex read the letter through to the end. The morning stage whirled rapidly past him on its way to meet the early train. Yet, all unconscious that it bore away from him his treasure, he never once glanced up from the letter he was read-

Again Rex laughed aloud as he

glanced it over; reading as follows; "Dear Brother Rex,-We received the letter you wrote, and the picture you sent with it, and my heart has been so heavy ever since that I could not write to you because big tears would fall on the page and blot it. Now, dear old Brother Rex, don't be angry at what your little Birdie is going to say. Mamma says you are going to marry and bring home a wife, and she showed me her picture, and said you was very much in love with her, and I must be so too. But I can't fall in love with her, Brother Rex; indeed, I've tried very hard and I can't; don't tell anybody; but I'm awfully afraid Ishan't like her one bit. She looks stylish and her name Pluma sounds real stylish too, but she don't look kind. I thought, perhaps, if I told you did not like her you might give her up and come home. I forgot to tell you the blue room and the room across the hall is being fixed up for you just lovely, and I am to have your

"P.S.-And we received a letter from Mr. Lester Stanwick, too. He says he will be passing through here soon and wishes to call. When are you coming home, Rex? Don't bring any one with you.

"Your loving little sister,

"Birdie." "There's no fear of my bringing Pluma home now," he laughed, whistling a snatch of "The Pages' Chorus." "Birdie won't have anything to fear on that score, I do wish mother hadn't set her heart on my marrying Pluma. Parents make a mistake in choosing whom their children shall marry and whom they shall not. eggs!" Love goes where it is sent."

He looked at his watch again. had slipped away, "I can not stand this a minute longer. I must see what has happened to Daisy."

To Be Continued.

INUNDATION OF THE SAHARA.

Sudden and heavy rain showers occur from time to time in the Sahara but they never attained such proportions as did the rainspout which occurred on April 12 in Wadi Urirlu. Urirlu, situated between Berrian and Ghardaya, belongs to the Wadi Mia system, and is so flat that the excavations of an artesian well recently bored form the only elevation in the the whole district. contemporary states that. cording to a report of General Pedoya, commander of the Algerian Division, a body of 90 soldiers arrived on April 12 in Wadi Urirlu. The weather, the paper continues, was beautiful. In the afternoon, at about half-past five, a thin rain came down, At half-past eight a cry was heard: "The water comes!" Within a few ed. The report of General Pedoya the date of the Queen's entry into says that a formidable thunderstorm Dublin, was passing along the east accompanied by a terrible rainspout side of Stephen's green, within the in the Wadi district was the cause chains, when a sharp iron point at the Under the magnolia-tree, among of the inundation. The bodies of the top of one of the iron structures which the pink clover, Rex Lyon paced un- drowned soldiers were founds at a surrounded the trees, struck against easily to and fro, wondering what distance of a few miles from the camp. and entered his right eye, with the blue heavens, and glanced at his one-half to three-quarters of an hour, the vegetation.

A PROFESSIONAL SNAP. "What's the matter with that man Goldrox, doctor ?"

"Oh, simply a nervous trouble." "Nervous trouble, is it?" "Yes; he's worrying about money."

IRELAND BRIEFLY TOLD DAY BY DAY.

Busy People of the Emerald Isle-Occurrences That Will Interest Irish-Cana-

The report of the Registrar-General

shows crime in Ireland steadily the decline. Belfast corporation granted the

freedom of the city to General Sir George White. There are coal mines in Antrim, but the output is not great, nor is

the quality first-class. General Sir George White has consented to accept a charger from his admirers in Belfast.

One of the chief features of this season is the great number of cycle tourists in Ireland.

Baron Iveagh will expend between £60,000 and £100,000 in improving the dwellings for the poor of Dublin. The man who murdered the Pro-

testant rector of Kilready has been declared insane by a Limerick jury. The death is announced of Alderman the Right Hon, Joseph Meade, Dublin, He was twice Lord Mayor

of that city. The Belfast steamer Lord Londonderry has been awarded £10,000 for salvage services to the steamer De-

The London boycott of Irish cattle creates a good deal of ill-feeling among the farmers and graziers Ireland.

Sir Robert Hart is essentially an Ulster man in appearance, in manner; you." with the indestructible Ulster brogue to the very end.

The death is announced of Lord Farnham, an Irish representative peer. His son, the Hon. Arthur Kenlis, succeeds to the title.

An Irish girl of 15 is charged wit imposing on a middle-aged woman in Donegal by pretending to receive letters from heaven.

The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland has appointed Col. Neville F. F. Chamberlain, I. S. C., to be inspector-General of the Royal Irish Constabulary.

Bobs grandfather, the Rev. John Roberts, was one of the minor canons of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, towards the close of the last century. The famous Irish Nationalist who

has just died at the age of 90, Michael Cavanagh, was a poet, a writer, a Gaelic writer, and a fierce politician, Canon Knox Little, who went to the front in connection with chaplaincy work, is a member of an old Ulster family, born in 1839 Stuartstown, Tyrone.

At Fort Camden, near Queenstown, two soldiers of the Cork militia were killed and three injured through the bursting of the breech of a 40-pounder gun during target practice.

In the course of a case in Liverpool it was stated that millions of eggs are annually imported from Russia to Belfast and then sent over to England and Scotland and sold as "Irish

At a meeting of the Limerick Corporation, Mayor John Daly, in the head?" "By George!" he muttered, turning chair, it was decided that the royal arms over the entrance to the Town Hall, which is used for municipal business, should be removed.

Not long since an Irishman was fined 10s for drunkenness. At once another Patrick of the same initials advertised that he had no connection with the Patrick who was fined for drunkenness. Now, Patrick, the drunkard, has made this announcement: "I, J. Patrick, who was fined 10s for drunkenness, beg to thank J Patrick, of Ballyhooly Lodge, for notifying that I am in no way ocnnected with his family."

The late Lord Russell, of Killowen, only the other day presided at an archaeological conference, when Principal John Rhys, Oxford, delivered an address upon "Folk lore and healing wells." The Lord Chief Justice said that Ireland was full of legendary lore. It was something in an age essentially material, pushing, struggling, dusty age, such as this, to dwell upon themes which would convey their

minds to ancient days. An action has been brought against seconds an area of more than 3000 feet the corporation of Dublin by a Mr. in diameter was filled with water to a Wheeler for the loss of an eye. The man's height, and six soldiers perish- plaintiff on the evening of April 4,

watch for the fifth time in the space have not the slightest influence upon heavy rainfall in the Limerick district, has produced an abnormal growth of poisonous fungi and herbs, causing death among dairy stock, especially in low-lying parts.

Brigadier-General O'Moore Creagh, who is detailed for specal service in China, is an Irishman, being the seventh son of Captain Creagh, R.N., of Cahirbane, County Clare. He won the Victroia Cross for valour during 1100 "Oh, well, it ought to be easy for the Afghan War of 1879.

SUITABLE TENANT.

"I was thinking how hard it would be one of these days to leave our old home, and what would become of

"Why, Ellen, what are you going to leave your home for?"

She shook her head, and out into light and back into shadow swept the waves of her golden, brown hair.

"You see, papa has had a great deal of trouble, and somehow Squire Turner has got our house into his hands, and we shall have to leave it in a little while, because papa can't raise the money to pay off the mortgage, and you don't know how it's troubling us

Francis Marvyn pursued the matter arising from bad blood." till he had gained a pretty clear idea of all the facts of the case; then he lay still a while; his pale face settled into a strange gravity, as he kept counsel with his own thoughts.

At last he looked up in a sudden brightness.

"Don't feel bad any more, Ellen. If that wicked old fellow gets your house away I know of another great deal nicer than this, with beautiful garden, and white roses clambering all around the portico. that I think you can get."

like pansies, wide for wonder. "How can you get it?"

"Oh, just leave that to me. such a pretty white wood house, with green blinds, large and old fashioned, you know, but just the place to suit

"Mayn't I tell papa and mamma?" "Oh, no; you mustn't breathe a word to anybody in the world about it yet awhile; promise me that you won't,

I live and breathe, and draw a single breath," soliloquized the child, with solemn emphasis on every syllable. And she was a conscientious little girl. She kept her word.

"It seems good to have you back again, my child," said Mrs. Marvyn, through the thick chestnut locks of its roof. her son, and playing with them, and looking in her face her husband knew that his wife's thoughts were going back to the time when she saw them lying all wet and draggled on the

pillow. "Come, come," he said, looking from the pale face of the mother to the pale face of her son, "I can't have two invalids on my hands at once. What in the world shall I do with you both ?"

"We shall be quite equal to taking care of ourselves in a day or two, shan't we, Frank ?"

"Yes, mother," but he scarcely heard what she said, sitting in the large arm chair by the window, through which the evening winds came to flutter in his hair.

"What are you thinking about, Frank?" asked his father. "I was wondering whether you got

a tenant for the house, father." "No; what put that into your

And then Francis Marvyn related to his interested parents the touching story which little Ellen Warren had told him, sitting by his bedside. and he concluded:

"It struck me papa, that they would be just the tenants you would

CURES SCROFULA

Mrs. James Carr. Umfraville, Hastings Co., Ont., sayse "My little boy, two and a half years old

dition and suffered a great deal from ecrofulous sores. My husband bought a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters for him and gave it to him, and by the time he had faished the second bottle there was not a sore to be seen. On account of this wonderful cure I can honestly recommend B.B.B. to all who suffer from any disease

CURES BOILS.

Mr. Oliver J. Murray. Charlottetown, P.E.I., writes as follows: "About six months ago was troubled with painful boils, for which I could get nothing to cure me. As a last

bealth was never better than at present. The "Chronicle" is the only 12-Page Local Newsparer in Western Ontario.

resort I tried Burdeck Blood Bitters. One

bottle completely rid me of boils, and my

like to take charge of your house, "You do!" exclaimed Ellen, her eyes and then, you know, Horace Warren saved my life."

> "I know it; bless the boy! His father shall have the house. That is a bright idea of yours."

> "Don't wait, father; see about it at once," interposed Mrs. Marvyn.

"I'll ride over to-morrow, Sara." Mr. Marvyn was as good as his word. He was not too early, Squire Turner had called on Mr. Warren that very day to inform him that he "I won't breathe a word, true as must leave the premises in a short time, and the sick man and his sorrowing family were fairly overwhelmed with the glad tidings which Mr. Marvyn brought them, and their terrs of anguish were changed to tears of joy and gratitude. A few weeks later they were settled in the pleasant old homestead, and the dawn of putting her white hand fondly a fairer life began for them beneath

> Farmer Warren's health improved, with the burden of care and anxiety removed from his spirits, and his small, thrifty family managed to obtain a comfortable livelihood from the cultivation of the garden and grounds about the old homestead. Horace Warren and Francis Marvyn were the best of friends, and the former gave such indications of talent that Mr. Marvyn assisted him to enter college.

The young men graduated together, while under the old homestead Ellen Warren blossomed into a beautiful and, what is far better, a good and noble woman.

And in less than three years after he had graduated Francis Marvyn took to wife the daughter of his father's tenant, and Ellen Warren went out from the old homestead, which had been her husband's grandfather's to the new home, whose joy and light and ministering angel she was to become

The Queen greatly admired the flowering polyanthuses and coloured primroses that have been so gay in some of the gardens of private houses in the outskirts of Dublin.

Adopted by

We beg to inform our customers and the public generally that we have adopted the Cash System, which means Cash or its Equivalent, and that our motto will be "Large Sales and Small Profits."

We take this opportunity of thanking our customers for past patronage, and we are convinced that the new system will merit a continuance or the same.