SUSPENDED.

inderson's Case to re Conference.

MMOND REPROVED.

Sept. 19.-The Comin the celebrated Mcrson case finished its t and made a report. recommended that the derson be suspended e, and that Rev. Fosbe reproved by the suspension of the Rev. was the limit of the ower, and now it reference to deal with s evidence will be sub-Iontreal Conference of burch this Jone, when s case will be finally antime, he is releved al work. The unhappy he two men in Syrawell remembered, and eferred to at length ed the truthfulness of reports published, an investigation by a and this was granted. consisted of the Rev. cher, Chairman; the f. Kingston; the Rev. orrisburg ; the Rev. J. bekville; the Rev. Dr. on's Corners, and the ngs, Pakenham.

ion at Syracuse. amittee met here first, August, the statements rgymen were taken an adjournment was nirman delegated Mr. P., a lawyer of this ssioner to go to Syraall the evidence bearse that he could get. when the committee erday he made his reverbatim copy of it obtained, the correstands that it was rative of the minists made before the creat many of the sens pub ished at the time be false, and many of witnesses examined McAmmond and Mr. rsion of the affair. In case, however, there e obtainable as to how in the condition he imself to have been in. ange men gave him es on the street, and hours all is a blank is statement he rests disclaims any consciunbecoming his posinister of a Christian t evidence was taken committee as to the t of any drug that ministered in candy is understood that it to clear matters to The statements of the Ashley were shown y of credence, as she consideration to sign that was written either for or against arding the registering in House on the Monis understood that the conclusive that Mr. d Mr. Sanderson staynight, Mr. Sanderson te paid a dollar for the landlord says he eir names himself as d friend, Ottawa, He the name McAmmond ring Sanderson say, Ammond," after he f the rooms but it is he came to put them from Ottawa, The en-

gister is "McAmmond THE WALL. mmond Finding. nding of the Trial Comellows: "We find that minst him. Mr. McAmsociating with an imis not sustained, and e pleaded guilty to the istering at the Manvracuse, under an asand having expressed et for having done so. ve that the act was not v evil intention, yet it rlous lack of becoming has been a source of h to the church, we s of justice will be met nan administering a sewhich we hereby direct

gned by all the members ttee and was presented tan as their unanimous must be said that the ve scarcely done themee in the wordthe verdict, but is understood to be r. McAmmond had been indiscreet, he had not any grievous wrong. from the Chairman was tent punishment. The administered on the Sunday Mr. Pitcher will . McAmmond's congrerth and repeat it.

ROM SMALLPOX.

rious Charge. ept. 20. -The smallpox s is stamped out, and has been closed after

cian Must Auswer to a

inuous use since Februtwo patients have been here was not one death. from various points e province show that gust about suppressed. a prominent physician, performing a criminal a young girl and who istody pending the reth of the patient, was released on ball, the General Hospital being the girl will live. Bail. fixed at \$5,000 of a and two sureties of

Weddings in One Day. pt. 20.-Belgium seems ing a land of long life mions, for in the small amay, in the Province en golden weddings were lebrated. The ages of ranged from 75 to 90 puntry people were quite ir record, and the day r to picturesque public

"O Woman; in our hours of ease, Uncertain, coy, and hard to please." There is one thing that certainly will please you if you get it, and that is MONSOON CEYLON TEA. All grocers. Lead packets,

***************** The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

2+++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++ fore, for this is not his first visit to girlish face with the big, dark eyes, tendant at her ladyship's toilet, her Anne's parlor by a great many timid and innocent as a young amanuensis and deputy in a hundred times; and the pretty chintz-cover- fawn's. ed furniture, and the dainty woman- "I even hinted boastruity to Lacy pers and her tyrannies as other ly ornaments, the leather-framed of my intentions, and he took it as female martyrs of her class bear engravings, and quaint old articles a matter of course—the fellow al- from female tyrants, and is rewarded yesterday morning she owes it to to himself, folding his arms to try of vertu, the carved brackets and ways does take everything as a mat- in full by five-and-twenty pounds a little statuettes, and the harp cov- ter of course-and coolly told year. ered with green velvet standing in | me to remember that the race was | "I will play for you with pleasure," a recess, he has often looked at and open to others, and that it was to Anne says, with the natural cordial admired. But his heart leaps up in | a sudden burst of anger, surprise and pleasure, strangely commingled, as well-worn a motto, 'All's fair in will ask Mr. Archer to sing." at the sight of that which is unfamiliar, but fairest of all. Gillian. Deane, in a gown of soft creamy | white, with knots of rich black ribbon here and there, sitting on the

And the golden light through the leaves and flowers falls on the gentle head, with its silken locks of silken how very likely I was to find a George meets the wistful look, and browa-on the pure white brow, fair field for winning a wealthy answers it with a smile. the dark-fringed, soulful eyes, like a glory crowning the saintly young novice of some mediaeval picture. In an instant, even while he is struggling with cold thoughts of sus- of Anne's fixed gaze. picion, bitterness, and proud resolve, his heart softens with a sud- she asks, in her clear voice, with its He is going to sing because of that

"Here we dwell in holiest bowers, Where angels of light o'er our ori-

sons bend, Where sighs of devotion and breathings of flowers To heaven in mingled odors as-

might well disturb such hearts

her, her eyes met his and he sees the glad welcome, the surprise and delight that flash into them with you have ever eaten real Irish po- Anne," Mr. Damer says.

They have betrayed her innocent they are modestly veil d, and the shy emotion visible in the pure, pale | a secret." face, is forcibly quelled, and Gillian's greeting of George Archer is even

graciousness. "Others have planned this meeting for us; she is as innocent as I | it should not." am of any intent to bring it

sun-burned, strong fingers. the delicate, waxen fingers, seems | mighty likely to come true." to touch his heart with a keen pang | "Well, guess it, if you can, Mr. of shame and remorse-seems to | Damer," Gillian says, smiling.

honor of his manhood. savagely to himself, turning away the easy courtesy of an Irish genand sitting down at the far side of tleman of the old school. the room. "What right have I, in and steal a costly exotic blossom from a rich man's home, and then try and compel the rich man to give me in addition the means of existence for the stolen exotic, well knowing that if he did not it would soon wither away and die miserably in the bleak air of poverty?

"It is nothing but knavery, nothing but common, vulgar knavery and dishonesty," George mutters to himself under his moustache, pertinaciously staring at the pattern of the crimson Kidderminster carpet on the floor-a carpet concocted by those clever hands of Anne O'Neil's out of pieces of carpet too much worn for even any of the bedrooms of the

Tea is brought in presently, strong, hot, and excellent in flavor, as is almost universal in an Irish household, and it is accompanied by delicate triangles of potato-cake, smokinghot, crisp, buttered, and daintily speckled with carraway seeds-all that an Irish potato-cake ought to

But George Archer, though he drinks the tea and eats the cake, which Anne herself hands him, with one of her keen, inquiring looks, sits apart from the rest of the little with a stern, look on his firm lips, and a cold, determined light in his blue eyes when he looks at either Mr. Damer or Gillian, which is very seldom. His voice is cold and curt also when he speaks, which is more seldom still, and that only to Mr. Damer or Anne.

Gillian he never once adddresses, and

answers her few timid questions in the briefest possible way. "I have brought it on myself, I know," he thinks resentfully; "but after what I told Mr. Damer he must think me a bigger fool or a greater knave than I am. if he thinks I am going to fall in with his suggestion after all. I dare say I had had a couple of extra glasses of whiskey and soda that night," George thinks, with so much extra col or tingeing his face that he shifts his chair impatiently rather nearer the heiress! I must have been from the moment of the heiress! I must have been from the moment of the heiress! I must have been from the moment of the heiress! I must have been from the moment of the heiress! I must have been from the moment of the heiress! I must have been from the moment of the heiress! She is too young, too innecent, and fittle as to dates and details the number of the him a little as to dates and details of the him a little as to dates and details. It is should, with all my faults and the remembered the incident perfect. She is too young, too innecent, and fittle as to dates and details. It is should, with all my faults and the remembered the incident perfect. She is too young, too innecent, and fittle as to dates and details. It is should, with all my faults and the remembered the incident perfect. Nell—Oh, I hear she has so many is conscious of a keen womanly shame to her than Lacy ever could or be determed. And after questioning him a little as to dates and details. Nell—She must be awfully home.

I should not have the room that her unexpected cause of universed in even womanly wiles to be universed in even womanly wiles to be universed in even womanly shame to her than Lacy ever could or be details. The details and the room that her unexpected cause of universed in even womanly wiles to be universed in even womanly contempt that makes him avoid even him.

agreed, and told him mine was just and utterly hidden by her, "if you love and war.' I daresay he went away laughing heartily at my merciless?" George exclaims, with an nearly talking aloud in his pertur- hot potato-cake!" little red-cushioned sofa just beneath of one of the Chelsea china cups - coldly, but her eyes have deepened standing there in the golden sunthe high window. the edge of the table.

"Bingham Lacy knew well enough those wistful eyes. heiress, with anything like honorable "I will, sing if you wish. At least dealing!"

He looks up suddenly at this mom-

"Will you have another cup of tea?" Is false. den memory of the tenderly-witty | slight, persuasive accent. "Do! And swift touch of Anne's hand on his reproach of the song "Love and the pass Miss Deane's cup also, please." "No more tea for me, thank you," he says, curtly, as he takes Gillian's harp.

Do not disturb our calm, O Love! proud, handsome face, and the here and there over the quivering So like is thy form to the cherubs | straight, thick, brown eyebrows low- strings. ered over the averted eyes.

enment there.

And if your wish comes to pass, you voice is quivering with emotion.

"I have wished now, and I hope it Virgin Page."

barring none, Anne. You made 'em pression, is lost to her. And then somehow the sight of yourself, I know," Mr. Damer says, that pretty little hand, with its taking his fourth triangle. "Eh, pearls, one of splendid emeralds-on | wish? I think I can, and that it's

point to a deepening stain on the Mr. Damer laughs, and his blue eyes light up, and his bright smile is full "What have I to do with a dainty, of gallantry and admiration as he patrician thing like this?" he says bows to his girlish cousin with all

Looking at him just now, Gillian common justice, or honesty, to try can recall, without any surprise, her To let wild passion write one wrong mother's stories of him in his gay young manhood as "handsome Harry Damer," as he was popularly known through the country side.

"I guess the likeliest wish to come true, my dear," he says smiling, "that you win every heart you meet on Irish soil, and that you may meet one worth the winning, to win your own heart in return."

George laughs sarcastically. "Which means -being interpreted" -he says-"that Miss Deane must make a great many men miserable, before she relents and makes one man

"Couldn't Miss Deane win women's hearts, as well as men's, I says, dryly, and turning on George though her voice is a little unsteady, sprays of cl matis. "It could have his chance came. sharply. "You're only speaking for as her fingers bruise some of the been only my fancy. Why should

fellow." "As was most natural," George retorts, rather disagreeably. "I hope it was not your wish, at all events, Miss Deane?" Anne says, with a curious, intent look. "Why should you have everything given you, when others have-so little?" Gillian crimsons hotly, and a little flash of temper is in the glance she gives Mr. Damer, but she answers Anne's question with a certain girlish

dignity. 'It was not my wish, certainly,' she says, with a brief little smile, looking down that she may not see the faces of those two who have re-

buked her. Rebuked her for a possible vanity of which she is in no wise guilty, save it be in the passionate yearning to be loved, which is at the core of the woman's nature blossoming into

life in her girlish breast. Why should they rebuke her and be displeased with her even for Mr. Damer's foolish flattery? Why should Anne O'Nell and her lover find fault with her who has only wished to be

their friend in the best way she She can dimly understand Anne's reproof as prompted by a woman's morbid jealousy, by the restless sufto the covered harp, and more out fering of an unprosperous, unsettled of the light of the window, "when I love-affair. But she cannot under- her, and leans on the window, "when I love-affair. But she cannot take to her but he cannot be whilst he talks to her but he cannot be whilst he talks to her but he cannot be to be fell in so readily with Mr. Damer's stand George Archer, beyond the suggestion that I should 'go in for fact that she has perceived, almost the heiress!' I must have been from the moment of his entrance into

members the parting at the white | the sound of the pleasant, frank voice, gate in the shrubbery, yesterday at the sight of the handsome face, morning, and for a few foolish mo- the glint of the golden chestnut ments of self-delusion has she fancied hair and blue eyes, at the mere fact there was nothing but gladness and of his presence-the presence of friendship for her in the light of Anne's lover. George's blue eyes, when he met

her again this afternoon. She is anxious to forget that pleasant delusion as quickly as may be; begs Anne to play Irish melodies on her harp.

"As you know, you promised me ette. yesterday morning," she adds, with her winning smile, and a coaxing ers, music, anything and everytouch of her little hand on Anne's. | thing; talking at random; talking neither chatelaine nor guest in Mount | until the halting conversation lapses Ossory can lay claim to half the into dead silence. talents and accomplishments of the lady who styles herself in her proud humility "One of Lady Damer's waiting-women." Anne plays and sings in three foreign languages. She is a good planiste, and a brilliant performer on both harp and guitar. She sketches from nature, and paints in olls and water-colors. She makes exquisite lace for Lady Damer's All this George Archer had seen be- an accidental glance at the pale, Lady Damer's dresses, she is an atways; bears the brunt of her tem-

be a fair field and no favor, and I grace which is generally repressed

"Now, Anne! Are you utterly empty braggadocio," George says, embarrassed laugh, "To sing after bation, and imperiling the existence | "Will you not?" Gillian asks,

treasures-by placing it half over and anxiety, and there is an involuntary reproach in the cold voice with

I will try to sing," he adds. "Very good of you," Gillian says ent, under the magnetic attraction with chill politeness, for she knows well that even the slight compliment

> shoulder, and her low-muttered and faith-cruel words which will words as she stoops to uncover her

empty cup, without a look or a The harp is attuned presently, and word, and silently pushes it on the Anne strikes the opening chords of the grand air, "The Lamentations Both the action and manner are of Aughrim." She plays like one inalmost discourteous, and Gillian for spired, her eyes flashing, her cheeks the first time looks steadfastly, with pale, her lips crimson, and her strong an inquiring expression, at the cold, white, well-shaped hands gleaming

With scarcely a pause, and without And then the grave, wondering waiting to be asked, she plays "The glance passes from George's face to Minstrel Boy," and then the passion- | well as Gillian, as unconscious and | days, yet no one can say I am a liar; And whilst he pauses and gazes at | Anne's. But it receives no enlight- ate, warlike strains, "Let Erin Re- | self-deceiving as she. member the Days of Old."

a radiance and fire of haif-revealed tato cake, Miss Deane," Anne says, "I never heard anyone play so there is one, at least, who will not with a bright smile. "You must wish. well," Gil'ian says, simply, though her | basely woo her for her father's soul for one moment, but the next will either see its fulfilment or a "Oh! I love it," Anne says, care- But it is only from the restless # HE RECEIVED promise of its fulfilment in nine lessly, almost bitterly. "When one's fever of longing that has awoke in swift tumult of surging color and days, providing you keep your wish heart and hand are given to an art, his heart, from the recklessness of it is rare but one succeeds in some "Indeed," Gillian says, smiling, but measure. Now. George," she adds, is prompted. It is only because he her smile is rather constrained; and briefly, turning over the music, "sing is six-and-twenty, in the bloom and a little cold in its gentle, maidenly after a pause she says, looking down for Miss Deane, though you refused reserve-a little cold in its very and speaking in a grave, formal tone, the rest of us, sing 'Take Back the

will come true. I cannot see why Gillian does not add a word of a request. She sits, indeed, with her face "Mightn't we guess the wish, averted, gazing out of the window about," he tells himself, his pulses Anne? Would that spoil the at the gold and crimson of the westquickening, his blue eyes darkening | charm?" Mr. Damer asks, very wag- ern sky; but not a syllable, nor an in a secret, unreasoning gladness, as gishly. "Upon my word, these cakes inflexion of the fine barytone voice he presses her little hand with his of yours are the best I ever eat- with its power of modulation and ex-

"Take back the virgin page, White and unwritten still, dainty rings-one of large gleaming Anne? Mightn't we guess Gillian's Some hand, more calm and sage, the leaf must fill, Thoughts come as pure as light,

> Pure as even you require; But, oh! each word I write, love turns to fire. "Yet let me keep the book, Oft shall my heart renew,

When on its leaves I look, dear thoughts of you, Like you, it's fair and bright, Like you, too bright and fair,

word there. "And as o'er ocean far, Seamen their record keep,

Led by some hidden star, through | Womanhood and childhood fleet." the cold deep, So may the words I write,

my way!"

heard any one sing so well. No one's | misty creps ruffles. eyes with tears, before.

should like to know?" Mr. Damer a beautiful song," she says quietly, quivering fingers employed with the slept in a freight shed. But next day yourself and your own sex," my dear luxuriant verbena leaves, and the you be displeased? I have done nothroom is filled with the delicate in- ing to displease you." cense-like fragrance.

cake, George," Anne says, laughing. almost roughly. It will offend you. I structure threatened to go down "And now, as a punishment, I'll bring know; but it will be best after all. | before experts could arrive from the down that big volume of Irish songs I was sorry I came here this evening builder's foundry. At that critical from my room, and you shall sing the | when I found you were here." book through-covers and all."

Damer starts up. excuse me, I must go and change my entreaty, though the poor child bridge people were delighted, and coat for a thinner one," he says very proudly draws up to its full height when they saw what a really scienseriously. "This room is so terribly her slender figure and confronts him tific job he had done they offered warm. Terribly! Don't you find it so? | haughtily. No? Well, you look cool in that | And so they stand face to face sition in their establishment. From pretty white gown; doesn't she, for a few moments in the golden sun- that on his rise was rapid, and in

ries out of the room.

tle girl's feelings."

the look of apprehension after Mr. est instincts of his manhood. Damer as he goes, and leaves her "Only for her money-only for her "This curious little narrative was quite alone with George Archer. | money," he thinks, feverishly. "Only generally copied by the papers," conface as he crosses the room nearer to my own eyes all my l'fe, I should love day a conductor in our service came know how Gillian shrinks in an agony ing, loving little wife, who would very man that put that fellow off."

And yet and yet poor Gillian re- that warns her she is trembling at

CHAPTER XI.

The moments slip on into minutes and George stands there, leaning and, as soon as tea is over, Gillian against the high window-sill talking irrelevantly to Gillian across the greenish-white blossoms of mignon-

Talking of the weather, the flow-For short as the time has been, with only a vague idea of what he Gillian has discovered already that is saying, or what she is answering,

Gillian almost imagines she can hear the rapid beating of her heart in the summer stillness, in the silent breath of flowers, in the flitting lights and shadows of the clematis sprays and the waving muslin cureyes, which seem to gaze into the love his cold, calculating, passionfragrant verbena leaves, and the less nature can feel is given away depths of her girlish soul.

to venture a little further on the who could keep any hold over Lacy's unstable ground of their acquaint- | selfish, worldly heart. ance, Having gone so far as she did | "Poor little lamb," George repeats herself-in dignity and consistency, and repel the fierce temptation that she thinks, poor little self-deceived begins to assail him, "now that Gillian-not to lie under any mis- you have fallen among wolves, prehension in his regard.

not come yet. The girlish heart does | my bosom, like 'the poor man's ewe not know, as yet, of the woman's lamb' in the Bible story-would not passionate yearning for his ap- be the best fate that can befall proval, and the natural sexual you in the dangers around you? adoration of each true daughter of | "What have you done?" he asked, Eve when the angel of her fate repeating her words. "Nothing brings her Adam to her side.

fair young creature, in her soft white robe, with the gentle, childlike head, the pure down-cast face, the timid bosom heaving visibly beneath the snowy ruffles of cloudy crepe, which modestly veil the sweet, white throat and breast beneath the square-cut bodice; he is nerving himself desperately and determinedly to speak blunt and cruel words to her which will wound her spirit, bruise and deface her childish trust hurt her and offend her fatally. It is well she should be couched of her blindness, but it follows as a matter of course that she will regard the wealth you represent; for we sion for evermore.

himself, curtly. "I could not stand her innocent liking and her wistful eyes and smiles much longer! She shall know the truth from me, and then—detest me if it please her." He is walking with veiled eyes as

He thinks it is from honesty and I know it is a shameful truth." "Now, this is the very first time | "I never heard you play better, | self-willed pride, from a dogged determination to let Gillian see that

> jealousy and despair that his speech strength of manhood, and she is sweet and love-worthy, a halfblown rose of womanhood in her nineteen years.

barrassed silence no longer. "Mr. Archer," she says, carelessly, to this yarn," he said, "but it hapas it were, in a slightly-piqued tone, and half-smiling, "how have I of- you for what the newspaper boys fended you?"

At last Gillian can endure the em-

"Offended me? You? How could you think such a thing?" he says manufacturing concern up in Ohio huskily. Now that he has the opportunity,, he feels as if he could not utter a word, and pauses a full minute, gazing at her in silence. And Gillian, conscious in every fiber of her being of that steadfast look, yet

sits as if urmoved, daintily toying with the tuft of clematis blossom that good-bye at the white gate in the lane, she has been "Standing with reluctant feet, Where the brook and river meet,

And suddenly she has began to be versed in women's ways. Tell through what storms I stray. | "What made you think such a an accommodation train, hoping to

She might add, whilst she strives to delicate flush of her cheeks deepen lously. He begged and pleaded and bring a damage suit or go gunning make up a conventionally "pretty" and spread even down over her white told his story with all the eloquence for his cruel assailant. At last he

striving to keep down that warm, him off the car with a series of swift leans Times-Democrat. "Thank you, Mr. Archer, that is surging blush, striving to still her kicks. He landed in a snow bank and

" Why, What have I done?" Gil- the breach, built a temporary sup-And she is hardly gone when Mr. lian asks, starting to her feet, crim- porting trestle of logs and crosssoning and clasping her hands with ties and saved something like \$20. "Upon my word, my dear, if you'll an involuntary gesture of fear and 000 worth of work. Of course the

set light, with the breath of the flow- concluding the little tale he laid es-"Very," answers George, smiling ir- ers around them and the tender pecial stress on the apparent hope. repressibly, whilst he bites his lips trailing branches and scented leaves lessness of his position the night he with vexation, and Mr. Damer hur- of the verbena lying between them; was ejected from the train and made only that, and about three feet of the point that one should never give "Well, upon my word, I never did space, and yet George Archer knows way to despa'r. 'If that conductor had see anything so barefaced," George that it means for him an abyss wile carried me on instead of kicking me mutters, with a glance of indigna- as the world between him and the off,' he said, 'I would have missed the tion after the retreating figure. "It's fair woman who has unconsciously great chance of my life, and might an absolute outrage on the poor lit- grown dear to him. So dear in her be working now at the bench. I am fair youth, her innocence and friend- really indebted to him for my start For he sees Gillian suddenly sit up liness, that her girlish b auty appeals in the world, and I have often

He sees the nervous change in her for the shame of what I should be in tinued the rai road man, "and one of dread lest she betray herself. | make that dreary gray old bar- he declared and after questioning

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long ago. It is a very different wo-For she is silently nerving herself | man to this poor little ewe-lamb

wonder if-to eat of my meat and The moment of her awakening had | to drink of my cup and to lie in only come amongst us and roused up of one of the Chelsea china cups - coldly, but her eyes have deepened of one of the Chelsea china cups - coldly, but her eyes have deepened of the chelsea china cups - coldly, but her eyes have deepened of the chelsea china cups - coldly, but her eyes have deepened of the chelsea china cups - coldly, but her eyes have deepened of the chelsea china cups - coldly, but her eyes have deepened of the chelsea china cups - coldly, but her eyes have deepened of the chelsea china cups - coldly, but her eyes have deepened of the chelsea china cups - coldly, but her eyes have deepened of the chelsea china cups - coldly, but her eyes have deepened of the chelsea china cups - coldly, but her eyes have deepened of the chelsea china cups - coldly, but her eyes have deepened of the chelsea china cups - coldly, but her eyes have deepened of the chelsea china cups - coldly, but her eyes have deepened of the chelsea china cups - coldly, but her eyes have deepened of the chelsea china cups - coldly, but her eyes have deepened of the chelsea china cups - coldly, but her eyes have deepened of the chelsea china cups - coldly, but her eyes have deepened of the chelsea china cups - coldly, but her eyes have deepened of the chelsea china cups - coldly cups - cold cups - col set light, looking at the innocent, and lovely, but because you are rich! Don't forget that, Miss Deane. ed, and asked to see the president. You are reputed to be very rich, and your money is a great temptation to us all, greedy for wealth second floor, where a stalwart grey-

ple-Irish people- are apt to be. "And your money is a temptation to us all here - don't forget he says, that," hoarsely, suppressed voice, whilst Gillian stands with wide-open eyes of fear, and pale to her lips, listening breathlessly. "To Lady Damer, to her husband, kind and good as he is, and to others as well. They all want to possess you, or some share of greedy of money-so our enemies say; "Well, be it so!" he says and though I speak against the only friends I have on earth. Miss Deane, he adds, in a lower, sadder tone-"though I am placing myself in your power and at your discretion, to be branded as a traitor by those who have been good and kind to me all my I have told you but the truth, though (To be continued.)

HIS REWARD.

During a recent conclave of rail road magnates in New Orleans something reminded a well-known General Manager of a whimsical story. " am afraid there is no particular moral pens to be true, and I'll give it to call 'human interest.' Not long ago the millionaire President of a big Things went from bad to worse, and at last, he found himself stranded somewhere in Southern Ohio. He was stone broke and desperate, and wanted to get to Dayton, where he had heard vaguely there was something doing in his trade. So one bitter cold evening he slipped on board

His Luck Turned.

"A span suddenly gave way in a new "I'll tell you the truth, even if it | iron bridge over a big creek at the "I think you maligned my potato- offend you!" George says suddenly, edge of the town, and the whole juncture the stranger jumped into the shabby engineer a handsome povery straight on the couch, and sees least of all to the best and tender- wished that I could meet him and

tell him about it."

would be!" poor George thinks, with big bridge at the town had broken tains, in the presence of George Ar- a swelling heart and pangs of hope- the following day, but the subsequent cher's big, symmetrical form, the less jealousy. Heaven deliver her career of his hobo passenger was bold, bright face, the ardent blue from him, at all events! Whatever something he had never heard of. It filled him with awe and veneration, and he was especially impressed by the generous disposition on the part of the lucky man to attribute his fortune to the circumstance of having been kicked off the train, and his expressed desire to meet the person who did the kicking. After ruminating over the matter for a week or two and reading the speech until he knew it by heart, he concluded it would be wrong to deny the millionaire an opportunity to express his gratitude, and accordingly he applied for a leave of absence to pay him a visit. I granted the leave, got him a pass, and he departed in high feather.

Went for His Reward.

"As soon as he arrived at his des-

thation, according to his own story.

more impressive than he had expect-After some delay he was shown into a magnificent private office on the and covetous of gain as Celtic peo- haired gentleman was seated behind a big mahogany table. The conductor had prepared quite a well-turned and witty little speech of introduction, for he realized, of course, that the millionaire wouldn't know him from Adam's house-cat, but the splendor of the surroundings and the cold blue eye of the man himself knocked it all out of his head, and the only thing he could do was to spread the newspaper. clipping on the table and blurt out: 'I'm the fellow that put you off.' the rough, cruel operator with aver- Irish people are very poor, and very 'Indeed?' said the president, looking at him keenly. 'How do you know?' The conductor stumbled over his story, and before he concluded the magnate jumped up, smiling warmly. "This is a great pleasure," he said, 'a very great pleasure-something I have been looking forward to for years.' 'It's mutual,' said the conductor, grinning. 'Thanks,' said the manufacturer.' 'You noticed, perhaps, in my little speech that I gladly ascribed my start in life to the fact that you kicked me off the cars instead of carrying me to Dayton on that winter night which you recall with such remarkable precision? 'Yes, I noticed that,' said the conductor, who, without knowing why, suddenly began to feel a curious sense of apprehension. "Exactly, pursued the president, rubbing his palms, "and as far as results were concerned you were, of course, merely an instrument in the hands of Providence. I have returned thanks to Providence in various ways, and think Providence and I are about even. But the kicking,' he went on in the same silky voice which the conductor says made cold chills crawl all through the roots of his hair, "the kicking was a personal touch of your own-a sort of humorous embelmade a speech at a banquet, and to lishment, without which the throwillustrate how seeming misfortune ing off of a half-sick, half-clad penmay prove blessings in disguise, he niless wretch might have been a bit said that he got his start in life too somber. Let me see,' he added, through being kicked off an accom- musingly, 'it seems to me you were modation train in the dead of win- a good deal heavier then.' 'I used to ter. It was during the hard times of weigh 180,' said the conductor, the '80's, he went on to relate, and swallowing in his throat, "but I've although he was a skilled mechanic run down since." 'Yes,' said the in her bodice, while she awaits his found it impossible to procure work ence was just the reverse; I was Since yesterday morning, and of any kind, even manual labor, greatly run down that night and have since gained considerable in weight, which makes things about even at present.' With that he suddenly grabbed the conductor by the collar, whirled him around like lightning and kicked him all the way down stairs. He landed on the pavement all in a heap," said the rail-You still, the unseen light, guiding thing?" George asks, abruptly, be able to talk the conductor into road man in conclusion, "and spent staring at her, and watching the carrying him, but he failed ignomin. a day debating whether he would speech of thanks, that she has never neck, and hide amongst the snowy, of despair, but the ticket puncher decided that he was up against it refused to molt. On the contrary, he and had better come home before singing has ever touched the secret | "Because I thought you were | pulled the bell rope when they came anything else struck him. He is a depths of the poor child's heart, and sorry, or displeased, to see me here to the next station, grabbed the un- hot anarchist now, and says the thrilled her pulses, and filled her this evening," she says, slowly, happy young mechanic and propelled millionaires have no souls."-New Or-

> THE ATTIC PHILOSOPHER. A stopped-up geyser is an ex-spurt in its way.

> A wealthy parent may cut off his son without a cent, but he can't cut off the lawyers.

A young lawyer ought to do a fees nominal business.

The "right side" of the stock market is usually the outside.

The sweets of married life are not to be found in family jars. "All coons took alike to me," remarked the hungry bird as it swale

lowed the embryo butterfly. Some of the hardest work in the world is done by the people who run labor-saving machines.

Generally the person who is ford of a secret is the one who doesn't think enough of it to keep it.

Education is like love, men think

they have it until they get to be At the age of sweet sixteen a woman's rights are several lengths

Many a man who is open to conviction manages to escape it by hanging the jury.