

...senses are Paid by the In-
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black forest of Germany is
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EMPEROR.

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Violet's Lover

Then, after talking eagerly of his boundless wealth, the beauty of his estate, the number of his horses, Francis Haye exclaimed: "And to think that he should come to see us!"

Violet remembered her promise; she knew that Sir Owen would probably call about one o'clock. Soon after noon she put on her garden hat, and, with the woods, where no one could see her, she went out into the garden.

Why did he dislike Sir Owen so much? Why was he so anxious for her to be away during the baronet's visit? She had never loved Felix better than she did that morning when she sat thinking of him; her heart warmed to him—his great love had touched her at her answer. The baronet could not prolong his visit beyond an hour, she thought.

As she entered the house she saw her mother watching eagerly for her at the dining-room window. She went to her at once. The moment she opened the door she heard the baronet's voice.

"Good morning, Miss Haye. I was just saying that, after my long ride over, I would get away without seeing you, if I had to stop here until midnight."

She looked up at him in simple surprise. "I thought that it was my father you wanted to see, Sir Owen."

He laughed; he was somewhat disconcerted at her answer. "Did you not see that was my excuse for coming to see you?" he said.

Violet turned away, while Francis Haye and his wife looked at each other. The baronet stood again; nor did he leave until long after three. He talked of all kinds of things which he thought would interest Francis Haye. His last word was directed to with intense admiration by those children of Mammon. Then, after promising to send grapes and choice fruit—after offering all kinds of favors—he went away. Violet was compelled to go to the garden gate with him. He asked her, and Mrs. Haye answered for her.

"What a very good-natured, friendly neighbor!" said Francis Haye, as he, with his wife, watched the baronet's carriage drive away. His wife turned to him with a face that quivered with agitation.

"He is worth forty thousand a year—forty thousand! If you are a wise man you will not say one word of Francis Haye—not one word; if you do, you will ruin it all."

So when Violet returned, half-dreading the debate she felt sure must follow, there was no reference made to the baronet or his visit, save in general terms, her father expressed himself as gratified.

The only perceptible difference was that the girl's parents treated her with even greater deference and affection than before.

That night—it was a lovely night in May—Violet, sitting with her parents, heard a signal that she knew well.

There was a quick beating of her heart, a thrill ran through her veins—Felix was outside.

"How the leaves tap the window!" said Mrs. Haye, "it is growing late; we will have the shutters closed."

Violet hastened away, ostensibly to see that her mother's wishes were obeyed, but in reality to see if Felix were outside.

How lovely the night was! The world lay calm and smiling under the light of the moon; the soft breeze brought the scent of pink hawthorn to the hedges, of the clover in the meadows, of the violet in the words.

Violet went quickly out, and there, by the great lilac bushes, stood Felix. She had no time to retrace, for he had clasped her in his arms as though nothing but death could part them.

"Did I frighten you, sweet? I hope not—I have but five minutes to spare."

"Will you not come into the house, Felix?" she asked.

"No, I have but five minutes, and I want to spend them with you. I ought not to have run over, but I could not help it—I could not rest. I want to know if you saw that man to-day, and what he said to you. Yes, I know, never mind that, sweet. Jealousy is a consuming fire. I could not rest, I could not sleep, I have tasted no food—my very life has seemed to be leaving me. I felt that I must run over—that I must hold you in my arms, kiss your lips, hear you say that you love me, or the fire would destroy me."

Once more his great love mastered her—once more the mighty passion in him seemed to make her strong and noble by example.

"Tell me about it, sweet," he said. Looking into his handsome face, his loved eyes, she could not say many words which could hurt him.

"There is little to tell you, Felix," she replied. "I went out soon after twelve. I did not return until after two. Then he was still here. He went away soon afterward."

"Did he talk to you, Violet?" "No; he talked to my father," she answered.

"He drew her nearer to him. "He has not taken one thought, one word, one look, one smile from me, has he, sweet? Oh, my darling, if

there—and it was only natural—there came to him for a moment a passionate longing for wealth. If he could only make such presents as those he had just hoped to unpack!

"Violet," he said, half sadly, "I am afraid my roses seem very poor and trifling by the side of all Sir Owen's magnificence. My darling, if I could coin my heart's blood into gold and lavish it upon you I would do so. My poor roses!"

She laughed a low, rippling laugh that sounded very sweetly to him. "Those beautiful flowers will stand in mamma's favorite old china bowl," she said. "Look where one of your roses lie—pointing to the bodice of her dress—they shall change places if you like."

A passionate embrace was Felix Lonsdale's only response, and as he walked home that night he felt that it was the happiest man in the world.

CHAPTER XIII.

There was no pace in England prettier than the old parish church at Lifford. It was a fine Norman edifice, with quaint square towers and a harmonious oval of bells. The church stood on rising ground, and behind it was a grove of oak trees—fine spreading oaks, that had seen many generations of men and women come and go.

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"You need not fear, Felix," she whispered, "I love you—no one but you!"

"That was worth walking a hundred miles for," he said. "If you are so kind to me, Violet, I am afraid that I shall run over every night. I would walk all day and night, if I might for the chance of hearing such words."

The dew was falling, and the fragrance of the lilac floated round them. "I must not stay, Felix," she murmured. "I will not ask you, my darling, say only once more to me the words I love to hear—say, 'Felix, I belong to you.' Say it, Violet," he added, with sudden passion.

"Felix, I belong to you," she whispered, and he was content. He touched the lilac flowers with his hand.

"Every time," he said, "I shall love every time that I think of you. I will remind me of this night and of you. See, there are dew-drops on your hair! You must not stay, if you may go in, Violet. You will repeat my name before you sleep to-night, and when you wake you will say, 'Felix—I love Felix, and will be true to him.'"

"Yes," she answered. He touched the little golden chain that she wore around her neck. "I wish I were that chain, so I might wear this golden ring of hair that lies on your face. I wish—oh, Violet, I am mad with wishing—mad with longing! But I love you so dearly."

In another minute he was gone. The room was shining that night upon the lilacs, and Violet stood alone, her heart beating as it had never beaten before.

"After all, it is better to be loved than to be rich," she thought. "It is better to have love than riches. It is better to have love than riches. It is better to have love than riches."

"She did not understand." He repeated, "and there never yet was any love like his for me."

If the girl's father and mother suspected anything they made no sign. They said no word, and Violet was grateful.

It happened three days later that Felix, finding he had a leisure hour in the afternoon went over to the Lifford. He took with him a little bouquet of roses; they were the first choice ones that he had seen, and he found her at home, and he was pleased with civility, though not with warmth, by her parents. Violet was then—she buried her face in them, and Felix wished with all his heart that he were one of them.

While he sat there a box came from the Hall. Francis Haye was excited about it. It must be a letter, he thought. He could not imagine what it contained. Felix offered to help, and his offer was eagerly accepted.

The first thing he saw was a magnificent bouquet—a bouquet he had never seen in Lifford—the conservatories must have been robbed to provide it. There were camellias, red and white, gardenias, stephanotis, white heath, heliotrope, lemon-scented verbena—the rarest and loveliest flowers that grow.

A little white card was at the side of it—a card which bore the hazy quotation, "Sweets to the sweet." For Miss Haye, with Sir Owen's "Cherish" compliments.

Violet gave a little cry of delight when she saw it. Mrs. Haye took it up in her hands, and turning it round said in a most impressive voice: "This is worth five guineas at least."

Then they uncovered several bunches of superb grapes, some fine peaches and apricots—delicacies such as previously Violet had only heard mentioned—also a dozen bottles of choice Madeira for Mr. Haye.

"It is very kind of him," said Francis Haye, "wonderfully kind. I have never met with any one so generous." And Felix, who was far above all ignoble jealousy joined in the praise of the baronet.

"What does all this mean, Violet? I can not understand it."

For to his mind, so brave, so noble, so incapable of meanness or wrong, could he not yet occur that any man could deliberately try to take his betrothed wife from him. He would have scorned the notion. He would even so faintly suspected it until it was too late. But as he stood

THE GRIP AGAIN. This Dangerous Epidemic has Made Another Appearance.

A Suggestion as to How to Guard Against the Trouble and its Pernicious After Effects.

Every winter influenza, or, as it is more generally known, the grip makes its appearance in Canada. Every few years it spreads and assumes alarming proportions. From years in which it will cease upon a great number of victims, for every day new cases are reported, the effects of grip are often worse than the disease itself. The sufferer is left with a debilitated system, short of breath upon the slightest exertion, subject to headache and heart palpitation, affected by every change in the weather, and in a physical condition to invite the attack of more serious diseases, such as pneumonia and consumption.

A timely suggestion as to how to enable the system to resist the effects, is given by Dr. Emma Doucet, St. Eulalie, Que., who has had an attack of the grip, which pains in the stomach and general weakness. I used several medicines, but found nothing to help me until I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When I began to take these I was very much run down and very weak, but they soon began to help me, and after using them a few weeks I was not only as well as ever, but gained in flesh as well. I can hardly tell you how hopeless when I began. Their use is rich, red blood, thus strengthening every part of the body and enabling always to throw off diseases. You can take the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail, at 50 cents a box or six for \$2.00 by writing to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The luxury and grandeur were certainly very pleasant, while the newly delighted Violet.

"This is pleasant," said Mrs. Haye, as the carriage rolled swiftly along the high-road. "Violet, of all the luxuries of life, give me a carriage."

"Yes, I would," she replied; and after that the disappointment was not quite so hard to bear. He had one satisfaction; he turned away without a word or a bow to Sir Owen.

"This is pleasant," said Mrs. Haye, as the carriage rolled swiftly along the high-road. "Violet, of all the luxuries of life, give me a carriage."

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CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Freezing and Starving Cattle—Suffering and Pain on Texas Ranges.

Mr. E. K. Whitehead, of Denver, Superintendent of the Colorado State Board of Child and Animal Protection, in his paper read at the last meeting of the American Humane Association, on "The Annual Starvation of Cattle on the Western Plains," gives the following touching description of their sufferings:

"There is no darker stain on the civilization of this nation than this. Imagine, if you can, a single animal already gasping for cold, hunger and thirst; and of the three, the thirst is most terrible. Imagine this wretched creature wandering about on an immitable plain covered with snow, with nothing to eat except here and there, buried under a snow, a sparse tuft of grass, or a like dead grass; eating snow for food and weeds because there is nothing to drink; by day wandering and pawing down in it, swept by pitiless winds and low storms, always shivering with cold, always gasping for hunger, always parched with thirst, always searching for something to eat where there is nothing, always staring with dumb, hopeless eyes, blinded, swollen and festering from the sun's glare on the snow. Imagine that, and imagine yourself, during one hour of it; multiply that by twenty-four; multiply that by the snow-moving nights and days from December to April, if life lasts so long; then multiply that by forty million, and you have the statistics of the brute suffering in this one way for one year and every year in this unpeppable trade. Take all the brute suffering in the City of New York for a year and it would not offset that of the cattle on some single ranches in the West in one day. It is like the figures astronomers give us—meaningless, because we cannot grasp them. The mind and heart cannot take in what it means. It means one for a lifetime to see the ghastly corpses of starved cattle on the plains, and the still more ghastly living ones. Poor, fleshless shapes, which it seems the strong-clinging life cannot let go of, their dull brains so sodden with suffering they hardly know they suffer still, the very hair on their bodies bleached and colorless with famine, staggering about with staring eyes and listless steps, growing ever weaker, until they stumble and fall in little by little, and bones, which even the coyotes and scavengers of the plains, despise and will not touch.

"On one single ranch in Texas, last winter, five hundred thousand dollars' worth of cattle died. On many ranches half were lost; on some, three-quarters; on almost all, many while all the rest went down to the very verge of death, and suffered all its pain without its relief.

"The owners of these animals are our best citizens, our farmers, in politics, society, business and religion warmly clad, eating three square meals a day, and sleeping in comfortable beds paid for by the sufferings of these helpless beasts, deliberately put out where their owners know they are dying lingering deaths, but enough of whom will survive to make a profit. These respectable gentlemen bitterly resent any attempt to interfere with their business, even by the enforcement of law. In some States they have succeeded in preventing the enactment of laws for the protection of dumb animals, on the avowed ground that it would be bad for their business."

READING IN BED.

Frank T. Bullen, the novelist, says in the London Mail:

"With all due deference to the expert opinion in your columns, may I state that I have never since I was 12 years old read at any length anywhere else. At sea, before the mast, and even as an officer, reading anywhere else is, if not an impossibility, a most difficult business on account of the light."

"If reading in bed is a disease," Mr. Bullen continues, "I have it very badly, but to it I owe all I know, as to its effect upon the eyes, I will not dogmatize. I may be an expert, but at 47 years of age my eyes are as keen as ever they were, and I read in bed every night. As to danger—well, if a man is so mad as to go to bed with a candle on his chest he would burn sooner or later, and how would selection

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Wagg-D'Auber says he would much rather paint a vivid street scene than a placid landscape. Wagg—Yes, I've noticed he's fond of painting the town red.