His eyes were set and full of fire. And he viewed the tramp with evident ire. "Run for your life!" the maiden cried; " I clean forgot to have him tied!" Run for your life through yonder door-I cannot hold him a minute more!" Without a word he turned his face And leaped the fence with careless grace Then lightly along the road he ran-A very-much-put-out young man. The maiden loosed her bulldog's neck And gazed at the tramp-a vanishing speek.

And peal after peal of laughter rent. The air with the maiden's merriment. The dog was of terra-cotta warethe won him that week at a lottery fair. Eva Best in Detroit Free Press.

SIR HUGH'S LOVES

CHAPTERIV.

WHEN WE TWO PARTED. Nay-sometimes seems it I could even bear To lay down humbly this love-crown I wear, Steal from my palace, helpless, hopeless, poor, And see another queen it at the door-If only that the king had done no wrong. If this my palace where I lived so long Were not detiled by falsehood entering in. There is no loss but change; no death but sin; No parting, save the slow corrupting pain Of murdered faith that never lives again. Miss Malock.

The following evening Margaret walked down the narrow path leading to the shore.

line, and purple-their salty fragrance stainless. of cool splashes and a murmur of peace.

every now and then small mottled crabs she had vowed in last night's bitter conflict come into his head. Many a one in his case scrambled crookedly along, or dug graves | never to be the wife of any man. This | would have shaken off the dust of their ribbons of brown seaweed, or dribbled the about her beautiful mouth that told Hugh have returned home partially or wholly water though her hollowed hands, while a that there was no hope for him. tired sea-gull that had lowered wing was

surrounded by these little creatures-the their mothers' arms, but this evening in them; they were searching the winding shore for some expected object, and she her play.

visit to the Grange, and yet, some subtle wife, and all the sunshine and promise mysterious change had passed over Mar. of his youth seemed dimmed. garet. It was as though some blighting influence had swept over her; her face was pale, and her eyes were swollen and dim as though with a night's weeping, and the firm beautiful month was tremulous with

now,"she murmured: "I am nearly at the head to her shoulder. He did not resist boathouse; surely Sir Wilfred must have her; the first fierceness of his anger had given him my message." But the doubt had hardly crossed her mind before a tall figure turned the corner by the lonely boat. house, and the next moment Hugh was coming towards her.

" Margaret!" he exclaimed, as he caught hold of her outstretched hands, "what does his mean? why have you kept me away from you all these hours, and then appointed this solitary place for our meeting?" Then as she did not answer, and he looked at with the same gentleness. her more closely, his voice changed: "Good ! my father done to you? How ill! how awfully ill you look, my darling.

returned, trying to speak calmly. "I am unhappy, Hugh, and trouble has made me !

"You weak," incredulously; then, he saw her eyes filling with tears, "sit down on this s. ooth white boulder, and I will wilful-well, you were right. place myself at your feet. Now give me

trembling, and a sudden mist seemed t hide him from her eyes; when it cleared she saw that he was watching her with unconcealed anxiety:

more tenderly; " what is troubling you, my darling?" But he grew still more uneasy when she suddenly clang to him in a fit of will live your life worthily. Will you as though he saw a kitten on its best was beginning to feel a strong interest in bitter weeping and asked him over and over promise me this, Hugh. again between her sobs to forgive her for ! making him so unhappy

"Margaret," he said at last, very gently but | even to please you, Margaret. firmly, "I cannot have you say such things to me; forgive you who have been the blessing of my life; whose only fault is that you love me too well."

" I cannot be your blessing now, Hugh," and then shedrew herself from his embrace. "Do you remember this place, dear? it was on this boulder that I was sitting that evening when you found me and asked me to be your wife. We have had some happy days since then Hugh, have we not? and now to night I have asked you to meet me here. that you may hear from my lips that I shall hover be any man's wife, most certainly not yours, Hugh-my Hugh-whom I love ten thousand times more than I ever loved you before.

A pained, surprised look passed over Hugh's handsome face. It was evident that he had not expected this. The next moment he gave a short derisive laugh. "So my father has made mischief between us; he has actually made you believe it would be a sin to marry me. M. darling, what nonscuse : I know all about your poor mother-many families liave this sort of thing; do you think that ever keeps people from marrying? If we had known before, as I told my father; well. it might have made a difference, but flow it is too late, nothing would ever induce me to give you up, Margaret; in my eves you are already as bound to me as though you were my wife. My father has nothing to

do with it. this is between you and me." "Hugh, listen to me : I have promised Sir Wilfred that I will never marry you." Then your promise must be null and void: you are mine and I claim voi

"No, no!" she returned shrinking from him: "I will never be any man's wife 1 have told Raby so, and he says I am she left him he blessed her once more. right.

"Margaret, are you mad to say such, things to me ? I am not a patient man. and you are trying me too much," and Hugh's eves flashed angrily. " Do you want me to doubt your love !

"Do not make it too hard for me," she pleaded. "Do you think this costs me ! nothing that I do not suffer too? you One levely spring afternoon Hugh Red. without waiting to see the effect of this A long, thin youth of Pittsburgh can will not be ernel to me. Hugh, because I mond walked through the narrow winding introduction on her aunt, Nero's little imitate a steam whistle perfectly. The he asked, after missing the fourth strike by battalion, and the procession, headed by the passengers are a number of Japanese. am obliged to make you unhappy. It is lanes that lead to the little village of playfellow slipped away.

not I, but the Divine Will that has inter. Daintree. Daintree. I when they heard

Raby or I had but known, all this would

"It is too late," returned Hugh gloomily respond to their looks—he had a grave pre-

his marrying Margaret.

whose will he had to cope. Margaret's then for a time he forgot all about it. very love for him gave her strength to resist-besides she could not look at things | by a friend brought back this promise to from Hugh's point of view. If she had his memory have seen retributive justice in every words. trouble that came upon them, till she must | " I may as well do it," he said to himself It was a glorious evening, warm with the have pined and withered in her remorse. that night; " the other fellows are going

steeping the air; everywhere the sound | And so looking upon him whom she had done for her, and whether they had loved, she gave him up for ever; and ripened or destroyed what was certainly a The child sat under the boulder alone. Hugh's anguish and despair failed to shake fair promise of beauty.

He came to believe it at last, and then more happily. But with Hugh the time iren, and was never happier than when him, that she never had, that that cold, pure | would not let any woman spoil his life. soul of hers was incapable of passion; and he sinned, circumstances were more scarcely seemed to notice the little one at he had turned away from her with a groan Only four-and-twenty hours had passed wishes had ceased to influence her; she since Sir Wilfred had paid that ill-omened | had given him up ; she would never be his

> But Margaret would not leave him ike this; the next moment she was kneelthere is always something of the maternal element in the love of a good woman; and there is something of this protecting tenderness in Margaret's heart as she drew Hugh's

> now died out, and only the bitterness of his " Hugh, before we part to-night, will on not tell me that you forgive me?" "How am I to tell you that," he answered n a dull weary voice, "when you are rob-

ing my life of its happiness? "Oh, Hugh, when I loved you." "You are proving your love"-with the utmost bitterness; but she answered him

"You are still angry with me. Well, I Heavens! what has happened; what has must bear your anger; it will only make t all a little harder for me. If you could have said a word that would have helped "It is nothing; I have not slept," she me to bear it-but no-you are too for it was no child, but an exceedingly heard all about Frank Lumsden's enormities inhappy: by and by you will do me pretty girl, who was looking up in his face Before he had visited many times at the

"I am not a saint like you," he answered

your hand, and tell me what makes you so you have never been cruel to me before; it unlike yourself this evening." Margaret obeyed him, for her limbs were | compels me to give you up. Ah," with a sudden passionate inflection in her voice, "do you know of what self-sacrifice a woman can be capable? for your dear sake, Hugh, I am content to suffer all my life, "What is it, Margaret?" he asked, still to stand aside and be nothing to you-yes, even to see another woman your wife, if

returned with white lips; "this pain will eyes to his face, which almost startled herself with some work. Hugh could not not last forever. One day we shall meet Hugh with their exceeding beauty and make her speak to him, but he had a good where it will be no sin to love each other. | depth. Good-bye until then, Hugh-my Hugh." Hugh's arms held her strongly; but the next | fine fellow, only I am afraid he is rather | was covered with soft curly brown hair, moment they had dropped to his side-she | rough sometimes ; he nearly knocked you | that waved naturally over the temples. It had stooped and kissed him on the forehead, down just now in his play. I see you do was coiled gracefully behind, but no amount and the touch of those cold lips seemed his not remember me, Miss Mordaunt. I am of care or pains could have smoothed those death-warrant; the next moment he was | Sir Hugh Redmond. I have come to call | rippling waves. alone, and Margaret was walking swiftly on you and your aunt." along the little path hollowed out of the "Oh!" she said, becoming very shy all have seen her eyes again, but she kept them cliff. The sunset clouds had long agofaded at once, " I remember you now; but you fixed on her embroidery; only when any and only a grey sky and sea remained. looked different somehow, and the sun was thing amused her a charming dimple

groping fashion to meet her. " Is that you, Margaret?"

motionless until Raby touched her. "Have you seen him, dear?" a little wildly; " I have done my duty, prevented her from recognizing him; but Raby: I have broken his heart and my then, of course, she had never seen him permission, and I'ay looked shyly pleased own: but as she spoke, Raby took her in | since she was a little girl, when her father | and so it came that Hugh called daily at his arms, and low words of blessings seemed | was alive, and they were living at Wyngate o faiter on his lips. " My brave sister, but | Priory. I never doubted for a moment that you Hugh Redmond ah, yes, she remembered would do the right thing. And now be him now. She had made a cows p ball comforted; the same Divine Providence for him once, and he had tossed it right that has exacted this sacrifice will watch | into the middle of the great elms, where

" I know it," she said, weeping bitterly: harnessed him with daisy chains and but he will have to suffer if I could only driven him up and down the bowling green,

THE LITTLE PRINCESS. Her feet bemeath her petticoat As if the feared the light: But old she dances such a way No sun upon an Easter day Is ball so here a sight.

man in deep mourning, but Hugh did not | The elder Miss Mordaunt was somewhat

yourself, you are mine—how often am I to he looked about him listlessly, and the health an excuse for shutting herself out tell you that? Do you think that I will beautiful country that lay bathed in the from society. Fay had lived with her ever ever consent to resign you, that I could live spring sunlight did not seem to excite even since her father's death; but during the my life without you? What do I care about a passing admiration in his mind; the bud- last year Miss Mordaunt had been much your mother? such things happen again and ding hedgerows, the gay chirpings of the again in families, and no one thinks of them. If I am willing to abide by the donsequences, no one else has a right to object."

Beassing admiration in his mind; the budding hedgerows, the gay chirpings of the unseen birds, busy with family cares, were all unheeded in that hard self absorbed the donsequences, no one else has a right to object."

Hugh Redmand of late; his broken engage-but one must not expect her to grow bigger; Poor Hugh! he was growing more sore ment with Margaret Ferrers had been fol- girls seldom grew after sixteen, and Fay and angry every noment. He had antici- lowed by Sir Wilfred's death. Hugh's was more than sixteen. Colonel Mordaunt pated some trouble from Margaret's inter- heart had been very bitter against his had left very few instructions in his will view with his father; he knew her scrupu- father, but before Sir Wilfred died there about his little daughter. His sister was without Margaret would be simply insupbest. We were both right, both she and education; but Colonel Mordaunt was a portable; he could not grasp the idea for I—ah, she was a fine creature; but when man of simple habits, and Fay had never Margaret—his Margaret—refuse to be well, we will not speak of that," and then luxury; one day she would be a rich woman, his wife! His whole impetuous nature looking wistfully at his son's mody face, and find herself the possessor of a large, rose against such a cruel sentence-neither he continued plaintively. " My boy, you rambling, old house; until then her father God nor man had decreed it; it was unreasonable, untrue, to suppose such a life. I know it is hard on you, but you live quietly with his sister in her modest thing. How could he think of the conse- must not forget you are a Redmond. It quences to his unborn children, of the good | will be your duty to marry. When I am | came over to Fay, and taught her in the of future generations of Redmonds, when gone, go down and see Colonel Mordaunt's low bow-windowed room that was set apart he could hear nothing but the voice of his daughter; people tell me she is a pretty for her use. A chestnut pony was sent

passion that told him no other woman little creature; you might take a fancy to from Wyngate Priory; and Miss Mordaunt's would be to him like Margaret? The news her, Hugh;" and half to pacify the old groom accompanied Fay in these long had indeed been a shock to him, but as he man, and half because he was so sick of scrambling rides. had told his father, nothing should prevent | himself that he did not care what became of him, Hugh muttered a sort of promise But he little knew the woman with that he would have a look at the girl, and Aunt Griselda would hear the girl warbling Some months after, a chance word spoken

married him she would never have known | He had been spending a few days at a moment's peace. If she had had children | Henley with some old college friends, when and they had died, she would have regarded one of them mentioned Daintree, and the their death as a punishment. She would name brought back his father's dying

dying sunset, gorgeous with red and golden But she would never marry him. In that back to London; it will not hurt me to ght. calm, loving heart there was a fund of stop another day"—and so he settled it.

Broad margins of yellow sands, white strength and endurance truly marvellous. Hugh scarcely knew why he went, or headlands, mossy cliffs with the scarlet In her spirit of self-sacrifice she belonged what he intended to do; in his heart he poppies and pink-eyed convolvuli growing to the noble army of women of whose ranks was willing to forget his trouble in any out of the weedy crevices; above, a blue ineffable sky scored deeply with tinted first and chief; who can endure to suffer these months had been to escape the misery clouds, and a sea dipping on the shore with and to see their beloved suffer; who can of his own thoughts. Yes, he would see a long low ripple of sound; under a boulder | thrust, uncomplainingly, the right hand, | the young heiress whom his father had a child bathing her feet in a little runlet of a | if need be, into the purifying flame, and so go | always wished him to marry; he remempool, while all round, heaped up with marse | through life halt or maimed, so that their | bered her as a pretty child some seven or wavy grasses, lay seaweed-brown, coral. garments may be always white and eight years ago, and wondered with a listless sort or curiosity what the years

looking rags, a mere waif and stray of a bidden their union; she had promised his for him to have travelled and forgotten his child, with her feet trailing in the pool; father that she would never marry him; disappointment before such an idea had for themselves in the dry waved sand. The was what she told him, over and over native land, and, after having seen strange girl watched them idly, as she flapped long again, and each time there was a set look countries and undergone novel experiences, cured-perhaps to love again, this time

skimming slowly along the margin of the his heart was very bitter against her. He had not yet come. He was terribly said to himself, and then aloud-for in his | tenacious in his attachments, but just the Another time Margaret would have angry passion he did not spare her, and his anger against Margaret had for a little hard words bruised her gentle soul most time swallowed up love. He said to himity before her, for she was a lover of chil- pitilessly; he said that she did not love self that he would forget her yet-that he he wondered with an intolerable anguish of | blame than he. Fate was so dead again anger whether she would suffer if he took him, his case was so cruelly heard. Alas Margaret's eyes had a strange unseeing look | herat her word and married another; and | Hugh Redmond was not the only man who, when he had flung these cruel words at her stung by passion, jealousy, or revenge, has

Mordaunt and her niece lived.

below the sloping garden lay a broad expanse | advantage of a service he had rendered the ing corn, closed in by dark woods, beyond and rides. He was a handsome boy Hugh came up the straight carriage drive. with the young heiress's sweet face; but

and his frolics brought a remonstrance Frank Lumsden came back to Daintree from his little mistress; "Down, Nero! Hall for the Christmas vacation. down, good dog !" exclaimed a fresh young

the same voice, rather shyly; and Hagh Redmond as the suitor whom her brother took off his hat suddenly in some surprise, would have chosen. Before long Hugh

with large wondering blue eyes. harshly; "I have a man's feelings. You Hugh, courteously, with one of his pleasant advice—of course he had commended her have often told me I am passionate and smiles. What a diminutive creature she wisdom in driving the unlucky Frank from was ; no wonder he had taken her at first | the field. broad-brimmed hat might have belonged to | these days." a child too.

behavior, " I am not at all startled; but | Fay.

standing bareheaded under the trees came | Griselda once before he went away. It Yes, it is I," and Margaret stood then at the handsome face that was looking so kindly at her. What a grand-looking man he was, she thought; it must have "Yes, it is all over." And then she said | been his beard that altered him so and

> the rooks had their nest, and once she had while her father laughed at them from the

Hugh's apparition. " Auntie, Sir Hugh | lars for his right to the machine. Sackling. Redmond has come to see us," and then

gat in the porch talking to Aunt Griselds of a recluse in her habits : she was nervous, diffident woman, who made weak

pated some trouble from Margaret's interview with his father; he knew her scrapulous conscience, and feared that a long and weary argument might be before him, but he had never really doubted the result Life without Margaret would be simply insup.

In the left wery few instructions in his will should died there about his little daughter. His sister was a loud that died there about his little daughter. His sister was a loud that a long and white than the cover of a brand-new ball. And there wasn't a man in the game who would be simply insup.

In the left wery few instructions in his will its inclination; strawberry lips, and teeth white than the cover of a brand-new ball. And there wasn't a man in the game who would her disputed the umpire's decision the old man had said; "I did it for the liberal allowance for maintenance and the old man had said; "I did it for the liberal allowance for maintenance and for any honor known to the glorious without Margaret would be simply insup.

We were both right, both she and left very few instructions in his will its inclination; strawberry lips, and teeth white than the cover of a brand-new ball. And there wasn't a man in the game who would her disputed the umpire's decision for any honor known to the glorious without Margaret would be simply insup.

The young heiress was perfectly happy and content with her simple secluded life like a lark in her little room. Long before the inhabitants of the cottage would be stirring Fay's little feet were accustomed to brush the dew from the grass; Nero and she would return from their rambles in the highest spirits; the basket of wild flowers that graced the breakfast-table had been all gathered and arranged by Fay's pretty fingers. After breakfast there were all her pets to visit-to feed the doves and chickens and canaries-to give Fairy her corn, and to look after the brindled cow and the dear little gray-and-black kitten in the hay-loft-all the live things on the

who never altered his pace for any degree of coaxing-would whinny with pleasure if Fay entered his stall. Fay was very docile with her masters and mistresses, but it is only fair to say that her abilities were not above the average. She sipped knowledge carelessly when it came in her way, but she never sought it of her own accord. Neither she nor Aunt Griselda were intellectual women. Fay a small brown creature in picturesque. her resolution. The Divine Will had for- Poor Hugh! It would have been better played a little, sang charmingly, filled her sketch-book with unfinished vigorous sketches, chattered a little French, and then shut up her books triumphantly, under

the notion that at sixteen a girl's education must be finished. It must be confessed that Miss Mordaunt was hardly the woman to be entrusted with a girl's education. She was a gentle, shallow creature, with narrow views of life, very prim and puritanical-orthodox, she would have called it—and she brought up Fay in the old fashioned way in which she hersel had been brought up. Fay never mixed with young people; she had no companions of her own age; but people were beginning to talk of her in the neighborhood. Fay's youth, her prospective riches, her secluded nun-like life, surrounded her with a certain mystery of attraction. Miss Mordaunt had been much excreised of late by the fact taken the first downward step on the green Daintree had tried to force themselves into intin acy with the ladies of the cottage Hugh almost repented his errand when sundry young men, too, had made their he came in sight of the little Gothic cottage appearance in the little church at Daintree, with its circular porch, where Miss as it seemed with the express intention of staring at Fay. One of these, Frank The cottage stood on high ground, and Lumsden, had gone farther-he had taken of country-meadows and ploughed fields ladies, when Sulky had been more intract--that in autumn would be rich with wav- able than usual, to join Fay in her walk which lay the winding invisible river. As about twenty, and he was honestly smitten he caught sight of a little girl in a white Aunt Griselda, who knew her brother's frock playing with a large black retriever | wish, had been greatly alarmed, and had thought of shutting up her cottage and The dog was rather rough in his play, taking Fay to Bath for the winter before

Aunt Griselda received Sir Hugh voice; " now we must race fairly," and the graciously, and prosed gently to him of his next moment there were twinkling feet | father's death; but Hugh turned the concoming over the crisp short turf, followed | versation skilfully to herself and Fay. He cottage Aunt Griselda had confided her "I hope I have not startled you," returned | perplexities to his car, and had asked his

"Yes, you were always wilful, Hugh, but sight for a child : her stature was hardly . "It would never do. you know; he is more than a well-grown child of eleven or only a boy," Aunt Griselda observed twelve, and the little white frock and plaintively ; " and Fay will be so rich one of

"Oh! it would never do at all." responder But she was a dainty little lady for all Hugh, hastily. The idea of Frank Lumsden that, with a beautifully proportioned figure, annoyed him. What business had all these as graceful as a fairy, and a most levely, impertinent fellows to be staring at Fay in the base. The general clamor which fol-"Oh!" she said, with a wonderful about their business, he thought; for only you will be true to yourself, if you attempt at dignity that made him smile- though hardly a week had passed, Hugh

"I will promise nothing," was the reck. of course Nero and I would hardly have He had not spoken to her again on that less answer; "I will take no lie upon my lips | had that race if we had known any one | first visit, but after a time she had joined was in the shrubbery. Have you lost your them in the porch, and had sat down "Then it must be as God wills," she way?" lifting those wonderful Undine-like demurely by Aunt Griselda, and had busied

" Is Nero your dog?" returned Sir Hugh, She had laid aside her broad-brimmed "You are not leaving me, Margaret," and | patting the retriever absently; " he is a | hat, and he saw the beautiful little head

He wished more than once that he could Half an Mour later, as Margaret turned in my eyes; poor Sir Wilfred-yes, we showed on one cheek. It was the prettiest in at the gate of the Grange, a dark figure heard he was dead he came to see Aunt dimple he had ever seen, and he caught himself trying to say something that would must be very lonely for you at the Hall." bring it again. Hugh paid a long visit. duttering of white danger of white danger of the blasting by the control of the blasting by the long that would a long visit. and she glanced at his deep mourning, and and in a few days he came again. He was staying at Cooksley, he told them carelessly; and if they would allow it, he added courteously, he should like to walk over to

Daintree and see them sometimes. Miss Mordaunt gave him gracious

(To be continued.)

A Fertunate Canadian Inventor. About five years ago Middleton Craw ford, a young man living in Wiarton, finding himself possessed of inventive powers, right through his hands landed on his nose has been prohibited in two European went to reside in the States. There he first | Again there was confusion, and the umpire | countries. produced a flour purifier, which was taken just a trifle tremblous about the lips up by capitalists, and after being thorough. ! whispered : "He will not suffer one pang too much."
was the quiet answer; but you are worn out, and I will not talk more to you to-night.

out, and I will not talk more to you to-night.

out, and I will not talk more to you to-night.

Out, and I will not talk more to you to-night.

White her lather langued at the lan

other day the hands in one of the factories, about a foot. posed this barrier to our union. Ah, if The few passers by whom he encountered re-appearance with some anxiety, as he him toot. They thought it was noon.

Father Plays Baseball,

That was what the umpire said. The umpire was blessed with fluffy blonde hair that streamed in a golden shower from under a knowing little cap of blue and white flannel. The umpire's costume was of white flannel, trimmed with blue, cut without any bias, as an umpire's costume will youngster had more curves and bracing the ancient city of Tarsus and should be and dodges then he had finance. The umpire's eyes were as blue as the sunny skies of Italy, and there was a pair of peachy-pink cheeks under the eyes, and a delicate little nose, piquantly celestial in in-shoot, and when father reached for the ficially watered. One hundred thousand national pastime. There wasn't one of them who wasn't glad to get out just to hear the delicious ripple of that musical voice as it said :

"Striker out." And why was all this? Sir Walter Scott remarks in "Kenilworth:" "All for a little pink and white—and so falls ambition."
The umpire's name was Eulalie, and what Eulalie did not know about the League rules was what had not been written. The boys-they were college boys and called themselves men, striving by frequent use of the razor to make good their claim to the lordly title—the boys all swore by her. And even when just a few of them went out for a practice game of "one, two, three," they would have their fair umpire out to see the thing done properly. Once Harry had sent in a hot out curve and hit the umpire, and the young pitcher came pretty near being mob-bed right then and there. But the umpire calmly stopped, picked up the ball and threw it back to the pitcher, saying: " One ball."

And then the boys all cheered the umpire and vowed that she was as plucky as she was beautiful, and they would all have fallen down and worshipped her immediately had they not known that she could as he could. be as severely satirical to worshippers as she was plucky. Pretty soon father came even Sulky, Aunt Griselda's old pony—the lying down in the shade, watched the game. Father was a fine specimen manhood, and though he was in his 50th year, hecould day a fine game of tennis, and kill twenty-eight out of thirty birds at the trap every day.

"I say, you boys," called father, " what kind of a game is this you're playing?"
"Baseball, of course," replied Johnny with an indescribable sneer at his sire's

Johnny was only 14 and he knew it all. He was sure he could pitch better than Harry, who was 20 and on the 'Varsity' nine, and catch all around George, who was 19, a freshman, and one of the best all round players in college

"Baseball, eh?" said father. "Well, yo don't play it as we used to twenty five years | childhood. Father told mother afterward "Well, I should hope not," was

"Say, pop," called Frankie, who was standing like patience on a monument at first base, "why don't you pull off your coat and take a hack at it? "You irreverent young beggar," respond ed "pop," half laughing, "I'll come over there and take a hack at you."

come and play. knows about baseball."

" No, no," was the general chorus;

torso that his loose flannel shirt could not | perienced the discomforts attended upon a nide, and strode into the field.

gazed upon father with an evil eye. Harry orders were forthwith given to carry out money and threatens traders with condim sent in a "corker," and Peter got one strike. the suggestions as an experiment in con- punishment who may receive them as such. said father ; " he can't hit it."

"Oh, he must hit it," said father, impa- on Saturday morning and lay all yesterday | Herald. tiently; "that's no way to play. Why, I at the Union station. remember when the Skowkegans beat the Jeremias 97 to 42. That was a game for

air-bearded stranger in view.

"Oh! I beg your pardon," exclaimed perfections—she looked upon Hugh difference between a game of ball and a work all the time. Now it took me a whole spend the most money on their clothes.

six days' go-as-you-please?" The roar of laughter silenced father, who contented himself with shaking his fist at Johnny. Just then Peter got one just where he wanted it, and he hit a grounder to father. The veteran stooped down and the conductor hadn't had a lot of gamegathered it in in great shape, while the boys cheered and applauded.

come hot !" screamed Frankie, dancing a wild can-can on first. But father had his eye on Peter, who was running toward first, and with all the accuracy of a crack wing shot, he let the | breach of promise by a widow 50 years old ball drive and caught the unhappy Peter in Grand Rapids, Mich. on the small ribs just as he was nearing lowed astounded father.

"What are you doing? Who are you hitting? What sort of a way is that? "Not out!" shouted the umpire's silvery voice, as Peter sat down on first base, and searched the heavens for his lost breath.

The situation was explained to him, and the nature of the new rule made plain, Father was disappointed. He wanted to hit some one. That was the way he used to play. But he resigned himself to his fate. The game proceeded, and father soon found himself on first base, while the irreverent Johnny was at short. Then the batsman hit to Johnny, and that nimble youth "scooped in" the ball and hurled it to first. But father had by this time its election scandals. The Mayor of St. | (Northumberland) Local Board the Medical rambled back into the past and was expect. Heller is authority for the statement that Officer of Health created considerable ing to see Johnny "peg" the man running at a late election shoes were purchased amusement by his congratulatory report. to first. The result was that the ball from voters at \$175 a pair and eggs at \$25 in which he said : "Since last meeting struck father fairly just above the belt and | mch. doubled him up like a two-foot rule. Johnny looked rather white, while the " One singular effect of the blasting by the of health extending over so lengthened a

fluttering of white flannels, and kneeling of clocks and watches in this city." beside her prostrate sire, murmured : "Are you hurt, papa darling?" Father sat up and rubbed his eyes, gasped a few times and then said:

"See here, I thought it was against the rules to hit a man. There was another series of explanations and then the game went on. And then some one hit a high foul to father. He' danced merrily out and got well under the beed done lately among the barmaids of | your new plane, Bessie? ball, and the boys got ready to yell "good | England. In London many waitresses | Little Bessie-" Oh, yes; I have just catch." But it didn't work. The ball hit | have been induced to sign the temperance | learned Gayly the Cuspidor.

ly tested, Crawford sold his patent for a | "Papa, dear, don't play any more | night, asking for some tangible recognition | as a warning for attention.

old memories; indeed, Hugh could not get to the old country. Two companies operat. those cruel boys commenced to whack the hands of Stevenson, at London, on ing Crawford's machine, with a combined three-baggers all over the field until their | Saturday night, belonged, paraded yester-"There is Aunt Griselds," she said, capital of two and one half million dollars, sire was well-nigh worn out with his ex- day forenoon in full force and marched to suddenly, as a tall lady-like woman with now buy the seed at about \$5 per ton, and ertions. Fortunately some went out on a Ferguson & Easson's undertaking ware. The Canadian Pacific train, bringing a gentle, subdued-looking face appeared in after operations on it, it sells for \$15. Mr. fly, and father limped back to be catcher. rooms, where the body of their late com. passengers and freight from the steamship the porch, and seemed much surprised at Crawford has been offered two million dol - They called him catcher, but he did not rade was laid out, and, after the arrange. Abvasinian from Yokohama to Vancouver, catch anything except one foul tip, and he ments necessary for the removal of the arrived at Montreal on time yesterday caught that on the chin.

> "That's the curve," said Albert. What curve?"

"The curve on the ball."

"Nonsense! The ball can't curve." Then there was another pause for half an hour, while the theory of curved pitch should be, and altogether about as neat a shoots and dodges than he had fingers. So thing as ever was seen on the ball field. When he pitched an tout-curve and father fanned the air, he laughed a demoniac

"Give father an easy one," pleaded the ampire; "don't be so mean." "Come off," said the irreverent Johnny ding in a rising in-curve, on which

father fuite threw himself away. But the veteran was full of courage, and there was an exultant feminine shrick as he hammered the next ball for a base-hit between short and second. "Run, papa, run!" screamed the umpire, clapping her hands; you're not half going!" But father made his first, and smiled a

smile of benign triumph on the assembly "Now, father," said Albert, "take plent; of ground and go to second as soon as he "Take ground? What ground?"

"Time," called Albert; and he explained his meaning to father. The veteran got to second and stood there puffing, but happy. Then the batsman hit to the third baseman, who half stopped the ball, allowing it to roll behind him. He rushed after it, while Johnny ran from the box to third, yelling

"Here with it! Here with it! We've Father was running from second as fast

And father, confused by the various cries, tried to slide as if he were on ice. The result was that he tripped and pitched headlong over the third base just as Johnny, having sprung high in the air to catch the ball came down with all his weight on the middle of his father's back, and hit him on the neck with the ball. The prostrate forms rolled over and over in a dire struggle which raised a cloud of dust, hiding then

"Not out! Not out!" screamed the ampire in trembling tones, vainly endeavorng to see what the cloud concealed.

Presently expostulations and then cries unmistakably emanating from Johnny came out of the cloud, which slowly floated away revealing father sitting on third base, with Johnny across his knee receiving from that he believed he had been hasty : but, at that moment when he had departed from the field accompanied by the umpire with a suspicious moisture in her blue eyes, he felt that the dignity of outraged fatherhood had been re-established on a business basis .- New York Times.

A Relief for Railway Travellers. Among the many provisions which the Grand Trunk Railway Company are con- ney. The bailiff called everybody to order, "Come, father," said the umpire, "now's | tinually making for the comfort and con- and the jury filed out without asking for your time to show the boys what a man venience of their patrons is the adoption by fees .- Carson Appeal. them in their cars of the Travellers' Head The covert taunt of the beautiful wretch | Rest. This contrivance is the product of was too much for father. He arose and the ingenuity of a well-known Montrealer pulled off his coat, displaying a superb | who is frequently on the road and has exdesire to take a rest and the lack of pro-"Here, pop," cried Albert, "take my vision in the ordinary first-class cars to diately steal a few cocoanuts and hand place at short, and you'll soon get up to enable him to do so in the easiest possible these over to the traders for the supplies manner. He recently communicated his they require. This has led the prefect of Father accepted the generous offer, and ideas to Mr. Wallis, Mechanical Superin- the district to issue a decree which is the braced himself to gather in the wayward | tendent of the railway, who at once saw | paralleled probably in financial circles. II grounder. Peter was at the bat, and he | the advantages that were to be derived, and | has prohibited the use of coconing - " "What makes you pitch so hard, Harry?" nection with one of twenty cars belonging Rather a strange way of protecting the to the "Standard " series the latest pro- palms from the depredations of robbers. "Don't want him to," said Harry, duction of the Grand Trunk shops. Car who must be a strong-backed lot if they can what do you suppose I'm pitching for but | No. 196, which was fitted up at Montreal carry about much wealth in the shape of with the new head rest, arrived in Toronto | bunches of cocoanuts .- Panama Star and

by Nero's bounding footsteps and bark.

But the game ended abruptly as a sudden turn in the shrubberies brought the tall.

But the game ended abruptly as a sudden turn in the shrubberies brought the tall.

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But the railroads in Mexico are lovely little niece. Miss Mordaunt could the maid of wisdom.—Watertown Times.

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Baltimore American: The worst dressed women are in many instances these who work all the time. Now it took me a whole | spend the most money on their clothes. day to go about fifty miles."

" By railroad! "Yes, by railroad. We went very slow and took it easy, but we might have arrived at our destination a little earlier if cocks along and an engagement for a cock. does 1,800 pounds to the ton of coal and fight at every station. It was interesting, four inches of froth to the glass of lager " Now we've got him, pop! Let her don't you know, but I don't think I'll go to beer mean? Progress-making pregress? Mexico again for some time. "A Traveler | What is the bottom doing in the middle of in the San Francisco Chronicle.

An octogenarian widower is sued for

That this world is not balanced right Is plainly to be seen. When one man walks to make him fat, And another to make him lean. It is said that the milk of cows that are proceding summer we got rheumatism in salted regularly churns much more easily | the mountains?" "We did and the bears than the milk of cows not salted.

pressed with a loss of 400 lives. ON LAKE ONTARY Green are thy waters; green as bottled glass Behold out stretched thar! 'ine muskalonges and Oswego bass Is chiefly catched thar!

Onet the red Injuns thar took their delights, Fisht, fit and bled, Now most of the inhabitants is whites. With " pary a red." -An Oswe in Post.

The Santa Barbara Independent says interest in your district. The high state

The Watertown Times says that the spectacle of a horse grazing in a front yard, too general cry. 'Ah, yes, indeed; trade is while a goose kept him from straying by holding the halter, did not attract as much attention as it would if the goose had not ! been an "exiled tailor's goose," weighing about twenty pounds.

father on the end of his finger, and going pledge. The employment of barmaids sented to the Toronto City Council last

Go to your own room, Margaret; to-morrow we will speak of this again. But before shyness increased, and she left hum he blessed her once more. She could not bring herself to recall these of the fluffy covering, it could not be carried to the fluffy covering, it could not be carried these of the fluffy covering, it could not be carried these or the fluffy covering to the fluffy covering t corpse had been completed, it was placed morning and made the quickest time on

A TERRIBLE AMINE.

One Hundred Thousand Persons in Dauger of Starvation.

ble as to render an appeal to the benevolent

Facts About Fingers.

White hands, with rosy palms, so beloved f our grandmothers, have gone out of The American hand is smaller than the

It is said that people with imagination are apt to have long, taper fingers and beautiful finger-nails. The good-natured critics are said to possess small, well-shaped nails, and their

English hand, but the nails are not as

handwriting is somewhat angular. The American nail suffers from the pitches; George can't throw straight to painted on panel suffers from the same

Diplomacy has a long, supple hand and a beautifully-kept finger-nail. The handwriting of a diplomatist looks like a snake crawling away. An aptitude for criticism is shown among

people who bite their nails. These people are cynical and severe, uncharitable and bitter ; they write a small, cramped, illeki The Chinese have finger-nails so long

that they could write with them. The tenacity of the Chinese nail, which does not easily break, would indicate that

The English nails are almost universally rosy and shell-like, and cut to a rounded, slightly tapering point, kept always scrul ulously clean. The skin at the base is pushed back to show the onyx, a little

The onyx of the finger-nails is carefully cultivated and polished by the creoles of New Orleans to show that they have to black blood in their veins. No matter how fair the complexion, the valuable sign of pure blood is wanting to the octoroon if the onyx is clouded.

Trial by Jury in Nevada.

A few days ago there was a small ciail suit tried before the justice of Pizen Switch -the same man who decided the anti treat law unconstitutional. It is always customary in such cases to have the winner of the suit pay the fees. The plaintiff, a big, raw-boned rancher, was called on to pay the jury of six \$2 apiece. He immediately stood up in court and queried

" Pay the jury \$12?" "Look a-here, judge, ain't this sorter oiling it on thick? I just paid four of the m fellers \$20 apie e. Do they want the earth, summer fallowed?"

The dead silence in the room was broken by a slight snicker from defendant's attor-

Cocoanuts for Coin. They are worse off for coin in Guanta, Venezuela, than we are in Panama. It appears the people have no coin, and when they want to buy anything they imme-

Yankee Notions.

Martha's Vineyard Herald: Marriage is a safeguard, provided you have only one "Are we making progress?" an exchange anxiously inquires. If we are not, what

the strawberry box if we are not? Lestin

Arranging for the Summer. Where shall we go this summer dear?" asked Mrs. Flyaway. "Well, let's see," replies her husband, "last winter we got malaria in Florida?" "Yes and the alligator got your pointer dog." "And the got my little skye terrier." "And the A revolution in the Province of Tucu- summer before that we went to the sec-"Not out? What do you mean?" said man, Argentine Republic, has been sup- shore and got bled by the mosquites and "the landlord?" "Yes, and the summer before that we went into the country and the children were laid up all summer with ivy poison? "I remember." "Well, if I felt as strong as I used to, I'd like first rate to take a vacation this summer, but I'm afraid I couldn't stand it. Let's stay home and rest this year."-Burdette.

Distressingly Healthy. Even the diminutive island of Jersey has At the first meeting of the New Blayden nothing whatever has occurred of medical altogther remarkable. Personally, I may fairly claim to join in the doleful and all very slack!' Could I pay a higher compliment to the good officers of your Board?

Bessie as a Musician. A great deal of effectual mission work has | Mr. H. - " Can you play any tunes on

A clock, manufactured especially for Egypt and other countries where laziness Large and influential petitions were pre is encouraged, strikes the hour twice in succession. The first striking simply acts

When in trouble the children are solbing And a tale of their suff ring she hears, There's a dew in her eyes for their sorrows Like a pearl from the ocean of tears. But when joy fills the homeslife with laughter And the little ones banish their care. In her eyes shines a light Like the stars of the night.

That smile out when the evening is fair.

"What makes the ball go so crooked?" on the shoulders of six members of the record from Japan to that port. Among the band, marched to the G. T.-R. station, who will proceed to England, and expect to where the 12.30 train for Chatham was make the quickest time by several days from Japan to London.