A Spring Day Reverie. (Edwin Hyde Carroll., Perchance if we had never met, I had been spared this mad regret,
This endress longing to forget.

Forever and Forever

Idly humming o'exsome measure Idly humming o ersome measure
That revives some pain or pleasure—
Mayhap, lingring thoughts of witherd bliss, or
sorrows too soon ripe—
'Mid the paling rys of daylight,
Hidden in the hish of twilight.
Fancies flutter'round me, peeping thro' the cloudpuffs from my pipe.

Restless visions roam above me.
Of the dear ones home who love me,
Twining sprays of sweet and tender mem'ries
'round my aching heart:
Of some keen regret, swift darting
Thro the breaking heart, at parting
From love's clinging tendrils—long since broken
can about the company of the company crushed or thrust apart.

Fickle mem'ry faintly traces Hall-forgotten forms and faces; And the pressure of some precious hand I seem to feel again ; While the searce remember I blisses Of affection's holy kisses.

Steal back, vividly, to tinge the recreant hear

with bitterpain. Now and then a vague, soft murmur Dritting nearer, sweeter, firmer, Rouses slumb'ring recollections of some voice once dear to me-Ah! there's one regret in meeting,
"Tis the parting that comes fleeting

And some cherish'd the is enapped asunder for etornity

Thus the chords of mem cy sibrate, While fantastic portraits gyrate Round and round my fervid fancy, to enrapture or enthrall Then, while more than half confessing That the Past breathes back some blessing.

One exquisite image, rising, brings; forgetfulness of all. Faintly traced and slowly speeding, Now advancing, now receding; Counting realms of imagery, while still mistrustful mem'ry sleeps—
Till each rare, enhancing feature

Of this fair, entrancing creature Is illum'd by lustrous rays of thought, through which remembrance peeps. Then my vision quickly clearing, Timid doubt now disappearing.

Frecall the form in all its blush and bloom

girlish pride; Feel, once more, the thrill in meeting— Mark her cordial, graceful greeting— View again those pure and glist'ning genes worth, no guile could hide.

Still, the moment that I met Ler, Came a yearning to forget her— For I knew how very wide apart our paths in-life must lie:
But the longing, lightly, cherish'd,
Waver'd, droop'd and carly perish'd—
For, the meeting never more, scalted thoughts

to her must my Yet, withal, while now enraptur'd By this culprit-vision, captur'd
In its flight from Fancy's vigilance, by gia arresting eyes. Comes a fear, I strive to banish,

That from bondage-view twill vanish, Leaving only spectres of Regret behind to thrive

Precious moments thus expire, Disregarding dear Desire,
While the echo of Time's footfall brings it's fate ful thrill of pain;
For each tiny, neeting minute Bears an age of bitss wrapp d in it, Slowly robbing me of rapture i shall never know again.

Thus, caressing Face comes littler Kissing Hope—and wishes wither; So, alas! this fair enchantress-view must face beneath the bright— Yet, ere darkness quite conceals her, Thro' the glow that now reveals her, Irresistibly bewitch'd, I gaze in eager, proud delight

At this tranquil, tender larry—
Artless, delicate and arry—
Thro' whose eyes, her soul's pure eloquence chaste beauties doth impart; While her graces, fascinating, And her charms, most captivating, Seem to mirror back a grandeur and nobility of

heart. Forever and forever, Altho' years and miles may sever, I shall constantly remember her who seem'c divine to me; And the Future will remind me

Of the fond Past, far behind me, non her simple conversation seem'd the sweetest melody. Thus I sit and caze and ponder-Thus, unfetter d, fancies wander Until Reason ends my Reverie-and all

dreams are o'er; Then Reality o'ertakes me And the sylph-like form forsakes me— Fading softly sweet from view—but Mem'ry liv

The Three ." Rockers." Three rockers/together, a-rockin' slow, On the east piazzer, all in er row; Where are the folks, yer want ter know? No answer comes, but the wind sighs low.

"The old house is gray with weather an' time, The well curb is mossy an' green with slime, Winders rattle an endless rhyme; Nobody's here, but the cheers rock slow.

"It ain't very long sence all in er row Three sisters sat rockin' here to and fro, Knittin', countin' from heel to toe, Watchin' the bay where sails come and go.

\*\* They watched an' they waited day after day. Not a single ship sailed inter the bay; 'Joe's long a-comin', then they say. Whales must be skeerce,' and they all rocked

"But while they watched Mandy whitened and shrank. And Mercy into strange silences sank, And Marthy, she looked old and lank;

When will Joe come?' and they rocked more "Then ther come er day when an empty cheer Moved soft in the wind by the sister pair; A year more passed, and Mercy there

"Three rockers together, a-rockin' slow, ot a soul in ther place to make 'em go; Folks are dead, if yer want ter know, An' the lonesome sea' is rockin' Joe!

Sat watchin' two idle rockers blow

## -W. H. Winslow, in Youth's Companion. Waiting. (By Archie Mack.

Waiting, yes, patiently waiting, Waiting, no murm ur or moan Silently, hopefully waiting, Living her life-time alone.

Patiently bearing life's burden. Waiting the sweet by-and-by, Daily fulfilling her mission, Stiffing the long troubled sigh

Sadly the weeks follow swiftly, Sad, oh, more sad grow they still. By months and years they are numbered Yet never the promise fulfil! Storm and sunshine visit the earth, The seasons expectant roll, And bring peace and plenty to all,

All save the poor waiting soul Years sadden the fair, patient face. Weary the gentle blue eyes Grow with their watching and waiting, For one who never arrives. At length comes the welcome message. She meekly bows neath the rod.
Death claims her one of his victims. Her waiting soul is with God.

As a letter of condolence, the following has been offered for a model: "I have heard of your great grief and I send you a simple pressure of the kand."

## SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

CHAPTER XIX.

.. When this letter is given to you, my child, you will be about to enter upon a new, untried life; and that you may not forget your mother then I have written these lines-written them with such loving thought of you, my daughter, and with such earnest prayer for your happiness and welfare, that, even if they sadden you a little, you must not mind now.

"What I am going to write here for your perusal is the story of my life—a story which more than once lately, dear, as I feel my health failing, I have been tempted to tell you. Not that I want to sadden you by telling you that my life is drawing to a close-my poor children. If I could save you that pain I would gladly live, even though life is such a dreary thing now-but think you ought to know my story, Shirley. When I am gone to meet your father once more—Heaven is so merciful that I dare look forward to that-you will live in Scotland, the country I once loved so dearly, but which I shall never see again. for it has been very cruel to me, my child. Perhaps, after all, it will be well that you should not know this story of mine until you are on the eve of marriage. I think, Shirley, and I hope with all sincerity and fervor, that you will never marry a man you do not love. Surely I have given you such notions of truth and honor as will preserve you from the sin and the shame of a loveless marriage If you do not love the man you are soing to marry, my daughter, it will not be too late to retract even at the last moment; it will be better to suifer any blame than to go a step further on the road which must inevitably lead to serrow and misery, and perhaps to sin and dishonor.

"But, if, as I hope, my child, you love the man to whom you are betrothed, it will help you to be gentle and lenient and merciful to the poor erring mother who has loved you with a love which ought, with all her faults, to induce you to think of her kindly. I should have liked to tell you the story, to have seen the pitying love on your face; but, if that pity and that love did not show themselves there, how could I have borne it? So perhaps it is better as it is. "You know the earlier part of my history, Shirley; you know that I was an only end petted daughter and a spoiled and indulged sister. I lost my father and mother while I was still a child, but your uncle, who was some years my senior, filled the place of those dear parents with such a tenderness that I missed them but little. He indulged me in every whim, he gave me my own way in everything; and I grew up proud, willful, and heedless of eveything but my own pleasure.

"I was beautiful-you too, my child, possess that fatal dowry of beauty; but I trust it will bring you only happiness. It is a great and precious gift if used aright, and gives the possessor a great power and influence for good or evil. I used my with them as long as it pleased my fancy; in his letter, there may be the greatest that I had been married myself." then [ cast them aside, careless whether difficulty in proving that you are not his the wounds I inflicted were serious or not. Flirtation is not looked upon as a sin

a the time in which we live. Shirley; but pray Heaven, my child, that you will be kept from such unwomanly shame. 'Among my admirers was a gentleman

ome ten or fifteen years my senior, whose suit my brother favored strongly. Sir Henry Proctor was a man of large property and distinguished family he was, more over, very handsome and agreeable; and he loved me-yes, he loved me. But there are so many different kinds of love, my darling. that it is difficult to know which is the true kind. This was true, so far as it went; but he preferred his happiness to mine, and true love does not do that.

"I was proud of my conquest, one which thers had attempted in vain; but I did not love Sir Henry Proctor, whom I had known three months when your father, Shirley, came to Dumfife, and Gilbert invited him to Fairholme. He was very centle to me, but very cold; he disapproved f my conduct, and reproved me more than once; but I loved him with all my heart end soul and strength. I loved him: and here was no woman on earth so happy as I when, one day, a danger to which I was exposed, and from which he rescued me. orced him to betray the love for me which he had hitherto kept concealed, because he was not wealthy enough to aspire to Miss Fairholme. Ah, how happy I was!

"My brother did not receive the news of our attachment very cordially. Mr. Ross was not rich, and his profession was seriously against him, in Gilbert's opinion. Still, when he saw that my happiness was involved, he consented to an engagement between us; but we were not to be married until I was twenty-one-a condition to which we both agreed willingly. Shortly afterward Roland went to Rome to continue the study of the art he loved.

"I missed him greatly, for I loved him with my whole heart; but my love did not prevent me from continuing my flirtation for the treachery that had caused her ing, and no such catastrophe will happen. with Sir Henry Proctor. My engagement, the news of which he had received very calmly, did not seem to trouble him at all: he was just as devoted as ever, but he did not put his devotion into words, and so I was off my guard. I thought he was willing to look upon me as a friend. He often met upon her name? How can I tell you how "I have brought up your diamonds, Shirley. me in my rides and walks, and he was a most agreeable companion.

"One day-ah, how clearly I remembered all its details afterward, although they made so little impression upon me at again came over me. I struggled against the time-we were riding at some distance it in vain. I could not feel that I was from Fairholme. I was unattended, for I rarely rode with a groom, but Sir Henry's servant was with him. A sudden and vio- day and night to Rome, where I knew lent storm came on, which frightened the Roland was. I remember seeing his agihorses and compelled us to seek shelter. We found it in a wayside inn where they were able to accommodate the horses, and Sir Henry and myself were glad to dry our clothes by the kitchen fire. We were laugh | nurse bending over me. I had been ill ing and chatting merrily over the mishap, many days, she told me, but she would not when the innkeeper's wife came in to ask if we would take any refreshment. Sir Henry sleep; and I was too weak to be very curienswered at once, 'Yes; my wife would ous, or to feel anything deeply. But, as like some tea, if you please.' 'And what days went on, my strength came back, and will you take, sir?" 'Some toddy,' he with it my recollection; and I suffered an enswered laughing; then, when she had agony of distress when I thought of the sat waiting for the bridesmaid to come and left us, he turned to me, merrily asking how shame I had brought upon a name hitherto dress her, the color coming back slowly and he has served his time in half a dozen

"We were very merry over it; and, but that I perferred him; so I had thrown And the landlady laughed too, and said she did not wonder, for Sir Henry was handsome enough to make any girl false. And all this time Sir Henry's groom was standing in the kitchen, at a distarce from us, but where every word reached him distinctly.

"Well, the storm ceased, and we rode away, and I thought no more of our adventure. / Sir Henry came daily to Fairholme -and he was too agreeable and pleasant not to be missed if he did not come—and the months passed on until I was approaching not speak, even to you. You were not too my twenty-first birthday; and I began to look forward to Roland's return.

"But one day-oh, Shirley, shall I ever forget the day?

Shirley had been reading attentively and without a pause for some time when she I am very weary, and I have told you all reached this part of her mother's narrative. Forgive your mother, Shirley, and think and during the last few minutes she had grown terribly pale, and an expression of much, but she has suffered; for all the love intense horror was creeping slowly into her and peace of so many years of her life have wide dilated eyes. Now she stopped, pushing the sheets of paper from her with a quick passionate movement; and, as she rose from her chair, the letter fell fluttering down at her feet. She did not heed the falling sheets as she moved away from the fire, pushing back her hair from her face with a wild troubled gesture almost of despair. She did not know what horror had come upon her; she was trembling from head to foot in an undefined agony of fear, her breath was coming in quick gasps of lovely face, and all grew dark as she fell terror, and the throbbing of her heart might almost have been heard in the still ness of the room. For a few moments this terror held her, then it passed away, and she forced her stiff livid lips to smile at the looking glass as she passed on her way back to the fire.

She stooped, lifted, with little remorseful tender fingers, the fallen sheets and smoothed them out, pressing them, with a stairs?' passionate revulsion of feeling, to her lips; then, still trembling a little and very pale, she sat down and recommenced to

"But one day-on, Shirley, shall I ever forget the day?—your uncle came into the room where I was writing to Roland, and, with a sternness he had never shown to me before, handed me a letter from Sir Henry Proctor, claiming me as his wife. I remember how I laughed, and said gayly that Sir Henry must have taken leave of his senses; but Gilbert's gravity never changed. He sat down and desired me to tell him all that had happened at the inn. made light of it; but he interrupted me. Marian,' he said sternly, 'this is no jesting matter. In this country there are marriages called irregular marriages which are as binding in law as any others. Persons with no intention of marriage may become married, even when they do not know that feeling of intense horror creeping over me. May I see the letter?' I said steadily; and, when he gave it to me, I was able to read it calmly, and to acknowledge that Sir Henry had merely related what had occurred at the inn where we had sheltered during the storm. But I could not believe, even when Gilbert assured me of it, that that could possibly constitute a marriage. Of course legal assistance was sought immediately, and the eminent lawyers whom opinions. One said that I was Sir Henry's brides to be pale, Ruby.' wife, another that it was no marriage; but I saw the danger to which I had exposed during that terrible time! Of course

Roland had to be told; and, as soon as he fondness as she went over to the table to This is almost on a par with a case tried in came to Fairholme, Sir Henry pressed his pour out the tea. claims upon me, and all my entreaties were in vain. At first Gilbert, anxious to avoid merrily. "She does not intend to put in scandal, entirely refused to have the case referred to the law courts, but my passionate pleading—I threw myself at his feet, Shirley, until he consented-at last succeeded. Shall I tell you the result, my were lost, or had strayed," she went on, daughter? A few words spoken in jest at a wayside inn in the presence of witnesses made me the wife of a man whom I never room, or they will get desperate. Men are loved, but whom now [ abhorred. I was Sir Henry Proctor's wife. It was no mat- the present.' ter that I had not given my consent, that I I had consented to this irregular marriage of it?" to avoid the blame which a jilt justly Shirley. I was very ill-sick unto deathand I was no better when I went home to ing poor Guy out of his senses.

her heart. "Shirley, how can I tell you the rest? How can a mother confess to her child reverse. And swooning brides may be very what will perhaps make her despise her interesting in a novel, but they are very and hate her for the shame she has brought | tiresome in real life," said Ruby gayly. my endurance failed under the misery and How superb you will be!" wretchedness which were my constant companions? My health gave way; a terror of death without ever seeing Roland gift," Shirley remarked languidly. "I

married in the sight of heaven; and one day I left Sir Henry's house and travelled tated, startled, rapturous face; then consciousness left me.

"When my senses came back, I was lying in a strange room, with a strange

rather which he had given to me—as his had sunk to the lowest level and was worthy no unusual commotion was to be heard. only of contempt. I was almost quite strong again when I saw Roland; and the when the woman came back, Sir Henry sight of his pitying compassionate face, spoke frequently of his wife, and I laughed so altered and sorrowful, almost broke my and coquetted and called him my husband, heart, and I longed to die. But I was well and told the landlady that we had not been enough to hear the news which he brought. It would be too cruel to wait till now. Even married long, and said many other fooiish me; and, he told me in his grave tender if he knows the law, he does not care. I things, I dare say. Sir Henry said laughingly voice that I was free now—that Death had that I had been engaged to some one else, freed me. Sir Henry Proctor, on his way to

Rome in pursuit of me, had been one of the the other fellow over and had married him. victims of a terrible railway accident in the south of France. "You know the rest. Your father loved me enough to share my shame and misery, and we were married. With what intense love.

what heartfelt humility, I became his wife you cannot guess, my child; how earnestly the Hearer of Prayer and my own heart. That he was happy I believe, and I think I helped to make him so. But of his goodness, his patience, his unfailing love for the erring woman he had made his wife I canyoung when you lost him to appreciate his nobility, and, my child, that you will always revere his memory is my truest

"And now, my darling, I must cease kindly of her, if you can. She has sinned not blotted out her regret for the irrevocable past. May such love be yours, my daughter, but not such regret! Heaven forever bless you, Shirley!'

That was the end; the piteous confession was finished, the last words were read; and Shirley's hazel eyes were raised slowly from the pages over which she bent. For a moment she stared straight in front of lids sunk, a ghastly pallor overspread the back in a merciful unconsciousness.

CHAPTER XX.

"My dear Shirley," said Ruby Capel's gay voice, as her bright brunette face appale horror stricken face she saw in the peared at the door of Shirley's room the next morning, "this is not at all en regle. You ought not to have ventured to get up until you had had some tea; and of course you are not thinking of venturing down

Shirley, who had been standing at the window in her long crimson dressing-gown, with her pretty chestnut hair falling around ner, turned round, smiling, to answer her friend's gay greeting. "Of course I am not going to venture

down stairs," she said lightly. "I have some slight regard les convenances, Ruby, and-"The very idea of a bride making her

appearance before she is dressed in all her bridal finery is enough to make Mrs. Grundy expire!" cried Ruby gayly. "Then, if it would have such a very de-

sirable effect, Ruby, I had better go down at once.

"She would expire only for five minutes," said Ruby resignedly. "She is a Guadalajara branch of the Mexican Cenregular headed monster, and there is no tral Railway have noted that as fast as the killing her. It must have been a terrible construction advances rain follows, and shock to her to think that Major Stuart they hold that this is due to the large slept in the house last night. That is quite quantity of steel rails on that cars, which power for evil, Shirley; I employed my they are legally held to be so. If the facts contrary to etiquette. Really I am so are carried forward as fast as the work of beauty as a snare to win hearts and toy are as Sir Henry Proctor has stated them au jait that you might very well imagine construction permits. The most noticeable

> While she chatted gayly she had placed wife. I looked at him in surprise, with a on the table the little tray she had carried them, for a number of miles. Rains beat into the room; then she went to Shirley's down, as described, in bucketfuls, just side and stood on tiptoe to kiss her, for where the steel rails are, but only in circles Shirley was much taller than the little a few miles in diameter." 'pocket Venus" with whom Captain Fairholme was so smitten.

"Come and have some breakfast, Shirley, my bonny bride," she said fondly. "You it has not been explained," look awfully pale, my dear, to-day. Have

you had a bad night? "I did not sleep much," Shirley answered, smiling. "But I am very well brother consulted gave conflicting and I am sure it is the correct thing for when he had proceeded for about two hours

"Yes, but you have such dark shadows men in the box; where is the twelfth? myself. Heaven only knows how I suffered look most lovely," she added softly; and eleven, he has gone away about some busi-Shirley returned her kiss with passionate ness; but he has left his verdict with me.

"Alice is not stirring yet," Ruby said an appearance until she comes to assist you with your toilet. She says getting up early by the clerk of the peace: "How say you. is a mistake on an occasion of this kind. The men are wandering about as if they laughing. "I have just sent Os-Captain Fairholme to take them into the billiard-

such helpless mortals on an occasion like "Certainly, women take more naturally was ignorant of the abominable marriage. to it," said Shirley languidly, drinking her law in force in the country I loved so tea feverishly, but not tasting any of the dearly; I was his wedded wife. I think dainty breakfast which Ruby had brought they believed that I had been a consenting her. "Who is it, Ruby, who says that all party, and that I was willing then to accept | women seem to be in their natural element

"Some one who has studied human incurs. But, be that as it may, I was his nature," answered Ruby, laughing. "Come, wife. A long period of darkness followed, Shirley dear, do cat something. We shall have you fainting by and by and frighten-

"You need not be at all afraid," Shirley Sir Henry's magnificent estate—a wife who hated her husband, who despised him said laughingly. "I am not given to faintmisery, who love i another man with all Even if it did, Guy would not be frightened out of his senses.'

"You think not? Well. I think the

" I wish that Sir Jasper had not desired that I should be married in his beautiful perfer a bride, especially a dowerless bride like me, to wear no jewels. What are you gazing at so steadfastly, Ruby!"

"At a mounted messenger riding in hot naste up the avenue," said Ruby carelessly. A telegram, I suppose. She did not turn away from the window,

or she would have seen the awful look of deathly pallor which stole into her lips. ries. But Miss Ross conquered her emotion by an effort, and there was a short silence, during answer any questions—only soothe me to which Ruby admired the diamonds glittering on their satin bed, and Shirley sat still and calm outwardly, but full of a terrible anxiety. Then Ruby flittered away to don her pretty bridesmaid dress, and Shirley I liked the position I had assumed or honored and unstained, and that I myself into her cheeks as the time slipped by and penitentiaries.

"After all," Shirley thought, as ah leant her head upon the cushions and forced a smile to her lips, "my fears are groundless. Sir Hugh never meant that he could not be so treacherous and so base. am so absurdly nervous. A breath of fresh air will do me good."

She went to the window, opened it, and leaned out. It was a fine sunshiny morning, although a good deal of snow had fallen during the night-bitterly cold, but seasonable—a fair day for a wedding-day, Shirley thought, if the proverb held good that "happy is the bride the sun shines on." The view from the window was very prayed for his happiness is known only to beautiful; all the skeleton trees in the park were clothed with a fair spotless mantle, which glittered in the sun. Two of the maid-servants were hurrying along the terrace under the window, laughingly comparing the valentines which the post had brought tnem. They looked bright and busy and smiling in their pretty new gray dresses and smart white-ribboned caps, and their gay pleasant voices reached Shirley's ears as she leaned at the window above, letting the cold fresh air blow on her hos brow and bring a faint color into her fair

She felt weary and languid, and the chill reviving breeze was pleasant to her; she had not slept all night, and the heavy shadows under the lovely hazel eyes testified to the long vigil. Her faint had been but short; she had returned to life and consciousness to find the fire dying out and her mother's letter still open upon her lap; and for the first few moments her agony of mind had been unendurable and indescribable, but then her calmer reason had reasserted itself, and she told herself that her with wide unseeing eyes, then the white Sir Hugh had not meant anything when he called her his wife. Had he done so, he would not have delayed until now, he would not have gone away without a word or sign. Yet all through the night hours the thought had haunted her with a persistency which she could not dismiss, and the gray winter dawn had found her lying wakeful and wide-eyed upon the pillow.

(To be continued.)

Rain and Railroads. "But clearing off the land prevents rain-

A New York Mail and Express scientist was discussing this problem with a tourist who has recently returned from a scientific isant into South America.

"That may be so," returned the latter. "but it is a meteorological fact that the laying of railroad tracks in certain countries produces rain. Take Mexico, for instance. Recent serious damage done by washouts on the northern section of the Mexican Central Road was due to waterspouts bursting on the track, and it is a curious fact that waterspouts seem to be attracted by the iron track and telegraph wires.

"Not only that," continued the tourist. "But the engineers on the line of the fact is that the country is dry in advance of the construction trains, and also behind

"How true this theory is," added the traveller in conclusion, "I don't pretend to sav, but the fact remains, and up to date

Humors of the Jury.

"I remember," says Lord Eldon, "Mr Justice Gould trying a case at York, and he observed, 'Here are only eleven jury under your eyes, dear. Never mind-you Please you, my lord, said one of the one of the Lancashire courts, when Sergeant Cross was a resident barrister in that county. The jury having consulted and agreed upon their verdict, were addressed gentlemen of the jury, do you find for the plaintiff or the defendant?" "What sayn yo? I dunnot understand," said the foreman. "Why, as you have decided, all I want to know is, whether your verdict is for the plaintiff or the defendant?" The foreman was still greatly embarrassed; but he replied, "Whoy, I raly dunnot know, but we're for him as Mester Cross is for! +Chambers' Journal.

The Artist Tells Her His Secret.

Lady-" I like your pictures so much. and I would dearly love to be an artist. richer suitor than Roland Ross, and that at a wedding, and all the men to be out Won't you tell me the secret how to do it?" Artist-" Most willingly, madam. You have only to select the right colors and put them on the right place." "Oh, thanks, awfully. I shall go home now and commence right away.

> A Poor Rule That Won't Work Both Ways Mother-Johnny, did you ask your employer if you might get off to-day? Son-No, the boss never speaks to be about it when he goes .- From Judge.

In an interview between Henry M. Staney and a newspaper correspondent, the distinguished explorer said: "I have been in Africa seventeen years, and I have never met a man who would kill me if I folded my hands."

-Rev. Dr. Smith, ex-Moderator of Presbyterian Church in Canada, now in California, has decided to accept a call from St. John's Church, San Francisco. He is expected to preach his farewell sermon in Galt about the second Sunday in April.

Mr. Daniel Collins, a well-known resident of London West, fell down a stairway at the Boswell House, King street, on terror which crossed Shirley's face and the Thursday evening, sustaining severe inju-

Alexander Arnold, otherwise known as Old Aleck," who has just been released from the penitentiary at Joliet, Ill., is probably as accomplished a horse-thief as there is in the country. During the thirty years of his criminal career he is known to have stolen more than 300 horses, including some valuable Kentucky thoroughbreds.

Why wi cheme of be know I love shall come we can man " I canno family have abroad and vou returnbetween me

" Never!" " I have c and so Fran Daisy Stank determination met again. Mays, whon Mays intro offers his ha She was l who was elb ley's side. sciousness. " Daisy, I Mayburn's as any strai That night

to dinner, sl in the draw on seeing he So you indifferentl reached out burn, instea Will y Daisy ?" so tenderly She oper astonishme person, rep taken in M her public word publ

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He put ! " Forgi I have no of you." Just the other yeu room and Presently ner was a out, as h right hand Mays, at After din more, al. and then morning. In all or no surround could da but Dais

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