An Old Sweetheart of Mine.

As one who cons at evening o'er an album all And muses on the faces of friends that he has I find the smiling features of an old sweetheart

The lamplisht seems to glimmer with a flicker As I turn it low to rest me of the dazzle in my eyes, And I light my pipe in silence, save a sigh that Its fate with my tobacco, and to vanish in the

Tis a fragrant retrospection, for the loving what on earth has she done? thoughts that start Into being are like perfumes from the blossoms And to dream the old dream over is aluxury When my truent fancy wanders with that old

Though I hear, beneath my study, like a flutter-The voices of my children and the mother as she sings,
I feel no twinge of conscience to deny me any theme When care has cast her anchor in the harbor of

In fact, to speak in earnest, I believe it adds : To spice the good a trifle with a little dust of harm; For I find an extra flavor in memory's mellow wine.
That makes me drink the deeper to that old

face of lily heauty and a form of airy grace Float out from my tobacco as the genius from And I thrill beneath the glances of a pair of As glowing as the summer and as tender as the

I see the pink sunbonnet and the little check ered dress
She wore when first I kissed her and she an-With the unwritten declaration that "as surely as the vine Grew round the stump, she loved me," that old sweetheart of mine.

And again I feel the pressure of her slender ittle hand,
As we used to talk together of the future we had planned When I should be a poet, and with nothing else But to write the tender verses that she set the

When we should live together in a cosy little cot. Hid in a nest of roses, with a tiny garden spot, Where the vines were ever fruitful and the weather ever fine.
And the birds were ever singing for that old

sweetheart of mine. When I should be her lover forever and a day, And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden

And we should be so happy that when either's They should not smile in Heaven till the other's

But, ah! mv dream is broken by a step upon the stair,
And the diverse softly opened, and my wife is standing there. Yet with eagerness and rapture all my visions I resign To meet the living presence of that old sweet-

heart of mine -JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION A NOVEL.

"You Delight!" he said, softly. "More angel than woman! what have you done to me? Have you come to redeem me. or to make me despicable in my own eyes?" " I have come to help her and to prevent

a mistake," she replied, her voice faltering. She made a movement to free herself, but he held her still pressed to him. The voices of the Smythe Smiths, dominating . the others, came in from the garden. The guests were returning from the orchids and the vineries

"We must go back to them," said Lady Elizabeth, whose embarrassment was becoming painful. Woman-like, she was the first to remember appearances and to think of details.

"Yes." said Anthony, with sudden coldness, releasing her and turning away. This world has to be considered. They must not remember that He paused; he was going to add- 'that I am married and you are not my wife." but stopped himself in time. There was a suggestiveness in it that would perhaps offend her; and harsh and even brutal as he had been only so short a time ago, he would not now wound her for the wealth of the world or for the whole glory of life. "Then good by," said Lady Elizabeth.

"I shall leave Uplands to-morrow morning. and shall not see you again."

"We shall meet," he answered, opening the door for her to pass out : but he himself went back into the room, and the restraint of her presence now taken away, he sat down by the table and sobbed like a woman or a child. And his guests, who found Lady Elizabeth sitting alone in the drawing room, had to leave without formal adieux to their host, whom they amused themselves in vilifying for most part of the way to their respective homes. "Such a boor!" the women said, or "Such a bear!" But the men said, more flercely, "What a cad that fellow is !"

> CHAPTER IX. TOO PURE TO FEAR.

Even the Smythe Smiths followed suit. and fell foul of their neglectful host with more acrimony than was usual to them. In general they were good natured enough. as folks are who have anything still to get from the world, and who prefer to coax rather than to compel. But now that their son was about to make a marriage which would ally them with the real aristocracy -albeit with its elbows cooling in the airthey were disposed to stand a little more firmly on their rights, and to resent the slackness of any rope that should be taut.

"It was most discourteous-most unusual!" said Mrs. Smythe Smith. severely. " I wonder where he went-what became of him? Where were you, Lady Elizabeth? I missed you when we went to see the orchids."

I saw him for a short time after then." said Lady Elizabeth, angel as she was. fibbing a little by implication-by the suggestio falsi as well as the suppressio veri. "He went into the library when I left him, partly by real kindness toward this and I heard him lock the door."

Good heavens! is the man mad said Mrs. Smythe Smith, irritatory. He of her beauty—and partly by the innate had faded into so many shadows, and the she had personally known, and who had quite insulted, it was so abominably rude." She was seriously annoyed. To be sure, danger by contact with any kind of inferior. this poor simulacrum of her former self. she must read to the last words, that bad and in doubt about the date)—Let me see. she had no daughter for whom to had Estelle been one of themselves he likely husband; but she none the less might have hesitated; being George Clar likely husband; but she none the less might have hesitated; being George Clandesired the friendship, intimate and desired the friendship, intimate and desired the friendship, intimate and left Thrift and her child for the evil ways denounce this evil door made her no more fifth, and two or those are dead.

Elizabeth.

have I," she continued. "Good gracious me!" cried Mrs. Symthe Smith, startled into the vernacular of her youth. "Where is she, my dear? him so long in doubt whether she was alive or dead? My! what an extraordinary thing! Wherever can she be? And had leisure to think. For the last twenty- station, and the construction she had put

" She is ill," said Lady Elizabeth. "But where?" asked Mrs. Smythe

"At Mentone," said Lady Elizabeth, with a reluctance she tried to conceal and did not.

"Then she did run away with some thought better things Shrewd woman as she was, she could put

her two and two together as accurately as Lady Elizabeth was silent. Her love

and pity for Estelle went as far as silence. but not so far as falsehood. " Is it not so, Lady Elizabeth? Did she not go off with Mr. Osborne?

repeated the young artist's former hostess and quasi-maternal friend. "What I know I must not repeat," said Lady Elizabeth, very gently. " My friend's secrets are not mine.'

Bat I am going to-morrow to Mentone to see her, 'added Lady Elizabeth. "She was always one of my dearest friends, and I cannot bear to think of her out there alone, without one belonging to her near

"Is she alone?" asked Mr. Smythe Smith. "Yes; one friend only is with her."

"Mr. Osborne?" Mrs. Smythe Smith' "No," said Lady Elizabeth.

Husband and wife looked at each other. This admission was a little rent in the veil of mystery in which the whole affair

was shrouded. "And she is following?" asked Mrs. Smythe Smith.

"She is ill." said Lady Elizabeth, making a fine distinction not lost on her hearers. ping to consider that fracture of the wedding-ring which was all too certain, and with tears.

"And you are going, my dear?" asked surprise, that might mean almost displeasure, in her voice.

To-morrow," was the answer. " How will your people like that? Will your mother and Lord Kingshouse approve

"Surely," said the earl's daughter, emphatically: "they know how much I loved poor Estelle. They will think me time of trouble."

man?" asked Mrs. Smythe Smith. " That does not make her sufferings less

painful nor his death less pitiable." said Lady Elizabeth.

need not fear defilement!" she answered, and her pain had passed. mickly. "And defilement from Estelle Dear friend! you do not know her as I do. She is the purest of the pure—the sweetest and best of all the girls I have ever known." "And left her husband and gone off with another man?" said Mrs. Smythe mith her evebrows uplifted.

"Whatever she may have done she cannot be corrupted." said Lady Elizabeth warmly. "Mistaken. 33; but not with the hot temper and highly strung corrupted."

tick; but on the whole she inclined to propriety as the more lasting condition and the more stable foundation.

If you knew her as well as I do you would think as I do," said Lady Elizabeth. alone. He had fully intended to go with It would be impossible for Estelle Clanricarde to be evil in heart."

"Only in deed?" queried Mr. Smythe Smith. making a neat point.

" I do not defend all she has done, but corrupt in heart she certainly is not," answered Lady Elizabeth. "I know her her now-at least so he assured himself. so well! I have known her ever since we Still it was exquisite pain to him to think It was the curiosity of ignorance just should be given to Niagara. Thus far such were quite children together, and she cannot have suddenly changed her nature."

until you had your parents' sanction," said he had held in his arms and called his own, last craze, as Mrs. Aspline termed it; and question in reality turns largely upon the Mrs. Smythe Smith, sensibly enough. answered.

"Then, my dear young lady, let me advise you, wast till you are confirmed in mother of his son, should take from another stronger and bigger in her perfect spotless. to the Niagara Synod of about \$5,000. It your assurance," said her host, in his heart enjoying the new attitude he had suddenly ture! what degradation! He longed to be beth! She, Anne Aspline, the somewhat peace and good will, some such agreement assumed of half-censuring mentor to the earl's daughter, his social superior. " Perhaps it would be best," she said.

weetly. Lady Elizabeth, while you are unmarried. belong to your familyyourcontrol. Your

own. Wait, and let my lord decide." of their consent," she said.

"In which case you can start, as you propose, to-morrow, with a clean way bill." he answered, with a strange smile. But Lady Elizabeth was right. My lord's curt answer was simple and direct.

"Do as you wish," it said-dictated desolated, misguided young creature—this not have come to this state of mind. But more absorbing than the condemnation is Estelle, whom they had known in the days said Mrs. Smythe Smith, irritably. "He of her innocence, and loved in the heyday passions roused by the late bitter tragedy ruption, as it seemed to her, of a girl whom pride of the British nobleman, holding only concrete fact that remained was the been on a higher social platform than herthe was seriously annoyed. To be sure, danger by contract with and his too high for any kind of physical distress and pecuniary need of self, was a page of living Zolaism which

morrow for the liviers, where she was to take the comfort of her presence to that poor faithful heart half distraught with and sea let the desire be never so strong the form of reliable to that guilty soul besten down the form of reliable to the to worse than death by woe, yet too full has to be taken instead, and full-flavored sitting familiarly with that infamous What has he heard? Why has she kept of her life-long love to have the sense of either repentance or contrition.

And now, on the journey, Lady Elizabeth

four hours all had been excitement and how passionately the loved him. Girls do all the details. one!" cried the other. "And it was her not understand themselves as do women old lover, that young Osborne, of whom I of experience when the well-known fires are first gave Estelle a spell of renewed mental rekindled, and the familiar eyes of re- vigor. She recovered her intellectual tone dear; she knows her own affairs best, and awakened love shine out afresh and that as a slackened fire blazes up with a fresh what she wishes to do, and how to conduct which has been is again, under other forms supply of fuel. It was almost like the herself," was the reply. "Come on, and life and supply of her beloved thrown across the Annette," he added, moving away. "I she bore something in her heart she neither darkness of her days to have Lady Eliza- dislike this publicity so much! It is not wished to look at too closely nor to let beth here—she who was so bound up with ladylike, my dear. It is not Christian." others see at all. She was conscious of a the earlier part of this grievous history, sense of blessedness in feeling that she and who in a manner reproduced the pass close, and her upper lip pulled down, as could serve him, influence him to good, be and redeemed the present. And oh, for was her wont when recalcitrant and deter-of living use to him in any way. She was ingratitude of the beloved who do not love! mined. "This creature is a shameless remembered how he had held her in his arms and she had felt the beating of his one about her other than that faithful slave be with her." heart against her own. She was who did all that was necessary for her All this was heard with cruel distinctthat it was just the impulse of a brother his queer awkward ways and irritating face first paid as her ears took in Anne's conquered by her prayer and yielding to devotion now that Lady Elizabeth was words and their meaning became clear to was still his all. Yet that silent caress had freer than she had done-freer, that is, and shone with dangerous brilliancy. or dared to think. Her father's favorite name for her danced in her brain to the her surroundings. Thus it was that Estelle music of Anthony's voice, not his; and railied for the first days and even weeks of now at Estelle with half-terrified comthe air in every turn of the wheels. She permanent recovery. did her best to get away from these thoughts, through which ran an unacknow-"How very sad!" said Mrs. Smythe she expected. But, clinging as they were, as the young lover forbidden by the Smith, with genuine sympathy, not stop- they did not make her central feeling—her authorities—than as the dying hasband of duty to Estelle—the less potent or clear, these later times. Lady Elizabeth did not Elizabeth, soothingly. "She never had thinking only of the suffering human being. She tried to banish them; to fix her phenomenon or an act of reticence for the "Yes," said Lady Elizabeth, whose eyes thoughts on Estelle's sufferings, herdespair, sake of morality she had outraged. She were, as so often before to day, filling up her loss, her sorrows; but these faded never discovered which it was, for she was Mrs. Smythe Smith, a faint little accent of the iron staves like sweetest music—that she did not regret and the expression of a killed my darling," she added; "and for silent. strong embrace repeated itself in repentance she did not feel. her memory-and the thread of disappointed hope in that she had not seen

> Then wearied and overcome by all this ened by eplints. emotion, she burst into tears as she buried One day the three were sitting on the with firm rebuke. heart. And then she slept.

When she awoke the sun was shining; Estelle was near; and Arthony was No, not for herself; but for you? banished from her thoughts. She had been Those who touch pitch, you know and through the Valley, and the fire had Those who touch pitch, you know and through the Valley, and the fire had studied each expression of that flower-like "We are not God," said Anne; "and Lady Elizabeth is too pure to be defiled." scorched and blistered her overnight. face—lovely and flower-like yet, for all its Lady Elizabeth no more than any one else." "If I am good for anything at all, I To-day she was in the clear light of heaven,

CHAPTER X.

THE SHEEP AND THE GOATS.

Hard words break no bones. Neither do angry ones mend them when broken. Anthony Harford proved this when he was ying on the road with a snapped "tibia" -happily the fracture was simple, not compound—because his fiery young horse. nerves, had first shied at a traction engine, It does not do to palter with sin or to then bolted, and finally smashed the trap give soft words to wickedness," said Mrs. into match-wood, and emptied its contents Smythe Smith, gravely. Between her by the way-side, leaving groom, luggage, desire not to offend Lady Elizabeth, and and master in a mass of moving conglomthat curiously strict propriety belonging to erate, while he himself ran up a bank and the socially insecure, she was in a cleft snorted like a demon over the spill below. Had it not been for this untoward accident, which Anthony's full-flavored Americanisms in no wise helped, Lady Elizabeth would not have gone to Mentone her, partly for her own sake, but in greater against his faithless wife had died down, and that conversation with her dear adthe suffering woman. He had no love for that Estelle should be in need of aught dashed by prudency, with the desire of "Still, I do not think I would go to her he had so passionately loved—that fairunder all circumstances, if I were you., faced, bashful, and reluctant maid, whom She had heard by now of Lady Elizabeth's "I know they would not object," she his own in heart and mind as well as person eyes how far that madness of sympathy made. It is understood that as a result of her reluctance counting for shyness what it was his duty to supply—what tor. ness than them all, even than Lady Elizathat she would die. He saw no good for heads of those who had formerly rapped her should she live. He would not take her knuckles! To be sure Lady Elizabeth "Without question," was the rejoinder. her back; and for his son's sake he did not in her own person had never rapped her Do nothing rash, and then you will have care to divorce her. He did not wish to knuckles, nor any other's, but she belonged nothing to repent. Your actions, remember. put her shame on the record forever, and to those who had; and class solidarity is a so sear the mother of his child with such fact like any other. credit and your name are theirs, not your as Lady Elizabeth had said, he would not eager contemplation of Estelle's fault was "I can telegraph to night, but I am sure himself because of her. But he would for her strong condemnation, she could not satisfied his conscience.

counted on showing off to day before the throw over her the mantle of charity, and Still though only this simulatorum of cruel than was the Jewish executioner rest the good terms on which they, the her snow white purity would get never a the woman he had so ardently loved. An when he flung the first stone at the sinners new-comers at Uplands, stood with the stain in consequence.

So that little hitch was overcome. And able. But when a fram is lying on a sacrifice to the offended virtue of the law. Lady Elizabeth made ready to start to heavily metalled road, with one startly leg and the mutilated majesty of the law.

The start in the mutilated majesty of the law.

The start in the mutilated majesty of the law.

The start in the mutilated majesty of the law.

The start in the mutilated majesty of the law.

The start in the mutilated majesty of the law.

The start in the mutilated majesty of the law.

The start in the mutilated majesty of the law.

The start in the mutilated majesty of the law. "He has had news of his poor wife; so take the comforts of her presence to that fit for a twenty-four hours' journey by land

> Americanisms do not help matters one jot. woman and that awful man!" So this was the reason why Lady Elizabeth was disappointed at the railway on Anthony's words was not justified by turmoil and a confusion of feelings in his deeds. She understood it all when she naturally more pitiful to Estelle. which desire to help Estelle had been the reached Mentone, and a telegram gave her only clear and simple line. She knew that the bare outline of what had happened. A shrilly. "Do you think it very pleasant Anthony Harford. She did not quite know content till the letter did arrive which gave

> The arrival of Lady Elizabeth at the -it was a relief beyond words to have some sinner, and Lady Elizabeth ought not to You Delight!" was hammered out with Lady Elizabeth's arrival, and cheated her every beat of the piston, and swung through friends into the delusive hope of possible

> conscious, too, of a strange sense of happi- she seemed to have entirely forgotten her this queenly lass—as she is not herself, as ness of which she was half afraid, and of marriage with Anthony Harford and her one might say!" shame for which she blushed, when she motherhood of his child. Though she left off living on his grave, her whole talk was said Estelle with a shudder. "She helped ledged thread of disappointment in that of Charlie. She spoke of him, however, to kill my darling. He would have lived Anthony had not come to the station, as more in relation to her girlish life more longer if she had not spoken as she did. Still, they distracted and disturbed her. know if this was a purely mental away into a vague kind of mournful cloud. too tender to bring the poor sinner to book, while "You Delight!" rang out between and force from her the confession of a sin the dust with her parasol. "But she

> Meanwhile Anthony Harford's broken bone was knitting together as vigorously as Anthony at the station as she had hoped such a man's naturally would, with his to her retreating husband. "You ought to waxed broader and thicker and deeper in certain advent when he should be able to speak to them.' move, supported on crutches and strength-

her face in the pillow provided seat outside the garden of the hotel where Screwed up as far away in the other proper people like this." corner as was possible, and sitting awkwatched each breath of those parted lips, in his parsonic voice. heal, not scarify-soothe, not sting- on herself that might turn to danger. feit her own heart all the lighter for the

temporary sunshine over her friend. Suddenly voices only too well known struck on their ears and the Medicotts same into view. They had been as far as Florence, but had turned back on their steps and had taken Mentone on their way nome. This was against the wish of the undeviating-was beginning to make headway against the other's wish. One of those had committed the Lily of Kingshouse to

an ineffaceable brand; and if she were ill. The persistency of Anne's mind in her harm her, and he did not mean now to kill a strange study in human nature. For all give her. He wanted to forgive her before forego the unwholesome fascination which she died-to know that she sank into the this naughtiness had for her. It was the deep river of eternity with his blessing, his same fascination that a book of Zola's has pardon, and the sense and glory of his past for his readers. They condemn it, and love about her. Then she would be at call it shocking and horrible and monstrous as things were, with his rival dead, all the strong. So with Anne. This fearful cordied on their hands."

her speech to that guilty soul, beaten down the form of splints and plaster of Paris, to speak to her, but how can I when she is

"Hush, my dear! -softly, Annette!" said Mr. Medlicost, in a lower voice. He was not so keen on this testifying of virtue as was his young wife, and he was

"Why should I hush?" cried Anne, she loved and admired, and, in spite of his letter would follow, said the brief notice; for me to see Lady Elizabeth—a friend late defection from the nobler way, respected and with this Lady Elizabeth had to be who has dined in our house and we in hers. -lower herself to such infameus surround ings as a runaway wife and a common miner like that horrid Mr. Stage? "Lady Elizabeth is not a child, my

"It is right," said Anne, her mouth set

not accustomed to be held in the arms of material well-being, but who supplied no ness by the three on the seat. Such wind men, and yet it had somehow seemed element of personal happiness and no as there was set that way, and brought the natural to be in his. She said to herself spiritual sustenance. She could bear with sounds sharply to the senses. Estelle's the victor. She knew that she was nothing there to, in a manner, share the burden of her mind. Then it flamed with fever and to him-not even his sister-while Estelle his personality; and she felt altogether excitement, and her large eyes glistened been more precious than she liked to own from the incubus of her dark depression, Caleb stirred in his place like a hound held and more able to understand herself and in leash, looking now at Anne, with indignation staring in his round red-lidded eyes. passion, and again at Lady Elizabeth as if for direction.

"That she ever could!" he kept on say It was a curious psychological fact that ing to himself. "That she ever could—and

"That fearful girl—she is like a ghoul And now she has come to kill me."

"Do not mind her, Estelle," said Lady much intellect, and what she has is all perverted by false views. Do not care for what she save." " No, I do not care for what she says to

me," said Estelle, feverishly, knocking up that I can never forgive her." "You are a clergyman," then came Anne's voice, speaking still more distinctly

"My dear, I am a man and a gentleman as well as a priest," said Mr. Medligott.

"But the priest comes first," said Anne. quite right in going to see her now, in her for the night journey and with they were staying, basking in the sun and "and you ought to speak both to Lady time of trouble."

a sudden conviction of unspoken looking at the gentain-colored sea before Elizabeth and that infamous creature. She · But if she went off with that young sin prayed for pardon, grace, and light them. Estelle was in one corner of the should not be allowed to remain here. It with the whole fervor of her throbbing seat and Lady Elizabeth was next to her. is too bad of these hotel-keepers-insulting

"Who maketh His rain to fall on the wardly, as beseemed his modesty, Caleb just and the unjust," said Mr. Medlicott,

comparative deadness-looking every now | "I must put a stop to this," said Lady and then at Lady Elizabeth as a dog looks Elizabeth; and with the words she rose to its master, a deaf-mute to his instructor. from her place and went straight to where t was one of Estelle's favorable days. the Medlicotts stood, he temporizing and when her brain was clearer than usual, she testifying, while Estelle knocked up and the dulness of her senses was broken | the dust with the end of her parasol, and up, as it were, by light and the free air. Caleb stood so that she should not see the She was almost the Estelle of her former group, which by now had moved away out happy and innocent days had she ever of hearing. But something had come into ceased to be intrinsically innocent and Estelle's face that had not been there Lady Elizabeth, whose mission was to before and she had a certain look of recoil

To be Continued).

Niagara Episcopal Endowment Fund. The Evangelical Churchman says: There seems to be a reasonable prospect that the ong standing dispute between the Dioceses of Niagara and Toronto, with regard to husband, but by the will of the wife; and the Episcopal Endowment Fund of the that will-quiet, persistent, unrelaxing, former, will be amicably settled at an early date. The Synod of Niagara claims that portion of the fund of the original unaggressive women who are never in open Diocese of Toronto which had been raised part for Estelle's. The fire of his wrath opposition, Anne knew how to have her in the Niagara district of the diocese, and own way without a quarrel and without valued at about \$10,000. Upward of defeat. And as she was devoured with twenty years ago a clause was added to vocate had left only infinite compassion for curiosity to learn all about those dreadful the by law on Episcopal Endowment, depeople, as she called Estelle and her faith. claring that when the fund yielded ful slave, she was determined to gratify it. more than \$4,000 annually the surplus is practically the statement of the Toronto that he could give her. That girl, whom outraged propriety to have its say on the Synod, the fund has yielded only \$4,000. evil litany chanted between love and sin. and nothing more; if anything, less. But whatever be the exact state of the case, the and who he had made himself believe was she felt that she must see with her own relative value of the investments already correspondence between the two dioceses, that she, who bore his name and was the complicity with crime. She felt so much the dispute will be settled by the payment is to be hoped that, in the interests of the hand to lift her above all forms of snubbed daughter of a decidedly snubbed will be arrived at, and arrangements made want; but in his own clear mindhe wished mother, now holding the ferule over the in order that the bone of contention may be removed.

ROBERT A. GUNN, M. D., Dean and Professor of Surgery of the United States Medical College, Editor of "Medical Tribune," author of "Gunn's New Improved Handbook of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine," says over his own signature in addressing the proprietors of Warner's Safe Cure : " I cannot be true to my convictions unless I extend a helping hand and endorse all I know to be good and trustworthy. Your graphic descriptions of diseases of the kidneys and liver have peace with herself, and he would have and depraved, but all read to the end. No fact of their great increase. Physicians one shuts the book and puts it in the fire have been experimentally treating this Had Charife Osborne still lived he could unfinished—that fascination being even disease, and while casting about for an authorized remedy, their patients: have

A Slight Misunderstanding.

Minister (making out record of baptism

To herself her desire to still pursue and Interested Mem No. sir; it's only the

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