Narrate's Vision.

Time, what art Thou, with all they fleeting years? The heart of an eternity unknown: The kingdom in the future re-appears—
The spoils of nations Thou hast overthro
Drop in the past; the wake of Thy career.
The mouldering monuments of crum

stone
Are but Thy foot-prints, and the flying years
Are but the beating of Thy pulse alone.

The boundless universe is Thy Domains;
Thy constant hand engaged has ever been
Rolling the future in the past, where remains
An ocean mirror in which may be seen
The wreek of ages, all Thy victory claims.
Since Eden's youthful lovers were fresh

green,
The past and future two eternities hath been;
Man's life is but a bubble in between.

We all are travellers, and the paths we tread
Join all in one; the main road to the tomb,
To swell the ranks of earth's unnumbered dea Onward we go amid the darksome glocm, Like some vast river, by its countless tributaries

fed, The fate of mortals by analogy assume The roar of unknown rapids on shead, Predicts the future and foretells our doom.

These are the "secret longings" and the "pleas ing fears,"
The ticking of the fetters which have bound The soul; and through these dungeon bars no

light appears,
Save now and then a transient gleam profound
From the Celestial undiscovered spheres, Where joy unknown to mortals may abound Too great to measure in a world of tears;
A joy for every sorrow-earth hath found.

E. DEBBY, Orkney.

The Triumph of Truth. The man is thought a knave, or fool, Or biggot, plotting crime,
Whe, for the advancement of his kind, Is wiser than his time. For him the hemiock shall distill : For him the ax be bared; For him the gibbet shall be built :

For him the gibbet shall be built;
For him the stake prepared.
Him shall the scorn and wrath of men
Pursue with deadly aim;
And malice, envy, spite and lies Shall desecrate his name. But truth shall conquer at the last, For round and round we run; And ever the Right comes uppermost,

-Charles Mackay.

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION A NOVEL

CHAPTER III.

" YOU, ONCE MORE !"

Anthony was not the kind of man to take the world into his confidence. Time, as he plodded on his endless way placed a few social gravestones and opened out some new paths at Thorbergh. Among

Smiths. The old family of the Massingberds, which had held the estate of Upperfold for as many generations as lie between to-day and the Third Edward, pinched between increased debts and decreased rents, found itself at last obliged to sell; and Mr. Smythe Smith was the purchaser. Of course the Blue Blood of the neighborhood

resented the change, and feit disposed to ruined gentleman whom he had dispos- us all when sorrow rises so high it overnever a grandfather, nor an inherited coat the lips. Then the safe friend is trusted of arms, nor knew Greek from Hebrew nor and the grief that is shared by sympathy Spanish from French, and that he could is lightened by just so much. no more have constructed "Lucri bonus of the district—knowing nothing of those they had had in the late earthquake on the hidden threads which bound their two fates Riviera—so soon after their marriage, together, threw the shield of his protection too; such an uncomfortable experience

were pained by the ingratitude, as it perplexity.
seemed to them, of Charlie Osborne's Anne had, naturally enough, written to help, and had, moreover, given him gave it, but that other even graver fact of Smythe Smith had really liked him. And sad and fleeting forms of the modern Mrs. Smythe Smith had been yet more Francesca and Paolo, for whom she had warmly attached to him. So that when not had the great Florentine's sweet pity. Charlie disappeared out of sight, as if he She told, instead, hew she had confronted had never been born, or had gone over the these sinful outcasts, denounced them as rapids of Niagara after that one visit in impure, and branded them with their shame London on his return from Japan, fever, in the face of the world; how she had refused and his reported death, and that one brief to remain under the same roof with one letter from Kingshouse—the Smythe whose unhallowed wedding-ring, that Smiths were naturally indignant, and desecrated symbol-twice desecrated thought no word too hard for the young soiled the purity of her own wedding-man who erst had been their minor kind of wreath; how she had seen them cast forth Apollo or their Raffaele in patent-leather. like sin-laden goats, bearing the burden of Lisdy Elizabeth, with whom the Smythe their guilt with them. Smiths had always kept up a friendly correspondence, and who not infrequently Anthony and Lady Elizabeth found them-

the former Eudemon of Kingshouse. of late. That we know. Among them was and was invisible. Lady Elizabeth had a certain change in Lady Elizaberh. refused the offer of a solitary drive with Something had gone from her, and somethe coachman in the dog-cart, or of a solithing had been added to her. Her saintly tary ride with the groom through the lanes. quietude had gone, and in its place had come a certain practical and active vitality, as of one whose softness has been tempered who are so soon content. While walking

She was standing on one low broad step which was the entrance to Upperfold, waiting for her host. The groom was holding two riding-horses for herself and Mr. Smythe Smith.

on the step, framed by the bold columns and strode off to join his friend, who came Kingshouse than she had been since the knew of. With that letter in her pocket, hour when he had all but seen her weak- and his uncertainty of knowledge, though ness and divined her secret, Anthony so sure conviction, it was difficult to know himself came riding through the lodge gates what to do-what was the right thing to and up to the house, like the embodied do—to tell the truth and betray Estelle's

current of the past where she had been burned anew, old sorrow had wept afresh. lips. The coming spring had touched him as it flung himself from his horse and had her touched all other living things, and, with said, hands in his-both her hands in both of the nesting birds and budding foliage, his—as in the old days when he came thoughts of Estelle. thought he loved her and

between the day when Anthony Harford out into the distance.

of Estelle stood as the sacred barrier "What would you do if you between him and all other women on know?" asked Lady Elizabeth, she, earth, when love for him was crime and looking into the dim distance his love in return dishonor. She forgot He brought his eyes back fro his love in return distinger. She lorger in brought may eyes much from space and fixed them on hers. He had suffered, all that she had sub-dued. This sudden reappearance of the as one crouching for a spring, and laid his bank to her both the strength and the weakness the tender flesh as if his fingers had been of her love. It was not Estelle's husband who held her hands in his and into whose "What would I do?" he repeated, in a syes she looked. It was the Love she had low voice. He took out his revolver. who held her hands in his and into whose leved—the dream which she had once taken fortruth.

"Ah!" she said, somewhat below her breath, and not knowing too well what it was she said at all, " you once more!" "Yes, I once more," he returned.

little grimly. He was glad to see her, this Dear Delight, who had been his as all others; but her personality was so inextricably interwoven with the memory of the greatest glory and the deepest shame, the purest joy and the blackest sorrow of his life, that he remembered what she forgot. Where with her Estelle was, as it were, swept into oblivion, with him she stood as his right hand, and through the gray eyes of this fair Delight semed to look the dark orbs of his lost love. almost mechanically felt for that revolver in his pocket, which he touched as a Catholic might touch his sacred relic.

At this moment Mr. Smythe Smith came through the hall, and all significance in the meeting was at once destroyed.

CHAPTER IV.

LIKE OLD TIMES.

After that first flush and ailing weak-

ness, when the suddenness of surprise tore Puritanical phrase. Anthony Harford was est man's heart, nor wreck another honormarried. Failing proof positive of poor Estelle's death, he was no honest woman's love, and friendship was all that could be between one who respected herself and him. But there might be friendship. No law of God nor man forbade that! And, indeed, there was friendship—pure, sincere, unabashed, undismayed.

They saw a great deal of Anthony at Upperfold.

As yet he had said never a word of direct allusion to Estelle. That revolver in his pocket was more in his line. Once and once only he brushed by the skirts of that blazing. lost Eurydice of his-she whom the dread gods had taken, or who had sunk herself to lowest depths of Hades.

"You must come to Thirft," he said to Lady Elizabeth. "I want you to see my boy. I am sure you will see the likeness. these last was the advent of the Smythe It is so strong—there are days when I real man you are." cannot look at him."

"I should like to see him very much indeed," said Lady Elizabeth, quite simply. You know how much I loved her." "Yes, I know," said Anthony; the tail

fell there. He could not speak of Estelle even to her just yet ; and she knew that it would come. make the new comer understand its resent. She knew enough of human nature to be ment. But more modern and perhaps able to foresee so much. Friendship and more wise conneils prevailed, and the rich reticence conquer the deepest reserve in merchant was adopted in the room of the the long-run; and there are times with mood to be witched or softened. sessed, and forgiven the fact that he had flows the heart and mounts perforce to

Things of public interest had not been Unfortunate Nobleman himself. He was For instance, there was that marriage of rich, and therefore he would be an Anthony's former plaything to the acquisition. Then Anthony Harford— military-looking parson, who had formerly audoubtedly the most considerable man been curate at Kingshouse; and the escape round the new-comer from the beginning, But how well they behaved! Then Lady and the neighborhood naturally followed Elizabeth received a letter from her mother which froze the blood about her heart, and Naturally enough the Smythe Smiths flung her into the very depths of moral

silence. They had been his true and her mother the full account of what had valuable backers when he most needed happened—not only the story as the press affection in excess of patronage. Mr. how she met that infamous couple those

It was not long after this letter that had her to stay with them in London, knew no more than themselves what had befallen fold. Mr. Smythe Smith had gone for the day to the nearest town; There had been more changes than one Mrs. Smythe Smith had a headache She would content herself with the garden. she said, being of that sweet, unselfish kind by fire and whose sympathy has become there in the higher shrubbery, Anthony roce through the gate, and caught sight of her in her leastess bower, where, however, snow-drops and early celandine were springing at her feet, and the hawthorn twigs were showing red and green. He gave his horse to the groom when he learned She made a presty picture as shestood there that Mrs. Smythe Smith was not visible, of the portice. As she stood there, more down the path to meet him. She was like the Delight of Anthony's first days at more sorrowful and perplexed than he spirit of the past—the human form of her sad secret, or keep silent and see Anthony's terrible wound still bleed unstanched. He Before she had realized things as they was too miserable himself to-day to catch were, and while she was still in that the trouble on her face. Old love had

They sat down on a sheltered seat under had proposed to himself to ask her to be his the hill and open to the south. For a moment there was deep silence between For the moment Lady Elizabeth forgot them; then suddenly Anthony spoke—all that lay between now and then—looking not at Lady Elizabeth, but far

this present moment when the pale spectre false or only unhappy—which is ?"

made of iron.

This," he said. " If false, I would kill her; if only estranged, I would woo her back to me again. But it would be this!" Lady Elizabeth confronted him, her eyes looking as steadily into his as his into

"I cannot believe you," she said, with grave rebuke. "You were not a willing murderer when I first knew you!"

"Other times other manners," answered, with a bitter laugh. "When I first knew you I was not a disgraced husband set up for the world to ridicule. I had not loved and been betrayed. I had not a wife who had left me and her child, and hidden herself so closely away that I have never been able to find the faintest trace of her footsteps. Men are

"But to commit murder for revenge is being worse than a puppet," she returned, steadily. "It is being the mere creature of your own passions, guided and governed by them and not by yourself."

" Not in the least," he said, in the same bitter manner. "I assure you I should take her life, if I found she had been false to me, as deliberately as I would kill a snake or any other living thing whose aside the veil. Lady Elizabeth " held on to nature is to work woe to men. She should according to the quaint not have the chance to break another honable home!"

"You seem to forget that there is such a virtue as forgiveness," she said. "Forgiveness is for fools," he resurned. Strong men never forgive."

"On the contrary," she quickly, "it is the strong only who can forthey are injured, because they are too weak and too vain to forgive."

Anthony, his lip lifted and his dark eye out of you over a mashed thumb, when,

" Because I respect you more than you respect yourself," was her reply. " Because what seems to you quite a natural and lawful thing to do, now in the moment of your anger, seems to me a dishonor against your nobler self-high treason against the

'Sugar to coat the pill!" he said. She laid her hand on his and looked at him with more love than she knew of shining in her clear eves.

"No; friendship and respect shown in the very fact of daring to say unpleasant truths; belief in the real man in spite of -at least not yet. It would come, but not the false appearance born of anger and dis-

She spoke from her heart, and her voice was as soft and musical as her feeling was badly hurt they must moan; do you forget pure and tender. But Anthony was in no your own hurt in looking after them?

"And I suppose you would have me to be one of your curd-blooded crew?" he said, with a sneer. "You would have me would be 'magnanimous,' 'noble,' 'manly,' and all the rest of the litary under their protection. Thank you. That is not quite my style, Lady Elizabeth; I should not have thought it yours."

" I do not wish you to take her back to Thrift if she has left you for any one else, answered Lady Elizabeth; "but I should like you to forgive her all the same, whatever she has done, and not to harbor such dark and deadly thoughts as you de." For all answer he took out his revolver again, and looked at it, touching it caress.

'. This ultima ratio regum," he said, half below his breath; "and of outraged husbands too !" "I am sorry," said Lady Elizabeth, rising. " I feel as if I had loss a friend by

something worse than death." "You have lost one by her own dishonor," was his hasty reply. " And the other by his inhuman passion,

she answered. "So be it," he said, also rising in hot anger. " If I have to keep Lady Elizabeth Inchbold's friendship only by making a cur of myself. I must forfeit it. I am used to suffering, and prefer this with self-respect to ease and cowardice."

He met her lofty rebuke as loftily. From his own stand point he was right and she was wrong. For a woman, perhaps, she might have something to say for herself; but for him, a man, she was decidedly

wrong. Lady Elizabeth was a saint, but she was also a woman. She held fast by her sense of good, and she was faithful in her abhorrence of evil; but the person counted for something, and she was not one to quarrel with a friend so dear as Anthony Harford. Besides, if a ccolness sprang up between them, who would Estelle then have as her advocate when the time came, as it must and would, somer or later, for Anthony to know the truth? It was her duty to keep on good terms with him for the sake of that poor ill fated girl.

" Do not let us quarrel," she said, offering her hand, her grave eyes suspiciously full and bright. "We have been friends from the first let us keep so to the end." the offended, supplicated, leoked coldly at first impel the patient to seek advice." The this dear Delight. It was such a sweet symptoms mislead both the physician and moment—this of her offered hand and patient. The only safe method of treatprayer for forgiveness -he could not deny its enjoyment. It was only for a moment the very briefests; then the better self of the kidneys, but cures the symptoms of prevailed, and he took the fair woman's disease. hand in both of his and carried it to his

Yes, we must always be friends," he said, in a moved voice. "My life would indeed be dreary without your friendship. Love and happiness left me with her-my good angel would go with you!" " Let me be your good angel," said Lady Elizabeth, fervently. "Let me have some

real influence over you!" "Where you may," he answered was free to love where he would, and when 'If I only knew the truth!" he said. to love him was neither shame nor sin, and "If I did but know! Living or dead— where no one ought to have influence;

" I shall know when I come upon the was her enigmatical reply; and then the talked of something else, or rather they did not for a few minutes talk of anything talked of so "She will never touch again," thought Anthony, as he walked by his dear Delight's side and breathed a little deeper because he had reduced her to

> (To be Continued). The Great Lesson of Life.

hie will.

One day, at the investment of Vicksburg it was on the memorable 22nd of Mayduring a luil in the desultory skirmishing that preceded the assault, while I was lying close to the surface of the great round globe which we inhabit and wishing I could get a little closer to it, we heard a tremendous nowling and shricking, and down the dusty road from the front came a blue-jacketed skirmisher on the trot, holding one hand up in the other, and the hand he held up the medical profession as the most value he wouldn't have been where he could think it was the only thumb in the of the system. whole United States Army, and that no one else on the skirmish line had been hit that morning. So the soldiers saw only the funny side of the ricture, and was walking slowly and steadily, never a moan fell from his compressed lips, though rapidly falling eye-sight, scrofulous and they were whiter than his bronzed face, and he held his hand against his breast.

The silence of the death chamber fell upon the line in an instant, as the figure of the seldier moved along the road with the air When the medical profession will strike of a conqueror. Half a dozen men sprang at the root instead of hewing the branches. "You are explicit, at all events," said king. Oh, my boy! don't yell the lungs only three files down the lines, a soldier salutes his captain before he faces about to go to the rear with a death bullet in his breast. You can't help getting hurt. There isn't a safe place in the whole line. There are cruel people in the world who love to wound us; there are thoughtless, heedless people who don't think; there are people who don't care, and there are thick skinned people who are not easily hurt themselves. and they think mankind is a thick-hided race; in fact the air is full of darts and burial. arrows and singing bullets all the time, and its dangerous to be safe anywhere. But when you do get hit as hit you certainly will be don't "holler" any louder than you have to. Grin and bear it the best you may. There are some people so Burdette in the Brooklyn Eagle.

The Tall Girl in a Short Freek. The tall girl with the short frock is out had tired of her, and reinstate her here at and there is no law to prevent her from dence that would convict him, but Thrift as its mistress and my wife? Then appearing on the public promenade in th abbreviated skirts of the ballet dancer. The casual observer merely wonders if she which women intone for the benefit of an has her younger sister's dress on; the erring sister whom they choose to take careful observer notes her awkwardness. her ungainly length of limb, and hopes she is not a sufferer from a sensitive nature. obtrusive, and every sympathizing person longs to sew a flounce of red flannel around the edge of her dress and break up that frightful monotony of length. The excuse generally offered is that the girl is very young, only 11 or 13, as the case may be, but that is no reason at all for dressing her in an outlandish fashion. If she has reached a woman's stature, keeping her in short dresses does not diminish the fact. Let her wear the presty half-long frocks. which can be made to look as youthful or childish as her age requires. She is a nation over men she cared to influence. On melancholy object as she is now in her one occasion a wealthy cattleman whom stilted short frocks, as if she were rehears- she met at Dallas entrusted her with

Oklahoma Notes.

Dead Horse Opera House, Third tent from the Squatter office on the west. Artis- said: "Judge, it's all a darned lie. She tic variety performance every evening! ain't got a nickel of my money, and if she Popular prices! All firearms must be has she kin keep it. I wouldn't see her come all !

Society notes.—The accomplished Miss Lulu Grady, late of Wichita, is making a short stay with friends from St. Louis, in

A bear strayed into Dead Horse Saturday night, and in trying to get at a barrel of pork in the tail of Judge Clocum's waggon on Arbutus street, turned over the Eufaula (I.T.) Letter. whole outfit. The Judge got tangled up in the waggon cover and came near being smothered. Mrs. Judge Slocum had an ankle sprained. The dogs finally ran the bear out of town.

Boards have arrived for the new Swedenborgian Church on Mary Ann street. It is expected the structure will be finished Tuesday. Dead Horse is booming.-New York Tribune.

The " Reference Handibook of the Medical Science," speaking of kidney disease, says: "Often symptoms on the part of For a moment the proud man in other organs, palpitation, dyspepsia, diffi-Anthony, dressed in the brief authority of cult breathing, headaches or weak vision ment is a faithful use of Warner's Safe Cure. It not only secures healthy action

> At the Sunday School. "And now, children," said the Superintendent, benignantly, "are there any questions you would like to ask before we leave this lesson ?"

"How long did it take you to get all the pigs in the peu the first time you tried?" inquired the sweet little girl on the

The Highland Association of Illinois unanimously adopted a resolution condiscourtesy shown to Hon. Oliver Mowat, place him under chloroform and put in a

SAPE AND SOUND

re," to save, proserve. Safe in

It is likewise regarded as It is likewise regarder. Its synonyme doty, to be relied upon. Its synonyme. The term healthful, promoting health.

How fitting the word, as applied to War.

ner's Safe Remedies, which meet every requirement of both materia medica

Their use protects from disease, and is a safeguard to the entire race.

Warner's Safe Cure has been extensively used in this and every other civilized country, and is recognized as the most beneficial remedy known to man. It has long been recognized (though not publicly) by had no thumb on it. It hurs like the mis- compound for the general restoration of chief, I have no doubt, but it was only a the human system, by putting the kidneys thumb after ail, and how the fellow was in a healthy condition, as when these great howling about it. He was a brave man or organs are restored to a healthy action Then suddenly he let go her hands, and not puppets, Lady Elizabeth; least of all, have lost that thumb. But you would pelled by the only blood-purifying organs then the poisonous waste matter is ex-

Few are aware that the kidneys are the

only organs that purify the blood. Fancy the danger of poisoned blood continually coursing through the body-65 a perfect chorus of howis, in vociferous gallons of blood per hour, or 48 barrels per imitation of the man's own wails, went day, passes through the kidneys, yet the shricking up from the saroastic line of the unsuspecting regard them as of little immen who were waiting their turn to face portance until they are stricken down. death. In a minute another soldier came Poisoned blood engenders general debility, walking back from the skirmish line. He pneumonia, lung and bronchial troubles. cancerous sores, and other serious maladies

to his side. Tenderly they laid him down then we can hope for a happy relief from in the shadow of a great oak; his lips many of the ills of the present day. When quickly, "it is the strong only who can for-give—who dare to be magnanimous. It is the weak who must have revenge when thousand miles away, and the line was and the real causes of death are made short one man for the coming assault. known, instead of death from symptoms. He died of his hurt; but he died like a of kidney disease, it is then that the people will become more fully aware of the terrible fatality of diseases caused by imperfect action of the kidneys.

The body of an unknown man was found in Fort Rouge this afternoon with a bullethole through his head and a revolver by his side. It was apparently a case of suicide.

Johnnie McLeed, the third victim of the High Bluff tragedy, died at midnight at the hospital. The remains have gone West for

A man named Playfair, wanted on a charge of forgery at Lindsay, Ont., was arrested at Minnedosa to-day on the strength of a telegram from the Lindsay Chief of Police.

Gabriel Dumont was presented with an address by the Half-breeds of St. Vital on Saturday.

W. Gordon, on trial for forgery at the city Police Court to-day, obtained the criminating cheque, and, before he could be said, with a sneer. "You would have me on the street again in a last year's dress, thought he was destroying the only evi-

A troop of mounted infantry while exercising their horses yesterday afternoon about a mile from the city, discovered the is not a sufferer from a sensitive nature. body of a man in a sitting position against. She is taller than her mother, her feet are hand and a built hole in his temple. It looked like a case of suicide, the only circumstances denoting foul play being the fact of his pockets being turned inside out. The police have been unable to discover, thus far, who the man is, but have some reason to think his name is W. Thompson.

Belle Starr's Fascination.

Despite her lack of beauty, Belie Starr, the female bandit recently killed in Indian Territory, had a wonderful power of facciing for a spectacular show.—Detroit Free \$2,500, and she clung to it so tenaciously that its owner never got it back again. She was arrested and convicted for breach of trust, but before sentence could be prenounced the cattleman rose in court and ecked with the doorkeeper. Come one, sent up for twice the sum." Bella was then released and rejected a proposal of marriage from the complaining witness. At the time of her death Bella was engaged in writing her autobiography for public the creek. In the hollow over north of in which she was to present many thrilling incidents in her wild life. She is said to have been a clever writer, employing good clear English, with a rare strength of character-drawing and accuracy. - From a

The Bitter End of It.

Brother Tom-Why do you les that little oad pay you so much attention? I told you he was nothing but a frippish dude.

Miss Curlingham Heavens, Tom, I thought you said British duke! and I've about half promised to marry him.

Get Out Your Dictionaries

The Chicago News says: Our list of English words ending in "cion" is, up to this date, as follows Scion.

Nescion. Phonion. Suspicion. Coercion.

We should like to know the rest, if any more are to be had.

Mamma Buled Out She-If you attempt to kiss me I'll call

He-All right, call her! I'd rather kies two than one. She-Then I guess I won't call her.

Judged by the enormous rush of fools, it is doubtful if many angels are treading the precincts of Oklahoma.—Troy Times.

The 4-year-old son of Mr. J. G. Jack Port Hope, fell on Wednesday, striking his chin on a table. The child's teeth nearly demning the New York State Senate for severed his tongue. The doctor had to