

For a Discouraged Farmer.

(By Jas. Whitcomb Riley).

The summer winds in snuff round the blooming locust trees,
And the clover in the pasture is a big day for the bees.
And they've been a swiggin' honey above board
And on the sky,
Till they snuff in their buzzin' and stagger as they fly.

They've been a heap o' rain, but the sun's out to-day,
And the clouds of the wet spell is all cleared away.
And the woods is all the greener and the grass is greener still;
It may rain again tomorrow, but I don't think it will.
Some day the crops is ruined, and the corn's drowned out,
And prophesy the wheat will be a failure without doubt;
But the kind Providence that has never failed us yet,
Will be on hand on't more at the twentieth hour, I bet!

Does the meadow lark complain as he swims high and dry,
Through the waves of the wind and the blue of the sky?
Does the quail set up and whistle in a disappointed way,
Er hang his head in silence and sorrow all the day?
Is the chipmunk's health a failure? Does he walk or does he run?
Don't the buzzards ooze around up there, just like they've alius done?
Is there anything the matter with the roost of a lingo or voice?
Ort a mortal be complainin' when dumb animals rejoice?

Then let us, one and all, be contented with our lot,
The June is here this morning, and the sun is shinin' hot.
Oh, let us fill our hearts with the glory of the day,
And banish ev'ry doubt and care and sorrow far away!

Whatever be our station, with Providence for guide,
For fine circumstances ort to make us satisfied.
For the world is full of roses and the roses full of dew,
And the dew is full of heavenly love that drips for me and you.

THE SISTERS

CHAPTER XXXII.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

He was talking to Patty and Eleanor in the garden when Elizabeth went out to him, looking cool and colonial in a silk coat and a solar topee. The girls were chatting very cheerfully did Mr. Yelverton come forward to greet his beloved, albeit a little moved with the sentiment of the occasion. He had parted from her in a ball room, with a half-suspicious confession of something that he knew all about quite as well as he did—on his lips; and he had followed her now to say the rest, and to hear what she had to reply to it. This was perfectly understood by both of them, as they shook hands, with a little conventional air of unexpectedness, and he told her that he had come at Mrs. Duff-Scott's orders.

"She could not rest," he said, gravely, "until she was sure that you had found pleasant quarters, and were comfortable. She worried about you—and so she sent me up."

"It was troubling you too much," Elizabeth murmured, evading his direct eyes, quite unable to hide her agitation from him. "You say that from politeness, I suppose? No, it was not troubling me at all—quite the contrary. I am delighted with my trip. And I am glad," he concluded, dropping his voice, "to see the place where you were brought up. This was your home, was it not?" He looked all round him.

"It was not like this when we were here," she replied. "The house was old then—now it is new. They have done it up."

They reached high land after a while, whence, looking back, they saw the other buggy crawling towards them a mile or two away, and, looking forward, saw, beyond a green and wild foreground, the brilliant sea again, with a rocky cape jutting out into it, sprinkled with a few white houses on its landward shoulder—a scene that was too beautiful, on such a morning, to be disregarded. Here the girl sat at ease, while the horses took breath, thoroughly appreciating her opportunities, wondering not what Mr. Yelverton was doing or was going to do, but how it was that she had never been this way before. Then Mr. Brion turned and drove down the other side of the hill, and exclaimed: "Here we are!" in triumph. "Where are the caves?" she inquired—to Mr. Brion's intense gratification.

"Ah, where are they?" he retorted, enjoying his little joke. "Well, we have just been driving over them."

"But the mouth, I mean?"
"Oh, the mouth—the mouth is here. We were very nearly driven over that too. But we'll have lunch first, my dear, before we investigate the caves—if it's agreeable to you. I will take the horses out, and we'll find a nice place to camp before they come."

Presently the other buggy climbed over the ridge and down into the hollow; and Mr. Yelverton beheld Elizabeth kneeling amongst the bracken fronds, with the dappled sun and shade on her bare head and her blue cotton gown, busily trying to spread a ground cloth on the least uneven piece of ground that she could find, where it lay like a miniature snow-clad landscape, all hills except where the dishes weighed it to the earth. He hastened to help her as soon as he had lifted Patty and Eleanor from their seats.

"You are making yourself hot," he said, with his quiet air of authority and proprietorship. "You sit down and let me do it. I am quite used to commissariat business, and can set a table beautifully." He took some tumbler from her hand, and, looking into her agitated face, said suddenly, "I could not help coming, Elizabeth—I could not leave it broken off like that—I wanted to know why you ran away from me—and Mrs. Duff-Scott gave me leave. You will let me talk to you presently?"

"Oh, not now—not now!" she replied in a hurried, low tone, turning her head from side to side. "I must have time to think."

"Time to think!" he repeated, with just a touch of reproach in his grave surprise. And he put down the tumblers carefully, got up, and walked away. Upon which, Elizabeth, reacting violently from the mood in which she had received him, had an agonizing fear that he would impute her indecision to want of love for him, or in-

sensibility to his love for her—though till now that had seemed an impossibility. In a few minutes he returned with her sisters and Mr. Brion, all bearing dishes and bottles, and the luncheon was ready and the groom had retired to feed and water his horses, she lifted her eyes to her tall lover's face with a look that he understood far better than she did. He quietly came round from the log on which he had been about to seat himself, and laid his long limbs on the sand and bracken at her side.

"What will you have?" he asked carelessly; "roast beef and salad or chicken pie? I can recommend the salad, which has travelled remarkably well." And all the time he was looking at her with happy contentment, a little smile under his red moustache; and her heart was beating so that she could not answer him.

When the sylvan meal was ended, and the unsightly remnants cleared away, the two men smoked a soothing cigarette under the trees, while the girls tucked up their clean gowns a little and tied handkerchiefs over their heads, and then Mr. Brion, armed with matches and a pound of candles, marched them off to see the caves. He took them but a little way from where they had camped, and disclosed in the hillside what looked like a good-sized wombat or rabbit hole. "Now, you stay here while I go and light up a bit," he said, impressively, and he straightaway slid down and disappeared into the hole. They stooped and peered after him, and saw a rather muddy narrow shaft slanting down into the earth, through which the human adult could only pass "end on." The girls were rather dismayed at the prospect.

"It is a case of faith," said Mr. Yelverton. "We must trust ourselves to Mr. Brion entirely or give it up."

"We will trust Mr. Brion," said Elizabeth.

A few minutes later the old man's voice was heard from below. "Now, come along. Just creep down for a step or two, and I will reach your hand. Who is coming first?"

They looked at each other for a moment, and Patty's quick eye caught something from Mr. Yelverton's. "I will go first," she said; "and you can follow me, Nelly." And down she went, half sliding, half sitting, and when nearly out of sight stretched up her arm to steady her sister.

"It's all right," she cried; "there's plenty of room. Come along!"

When they had both disappeared, Mr. Yelverton took Elizabeth's snuffed candle from her hand and put it into his pocket. "There is no need for you to be bothered with that," one will do for us."

And he let himself a little way down the shaft, and put up his hand to draw her after him.

Groping along hand in hand, they came to a chasm that yawned, bridgeless, across their path. It was about three feet wide, and perhaps it was not much deeper, but it looked like the bottomless pit, and was very terrifying. Bidding Elizabeth to wait where she was, Mr. Yelverton leaped over by himself, and, dropping some tallow on a boulder near him, fixed his arms and called her to come to him.

For a moment she hesitated, knowing what awaited her, and then she leaped blindly, fell a little short, and knocked the candle from its insecure socket into the gulf beneath her. She uttered a sharp cry as she felt herself falling, and the next instant found herself dragged up in her lover's strong arms, and folded with a savage tenderness to his breast. This time he held her as if he did not mean to let her go.

"Hush!—you are quite safe," he whispered to her in the pitch darkness.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE DRIVE HOME.

An hour later they had reached the shore again, and were in sight of the headland and the smoke from the kitchen chimney of Seaview Villa. And in sight of their companions dismounting at Mr. Brion's garden gate. They had not lost themselves, though they had taken so little heed of the way.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SUSPENSE.

Mr. Brion stood at his gate when the little buggy drove up, beaming with contentment and hospitality. He respectfully begged that Mr. Yelverton would grant them the favor of his company a little longer—would take pot-luck and smoke an evening pipe before he returned to his hotel in the town, whither he, Mr. Brion, would be only too happy to drive him. Mr. Yelverton declared, and with perfect truth, that nothing would give him greater pleasure. Whereupon the hotel servant was dismissed in charge of the larger vehicle, and the horses of the other were put into the stable. The girls went in to wash and dress, and the housekeeper put forth his best efforts to raise the character of the dinner from the respectable to the genteel in honor of a guest who was presumably accustomed to genteel dining.

They descended the steep and perilous footpath zig-zagging down the face of the cliff, with the confidence of young goats, and reaching the little bathing-house, sat down on the threshold. The tide was high, and the surf seething within a few inches of the which they had glided bare-footed daily for so many years. The fine spray damped their faces; the salt sea-breezes fanned them deliciously. Patty put her arms impulsively round her sister's neck.

"Oh, Elizabeth," she said, "I am so glad for you—I am so glad! It has crossed my mind several times, but I was never sure of it till to-day, and I wouldn't say anything until I was sure, or until you told me yourself."

"My darling," said Elizabeth, responding to the caress, "don't be sure yet. I am not sure."
"You are not?" exclaimed Patty, with derisive energy. "Don't try to make me believe you are a born idiot, now, because I know you too well. Why, a baby in arms could see it!"

"I see it, dear, of course; both of us see it. We understand each other. But—but I don't know yet whether I shall accept him, Patty."

"Don't you?" responded Patty. She had taken her arms from her sister's neck, and was clasping her knees with them in a most unsympathetic attitude. "Do you happen to know whether you love him, Elizabeth?"

"Yes," whispered Elizabeth, blushing in the darkness; "I know that."

"And whether he loves you?"

"Yes."
"Of course you do. You can't help knowing it. Nobody could. And if" proceeded Patty sternly, fixing the fatuous countenance of the man in the moon with a baleful eye, "if, under those circumstances, you don't accept him, you deserve to be a miserable, lonely woman all the rest of your wretched life. That's my opinion if you ask me for it."

Elizabeth looked at the sea in tranquil contemplation for a few seconds. Then she told Patty the story of her perplexity from the beginning to the end.

"Now, what would you do?" she finally asked of her sister, who had listened with the utmost interest and intelligent sympathy. "If it were your own case, my darling, and you wanted to do what was right, how would you decide?"

"Well, Elizabeth," said Patty, "I'll tell you the truth. I should not stop to think whether it was right or wrong."

"Patty?"
"No. A year ago I would not have said so—a year ago I might have been able to give you the very best advice. But now—but now—the girl stretched out her hands with the pathetic gesture that Elizabeth had seen and been struck with once before—"now, if it were my own case, I should take the man I loved, no matter what he was, if he would take me."

Elizabeth heaved a long sigh from the bottom of her troubled heart. She felt that Patty, to whom she had looked for help, had made her burden of responsibility heavier instead of lighter. "Let us go up to the house again," she said wearily. "There is no need to decide to-night."

When they reached the house they found Eleanor gone to bed, and the gentlemen sitting on the veranda together, still talking of Mr. Yelverton's family history, in which the lawyer was professionally interested. The horses were in the little buggy, which stood at the gate.

"Ah, here they are!" said Mr. Brion. "Mr. Yelverton is waiting to say good-night, my dears. He has to settle at the hotel, and go on board to-night."

Patty bade her potential brother-in-law an affectionate farewell, and then vanished into her bedroom. The old man bustled off at her heels, under pretence of speaking to the lad-of-all-work who held the horses; and Elizabeth and her lover were left for a brief interval alone.

"You will not keep me in suspense longer than you can help, will you?" Mr. Yelverton said, holding her hands. "Won't a week be long enough?"

"Yes," she said; "I will decide in a week."

"And may I come back to you here, to learn my fate? Or will you come to Melbourne to me?"

"Had I not better write?"
"No. Certainly not."

"Then I will come to you," she said.

He drew her to him and kissed her forehead gravely. "Good-night, my love," he said. "You will be my love, whatever happens."

And so he departed to the township, accompanied by his hospitable host, and she went miserably to bed. And at the first peep of dawn the little steamer sounded her whistle and puffled away from the little jetty, carrying him back to the world, and she stood on the cliff, a mile away from Seaview Villa, to watch the last whiff of smoke from its funnels fade like a breath upon the horizon.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HOW ELIZABETH MADE UP HER MIND.

When they were gone, the house was very still for several hours. Elizabeth sat on the veranda, sewing and thinking, and watching the white sail of "The Rose in June" through a telescope; then she had her lunch brought to her on a white-napkins' tray; after eating which in solitude she went back to her sewing and thinking and watching again. So 4 o'clock—the fateful hour—drew on. At a little before 4 Mr. Brion came home, hot and dusty from his long walk, had a bath and changed his clothes, and sat down to enjoy himself in his arm-chair. Mrs. Harris brought in the afternoon tea things, with some newly-baked cakes; Elizabeth put down her work and seated herself at the table to brew the refreshing cup. Then home came Patty and Eleanor, happy and hungry, tanned and dragged, and in the gayest temper, having been sailing Sam's boat for him all the day and generally roughing it with great ardour. They were just in time for the tea and cakes, and sat down as they were, with hats tilted back on their wind-roughened heads, to regale themselves therewith.

When Patty was in the middle of her third cake she suddenly remembered something. She plunged her hand into her pocket and drew forth a small object. It was as if one touched the button of that wonderful electrical apparatus whereby the great ships that are launched by princesses are sent gliding out of the dock into the sea.

"Look," she said, opening her hand carefully, "what he has given me. It is a Queensland opal. A mate of his, he says, gave it to him, but I have a terrible suspicion that the dear fellow bought it. Mates don't give such things for nothing. Is it not a beauty?"—and she held between her thumb and finger a silky-looking flattened stone, on which, when it caught the light, a strong blue sheen was visible. "I shall have it cut and made into something when we go back to town, and I shall keep it forever in memory of Sam Dunn," said Patty with enthusiasm.

And then, when they had all examined and appraised it thoroughly, she carried it to the mantelpiece, intending to place it there in safety until she went to her own room. But she had no sooner laid it down, pushing it gently up to the wall, than there was a little click and a faint rattle, and it was gone.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "what shall I do? It has fallen behind the mantelpiece! I quite forgot that old hole—and it is there still. Surely," she continued, angrily, stamping her foot, "when Mr. Hawkins took the trouble to do all this"—and she indicated the surface of the woodwork, which had been painted in a wild and ghastly imitation of marble—"he might have taken a little more and fixed the thing close up to the wall!"

"Ah," said the old man, "we must hunt it from top to bottom—we must break it into pieces, if necessary. I will telegraph to Paul. We must go to town at once, my dears, and investigate this matter—before Mr. Yelverton leaves the country."

(To be continued.)

USE OF THE BAMBOO.

It Serves More Purposes Than Any Other Cultivated Plant.

It is hoped by the Department of Agriculture that the bamboo may yet be cultivated in this country as it is in China, where it supplies a large part of the wants of the people, being applied to more than 500 different purposes. In the flowery kingdom it takes the place of both iron and steel. The farmer builds his house and fences out of it, his farming utensils as well as his household furniture are manufactured from it, while the tender shoots furnish him with a most delicious vegetable for his table.

The roots are carved into fantastic images, shaped into divining blocks to guess the will of the gods, or cut into lantern handles and canes. The tapering culms are used for the props of houses, the framework of awnings, the ribs of sails and shafts of rakes; for fences and every sort of frames, coops and cages; and the handles and ribs of umbrellas and thatches. The shavings and curled threads furnish materials for stuffing pillows, while parts supply the bed for sleeping, the chopsticks for eating, the pipe for smoking, the broom for sweeping, the mattress to lie upon, the chair to sit upon, the table to eat on, the food to eat and the fuel to cook it with, etc., etc. In fact, its uses are almost without number.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Member of the Legislature.

In addition to the testimony of the Governor of the State of Maryland, U. S. A., a member of the Maryland Legislature, Hon. Wm. C. Harden, testifies as follows: "746 Dolphin St., Balto., Md., U.S.A., Jan. 18, 1890. Gentlemen: I met with a severe accident by falling down the back stairs of my residence, in the darkness, and was bruised badly in my hip and side, and suffered severely. One and a half bottle of St. Jacobs Oil completely cured me. Wm. C. HARDEN, Member of State Legislature."

Things Worth Remembering.

It is well to remember—
That every promise is a debt.
That the average man about town is a huge bore.
That it's no disgrace to be poor, but mighty inconvenient.
That children hear more than grown folks gave them credit for.
That the man who smokes cigarettes is not necessarily brainless.
That the poetry of a girl's feet usually does not mate with the prosaic hoofs of her father.
That the girl of the period knows more than her grandfather—for her grandmother is dead.—Music and Drama.

Why suffer the ills peculiar to females when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will thoroughly eradicate every vestige of the trouble, and restore to your faded cheeks the bright, rosy glow of youth and health. Try them. Sold by all dealers or by mail postage paid, on receipt of price (50c. a box). Address Dr. Williams Med. Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Bit of Scripture.

There's a Presbyterian minister in Detroit whose wife is very fond of this city as a place of residence. Some time ago the synod to which he belongs was discussing the advisability of sending him away on some important business, occupying a year or so. It was suggested to him, and he went to his wife, as all good husbands do.

"My dear," he said to her cautiously, "what do you think of going away from Detroit?"

"I don't think of it at all," she answered promptly. "Why do you ask?"

"Well, the synod has asked me to go, and—"

She went over to him softly, and putting both hands on his head in a motherly way, she said solemnly:

"My son, if synods entice thee, consent thou not."

And he didn't.—Detroit Free Press.

Reviving a Drowned Man.

A man while fishing suddenly fell into the water. A fellow fisherman of benevolent aspect promptly helped him out, laid him on his back and then began to scratch his head in a puzzled way. "What's the matter?" asked the bystanders. "Why don't you revive him?" "There are sixteen rules to revive drowned persons," said the benevolent man, "and I know 'em all; but I can't call to mind what comes first."

At this point the rescued man opened his eyes and said faintly: "Is there anything about giving brandy in the rules?" "Yes," "Then never mind the other fifteen."—London Figaro.

An Expensive Diet.

Epoch: Mrs. Canby—Oh, Titus, the baby has swallowed a hairpin!
Mr. Canby—That's it: just as I expected. Now you'll want money to buy some more. It's nothing but money, money, money in this house the whole blessed time. I'll bet that baby has swallowed more than \$50 worth of hairpins the last three months. Now, madam, this thing has got to stop right here—either that baby will stop eating hairpins and come down to common grub like the rest of us or I'll know the reason why—you understand?

Exequial.

New York Judge: "Yes, my brethren," continued the memorializer, "in a single night was our dear friend torn from the arms of his young wife. What mourning involves her at the most flourishing age! Widowed at twenty-eight years!"

"At twenty-six," interrupted the widowed, emerging for an instant from her tears and sobs.

Our moon, says Knowledge, is comparatively a very large satellite. It is, of course, absolutely smaller than the largest satellite of Jupiter, Saturn's satellite, Titan, or the satellite of Neptune; but compared with the Earth, which is a small planet (in comparison with Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus or Neptune) it must be considered as really an enormous satellite, and in relative size deserving to rank rather as a small planet accompanying the Earth in its annual journey round the Sun than as a satellite revolving round it.

—A London idea is to insure houses against burglary.



GAIN ONE POUND A Day.

A GAIN OF A POUND A DAY IN THE CASE OF A MAN WHO HAS BECOME "ALL RUN DOWN," AND HAS BEGUN TO TAKE THAT REMARKABLE FLESH PRODUCER,

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda IS NOTHING UNUSUAL. THIS FEAT HAS BEEN PERFORMED OVER AND OVER AGAIN. PALATABLE AS MILK. ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS. SCOTT'S EMULSION IS PUT UP ONLY IN SALMON COLOR WRAPPERS. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT 50c. AND \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

THE CARE OF THE BODY.

A Little Talk on Means for the Preservation of Health.

It is now generally admitted, says *Youth's Companion*, that constipation is productive of serious disorders, that it aggravates other ailments, increases the susceptibility of the system to infectious diseases, and produces a state of general physical disturbance. The nervous system is especially affected, and it must be remembered that the nervous centres are in the brain.

The deleterious effects of constipation were formerly explained by the pressure of the hardened mass on the blood vessels and nerves of the intestines. But a different view is now taken. It is believed that they are due to powerful poisons, which have proved to be developed in the process of incipient decomposition.

There is reason to believe that extreme cases of constipation may result in insanity. The *Alienist and Neurologist*, a journal devoted to mental diseases, gives three marked cases which seem to confirm the view.

In the first case, a woman, without any nervous tendencies, hereditary or acquired, and every way healthy, began to suffer with constipation, with loss of appetite and general debility. After a while she had attacks of fainting and vomiting. At length there were developed marked symptoms of insanity—restlessness, sleeplessness, incoherence, hallucinations and delusions of a melancholy character. The skin was of a dirty brown and covered with branny scales.

It took ten daily injections to bring away the accumulated mass of hardened feces. After this was done, the bowels began to act regularly, the mind became clear, and the patient entered on full convalescence.

The second case was that of a man with suicidal tendencies, who had refused food for months. He was restored to mental soundness, after being relieved of an immense quantity of accumulated feces.

The third case was that of a young man who had become morose, suspicious and quarrelsome. He was similarly treated and restored.

In some of the worst cases of constipation there is a free passage through the compact mass, the latter adhering in thick layers to the walls of the intestines, while the patient has no suspicion of his real condition.

"That grave diseases do not often result from constipation is due to the constant use of cathartics on the part of those affected. But such use is itself injurious. The true course is to establish habits that will effectually remove the tendency to constipation. The muscular vigor of the intestines needs to be increased by invigorating the muscular system generally with proper outdoor exercise."

The One-hoss Shay.

The peculiar feature of the "one-hoss shay" was, that it was "built in such a wonderful way" that it had no "weakest part." The "weakest part" of a woman is invariably her back, and "female weaknesses" are only too common. With the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, this may be avoided, and women may be comparatively as strong as their brothers. Protrusion, inflammation, ulceration, periodical pains, leucorrhoea, dragging-down sensations, debility, nervousness, sleeplessness, dependency, are only a few of the symptoms of weakness of the female organs which the "Favorite Prescription" is warranted to remove.

Let Them Fight It Out.

A bigger fool than Thompson's colt came to the surface in Chicago last week. He interfered to save a woman from being beaten by her husband when the woman turned upon him and almost beat him to death. The philanthropist had seventeen wounds to show for the encounter.—Rochester Herald.

When the wise man finds the husband licking his wedded wife like thunder, he will walk on and mind his business, for he won't even get the thanks of the wife, for interfering. The Port Huron murder is not the only recent instructive object lesson on this point. Harry Johnson, at St. Joseph, saw a woman with a bloody face and a baby in her arms, trying to escape from a pursuing man, who proved to be her husband. The couple's name was Mr. and Mrs. Lafayette Singleton. Johnson made the lord and husband quit his abuse and walked on. Singleton slyly followed with a club, assailed him from behind, broke his nose, mangled his face to a jelly, fractured his ankle and left him for dead. Johnson will recover, but won't be good-looking hereafter.—Detroit News.

And She Was Angry.

Philadelphia Times: "I am angry at Mr. Muffy. He met me on the stairs just now with both my hands full of dishes so I couldn't help myself."
"And he kissed you, I suppose?"
"No, he didn't."

Employer—Are you not going in the country for a couple of weeks? Clerk—No, sir; it will do more good to sit here and see you work, and know you can't ask me to do anything.