CROSS PURPOSES

"Oh, you may call me what you like," said Gilbert. "I can assure you I feel old enough sometimes—detestably, flatly, hopelessly old!" He spoke quickly and passionately; the sunshine lighted his fair, handsome features, and the description of himself, which was absurd in connection with his actual years, was rendered more obviously so by the fact that, apart from a certain expression of face, Gilbert South was a very young-looking man. He had the air of being conscious of every moment of his past life. One would have said that he continually "added up the mortal amount" of days, weeks, and years which he had spent on earth, and carried the total in his weary thoughts. And all the time it seemed as if he only wanted a touch of something not easy to define, of hopelessness, perhaps, or passion, or even defiance, to make him as young as he was at five-and-twenty. It was hardly wanting as he turned to Mrs. Austin. "Say what you please of me! It doesn't matter. But don't say it of yourself. If you——"

The sentence was never finished. "I believe those two are actually going to leave off playing," he said, in a tone of gentle acquiescence in the decrees of destiny.

When the time came for the party to set out on their excursion to the Castle, Frank saw them off with an anxious solicitude for their comfort, which pleased his mother very much. Tiny, behind the scenes, remarked it to, and said to herself that Frank could afford to be very polite since he was going to get rid of his two bores for the whole afternoon. She liked the politeness none the less for her knowledge of her cousin's motive, and nodded him a bright farewell as she took her place in the carriage.

To the last moment young Leicester was apparently troubled with misgivings about his ruin. "You'll remember that it's a very little one," he said to Mrs. Austin, while his mother was arranging herself and her many shawls.

"Do you know that you are really heightening my expectations?" she replied. "When were you there last? I hope nobody has taken a fancy to it since then, and put it in his pocket."

Frank laughed. "I hope not," he said. "Tiny can find it for you, if it's still there. She knows where to look for it."

"Where to look for what?" Mrs. Leicester inquired. "Wild flowers? We are quite ready, tell them, Frank." And they drove off.

As soon as they were beyond the park gates Mrs. Austin was called upon to admire the scenery. "Of course, we don't pretend to have any wonderful hills and rocks and waterfalls and things," said Mrs. Leicester. "But it is just the king of landscape I like; so simple and Englash and home-like. Look at that bit of path and that stile, now; wouldn't it make a sweet little water-color picture—with a pretty girl, you know, or an old woman in a red cloak?"

It struck Mrs. Austin that the stile, or any number of stiles exactly like it, had been so wearisomely fitted with simpering rustics that the suggestion was unnecessary. Mrs. Leicester, however obviously prided herself on the idea as an original one. "And I like this up and down much better than those very steep hills—they make such endless trouble with the horses," the good lady went on. She smiled kindly round on everything, and eemed to settle herself comfortably in the country as if it had been made to suit her. And, indeed, if it had been designed with that intention it would hardly have been different.

Mrs. Austin was civil, though not enthusiastic in reply. She would have preferred something wilder and moro hilly; but, then, the sleek chestnuts were not her horses. Or, failing that, she would have had the pretty little undulations, which pleased Mrs. Leicester, abolished altogether. She would have liked to drive swiftly forward over wide, lonely levels, with the great arch of sky overhead. She did not appreciate the carefully-kept hedges, enclosing stubble and turnips, nor the prim little plantations which looked like preparatory schools for young trees, nor the small spire which rose with an air of the utmost decorum above a neat church-yard.

"There is Frank!" said Tiny Vivian.

They all turned to look at the distant figure, which Tiny, who knew the road that he would take, had recognized. Frank was seen for a moment on a gentle ascent, and then lost behind a clump of trees, but the glimpse remained with Mrs. Austin as a little picture. She did not know why it was that the words "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow," came into her head as he rode away, but she realized all at once how precious the kindly, handsome, common-place young fellow was in his own home. Mrs. Austin, as she sat absently looking at Frank's bit of road, was thinking of a baby's little grave, closed ten years earlier over a life too short to be borne in anybody's mind but hers. "The only son of his mother." And when she died, the little memory could interest no one but the busy people who count up births and deaths and take pleasure in averages. Even for her it had no individuality that could be expressed in words, though she would not have parted with it for all that life could give.

Meanwhile the carriage rolled smoothly on, and she looked right and left at all the views that were pointed out to her, till Mrs. Leicester was able to announce, with proud excitement, "And there—no, not there—a little farther—no, that tree is in the way for a moment—there! now, don't you see a bit of the Castle wall? Don't you, Mr. South, just beyond the field where the cow is?"

Two minutes later they pulled up by the roadside, at the point nearest to the ruins, and the party set out to walk the brief remainder of the way. There was no difficulty in finding the Castle. It stood, together with a small hay-stack, in the corner of a dreary little field, and consisted of a part of a tower, a few scattered fragments of stone, and the broken remains of a bit of low wall "No doubt," said Mrs Leicester, "it once extended much farther, and was a magnificent building." She added dignity to the bit of wall by calling it the "rampart." South, who assented to all her views, called it so too, as soon as he found out what she meant, and delighted her by suggesting the possibility of discovering foundations with the help of a little judicious digging. The good lady sat down on a fallen stone to consider the idea, while he undertook to walk round the ruins and inspect them more thoroughly. For this purpose he joined the other two who were gazing up at the tower. "I don't know anything about it, except that is is very old," Miss Vivian was saying as he came up. She looked a little doubtfully at Gilbert, as if she suspected him of possibly making fun of Culverdale Castle, which no one but Frank had any business to do; but after a minute she slipped quietly away and left him with Mrs. Austin.

"And what do you think of it?" he said.

She smiled. "Perhaps it would be more cheerful if there were more of it. It strikes me as the most melancholy little ruin I ever saw. It's a mercy the sun is shining."

"It is melancholy," he said, looking round at the flat, green meadow. The tower was of a blackish gray, crusted with lichen; the grass at its foot and the spreading docks grew coarsely from the ill-drained soil, and a sluggish little stream crawled a little way off.

"People talk of fortresses frowning," said Mrs. Austin; "I think this would if it could. There is a touch of malice about it, though it is too petty to threaten."

"I isn't amiable-looking," said Gilbert, with an air of entire conviction. He knew what he was expected to say, though in truth he was not thinking much about the Castle. They strolled a little further, and when they reached the wall he made a careful survey of the other side.

"What are you looking for?" Mrs. Austin inquired.

He laughed a little consciously. "Walls have ears, they say. It's true this might be deaf by now—it's old enough."

She raised her eyes to his face. "Does it matter whether it's deaf or not?"

"Well, yes, I think it does. There might be a country bumpkin asleep on the grass. We might wake him up."

"If I understand country bumpkins, we should be doing him a service."

Gilbert stood smiling and pulling his mustache, as if he were calling up a half-remembered scene. "Once I thought myself alone," he said, "uta long while ago, and I—well, I recited some poetry. Suddenly I felt an impulse to look behind a pillar, and there was a brute, in a cheap traveling suit, grinning from ear to ear. I had a great mind to kill him."

"You didn't, I hope?" said Mrs. Austin, sitting down on a broken bit of wall, and putting up her parasol; terly alone. That was in a ruin, too, "not but that there are plenty of peple in cheap traveling suits."

"No, I took off my hat to him, and walked away. It didn't kill him, but I think I might as well; he couldn't have haunted me worse. However, it tought me caution."

"So it seems. And are you going to recite poetry now?"

"No; I don't think I am. At least—yes. I am going to talk about Cornwall."

"Is that poetry?"

"Isn't it?" said Gilbert, coming a step nearer. "Or, rather, wasn't it?"

"Perhaps in King Arthur's days."

"In no days of your own?—of our own" he persisted, in a low voice. "If the old time at West Hill wasn't poetry, there has been none in my life. You said this morning you had not forgotten it."

"No," she answered, "I have not but if that were poetry, it strikes m that the volume was closed and lai away a long while ago."

"Is that true" said South. "Yo needn't remind me that I was the firs to close it. I'm not likely to forge that. But, for the sake of those old Cornish days, I want you to let me say a word of explanation."

Mrs. Austin shook her head with a smile that was half hopeless, half compassionate. "No, no; there is no need of explanation—do not let us have any. You make me repeat myself," she added, lightly. "I told Mr. Leicester this morning that I objected eo explanations."

South arched his brows. "It seems to me that it was early for Mr. Leicester to be trying to explain himself!"

"Possibly. And for you it is—late. Her tone was very kind as she wen on. "Do you not see that if I had mis understood you all these years, you could hardly set me right now But I don't think I did misunderstand you; and for proof of it we were to be friends, and we are friends, I hope."

"It was all my fault," said South; "and to think that I never saw you from the day we parted at West Hill till yesterday! Tell me what you thought of me after I went."

She met his glance, but evaded his question. "There was no fault in the matter. Don't you remember we were to be quite free? You had a right to change your mind, and so had I."

"I was a fool! I was a raw boy—I was flattered; and she never meant anything!"

Mrs. Austin made a quick sign with her hand. "Oh, let it all rest!" she said. "You wrote afterward; you did explain all that there was to explain. It was then that we agreed to be friends. Let us keep to that. As you say, it was only a boy-and-girl affair." She rose as she spoke, but Gilbert followed her.

"It is hard," he said. "My best wouldn't have been good enough; and it is you, of all the people in the world, who know the worst of me."

She stopped, looked him in the face, and smiled. "It isn't very bad," she said, in her gentle voice; and South felt himself a featherweight in the scale, whether for good or evil.

He was silent, but with so unsatisfied an expression that it was evident he only lacked words for the moment, and would seek to speak again later. Mrs. Austin anticipated him.

"Were you out of your teens when we said 'Good-bye?' Well, not much more, at any rate. Our real lives have been since then. I think people ought to keep their consciences in two or three compartments, and shut the lid down on all such by-gone short-comings. I am glad we have met again, if only to shake hands and say simply that we have outgrown old follies."

Gilbert looked down. "I was to have been a hero," he said, bitterly. "Do you remember?"

"Oh, I lived in King Arthur's Cornwall in those days—in Camelot and Tintagel," she replied. "No doubt you were to have been Galahad, or Percival at the very least. I expected the most wonderful things of all my friends."

"I think you did." He hesitated for a moment. "Are you more merciful now?" he asked, in a tone which was between jest and earnest.

"Oh, yes," was the ready answer. "I'm greatly changed. I can assure you that now I expect very little."

They were walking slowly at a little distance from the tower, and as the last words were spoken they caught sight of Tiny Vivian. She appeared to be intently studying the old stones. The dreary little nook in which she stood, pulling an ivy spray from the crumbling masonry, framed a picture of youth, full of delicate grace and hope. South gazed for a moment, and then turned to Mrs. Austin with a faint laugh. "She is in her teens still," he said.

When Frank came back from Bridge End that evening, he found a bunch of ivy-leaves on his dressing-table. They had evidently been carefully chosen for variety of shape and color, and were very daintily arranged. He uttered an impatient exclamation when he caught sight of the significant little bouquet, and stood looking at it with a frown. He knew that his cousin had stolen in during his absence, and left it as a token that Gilbert South had had his turn that afternoon.

III.

Mrs. Leicester troubled herself very little about her match-making. When she happened to observe Mrs. Austin and Mr. South, she thought they seemed to be very good friends; and when they were out of sight, she supposed that they were together somewhere, and getting on nicely. She did not quite know what she would get them for a wedding present, but she determined to run up to town with Frank and look about her. There were sure to be pretty things in the shops. Meanwhile she was very well satisfied. Frank seemed all right, and, that being so, Mrs. Leicester hardly noticed that, as the days went by, his little cousin was not quite her simple, happy self of a fortnight earlier, and that these two, who had been such allies, were no longer on their old footing.

Gilbert made no attempt to resume the talk which was broken off in the ruined castle. He appeared to have tacitly accepted Mrs. Austin's offer of friendship without explanations; and, though from time to time he would turn to her with some allusion to the past, some "Do you remember?" which sent her thoughts away from Culverdale to scenes where he alone could follow, he touched always on those earlier recollections which needed no apology from him and no pardon from her. She would answer readily enough; but Gilbert, who remembered the time when she believed in him, was apt to imagine a delicate, yet unmistakeable irony in her untroubled smile. To Frank it revealed a wonderful far-off tranquility; but then Frank was very much in love. Mrs. Austin had opened his eyes, and he was prepared to spend his life in a rapturous study of this first miracle. He felt himself at a disadvantage with regard to South, who could look back to a past in which she had a share instead of a degrading memory of measles and extreme youth; yet, in spite of this humility, he was not unhappy. Mrs. Austin could not fail to perceive his devotion, but she never for one moment supposed that there was anything eserious or lasting in it. It seemed to her like a little nosegay of spring flowers, which she might accept with a gracious word of thanks, and she was touched by the thought of its very transitoriness. She was very kind to Frank. Within a week she had learned his ways, and looks, and words, as one might learn the few simple notes of a bird in one's garden; and yet they blessed her better than a more elaborate performance. "Poor fellow!" she would say to herself, with a half whimsical regret, "it is not my fault—I cannot help it; but if he only knew how young he seems to me, how he would hate me!" There, however, she was wrong. Frank would have forgiven her even that.

(To Be Continued).

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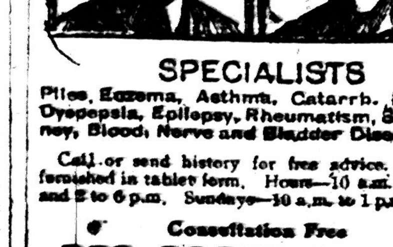

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(Please Mention This Paper.)

EATS DIRT
GILLETT'S
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BURMA'S BUDDHA.

This Statue is Said to be the Largest in the World.

The largest monument of the human form existing in the east to-day, if not in the world, is the great reclining statue of Buddha near Pegu, in Burma, around which the Government erected a building with lattice steel pillars to protect it from the elements. This colossus was brought to light during the construction of the railway that runs northeast from Rangoon to Mandalay.

While the permanent way was being banked up to protect the lines from occasionl floods the engineer in charge required for the purpose of this work a harder ballast than the alluvial deposit over which the line was running could give him. Less than a mile away was a tree-clad mound, and here, it was thought, suitable material might be found. The task of clearing away some of the trees took but an hour or two, and then shafts were sunk to find the needed stone. Before the diggers had gone down more than a yard they struck an enormous and fairly preserved figure of Gautama.

In actual length the statue is 180 feet and 50 feet high at the shoulders. The figure and its pedestal are of brick, covered with plaster. Since its discovery the plaster has been removed and painted over, the box at the head and the finer nails gilded, and the headdress decorated with glass jewels. The statue is thought to be about 500 years old, but no one knows its history, no reference whatever being made to it in Burmese legends or traditions.—Wide World Magazine.

Ancient Delphi.

If a person's picture is taken with the eyes of the person looking directly into the lens or opening of the camera then the eyes in the picture will ways be directly on and appear to follow whoever is looking at it. This is also true of paintings. If a subject being painted is posed so as to look directly at the painter and the artist paints the picture with the eyes so pointed then the eyes of the picture will follow you. When you are looking at a picture of a person and the eyes do not follow you you will know at once that he was not looking at the camera or artist when the picture was being taken or painted.

Sciatica Vanishes Instantly If Nerviline Is Used

CAN YOU BEAT THIS CASE?

No ordinary liniment will even relieve Sciatica. Nothing but the most powerful kind of a remedy can penetrate through the tissues and finally reach the Sciatic Nerve. You can always depend on the old-time "Nerviline." Nothing made to-day is as good for Sciatica as Nerviline was when first produced, about forty years ago. All this time the same old "Nerviline" has been curing Sciatica, Lumbago, Rheumatism, and is considered to be without an equal in relieving pain or soreness anywhere. "'Nerviline' couldn't be made stronger or better," writes James E. Edwards. "The way it cures Sciatica is to me simply a miracle. For years I suffered frightfully. I ruined my stomach with internal dosing. I rubbed in gallons of oils and liniments—none were strong enough. One good rubbing with Nerviline relieved. I kept on rubbing and shortly was cured. My father cured rheumatism in his right arm and shoulder with Nerviline, and my mother cured herself of chronic lumbago with Nerviline. Our family simply swears by Nerviline and we are never without a 50c family size bottle in our home. We find that for external pain, for coughs, colds, earache, such minor ills it is a veritable family physician."

Wet Weather and Camels.

Camels are very sensitive to moisture. In the region of tropical rains they are usually absent, and if they come into such with caravans the results of the rainy season are greatly feared. The great humidity of the air explains the absence of the camel from the northern slopes of the Atlas and from well wooded Abyssinia. This sensitiveness expresses itself in the character of different races. The finest, most noble looking camels, with short silklike hair, are found in the interior of deserts, as in the Tuareg region in north Africa, and they cannot be used for journeys to most regions. Even in Fezzan, south of Tripoli, the animals are shorter and fatter, with long course hair, and in Nile lands and on coasts it is the same. These animals, too, are less serviceable as regards speed and endurance.

Volcano Made by Man.

At Brule, France, is the most remarkable volcano made by man. Originally it was a mass of coal, millions of tons. One day about a century ago the coal caught fire, and it has never ceased burning. The summit of the smouldering mass has a genuine crater.

HOUSEBREAKER, BURGLAR.

Do You Know the Difference Between Them?

To most people a "housebreaker" means just the same as a "burglar," but in the law the two terms are very different. If a man wants to be a good old-fashioned burglar he must break into a house at any time between 9 a. m. and 6. p.m. If he breaks in outside these hours, then he becomes a housebreaker. Bill Sykes appreciates the difference in the terms. He would rather be a housebreaker than a burglar, because that is regarded as a less serious crime, and consequently carries a lighter sentence. It is worth while knowing that, if you catch a burglar in the act, you mustn't shoot him except in self-defence; while if he gives in, you mustn't let him go on condition that he returns the "swag." If you do you will be breaking the law yourself.

AN ANXIOUS TIME FOR ALL PARENTS

Children Often Seem to Pine Away and Ordinary Medicine Does Not Help Them.

The health of children between the ages of twelve and eighteen years, particularly in the case of girls, is a source of serious worry to nearly every mother. The growth and development takes so much of their strength that in many cases they actually seem to be going into a decline. The appetite is fickle, brightness gives way to depression, palpitation at the heart at the least exersion, and sometimes fainting. The blood has become thin and watery and the sufferer must have something that will bring the blood back to its normal condition. At this stage no other medicine can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Their whole mission is to make new, rich blood which reaches every part of the body, bringing back health, strength and energy. Miss Helena Taylor, West Toronto, says: "Two years ago I was so badly run down with anaemia that some of my friends did not believe I would get better. I could not go upstairs without stopping to rest, suffered from headaches, loss of appetite, and for two months of the time was confined to the house. I was under the care of a doctor, but the medicine I took did not help me in the least. A friend advised my mother to give me Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and although I did not expect they would help me after the doctor's medicine had failed, I thought they might be worth trying. After taking two boxes there was such a marked change for the better that people asked me if I had changed doctors, and I readily told them the medicine that was helping me. I continued taking the pills until I had used eight boxes, when my health was fully restored, and I have since enjoyed the best of health. I hope my experience may be the means of convincing some sickly person that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can restore them to health."

You can get these pills through any dealer in medicine, or by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THIS WASP HATES SPIDERS.

He Kills and Buries Them and Lays an Egg in Each Grave.

Just to show that he's sanitary, also that he's looking out for the future generation, the South African wasp always buries his prey after he kills it. He stabs a spider with his poisonous dart, digs a hole in the sand and buries the dead spider with an egg.

When the egg hatches the young wasp has a dead spider to nibble at until he gets big enough to hunt food for himself. Thus the wasp looks out for his children before they're hatched. He's a member of the family which scientists have named the pompilus.

Spiders are his favorite victims. He will pursue the spiders which live on ground and paralyze them with his poisonous sting. Even the spiders which build webs are not safe from his attack. He will fight his way through the web until he reaches the centre, where he will grab the spider and hurry away to bury it.

The pompilus is so dreaded and feared that the spider has learned to distinguish him by the hum of his wings. If it's a fly buzzing around the spider waits in his web until he has caught his prey. But if he hears the hum of the wasp's wings the spider will drop from his web and scoot away to any hiding place he can find.

A Spelling Test.

Here are twenty-one common words frequently misspelled, according to the American Boy. Get some one to dictate the following paragraph to you and see how many of them you can spell correctly:

"The privilege of separating ninety miscellaneous calendars, arranged in two parallel lines, was against the principles of the superintendent, so his niece, not to disappoint the government or cause it to lose business, removed the principal calendars and thus relieved her uncle of a strain which might have brought on a disease. Then she believed it had become truly necessary for her to receive her instruction in grammar."

The Surgeon—Don't worry, old chap. You'll get something some day, and then I'll—. The Intimate Friend—My dear boy, be assured of one thing—I'll never let you cut me up—I'll live first!—Life.

War Time in Canada

(Christian Science Monitor.)

Somewhere in the Dominion of Canada. Town of, say, 4,000. Morning papers from nearest large city get in at 9 a. m. Evening papers arrive at 7 p. m. Distributing point, rear of general store. Stragglers begin to halt on sidewalk an hour before traintime. Conversation, at first desultory, begins to show animation half an hour before newspaper wagon starts for station. A quarter of an hour before traintime half a dozen men in the centre of as many groups are explaining the bearing of the news in the last issues of the papers. Particular interest centers in the citizen who came from Toronto, Montreal, St. John or Halifax on the last train. His views command respect because he met some important people during his visit. "I give 'em," he says, "until October: not a ray more." "How are things moving in front of Verdun?" asks a man on the outer edge of the circle. "Everything going our way," replies the traveler. "Good!" comes from the crowd.

"I said to him, I says, 'Now if you will only let me show you and don't be so quick to contradict,'" explains the centre of another group. "'I'll make it as clear as day to you where you're wrong.' But I couldn't do anything with him. He was bound to have it that if our fellows had only followed up their advantage——"

"That's just what I told Angus McLean only this morning," another is heard to say. "I ses, 'Angus, you don't know what you're talking about. We have men here, an' we have men there, and we have deenforcements over here. Now, if the order comes for the men here to charge, the men here'll move up,' I ses, 'an' that lets in the reenforcements.' But you might as well talk to a stone wall as to try and convince Angus. He has the war all mapped out on the floor of his blacksmith shop, and he'd hold out for his plan against General Joffer or against General Haig if one of 'em was to got upon the doerstep of the general try to convince him he was wrong."

By ten minutes of traintime the sidewalk is crowded and some have got upon the doorstep of the general store. "Just wait till the train comes in," says one., "and I'll prove it. Didn't I tell you three weeks before the drive began just what the British were going to do? Didn't I remind you of it, and didn't you pretend you couldn't remember? Now, I'll make it plain this time, an' I'll ask Aleck here to witness it, that the next move of the Allies in the west will be to——"

It is five minutes to traintime, and the crowd, composed almost exclusively of old men, has begun to move into the store. There is not a young man or boy of high school age to be seen. They are all at the training camps or at the transports or at the front. Boys of grammar school age are absent, for they are doing the work that formerly fell to the lot of their elders. This particular town may be one of the many in Canada that hasn't got a boy or young man fit for service" left, and is proud of that fact. The few young fellows you meet in the town wear badges showing that they have been "rejected for cause." They have tried and failed. To do less than this is a small Canadian town to-day would be earn the scorn of the community.

Not a few of the old men in the crowd waiting for the papers have sought enlistment. They are all envious of some of their number who have "squeezed through." Scarcely one of them but has a relative at the front. Some of them have sons and grandsons in Belgium and France. But they are not making the war personal.

When the papers arrive finally, each in his turn gets his favorite journal and silently emerges from the crush at the counter. All along the street, at every convenient spot, for the next half hour, you may see these men poring over and digesting the war dispatches. Then they make for the common centre, the postoffice, exchanging views with those they meet and pass. It may be, "Well, we's got 'em this time," or "it does not look so well," or "Better news, isn't it?" or "I don't like it; do you?" or, "We'll look for better news tomorrow," but there is no sign of word of discouragement.

Now and then appears among them one who was young when the war for the Union was going on across the border, and who is reminded of similar scenes in the small American town of those days. Surely, the line between the United States and Canada is imaginary in many respects, and nineteen sixteen on one side is simply eighteen sixty-four repeating itself on the other.

Curious Fishing Plant.

There is a strange vegetable growth under the sea called the fishing plant, which opens and shuts periodically, like a big mouth. When fishes are near England in 1850 and were made from the a sudden it closes its "mouth" and swallows them.