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d a deliberate lie! Oh, the
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NTENTED CITY.

Features of Adelaide, in Australia.

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ST REPORTS

O MARKETS.

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ATTLE MARKETS.

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MARKETS.

RAIN EXCHANGE

	High.	Low.	Close.
	1 88	1 86¼	1 87
	0 73¾	0 71¾	0 73¾
	0 62	0 60¾	0 62
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HER HUMBLE LOVER

The priest lifts his hat with the exquisite smile of warm-hearted benevolence and sympathy, and Hector, making a signal to Sir Frederic, he comes and walks beside them.

The good father bends a benign glance on Lord Delamere.

"You wish to speak with me, my lord. Will you bring your friend into my house?"

Hector inclines his head, and in silence they reach the little gate which divides the garden from the churchyard.

"Wait," says the father. "I will get a light. My servant has gone to Aletto."

He goes in, and the two foes stand in silent misery at the gate. A light dawns in the house, the door opens, and Hector stands aside for Sir Frederic to pass, when suddenly there is the rustle of a woman" dress, a burst of mad laughter, the gleam of steel, and as Sir Fredric turns he is in time to see Lord Delamere fall and stagger back against the gate and slide to the ground, with a knife buried in his breast.

It has all happened so quickly; it is so much like the awful falling of a tree smitten by lightning, that for a moment Sir Frederic stands rooted to the spot, and staring wildly in the direction taken by the flying girl, who had struck the blow even as he ran; then, with a cry of horror, he throws himself on his knees beside the motionless figure, shouting wildly for help. With an answering cry the father turns to him, and with upheld light kneels beside him.

"He is killed!" exclaims Sir Frederic, hoarsely. "She has killed him! What—what—in Heaven's name shall we do?"

"Hush, my son!" says the priest, trembling, yet already self-possessed and brave with strength which no earthly courage will supply. "Give me your handkerchief! Turn your head aside," and as he speaks he draws out the cruel knife, and begins to stanch tht blood. "Come! we must bear him to the house," and exerting his strength to the utmost, he raises the limp form in his arms.

Between them they carry him who, but a few moments before, was a strong, stalwart man, now as helpless as a child, as lifeless as a fallen tree, into the priest's chamber.

"Now, quick, my son," he says, in a low voice. "Help me cut the clothing from the wound. Be calm. Every moment is one of life or death. Life hangs on a thread. Good! Give me that towel yonder. Light the other candle. Good!" as Sir Frederic, nerved to strength by the serene calm of the good old man, obeys each command. "Now fly to the village, to the inn, and tell them to send me the landlord, Hermann. He is almost a surgeon, and has been in the German wars. You understand? Everything depends upon your presence of mind, my son."

Sir Frederic murmurs a wild assent, and tears down the village street to the inn.

With breathless words he makes the landlord understand something of the tragedy that has occured.

"Ah, yes!" exclaims the landlord, with a white face, as he seizes his hat. "It is what I expected. Oh, my poor milord! He that was so good and patient! Yes—yes," and snatching a case of instruments from a drawer, he darts up the street.

Sir Fredric, faint and exhausted, kept up only by the excitement, follows him, but to find his admittance to the room where Lord Delamere lies strictly forbidden; so he paces up and down the little parlor with clasped hands and bowed head. It never occurs to him, for a moment, to pursue the girl. All his thoughts are bent on the man lying at death's door upstairs, on Signa, far away and alone, to whom must be told this awful thing which has befallen them.

"And I! I have done it all! I am the cause!" he groans. "If I had not told her this would not have happened. By Heaven, he must be right, and I must be mad!"

Indeed, he was almost mad during the silent hours of intense stillness spent in that quiet parlor, with the consciousness of all that was going on above his head.

At last a footstep is heard outside, and the landlord enters.

"Are you there, milord?" he says, in a hushed whisper.

"Yes—yes. What news? Is—is he dead?" and he groans.

Hermann slowly shakes his head.

"He has come to and wishes to see you. The good father and I, myself, have warned him of the danger of speaking, but he will have his way. Milord was always of that kind, and no one could say him otherwise, or go against him. You will not speak to him overmuch, milord?"

Sir Frederic waves his hand in assent, and follows the man upstairs.

Stretched on the bed lies Hector Lord of Delamere. A few hours ago, and he could have performed with ease any of the feats that athletes make a boast of: a few hours ago, and he held Sir Frederic's life in his hands; and now he dies, helpless as a child, with white face, drained of every drop of blood—with eyes closed by lids that are too heavy to lift. Beside him, holding a helpless hand, stands the priest, a solemn pity and tenderness on his beatuiful face. He makes a gesture with his free hand for Sir Frederic to approach, and he creeps near.

"Is he here? Are you there?" whispers Hector.

"I am here,' 'answers Sir Frederic, almost inaudibly.

A faint sense of satisfaction makes itself visible on the white face.

"Bend down—I cannot make myself heard."

Sir Frederic kneels beside the bed.

"Sir Frediric, it is not unlikely that I shall die."

A hollow moan escapes Sir Frederic's lips unwittingly.

"But I do not mean to die yet—not until she is here. I have sent for you because, though you—you hate me—"

Sir Frederic's head droops, but warned by the father's unlifted finger, he does not speak.

"You are an Englishman, and—and know the meaning of fair play."

"Yes, yes!" gasps Sir Frederic.

"I—I want you to—to fetch her you—yourself. I have calculated"—fancy such a calculation in the shadow of death! Love is indeed stronger than the King of Terrors—"that she will not have crossed until to-morrow—this morning."

"Quite right, my son," murmurs the sweet, pitiful voice of the priest.

"Thanks, father," falters Hector "You wil telegraph, Sir Frederic, as soon as the office opens, to the seaport; you will then go on to meet her. She—she may refuse to come back with you; it is not unlikely." Even in this supreme moment he cannot resist the half-taunt. "Father, take of my ring and give it to him."

The priest draws the ring off. It comes off easily; the fingers have already shrunk.

"Show it to her, and she will—come. Bring her here before I—die, and I will forgive you all the harm you have done. Stop!"

Sir Frederic remains on his knees.

Hector struggles for breath.

"As—as this is the last time we may meet——"

"No, no!" groans Sir Frederic.

"I want to say, I want you to believe that I am—innocent. The good father here, who would not utter a lie to save his own life, all our lives, can vouch for that! Blyte, you have—made—an—awful mistake! Don't—don't let it weigh upon your mind. If I—had been in your place I might have done the same. Signa is—is worth loving, and a man who lost her—might well behave like a—a madman. Go now, telegraph, and—and bring her!"

The soft voice dies away—Sir Frederic still keels.

"Delamere," he says, in a hoarse whisper. "I—I believe you. I believe you are innocent, however black it looks. For Heaven's sake, forgive me!"

"I forgive you. Bring her to me!" is the breathless reply.

"Go now, my son," says the priest, and Sir Frederic, just touching the motionless hand laid death-like on the coverlid, goes noiselessly from the room.

Morning comes, and with a surgeon from Aletto, brought hither by a mounted messenger. He examines the patient with pursed lips and anxious brow.

"You have done everything that could have been done, father," he says.

"And will he live?" demands the priest, anxiously.

The surgeon shrugs his shoulders and declines to commit himself, after the manner of his tribe all the world over.

"The wound is a bad one," he says, looking down on the patient, who is now all unconscious; "but he is English, and the English die hard. I had one who fell from a mountain cliff and broke nearly every bone in his body, and he lived, and is well now! But who shall say? There is the fever, and this milord will have the fever badly, and if he should have it too badly he will die. At any rate, father, I should be prepared. Send for his friends."

"He has only one friend, his wife, and she is sent for," says the priest, gently; and the surgeon, shaking his head, goes on his way.

On the third day, after an awful attack of delirium, Hector comes to himself.

"Has she come?" he asks.

"Not yet, but she will, doubtless my son," replies the father, who scarcely leaves the bedside. Fancy Mr. Podswell watching beside a sick bed for four nights!

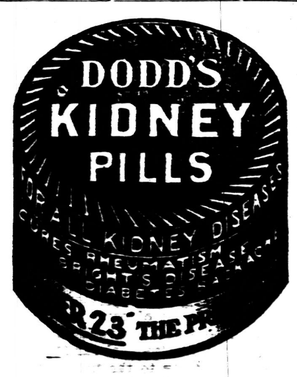
"Yes, I shall last until she comes. I feel it. And Lucia? You have not caught—I hope you have not caught her?"

"No, we have not," says the priest, simply. "We have not tried."

An expression of relief comes to Hector's face.

"I am glad,' 'he saps, and relapses into unconsciousness.

No man, since suffering humanity began to suffer, was watched and tended as is my lord of Delamere. A sister of mercy, in her black robe and white cap, hovers perpetualy beside his bed, seeming to require neither sleep nor food, so vigilant and constant is her ministration. The good father, whatever his duties will permit, is always by his side; and even Hermann neglects his inn to join the duet, and make a trio of it.



If earthly skill can work a miracle, Lord Delamere will recover; but only a miracle, so says the surgeon, can produce this desired recovery.

"There is something here"—and he touches the white forehead—"which I cannot treat. "Who can minister to a mind diseased? That is the English poet, Shakespeare. The man's mind is diseased, is burdened with a trouble which I cannot alleviate, and cannot therefore cure. I am afraid, father, that he will die."

The good father sighs, and the tender-hearted sister gazes on the handsome face with tearful eyes. If it came to a question of life for life, either of them would have given his or her life for that of the strong man whose power is ebbing away.

Ebbing so fast that the blood seems to desert each limb one by one, so that the once brown hand is as white as the colorless face.

"I fear he will die before that sweet young wife will reach him," murmurs the priest.

Sir Frederic is not only an Englishman, but a gentleman. With all the speed that money can procure he hastens to the nearest seaport, to find that a steamer has sailed, having amongst her passengers a lady who answers to the description of Signa.

He arrives an hour only too late, but undaunted he takes the next steamer and makes his way to Paris. He has already telegraphed to Lady Rookwell, to Mr. Podswell, to Lord Delamere's agent, to every one he can think of. In his wild, bewildered mind, the dying man's promise stands out clear:

"I shall not die until I see her."

Buoyed up by that he arrives in Paris, and commences to search the hotels.

He begins at the Grand, and finishes at the Hotel de Lisle, but can find no trace of Signa.

Despair seems to fill his heart; the dying man's command haunts him like a dream, and for the life of him, try as he will he cannot leave Paris.

On the third day, as he is walking along the principal drive in the Champs Elysee—walking along with his head bent, his hands clasped behind his back, he hears his name spoken. With a start he looks around; there are several carriages in the drive, and one of them stops beside him. It is a close brougham, and Laura Derwent is looking out from the window, beckoning to him.

He hurries up to her, a wild hope springing up in his bosom.

"Miss Derwent," he says, almost gasps.

"Yes, it is I, Sir Frederic," she answers, and there is nothing of the old sparkle in her eyes, or of the old brightness in her voice. "Have you got my telegram? Have you been to Lady Rookwell? Are you ill?" she asks, staring at his hagard face and anxious eyes.

"What telegram?" he says, ignoring her question regarding himself.

"I telegraphed to Blyte Park two days ago," she says, gravely.

"I have not been home for some time," he says. "Where is Lady Rookwell?"

"Here in Paris," she says. "We are in great trouble, and wanted you. Will you come into the carriage and let me take you home?"

He opens the door and gets in.

"What trouble?" he asks; then he sighs and puts his hand to his brow. "Whatever it may be, it cannot be worse than mine; than that which I left behind me!" he adds.

Laura Derwent looks at him cautiously, and with sudden eagerness.

"Is—is it about Lady Delamere?" she asks.

"Yes," he says, instantly. "Yes! Have you heard? Do you know where she is—Signa, Lady Delamere?"

Laura Derwent stares at him.

"Certainly! She is at Lady Rookwell's villa, whither we are going."

"Thank Heaven!" he exclaims, trembling. "For Heaven's sake, make the man drive more quickly! There is not a moment to be lost! It is a matter of life or death. She has told you all—all that she knows, but there is worse to tell you!" and his lips quiver.

Laura Derwent shakes her head.

"Be calm, Sir Frederic. There is some misunderstanding between us. Signa is with us, at Lady Rookwell's; she arrived three days ago; we met her by chance at the station; she was going home to Northwell—to—to the villa. We brought her home with us, and——"

"And she has told you!" he says, sorrowfully.

"She has told us nothing!" returns Laura Derwent, quietly, gravely. "She was taken ill immediately we reached the house; indeed, she was very ill when we found her. Something had happened, something dreadful, we could see. She was half dead with sorrow and exhaustion——"

Sir Frederic groans and turns his head aside.

"—But she would tell us nothing, excepting that she had left her husband, Lord Delamere, forever. She refused to give us the reason, would not even tell us where he could be found. That same night she grew worse, and in an attack of delirium mentioned your name in her wanderings. Then we telegraphed to you, as I say. Can you explain the mystery?"

"I can," he says, hoarsely, "but I will ask you not to press me. It is her secret, and I had better keep it inviolate until she chooses to speak. And she—is she better?"

Laura Derwent looks at him, puzzled and thoughtful.

"Yes, she is better," she relies. "She has a wonderful constitution, and what is called strength of mind; strength of will, I say. She is better, and downstairs, but the mere ghost of her former self. Some terrible thing has happened to her, we can see, but what it is—but you will not tell us, you say"

"No—no," he answers. "You will know very soon. Do you think she is fit to travel?"

Laura Derwent stares.

"Travel!" she exclaims. "Certainly not! It would be madness! Where to, in the name of goodness?"

"To her husband!" he answers, solemnly.

Laura Derwent stares.

"Why—why, she says she has left him, that she can never go back, and forbids us ever to mention his name! Where is he?"

"At Casalina, 'n Tuscany, dying or dead!"

Laura Derwent utters a low cry of horror.

"Lord Delamere, dying, dead! Are you sure?—I mean—you look and speak so strangely, Sir Frederic!"

"I have suffered the keenest torture a man can suffer—that which springs from remorse," he says, gravely; "and I have not tasted food since yesterday. I can neither eat nor sleep, Miss Derwent. If it is possible for her to do so without risking her life, she must go to him at once. He sent me to bring her. I do not know that it may not be too late even now. I left him as near death as it is possible for a man to be——"

"Great Heaven!" murmured Laura. "What is the matter?"

"An accident," he says, curtly. "I can tell you nothing more than that."

"What does it all mean?" exclaims Laura Derwent. "What place did you say—Casalina? Why—why—isn't that the place where I met him? Yes, and the place where he fought the duel about the girl—ah, I think I see! Oh, Sir Frederic, who is to tell her?"

He shakes his head, heavy with grief and indecision.

"I know not. I dare not!"

"Of course she loves him still!"

"Better than life itself," he answers.

"What has he done, then, that she should leave him? You will not tell me? At any rate, you must not see her; there is the shadow of death on your face, Sir Frederic. Thank Heaven, my aunt is with her! She will know what to do!"

He breathes a sigh of relief, and then relapses into silence. He takes out a time-table and studies it mechanically.

"If it be possible she must leave Paris in two hours!"

"Two hours! It seems impossible to me! But Lady Rookwell will decide."

He smiles sadly.

"If I know Sig—Lady Delamere, she will decide for herself and quickly," he says, significantly.

The carriage stops at the villa Lady Rookwell has rented, and Sir Frederic, as they enter the hall, notices the hush that seems to pervade the little house; the servants speak in a low voice, and Laura Derwent treads lightly.

"Go into the drawing-room," she says to Sir Frederic. "I will fetch my aunt. She is with her now."

(To be continued.)

IF YOU WERE A BOY.

If you were a boy this morning,
I wonder what you would do.
Was ever a day more perfect,
Was ever the sky more blue?
I'm speaking to you, grave senior,
I noticed you as you went
Hot footing it into the city,
To add to your cent per cent.
I noticed your sober manner,
Your very important looks,
And I noticed your boy beside you,
The schoolboy with his books,
I saw—and you saw—where the river
Sweeps down to the "swimmin' hole,"
Another boy playing "hookey"—
A boy with a fishing pole.

If you were a boy this morning,
I wonder what you would do.
I saw you stopping to whisper
A word to the boy with you.
It seemed to me then you told him
That the truant boy was a fool.
That nothing ripens manhood
Like the moments spent in school.
With the fresh blue sky above you
And the green fields under it,
How dare you utter such nonsense,
O liar and hypocrite?
If you were a boy this morning,
A boy with a heart and soul,
You'd be, in spite of a lickling,
The boy with the fishing pole.
(Philadelphia Evening Ledger)

Storage Eggs Less Nutritious.

The assertion by dealers that "after all there is nothing injurious about a storage first egg—in fact, it is as good as a fresh egg," is not borne out by so good an authority as Dr. Harvey Wiley, who, when questioned on the stand in Washington on the subject of eggs that had been in storage six months, said:

"The amount of nutriment would probably be diminished by a very considerable quantity. It would be just slightly less nutritious, but the principal lack of nutrition, in my opinion, would be in the impaired taste; that the digestive ferments would not respond so promptly to the stimulus of the food. That is a very important physiological consideration." — New York Telegram.

If you want your troubles to grow, keep on telling them.

"The Poor Man's Potato" has become the rich man's luxury. Whether at three dollars a bushel, or twenty-five cents a bushel, potatoes are not a complete food. Two or three **Shredded Wheat Biscuits** with milk furnish more real, body-building nutriment than a meal of potatoes or meat, are much more easily digested and cost much less. Shredded Wheat is 100 per cent. whole wheat, nothing added and nothing taken away—gives mental vim and physical vigor for the hot days. Delicious for breakfast, or any meal, with sliced bananas, berries or other fruits, and milk.

Made in Canada.

American-German Soldier's Plain Talk on the Struggle

n His shrapnel wounds in arm and shoulder, though not dangerous, were somewhat extensive, and he was newly back from the hottest kind of fighting; but it was not at all the fighting that this particular English officer was most concerned to talk about. That he dismissed very shortly.

"How are we getting on? Oh, there's nothing to worry about in that direction. The job just now is getting rid of Boches; and I can tell you it's going on at a great rate. I fancy it would startle even our people, let alone the people in Germany, if they new the exact truth about the rate at which the Huns are being laid out. Of course, I know nothing about the figures, but I do know what I've seen with my own eyes; how thick their dead lie on the ground. If their people knew the truth of it, they'd revolt and call off the whole business. But instead of the truth, well, look at the official German casualty lists, republished in our papers from their's. For the month of April, prisoners 533. And we and the French took forty thousand of them during that month. Of course I know the list does not say that it includes all the casualties that occurred during April; but only that it's the April list. But you can guess what the people in Germany are meant to think about it. 533 against 40,000. And the figures in killed and wounded would startle them a good deal more, especially the killed.

THE BOCHE FROM MUNICH.

"But, look here- I can tell you something more interesting than all that. I've seen a Boche who really understands the whole business. Absolutely unlike any other Hun I've seen. I suppose you must call him a Boche, because he was born in Munich, he said, and served in the German army. But I reckon most of his native Bochery must have been purged out of him by living among civilized people. Then, again, he spoke English not a bit like a foreigner, and altogether it was difficult to realize that he was a Hun at all. For years he had been dealing in land and mines and things in America; doing pretty well, I should think. It happened he was on a visit to London when the war threatened. He'd never taken out papers as an American subject, you see, and he was afraid of being interned or something, so he skipped out of England the day before the declaration of war and got into Germany. For a long time he was employed on special work in Germany, but when the Somme push was on last year he had to join up, and has served on different parts of the front. He was on the Russian front for a bit. I was wounded when we got this fellow. I was being helped back. I suppose there were fifteen or sixteen of us wounded, together, and we came on this bunch of Huns in two old cellars that had had some makeshift head cover fixed over them; twenty-three of them there were. Matter of fact, the man I'm talking about carried me for a quarter of a mile, and I believe he could have carried two like me.

"He didn't look like a Boche, you know; more like a Norwegian sailor; a sort of a viking, you know; pointed yellow beard and and light blue eyes; most wonderful eyes you ever saw, that chap had. A fine-looking man, I must say; and how he talked! Well, I believe he'd draw crowds as a public speaker; I do really. The other Boches with him, they looked dingy-looking, half-starved cattle, by the side of that man. You know the beefy kind of animal heads they have. Among such a gang this chap looked perfectly splendid. Look here! I've got it written down here, the sort of thing he said. I wrote it that evening in the clearing station. I wanted to remember all I could. But, of course, it doesn't give you the way the chap talked. And I'll say this for him, he was no coward. He paid no attention to shrap and that sort of thing while we were going back, though the Boches with him were fairly grovelling. This was the kind of thing:

GREATEST CRIME THE WORLD HAS KNOWN.

"This war is the greatest crime the world has ever seen. The crimes that made the French Revolution are nothing if you compare them with the crimes of the beasts who are running Germany to-day, and keeping this war going. They were only thieves and brigands when they began it, and thought they'd bring it off, but now they're the bloodiest murderers by wholesale that the world ever knew. There never was anything like it before. They know perfectly well they have lost the war; they've known for months that the last chances they ever had have gone. But they are frightened out of their own miserable skins to admit it and call a halt; and because they are frightened of what the people might do when they learned the truth, they keep the thing going, and sacrifice thousands of Germans every single day and millions of money—for what? To shield the reputations of a handful of princes and politicians. It's the greatest crime the world has ever known. Here on this front our people are being killed like flies. Your artillery kills them in bunches. There isn't a minute of the day but what arms and legs are being blown off. Our men would gladly give themselves up to end it, but you know they cannot. When there seems to be a chance there is always an officer or a N. C. O. about. It is not only your guns that kill. Many Germans fall every day with German bullets in them. They are driven like dogs to the fighting. And to what end? Because our cursed Kaiser and the creatures we call statesmen are afraid of their lives for what might happen to them when the people know it's all up.

THOUSANDS OF LIVES DAILY.

"But plenty of them know it now. Many knew before ever I was forced to join up. And perhaps if I had known less and had never talked of what I did know, I should never have been made to join. I talked a little of what I knew. And that was enough. In Germany to-day the men who will tell the truth must be hustled off out of the way. That is why I see no hope for Germany; because those left in the country have no spirit; can do nothing. All the strength of the country, such as it is, is in the fighting lines; helpless as slaves. The others, there in Germany, they are slaves; starving, starving quietly; never daring to say a word. The few who speak soon find themselves hustled to the front line and no more is heard of them. They go on paying the price; thousands of lives every day; every single day. The Central Powers' casualties must be a hundred thousand a week—all for what? The crazy dream of a few bankers and merchants, and the cowardly fears of a few politicians and of—of the Hohenzollerns. They say the Hapsburgs, too; but the Austrians would be thankful to make peace to-morrow, but they cannot. They are as much sacrificed by Berlin as we poor devils here on the front. All the bloody slaughter of this war, with its milliards of money and thousands of lives lost—every single day—what keeps it going long after it has been finally decided is not the will of nations. No, it is the murderous criminality and cowardice of a little handful of men in Berlin who never have been anything but a pest in Europe.

WILLIAM THE MURDERER.

"Is not that the greatest crime the world has ever known? And is it not strictly true? Does any sane German suppose the appointed end can be altered, when the whole New World is ranged against Germany as well as the Old? They know all about the hundred million men in the States; and the millions of millions of money; the innumerable factories and shipyards. They know that America can put hundreds of thousands of fresh troops on this front next spring; and that the exhaustion of Germany long before then will be frightful; is, indeed, frightful now; has been frightful for a year and more. They know it all, and, brute devils that they are, they choose to keep the awful slaughter going; not because they hope it can alter the end, you call 'Wait and see!'; because they fear to face to-day what they can put off until to-morrow, at the cost of another few thousand decent lives; another few milliards of money. Never before since the world began has a twentieth part of such suffering been allowed to continue, day after day, and month after month, to protect a handful of exalted criminals from general recognition of their crimes. The Russian people rose and smashed the bonds that bound them. Yes. But not our people. Our tyrants have been much cleverer. It was only the bodies of the Russian people that were fettered. Their minds were free. No German mind, in Germany, has been free since 1870. The Berlin criminals have seen too well to that. Our people think they have been well educated. So they have—very well, very carefully—for just what they are doing now; for the blindest and most damnable kind of slavery the world has ever seen; for a slavery in which the will of the masters must be paid for daily by steadily running streams of the blood of their victims; victims taught to bare their own throats to the knife on the word of command. If your armies could reach Germany itself the slavery might end suddenly. But Germany to-day is one vast prison full of starving slaves who cannot lift a hand to help themselves, and that it will remain while William the Murderer can go on buying a daily reprieve for his own miserable family in return for the blood of ten thousand of his slaves. Thank God I am out of it!" "—Sheffield, Eng., Weekly Independent.

GUARD BABY'S HEALTH IN THE SUMMER

The summer months are the most dangers to children. The complaints of that season, which are cholera infantum, colic, diarrhoea and dysentry, come on so quickly that often a little one is beyond aid before the mother realizes he is ill. The mother must be on her guard to prevent these troubles, of if they do come on suddenly to cure them. No other medicine is of such aid to mothers during hot weather as is Baby's Own Tablets. They regulate the stomach and bowels and are absolutely safe. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Taking No Risks.

There is a certain Scotch minister in a West Highland parish who has never yet been known to permit a stranger to occupy his pulpit.

The other day, however, an Edinburgh divinity student was spending a few days in the parish, and on the Saturday he called at the manse and asked the minister to be allowed to preach the following day.

"My dear young man," said the minister, laying a hand gently on his shoulder, "gin I let ye preach the morn, and ye gie a better sermon than me, my fowk wad never ken, an' be satisfied wi' my preaching; and gin ye're nae a better preacher than me, ye're no' worth listening tae!"—Exchange.

A Tactful Child.

Little Charlotte accompanied her mother to the home of an acquaintance. When the dessert course was reached the little girl was brought down and given a place next to her mother at the table. The hostess was a woman much given to talking, and quite forgot to give little Charlotte anything to eat. After some time had elapsed Charlotte could bear it no longer. With the sobs rising in her throat, she held up her plate as high as she could and said: "Does anybody want a clean plate?"—Argonaut