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VOLUME XIX.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1885.

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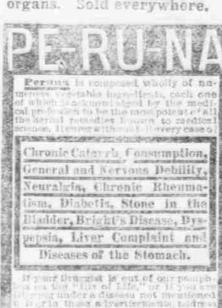
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prains, Bruises. Burns and Scalds. Bolatien, Backnehe, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches. It is a serfe, sure, and effectival Remedy for HORSES. iar to the high-living and rap-THE REAL PROPERTY. One trial will prove its id-eating American people. nerita. Its effects are in most cases Alcohol and tobacco produce Fel 2000 750 INSTANTAMEOUS. Dyspepsia; also, bad air, rapid ery bottle warranted to eating, etc. BURDOCK BLOOD



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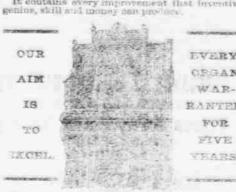
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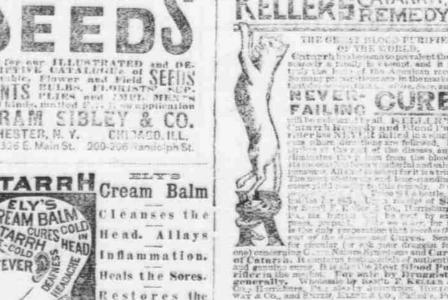


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(Continued from last week.)

# How Watch Cases are Made.

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As it opened, and walked away: And which were the happier tears that burn'd On his or the widow's cheeks that day? Only whirring snow In the wind was beard. Where want and hunger and cold abode He never was far away, And when the chimes in the tower were foll'd He never was heard to pray,

His aims bestow His faith? West was it? I do not know, He knew no seet, Jaw. Greek or Moor. Nor Christian, nor church, ner race, But the way to the homes of the attle poor And the basement damp would trace,

Tis the "greatest of all"

WHAT WAS HET?

This was his deed -

And he did it well.

What was his creed ? I cannot tell.

The winds blew fierce; the sun was red

He left at a widow's door.

And snow covered streets and moores of coal and mest and bread

He gently rapped at the door and turned,

I do not know. He spoke no word-

Yet into the bex

By night or day. His ereed: What was it? I cannot say. Ear the bungry poor he believed in bread, And ciothes for the ragged and cold, And fuel for hearths, where coals were dead; And hearts that never grow old. His sect? His creed? His faith? Who knows

In heat or cold,

## His warm heart glows. THE PROFESSOR AND THE BABY.

Mrs. Nichelsen was standing in a dubious. attitude with the study door half open, and

I don't feel quite easy,' she said : I am so afraid she would cry and no one hear ber. I wish I had not bet the nurse go out: but all you have to do," coming into the room and speaking impressively, 'all you lently, remember-for cook. For Heaven's had disturbed her was still upon her lips,sake, John,' leaning on the table and stretching out a pretty hand to attract her brother's | and the cradle. attention, 'look up, or speak, or answer me, or you will drive me mad."

What is it all about, Agatha?' The calm, placic, intelligent face opposite was lifted are earning your fille to the best of husgently and the thin figure was slipped on to bands. the page to mark a pause.

It is baby, John, said Mrs. Nicholson, in a faltering voice, and with idee, angry tears, bothing to give," rolling down her checks. 'Here have I, for 'Oh don't John !' she cried impatiently; the fast ten minutes, been begging implor- don't tease. I want buby," Intly If also price "

'Does that stop ber?' It seems slmple enough. I think even I can do that."

I would bear it all, but Emmy's!"

writing table pushed the book away and lost | pink face and the flaxen head into their achis place. He looked at it in a bewildered customed place.

bany, of course." 'and not one half, one hundredth part, he had tossed the baby out among them.

one thousandth part, as valuable in your eyes,' broke in Agatha, with impetuosity, as the smallest the most unknown, the most discovered star. You need not tell me; I aside her angry vehemence and speaking 'Of course,' frowning gently, 'everyone knows that a star, however small-stars are

famous according to their size, my dear is were you not'--a little doubtfully-'something about an unfortunate babe of Em-

'Yes, I was,' she said; 'only once for all, her.' at the kitchen fire. If it were yours"--with senses would do such a thing!" best of husbands."

ing against Charles; I did not know you have put her somewhere and forgotten.' 'She's very soft,' said another voice; 'I know a little about the best of wives."

The gray glove closed around his hand gent- ing; it must have been the babe." olson gave a faint sigh, but when she spoke and then? Youpleading.

window. John, suddenly are you listen- distinctly.' ing? What did I say last?"

'The morning room, Agatha.'

We refer, here, to the Postmaster, the cries,—makes one sound—you are to ring papers from her scornful touch; but she "I don't know," she answered; 'you seem

this bell-for cook.' cy,' her eyes filling with tears again, 'if she pers. 'What else ?' cried, and no one heard her! Oh, John, you Nothing else, Agatha, here, except, with go to you.

'My dear,' speaking with some dignity, 'Ah,' said Agatha, 'here is cook,' as a hea-'surely I am not utterly destitute of common vy breathing became audible in the passage. sense. I have interesting work here, 'Cook,' her voice trembling at sight of the pointing to the manuscript and the books of sympathetic face, 'your master has not seen NINE New York defaulters, five from It was blowing heavily in shore, and the It only makes him appear ridiculous. Consereference heaped around him, but I sup- the baby-at least, be thinks not. He was Chicago, four from Boston, and several from boat, a trim, dainty craft, was kept close quently be does not try it, and if the silk hat

O. I hope so,' I think so,' cried Agatha, have taken her up and torgotten. We are Canada. The majority of them have taken the foam-crested waves and struck boldly it, and gets the credit of being a beartless. Address CD, P. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce St. hear her, that was all 1 meant.' Which you won

am trying to be satisfied; don't forget.' Charles's book, the best of husbands.'

handle of the door, but released it again- where and forgotten. He remembers hear "the Payuters are coming to night, so you ing her." must not go out star-gazing."

alter all and I em a field."

The sunstine seemed to leave the room ate." came through the high windows and fell centre of the group, with an anxious frown | So I rocked my bully, and racked away, manuscripts, and the open books, and left 3 8 5 5 5 8

It might have been two hours afterward aware of a taugh in a passage by the door. her scornful gesture. His hand had grown tired in writing, but arm chair by the table to another open door the dull room, was it a dream or a memory, comes this evening she must be found." and unlocked it, throwing it wide open .-There was nothing in the passage but the and go through every room in the house." yellow sunshine now upon the walls and In the room beyond there was more sunlight

> 'John,' cried Mrs. Nicholson, hughing again as if she could not help it, 'what have you done with her. Give her to me. You and held them,

He looked up in quick perplexity. 'What

ing of you to remember baby; not to nurse | 'Well'-the same perplexing look creeping her, I wouldn't trust you; but only ring the over his face-'take her,' stretching out his

hand to the cradle in the sunligid. Agatha's eyes turned on him for a minute with a look of contempt before which he But Mrs. Nicholson shook her head, still positively quefled. Then she swept over to the cradie, and tossed out the little pillow, 'You may laugh at me or sneer if you like, and the sheets with their lace edges, and the

Mr. Nicholson had followed her on tip toe 'What is it, Agatha? a baby! O. Emmy's and was stirring the softly shining heap on the floor with his patent-leather shoes, as if

'Well?' said Agatha sharply. 'Well?' he echoed feebly. 'Do you mean to say,' she said, putting tearfully, with her gray eyes turned up to his-'Oh, John, do you mean to say that you have lost ber ?"

'I never touched her,' he cried hastily. infinitely more value than one hair of a ed, but again that faint memory—that dream baoy's head. I mean'-hastily-'speaking stirred him. 'Upon my honor, Agatha,' he from an entirely scientific point of view; said abruptly, leaning down into the cradle, but as you were saying-you were saying, and poking at the mattress with his thin fingers, 'upon my honor, I can't remember.'

Mrs. Nicholson ball dried her eyes, and heard her in the kitchen. She came rushing was confronting him in all the cool splendor up, and found the cradie empty and baby see.

bouse at once and never, never come back; er, and speaking more lightly, who would bundle in them. and if you call it unfortunate, I shall take steal her?—a baby roaring, as you say? He 'Kiss her, John,' came a soft voice out of keenest gales at sea many a time with never Though the mind was abating, the tide rose

scribed un unfortunate; but Charles is the 'and that is how you speak of her! O John, pid.' 'Yes, yes, of course, my dear. I said noth- Perhaps you have forgotten-perhaps you mustache against the little bundle.

up to-night, cheerfully. 'If that is all you siit and covered his face with his hands. He baby before.' You can tell me about Charles, you know, not grasp—the dream of a cry. It had dis with a view to re-asserting his dignity. He when you come in. The best of husbands. turbed him, he remembered, that loud, cleared his throat. I don't know much about them, I fear, but I painful, jarring cry, but it had died away; 'After all, Agatha,' he said stiffly, 'I did surely it had died into peace without his in- not lose the baby." He rose and laid his hand on the long, terference? 'Agatha,' he said, lifting up his 'I never said you did,' said Agatha; 'I slender, soft gray glove that was leaning face sharpened with the effect of thought, only asked you, and you couldn't remem with determination on the neat manuscript, 'I do remember something-somebody cry ber.'

ly and clung to him, almost as if it were 'Yes,' said Agatha eagerly, 'go on! You suppose I shall be condemned unbeard.' patted it gently and laid it aside. Mrs. Nich- must have heard her, she roated so. Well, set you mind at rest. Neither I nor Emmy

again she spoke with less decision and more 'I-I can't remember, Agatha. I may least not with anything of value." have gone on writing; that seems the most 'Then, how about the baby?' with a 'It is not Charles, indeed it is not; it is the | likely, I think; but I may have gone to the | laugh. baby; the nurse has gone out and I have door. 'No,' shaking his head, 'I can't get 'That,' said Agatha firmly, 'includes the put the cradle in the morning room by the beyond the cry. I do remember that now baby,"

her toars, 'you have put her in the library. | was almost midnight; the hands of the so many years. Well, I see ou are taking it in and for- What have you been doing this afternoon? clock were tolling painfully around their getting those horrible stars; and how you Mr. Nicholson followed humbly as she circuit; the maiden yawned and incidental-from the home of Captain Barton, and were boy tor write letters close ter home, an' can compare a star to a baby, is past me.' swept in before him, and flung open the likewise people of considerable property, boy ter write letters close ter nome, and likewise people of considerable property. "Well, don't luterrupt me, John, or I shall his table strewed with plans and manu "Miranda," he said at length, 'I have made

every corner with her quick, soft eyes. 'Yes, I believe so. 1 am to ring the bell- What have you used, John-this chair! 'Oh, I hope you will,' after a pause. 'Fan peeping into a dark recess, musty with pa- energy?'

will not deceive me? You will try-and- a smile, 'the waste paper basket, and that is empty. You can see for yourself.'

'Which you won't never find her, then,' diate neighborhood,

Then I think,' be said, with a gentle sar- said cook, in a broken voice. 'In my last | eastic smile, that you may dismiss your piece but one, where I was general cleaner. She was ready for hed and by on my arm,

'Oh,' the gray giove had closed on the master thinks he may have put her some

Which he might, said cook, 'not being 'All right,' obediently; good bye,'

'Good-bye.' The bright face that had all Sir, but she was roaring awful, and I says to And rocked nor, and rocked new away.

'Good-bye.' The bright face that had all Sir, but she was roaring awful, and I says to And rocked nor, and rocked new away. nost disappeared round the door came back Mary, says I, 'Mester'll never know 'on to O. again, and leaned against the worn vel quiet that child, so I'll run up and bring her velcen of the astronomer's coat; for a min- down a bit? and I steps to change my The located digital of the lowest place nin the lips were pressed to it, then lifted. apron, and I ups. as it might be here, and The bight of all that's high.

with the sweet bright presence and hover | Cook turned dramatically, and pointed over the pretty eradic among the sounds and one stout arm at the cradle in the sunlight. over the pretty eradic among the sounds and seems of the mid summer day. If the h. Mrs. Nicholson's tearful eyes tollowed the World I take but one smile of dayling's lace. brary there was only one shaft of light that hand, and her husband stood uneasity in the Dat I know it must be the last.

"Which," added cook scornfully, I think a | For the words of the song expressed to me

"Cook," and Mrs. Nicholson with dignity, the pen had traveled steadily on , his eyes marred a little by the quiver in her voice, had grown a little weary and it was a relief 'you don't understand. Your master is very to raise them for a minute to the locked clever, and his writings are of great value, door, behind which he heard the taugh. He Of course, with a pleading look upward. Why can't you answer my question?" rose, with a half smile on his grave face, and "baby is our first thought just now. There The young man's voice had an arbitrary paused, struck by a sudden presentiment, are no wild beasts here, so she cannot be ring, which nettled the willful girl whom he

In the passage behind ber, through which or was it - the baby " He pushed his papers "Of course she must," said her husband, "What right have you to speak to me in - scornfully. she could see a flood of sunshine, and in the burrledly away and walked over to the door plucking up courage from her exceeding that way? I am not forced to answer quesconfliences. We must begin systematically, a tions, wise or otherwise, and I consider this as she looked seaward again. anything but wise,"

have to do is to ring the bell violently-vio- slim hands stretched out and the laugh that stairs, in a silence that Mrs. Nicholson beight-the mercut trifle over five feet-her tecrible fear. 'It's no use, John: I cannot bear it any Grayson's pleasure or displeasure were allke longer. She is lost !" things of the utmost indifference to her.

Or the body, said zook. Mrs. Nicholson shuddered.

sound of merry laughter and the trampling, this sketch, of feet. For a minute Agatha raised ber 'You have given me encouragement,' he and ran swiftly down to where the surf was head, listened distently, and then she droop—said, after a moment of perplexed silence. Dealing on the rocky shore. ed it with a sigh.

to them, I am too anxious.' She would have moved away, but the hotly.

If it were my own baby I would say nothing; pale blue satin cover-let on to the floor in a noise and laughter were in the hall already, 'Who told you these things I' be asked, A buge wave lifted its helpless victim, soft heap, and slood looking down upon the and the boys were stumbling up toward her desperately, though his usually hold brown and dashed him forward relentlessly. With a patient sigh the gentleman at the empty cradle as if she would conjure up the Second the sign of the darkness, over the rogs and skins. — eyes tell to the floor beneath the gaza of her His eyes were fixed apon Janet with a Something white was being shoved from one blue orbs. to the other, and was pushed into Agatha's 'You don't deny it,' she said, a triffe bit. Her gaze seemed held by a horrible fasciarms at last, and held there by a pair of terly, and in fact it would be of little use. Inthon, rough, sunburned bands.

It's only the baby, Mrs. Nicholson. She light hearted and happy, with a smile and of the boatwas crying in the cradle, so I just got into just for each and all of my acquintances "- Janet sprang down the declivity with the the rooom and bagged her. She's been for of lovers I have done, nor have I en- speed of a deerplaying in the hay; but Jim got it instead | couraged serious attentions."

"Lost!" with a roar of laughter, 'Well, Mark Grayson, mused as he was to the mangled. I can't help myself." that is good! May we wash our hands for ways of women, could not fathom.

was somebody else, and they have stolen little group in the twilight of the ball; a tall I did I she said gravely, still white to the side and gravely still white to the side and gravely hand. dark figure, against which a golden head lips. John; if you call it a babe I will leave your 'My dear,' be said, shaking himself togeth. was leaning, and two arms with a white He turned away tremmlously, this strong, vently. 'But perhaps I can get you ashore.'

dear John, think again, didn't you bear her? The tall figure stooped and laid a dark

were talking about him. We can finish him Mr. Nicholson sat down on the window don't think I ever knew so much about a had better go out now, while it is fine, turn- tried to think, but whenever he concentra- There was, after a moment's silence a ing his eyes to the dazzling sunlight for an ted his mind on the baby he was dimly con- movement on the man's part, as though he

'Another time,' with an evident effort, 'I iath to leave the thin worn fingers; but he heard her! That is right! Cook says you 'Another time!' scornfully. 'You may

is in the least likely to trust you again, at

'Perhaps,' said Agatha hopefully, through | WHY SHOULDN'T HE UNDERSTAND ?-It | erons element which had been his home for

your bell, this bell, John, for the cook. Do stood in the centre of the room, looking into to lack energy, and energy is an important

'Because there doesn't seem to be much

'Much go to me ?' 'Not much go home, at least.' He understood her.

Janet, well know that Mark jeopardized hislife in aftempting to sail his frail graft with such a ser running. How her great love for the gallant young

And I hummed the old time of "Bantonry

"Papa, for would you take for me?"

the declar meant all the world to me,

The hand and the sea and the sky,

"Papa, fot would you take for me?"

little cuttage.

And then, as she refused to give

sea will bring me peace and comfort.'

passed through the door.

three months.

pretty Janet Barton.

Her face grew even whiter, if possible,

But it closed behind him and Mark did

not see the yearning, hopeless look that

shrouded the fair face of the girl he wor-

shipped with all the strength of his passion-

She watched his tall, strong young form as

And this was the end of her flirtation, or

love affair with Mark Grayson for the past

and she stepped quickly forward as he

JANET'S REVENGE,

Manet, do you delight in torturing me?

Then p ctures and stores of art,
I would not take for one low, soft throbe
Of my fittle one's leving heart.

Nor all the gold that was ever found again asked the mother.

And I rest such sweet content.

-S. B. McManus.

Mrs. Harton, in a voice which caused Jane Than they ever before had meant. And the night crept on and I slept and

What is the matter?" said the startled mother, straking the curly head of her weeplog daughter. 'Have you and Mark quar-Trellard ?"

Janet's only answer was a wilder outburst of tears.

'Did he ask you to marry him?' questioned Mrs. Barton, raising her daughter's beau

'I wouldn't give him any answer,' she said, her sobs breaking forth afresh. 'And you have wrecked your life in order that the man you jove might suffer?" said

Then an exclamation broke from ber lips 'Where is the boat?' she orled, and Janet.

The gallant little craft was newhere in

She bung out her empty hands with a So at least thought the young sailor who her frenzied eyes seeming to penetrate the despairing gesture, but her husband caught bad roused his storm of feminine indigna- augry waves which rolled so mercalessly in tion by asking the young lady, in his blunt, the bay. 'Don't give up, Agatha; it will all come point-blank fashion, to marry him, as they I can see his boat, she cried at length,

come to the shore as soon as he can when he definite answer, he rose to his feet, and Her words were uttered with a strange The minute's slience was broken by a made use of the words at the opening of calcaness, and in spite of her mother's remonstrance, she hastened from the bouse,

"And what If I have?" she retorted - She shuddered, and closed her eyes, and 'It's only the rectory boys, John,' she 'Haven't you said over and over again that I when she looked again, a cry of horror burst said; 'they have been in the hay field all was a heartless firt, and that you wished from her lips, which were blue with cold.

eguldron.

I heard you myself say that I was a coquette. The boat crashed amid the breakers, and "What is it? Oh, Jack! what is it?" she and now -and here the ripe tempting lips then, with Mark still clinging to it, was cried, bending down and klassing, to their curled again - you profess to love me and hurled torward again, and remained wedged owner's great surprise, the boy's rough make me an offer of manuage. Are you between two rocks, the hungry waves leapstriving to win my heart that you may flong ing again and again as though they would 'Don,t, I say,' said Jack, drawing them it away, and so accomplish the noble task of clutch and drag back the half-drowned away with a curious, shame-faced look - breaking my splift, just because I have been wreich who clung to the shattered remnant

with an expression of pathetic regret which do nothing to save me! I am crushed and His voice had a hollow, unnatural sound, 'You can't remember!' said Agatha with tea? I'm not so dirty, I've been holding 'And so you set yourself deliberately at and the smile left his lips as a sea, higher scorn. 'Why, John, she roared! Cook her; but Jim's simply mud all over. Here, work, he said, with deep blitterness, 'to re-tman the rest, broke over him and threatened

> 'I'll die with you, Mark!' she said ferathletic young man, who had faced the In vain she exerted her puny strength .-

> was rapidly waning, begged her to save her own life while there was yet time. to go to sea again; but the 'Vulcan' has not She would not go. One arm was clasped sailed, and to morrow, perhaps, a stormy about his neck; with the other she clung to

I loved you all the three, she said, and I

he strode down the road, seemingly not | Janet continued her atonement by making heeding the keen February gale that swept Mark a most capital nurse, as he slowly reacross the Sound, and tossed the dark waters of the Channel, which rolled in white- by assuming his family name, providing he capped waves between the bold headland will forswear the life of a sailor, which he

At first he had been coolly indifferent, Fust rate, sah. Powerful smart chile he even cynical, and during this time had made use of the language which had so roused the knowledge. is. W'y I kain' keep up wid dat boy's spirit of the petted daughter of old Captain

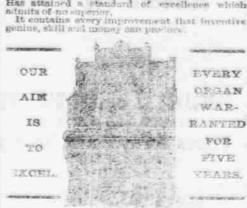
'He can read, I suppose?" Barton, a retired sea dog, who could not 'Oh, vas sah, and he ken write. Tell her bear to live elsewhere than beside the treach what he done yistidy. Wrote er letter ter his uncle what libes way up tuther side er and the mother of Mark, whose love for the what yer drap in er box fur somebody in never get out. What was I saying? Oh, script. Even then he spread out his hands up my mind to ask you if you will be my dangers, had induced her son to give up his mile letters w'y den he's got 'rithmetic down roving life, a decision which was strength- ter er mighty fine p'int." ened and confirmed by the smiling face of

> But all his bright hopes had vanished slik hat, which is generally worn in New when this rude awakening came, and hastliy York and Boston does not meet with much packing a few necessary articles, the young favor in the west, although there are always man kissed the weeping mother good bye. a few professional gentlemen who wear it as and made his way down to the cove where a badge of dignity or because they like it his boat lay behind a shelter of a pier. It is supplanted by the hard or soft felt hat, The sun was low in the western sky as and it is only when a man becomes a widew-Janet saw the white sail of Mark Grayson's er that he yearns for the stylish high hat, boat flutter in the wind as he rounded the for no matter how deep his grief is he cannot

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I castoria cures Colic, Constipution, I recommend it as superfor to any prescription | Sour Stomach, Diarricea, Executions, known to me." II. A. Anexum, N. D., Ill So, Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y. | Without injurious medication.

An absolute cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Pain in



CRECTED, 161

Imitation always follows a successful article, and imitation is one of the best proofs of real honest merit; and thus it is that the James Boss Gold Watch Case has its imitators. Buyers can always tell the genuine by the trade-mark of a crown, from which is suspended a pair of scales. Be sure BOTH crown and scales are stamped in the cap of the watch case. Jewelers are very cautious about endorsing an article unless they not only know

New Brunswicz, N.J., Jan. 8, 1832.
This gold case, No. 6885, known as the James Boss Guld Watch Case, came into my possession about 1835 has been in the since that time, and its still in good condition. The movement is the one which was in the



# Nenses of Taste & Smell, A Quick

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hing safer, more designble nore prompt. For farther rmation and circular, ad-84 East Market Street.

INDIANA and OHIO .- ring!"

Very well, said Agatha, moving in a hesuppeared, as it might be this, and it was Will her golden hair failing out at the edge,
they well, said Agatha, moving in a hesuppeared, as it might be this, and it was little golden hair failing out at the edge,
they well, said Agatha, moving in a hesuppeared, as it might be this, and it was little golden hair failing out at the edge,
they well, said Agatha, moving in a hesuppeared, as it might be this, and it was little golden hair failing out at the edge,
they are quite groundless. itating way to the door. 'I am satisfied, I never found-gypsies or not, it was never came across again, 'No,' cheerfully, 'I will take a leaf from 'Oh, don't cook !' cried Agatha, plaintive

Kiss me, John; you are a dear old telless the cradle, as it might be there, and no The cities with streets and palaces, sound, and cradic as empty as it this min

the handsome, clever, refined face in shadow. baby-and such a one, bless her !- is of more value than all this rubbish.' She wayed her hand over the table, on which iny painful after events created a confusion in the next manuscript; and Mr. Nicholson. Of things far too glad to be, Mr. Nichob on's mind, and the two hours | moved a step oackward, as if she had an | And I wakered with lips saying close in my might have been two days -- when he became evil eye and his writings would shrivel up at

her eyes turning from the quiet figure in the Something came back to him, as he stood in caten. But she has gone, and before Emmy was andressing, and her crimson lips curled

So the search began, that ended an hour A charming picture she was to look upon, forgot ber tears in a moment. upon the old prints, and Mrs. Nicholson later, in the great hall, with three perplexed despite the frown upon her pretty, piquant standing in her pretty gray dress, with her faces meeting each other at the foot of the face, her petite form drawn to its fullest sight, and Janet's blue eyes burned with a

find her."

have you got her? It's so dark I cannot pay me for my rash, thoughtless words by to dislodge the boat. of her pretty summer dress, and with the gone. She thought you had taken her into distance of stairs and passages, leaving a must have nated me.

that hateful manuscript with me and burn it shuddered. 'Why, surely no one else in his the darkness. I know you would rather a thought of flinching, muttering hoarsely as ingher and higher, and Mark, whose strength not, she's only a baby, not a star; but just he did so: impassioned irony--'It might indeed be de- 'Emmy's baby !' eried Agatha tearfully, as a punishment, because you were so stu-

instant and then back to the blotted page. scious of that fading fancy that he could were drawing himself up to his full height,

ocean monster some ten miles away.

thing in a young man who undertakes the You have not been to the cupboard? No, 'Of course; but why do you think I lack

very busy, but he heard the cry, and he may other American cities, are now living in hauled to the wind as she dashed through does not not feel comfertable, he abandons up their residence in Montreal or its imme- out toward the open sea.

sailor surged through her being, as she Oh, don't cook I' cried Agatha, plaintive ly. 'And Eminy coming this evening! Your When she sheeptly said, as she closed her as though she would surely capsize, and anon rigiting and holding her way bravely,

true to the strong hand that held the titler, And I answered: "A dollar, dear little, and the keen eye that minded not the sait 'What are you watching spriosely?' asked Mrs. Barton, coming to her slaughter's side.

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I year.

Janet did not answer, and the sharp eres of the matron espied the boat now some distance from the shore, which was struggling so bravely with the elements.

'Whose boat is that v' she asked. And Janel answered faintly-'It is Mork Greyson's." 'Where is he going such a day as this ?"

'Over to his ship,' said the white fixed girl, shivering as she spoke: 'He is going toeast in the 'Valenc' 'He will never reach there alive,' returned

to burst into a passion of sobbling

and looking into the tear stained face-'Yes,' sobbed Janet, And you refused him?"

Mrs. Barton, "I see it plainty,"

samey head thrown back, as though Mark | 'He is drowned,' she cried, and I have murdered him." Then she looked anxiously forth again,

right. If I search the world through, I will sat, one afternoon, in the sitting room of the 'and it is drifting shoreward. Tell father to

day, and I asked them to tes. I can't speak some one would break my proud spirit?" The boat was even now amidst the rocks. The bronzed face of Mark Grayson flushed where the waters seethed and foamed like a

last, despairing took.

She reached the spot where Mark Gray-'I never-' heard her, he would have add- She's a jolly little thing. Did you miss The definite look had faded out of her son lay, and a smile brightened his seabright, young face, leaving it white with a drenched face as she came near him. 'Yes, I thought she was lost,' said Agatha sudden pallor, and the blue eyes were filled 'Oh, darling!' he cried, hoarsely, 'you can

> making me a victim to your witching ways. But the wind was going down with the The turbulent tide swept into the dim I leved you madly, passionately, while you sun, and the waves beat forcely; and Janet, despite the cold water, reached her lover's

> > 'Well, good-bye, Nell! I did not intend

will atone for my sin by dying with you!" The boat to which they clung swayed and rocked as the tide rose higher, and the still turbulent waters beat about them, and a strange numbness was creeping over both, when a cherry voice roused them, and Captain Barton and some fishermen came to the

and the Bill of Portland, rising like a grim promises faithfully to do. DOWN TO A FINE POINT. - How is your son getting at school?" was asked of an old

brute! On such little things do the contin-It was a toolhardy, venturesome trip, and | gecles of life turn - New York Lefter.

a't be a sewiawag-life is too short

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