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THROUGH DANGER LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

CHAPTER III. HERBERT ARCHER'S RIVAL. Plo Grainger had not long enjoyed her sense of escape from a proposal which intuffively she knew threatened her, when the sound of a herse's approach causing her to turn, she beheld liedert trobet evidently in pursuit.

She bit her lip with announce, and for in mount hesitated how to proeed. Her inclination was to avoid im, but she felt not only would flight e undignified, but an insult to which she had no right to subject him. "A man's love does a woman honor," she reflected, "and should win her respect and consideration though she can-

not reciprocate it. After all, better that the moment when he must know the truth should not be delayed. Yet is hard to give any one pain." Checking her horse, she rode at a lower pace, and Herbert Archer speedly gained upon her. As he reached the iberigine, leaning forward, he slipped some silver in his hand, "Friend Jeck," he said, "I wish to speak with your young mistress von inderstand; you can drop a little back, I will be her escort, and while I am near on may be sure no harm shall over-'A'right, Misser Archer, Jeck unner-

stan perfly," grumed the Australian, as he pocketed the coins; "Jeck not in-Herbert Archer, with a nod of approval galloped on. "Jock thought it strange missie should nide on directly handsome Misser Archer put 'm nose in the station. Missie guess'd he'd follow, he, he, he. Can't deceive old Jeck." The aberigine, marvellously satisfied with his acuteness, remed in the horse he rode to its slowest pace, and fell into

a deep reflection upon his own con-Meanwhile Herbert Archer had over-"The leveliness of the morning bas, I see, tempted on to ride, wise Grainger," he remarked. "I saw you as I was about to leave the station, but could not go without saving farewell The speech in no way al ous, for she knew it was not true, Leaving, Mr. Archer? I understood you purp sed a maining an hour or two fore your departure."

There was just a pause for a moment, he young man's eyes were lowered, hen bent on her full of carnest passion Why do I hesitate? Why beat about the bush?" he exclaimed in low, quick accents, "My intended stay was to find an epportunity of seeing you, of speaking to you, and when I saw you riding into the bush, I could not let the chance escape. I dared to follow --Forgive mr. Do not say that I have

"Offended!" she repeated with assurged by thess, though her pulse flut-tered nervously. Forgivel What is there to? My ride was to be but a hert one. You must return with me to the station, Mr. Archer, for uncle will not like you to leave without "Whether I do or not, Miss Grainger,

the next few minutes must decide, " he answered impressively. Then leaning over towards ber, his eyes ardent, full f fire, seeking hers, he continued: You must decide, Miss Grainger. "Surely you can guess, you must know what bhave to say?" Flo's cheek was pale, her eyes were lowered, her hands trembled as she

strove todraw rein, for they were entering a thick grove of trees, as she murnired faintly:
"I hope not -I-I think not; that is, there are some things better never A shadow passed over his handsome "But this thing must be said," he an-

swered. Whatever your reply what-ever my wretched rate, I must now speak. Nay, do not stop, do not seek you must hear me. I love you, with all learer than the air I breathe. Florence, n your hands. Speak, reflect before your-power to render a man's life a life now full of healthful hope, of lov nd energy a useless ruin, a wreck. One little word can do this: hen, Florence, as you are powerful be merciful, pity, pity!

His band on her bridle, the horses

had paced side by side into the deeper recesses of the forest, and Flowns helpless to check their progress, for Her-bert Archae's fervent passion over-whelmed her. His dark eyes once on hers, she felt unable to avoid them, they held her like a spell. Then as he should be fore her on his ports and deficient pursionately sobled for the his prayer for her merey, her lip rembled, tears swam into her eyes.

"Do not speak thus! Do not say that?" she ejaculated, distressed. "Oh, you must not, Mr. Araber, you-you must not think of mo in that way! Oh, have wished so often to tell you, but but I could not. How could l?" "Tell me what, Florence? In the name of Heaven, what? he cried, abroptly catching her hand, "You

w my love-you saw how I worshipped you?" red so," she whispered with

"By guise I could not return it."
"You no, no!" he broke in, "not that,
Or feared you could not? Surely, Florence, such a passion as mine must win response. Listen, dearest. You are to me all in all. My dreams are peopled with your sweet presence. My waking thoughts have you over before them. worship you. Be mine, Florence, and my love shall never have been equalled.

My one idea, my one effort, shall be to
assure your happiness. Not a wish but will try to gratify it. Do with me what you will. Give me but half a love; take me as I am. Florence; only give me the right to be at your feet, to touch our hand, to press your lip, your slave but yet your bushand. Give me at east hope that in time this may be!" "Oh, pray, pray cease," implored Flo piteously, who had become nervously ateously, who had become nervously were that Jock was not in sight. "Mr. Archer, you should not speak like that, it is not like a man-you-you frighten

Not like a man to love? To love to your own sacrifice, to feel even the orn and frown of one woman are bet ter than the most honeyed smiles of all the rest? Oh, Florence, you cannot say no to such an affection. If you have

It does, deeply, Mr. Archer," she rejoined, frying to steady her agitated The more so that I cannot re quite it. Oh, do not ask for hope. It that belief. I is peet you I like you much-but but no more.

He drew slightly back. A strange whiteness was on his face, his lips were set, his dark eyes were full of fire as he looked upon the young girl, her head

you under cover to Susan, informing "Florence, reflect; you know not what you say. You know not me. You must you shall be mine. I cannot live without you." you of the cause of my absence,

"Mr. Archer," she ejaculated, her pride aroused. Then she cowered and shrunk away as her gaze lighted on his ed, and could not see you nor Yes, Florence, mine: you must be mine. Though you were to hate me, I must yet love you. I must call you she uttered a cry of alarm and moved her horse. Rapidly his hand was on the "No, Plorence, dearest Florence! you Poor Philip! had I had coldress you, I did not know where to address you, I did not know where to address you,

must not leave me until you have promised. Do not fear, darling. I will not and I was crushed by sorrow. fatherharm you, but I cannot let you go until "I am aware, dearest," he interrupt-I have your promise."
Never exclaimed Plo, her anger roused. "Mr. Archer, you are a coward to speak thus, to threaten me. I As she spoke, by a quick, sudden movement she plucked the bridle from him. The horse reared and swerved

sharply round. A cry of pain burst from Flo's lips, for her temple had come in violent contact with the branch of a tree. She swayed in her saddle, then dropped back, her senses for a moment eaving her. Herbert Archer had seen the accident and, with an exclamation of alarm,

his tones husky.

darted forward in time to prevent her falling. In a space his manner had changed. Terror, as he gazed on the pale, lovely face resting on his shouldominated all other feelings. Florence, my Florence! he exlaimed, "speak dearest. She has faint-d. Yes, only that." Lifting her tenderly in his strong arms, he dismounted and rested her on the grass, supporting her head on his

arm. Would she not come to? How still the air was, if it would but blow on her face. How tightly the riding-habit grapped the soft, white throat. In a second his nervous fingers had untied the ribbon, and plucked open the first buttons of the habit to admit the breeze. That was better, the life was Ah! what was that?

A slender hair chain fastened about the throat. They were sacred, beloved treasures worn like that. Herbert Archer felt the blood rush to his head, then swiftly back to his It was dishonorable, but that should He threw one hurried glance round; then drew the hair chain forth. As he ad guessed, a miniature locket was at-Her father's likeness. Perhaps her

Something whispered to him it was neither. Eagerly he pressed the spring. handsome, munly face that smiled to him it seemed defiantly-out of the locket.

'Is this my rival? Is it a dead or livif dead, or better for both if he never crosses my path. A movement of Flo's, who was re-

Closing the locket he returned it to its sacred resting-place, buttoned the throat of the habit, and clumsily enough tied the ribbon; then he drew to a respectful distance waiting her recovery.

No sooner did recollection return than I to sprang to her feet.
"Do not be alarmed." said Herbert Archer, "the branch of yonder tree struck you, and you fainted. I trust

you are not much hurt."
"More mentally than physically, sir,"
she responded, coldly, "Where is my servant? How is it he is not here?" "He is here—see," as Jeck loomed in sight. "Your insensibility lasted but a few seconds." "But for you, Herbert Archer, it would never have occurred," she re-

joined, haughtily. "No. sir; I can dispense with your help and your escort," as she sprang into the saddle unaided. "I can neither forgive your words nor vonr behavior." "Florence, is the great love I bear you no excuse?" he pleaded. "I cannot, will not believe that, unless"—he fixed his eyes intently on her—"I have a rival." The blood mounted to her cheek, but she replied quietly: "Mr. Archer, you have forfeited all right to put that question. You and I can scarcely be friends even any longer. Farewell."

She turned her horse's head as she spoke. He stood near his. Florence," he said, "you are dearer to me than all women. I yet must hope She did not perceive the expression in

his eyes as she moved away. It was that of a man who had formed a re-solve, and would let nothing balk him. She made no response, but, gathering her reins, was about to ride from the trees, when the silence was broken by the sound of a clear, rich, manly voice

The splitting as the falling tree! What though our life be poor and lowly. If it be hepost, what care we?" Flo Grainger had quickly swung her horse round in the direction of the sounds; her breath came quickly; a startled yet joyous light was in her eyes as she fixed them along the vista of trees, slecked with bright sunshine. Herbert Archer had also turned.
"By Jove, Mark," added a voice as the song ceased, "it's all very well to say so, but the reality scarcely comes up to the sentiment. Three days in fluis conounded bush, camping out-"

He checked himself quickly and drew ein, as side by side with his fosterbrother he came through the trees upon the others; then he dashed forward, as the girl also advanced, "Can'it be?" he ejaculated, "Flor-Philliple

"My rival," hissed Herbert Archer through his teeth, and, leaping on Ms horse, he dashed away among the trees. 'Hallol' reflected Mark, who had observed the dark, threatening scow who is that, I wonder? Whoever it is there's danger in him. I'd swear. If it is to Mr. Phil, he'll find he's got two to

CHAPTER IX. MARK HILTON SCENTS DANGER. In that happy reunion neither Flo nor Philip had a thought to spend on Herbert Archer. Their hands clasped, for a space they were silent in their sur prise, their eyes speaking, however, a language more eloquent than words. "Is it a dream? Can it be? It seems so wonderful," finally exclaimed Flo. "Dream! Pray Heaven, no!" cjacu

eruelty indeed again to less you, Flor-

Your scatch. Have you searched forme then, Philip? a pleased tender light in her eyes. Melboerne are well acquainted with the name of Grainger by this time. Nevertheless, failure pursued me."

"Ah," she smiled, "if you had only tried Sydney. But why the need of search, Philip? I left word with Susan to tell you all."

"Thereby hangs a tale," laughed Philip Bathurst, his heart light enough now as he gazed once more into the face of slight his beloved. That very morning after gaze. our last interview a telegram sum-

moned me to my uncle, who mad met | troduce to you Mr. Bathurst, the genwith an accident, and the letter I wrote somehow into the hands of Miss Dawes

"Oh, Philip, never!"
"It's a fact, and, ha, ha, ha! what a commotion it meated. When I returnwho at once had been packed off bag and haggage, driven to despair I called on Miss Dawes, when, after favoring me with every opprobrious epithet a lady can use, she showed me to the door no wiser than when I came."

"Poor Philip! had I had time to write

ed, to save her the pain of the recital, seeing the tears suffusing her eyes. "One of Miss Dawes's pupils, a dark, lively brunette, divining the truth, took compassion upon me, and managed to convey to me the intelligence, and also your address in London. "That was Mande Pierce," smiled Flo: "she used to quiz me unmercifully about you, Philip."

"I know she won my warmest gratitude, though the news came too late.— On reaching Ladbrook-crescent I found you age in flown. Ah, it is well to laugh now, but, oh, the misery to me of that period, darling. All I could learn was that you had gone away with an uncle, it was believed to Australia. "Poer Philip!" and instinctively the girl put her gloved hand on his. "And in all this did your love remain mine?" Flo, can you doubt it? If so, there's Mark, my foster-brother, yonder; he shall tell you, with unmistakable proof, it did. And yours, dearest? You were so young then, so long a time has clapsed, our ever meeting again was so problematical, and—you are so beautiful that I have feared, and had terrible dreams, wherein I saw you another's.' "Even had that occurred, Philip, as I confess, once or twice, to please my uncle and aunt, it might, she answered simply, my love would ever have been yours. But Heaven watched over metaking a step I must ever have repented."

Then your affection is still mine, darling?" he asked eagerly. "As ever, Philip. Nothing, I feel, ean over alter it. He raised her little hand passionately

Heaven must have watched over me by Flo. "he remarked." It has helped me to find you, and to claim you as As he spoke a change came over his features; they became grave as he con-

That is, if Heaven will yet befriend me, dearest, and enable me to win the ortune to maintain a wife. Yes, it's en now to the diggings, to wrest You, Philip, a beggar!" she ejacu-

Yes," he implied, "the young swell you knew at Brighton, blo, who did nothing to kill time but smoke on the esplanade, do a little beating and sailmilideur, and wore a new pair of gloves every day; now is compelled to wear Solomon's ciothes instead of Poole's, to dispense with the luxuries of perfume and gioves altogether, and instead of handling an our, must grasp vigorously 

"But I told you I was heir to a rich uncle. So I was, Flo; but rich uncles are arbitrary, and often want too much their own way. Near his estate was an-other, and Uncle Bathurst, so that the two should be united, desired me to wed the heiress. He gave me my choiceie lady, or—disinheritance. I confess was such a lazy, luxurious fellow, that I think I should have sold myself and taken the lady, had not my guardian ancel, in the remembrance of a sweet dear face I had loved and lost in Brighton, interposed and saved me. So I accepted disinheritance, and started for I Fate would be good to me-as it has

—Miss Florence Grainger." "Oh, Philip!" the girl's lips trembled, and her eyes were bright with tears; "You accepted poverty for my sake?"
"Yes, Fig." be laughed, "and renonneed unhappiness for happiness. Nay, don't pity me; this free life is un-commonly jolly. I perfectly revel in

"By Jove, it's all very well to say so." said Fio, imitating his voice, a merry smile on her lips, "but the reality scarcely comes up to the sentiment." What, you heard me? he laughed Ah, but then it was different, dearest. I had not found you. By the way, you Flo colored as she answered:

"A friend—a friend of my uncle's.— His station is time next to Shady Creek. But come, elimin, it she praceeded. prevent the term the conversation had taken, "I must introduce you to my uncle and aunt. I can promise him who saved me from injury, perhaps death, at Brighton, a warm and sincers wel-Mark had already ranged alongside of

old Jeck, who was never happier than when talking, and whose tongue was so loosely hung that in five minutes Mark had learned almost everything about Shady Creek, its sayings and doings, and also Herbert Archer."
"He very rich-Misser Archer," as he and his companion followed their mas-

ter and mistress; "he marry Missie Florence,"
"Marry Miss Grainger!" cried Mark.
"Zackly." He love her. Missie love him. Jeck sure he ask her be his wife

"If so," reflected Mark, "I imagine Mr. Phil will just put a spoke in his wheel. Now I understand that look, He's a rival. If Mr. Phil carries off M 38 Grainger, Mr. Phil must look out." Layers are proverbial for neither walking nor riding fast. Thus nearly in hour clapsed before the little party came in sight of Shady Creek. Once during that time Mark had felt certain he had caught sight of Herbert Archer hovering stealthily among the trees on It occurred to him how easily in this wild and beautiful wilderness a rifleball might fell its victim, and yet the

"I'll just speak to Mr. Phil," he pondered; "then if he's really ousting this Herbert Archer, Herbert Archer sha'n't move a dozen yards that I don't know , until I am aware of his purpose "Colonel, come here. Who is this with Florence? Not Mr. Archer, 'exclaimed Mrs. Crane, seated in a rocking-chair in The colonel, coming from the inner

room, inspected the approaching party, "Not Archer? No. Never saw him efore. Some one Flo's picked up in Red up in the bush! You Have I not, dearest? Adelaide and | brother, as it strangers were blackberries. Who can it bey!" "We shall soon know, Kate, for they have alighted, and are coming straight

here. He's a fine, mandy looking fellow, and a gentleman, I'd swear. A account after the had ascended the rerawlah, followed by Philip Bathurst. There was a glow on her cheeks, a sparkle in her eyes, which, however, slightly fell before the colonel's steady "Uncle, aunt," she said, "let me in-

tleman who saved me when my horse ran away from Brighton. I knew that the hospitality which is accorded to everyone at Shady Creek, would be trebly so to him to whom I may have owed my life."

"This he" cried Colonel Grainger. "You are right, Florence. Sir. you are heartily welcome," extending his hand. "We owe you much,"

'Indeed, Colonel Grainger," began "So long back that, like a generous man, you have forgotten your good deeds; but, sir, I can assure you we have not forgotten our gratitude. Welcome, I repeat, to Shady Creek. Sit down, perhaps you have been riding far." "Since five o'clock, colonel, this morning. We camped out last night."
"Camped out, Mr. Bathurst? Your station—"

"I have no station as yet; that is, I hope, to come," smiled Philip. "I am on my way to the diggings." "Really, I hope, however, you are not in such haste to get to Tom Tiddler's ground but that you will give us

a day or two of your society? Kate, pray see that refreshment is prepared." Mrs. Crane, putting down her work, entered the house, bidding Flo follow. She was very thoughtful. The lines in her forehead were deeper as she gave the returned, looking her orders. As she returned, looking her niece in the face, she said abruptly: "Flo, you've been a mystery to me, but now I expect I know all about it.— Mr. Bathurst is the reason why you

Mr. Bathurst is the reason why you would never think of Herbert Archer."
"Oh, auntie, dear auntie!" and the girl hid her blushing face on the old lady's boson. "Yes, you are right; I love him so dearly. But I fancied we should never meet ngain, therefore was silent. Now auntie I will tall you all silent. Now, auntie, I will tell you all. You will not be angry? 'That depends, child. What is he?" A gentleman, auntie

"That's not everything. What's he got with which to keep you, child?"
To which Flo made this frank and startling avowal: "Nothing, auntie. He is a beggar,

"Only now. He is going to make a great fortune at the diggings." "Diggings! Nonsense, Flo. don't you a foolish girl. You marry a beggar! Well, there don't cry. I suppose you will wait until the fortune's made. But you'll see what your uncle will say to it. Mr. Bathurst, I trust, will not accept his hospitality under false pre Oh, auntie, I am sure he will not.

He is a gentleman. "Oh, handsome is that handsome does," responded the old lady with a sniff, for she was put out. She had esoused Herbert Archer's cause, and was annoyed at this evident obstacle. One thing consoled her, the knowledge that her brother would never let Flo narry a penniless suitor, though he was a gentleman.

On their entering the sitting-room they found the two had quitted the verandah, and were pacing backwards and forwards by the gum-trees in seri they be speaking about?

The truth was, no sooner had the la-dies gone than Philip Bathurst, as if he had heard Aunt Crane's remark respecting false pretenses, determined to acquaint the colonel with the truth of his love, and his position, boldly asking his consent, as her guardian, to his and Florence's engagement. Thus be re-

Colonel Grainger, will you grant me a few moment's private conversation, as I feel I have no right to accept your hospitality without first acquainting you with the sentiments I entertain towards your lovely niece.' A smile flitted over the officer's hand-

some features; but banishing it he re-You love her, Mr. Bathurst?

"Sincely, passionately."
"And Florence loves you?"
"She does, colonel. But can she have told you so?" inquired the young "She has told me nothing. However, I read the truth in her eyes when she introduced you. I regret she has been

'Do not blame her, colonel. Rather blame me who am the elder. Besides we neither believed we should have the happiness to meet again. Our love has some romance about it, but I feel there has been little in it to receive your dis-approval. May I tell it you? May I al-so inform you who I am, for as yet I am a stranger. Yes," said the colonel, rising. "We

will go yonder by the gum-trees. We shall be undisturbed. In his secret heart he was already taken by the frank, outspoken manliness of Philip Bathurst. He remem-bered, however, it was probably Florence's future at stake, and fair seeming was not always fair doing. Of course as a natural sequence, Flo, a school girl, would fall in love with a young, handsome fellow; but who was this fellow?

An adventurer, perhaps.

Who he was Philip Bathurst was not slow to inform him, and each sentence he uttered the more won the colonel He saw now why Flo had never incline toward Herbert Archer, and loved the girl for her fidelity. "You know now, Colonel Grainger, who I am, also my prospects," conclud-

"And the latter, you will own, Mr. Bathurst," remarked the other dryly, "are not very brilliant."
"On the contrary," smiled Phillip,
"they are almost below zero. Still, for stock-in-trade I have hope, youth health, and a determination to success Besides, thoughthat is the last thing

could advance, my uncle may relen "Then what do you need of me?" "First I wish, colonel, to have noth-ing hidden from you. Secondly, vont consent to my murriage with your nieve when I have acquired a bome and an income worthy of her acceptance, "Mr. Bathurst," rejoined the colonel, halting in the path, "you have been frank with me; I will be the same. I ought to be, for I owe you gratitude; but it is not that. I like you. You have spoken housestly and like a man. Win the fortune, and if by advice I can aid you I will. I'll not ask a large one, and if Flo keeps of the same mind, my consent is yours. There's my hand up-Philip grasped the soldier's palm with

much emotion. Every obstacle, apparently, was fading from his path. After all, how smoothly the course of their love promised to run.
"Now I see the ladies have returned." oceeded the colonel, "let us join them. You must need refreshment.

That evening, as Flo stood in the verandah watching the silver moon rising over the distant range of hills, Philip eame out to her.

"Oh, Philip," she murmured, as he stood by her side, "you have told uncle everything. I am so, so glad."
"I could not have accepted his hospi-

tality, darling, without doing so." "And be says?" That you may be mine, love, directly I have a home to offer you." What's that, Philip?"

I thought I heard a rustle among the bushes yonder."
The young man went towards them, but all was still. "It was nothing, or, at least, only some night bird, love, he said, returning; at the same moment the colonel

.

- called from within: "Come, come, Flo; the night air is yet chill. We must have no cold-catching. Besides, Mr. Bathurst, we

are early people in the bush."

Philip and Florence at once entered.

The windows were closed, and the blinds Directly it was so, the figure of a man stole from the bushes, moved swiftly and cautiously to the gale, and disap-

peared among the shadows of the trees. Half an hour later, Philip Bathurst, entering his bedroom, found Mark waiting him. "You here, Mark? I say, old fellow, we have faller into comfortable quar-ters, eh?" exclaimed the young fellow.

Chere's not a man on earth happier "Then, Mr. Phil, you've told the colo-"And got his consent, Mark. I have but to win a fortune, to win a bride."
"Win a fortune, Mr. Phil. and over-"An enemy? Why, man, I can have

none here."
A bitter one, if I mistake not, Mr. Phil. Do you remember, when we came upon Miss Grainger, she had a compan-

Yes, a friend of the colonel's. "And a lover of the niece's. If I judged him rightly, he will not easily wook your coming between them."
"Nonsense, Mark! What absurdity!"

"You ought to have seen the look he gave you, Mr. Phil."
Possibly, Mark. I can imagine the look I should give in his case. But looks, old fellow, never killed yet. Why, how grave you are! Surely," with a merry laugh, "you don't think my un-fortunate rival will order one out to a round of fisticuffs, or challenge me to duel? Just because we have left ugland behind us, Mark, we have not civilization. Our encoing out, I reck on, has made you nervous. There, old fellow, get to bed. I think we both

shall sleep soundly to-night."
Mark Hilton took his leave ashuned to state his fears further, but his opinion was by no means altered. "Mr. Phil didn't see his look," he repeated mentally as he turned into bed Almost about the same hour Herbert Archer paced the sitting-room of his station with a seowl as black as night upon his face. Frequent matterings escaped his lips. Once he exclaimed, almost flercely: "Let him have a care -let him have a care,"
Suddenly there was the quick beat of
horses hours in the road. He sprang

o blue window, and threw it open. As the light poured forth, the horse stop-ped, and two minutes after there adranced towards Herbert Archer a man in the dress of a form laborer. He was of middle height, with a heavy, dogged jaw, and overhanging brows. "At last, Mat," exclaimed Archer, The man doing so, the other closed "Well: Who is he?" he inquired,

eagerly.

A Mr. Philip Bathurst, come to Australia with his foster-brother to try Yes, yes. What more? Tell me all,

"He seems to be a gentleman, has rich connections—an unele, his fos-ter-brother said. He saved Miss Grainger's life when she was in England, and it was by chance they met to-day. "Chance! An agrecable chance," said Herbert Archer through his teeth They called each other by their Chris-"So they did to-night, when I saw them on the versudah, billing and cod-ing, all the world like lovers." Lovers-lovers! That's what it is—

that's what it is," ejaculated Herbert Archer, pacing the room excitedly. But trust me. Mat, never man and wife. The fellow, then, is staying

And the colonel?" "Treats him as an old friend: and, Mr. Archer, that is all I know," "But not all that you must know, Mat. What did the colonel say to my

When I told him that I had tramped from Sydney in search of employment and you having no need of me had sent on to him, as he had some new enttle, he said he would do what he could for me that at any rate I might stop "Good. But how did you manage to for a week or so:

"I said I had to return to tell you." Right. Well, watch this man, listen to his every word, mark what he does, and to-morrow night at eight o'clock meet me in Blackman's Gully, and TI give you further orders if necessary You know the reward, I will be liberal When alone Herbert Archer paced

the room awhile in thought. Then as he ascended to his chamber he mut-No: one life-nor two-shall not balk me, Florence Guinger, from making you mine. I said I loved you better than life, and that life I'll sacrifice rather than see you another's."

(To be Continued)

The Cottage at Bethany. There was one house where Jesus went very often-the cottage of Mary and Marths and Lazarus, at Hethany. There he lived not merely a social, but a domesthe life -not merely a life of society, but a life of home. In that house, brotherhood and sisterficed bloomed into such perfect flower that it has been (ragrant and beautiful to all generations. They were re-ligious people. No doubt each of them in solitude strave after and found the brotherhood of God. But we can well imagine that when they were together it was their brotherhood and sisterhood that was most prominent. And what did Justis do for them? Silver and gold like his deciples, he had none; but such as he had, his own supreme consclousness such as he was, he gave to them. One day he told the anxious older sister that there was a "better part" in life than the most faithful work for the comfort of brother or sister. He taught her his own lesson, that man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God, his Pather. On another day he allowed the bousehold life to feel the shock of death, and to be broken, in order that he might call upon his Father and their Father to restore it by what was like a new birth. And as the coming of a child into a household breaks open of God, so the brotherhood and elsterhood of Bethany must have been reopened and filled with the consciousness of sonship and daughtership, whenever that boy. man-young forever with something of perpetual youth of those who have passed through the grave and come out in the timeless life beyond-went about among them.-|Phillips Brooks-

Served Him Right, A man, who signs himself "A Poor Clerk," advertises pleadingly in New York, for the return of an overcoat stoles from the billiard pight I accompany some friends to the room of the Fifth Avenue Hotel the other | theatre. I know from previous experiday. The thief, if he rends the adver-tisement, will probably conclude that a poor clerk who senunders his reasoning tissue in practice ivory balls around a state slab with a green cloth over it will par should dispense with an overcost and tribula' learn to keep warm by sawing wood.

NOT A WOMAN'S REASON.

I wouldn't wore a Jersey. To show my figure thin,

And let men see the most of me Wes horrid bonce and skin. I wouldn't beng my ringlets Nor wear store hair at all: I wouldn't choose gay French-heefed shame To make my feet look small.

I wouldn't wenr a cornet

To squeeze my lungs and waietz Oh! I would be from all things from-

Only by nature graced.

I wouldn't think of marriages To help at home I'd plan, In fact, I would be very good-

Because I am a man.

A Proposal on the Rath.

I was sitting on a train about to leave Richmond, Virginia, for Petersburg, when a bridal party came on, and one of tha bridesmaids occupied the vacant seat by my side. The coach was crowded, and her americal escort could not find a seat, but contented himself by standing in the aisle at her side, conversing about the events of the day. It became dark, and I closed the book I had been reading, and leaned my head on the window, and closed my eyes, simply to rest them. Nothing was farther from my thoughts than to be an eavestropper, but so in the event I proved to be; for in the darkened twilight the absorbed couple, supposing me to be askep, settled into "love's low teme," each word of which struck upon my car clear as a bell, for in his carnestness be leaned on the back of the seat in front of us, his face, as you can pleture for yourself, forming with the lady's car and mine an equilateral trigngle. In free America, and on a public conveyance, I did not think it necessary to remind them of my presence. Presently be leaned closer and whispered ; "You mustanow by this time what my attentions to you mean. May I hope that I may

claim you as mine?" After a little paper she said, "I am very sorry, but I am afraid our paths through life will have to diverge." He expostulated of courses then, beavl

ting a deep sigh, walked away.

The twillight deepened, and I still rested my eyes. After awhile the disconsolate lover returned, and renewed his suft, saying; "I have spent diffeen wretched minutes. Can you give me no hope?" Her votce in the glosming sounded like

music to him, I have no doubt, as she answered: 'I have been thinking over what I told you. No one knows what may be in the future, and perhaps our paths may Just then the whistle blew for my station, and cathering up my possessions, I was preparing to depart, when he ex-

chimed joyfully: "Do you get off here?
Allow me to help you with these." And
with shiring eyes he took my satchel and
parcels and he'ped me off, even controlling himself so far as to how respectfully On looking bank I could see the lady in

my next by the wieslow, and the happy lover stilling by her sade. The whistle started, and the curtain tell.—[Harper's Magazine.

John G. Saxon Full Hand, DM you ever on a railway var observe the many bits of pastoscard that are before they punch shem and hand them back with an air that seems to say. "Well, 'this mone of my business." and more on to another? Tast's the "pass," and a els are not redundant and the ways are long Lectures find it so specially, and Saxe-pow of land, I am told, rathed in health and spirits once told me one of his experiences that was very amusing. He had passes on all the railroads and steamboots in the west be thought, but road not down on his chart op on which he hed to color as the conductor came along he took all his passes from his ported and helf them in his band like a dock of playing card. Ar Conductor," said he win you gong they seemetimes " -Well, what shand you are heard like that?" any to a hand like that? "I should say prom" and Saxe put up its surfaces the conductor present heightingly along

Men Who Enter Cougress, The fate which befell Mr. Henry J. Ray-mond, apart from the essential weakness of the pane on which he staked his sunens, be not incommon to man who enter Congress with great reputation already attached. So much is expected of them that their efforts on the floor are almost sore to fall below the standard set up for them by their hencers. By natural reaction they receive, in consequence, less credit than is their due. Except in a few marked instances the House has always been led by men whose reputation has been acquired in its service. Entering un-heralded, free from the requirements which expectation imposes, a clever man is sure to receive more credit than is really his due when he is so fortunate as to arrest the attention of members in his first speech. Thenceforward, if he be discreet enough to move slowly and modestly, he acquires a secure standing and may reach the highest honors which the House can confer.- James G. Blaine's History.

Slang in the White House.

W.E. Curtis, in the Chicago Inter-Ocean, says: Some people who have had the im-pression that Miss Cleveland is a prude of the "prunes, prisms and perstumous" sort are having a crased from their minda and the fact that she occassionally drops into current slang, as Silas Wegg dropped into poetry, is a matter of common report. The other day a wife of a Western senafor called at the White House, and, having seen the President's sister only once, was surprised and gratified at being addressed by name. "I'm quite astonished that you hould remember me," she said, and hope you will continue to." "You may count on that," replied Miss Cleveland, "I never go back on my frienda," and the Western sonator's wife, not to be outdone, enswered; "As my boys say, I am glad to have caught on to your friendship." Then there was a sensation.

A Bad Actor. "You have a natural ability for acting Green. What ever kept you off the stage ?"
"The stage manager."—[Tid Bita

Unappreciated Native Talent. Fond Mother,- 'I think Violet's votce ought to be cultivated abroad," Sensible Father .- "Anywhere would sailt me, except at home."

The Useful Pawnbrokes. Says a pawnbroker to the "Bystander"

of the Philadelphia News: "Yes, we come. across many peculiar phases of life. A man called about six months since and banded me a watch worth at least \$350, asking me to let blm have twenty-five cents upon it. I looked at blm in surprise and then hastily ran over our list of stelen watches. It was not mentioned there. I told bim that I would give him far more than twenty-five cents upon the watch. He said he wanted no more, and, noticing my look of surprise, he said to me ence that I will become intoxicated, and I will either less or sell my watch. I now leave it safe in your hands, receiving for it Imputy-five posts. To morrow I will pay you twenty eight coots and get Well are recolarly sover week, or every two was to that their vists the and leaves his watch in my ture."