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# Gdeli 0 0-078.8 "I acknowledge the truth of everything

CHAPTER XXII.

The telegram which reached Bertle's todgings just before the travelers left the that you said to me. I have been barsh tyrannical, suspicious, overbearing. My house was from Stella Moncrieff, "Com-at once," it said. "Your father is away children did well to distrust my love; it was not great enough to give them what but . am sure that he will welcome you they needed. And you were right to re him as a dog shakes a rat. It was not until four or five o'clock ot proach me-even to despise me, for I had been wilfully blind to the light that shone that you lie!" the following day that the little party made its appearance at the doors of Tor. upon me-the light of the star that might cesmuir. A sad little party, indeed! For Molly, the once merry, high-spirited girl, spite of all: it leads me back to yourself. had come back a crushed and brokenheatted woman; and Bertie was bowed down by sympathy for her troubles, and Lady Val had sorrows of her own. And me. I do repent of it." Stella, who received them, also had her share of grief, and looked as it she had spent many hours of weariness and auxlety during the year that had elapsed since Molly's marriage.

No question was asked or answered at rst. Molly fell into Stella's arms ar into his face. first. naturally as if she had been a child com been as blind as you, and far, far more ing home to her mother, and Stella folded unjust than you. Did you believe me her close to her breast, as if she could not bear to let her go. There was some Darling, I have loved you all the time. sweetness to be got out of this sad home Oh, it is good to have you here, to know coming, after all. And then Molly had to that you are home again, and that you be put to bed, and comforted, and tended love me too!" and it was touching to see how gentle she had grown, how grateful for word-

bim. It would have been his greatest possible delight to steal a march on Stells and to represent her to her husband at defying his commands and utterly neg

day. Hannington grew nervous and un- whom you want to see?" A sudden light casy as the day went on, and soon after came into his eyes. He looked at her luncheon he determined to go for a long engerly, but did not speak. walk by way of working off his disquiet- "I have sent for her," sai "I have sent for her," said Molly. "I

ude. A fancy took him to look once know you loved her, Jack: but you love more at Tomgarrow, where his meetings me a little, too, do you not?" It was a pitcous cry. But she was satisfied with with Molly used to take place. He reachad the narrow lane which led to the little "I love her in a different way, Molly. 1

hamlet, and walked slowly up the ascendnever injured her. It was all so different. Child, forgive me-and say good by. I love yon-you, my wife." ng ground. The gathering darkness him scarcely aware of the approach of another wayfarer from an oppo-But when they had exchanged the last and kiss, and he was left with his nurses.

site direction until the two were almost face to face. And then Hannington it was noticed that he began to watch the roused himself from his reverie, and came door as he had never watched it for to a sudden standstill, barring the other Molly's coming. She was with him at last. Her face man's advance.

"I've a word to say to you, Ralph came out of the mists and smiled bravely upon him. She was always courageous, Kingscott," he said, in barsh, decided and she had made up her mind that she would not distress him by lamentations.

Ralph Kingscott also stopped short, and the two men looked into each other's He was vaguely giad that she did not eyes.

cott.

ery-as Molly did. "Val," he said, with a faint smile of "What have you to say?" said King welcome, "the end has come, you see. "Not by your own seeking, Jack," she

There was a scarcely suppressed imatience in his tone. He glanced up and answered. the bed and was pillowing his head upon down the narrow lane as if he wanted to her arm. A sort of instinct told her what stimate his chance of escape from his was best to be done for him. "I would have been a botter husband interlocutor.

"I want a good many things," replied Hannington, doggedly. "You have several matters to answer for. I want the truth of this story about Molly that Lady Val has been telling me about. You know as well as I do that she never took from you." "Yes, Jack. I will do all I can her father's house a farthing's worth that did not belong to her. I hear that you-you of all people!-helped to throw suspicion upon her." Kingscott laughed, but his face had

ever the occasion comes, Val. And if she has-other children, and this little one turned pala should be neglected, or if the child was "I know nothing about the robbery. left motherless, then you-Val---" Appearances were against Molly and yourself. I only agreed with Moncrieff in

"She should be my child, then," said Valencia, softly, thinking that you-" Kingscott stopped short. Hannington had seized him in a "Yes, that is what I wanted to hear

-as Molly did.

She had kuelt down beside

loves me, and I could have loved her and

the child, too. You will be a friend to

them, will you not, Val? I leave them to

"She will marry again," said Hanning-ton, quietly. "Rutherford, perhaps. I hope she will. You can tell her so, if

you say. Kiss me, Val." strong, masterful grip and was stiking She bent to kiss him, and received his "You lie!" he said. "And you know last breath upon her lips.

CHAPTER XXV. Kingscott was apparently much the The way in which John Hannington have guided me. It does guide me in weaker of the two men. He was shorter and slighter than John Hannington; but came by his death remained for some come back, Stella, to tell you in all Hannington was out of training, and had time a mystery. Ralph Kingscott's flight humbleness and sincerity that I see my lately led a peculiarly exhausting and was not at first connected with it, except error, and that, as far as it is possible to unhealthy kind of life. On the other by Alan Moncrieff in his own mind; and band, Ralph was less courageous than the questions that he put to Hannington

She lorgot that they vere in the order and to make his way out of a difficult position answered by the dying material to make his way out of a difficult position control to make his way out of a difficult position answered by the dying material to make his way out of a difficult position control to make his way out of a difficult position answered by the dying material to make his way out of a difficult position control to make his way out of a difficult position answered by the dying material to make his way out of a difficult position would by conning, where Hannington would probably sink to brutality. His very When Alan Moncrieff looked into his own affairs, much that had been puzzling

Hannington's face glowed with the burning red of anger and excitement. for years made him stand aghast. Ralph

taken with him large sums of moneyenough, indeed, to constitute a nice little "How long is it since you have been fortune, on which he could subsist very

so fond of your wife?" said Kingscott, comfortably in a foreign land. Moncrieff, in the first shock of the discovery, It was an ill-advised remark. . Hanning was inclined to prosecute, but the pub-

In the days that were to come, w troop of children made gladness in Ruth-erford's house, and Molig wro proud of ncv. their ... auty and cheir noisiness and their mirth, even then John Hannington's foreboding was not justified. His child was never neglected, never set aside for any of the newcomers. Her mother and her stepfather had indeed a special tender-

ness for her; she was their darling, and fort. But they never grudged her to their old and true friend, Lady Valencia. In her house, little Valencia Hannington

spent many weeks every year; she was Lady Val's greatest interest in life. Many people said that Lady Valencia's great wealth would some day be left to het namesake, and that Val Hannington might yet he one of the richest women in England, but that day does not seem likely to dawn just yet. For Lady Val is as strong and brisk and active as she ever was, and the only trace that her great sorrow has left upon her is a wistful sadness in her beautiful eyes, and an ever-increasing tenderness for the lonely, the sorrowful, the weak-and perhaps, we may add, the wicked-of the

With one more scene from the life at Torresmuir, our story will fitly end. of I had lived, to that poor child. She

It is a bright summer morning, race, discussing their plans for the day. reading their letters and opening their newspapers, after the pleasant fashion obtains at Torresmuir on sunny mornings when the post comes in. Pres-ently Stella turns her head, and laughs for very happiness. A sturdy little fel-low, with great brown eyes, comes stumbling and panting up the slope of the hill toward the terrace, with something tightclasped in his dimpled hand. Master Alan makes his way straight to his mother, throws himself upon her with exuberant affection, and then displays what his hand contains. It is an oddly shaped stone-something like a lump of dull glass-and at sight of it Mr. Moncrieff utters an exclamation of pleasure and surprise.

of obligation upon all civilized peo "Where did you find that, my boy?" he asks. Alan the younger explains in broken

English that he found it in the grass, and that he thought it "pitty," and wanted to bring it to "muzzer." "It is a good omen," said Alan Mon-crieff, with a smile. "Stella, this is the

stone that was lost. The boy has found it at last." Stella, with her child in her arms, turns to him, smiling also. "So he has brought back the luck of the house," she exclaims. But Alan suddenly looks grave. "No. But Alan suddenly looks grave. "No, the destination of the sermon on the mount in Greek. The sermon on the mount in Greek. The sermon on the mount in Greek. The story of Bathlehem, and Golgotha, and Oliver, and Jordan banks, and Gaitean beaches, and Pauline embarka-ago, when you, my star, brought us your sweet presence, and the love that has brightened all our lives. Then you brought back to us, Stella, 'The Luck of the House.' " (The end.)

A Pearl Farm

trumpets that sounded over Patmos, have come to the world in liquid, symmetric, picturesque, philosophic, unrivaled Greek, insteal of the gibbertsh language in which many of the nations of the earth at that time jabbered. Who can forget it, and who can exaggerate its thril-ing importance, that Christ and heaven were introduced to us in the language of the Greeks, the language in which Homer that sung, and Sophoeles dramatized, and Piato dialogued, and Soorates discoursed, and Piato dialogued and Soorates discoursed, There is only one pearl farm in the world. It is in the Torres Strait, at the northern extremity of Australia, and ongs to James Clark, of Oneensland

blessing to the human family that men and The Emicent Divine's Sunday

TEXT: "I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the barbarlans."-Romans L, 14. At this time, when that behemoth or abominations, Mohammedanism, after hav-ing gorged itself on the carcasses of 100,000

ive were against it. Callimachus presided at the council of war, had the deciding vote, but had for oralle the valley between two mountains. That country, no part of which is more than forty miles from the sea, has male its impress upon the world as no other nation, and it to-lay holds a first mortgage of collication ways all similar applied. and Militiades addressed him, saying: "It now rests with you, Callimachus, either o enslave Athens, or, by insuring her free-tom, to win yourself an immortality of fame, or never since the Athenias were a people zere they in such danger as they are in at While we must leave to statesmanship and diplomacy the settlement of the intricate his moment. If they bow the knee to these Medes, they are to be given up to Hippias, and you know what they will then have to unfer, but if Athens comes victorious out of questions which now involve all Europe and indirectly all nations, it is time for all the churches, all schools, all universities, all this contest she has it in her power to be the first city of Greece. Your vote is to de

churches, a'l schools, all universities, all arts, all literatures, to sound out in the most emphatic way the declaration, "I am debtor to the Greeks." In the first place, we owe to their language our New Testament. All of it was first writ-ten in Greek, except the book of Matthew, and that, written in the Aramean language, was soon put into Greek by our Saviour's brother Lemes. To the Greek hadfunge we tide whether we are to join battle or not. If we do not bring on a battle presently, some factious intrigue will disunt o the Athenhams, and the city will be betrayed to the Medes, out if we fight before there is anything rotten in the state of Athens I believe that, pro-rided the goas will give fair field and no avor, we are able to get the best of it in the brother James. To the Greek language we owe the best sermon ever preached, the best letters ever written, the best visions ever kindled. All the parables in Greek. All the engagement."

angagement." That won the vote of Caliimachus, and ioon the baitte opened, and in full run the nen of Miltiade, fell upon the Persian hosts, ibouting: "Oh, sons of Greece! Strike for he freedom of your country! Strike for the reedom of your children and your wives, or the shrines of your fathers' gods and for he sepulchors of your sires! All, all are low staked on the strife!" While only 192 Freeks fell, 6410 Persians lay dead upon the leld, and many of the Asiatic hosts who ook to the war vessels in the harbor were consumed in the shipping. Persian oppres-

blessing to the human family that men and womes, mightily useful, who could live only within a century may be fereptuated for five or six or ten centuries? How I wish that some soulptor contemporaneous with Christ could have put His matchless form in mar-ble! But for every grand and exquisite statuo of Martin Luther, of John Knox, of Weilington, of Lafayette, of any of the great statesmen or emanipators or con-querors who adorn your parks or fill the alches of your academies, you are debtors to the Greeks. They covered the Accopolia In ivory, some in silver, some in gold, some In ivory, some to silver, some in gold, some Tanks to Philias, who worked in stone; to Clearchus, who worked in bronze; to Doutas, What an illustration it was of suffering for

and to the variantians. "--Domains 1, 14.
At this time, monthat behaviors 1, 14.
At this time, tho and to be sumption the variant of variant

mous. She belongs in Oshkosh, Wisand has been trained by her ownerthough little training was necessaryto pace against time without a driver. This, as the Herald observes, is a new

leparture in racing methods. There is no pace-maker no guiding. ao whipping, no orging, no interference or prompting of the mare in any way. knows her lines and goes through them without faltering, and with work sign of full confidence in her own

knowledge and ability She is led to a point about a bundrest yards from the wire, and is in perfect action when she receives the word "go" from the starter in the judges' stand. On getting the word the handsome agamal quickens her speed, and bround the track she goes as though cuttang away. She keeps close to the inter rath. seemingly through instinct, though she never leaves the track, whether it has

mel sed or not. Every mile is paced without a break.

and as evenly as though she were condied by a skillful driver. The novdry of the performance and the dashsion was rebuced. Greekan liberty was ally of the performance and the dataset where  $d_{\rm res}$  is the cause of civilization was ad-  $d_{\rm res}$  is beauty of the intelligent animal with idmitation wherever she appears, and the finish is always attended with en-

# She forgot that they were in the open his old acquaintance, and was inclined and that others also put, had not been lips looked pale in the waning light, while own affairs, much that had been puzzling to him was explained. The fraud and trickery of which he had been the dupe

"Let me go!" said Kingscott. "You will come with me to Dunkeld, had gone on until discovery was immi-nent, and had then disappeared; he had Darling, I have loved you all the time. "Not I?"

"I'll make you."

CHAPTER XXIV.

"My star! my blessed guiding star!" he with a sneer. murmured as, for the first time, their lips

"There

Kingscott was for once as ignorant of met in the loving kiss so long desired-Alan's whereabouts as. Stella; and his is long delayed -so perfect when at last ignorance was excessively annoying to it was given and received. "I have been his reason it would have been his received it was given and received. The two met is to be work and the work of the work of the matter had better been his received. The strayed from you too long; heaven help. strayed from you too long; heaven help became evident that Hannington's supe | sink into oblivion.

you are" said Hannington at points. It was addre

Subject: "Our Debt to the Greeks."

Discourse.

in due time their helper and their com

earth

Stella and her husband stand on the ter-

lecting his wishes; he could, he fancied have drawn a very striking picture of "Stella in revolt," as he phrased it to himself, Stella opening the doors or Tor resmuir to the disobedient runaway daughter whom Alan had never intended the love that shone from his eyes, the to invite to his home again. This was all, no doubt, a fancy picture; but i would have been extremely gratifying to heighten its hues and intensify its dis tinctness in Alan's eyes. The provoking part of it was that Alan had not chosen to leave him his address. It was almost the first time that this had happened; and ance of his forgiveness, and the kisser kingscott was obliged to see in it what that he pressed on the face of her baby moved from the habitations of man ha he had for a long time suspected, that; girl as well as upon her own. Alan did not trust him as much as it former days, and was rapidly learning to

dispense with his services. One day Stella had taken the road that ied toward Dunkeld, and did not intend to go very far. The day was cold but bright, and walking was very pleasant She went for some little distance, gather ing a winter bouquet on her way-a few red berries, a yellow leaf or two, a mossy twig, and by and by she began to rear range her little nosegay, looking down at It instead of straight before her. So i happened that she did not in the least see that any one was approaching, and when at the sound of a halting footstep she raised her eyes, she started violently to find that they met those of her husband who was standing in the road before her "Stella!" There was the most extraor

dinary pleasure in his face and voice. Stella was conscious of something up usual something indefinably warm and caressing-which crept into his tone; but that she was returning, and was not at house. it was so quickly succeeded by coldness that she had scarcely time to realize !

before it was gone. "I wanted to be alone for a time-no to be troubled with business letters," he went on. "There was nothing for which was likely to be needed at home."

"I have a great deal to tell you," said Stella, tremulously. "Molly is here." "Molly?" She had somewhat expected the quick, stern look of inquiry, the bend f the haughty brows. "And her bus band?"

"Her husband turned her out into the street one cold, stormy night. She wen to Bertie's lodgings. They telegraphed here to know if she might come.

"Hannington turned her out? Turned Molly out ?- his wife?" He stopped shor in the road, as if he could not go on, his lips working with emotion; suddenly he broke out with a violent ejaculation "The scoundrel! the brute! And I not here to horsewhip him! Well, what next? What did she do? She came here of tourse. Well?"

Then Stella repeated the whole story as we know it, while Mr. Moncrieff lis tened with growing indignation. When she had finished he exclaimed:

"I ought to have been at home. ought never to have done such a wild thing as to go off in that way, as if I did not care what befell any of you. shall never forgive myself. But I cer tainly had an idea that I left an address with Macalister. I suppose I forgot it. i meant to have important letters for varded. I was a fool-a fool. A selfish fool, too, for I went for my own satis faction only. If I tell you why I went, Stella, I wonder whether you will think it possible ever to forgive me for my

neglect of you." "Tell me," she said, softly.

"My dear," he said, stopping short and looking fixedly at her, "I had been finding out that I could not bear the state of things between us-the life we ledany longer. And I went away that I might, in the course of a few lonely days.

settle one or two matters with my conscience. I wanted to decide whether you were right or wrong in the accusatio you brought against me. I thoughteven on that night when we talked to gether in the library-that you were wrong. Do you remember? But the more I think of it, the more I am certain that you were right."

She wished that she could stop him but the strange dumbness which had be set her before made it impossible for her "t on;

CHAPTER XXIII. It was a new experience to Molly to

"Oh, Alan, Alan, she said; "I have

vindictiveness. have her father's arms about her, and to recognize with a surprise and delight tenderness breathing in every accent of his voice. It was a revelation to her She had never known, as she said naive ly to Stella afterward, that her father "cared so much." She was too weak and languid to talk a great deal; but there was great comfort for her in the assar would never die away. Although the

One anxiety alone possessed her. She found it difficult to speak of her husband them from scores of nooks and corners without tears and agitation, and the sub- to punish the murderer for his crime. lect of her marriage was therefore gener-For Hannington had fallen to the ally avoided. But she insisted on begging ground and lay there as one dead, while, her father not to try to see Hannington-not to take any notice of the past, but to let her stay quietly at Torresmuir, and dor a moment or two, Ralph Kingscott-crouching beside him-watched and waitleave him to go his own way.

To Lady Val's observant eye the the lane. He did not want to be seen in change in the relations between Stells the high-road now. He would strike and Alan Moncrieff was very plain. She across the fields, and take a devious route saw at once, too, that her own presence toward Blairgowrie, thence to the nearest was something of a superfluity. Molly seaport town. He meant to make the was slowly recovering; Bertie and King best of his way to Spain. scott were outwardly civil companions to one another, although no longer friends ness, he was dimly surprised to find fa-Lady Val felt herself one too many, and miliar faces were about him. He had thought it better to announce her imme been carried to Torresmuir, for the man

diate return to London. On the second day of her arrival in had married Mr. Moncrieff's daughter, own she received a call from Captain and had taken it for granted that he Rutherford. She had written to tell him would be nursed at his father-in-law's all surprised to see him when he ap-peared. She noticed that he looked

reply.

tion, to call his mind back from the float-

"You know that it was not Molly ?"

hurassed and applous, and she hastened to give him, in her usual light and cheer ful way, some reassuring news of Molly of whom she felt sure that he wanted emerged with puzzling distinctness. They to hear. were all kind and friendly faces, but he "I am glad she is safe at home," he

mid at length, with a heavy sigh. "So am I," said Lady Val, briskly. 'But you look dreadfully worried, Charie. Anything wrong?" "It's-John Hannington," muttered

Charlie. "Well, what of him? Is he not in Paris?" "No, worse luck. He's at home as usual

and from what I hear he's drinking imself to death." "Drinking! Are you sure?"

"His servant went to Donald Vereker i was all my fault." day or two ago and asked him to get his master to see a doctor. Donald, having heard of the way in which he had treated his wife, refused to go near him. I loathe I believe that it was Kingscott." John Hannington with all my heart. It was almost impossible for me to inter-fere. But I did what I could." "I know-I am sure of it." "That's right," said Hannington, in a "What did you do, Charlie?"

"I hunted up the doctor that I knew tone of weary relief, and then his eyes hey used to see sometimes. He would not go for a long time; he said it would be an intrusion. However, I persuaded nim; and he went this afternoon, as if to

ay a friendly call. He was admitted, and he saw John Hannington." sitting beside him. "Well?" "He was in a very quee: state," said Molly ?" "Yes, dear Jack." Captain Rutherford, slowly. "He was "There's something I wanted to say. haff stupefied. He must have been using Will you forgive me, Molly ?" some drug as well as drinking b.andy.

"I forgave you ever so long ago, Jack. He did not seem to resent the doctor's visit, but he would not promise to follow the advice that was given." "Oh, that is dreadful!" said Lady Val I go?" "She is here," said Molly. with a sudden shiver. "Can nothing be

"I can't see it. Everything is so dark." done? I am his friend. I am the only friend he has left. I'll go to him and tell him what he must do." The result of this visit was that Han

sington, thoroughly humbled, agreed to go to Torresmuir to beg his wife's forgiveness and to see his baby daughter. The journey northward was somewhat infortunate. Snow had been falling "Valencia." said Molly, softly. heavily in some parts of the country, and

keld until the afternoon of the next day and then it seemed to him that the best and then it seemed to him that the best thing was to take a room at the hotel and write a note that night to Molly's father. Mr. Moncrieff sent back word that he "Jack," Molly said, "is there no one not say no. would come to him at five o'clock next

ed to Alan Monast, as he held his opponent down upon crieff, and the postmark was that of an Mr. Clark, who is known as "the king obscure town in Spain. It was from of the pearl-fishers," originally stocked Ralph Kingscott himself.

"Dear Alan," it began, with an audacl-ty which almost took away Moncrieff's breath, "I have just learned from the He had slightly loosened his hold. Kingscott wrenched his hand free and newspapers that poor Hannington is dead. I suppose he has told you how the affair thrust it into an inner pocket. The re-port of a revolver rang out to startle the took place, and I need not make any secret of the matter in writing to you. silence of the lonely hills. To the man who fired that shot it seemed as if its echo but for my own satisfaction I wish to tell you why I shot him as I did. The act was not premeditated, but it seemed to me unavoidable. He brought it on his own head by his utter obstinacy and stucould not but fancy that the sound would pidity.

"And now to business. I resolved to make a fortune out of you. To this end I sacrificed all that stood in the way. Your coldness toward your children gave me a great many chances. You were so easily suspicious of them that it was no hard task to throw blame on them a thousand times when they were perfectly innocent. I began with wishing to make a competency; before long I wanted your whole fortune. I resolved to make you cast off both your children, and leave your property to me by will. When that will was made. I thought that you would probably soon give me possession of the es-tate. Because your affections are pretty

strong, although you hide them with a coating of ice, and when your heart and spirit were broken, as I meant them to by your son's dissipations and your worth up to almost five times that daughter's disgrace, you would not bear your unhappiness long. You would either

have gone out of your mind, under the circumstances, Alan Moncrieff, or you He lay for the most part in a dreamy would have committed suicide. Knowing state, not suffering much pain, but grow- you as I do, I feel sure of that. Bertie's ing weaker every hour. It seemed to him that he was wrapped in a sort of Hannington, and I did not quite like the mist, from which faces occasionally idea of your hearing that I had been responsible for most of them-as he would doubtless have informed you. In the had not energy to respond much to the matter of the forged check, it is perhaps kindness. Now it was Stella's soft eyes only fair to say-as I wish to do the that rested on him pityingly; he roused handsome thing by you all in leaving the himself to ask her to forgive him for all country-that Bertie was little to blame. that he had done. Then Alan Moncrieff He had had considerable pressure put bent over him and asked him some ques-tions, and to these he did his best to yourself that he thought anything pref-

But it was hard to fix his atten- erable to telling you the truth. "I will set your mind at rest on a point "Had Ralph Kingscott anything to do which once disturbed you more than you would allow-the fate of that stone which with this?" Alan asked. There was a went by the name of "The Luck of the pause, for the feeble answer came: "It House." It was I who took it away tas. by the by, Molly, with unusual acumen. "All your fault?—you had quarreled?" "It was about—Molly: I can't tell you now. She never robbed you—nor did I. I believe that it was Kingscott." "Yes; I believe that it was Kingscott." this I was wrong; the stone was intrinsically worthless. Secondly, I knew that its disappearance would perplex and, perhaps, distress you, for the family super stition had never been eradicated from closed and the mist seemed to have en- your mind. In thit I was right. I am guilted him once again. When he opened his eyes they rested on Molly's white, worn face. She was quite willing now, however, that you worthlessness, I flung it out of a window "Molly," he said, feebly. "Is it really in the tower, into the midst of a thickly growing bed of bracken. It may be there yet, for aught I know. If you can find it, you are welcome to it, and to all the luck that it may bries R. K.\*

When baby came I forgave you." Moncrieff read this letter with a feeling "You'll let me see it-the baby-before of rage and shame of which he found it difficult to rid himself. A search was made for the stone, but proved unavailing. It must have become imbedded in She guided his hand to the little head the earth and overgrown with vegetation, of the child which was now given into and probably. Moncrieff said, rather reher arms. Then he asked if he might gretfully, would never be found at all. He declared that he had no superstitious "It is a girl lan't it?" he said. "She'll feeling about it in the very least, but be a comfort to you, Molly. Somebody Stella fancied that she could read a little

told me what you were going to call regret in his honest eyes. her----" Molly mourned her husband bitterly. but she was young still, and her heart a great drift impeded traffic in the neigh-borhood of Carlisle. He was so nuch hindered that he did not arrive at Dan. "Valencia-yes." A clearer look came into his eyes; he lay silent for some mo-ments as if thinking deeply. "Molly," after two years of patient waiting, found he said, at last, very gently, "if I had her alone in the garden at Torresmuir, lived, I meant to be a better husband to and asked her if she could trust him to

it with a hundred and fifty thousand pearl oysters. Now 1,500 men-200 of whom are divers-and 250 vessels are employed in harvesting the crop. "I have been fifteen years engaged in

pearl-fishing," Mr. Clark told a correspondent of the Melbourne Age. "I began in a small way, and have given the fisheries my close attention during all this time. My experience has led me to the belief that, with proper intelligence in the selection of a place, one can raise pearls and pearl shells as easily as one can raise oysters.

"I started my farm three years ago, and have stocked it with shells which 1 obtained, in many instances, far out at sea. To grow shells successfully, however, according to my experience thus far, the water must not be too deep. "My pearl-shell farm covers 5,089

square miles. Over most of it the water is shallow. In shallow water shells attain the greatest size; and besides it is hard on the divers to go down deep for them. "I ship my pearls to London in my own vessels. The catch each year runs, roughly speaking, from \$200,000

amount."

Not Spoken as Spelled.

The absurd and sometimes extraordinary difference between the spelling and pronunciation of English names has been often commented upon. Several lists have been published, but they are by no means complete. The following, it is believed, are for the most part new: Woodnesborough, Winsbro; Woodmancote, Woodmucket; Wymond-

Strachan should be pronounced Strawn; Colquhoun is Koohoon, the accent being on the last syllable; Beauchamp is Beacham; Duchesne should be pronounced Dukarn; Bethune should be Beeton; and in Abergavenny the av is not sounded. Menzles is pronounced Mynges, Knollys as Knowls, Sandys as Sands, Gower as Goor, and Milnes as Mills. Glamis is Glarms; Geoghegan should be pronounced Gaygan, and

Ruthven is Riven .-- Boston Transcript Their Advantage.

English cousins have the advantage of An American millionaire, accustomed to purchase anything he wanted, tried

"Tell me, my good man, how you putting his hand significantly into his

"It werry simple, sir," replied the gardener, quaintly. "You cuts it as close as ever you can cut, and you rolls

To Keep Out Weeds.

gravel on garden walks will provent weeds growing.

and Lycurgus Nashington thundered his oration on "The Crown?" Everlasting thanks to God that the waters of life were not handed to the world in the unwashed sup of corrupt languages from which nations had been drinking, but in the clean, bright, gollen lippel, emeraid handled chalice of the Hellones. Learnet Curtius chalice of the Hellenes. Learnet Curtus wrote a whole volume about the Greek varb. Philologists century after century have been measuring the symmetry of that language, laden with elegy and philippic drama and comedy, "Olyssey" and "Iliad," but the grandest thing that Greek language ever ac-complished was to give to the world the benediction, the comfort, the irradiation, the salvation, of the goapel of the Son of God. For that we are debtors to the Greeks, From the Greeks the world learned how to 

Sopholes in Laged to the source in the control of the control of the source in the control of th

Woodmancote, Woodmucket; Wymond-lam, Windam; Yaddlethorpe, Yal-thrup; Gainsborough, Gainsber; Esk-dale, Asbdale; Brampton Brian, Brawn; Brighthelmstone, Brytun; Hallahon, Horn; Meddlethorpe, Threithrup; Ma-rylebone, Marrowbone; Ulrome, Oor-am; Uttoxeter, Tuxiter; Rampisham, Ransom; Pevensey, Pinsy; Coxwold, Cookwood; Crostwright, Corsit; Holds-worth, Holder: Skiddaw, Skildy. Strachan should be pronounced Strawn: Colouboun is Koohoon, the ac-strachan should be pronounced the poets, having written: For we thise off-pring are. All things that

Are but the echo of the voice divine.

And Aratus, one of their own poets, had written Doth care perplex? Is lowering danger

utgh? We are his offspring, and to Jove we fly.

memoration the pyramids were built. But Greek architecture did most for the living. Ignoring Egyptian precedents and borrowing nothing from other nations, Gresk archi-tecture carved its own columns, set its own pediments, adjusted its own entablatures rounded its own moldings and carried ou as never before the three qualities of right building, cal ed by an old author "firmitas, utilitas, vonustas"-namely, firmness, use-

fainess, beauty. But there is another art in my mind-the most fascinating, elevating and inspiring of all arts and the nearest to the divine-for which all the world owers to the division of the second which all the world owers a debt to the Hel-lenes that will never be paid. I mean soulp-ture. At least 650 years before Christ the Greeks parpetuated the human face and form in terra couts and marble. What

ranced, and the western world and all ma-tons have felt the heroles. Had there been to Miltiades there might have been no

clustiastic cheering. Mashington. Also at Thermopylæ 300 Gree's, along a soad only wide enough for a wheel track be-ween a mountain and a marsh, died rather than surrender. Had there been no Ther-month there width here been no Ther-A notable feature of the performance is that the last quarter is always the fastest, and no demonstration from the anopyle there might have been no Bunker Hill, English Marna Charra and Declaration of American Independence and the song of Robert Burns, entitled "A Man's a Man For r That," were only the long codtinued re-track is completed, and her bright eyes verberation of what wassaid and done twenty search the track for the groots, who senturies before in that little kingdom that he Powers of Europe are now impusing upon. Freese having again and again shown that en men in the right are stronger than 100 nen in the wrong, the heroles of Leonidas and Aristides and Themistories will not cease stands ready with cooling blankets a short distance up the stretch. When blanketed she is returned to the starter for r. cognition, and views the applaudheir mission until the last man on earth is is free as God mude him. There is not on other side of the Avlancie to-day a republic ng crowds with an air of conscious

BABY GETS THE LETTER.

But now comes the practical question, North Shore Matron Made Miscrable

The carrier made complaint about it, and said he must have it when he calle

The poor young matron by this time was thoroughly frightened. With her house maid she renewed the search, but it proved fruitless. In her misery her beautiful 3-year-old baby came in from her walk, accompanied by her nurse. The mother took her little one head, but through the gate of the heart, you upon her lap to recover her composure may capture them. When men of learning and might are brought to God, they are brought by simplest story of what religion eth do for a soul. They have lost children. Oh, tell them how Christ comforted you and asked the nursery maid if she had seen anything of the lost letter. The nurse thought a moment and then ex-

"I think the baby took it!"

when you lost your bright boy or blue eyed girl! They have found life a strugge. "I think On tell them how Christ has helped you all One of One of the amusements of the little stammering and then acknowledged before planet his indebte mess to the Greeks, error ing out in his oration, "As one of your own poets has said." Furthermore, all the civilized world, like Faul, is indebte it to the Greeks, for archites-tuie. The world before the time of the Greeks and built moniths, obelisks, crom-inches y and then a mess of those in whose com-memoration the pyramids were how. the way through! They are in bewilder-ment. Oh, tell them with how many hands Where Demosihends eloquence and Homeri magery would fail, a kindly heart throb may access. A genileman of this city sends may access. A genileman of this city sends may he statement of what occurred a few days in serms that Frank Conson and Jen of a mine. They had loaded an tron bucket with coal, and Jim Hemsworth, statistic action of the indeed bucket was here broke, and the loaded bucket was hand though his flesh was torn and his bones were broken, he stopped the whitling windlass and, though his flesh was torn and his bones were broken, he stopped the whitling windlass and though his flesh was torn and his bones were broken, he stopped the whitling windlass and though his flesh was torn and his bones were broken is descending bucket and aved the lives of the miners beneath. They hemsworth's blesding and broken body was put on a litter and carried homeward and bucket is the machinery. When Jim ereplied, "Oh, what's the difference so long a Lagred the borse".

it and cuts it for 600 years."

# A thick sprinkling of sawdust under

記録はい

There are some things in which our to obtain from an Oxford gardener the

secret of the beautiful lawns which make the pride of England-or a portion of it.

manage it," he said condescendingly.

pocket.