Might we but hear
The hovering angel's high imagined chorus,
Or catch, betimes, with wakeful eyes and clear,
One radiant vista of the realm before us—
With one rapt moment given to see and hear,
Ah, who would fear?

Were we quite sure
To find the peerless friend who left us lonely,
Or there, by some celestial stream as pure,
To gaze in eyes that here were lovelit only—
This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,
Who would endure?
—Edn

-Edmund C. Stedman

Why Jenny Ran Away By DAVID LYALL.

cairnie?" inquired Sammy Reid, the The Captain Broomferry postman, as he handed two letters to Miss Caroline Gentles at her house in the Broad Wynd of Broomferry.

What for has she run away from Cairnie, Sammy?" inquired the old school-mistress with an anxious air. Her letters were important, but her attention was diverted from them to the piece of disquieting news Sammy had delivered at every house he had stopped at on the way down.

He scratched his head, and shot out his underlip, while his one good eye gleamed under his shaggy brows. 'I should say, Miss Gentles, that she ran away because she had enough In a general way that's what

gars folk rin away frae onything in this world." But Miss Gentles was not reassured, nor indeed much enlightened. 'Jenny's no' a'body's money, ye

ken, Miss Gentles, but when she's wi' the richt folk she's a deil to work, and she has a wey wi' her; oh. yes, she has a wey. But she needs

Now these words smote Miss Gentles in a vulnerable spot. It was borne in upon her that she might have done more in the way of guiding the orphan girl who had once been her most brilliant pupil. Had she but persisted in her desire to offer her a place in her own quiet household as companion under the supervision of her trusted maid, Susan Bell, Jenny might have gone forth to the battle of life better

But the two elderly women had shrunk with a very natural shrinking from introducing such a disturbing element into their quiet ilves, and Miss Gentles had contented herself with procuring various places for Jenny, none of which had proved to be the right niche.

When did it happen, Samuel, and do they know where she has gone?' "It happened yesterday, and they dinna ken whaur she has gone, and as far as I could see they dinna care. But the cook drappit a hint. She said that it was on account of the Captain's nephew that has been stoppin' at Hill o' Cairnie since Christ-

"Thank you, Sammy," said Miss Gentles. She re-entered the house, read her letters, which were satisfactory, then after a brief colloquy with Susan Bell she dressed herself in readiness for a walk. It was a bright winter morning, with a slight powdering of snow lying on the frozen ground, a blue sky overhead, and a brilliant sun which made the exercise of walking ideal. Miss Gentles had two and a half miles in front of her, but footed it briskly, and reached her destination between eleven and twelve, just when the sun was at its brightest and the day in full glory.

Miss Gentles was conscious of a sharp sense of discomfort and apprehension as she approached the long bare house on the windy hill of Cairnie, and it was only a strong conception of duty which gave her courage to go on. Her inquiry for Mrs. Hill Stoner was met by a dubious shake of the head on the part of the man-

"She's not downstairs yet, madam but if the Captain will do"-

The Captain will do, thank you Please to tell him that Miss Gentles. from Broomferry, would like to speak to him for a few minutes."

The man ushered her into a small study, where Miss Gentles was left to recover herself. The walk had heightened her color, and her sweet cameo-like face was wonderfully attractive, with its becoming frame of soft, white hair, and its kind illuminsting eyes.

Miss Gentles, however, was not at all concerned with her appearance, and when the Captain, a somewhat Miss Gentles. If you'll sit down for bluff, fierce-looking individual, entered the room, she rose with a little in and drive down with you.'

nervous flutter. 'I must apologize, Captain Stonor," she said quickly. "It is a matter which perhaps concerns Mrs. Stonor more nearly, but I am informed that she has not yet come downstairs, and as I have had a long

walk I ventured to ask you." "Quite right, Miss Gentles. " My wife is up, but not ready for visitors yet. Fact is she's had an upset in er household, and one of them's run

"Yet, it is that I have come about Captain Stonor, the little girl Jenny Ransome, who came to Mrs. Stonor a few months ago as useful help."

The Captain smiled grimly.

"Whoever recommended her, Miss
Gentles, didn't do us a good turn"—

"Why, it was I who recommended her, Captain. Jenny was the very brightest pupil I ever had through

"Woman:

"Yes, Susan; I hoped you wouldn't recognize me, and I only came because I wanted so much to see dear Miss Gentles again. Promise me you won't tell a living soul in Broomferry I'm here."

"Hae ye heard that Jenny Ran- | my hands, and she only wanted a

The Captain nodded.

"Precisely, but Hill o' Cairnie was hardly the place for a lassie that needed guiding. I'm afraid we need t ourselves. But we needn't beat about the bush. My nephew, or rather my wife's nephew, has been here since Christmas, and he fell in love with the girl. All the trouble has been about that."

"Jenny couldn't help that, Captain," said Miss Gentles spiritedly. 'And it was surely the young gentleman's part to keep away from a young girl who had the protection of his aunt's house."

"Admirable sentiment, dear lady, but vulgarly speaking, it won't wash," observed the Captain grimly. 'I'm not saying anything against the I may tell you honestly I liked her, she was a sunbeam in the house; I've never known a more willing creature, and I don't blame the lad. But, of course, his aunt was furious, and spoke very sharp words to the girl, so that she ran awayleft all her things here, too. I sup-

pose she has gone home." "She hasn't any home, Captain Stonor. She came direct from her last place at Briars Manse to you, and I want to know where she is angry if she knew."

Susan promised blithely enough, a delightsome month ensued in the old house in the Broad Wynd where Miss Gentles was slowly nursed back to health and strength by the most winsome nurse that had ever made sunshine in a sickroom. One day in the last week of the month, during which the secret of Jenny Ransome's return to Broomferry had been secretly guarded, a carriage drove up in hot haste to Miss Gentle's house and a footman delivered a peremptory message to Susan Bell. There had been an accident he told her, and he was bidden to bring Miss Gentles' nurse without fall to Hill o' Cairnie, and to take no denial. He produced a note from his mistress to that effect, which Susan Bell carried to the dining room, where her mistress and the nurse were at that moment having tea together.

A hurried discussion took place, Jenny demurring. But something stronger than her wish and will seemed to settle the question, and in less than ten minutes' time Jenny's bag was on the box and herself inside the carriage, and the fleet horses covering the distance to Hill o' Cair-nie. And Jenny Ransome came no more to the Broad Wynd of Broomferry, save as an occasional and wellbeloved visitor from the bleak house on the windy Hill o' Cairnie.

Next day when Doctor Cuthill came to pay his usual visit to Miss Gentles there was an air of quiet satisfaction about him, a little twinkle in his eyes which spoke volumes.

"Tell me about Jenny, Doctor," said Miss Gentles, without a mo-ment's preliminary. "Was it you that got her taken to Cairnie?"

"Yes, and the best day's work ever I did. The Captain had an accident with his gun yesterday, and for a man of his age it might be serious. There was no time to lose, and I wanted somebody to help me."

"What did Mrs. Stonor say when she saw Jenny?"

"She didn't recognize her, my woman. Her sight is not so very good, and she's fallen desperately in love with her. We that's looking on will see all the fun."

"But is it quite honest, Doctor?"
inquired Miss Gentles gravely. "Mrs. Stonor might have cause to be very

sore about the breach, and that she

regrets what she did about the las-

sle, for the young man has never

forgotten her, and his aunt says never will."

lassie, Doctor, and fit for any Stonor

"Just what I thought, Miss Gen-

tles. I'll come in every day on my

way back from Hill o' Cairnie, and

charge you nothing for reporting

parted good friends, as they had been

all their lives. He was as good as

his word, and one day a week later

he brought Jenny herself to the

Broad Wynd on the front seat of the

"Here's the lassle to account for

herself. Oh, there's been bonnie on

gauns at Cairnie, I promise ye. Miss

Gentles. It's time ve had her in hand

He only waited to let her alight,

and she ran in, and with laughter and

tears flung herself on the kind breast

so happy; and I don't deserve it all,"

"Deserve what, my lassle?"

"Oh, everybody's so kind, and I'm

"Oh, everything; the Captain has

been making his will this morning

all over again, and it includes me,

and-and I'm not coming back any

more to Broomferry, dear Mias Caro-

line. Hubert is going abroad with

his regiment immediately after we

are married, and I'm to stop at Cair-

"It was she who made the arrange

ment: oh. it is all very wonderful.'

said the girl, with a quiver in her

could not be a God who cared about

folks, but-but now I know."-Scot

On a One Night Stand.

The barnstormer was playing 'Richard the Third."

"A horse, a horse; my kingdom

"If we quit naow ye'll be able to ketch the ten-thutty trolley," came a

tired voice from the gallery.-Har-

"I have often thought there

Miss Gentles laughed, and they

"It's wonderful, but she's a dear

A Health Hint

(From the Chicago Tribune)

THE MIDDLE HORSE

A farmer, plowing with three horses hitched abreast, noticed that the middle horse became tired and exhausted long before either of its mates. As the animal was the equal in every way of the other two, he was puzzled as to the cause of its not being able to stand the same amount of

cause of its not being able to stand the same amount of work. He finally observed, however, that as they drew the plow along, the three horses held their noses close together, and with the result that the middle horse was compelled to breathe the expired air from its fellows. The farmer then procured a long "jockey" stick, which he fastened with straps to the bits of the outside horses. The device worked perfectly; for, given its rightful share of good, fresh air, the middle horse was able to do the same amount of work and with no greater fatigue than its fellows.

Many persons are like the middle horse; they do not get

Many persons are like the middle horse; they do not get

their rightful share of fresh, pure air. And this is why they are not able to perform as much work nor of as good a

The Captain shook his head per- | been telegraphed for, and will be

plexedly.
"I'm sorry I can't give you the information, because I don't possess it."

here the morn for the first time since Jenny left Hill o' Cairnie; and I heard it from Mrs. Stonor's lips this morning that their hearts have been

among them."

dog-cart.

again.

voice.

tish American.

Jenny day by day."

of her old friend.

she cried breathlessly.

nie till he comes back.

"And Mrs. Stonor?"

for a horse!" he roared.

quality as they would otherwise be able to do

"Your nephew is here still. Could

"You may take my word for it that

you ask him? If he has been so

deeply interested in her he probably

he doesn't know. He's very much

upset about it, and there have been

several scenes between him and his

aunt. I keep outside of it all, but I

liked the little girl, and I'm sorry

this has happened. Who is she any-

na ferry, and died when she was very

young, leaving her without a mother.

and almost penniless. She drifted to

Broomferry somehow, and several

have had a hand in her upbringing.

She was at my school for four years;

just before she went to Briars

Broomserry since yesterday, you

"And she hasn't been seen about

"No I'm very anxious about her."

"I shouldn't like any harm to come

"I'll go back and speak to the Ser-

geant; Jenny had a very passionate

hasty temper, but I hope she would not do any harm to herself."

an awful thing. Don't suggest it

ten minutes or so I'll get a horse put

Every inquiry was made in Broom-

ferry and surrounding district, but

nothing more was heard of Jenny

Ransome for many a day. Perhaps

the one who had the most uneasy

mind over it was Miss Gentles. She

fell ill after a time, with an illness

so serious that a trained nurse had

to be fetched from Glasgow to look

after her, which was naturally a sore

dispensation on Susan Bell. But

when she opened the door to admit

the purse she gave a little cry, and

a light shone over all her rugged

"Jenny Ransome, as Pm a living

"Oh, bless me, no; that would be

to the lassie, Miss Gentles, but what

"Her father was the doctor at Port-

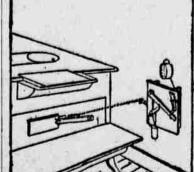
knows where she has gone.

how, Miss Gentles?"

Manse."

are we to do?"

"I'll risk it, and the nephew has



Automatic Fire Kindler.

This knotty problem has caused in-

Who shall be first out of bed in the

the other shall do it, while both desire to take another wink before arising, especially if the thermometer hovers around the zero mark. Both can now be relieved of this disagreeable but nevertheless essential task by equipping the range with an automatic apparatus invented and patented by a Texas man. The construction and operation of this apparatus is shown in the accompanying illustration. It is conected to a small clock. the latter being set to the hour when it is desired to bring up the fire. A the prearranged moment a spring releases a balance weight, pulling a chain attached to the lever controlling the draft. The latter is thus opened, causing the fire to come up and be ready for cooking when the housewife reaches the kitchen. The apparatus is also arranged to kindle a new fire should such be wanted. A number of matches are secured to a plate in front of the open grate. When the lever is released the matches are caused to ignite, the flame reaching

Unlucky Sport.

the paper in position in the range.

A well known London physician was invited out to the country for some shooting, but, although he tried drops the mail into it, and gives it a several times he could not hit a single "I'm very unlucky," he exclaimed

"I've killed nothing all day."
"Never mind," said his host;

write the rabbits one of your pre-

in the greatest community now ranking as a British colony.

CANADA'S PERFECT GENTLEMAN.

courtesy of a French gentleman of the old school with the capacity to man-

age men without which he would never have become leader of the Liberals

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Prime Minister of the Dominion, embodies the

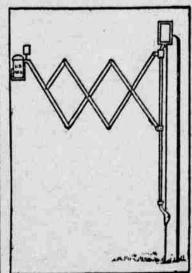
IN THE FOREGROUND.

Bird Put Out Man's Eye. A peculiar and serious accident happened to Rex Strawn, a young morning to shut up the kitchen fire? man living northeast of this place, numerable family squabbles between wife and husband. Each insists that last night. With his wife he had been to the home of a neighbor, and on returning home about 9 o'clock a bird

flew in his face, striking his eye. The bird's bill passed entirely through the eyeball, totally destroying the sight. It is thought that it was atracted by the lantern carried by Strawn, and when in close contact with the man was blinded. He did not capture the bird, but thinks it was a whippoorwill.-Loogootee Correspondence Indianapolis News.

Convenient For Rural Postman.

A man in Alabama has earned the gratitude of the postmen of the rural free delivery system by inventing a letter-box support which obviates the necessity of their leaving their wagons at every house. This not only saves the postman an hour or two a day and a great deal of trouble. but enables him to cover a larger territory. The contrivance is simply a letter-box mounted on a pair of lazytong levers, the other end of which is to be fastened to a post along the



roadside. When the farmer gets his mail he extends the tongs to their full length so that the box is within reach of the postman's wagon. The latter push which sends it back to the post again.

The Dutch will celebrate the centenary of the re-establishment of national independence by a world's fair at The Hague in 1913.



SUPPOSED TO BE THE LARGEST GRIZZLY EVER SHOT IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

All Who Would Enjoy

good health, with its blessings, must understand, quite clearly, that it involves the question of right living with all the term implies. With proper knowledge of what is best, each hour of recreation, of enjoyment, of contemplation and of effort may be made to contribute to living aright. Then the use of medicines may be dispensed with to advantage, but under ordinary conditions in many instances a simple, wholesome remedy may be invaluable if taken at the proper time and the California Fig Syrup Co. holds that it is alike important to present the subject truthfully and to supply the one perfect laxative to those desiring it.

Consequently, the Company's Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna gives general satisfaction. To get its beneficial effects buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

You Indoor People

must give the bowels help. Your choice must lie between harsh physic and candy Cascarets. Harshness makes the bowels callous, so you need increasing doses. Cascarets do just as much, but in a gentle way. Vest-pocket-box, 10 cents—at drug-stores. 853 Each tablet of the genuine is marked C C C.



A Blue Rose Possible.

It is by no means improbable that some day an enterprising rose grower may succeed in presenting the world with a blue rose. Not many years ago the idea of a green rose would have been ridiculed, yet today there is such a rose to offset the ancient blue, which we have not—as yet. That it will come in time, we may be sure. For more than half a century flowergrowers have been seeking to create a black rose. In this there has thus far been only partial success, one foreign florist having obtained a rose so deep a crimson as to appear black in ordinary lights, but revealing the crimson heart when closely examined. This result the florist obtained, first, by selecting the darkest roses as breeders, and, second, by the use of fron filings in the soil.—Suburban

A Noble Love.

"Is the contract of dower property drawn up, signed and witnessed?" asked the count of Castle-on-the-"Yes," sighed Gladys Golden.

"There are no loopholes through which your wise lawyers of Philadel-phia might creep?"
"Not a loophole," said the fair

Gladys.
"And your father's holdings in Amalgamated Whalebone, American Cheese and Macaroni and Tin Soupplate 6s have not been affected by the recent depression?" answered Miss

"No, deares Golden, firmly. dearest," Then 1 love you count; and two fond hearts beat as one,-Puck.

OVER THE FENCE Neighbor Says Something.

The front yard fence is a famous council place on pleasant days. Maybe to chat with some one along the street, or for friendly gossip with next door neighbor. Sometimes it is only small talk, but other times neighbor bas something really good to offer.

An old resident of Baird, Texas, got some mighty good advice this way once. He says:

"Drinking coffee left me nearly dead with dyspepsia, kidney disease and bowel trouble, with constant pains in my stomach, back and side. and so weak I could scarcely walk.

"One day I was chatting with one of my neighbors about my trouble and told her I believed coffee hurt me. Neighbor said she knew lots of people to whom coffee was poison and she pleaded with me to quit it and give Postom a trial. I did not take her advice right away, but tried a change of climate, which did not do me any good. Then I dropped coffee and took up Postum.

My improvement began immediately and I got better every day I used Postem.

"My bowels became regular and in two weeks all my pains were gone. Now I am well and strong and can eat anything I want to without distress. All of this is due to my having quit coffee, and to the use of Postum regularly.

"My son, who was troubled with indigestion, thought that if Postum helped me so, it might help him. It did, too, and he is now well and strong again.

We like Postum as well as we ever fiked the coffee and use it altogether in my family in place of coffee and all keep well." "There's a Rea-son." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are gennine, true, and full of human interest.



-From the World's Work.