"Yes, his friend; and as his friend I

will not hear him insulted. Good-

She walked quickly away, but in a

"Marjorie, will you not listen to

"No. I will not," returned the girl,

angrily. "Whatever you have to say

against Monsieur Caussidiere you shall

not say to me. He was right; you

are all against him, and you are the

The young man stared at her flushed

"Marjorie, answer me! Tell me it's

She flushed crimson and turned

"I care for anyone," she answered,

evasively, "who is alone and who wants a friend. Monsieur Caussidiere

has been very kind to me-and I am

"You are more than that, Marjorie-

"How dare you say so?" returned

Marjorie. "You are a coward, Johnnie

Sutherland. If he were here you would

"I would say the same to him as to

you. If he were not a scoundred he

This was too much for Marjorie. She

would not entice you from your home."

uttered an indignant exclamation, and,

without deigning to reply, hastened

rapidly away. This time he did not

hasten after her; and almost before he

could recover from his surprise she had

CHAPTER XIII.

sought an interview with Miss Heth-

erington, to whom he told of the scene

which he had had with Marjorie, of her

anger against himself, and of her con-

stant meetings with the stranger. Miss

Hetherington listened with averted

"I see how it is," she said "'tis the

old tale; twa lads and a lassie. But I

dinna like the French man, Johnnie,

no more than yourself. I'll speak

with Mr. Lorraine; maybe 'tis his work

to keep the bairnle right, though he

does his work ill, I'm thinking. You're

a good lad, Johnnie, and as to Marjorie,

she's a short-sighted eedict not to see

the moment Sutherland disappear

both her face and manner changed.

She spoke lightly and cheerfully; but

"The lad was right," she said. "Love

has made him keen sighted, and he has

the care o' kind folk to keep her frae

the one false step that ruins all. Mar-

jorie Annan, what shall I do for you,

She stood for a time meditating:

then she looked at her watch and found

it was still early in the day; she sum-

moned her old servant, ordered her car-

riage, and a quarter of an hour later

was driving away toward the town of

Hardly had she left when the French-

man came to the castle, and, by dint of

bribing the old serving man, Sandy

Sloan, with a golden sovereign, was

permitted to view the different rooms.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bring Great Prices.

done

my bairn?"

Dumfries.

FTER the scene

with Marjorie on

Sunday Right, Suth-

erland was in a

state of despair; for

two days he walked

about in misery; on

the third day his

resolution was fixed

and he determined

to act. He went up

to the Castle and

but take care, for I know he is a soun-

not possible, that you care for you

cheeks and angry eyes; then he ex-

moment he was again beside her.

night."

claimed:

map?

away.

sorry for him."

not speak like that."

entered the manse door.



CHAPTER XL-(CONTINUED.) Caussidiere started in surprise; he

"Madame is severe," he replied, with when I was a little child." a sarcastic smile. "She does not approve of the morals of my nation? No? Yet parbleu! they compare not unfavorably with those of plous Scot-

This rebuff rather disconcerted the dain spoken lady, who turned up the ath impatiently, while the Frenchloftly indignant. Marjorie, who had watched the preceding passage at arms with no little anxiety, not quite following the conversation, glanced implor-

agly at Caussidiere. Don't mind Miss Hetherington," she said, when the lady was out of hear-"What Mr. Lorraine says of her is true; her bark's waur than her bite, and she means no offense."

"Who is she, my child? Oh, I re-Ver, the eccentric old lady whom isited yesterday."

Marjorle nodded; and at that moment Mr. Lorraine came down the path, cllowed by Solomon, and met Miss Hetherington, who began talking to im vehemently.

"She is not very polite," muttered aussidiere; "and see, she is already busing me to your guardian." He held out his hand.

"Good-bye! I shall see you, perhaps, ter in the day."

"Perhaps. Oh, monsieur, you are not ffeaded?"

"Not at all," replied Caussidiere, hough the look with which he rearded his late antagonist rather beed his words. "I forgive her for your ake, my child!"

Marjorie did not go to church again hat day. She had a headache and tept her room. It was altogether a loomy afternoon. Mr. Lorraine, seretly troubled in his mind, had diffiulty in concentrating his thoughts on is religious duties, and Solomon preerved an invincible taciturnity. So the day passed away, and evening

There was no evening service, for Mr. Lorraine was too infirm to conduct three services in one day. After a dismal tea, to which Marjorie came down, ninister sat reading a volume of mons, and presently Marjorie left room, put on her hat, and strolled no the garden.

It was a beautiful evening, and the With her head still aching wearily, the girl wandered out upon the road and into the churchyard. She crept close to the western wall and looked for a long time at one of the tombstones. Then, sighing deeply, she came out and strolled up the village.

The bright weather and the fresh air enticed her on and on thi she came to the rural bridge above the Annan Water.

All was still and peaceful; not a sound, not a breath disturbed the Sabbath silence. She leaned over the stone parapet and looked sadly down.

Her thoughts were wandering far away-flowing, flowing with the murmuring stream. She had fallen into a waking dream, when she heard a footstep behind her. She started and uttered a low cry as she saw a dark figure approaching in the moonlight.

> HE figure advanced rapidly, and in a moment Mariorie recognized her tu-

sidiere!" she cried. "Yes," returned the French man quietly, "it is I!"

"I have frightened you," he said.

She seemed strangely sad and preoccupied tonight. After the Frenchupon the bridge again, and fixed her sad eyes upon the flowing river. Caussidiere, partaking of the mood, looked

You love the water, Marjorie?" "Yes; it is my kith and kin."

"You have been here for hours, nave you not? I sought you at the manse

"I was not here, monsieur. I was in the kirkyard among the graves."

"Among the graves?" returned the Frenchman, looking anxiously at her. "A strange place for you to wander in, my child! It is only when we have seen trouble and lost friends that we cek such places. For me it would be fitting, perhaps, but for you it is different. You are so young and should be so happy."

"Ah, yes!" sighed Marjorie. "I am happy enough." "And yet you sadden the days that

near the dead. Why did you go to the churchyard, little one?" Why, monsieur? To see my moth

a grave." "Your mother's grave? I thought ou did not know your mother?" "They say " was my mother." re-

worst of all. Do you think it is just or kind to abuse a man simply because turned Marjorie, quickly. "She was he is a stranger and unfortunate? What found drowned in Annan Water-was has Monsieur Caussidiere ever done to was not accustomed to such plain it not dreadful, monsieur?—and she you that you should dislike him so was buried yonder in the kirkyard much?"

> "And you think she was your moth-"They say so, monsieur, but I do not

> think it is true."

"I have gone to her grave and stayed by it, and tried to think they are right, but I cannot-I aye come away as I nan shrugged his shoulders and looked | did tonight and look at Annan Water, and feel it more my kin." "Marjorie!"

"Yes, monsieur!"

"I fancy you are right, child; perhaps your mother lives." "Ah, you think that?"

"More; she is perhaps watching over you, though she cannot speak. She may reveal herself some day."

"You believe so, monsieur?" repeated Marjorie, her face brightening with

"It is very probable, my child. You are not of the canaille, Marjorie. When I first saw you I knew that; then I heard your story, and it interested me. I thought, 'We are strangely alike-we are like two of a country cast adrift in a foreign land, but our destinies seem to be one. She is exiled from her kindred; I am exiled from my home. She has a kindly heart and will understand me; we must be friends, Marjorie, will we not?"

He held out his hand, and the girl took it.

"You are very good, monsieur," the answered simply.

"Then you must treat me as a friend, indeed, little one!" he answered. "I will take no money for your lessons. It is a pleasure for me to teach you, and -and Mr. Lorraine is not rich."

"Mr. Lorraine?" said Marjorie, opening her blue eyes; "it is not Mr. Lorraine who pays for my schooling, but Miss Hetherington." "Is that so?"

"Yes; that is so. Mr. Lorraine did not wish to have me taught beyond my station; but Miss Hetherington said I head, and laughed grimly when he had must learn."

Caussidiere seemed to reflect profoundly.

'Miss Hetherington is a philanthropic lady, then?"

"Do you think so, monsieur?" "Do not you think so, Marjorie, since

she is universally kind and generous?" "Ah," returned Marjorie, "I do not think she is always generous, monmoon was rising over the far-off hills. sieur; but she is very kind to me. Why wha's her friend." she has almost kept me ever since I

> To this the Frenchman did not reply; he seemed somewhat disturbed; he iit a cigar and watched Marjorle through the clouds of smoke. Presently the told me the truth. Marjorie is in danclock in the church tower struck the ger. Now is the time when she needs hour, and Marjorie started.

"I must be walking home," she said. She began to move across the bridge, the Frenchman keeping beside her.

They walked steadily onward, and now they reached the door of the inn. Marjorie paused and held forth her

hand. "Good-night, monsteur," she said. "Good-night!-shall I not walk with ou to the manse, little one?"

Marjorie shook her head "I would rather walk there alone." The Frenchman shrugged his shoul-

"Kh blen! since you wish it I will think you are right. Good-night, my

little friend, and au revoir." He took the hand which she had extended toward him, raised it toward his lips, then patted it as if he had been patting the fingers of a child; it was this air of fatherly friendliness which made her trust him, and which won for him all the sympathy of her affection-

ate heart. When Caussidiere imprinted a kiss upon her hand she neither blushed nor drew it away, but she said softly:

"Good night, monsieur, God bless you!" at which the Frenchman kissed her hand again, then, turning quickly, entered the inn.

Marjorie turned, too, feeling her kind little heart overflowing, and walked away down the moonlit road. She had not gone many steps when she was abruptly joined by a man. She did not start nor seem surprised; indeed, while she was parting with the Frenchman she had seen John Sutherland watching her from the opposite side of

the road. "Good-evening, Johnnie," said Marjorie, quietly. "Why did you not come forward to speak to Monsieur Caussidiere?"

The young man started, but made no

answer. "Johnnie, what is wrong?" she asked He paused, and looked at her. "Marjorie," he said, "tell me what

you were doing with that man?" It was no time for his reproacnes her whole soul rose in revolt. "With that man?" she repeated, an-

grily. "Do you mean with Monsieur Caussidiere?"

"Yes, with that villainous Frenchman," he returned, driven recklessly onward by his anger. "Why are you always in his company, Marjorie Annan?

Mariorie drew herself proudly up Had the Frenchman seen her then, he would have little doubt as to the stock

HER OPPORTUNITY. his friend," she answered, proudly.



with hip disease?" T does seem as if I never get any opportunities to do good," said Charity Chubb.

Elder Palley lifted his mild eyes over the rims of his silver spectacles-for it was in the "Evening Meeting" that Miss Chubb had ventured to speak forth

these her impressions and viewed her troubled countenance between the feathers of Mrs. Dixon's hat, and the straight, white bristles of old Mr. Moss's close-shaved head.

"Opportunities are pretty sure to come to us all, Sister Chubb," said he, "if only we can posses our souls in patience."

Charity Chubb shook her head. Her life was so totally different from that of the others who came, every Wednesday night, to relate their experience in evening meeting. To her there seemed no chance for self-denial, for forgiveness, for all the golden virtues in life's jewelcase. She was a poor little tradeswoman who stood all day long behind her counter, dealing out spools of cotton, penny-worths of taffy. yards of flannel and loaves of bread, and in the times when her sould longed for the heroic and self-sacrificing it seemed as if the wooden shutters of the little shop into which you stumbled down three steps, and which always smelt moldy, warded off all pos-

elder's words. "I don't go anywhere to see peop! .. " said she, "and I've no means to send help to the missions "

sible chance. She sighed softly at the

"The missions of home are around us all the time," said Elder Dalley. "I never come across 'em," said Miss Chubb.

"All in good time-all in good time," said the old man, serenely, "Remember Sister Chubb, that 'they also serve who only stand and wait!""

So Charity Chubb went home some what soothed and mollified in spirit. She was a plain, coarse-featured. good-hearted woman, whose soul reached upward as a lily leans toward the sun, and who, cramped and fettered by the power of circumstance though she might be, was not so far from the kingdom of heaven as many another one. And when, the next morning, she entered her shop and took her stand behind the counter, where the smell of new cheese and tallow candles, mingled with that of kerosene oil, packets of lucifer matches and hanks of stocking yarn, she opened the big day-book with a cheerful countenance, and thought to herself: "Perhaps the op-

portunity may be nearer than I think!" But everything went on in the same old routine. Grand'ther Jones hobbled in for a clay pipe just as usual. Mrs. Higgins's little red-haired girl came for the regular pint of kerosene, with the change short one penny, as it always was. Mrs. Dixey stopped to gossip on her way to the "place" where she was to wash that day, and Mrs. Hopper looked at gingham and bought callco instead. Billy Butts purchased a sheet of paper, an envelope and a postage stamp, and old Mrs. Miggles bewailed herself because snuff had gone up half a cent on an ounce, and the sun rose bot and high into the heavens, and the



"HEAVEN BLESS YOU."

air of Lamb Court became intolerably close and the sound of wheels seemed to grind into Miss Charity Chubb's

very brain! When a tall, untidy-loking girl, with the air of one who has grown beyond her strength, came in with a shawl wrapped about her head and a ragged splint basket in her hand, and asked for a quarter of a pound of starch. And as Miss Charity Chubb stooped to the tin cannister where she kept the pearly crystals, she saw the girl hurriedly secrete under her faded shawl one of the reddish-brown cards of ginger-bread which were piled on the counter, fresh from the bayers' basket.

All in an instant, as it were. Miss Charity's first impulse was to call out to the fat policeman, whose figure slowly promenading past, cast a shadow on the blind even at that moment. but a glance at the girl's pale, scared face and thin cheeks decided her to

up the package of starch until the various customers in the store had come and gone, and the girl herself began to evince some reatlessness. "My step-mother will be waiting."

shoulder. "And there's a deal to do at home!" "Wait a bit," said Miss Chubb, tying the string of the parcel in a slow, elaborate bow. "You are Myra Gates, are

you not?-the girl in the second story of Blossom's house?" "Yes," the customer answered, defi-

Yes. Myra Gates's large, dark eyes had softened some in their light.

"Everybody knows that," said Myra,

"And there's one little lad pining

almost petulantly.

"I suppose," said Miss Chubb, her eyes fixed keenly on the customer, "that he don't get many little dainties, such as ailing children like. I'll just put up a bunch of raisins and a fig or so for him and one of these fresh cards of gingerbread."

In the same moment Myra Gates flung back her shawl and threw the purloined cake on the counter once again.

"I took it on the sly," said she, with a great sob in her voice, "Yes, I stole And I won't deny it! But it was for poor little Larry that never tastes anything but bread from one week's end to another poor dear."

"Didn't you know it was wrong? said Miss Charity Chubb, mildly.

"Yes-but it was for Larry."

"Are you so very poor?" "We are starving," said Myra, "My mother can't get wash but a day now and then, and the firm that employed me falled a week ago Monday last, and all we have to live on is Timmy's dollar a week that he gets in a store down town for sweeping out and running er-

"Did you ever take anything without leave before?" said Miss Charity. "No!" cried Myra Gates. "And, Heaven helping me, I never will again.

"Look bere, Myra," said the little shopkeeper, laying a gentle hand on the girl's tattered sleeve, "I believe you never have broken God's laws before, and I have faith that you never will

"Thank you, Miss Chubb," said poor Myra, almost inaudably,

"I need a girl to help me here in the store," added Charity. "I am getting old and not so spry as I once was. If you've a mind to come and try the place. I'll give you fifty cents a day at first and more if I find that you are reliable and can earn it."

"Oh, Miss Chubb-after-after what

I did today?" "We're none of us perfect, child," said Miss Charity, shortly, "and the Lord knows what would become of us if He wasn't always giving us a chance to try again. Go home and tell your stepmother, and then come back tomorrow morning."

Myra Gates obeyed, but as she walked out she stooped hurriedly and pressed her lips to the little shop woman's brown hand.

"Heaven bless you!" she whispered I think you have saved me." Miss Charity looked after the girl's

etreating form.

"I suppose people would say I was running a risk," she thought, "but it was my opportunity, and I could not let it go by.'

Myra Gates came early the next day her thick, dark tresses nearly brushed and braided, her dress mended, and ironed, her fare alight with a new hope. 'Are you glad to come?" asked the

spinster, noting the expression of her ey'es. "Oh," cried Myra, "you don't know what a life I lead at home with my stepmother! If it wasn't for little Lar ry, I almost think I should have com-

mitted suicide long ago." Perhaps the world would have been quite justified in saying that Miss Charity Chubb did an indiscreet thing in taking Wilbur Gates's orphan daughter into her store, but the results were most favorable. At the year's end Myra had become indispensable to her-a quick, loving young assistant, who watched her with eyes of true affection. and who made the interests of her employer her own. And, what was better still, she had saved Myra from the Slough of Despond into which she had been slowly sinking, almost unconsciously to herself.

"Elder Dalley was right," Miss Chubb thought. "Opportunities come to all of us, if we can only wait patiently enough and mine was sent to me at last!"-The New York Ledger.

A GOOD APPETITE.

How frequently we hear the remark made, when a person's indisposition s spoken of: "Oh, he can't have much the matter with him. He eats well and therefore, he must be all right.' As a matter of fact, although a good appetite is sometimes considered as a test of the state of the health, it is not an invariable test, for often those who are seriously ill have good appetites. This is the case with many consumptives and others, but a person with a bad appetite is not in good health-there is something wrong with

Appetite and hunger are generally used synonymously, but hunger is more han appetite; it is imperious, but is allayed after eating. What is the best thing to do when the appetite wanes? The usual remedy is a tonic, sometimes, we fear, it takes the shape of too frequent "nips" of gin and bitters, sherry and bitters, or some other compound. For a want of appetite the real remedles needed are often rest and leep, together with fresh air. Overwork when feeble is a cause of loss of ap-

A change of food is a good remedy. sometimes the regimen has not been varied enough, and the system becomes over-burdened with one kind of material and another kind is deficient. An entire change of food may work wonders. A change of scene, of thought and of environment are some of the best means to restore a jaded appetite for food. Out door exercise, work, sca-bathing-all these have a good effect, and promote those changes in the body which make a demand for food imperative. These remedies are all natural ones, and if rightly used can do no harm.

ENGLISH NIGHTINGALES

They Are Not Shy and Their Sor & to Not Reserved for the Night.

The nightingale does not sing everywhere, yet it is the greatest mistake to consider the bird shy as to imagine its song is chiefly reserved for the night. He will sing continually from' one of the oaks bordering the wayside while the village folks pass and repass. The village couples must rest upon the footside or linger to listen, beneath the very tree on which the bird is stationed. Still the full burden of melody goes on unchecked. without pause or intermission. And what a glorious outburst it is! What a perfect cascade of trills and shakes and semi-quivers! Suddenly it is pierced by a single note that shivers in the ear; then comes the wondrous water bubble, to be followed by a delicious warble, long drawn and soft as could be breathed from the richest flute. Another prolonged trill, and then a far-off sound that almost seems to come from another songster half a mile away, serves to throw into relief the passionate tremolo issuing from the same tiny throat; and all the time the wings are quivering with excitement, and the whole coppice seems to vibrate. The song is, indeed, a whole orchestra of bird music. Expressive of every shade of ecstasy, we are at times startled by a succession of deep, plaintive tones that thrill like sobs. No wonder the nightingale's singing season is brief-six weeks only of the entire year. Nay, it is doubtful whether any individual bird sings for so long a period. The redwing, another fine singer, is a similar instance of the limited period of song. Its voice in this country is confined to two notes. and these by no means musical. Yet the redwing is the nightingale of Norway, to which land he returns for breeding purposes each succeeding April. So with our nightingale. From the day the eggs are hatched he becomes gradually silent, until of the marvelous voice that stirred a mile of woodland, naught is heard save a dismal croak hardly to be distinguished from the coarse cry of the bullfrog .-St. James Gazette.

HOW LONG SHOULD WE SLEEP.

The popular belief that men of extraordinary mental activity are, as a rule, light sleepers is not justified by facts, for the idler and the pleasureseekers often seem to sleep longer and more easily than the laborious brainworkers. The only safe gulde in determining the question of the proper amount of sleep is undoubtedly experience. If good health and full intellectual efficiency can be preserved by six hours' sleep, there seems no motive for making effort, probably destined to failure, to sleep eight

Care, however, should be exercised that short sleep has not been the result merely of a long continued bad habit, and that every opportunity is afforded to the organism to procure that amount of sleep that seems adapted to it. Hence moderately early hours and quiet freedom from sources of disturbance are necessary, and for a prolonged period, before we can feel sure that the amount of sleep that seems natural to us is so in real-

Eight hours has been fixed by general consent as the happy mean, and we have no objection to offer to it, although it is perhaps rather a liberal allowance for adults in robust health. The young and the ailing might with advantage take more, and indeed can hardly have too much of so excellent a tonic and restorative as sleep. Rational treatment of sleeplessness, apart from such causes of insomnia as sorrow or harrowing anxiety, can do much. The condition of bed and bedroom should be inquired into and modified as common-sense rules may dictate.

The occupations of the sufferer both during the day and more especially during the hour immediately preceding bedtime should be carefully inquired into. There is a consensus of opinion that the bad sleeper should treak off his daily routine some time before the hour of retiring to rest, that he should try the distracting in fluence of conversation, a stroll, a novel, or a cigar, and that every effort should be made to prevent the overtaxed brain from pursuing during the night the well-beaten track of the day. A tepid bath at bedtime often acts well, whereas a very hot or cold bath is to many persons positively injurious.

Patron (severely)-Why don't you show me a seat? Conductor (blandly) -We are not in the curio business.-Detroit Journal.

WORDS OF THE WISE.

Disinterested actions will ear a the richest recompense.-Goethe. I prefer the honestly simple to the

ingeniously wicked .- W. Penn. It is the privilege of truth always to grow on candid minds.-Scrivener. Simplicity and grace seem to be the

elements to charm.-Mrs. Sigourney. Poverty is rich with little-a cloudy day becomes rich with a speck of blue. -W. B. Spear.

People seldom improve when they have no model but themselves to copy after.-Goldsmith. Nothing is more simple than great-

ress; indeed to be simple is to be great. -R. W. Emerson.

The innecence of the intention abates nothing of the misobiof of the example.-Robert Hall.



"Monsieur Caus-

"He took her hand in his, and found it cold and trembling. "Yes, monsieur; I was startled becapse I did not hear you coming, and I seemed to be far away."

man had joined her she relapsed into her former dream; she folded her arms

downward, too.

should be the brightest by wandering

whence she came. "I am in his company because I

RARE WORKS OF ART. Treasures of the Goncourt Brothers

All the great pictures in the Goncourt collection have now been sold at the Hotel Drouot and have realized 696,000 francs, or £27,840, says a Paris letter. It is to be noted that the brothers Goncourt, as related in the famous diary, often pinched themselves in order to purchase pictures and art obfects for their collection. They would undoubtedly be surprised if they were alive to read the prices obtained at the recent sale for old drawings and engravings which they picked up years ago on the Paris quays and cisewhere for a few gold or silver pieces. They were keen dilettanti and knew good works of art when they saw them, but they could hardly have realized that a sketch by the younger Moreau, for which they paid about a dollar, would be purchased years afterwards for hundreds of dollars. There is now every prospect that the Goncourt academy may become an accomplished fact, and that the literary legatees, as well as the poor relations, may receive something worth having out of the estate. When Edmond de Gouncourt died it was confidently asserte by many that his artistic collections would not realize 18,000, whereas his pictures and ongravings alone have already brought in nore than treble that amount.

Only a Little Premature. "I can't hear a suit that isn't pending," said a judge to a young lawyer

who was seeking advice. "I know it isn't pending," replied the young man, in some confusion, "but it about to pend."-The Green Bag.

The Indian population of the Dominion of Canada is said to be 122,000, of whom about 38,000 are Roman Catholies, and the same number Protestants. and much means to provide for them?"

the contrary. "It's theft, sure enough," said she to herself, "but then there's different kinds of thieves, we all know." And she purposely delayed wrapping

said she, impatiently biting the end of a long, loose curl which hung over her

ently. "Your stepmother's a widow, isn't she-with a lot of little children and