

"SHREWSBURY"

By STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

I am instructed that they are again affoat and find favor in circles where to think ill of public men is held the first test of experience. And this being the case, and my affection for my lord such as is natural. I perceive a clear duty. I do not indeed supperceive a clear duty. I do not indeed sup-pose that any one can at this time of day effect that which the sense of all good men failed to effect while he lived—I mean the final killing of these rumors, nor is a plain tale likely to persuade these with whom idle reflets; constantly furbished up, of letters seen in France, weigh more than a consistent e. But my tord's case is now, as I take re-oved to the appeal court of posterity, ilcu, nevertheless, a lie constantly iterated which, hevertheres, a he constant, the term may mislead. To provide somewhat to correct this and where from future http://dx.may draw, I who knew him well and was deep in his confidence and business at the time of Sir John Fenwick's conspiracy-of which these columnies were always compact-propose to set down my evidence here; shrinking from no fulness, at times even venturing on prolixity, and always remembering a saying of Lord Somers, that the most material part of testimony is often that in which the witness values himself least. To adventure on this fulness, which in the case of many, and perhaps the bulk of writers, might issue in the surfeit of their residers, I feel myself emboldened by the possession of a brief and concise manner of writing, which, acquired in the first place in the circumstances presently to appear, was later improved by constant practice in the com-position of my lord's papers.

And here some will expect me at once to the events of the year 1696, in which Sir John suffered, or at least 1695. But softly, and a little, if you please, above; inasmuch as the particulars which enabled my lord's enemies to place a sinister inmy ford's enemies to place a supersistence and the presentation on his conduct in those years had somewhat to do with me. Therefore before I can clear the matter up from every point of view. I am first to say who I am and how I came to fall in the way of that great man and gain his approbation; with other preliminary matters relating to my-self, whereof some do not please at this distance, and yet must be set down, if

which I am glad to say, the worst s first, or at least early. And with narrative, will do so currente calamo, as the ancients were wont to say, and so fortwith to those more important matters with which my readers desire to be made acquainted. Suffice it, then, that I was born near Bishop's Stortford, on the borders of Hertfordshire in that year, so truly called the Annus Mirabilis, 1666; my father, a small yeoman, my mother of no better stock, she ing the daughter of a poor parson in that neighborhood. In such a station she was not likely to boast much learning, yet she read, and having served two years in a great man's still-room, had acquired of gentility that went as ill with her station as they were little calculated to increase her contentment. Our house lay not far from the high road between Ware and Bishop's Stortford, which furnished us with frequent opportunities of viewing the king and court, who were in the habit of passing that way two or three who were in times in the year to Newmarket to see the horse races. On these occasions we crowded with our neighbors to the side of the road and gaped on the pageant, which lacked no show of ladies, both masked and un-



"I PLODDED TWELVE MILES TO WARE peries, and mettlesome horses that hit the taste of some among us better than either. My mother was ever the foremost and the ost ready on these excursions; yet it was it long before I learned to beware of her hand for days after, and expect none but and fretful answers, while y father dared no more spell duty for much as a week than refuse the king's

wife—and it is true she could ding my father's ears, and, for as handsome as she was, there were times when he would have been happier with a plainer woman—I am far from saying that she was a bad mother. Indeed, she was a kind, if fickle and passionate one, wiser at large and in inten-tion, than in practice and in small matters. if for one thing only—and putting natural affection, in which I trust I aside natural affection, in which I trust I am not deficient—she deserved to be named by me with undying gratitude. For having learned to read, but never to write beyond, that is, the trifle of her maiden name, she valued scholarship both by that she had and that she had not; and in the year after was breeched, prevailed on my father, who, for his part, good man, never ad-end to week's end, either at meals or at vanced beyond the neck verse to bind me any other time, for my employer's wife had the ancient grammar school at Bishop's

Stortford, then kept by a Mrs. G.
I believe that there were some who this as much beyond our pretenons as our small farm fell below the omestead of a man of substance; and for , the first lesson I learned at that was to behave myself lowly and to all my betters, being trounced

That the untimely death at the age of the gravity, my most noble and general to the briefest relation of the benefits I had at be hands, might look from one in my cituation could expect no other, and en the briefest relation of the benefits I had at bis hands, might look from one in my cituation could expect no other, and en the briefest relation of the benefits I had at bis hands, might look from one in my cituation could expect no other, and en the briefest relation of the benefits I had at bis hands, might look from one in my cituation could expect no other, and en the briefest relation of the benefits I had at bis hands, might look for more. Were this at his day of the days a will have only a benefit of the benefits I had at bis hands, might look for more. Were the as a kings man, which placed him displaced by the rump and hated all of that shing this appearance. But I am informed that my lord duke's depth has reviced on the many about at the time of his first religions, and which were so industriously and which were so industriously entire that my lord duke's depth has reviced on the many a proof of the malics, as now of the experience of his sentire. Yellow the control of the benefits I had at being that the control of the benefits I had at bis hands, might look for more. Were this religions that my long that my long



"YOU ARE TO COME TO THIS SIDE ONLY WHEN I GIVE YOU LEAVE."

man of less courage than his neighbors; port—even with the aid of those reflections but he took the matter peculiarly to heart, on the dignity of learning and the Latin and never forgave the roundheads the elur they had unwittingly cast on his honor; on master. the contrary, and in the event he regularly celebrated the 30th of January by flogging the six boys who stood lowest in each time I was only 18, an age at which the pasthis as a calumny.

That the good man did in truth love and favor loyalty, however, and this without sparing the rod in season, I am myself a bright and excellent example. For, though I never attained the outward flower of scholarship b proceeding to the learned degree of art of which I am glad to say, the worst comes first, or at least early. And with that, to proceed, promising always that, as in all that follows I am no one; and the tale is my lord's, I shall deal very succincity with my own concerns and chancings, and where I must state them for clearness of fine hand and read Eutropius and learn and teach the horn book and Christ Cross to These attainments, and th must testify I have never ceased to cultivate I owe rather to the predilection which he had for me than to my own gifts, which, indeed though doubtless I was a boy of som parts, I do not remember to have been grea at the first. Sub ferula however, and encouragement, I so far advanced that he presently began to consider promoting me to the place of usher with a cane in commendam; and doubtless would have donbut for the fit that took him at the first news of the Rye House plot-which i friend imprudently brought to him when he was merry after dinner—and at one and the same time carried him off, and deprived me

After that, and learning that his succes sor had a son whom he proposed to promotto the place I desired, I returned to the school no more, but began to live at home. at first with pleasure, but after no long interval with growing chagrin and tedium. Our house possessed none of the comfort that are necessary to idleness, and therefore when the east wind drove me indoors from swinging on the gate, or sulking in the stack yard, I found in it neither welcome nor occupation. My younger brother had seized on the place of assistant to my father, and having got thews and experience am bulando, found fresh ground every day for making mock of my uselessness. Did 1 milk, the cows kicked over the bucket, while thought of other things; did I plow, furrows ran crooked; when I threshed the flail soon wearled my arms. In the result therefore the respect with which my father had at first regarded my learning wore off, and he grew to hate the sight of me loafing in the doorway, my sleeves too short for my chapped arms and my breeches barely my knees. Though my mother still lieved in me, and occasionally, when she was in an ill humor with my father, made me read to her, her support scarcely balanced the neighbors' sneers. Nor, when I chanced to displease her-which to do her justice was for I was her favoriteabove joining in the general cry and asking me, while she cuffed me, whether I thought that cherries fell into the mouth and meant

to spend all my life with my hands in my To make a long story short, at the end of twelve months, whereof every day of the last ten increased my hatred of the home surroundings, the dull strip of common before our door, the duck pond, the horizon and the twin ash trees on which I had cut my name so often, I heard through a neighbor that an usher was required in a school at Ware. This was enough for me, while, of my fam-ily, who saw me leave with greater relief on their own account than hope on mine, only my mother felt or affected regret. With 10 shillings in my pocket, her parting gift, packed among my clothes on my back, plodded the twelve miles to Ware, the learned Mr. D. that I had smallpox, would sleep three in a bed, and knew more than he did; and the same day was duly engaged to teach in his classical seminary, in return for my board, lodging, washing and nine guineas a year.

He had trailed a pike in the wars, and was an ignorant, but neither a cruel, nor. save in the pretence of knowledge, a dis-honest man; it might be supposed, there-fore, that, after the taste of idleness and independence I had had. I should here find of promotion. But I presently found that I had merely exchanged a desert for a prison, wherein I had not only the shepherding of the boys to do, both by night and day—which in a short time grew incon-ceivably irksome so that I had to choose whether I would be tyrant or slave, but also the main weight of teaching, and there no choice at all but to be a drudge. And this without any alleviation from week's any other time, for my employers with the high notions, and must keep a separate house, though next door, and with comfor a week or more, when at length, chance house, though next door, and with us only on of custom taking me there again, I saw the munications, sitting down with us only on of custom taking me there again, I saw the munications of them at dinner when wee be-Sundays and then at dinner, when we be-tide the boy who gobbled his food, or choked over the pudding balls. Having satisfied hereelf on my first coming that my father was neither of the quorum nor of the jus-tice's kin, and a mere rustic nobody, she

form, and afterward reading the service of sions and ambitions awake, and that this was the day over their smarting tails. By my life. At a time when youth demands some, indeed, it was alleged that the change and excitement, and the fringe of veriest dunces, if of loyal stock, might look to escape on these occasions; but I treat plain round, as barren of wholesome interest as it was unadorned by any kindly aid or companionship. To rise, to teach, to use the cane, to move always in a dull atmos phere of routine; for diversion to pace the yard I have described, always with shrill quarrelings in my ears—these with the weekly walk made up my life at Ware, and oralitles another thing that shall prov hem to be the purpose; namely, how thes early experiences, which I have thus curtly described, led me per viam dolorosam to my late lord and united my fortunes with his, under circumstances not unworthy o

> CHAPTER II. To begin, Mrs. D., though she seldom condescended to our house, and when en-gaged in her kitchen premises affected to gnore the proximity of ours, enjoyed in Ware the reputation of a shrewd and capable housewife. Whether she owed this solely o the possession of a charp temper and coluble voice I cannot say; but only that during all the time I was there I scarcel ver passed an hour in our miserable play ground without my cars being deafened an ny brain irritated by the hiding. She had the advantage, when first came to the school, of an elderly servant, who went about her work under an even flow of scolding, and, it may be, had be come so accustomed to the infliction as to be neither the better nor worse for it. But about the time of which I am writing, when, as I have said, I had been there twelve months, I remarked a change in Mrs. D's voice, and judged from the increased ascerbity and rising shriliness of her tone that she had passed from drilling an old firm this theory, before long, "Lazy slut! and "Dirty baggage," and "Take that, It and "Dirty baggage," and "Take that, in solence!" were the best of the terms I heard and these so frequently mingled with and slaps, and at times with a sound of sob bing, that my gorge rose. I had listened indifferently enough, and if with irritation, without much pain, to the chiding of the But by the instinct which draws youth to youth or by reason of Mrs. D's increased severity, I began to feel for her, to pity her, and, at last, to wonder what she like, and her age, and so forth. Nothing more formidable than a low

ing separated the garden of Mrs. D's house from our yard, but that her eyes might not be offended by the ignoble sight of the tradby which she lived, four great water butts were ranked along the fence, which, being as tall as a man, and nicely arranged, and strengthened on her side by an accumula-tion of rubbieh and whatnots, formed a effective screen. The boys, indeed, had their spyholes, and were in the habi of peeping, when I did not check them; but in only one place at the corner farthest from the house was it possible to see from our side a small patch of the garden, by accident, as it were, and without stooping or manifest prying. This corner I had hitherto sent me from it with a flea in my car and not cheeks; now it became a favorite with me, and as far as I could, without courting the notice of the wretched urchins who whined and squabbled round me, I began to frequent it; sometimes leaning against the abutting fence with my back to the house, as in a fit of abstraction, and then slowly turn ing-when I did not fail to rake the afore said patch with my eyes; and sometimes tak -when I did not fail to rake the afora ing that corner for the limit of a brisk walk to and fro, which made it natural to wheel again at that point.

Notwithstanding these ruses, however, and though Mrs. D.'s voice, raised in anger, frequently bore witness to her neighborhood, it was for some time before I caught a glimpse of the person whose fate, more doleful than mine, yet not diss'milar, had awakened my interest. At length I espled her, slowly interest. crossing the garden, with her back to me and a yoke on her shoulders. Two pails hung from the yoke. I smelled swill, and in a trice, seeing in her no more than a wretched drab, in clogs and a coarse sacking apron. I felt my philanthropy brought to the test, and without a second glance, turned away in disgust, and thought no more of her

After that I took a distaste for that cor-ner, and I do not remember that I visited it She had her back to me, as on the former occasion, but this time I lingered watching her, and, whether she knew or not that I was there, her work presently brought her was there, her work presently brought her down on the table, "you disgusting beast toward the gap in the fence beyond the water." an arrival by three squire's sons, and after had no more to say to me, but when she barrels, at which I stood gazing. Still I

was not scolding her husband addressed herself solely to one of the boys, who by virtue of an uncle who was a canon had his seat beside her. Insensibly, her husband, who at first, with an eye to my knowledge and his own deficiencies, had been more civil to me, took the same tone; and not only that, but, finding that I was to be trusted, he came less and less into school, until at last he would only appear for a few minutes in the day, and to carve when we had meat and to see the lights extinguished at night. This without any added value for me; so that the better I served him—and for a year I managed his school for him—the less he favored me, and at last thought a nod all the converse he oweil me in the day.

with joy and now with despair. For the time with joy and now with despair. For the time I thought only of her, lived for her, did my work in dreams of her. I kept no count of time. I gave no heed to what passed round me, but I went through the routine of my miserable life, happy as the slave that rich in the possession of some beneficent drug defies the pains of labor and the lash. I say my miserable life, but I say it—so great was the change—in a figure only and in retrospect; Mrs. D. might seorn me now, and the boys squabble round me, yet that life was no longer miserable nor dull, whereof every morning flattered me with hones of seeing my norning flattered me with hopes of seeing my mistress, and every third day or so fulfilled

With all this, and though from the mo ment her eyes met mine across the fence her beauty possessed me utterly, a full fortnight elapsed before I spoke with her. In the interval I saw her three times, and al-ways in the wretched guise in which she had first appeared to me, which so far from wreeking my passion augmented it by the full measure of the mystery and charm with which the soudidness of her dress, in contrast with her sparkling beauty, invested her in my mind. But, for speaking with her, that was another matter and one presenting so many difficulties (whereof, as the boy's con-stant presence and Mrs. D.'s temper were the greatest, so my bashfulness was not the least) that I think we might have gone another fort-night and perhaps a third to that had not a night and perhaps a third to that had not a certain privilege on which Mr. D.'s good lady greatly prided herself, come to our aid in the nick of time; and by bringing us into the same room (a thing which had never occurred before, and of itself threw me into a fever) combined with fortune to aid my hopes.

This privilege—for so Mrs. D. invariably stated it is now the selection pathering of the

tyled it—was the solemn gathering of the household on one Sunday in each mouth to listen to a discourse which she read to us herself, her husband sitting meekly by, from the works of some independent divine. On these occasions she delivered herself so sonorthese occasions she delivered herself so sonor ously and with so much gusto that I do no aid or doubt the found compensation in them for to use the tedium of the sermon on passive obedione tealum of the sermon on passive obedi-ence or the fate of the Amalekite, to which in compliance with the laws against dissent, she had perforce listened earlier in the day. The master and mistress and the servant sat on one side of the room, I with the boys on must form my excuse. How the one came to an abrupt end, how I came to have sore need of the other, it is now my business to tell, but of these in the next chapter. Wherein, also, I propose to show, without any angrily over the scapsuds, I had come to angrily over the scapsuds, I had come to think of her in a place behind her master and nistress (being the same in which the old non evening since coming) put a new com-ilexion on the matter. For her she came is ook her seat with downcast eyes and hands olded, and that dull look on her face, which when she chose, veiled three-fourths of its beauty. But my cars flamed, and the blood surged in my head, and I thought that all ust read my secret in my face. With Mrs. D., however, this was the on

our in the month when the suspicion atural in one of her carping temper slep natural in one of her carbing and she tasted a pleasure comparativel pure. Majestically arrayed in a huge pa f speciacles, which on this occasion and the character of the family priest, he vanity permitted and even incited her to wear, and, provided with a couple of tall tallow candles, which it was her husband's luty to snuff, she would open the dreaded quarto and prop it firmly on the table be fore her. Then, after giving out her tex in a tone that need not have disgraced Hugh Petens, or the most famous preached of her persuasion, it was her custom to lift her eyes and look around to assure nerself that all was cringing attention, and this was the trying moment and woe to the boy whose gaze wandered; his back would smart for it before he slept. These oreliminaries at an end, however, and the liscourse begun, the danger was over for the time for in the voluntuous roll of the ong wordy sentences, and the elections and lamnations, and free wills that plentifully estrewed them, she speedily forgot all bu the sound of her own voice, and nothing occurring to rouse her, might be trusted to cad for the hour and a half with pleasure o herself and without risk to others. So it fell out on this occasion. As soon, therefore, as the steady droning of her voice gave me the courage to look up. J had before me the econe with which a dozen Sunday evenings had made me familiar; the dull circle of yellow light; within it madam's spectacles shining over the book, while her finger industriously followed the lines; a little behind her her husband, nodding and recovering himself by turns. This was not all, however; for this time I saw also and

all, however; for this time I saw also and pass close to the shrinking giri, whom Mrs. imprimis a dim, oval face, framed in the D. was still abusing with all the cruelty background behind the two old people; and that now in shadow, now in light glean distributions of the Land three grants beganning that the control of the land three grants beganning the control of the land three grants beganning to the land three grants are the land three grants and the land three grants are three gran that now in shadow, now in light, gleamed my fascinated eyes with unearthly . Once or twice, fearing to be obbeauty. perved. I averted my gaze and looked else where, guiltily and with hot temples; but always I returned to it again. And always the longer I let my eyes dwell on the vision—for a vision it seemed in the halo of the candles—and the more monotonous dent, as it were, and without stooping or hung the cilence, broken only by Mrs. D's manifest prying. This corner I had hittierto even drone, the more distinctly the beautishunned, for Mrs. D. had more than once ful face stood out, and the more bewitching and alluring appeared the red lips and smil-ing eyes and dark, clustering hair, tha moment by moment drew my heart from me and kindled my boy's brain and filled my veins with fever! "Seventhly, and under this head, of the

So Mrs. D. booming on, in her deep voice to all seeming endlessly; while the air of the dingy, whitewashed room grew stale, and the candles guttered and burned low. and the boys, poor little wretches, leaner on one another's shoulders and sighed, and it was difficult to say whether Mr. I noddings or recoveries went nearer breaking his neck. At last—or was it or my fancy—I made out a small, brown hand gliding within the circle of light. Then— or was I draming—one of the candles be-gan to move; but to move so little and so stealthily, that I could not swear to it; nor ever could have sworn, if Mr. D's, wig had not a moment later taken fire with a light flame, and a stepch, and a frizzling sound that in a second brought him, still hal asleep, but swearing, to his feet.

OHAPTER II (Continued.)

Mrs. D. halted in the middle of a word,
as if she had been shot, mouth open, and the volume lifted; her surprise at the in terruption so great that she could not for a But the stream of he indignation, thus checked, only volume, and in a few seconds broke "Mr. D!" she cried, wlamming the book "My wig is on fire!" he cried for answer.

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He had taken it off and now held it at arm's length; looking at it so ruefully that the boys, though they knew the danger, could scarcely restrain their laughter.

"And serve you right for a weakkneed member!" his wife answered in a voice that made us quake. "If you had not guzzled at dinner, sir, and swilled small beer you would have remained awake instead of spoiling a good wig, and staining your soul! Ay, ing a good wig, and staining your soul! Ay, and causing these little ones."
"I never closed my eyes," he declared,

roughly.

"Rubbieh!" she answered in a tone that would brook no denial. And then, "give the wig to Jennie, sir!" she continued peremptorily. "And put your handkerchief on your not know what language has been used during his discourse. It would cut that ex-cellent man to the heart. Do you hear, dr, give the wig to Jennie!" she thundered. ing his discourse, "A handkerchief is good enough for pro-fane swearers and filthy talkers! And too

good! Too good, sir!"
He went reluctantly to obey, seeing noth ing for it, but between his anger and Jennie' clumsiness the wig in passing from one the other fell under the table. This cause Mrs. D., who was at the end of her patience to spring in a rage, and down went a candle. Nor was this the worst, for the grease in its fall cast a trail of hot drops on her Sunday gown, and in a flash she was on the maid and had smacked her face till the room rang.

"Take that, and that, you clumsy bag-gage!" she cried in fury, her face crimson. "And that! and the next time you offer to take a gentleman's wig, have better man-ners. This will cost you a year's wages, my fine madam! And let me hear of your stepping over the doorstep until it is earned Do you hear? And you," she continued turning ferociously on her husband, "swearing on the Lord's day like a drunken, raffling, God-forsaken tantivey! You are not

much better! It stands in my memory now as merely coarse outburst of vixenish temper, made prominent by after events. But what I felt at the moment I should vainly try to de-scribe. Suffice it that at one time I was at another all but caught the sobbing girl in my arms and challenged the world to touch her. Fortunately Mr. D. paw (1919) on the point of springing on the woman, and her. Fortunately Mr. D., now fully awak-ened, and the more inclined to remember decency in proportion as his wife forgot it, recalled me to myself by sternly bidding me see the boys to their beds.

Glad to escape, they needed no second order, but flocked to the door, and I with

them. In our retreat it was necessary to dreamed that I heard three words, breathe in the faintest possible whisper. I dreamed I heard, for the girl neither to at me nor removed the apron from her face, nor by abating her sobs or any other sign betrayed that she spoke or that she was

onscious of my neighborhood.

Yet the three words, "Garden, Ten Minutes," so gently breathed, that I doubted while I heard, could only have come from her; and assured of that, it will be be-lieved that I found the ten minutes I spent. seeing the boys to bed by the light of one scanty rushlight, the longest and most turnultuous I ever passed. If she had not spoken I should have found it a sorry time indeed; since, even now the moment the door was closed behind me I discerned a hundred reasons to be dissatisfied with my conduct, thought of a hundred things I should have said, and saw a hundred things I should have done; and stood a coward con-I should have done; and stood a coward con-victed. Now, however, all was not over. I was about to see her, to speak to her, to pour out my indignation and pity, perhaps to touch her hand; and in the delicious throb of fear and excitement with which those anticipations filled my breast, I speedily forgot to regret what was past.

CHAPTER III. Doubtless there have been men, able to boast, and with truth, that they carried to their first assignation with a women an even pulse. But as I do not presume to rank myself among these, who have been commonly men of high station (whereof my late lord Rochester was, I believe, the chief in my time), neither the unhappy occurrence which I am in the way to relate, notwithstanding, have I, if I may say so without disrespect, so little heart as to crave the reputation. In truth I experienced that evening, as I crept slowly out of the back door of Mr. D's house and stole into the gloom of the whis-pering garden, a full share of the guilty feeling that goes with secrecy; and more than my share of the agitation of spirit feeling that goes with secreey; and more than my share of the agitation of spirit natural in one, who knows (and is now to the thought) that under cover of the dark-ness a woman stands trempling and waiting

for them. A few paces from the house— which I could leave without difficulty, though at the risk of detection—I glanced back to a moment, snatching her hand from me, sho vanished in the darkness of the garden. ering, as much with excitement as at the chill greeting the night air gave me, I hastened to the corner of the fence, whence I had before seen my mistress.

ing bothing, I discovered by the sinking at the same to its appreciation of his qualities as a Christian gentleman, his devotion 18 years, I could have sat down and cried—how much had I built on her coming. And I called again and again; and still got

no answer. Yet J did not despair. Mrs. D. might bave kept her, or one of a hundred things might have happened to delay her; from one cause or another she might not have been able to slip out as quickly as she had thought. She might come yet, certainly by and by: and so, though the more prolonged my absence, the greater the risk I detection. I composed myszlf to wait with what patience I might. The town Was quiet, human noise at an end; but Mr. D' school stood in the outskirts with its back to the open country, and between the sighing of the wind among the poplars and the rippling of a neighboring brook, and the rippling of a heighboring brook, and those far off noises that seem inseparable from the night, I had stood a minute or more before a sound, differing from all these, and having its origin at a spot much nearer to me, caught my ear, and set my heart beating. It was the noise of a woman weeping! and to this day I do not know precisely what I did, on hearing it-when made out what it was, I mean-or how found courage to do it; only that in an instant, as it seemed to me, I was on the other side of the fence, and had drawn the girl into my arms, with her head against my breast, from where her wet eyes looked up up into mine as I rised her face and looked

down on it. Holding her thus I passionately kissed he her grief gave me boldness to do this; and to do a hundred other mad things in my do a hundred other mad things in my ecstacy. For as I had never spoken to her before, any more than I had ever held a woman in my arms before, so I had not thought, I had not dreamed of this! Of her hand, perhaps, but no more. There fore, and though since Adam's time the etars have looked down on many a lover's gazed on transports so perfect, so unlooked for, as were mine at that moment! And all the time not a word passed between us: but after awhile she pushed me from her and, holding me at arm's length, looked a me strangely; and then, thrusting me alto gether from her, bade me, almost roughly

"What, and leave you?" I cried, astor what, and leave you. I creed, aston-ished and heart-broken.
"No, sir; but go to the other side of the fence," she answered firmly, drying her eyes and recovering something of her usual calm-"And more, if you love me as you say you do-

protested, "If?" I cried, "If! And what then?" "You will learn to obey," she answered coolly, and yet with an archness that trans ported me anew. "I am not one of you

For that word I would have caught he in my arms again, but with a power that prescutly came to know, and whereof that was the first exercise, she waved me back "Go," she said, masterfully. "For this time go. Do you hear me?" I stood in awe of her and was easily cowed, and I crossed the fence. When

was on my side she came to the gsp and rewarded me by giving me her hand to kiss. "Understand me," she said. "You are to come to this side sir, only when I give you

"O." I cried. "Can you be so cruel?"
"Or not at all, if you prefer it," she ontinued, drily. "More, you must go in continued, drily. tow, or I shall be missed and beaten. do not want that to happen. I suppose "If that hag touches you again, boiling with rage at the thought, "I willwill-"What?" she said softly, and her fingers closed on mine and sent a thrill to my

"I will strangle her!" I cried. She laughed a little cruelly, "Fine words,

"But I mean them," I answered, passion ately. And I swore it. What will not a boy

in love promise?
"Well." she answered, whispering and

vanished in the darkness of the garden.
(To Be Continued.)

RELIGIOUS.

I felt for the gap with my hand, and peered through it, and called her name softly, "Jennie! Jennie!" and listened; and after an interval called again. Still hearing nothing, I discovered by the cinking at

The Primitive Methodists of England have The Primitive Methodists of England have 15,661 local preachers; of these 6,353 are also Sunday school teachers, 4,182 are class leaders, and 2,709 are both class leaders and Sunday school teachers, and 1,595 are society stewards. Forty per cent of the class leaders are local preachers. Of the local preachers, 2,623 are over 60 years of are and 1,595 are over 67 years of constitutions. age and 1,505 are over 65 years of age. have under consideration a local preachers sickness and old age provision scheme.

In a glowing speech commemorative of Queen Victoria's long lease of power, Dr. Parker of London declared the other day "We do not celebrate the Queen's reign, but the queen's good reign." a fine independence Dr. Parker added: owe much to the queen, but the queen owes much more to us. Let her close her splendid reign by restoring to God the titles 'Head of the Church' and 'Defender of the This passage was greeted with loud cheers.

The friends of Bishop Randolph S. Fester (Methodist) of Boston have just presented to him a loving-cup inserfeed as follows: "A loving-cup, to Bishop Randolph S. D. D., LL.D., in token of the respect, rever-ence and affection of the Methodist laymen of Boston. Presented on the silver anniversary of his election to the epictepacy, 1872-'97. Courtly in manner, imperial in thought, inspiring in speech, a blimeless life, whose presence is a benefiction and whose words are as apples of gold in pic-tures of silver."

The Rev. Dr. William H. Milburn, the blind chaplain of the United States senate, sailed for England last week with his daughters. He is a frequent traveler over Atlantic and is well known in religious social circles in the British Isles. a number of pulpit engagements this sum-mer, the longest being at Dr. Foster's church, Queen's Park, Lordon, which he supplied last summer. Until the United States senate adjourns his post will be tilled by President McKinley's prator, the Rev. Dr. Hugh Johnson, Vice President Hobart kindly consenting.

Bishop Walker (Episcopal) of Western New York has chosen as his chaptain during the semions of the Panamerican conference of Bishops at Lambeth, England, the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Boynton, rector of St. Mich-Dr. Charles H. Boynton, rector of St. Michael's chrurch, Geneseo, N. Y., and the latter's vestry has granted him a leave of absence. While Bishop Walker is in England he will preach at Windsor on June 20 at the service commemorative of the queen's ascession to the throne. On July 4 he is expected to preach at St. Saviour's church, Southwark, which is regarded practically as the Cathedral of South London. It was in this church that John Harvard, the founder of Harvard university, was haptized.

of Harvard university, was baptized. Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salv rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilbiains, corns, and all skin cruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded, Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Kunn & Co.

WHEN THE SUN SHINES.

When the sunshine o'er one hovers, Hope and longing are at hand; All the world was made for lovers, Beauty rules the peaceful land.

Fairest flowers rise to meet it-Lift their faces toward the light; Sweetest bird-rongs thrill to greet it, Sunshine makes all nature bright.

Tears of sorrow may be staining.
All the bitter path of pain;
But, remember when its raining,
That the sun will shine again.
—HELLE WILLEY GUE. Winside, Neb.

No man ever found that his vitality was leaving him without a nightmare of apprehension. Blood is vitality. When you feel weak—strengthen your blood, Pill Angemic makes rich red blood and restores vitalicaning forward until her breath fauned my cheek, and the intoxicating scent of her hair stole away my senses—"perhaps some day I shall try you. Are you sure you will not fail me then?"

I swore it, panting, and tried to draw her ity. It is composed largely of concentrated beef blood and is the great blood builder.