

THE REVIEW.

— BY —
F. T. LUSE.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
One Year, in the county.....\$1.00
One Year, out of the county.....1.10
Inquire at Office for Advertising Rates.

Few people know that the great reformer and founder of the Presbyterian Church, John Knox, was of noble blood, but such was the case. The present head of the noble house of Knox is Lord Ranfurly, who was recently appointed Governor-General of New Zealand to succeed the Earl of Glasgow. Lord Ranfurly is an Orangeman, and also a Presbyterian and believer in the doctrines taught by the distinguished kinsman of his ancestors.

From the foreign notes of the Marquis de Fontenoy, a staff writer on the Chicago Record, we learn that Emperor William is in "a frame of mind" over the late reports sent out from Berlin concerning his alleged insanity and has been conducting himself in a way to prove that the information was substantially correct. At a recent military review he publicly insulted Prince Henry, his brother, who it was alleged was to be made regent of the empire while "Bill" was under restraint. The outrage on Prince Henry was flagrant and inexcusable and more than anything else proves that the little Kaiser is of unsound mind. Speaking of the Emperor's size the Marquis de Fontenoy gives us some exact information in feet and inches from the records of the German army where his measurements are officially set down at 5 feet 7 3/4 inches. Emperor William is undoubtedly a very degenerate scion of the Hohenzollern line.

The attractions of the Great West are glowingly set forth in railway circulars, but many of the disadvantages are omitted from such documents. They tell of the pleasures of the trip and how easy it is to "get there" by a particular route, but fail to guarantee that unfortunate settlers will be able to return to the East by the same luxurious means of locomotion. Droughts and cyclones have had a tendency to shake the confidence of intending emigrants to a great extent, but venturesome spirits continue to "Go West" in considerable numbers. Apparently there is to be a new era in Western calamities—or at least more variety. The latest calamity in Kansas is sand-storms which fill ditches and cover wheat fields and well high strangle the people to death. So powerful is the wind that carries the cloud of sand and dust at times that railway trains can hardly make headway against them, while the passengers suffer seriously from the dust and the closed cars which must be kept closed air-tight as near as may be for hours. After all, Indiana is a pretty good State to stay with unless you happen to own a gold mine in Colorado.

The Keystone State is agitated over the question of a new state-house. Because of the recent destruction of the historical Capitol building at Harrisburg a new one is an absolute necessity. There is no intention in any quarter of trying to remove the capital from Harrisburg, but there seems to be a provincial jealousy on the part of Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and other important cities in the State which will in all probability prevent the erection of a capitol in keeping with the greatness of Pennsylvania. Public sentiment in the cities named seems to be unanimous that Harrisburg should be satisfied with being allowed to keep the State government and be willing to put up with any kind of a "house" to hold the same. Even the Governor is opposed to building a capitol to cost more than \$500,000, and the Philadelphia Press supports him and claims that popular sentiment would be satisfied with a still smaller expenditure. The Indiana State-house cost \$2,000,000. Every Hoosier is proud of it—or should be. It is a credit to the State—was honestly built and is worth all it cost. For the great commonwealth of Pennsylvania, with wealth and population far in excess of Indiana's, to propose to build a structure so vastly inferior to ours is a ridiculous proposition. Yet local jealousies in the greater cities of the State will probably "snub" poor old Harrisburg about that way. If Pennsylvania wants to make a "guy" of herself in this way there is no law to prevent it.

A SIGNIFICANT STEP.

The recent agreement between the Indian Commission and the Choctaw and Chickasaw tribes in Indian Territory, by which tribal relations are practically broken up, is a significant step toward the final settlement of the Indian question and foreshadows the ultimate extinction of the Indian race as a distinctive class in our population. In due time we may hope that the survivors of the Indian race will become assimilated and scattered as other races are in our cosmopolitan population, and that an army will no longer be necessary for the safety of the people who reside in the neighborhood of the remnants of the aborigines. Indian reservations will then be absorbed into the common domain and will no longer remain a barrier to progress as in the past. Sentimentally it is sad to contemplate this extinction or absorption of the Indians—the original and natural owners of the North American continent—nevertheless it is the manifest destiny of that unfortunate people and the sooner they

can be made to realize this the better for all concerned.

The present agreement supersedes that made by the Dawes Commission with the Choctaws alone Dec. 18, 1896. The Choctaws and Chickasaws have mutual interest in each other's lands. The Choctaw lands embrace a territory of 6,686,000 acres, or 10,450 square miles. There are 17,819 Choctaws. The number of Chickasaws was not stated in the report of the Indian Commission.

The little King of Spain has another revolution "on his hands." Being a mere child it will not worry him much. This time the disaffection is located in Porto Rico. The Kingdom of Spain is in sad need of a strong and able ruler—a man of our time, who can grasp modern ideas and treat his subjects with humanity and fairness. Such a policy might yet save to the ancient empire her remaining colonial possessions. As it is, the prospects are that the little King, when he "comes into his own" will find only a bankrupt treasury, a discontented people and a hopeless condition of everything to which he is heir. Through the incompetency of the Queen Regent and the stupidity or rascality of his ministers every colony and dependency will in all probability have been lost. The Spanish characteristics of cruelty and oppression of the lower classes that served in past ages to acquire and keep vast possessions in almost every part of the world in our day only act as spurs to even the most benighted subjects of the Spanish crown that urge them to renewed efforts for a larger liberty.

There are 22,000 vacant store-rooms in Chicago—the natural result, it is claimed, of the monopolizing of retail trade by the huge department stores. The department stores are the especial "hoodoo" of Chicago business men and every evil of municipal government or lack of government is laid at their doors—unreasonably in many cases. Chicago has always built in advance of present needs and the fact that there are 22,000 vacant store-rooms is only another evidence of alleged "enterprise." Department stores are no doubt responsible in part for the present unhappy frame of mind in which landlords find themselves, but they can not fairly be blamed for the entire number of vacant shops. The facility with which all our cities are now built up is a constant temptation to venturesome people with a little cash. They see glittering prospects and an assured income ahead and feel that they were "cut out" for landlords from the start. The ease with which money can be borrowed on real estate is another impelling cause toward an "overproduction" of houses. As a rule city property is about the most unsatisfactory investment possible. The income is too often less than the taxes and expenses, to say nothing of the loss from wear and tear and the ravages of time.

Chu-la-long-korn I, King of Siam, will reach the United States from England in September. Mr. Long Korn is already enroute for Europe, having left Bangkok April 7th, in his private yacht. It is a long time since a real king visited this country, and the trip of this monarch is likely to be an event of great social and commercial importance. The King will be lionized in New York and Washington—possibly in Chicago and other cities—and will be attended by a royal suite arrayed in all the splendor and magnificence of the Orient. Chu-la-long-korn's full name is Somdet Phra Paramindr Maha. (We will give him the "Ha-Ha" in great shape if he will only stop at a few points in Indiana.) He was born September 21, 1853, and is the eldest son of the late King Mahomongkut and of Queen Ramphu. He succeeded to the throne on the death of his father, who died from a fever as the result of exposure while making a scientific observation of the eclipse of the sun, October 1, 1868. His reign has, therefore, been of nearly 29 years' duration. His kingdom is not as large as it was when he first took possession thereof, for in 1891 he was forced to turn over to France three entire provinces comprising in the aggregate 100,000 square miles.

CHINESE PROGRESS.

There is even hope for China now. The whistle of the locomotive will soon be heard in Pekin and tourists can make the trip that formerly required several days of canal boat misery in five hours. The new line extends from Tien-Tsin to Pekin—only eighty miles. Heretofore travelers have been towed up the Peiho river in canal boats by men who frequently are compelled to wade waist deep in the water, no tow-path having been constructed in many places. The boats made from twelve to fifteen miles a day. Hereafter the journey will be made in five hours. The railway has already been completed to the town of Yan-Tsun, thirty miles from Pekin, and a train is running each way daily. The rest of the track is graded, and it is expected that the rails will be laid by the first of May. Through trains will not be attempted for several months yet, however, because of the delay in constructing a bridge over the Peiho river, which is to be a remarkable structure, built upon the Chinese plan, to last forever, with piers of solid cement, eight feet square. This railroad is being built by Chinese engineers, under the direction of Mr. Kinder, who has been manager of Li Hung Chang's railway, which runs from Tien-Tsin to the coal mines of the gulf of Pechili. Capital is furnished by the Chinese government.

John Huxford's Hiatus.

BY A. CONON DOYLE.

CHAPTER II.

Twelve hours passed, however, and yet another twelve, but John Huxford still struggled hard for his life. When at the end of three days he was found to be still breathing, the interest of the doctors became aroused at his extraordinary vitality, and they bled him as the fashion was in those days, and surrounded his shattered head with ice-bags. It may have been on account of these measures, or it may have been in spite of them, but at the end of a week's deep trance the nurse in charge was astonished to hear a gabbling noise, and to find the stranger sitting up upon the couch and staring about him with wistful, wondering eyes. The surgeons were summoned to be hold the phenomenon, and warmly congratulated each other upon the success of their treatment.

"You have been on the brink of the grave, my man," said one of them, pressing the bandaged head back on the pillow. "Do not excite yourself. What is your name?"

No answer, save a wild stare.

"Where do you come from?" Again no answer.

"He is mad," one suggested. "Or a foreigner," said another. "No papers were on him when he came in. His linen is marked J. H. Try him in French and German."

They tested him with as many tongues as they could muster among them, but were compelled at last to give the matter over and to leave their silent patient, still staring up, wild-eyed, at the whitewashed ceiling.

For many weeks John lay in the hospital, and for many weeks efforts were made to gain some clue as to his antecedents, but in vain. He showed, as the time rolled by, not only by his demeanor, but also by the intelligence with which he began to pick up fragments of sentences, like a clever child learning to talk, that his mind was strong enough in the present, though it was a complete blank as to the past. The man's memory of his whole life before the fatal blow was entirely and absolutely erased. He neither knew his name, his language, his home, his business, nor anything else. The doctors held learned consultations upon him, and discussed upon the center of memory and depressed tables, deranged nerve-cells and cerebral congestions; but all their polysyllables began and ended at the fact that the man's memory was gone, and that it was beyond the power of science to restore it. During the weary months of his convalescence he picked up reading and writing, but with the return of his strength came no return of his former life. England, Devonshire, Brisport, Mary, Granny, the words brought no recollection to his mind. All was absolute darkness. At last he was discharged, a friendless, tradeless, penniless man, without a past, and with very little to look to in the future. His very name was altered, for it had been necessary to invent one. John Huxford had passed away, and John Hardy took his place among mankind. Here was a strange outcome of a Spanish gentleman's tobacco-inspired meditations.

John's case had aroused some discussion and curiosity in Quebec, so that he was not suffered to drift into utter helplessness upon emerging from the hospital. A Scotch manufacturer named McKinlay found him a place as porter in his establishment, and for a long time he worked at \$7 a week at the loading and unloading of vans. In the course of years it was noticed, however, that his memory, however defective as to the past, was extremely reliable and accurate when concerned with anything which had occurred since his accident. From the factory he was promoted into the counting-house, and the year 1835 found him a junior clerk at a salary of £120 a year. Steadily and surely John Hardy fought his way upward from post to post, with his whole heart and mind devoted to the business. In 1840 he was third clerk, in 1845 he was second, and in 1852 he became manager of the whole vast establishment, and second only to Mr. McKinlay himself.

There were few who grumbled John this rapid advancement, for it was obviously due to neither chance nor favoritism, but entirely to his marvellous powers of application and industry. As he rose from one post to another his salary increased, but it caused no alteration in his mode of living, save that it enabled him to be more open-handed to the poor. He signaled his promotion to the management by a donation of £1,000 to the hospital in which he had been treated a quarter of a century before. The remainder of his earnings he allowed to accumulate in the humble dwelling which he had occupied when he was a warehouse porter. In spite of his success, he was a sad, silent, morose man, solitary in his habits, and possessed always of a vague undefined yearning, a dull feeling of dissatisfaction and of craving which never abandoned him. Often he would strive with his poor crippled brain to pierce the curtain which divided him from the past, and to solve the enigma of his youthful existence, but though he sat many a time by the fire until his head throbbled with his efforts, John Hardy could never recall the least glimpse of John Huxford's history.

On one occasion he had, in the interests of the firm, to journey to Montreal, and to visit the very cork factory which had tempted him to leave England. Strolling through the work-room with the foreman, John automatically, and without knowing what he was doing, picked up a square piece of the bark, and fashioned it with two or three deft cuts of his penknife into a smooth tapering cork. His companion picked it out of his hand and examined it with the eye of an expert. "This is not the first cork which you have cut by many a hundred, Mr. Hardy," he remarked. "Indeed you are wrong," John answered, smiling. "I never cut one before in my life." "Impossible!" cried the foreman. "Here's another bit of cork. Try again." John did his best to repeat the performance, but the brains of the manager interfered with the trained

muscles of the cork-cutter. The latter had not forgotten their cunning, but they needed to be left to themselves, and not directed by a mind which knew nothing of the matter. Instead of the smooth, graceful shape, he could produce nothing but rough-hewn clumsy cylinders. "It must have been chance," said the foreman.

As the years passed, John's smooth, English skin had warped and crinkled until he was as brown and as seamed as a walnut. His hair, too, after many years of iron-gray, had finally become as white as the winter's of his adopted country. Yet he was a hale and upright old man, and when he at last retired from the management of the firm with which he had been so long connected, he bore the weight of his seventy years lightly and bravely. He was in the peculiar position himself of not knowing his own age, as it was impossible for him to do more than guess at how old he was at the time of his accident.

The Franco-German war came round, and while the two great rivals were destroying each other, their more peaceful neighbors were quietly ousting them out of their markets and their commerce. Many English ports benefited by this condition of things, but none more than Brisport. It had long ceased to be a fishing village, but was now a large and prosperous town, with a great breakwater in the place of the quay on which Mary had stood, and a frontage of terraces and grand hotels where all the grandes of the west country came when they were in need of a change. All these extensions had made Brisport the center of a busy trade, and her ships found their way into every harbor in the world. Hence it was no wonder, especially in that very busy year of 1870, that several Brisport vessels were lying alongside the wharves of Quebec.

One day John Hardy, who found time hang heavy on his hands since his retirement from business, strolled along by the water's edge listening to the clanking of the steam whistles, and watching the great barrels and cases as they were swung ashore and piled upon the wharf. He had observed the coming in of a great ocean steamer, and having waited until she was safely moored, he was turning away, when a few words fell upon his ear uttered by some one on board a little weather-beaten bark close by him. It was only some common-place order that was bawled out, but the sound fell upon the old man's ears, with a strange mixture of disuse and familiarity. He stood by the vessel and heard the seamen at their work, all speaking with the same broad, pleasant jingling accent. Why did it send such a thrill through his nerves to listen to it? He sat down upon a coil of rope and pressed his hands to his temples, drinking in the long-forgotten dialect and trying to piece together in his mind the thousand half-formed nebulous recollections which were surging up in it. Then he rose, and walking along to the stern he read the name of the ship. The Sunlight, Brisport. Brisport! Again that flush and tingle through every nerve. He walked moodily home, and all night he lay sleepless, pursuing a shadowy something which was ever within his reach and yet which ever evaded him.

Early next morning he was up and down on the wharf, listening to the talk of the west-country sailors. Every word they spoke seemed to him to revive his memory and bring him nearer to the light. From time to time they paused in their work, and seeing the white-haired stranger sitting so silently and attentively, they laughed at him and broke little jests upon him. And even these jests had a familiar sound to the exile, as they very well might, seeing that they were the same which he had heard in his youth, for no one ever makes a new joke in England. So he sat through the long day, bathing himself in the west-country speech and waiting for the light to break.

And it happened that when the sailors broke off their mid-day meal, one of them, either out of curiosity or good nature, came over to the old watcher and greeted him. So John asked him to be seated on a log by his side, and began to put many questions to him about the country from which he came, and the town. All which the man answered glibly enough, for there is nothing in the world that a sailor loves to talk of so much as of his native place, for it pleases him to show that he is no mere wanderer, but he has a home to receive him whenever he shall choose to settle down to a quiet life. So the seaman prattled away about the Town Hall, the Martello Tower, and the Esplanade, and Pitt Street, and the High Street, until his companion suddenly shot out a long eager arm and caught him by the wrist. "Look here, man," he said, in a low, quick whisper. "Answer me truly, as you hope for mercy. Are not the streets that run out of the High Street, Fox Street, Caroline Street, and George Street, in the order named?" "They are," the sailor answered, shrinking away from the wild, flashing eyes. And at that moment John's memory came back to him, and he saw clear and distinct his life as it had been, and as it should have been, with every minutest detail traced as in letters of fire. Too stricken to cry out, too stricken to weep, he could only hurry away homeward wildly and aimlessly; hurry as fast as his aged limbs would carry him, as if, poor soul! there were some chance yet of catching up the fifty years which had gone by. Staggering, he hastened on, until a film seemed to gather over his eyes, and throwing his arms into the air with a great cry, "O Mary Mary! Oh, my lost, lost life!" he fell senseless upon the pavement.

The storm of emotion which had passed through him, and the mortal shock which he had undergone, would have sent many a man into a raging fever, but John was too strong-willed and too practical to allow his strength to be wasted at the very time when he needed it most. Within a few days he realized a portion of his property, and starting for New York caught the first mail steamer to England. Day and night, night and day, he trod the quarter deck, until the hardy sailors watched the old man with astonishment, and marvelled how any human being could do so much upon so little sleep. It was only by this unceasing exercise, by wearing down his vitality until fatigue brought lethargy, that he could prevent himself from falling into a very frenzy

of despair. He hardly dared ask himself what was the object of this wild journey. What did he expect? Would Mary be still alive? She must be a very old woman. If he could but see her and mingle his tears with hers, he would be content. Let her only know that it had been no fault of his, that they had both been victims to the same cruel fate. The cottage was her own, and she had said that she would wait for him there until she heard from him. Poor lass, she had never reckoned on such a wait as this.

At last the Irish lights were sighted and passed, Land's End lay like a blue fog upon the water, and the great steamer plowed its way along the bold Cornish coast until it dropped its anchor in Plymouth Bay. John hurried to the railway station, and within a few hours he found himself back once more in his native town, which he had quitted a poor cork-cutter, half a century before.

But was it the same town? Were it not for the name engraved all over the station and on the hotels, John might have found a difficulty in believing it. The broad, well-paved streets, with the tram lines laid down the center, were very different from the narrow winding lanes which he could remember. The spot upon which the station had been built was now the very center of the town, but in the old days it would have been far out in the fields. In every direction lines of luxurious villas branched away in streets and crescents bearing names which were new to the exile. Great warehouses, and long rows of shops with glittering fronts, showed him how enormously Brisport had increased in wealth as well as in dimensions. It was only when he came upon the Old High Street that John began to feel at home. It was much altered, but still it was recognizable, and some few buildings were just as he left them. There was the place where Fairbairn's cork works had been. It was now occupied by a great brand-new hotel. And there was the old gray Town Hall. The wanderer turned down beside it, and made his way with eager steps but a sinking heart in the direction of the line of cottages which he used to know so well.

It was not difficult for him to find where they had been. The sea, at least, was as old, and from it he could tell where the cottages had stood. But alas! In their place an imposing crescent of high stone houses reared their tall fronts to the beach. John walked wearily down past their palatial entrances, feeling heart-sore and despairing, when suddenly a thrill shot through him, followed by a warm glow of excitement and hope, for, standing a little back from the line, and looking as much out of place as a bumpkin in a ball-room, was an old white-washed cottage, with a wooden porch and walls bright with creeping plants. He rubbed his eyes and stared again, but there it stood with its diamond-paned windows and white muslin curtains, the very same, down to the smallest details, as it had been on the day when he last saw it. Brown hair had become white, and fishing hamlets had changed into cities, but busy hands and a faithful heart had kept Granny's cottage unchanged and ready for the wanderer.

And now, when he had reached his very haven of rest, John Huxford's mind became more filled with apprehension than ever, and he became so deadly sick, that he had to sit down upon one of the beach benches which faced the cottage. An old fisherman was perched at one end of it, smoking his black clay pipe, and he remarked upon the wan face of the stranger.

"You have overtired yourself," he said. "It doesn't do for old chaps like you and me to forget our years."

"I'm better now, thank you," John answered. "Can you tell me, friend, how that one cottage came among all those fine houses?"

"Why," said the old fellow, thumping his crutch energetically upon the ground, "that cottage belongs to the most obstinate woman in all England. That woman, if you'll believe me, has been offered the price of the cottage ten times over, and yet she won't part with it. They have even promised to remove it stone by stone, and put it up on some more convenient place, and pay her a good round sum into the bargain, but, God bless you! she wouldn't hear of it."

"And why was that?" asked John.

"Well, that's just the funny part of it. It's all on account of a mistake. You see her spark went away when I was a youngster, and she's got it into her head that he may come back some day, and that he won't know where to go unless the cottage is there. Why, if the fellow were alive he would be as old as you, but I've no doubt he's dead long ago. She's well quit of him, for he must have been a scamp to abandon her."

"Oh, he abandoned her, did he?"

"Yes—went off to the States and never so much as sent a word to bid her good-bye. It was a cruel shame, it was, for the girl has been a waiting and a-pining for him ever since. It's my belief that it's fifty years' weeping that blinded her."

"She is blind!" cried John, half rising to his feet.

"Worse than that," said the fisherman. "She's mortal ill and not expected to live. Why, look ye, there's the doctor's carriage waiting at her door."

At these evil tidings old John sprang up, and hurried over to the cottage, where he met the physician returning to his brougham.

"How is your patient, doctor?" he asked in a trembling voice.

"Very bad, very bad," said the man of medicine pompously. "If she continues to sink, she will be in great danger; but if, on the other hand, she takes a turn, it is possible that she may recover," with which oracular answer he drove away in a cloud of dust.

John Huxford was still hesitating at the doorway, not knowing how to announce himself, or how far a shock might be dangerous to the sufferer, when a gentleman in black came bustling up.

"Can you tell me, my man, if this is where the sick woman is?" he asked.

John nodded, and the clergyman

passed in, leaving the door half open. The wanderer waited until he had gone into the inner room, and then slipped into the front parlor, where he had spent so many happy hours. All was the same as ever, down to the smallest ornaments, for Mary had been in the habit, whenever anything was broken, of replacing it with a duplicate, so that there might be no change in the room. He stood irresolute, looking about him, until he heard a woman's voice from the inner chamber, and stealing to the door he peeped in.

The invalid was reclining upon a couch, propped up with pillows, and her face was turned full toward John as he looked round the door. He could have cried out as his eyes rested upon it, for there were Mary's pale, plain, sweet homely features as smooth and as unchanged as though she were still the half child, half woman, whom he had pressed to his heart on the Brisport quay. Her calm, eventless, unselfish life had left none of those rude traces upon her countenance which are the outward emblems of internal conflict and an unquiet soul. A chaste melancholy had refined and softened her expression, and her loss of sight had been compensated for by that placidity which comes upon the faces of the blind. With her silvery hair peeping out beneath her snow-white cap, and a bright smile upon her sympathetic face, she was the same old Mary.

"You will keep a tenant in the cottage," she was saying to the clergyman, who sat with his back turned to the observer. "Choose some poor deserving folk in the parish who will be glad of a home free. And when he comes you will tell him that I have waited for him until I have been forced to go on, but that he will find me on the other side still faithful and true. There's a little money too—only a few pounds—but I should like him to have it when he comes, for he may need it, and then you will tell the folk you put in to be kind to him, for he will be grieved, poor lad, and to tell him that I was cheerful and happy up to the end. Don't let him know that I fretted, or he may fret too."

Now John listened quietly to all this from behind the door, and more than once he had to put his hand to his throat, but when she had finished, and when he thought of her long, blameless, innocent life, and saw the dear face looking straight at him and yet unable to see him, it became too much for his manhood, and he burst out into an irrepressible choking sob. And then, though he had spoken no word, the old woman stretched out her arms to him, and cried "O Johnny, Johnny! O dear, dear Johnny, you have come back to me again," and before the parson could at all understand what had happened, those two faithful loaves were in each other's arms, weeping over each other and patting each other's silvery head, with their hearts so full of joy that it almost compensated for all that weary fifty years of waiting.

It is hard to say how long they rejoiced together. It seemed a very short time to them and a very long one to the reverend gentleman, who was thinking at last of stealing away, when Mary recollected his presence and the courtesy which was due to him. "My heart is full of joy, sir," she said; "it is God's will that I should not see my Johnny, but I can call his image up as clear as if I had my eyes. Now stand up, John, and I will let the gentleman see how well I remember you. He is as tall, sir, as the second shelf, as straight as an arrow, his face brown, and his eyes bright and clear. His hair is well-nigh black and his moustache the same—I shouldn't wonder if he had whiskers as well by this time. Now, sir, don't you think I can do without my sight?"

The clergyman listened to her description, and looking at the battered, white-haired man before him, he hardly knew whether to laugh or to cry.

But it all proved to be a laughing matter in the end, for, whether it was that her illness had taken some natural turn, or that John's return had startled it away, it is certain that from that day Mary steadily improved until she was as well as ever. "No special license for me," John had said sturdily. "It looks as if we were ashamed of what we are doing, as though we hadn't the best right to be married of any two folks in the parish." So the banns were put up accordingly, and three times it was announced that John Huxford, bachelor, was going to be united to Mary Merton, spinster, after which, no one objecting, they were duly married accordingly. "We may not have very long in this world," said old John, "but at least we shall start fair and square in the next."

And there in their snug new home, sitting out on the lawn in the summer time, and on either side of the fire in the winter, that worthy old couple continued for many years to live as innocently and as happily as two children. And when at last John and Mary fell asleep in their ripe old age, within a few hours of each other, they had all the poor and the needy and the friendless of the parish among their mourners, and in talking over the troubles which these two had faced so bravely, they learned that their own miseries were but passing things, and that faith and truth can never miscarry, either in this existence or the next.—Cornhill Magazine.

(The End.)

"Have you been reading poetry lately?" said the bank president to the cashier. "Why, Yes," was the reply. "I have been troubled with sentimentality of late." "Well, I wish you'd give it up. You are getting that 'far-away look' in your eyes, and it worries the directors."

The December Century will be a great Christmas number, with a new cover, printed in green and gold. Among its special attractions will be seven complete stories by Edward Eggleston, Thomas Nelson Page, Hopkinson Smith, and others. It will contain a number of fine engravings of sacred pictures by well-known artists, including a frontispiece by Dagnan-Bouveret, Abbott H. Thayer's "Virgin Enthroned," Blasfield's "Ringing the Christmas Bells," and a Madonna by Frank Vincent Du Mond.