

"If sitting with this little worn-out shoe
And scarlet stockings laying on my knee,
I knew the little feet had pattered through
The pearl-set gates that lie 'twixt heaven
and me
I could be reconciled and happy too.
And look with glad eyes towards the
Jasper sea."

If, in the morning, when the song of birds
Reminds us of a music far more sweet,
I listen for his pretty broken words,
And for the music of his dimpled feet,
I could be happy though I heard
No answer, and saw but his vacant
seat."

I could be glad, if when the day is done
And all its cares and heart-aches laid
away,
And with a heart full of earnings,
say,

"To-night I'm nearer to my little one
But just the travel of a single day."

If I could know those little feet were shod
In sandals wrought of light in better
lands
And that the footprints of a tender God-
Ran side by side with his, in golden
sands,
I could bow cheerfully and kiss the rod,
Since Benny was in wiser, safer hands."

If he were dead I would not to-day
And stain with tears the wee sock on my
knee,
I would not kiss the tiny shoe, and say,
"Bring back again my little boy to me!"
I would be patient, knowing it is God's
way,
And that He'd lead me to him o'er
death's silent sea."

But Oh! to know the feet, once pure and
white,
The haunts of vice have boldly ventured
in!
The hands that should have battled for the
right,
Have been wrung crimson in the clasp
of sin!
And should he knock at heaven's gate to-
night,
I fear my boy could hardly enter in."

Little By Little.

When the new years come and the old
years go,
How, little by little, all things grow,
All things grow—and all decay—
Little by little passing away.
Little by little, on fertile plain,
Ripens the harvest of golden grain,
Waving and flashing in the sun,
When the summer at last is done.
Little by little they ripen so,
As the new years come and the old years
go.

Low on the ground the acorn lies,
Little by little it mounts to the skies,
Shadow and shelter for wandering herds,
Home for a hundred singing birds.
Little by little the great rocks grew,
Long, long ago, when the world was new;
Slowly and silently, stately and free,
Cities of coral under the sea,
Little by little, are bulged—while so
The new years come and the old years go.

Little by little all tasks are done;
So are the crowns of the faithful won,
So is heaven in our hearts begun.
With work and with weeping, with laugh-
ter and play,
Little by little the longest day,
And the longest life are passing away,
Passing without return—while so
The new years come and the old years go.

FOR LIFE AND DEATH.

CHAPTER I.

An autumn evening, gusty and bleak,
trees shuddering and tossing in the raw
wind; a thick, piercing mist, shrouded
everything, and a moaning, gray sea creep-
ing up the lonesome gray sands, under a
ghostly-darkening sky—that was what
Marian White saw from her window, out
of which she stood gazing an hour or more.

A handsome girl, was Marian White,
tall and stately, dark and statuesque, with
eyes of dusky, luminous splendor, and
massive coils of shining black hair. The
deep crimson dress she wore set off her
dark, colorless beauty.

She stood alone in the room—her own
—gazing with a fixed, meaning stare
over the wide sea. The room was large,
and luxuriously furnished, and over bed,
and chairs, and dressing table lay spread
the filmy whiteness of bridal robes. An
exquisite dress of silk and lace, a priceless
veil, tiny slippers, tinner gloves, costly
bouquet, and a velvet casket of full glim-
mering pearls. For to-morrow was
Marian's wedding-day.

The gloomy evening grew gloomier;
the wind rose to a gale, and above its sing-
ing, came the shrill shrieking of the sea-
birds. The surf came tramping in with a
dull roar over the beach, and the mist was
turning to a steady rain. Still Marian
stood with that vague stare over the sea.

"The lonesome, desolate, awful sea,"
she whispered to herself; "the wide, pit-
iless, cruel sea! Oh, my love, my own,
my Willie! If I were only sleeping with
you under those black waves! Better far
than being the bride of Gilbert Owen to-
morrow."

There was a tap at the door; she never
stirred. The handle turned, there was a
rustle of silk, and a woman's voice speak-
ing in the dusk.
"Marian, are you here?"

The voice awoke her from her trance.
She turned half round from the window.
"Yes, aunt Maria; come in."

"What an owl you are, child—all in the
dark. Why on earth don't you light the
gas?"

"I don't need gas to think."

"Thinking, are you? A bad habit, my
dear. Of what were you thinking? That
you are the luckiest girl in the world, I
hope?"

"Not exactly, my good aunt. Just
wishing it were not a sin to commit sui-
cide. The sea down there looks very in-
viting; the distance is short, and this
November evening is just the thing for
it."

She laughed a reckless laugh.
Aunt Maria, a buxom, comfortable lady,
searched uneasily for the match-box in the
dark.

"You crazy girl! If I did not know
you of old for an oddity, I should box
your ears for such a speech on the eve
of your wedding."

"Precisely, Auntie; that's why I make
it."

"Now, Marian! Oh dear! where's the
matches? Ah, I have them. Thank good-
ness for the blessing of light; things al-
ways seem twice as bad in the dark. I'm
afraid you're not properly thankful for
your blessings, Marian."

"I'm afraid I'm not, Auntie."

"Now here," said Auntie, folding her
hands, and looking at her noisy niece in
mild reproof, "here you are blessed with
everything your heart can desire—lovely
dresses, pearls, and point lace, and a cabi-
net full of the most exquisite and costly
bridal presents. Now what more could
any girl in her senses desire?"

"Very true, Auntie; but I don't know
that I am in my senses."

"Nonsense, child! Don't be absurd!
Isn't Mr. Owen everything the most
fastidious could desire—upright, honor-
able, esteemed by all, and immensely
rich?"

"I know it," with a dreary sigh; "a
great deal too good for a reckless, loveless
perjured wretch such as I."

Aunt Maria gave a little scream.

"Good heavens, Marian! have you gone
deranged that you use such wild language?
Perjured! What on earth do you mean?
But I need not ask; it is all about that
unfortunate William Joyce!"

The girl made a sudden motion to stop
her, as if the name stabbed her like a knife.

"Auntie! auntie! pray don't! I can't
bear it to-night. Leave me alone; I don't
feel like myself."

"All the more reason why you should
not be left alone. Come down stairs;
Mr. Owen is there waiting for you."

"I can't go; I won't go. Tell him so,
if you like. If Gilbert Owen is wise—if
he wants a wife to-morrow—he had better
leave me to myself to-night."

"To lament over the loss of Willie
Joyce? Oh! I'm not afraid of your flash-
ing eyes, Marian. You want to be senti-
mental and romantic on your bridal eve,
and mourn over your sailor-boy lover, lost
at sea. But I know you better than you
know yourself, my dear; and I know if
Willie Joyce could rise from the dead and
claim your promise, you would not keep it.
You like wealth and luxury as well as
any of us, Marian; and you know the
difference between the wife of a million-
aire and the wife of a sea captain. I'll
leave you alone, my dear, as you request.
Be sentimental, if you please; I'm not
afraid to trust you. Shed all your tears
to-night, and have your eyes as bright as
possible to-morrow at the altar. Good
night, my dear, don't sit up to late. I'll
tell Mr. Owen you have a head-ache and
can't come down. White lies, unfortu-
nately; are indispensable on these occa-
sions."

With which Aunt Maria sailed away,
Marian looked darkly after her, with-
out attempting to speak, and then back
again over the wide sea.

"I deserve it all," she said to herself.

"Aunt Maria is right. I am an inconsis-
tent, mercenary fool and coward, giving
my heart to the dead and my hand to the
living. Why don't I tell Gilbert Owen
the truth, and go out into the world and
fight the battle of life for myself, as other
girls do! Ah! me; what a false, treach-
erous, weak creature I am, with neither
courage to work nor want."

She turned away from the window, and
began pacing hurriedly up and down.
Then, as if seized by a sudden impulse, to
escape from herself and her own dark
thoughts, she seized her shawl and hat, and
put them rapidly on.

"Once more," she said to herself, "once
more to visit the place of tryst before I am
that man's wife. Hero! Hero! where
are you?"

A big dog, asleep on the hearth-rug, rose
up and shook himself ponderously. The
girl knelt down and put her arms around
his shaggy neck.

"You belonged to him, too, Hero, as I
did, and you were his parting gift to me.
My brave handsome Willie! Oh, Hero!
Hero! only to think of his lying under
the sea, and to-morrow my wedding day."

The shaggy neck of the Newfoundland
grew wet with her raining tears. Hero
lollered out his great tongue, fully aware
something was wrong, and tried to console
her in his doggish fashion. Suddenly she
started up, dashing away the tears.

"Come, Hero, before it is too late. For
the last time!"

A minute, and they were out in the
wild, wet night. The cold wind fluttered
her dress and shawl, the rain blew bleak
in her face, and darkness was falling like
an inky pall over the sea, and the rocky
path leading down to it. But Marian
Wilde knew it well, and could have made
her way, secure, in blackest midnight; and
she followed Hero along the jagged, un-
even road, fleetly and securely.

Down on a high boulder, garments flut-
tering and flapping, hair escaping, and
blowing back from her eyes, her face pale
and wild, and all wet with the rushing
rain, her eyes strained in a vague, despair-
ing stare over the tossing black sea, she
looked, on her pinnacle, like the goddess
of the storm, watching her work—a modern
"Norma of the Fitful." Perhaps the man
toiling laboriously over the rocks thought
so—a young man, sunburned and hand-
some, dressed in a shaggy jacket and rough
sou'-western hat. She never heard him
—eyes and heart and mind were all far
away.

"Marian!"

That voice! She gave a cry, and al-
most fell from the slippery boulder. Had
the dead arisen—was it Willie Joyce's
ghost that stood before her?

"Keeping tryst, Marian; my Marian!
I knew I should find my darling here."

The active young figure stood beside her
on the wet rock. Ah! no! no ghost this!
—no ghost to clasp her in such strong arms,
no ghost to press such rapturous kisses on
her pale lips.

"My Marian! My Marian! My beauti-
ful dark-eyed darling! What a lifetime
it seems since I saw you last."

She slid out of his arms, white as a spirit
in the dying light, looking up at him,
flushed, eager, impassioned with wild, dilated
eyes.

"Alive," the pale lips murmured, "alive
and back again; and I thought him dead.
Oh, Willie! Willie!"

He raised her up, laughing boyishly at
her frightened face.

"Alive! Of course I am; back again,
to be sure, too. Why, Marian, are you
sorry to see me, that you wear such a face
as that?"

"Sorry! Willie! Willie!"

"Well, you said that before, and it's
highly satisfactory, though not explana-
tory. Come, my darling girl, get over
your fears; I'm not a ghost, I assure you,
but Captain William Joyce, come over the
wide ocean to make you my wife."

There was no reply. Her head dropped
on her shoulder; and clinging to him, he
could feel the slight figure shake from head
to foot.

"Marian," he said sternly, "what is it?
Have you forgotten your promise?"

"Oh, no, no!"

"Do you repent it?"

"No, no, no!"

"Then what in heaven's name is it?
My wife you promised to be—my wife
you shall be, in spite of fate. They told
me down in the town an absurd story
about Gilbert Owen, a man who might be
your father. Tell me it is not true."

"I cannot."

"Good heaven! you're not going to
marry him, Marian—that old man?"

"No, no, no! a thousand times no! not
now; but I was. Willie! Willie! I
thought you dead."

"My poor girl! And that gragon of an
aunt badgered you into it, I know. And
the wedding was to be to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"Then I have arrived in the nick of
time. You won't marry Mr. Owen, to-
morrow, Marian, because you shall marry
me."

"Willie!"

"I mean it, my darling. Down the
path, there is the carriage I came in.
Come with me; never mind going back
to the house. I'll take you as you are,
and you shall be my wife. Rather hasty,
I allow, but necessity knows no law."

"But, Willie," she said, shrinking back,
"I don't know."

The young man looked at her, his face
growing stern.

"Then you are false, Marian Wilde.
You wish to wed Gilbert Owen, not me.
He, the rich, old millionaire, can give
you servants, diamonds, and luxury; I,
the lover of your youth, nothing but a
strong arm, a warm heart, and a humble
home. Well go; it is only the old story
of woman's treachery over again."

He turned to leave her; but she clung
to him passionately, desperately.

"No, no! take me with you. I will do
whatever you say; I will be your wife.
Oh, Willie, I love you with my whole
heart!"

"My dearest! mine in life or death!
my wife, my own for ever and ever—
come."

He passed his arm around her, and drew
her down the storm-beaten path, in the
thick gloom. A moment later, and they
were side by side in the carriage, driving
rapidly into town.

CHAPTER II.

Gilbert Owen's wedding day dawned
in storm, and wind, and rain—dawned to find
the cage empty, the bird flown. The
bride elect had fled—why or whither, who
could say? There was no note left to ex-
plain—no clue to be found of her myster-
ious disappearance. If the earth had
opened and swallowed her up, she could
not have vanished more completely.

Aunt Maria went into hysterics, that
being the proper thing to do—through no
great love for the wilful girl, but because
something of the kind was expected of her
and because she really felt keenly for
Gilbert Owen's disappointment.

As for the luckless bridegroom, he suf-
fered, and made no sign. He had loved
her with a love as strong as it had been
vain; he had lost her, and he bore it with
silent grief.

"If I only knew her fate!" he groaned
once to her aunt. "If I only knew she
were safe and well, I think I could bear
it. But this uncertainty, this suspense!
Oh, my poor little Marian!"

Aunt Maria had her own idea, remem-
bering that last interview. The haggard
face, the reckless words, the last repen-
tance meant something more than girlish
talk after all. Under that stormy sea,
rolling forever mysterious guard under
the windows, she had gone in the storm
and the darkness to meet her lost lover.

"She was mad enough, and daring and
foolhardy enough for anything," Aunt
Maria said, to the silent, despairing bride-
groom, "that infatuated child; and I
know just as well as I am alive that she
has committed suicide. I saw it in her
face last night."

But Marian mourned for as dead was
very far from death. Sailing over the
sea with her sailor husband—her hand-
some gallant Willie—she was as happy as
the day was long. Singing blithely on
the sunlit deck, as their vessel glided
along over the tropic seas, she had no
thought even for the man left behind in
her native land, and whose heart she had
almost broken. Willie was beside her—
the lover of her girlhood, her lover-hus-
band now—and the world was Eden and
she the happiest Eve that ever laughed in
the sunshine.

So the years followed one another until
three were gone, and a tiny baby girl tot-
tled about the deck of papa's ship after
mamma Marian. She had been over the
world—through the tropics, and across
the wild Atlantic, through holy Palestine
and was now once more back in her na-
tive land. Handsomer, happier, brighter,
statelier—that was all the change these
three years had wrought.

"My darling girl will stay at home this
trip," Willie said, "and it is my last, and
baby Marian is too delicate to cross the
Atlantic this winter weather. Only three
more months my love, and then to settle
down with my wife and birdling in some
cozy little country home!"

So they parted—their first parting since
wedding-day. Marian clung to him in
passionate, womanly weeping.

"I wish I were going! I wish I were
going!" was the cry. "Oh, Willie, I am
afraid! I am afraid!"

"Little goosy, of what?"

"I don't know; but I feel as though
something was about to happen—as if I
should never see you again Willie."

"Foolish Marian! but you shall. Liv-
ing or dead I think I should have to come
back to you. Keep up your heart and
good-bye!"

Captain Joyce sailed that day from
Liverpool; and Marian waited in the
home, where he had left her, nursing her
sickly child—waiting in fear and trembl-
ing now—but it was wild wintry weather
with singing winds and fierce storms on
the ocean.

Three weeks, and news came—the news
she had trembled to hear. In a wild storm
the ship had gone down, and every soul
on board had perished.

She read the cold, brief, newspaper
article in white, still despair, sitting by
her child's dying bed. Before morning
broke she was childless as well as wid-
owed.

Three months later, a worn pale crea-
ture came to Aunt Maria, as she sat in her
comfortable parlor—wan and thin enough
to be the ghost Aunt Maria thought her.

"Marian! great heavens!"

"Yes, aunt; Marian comes back poor
and friendless and dying, to see if you
will take her in."

"You didn't drown yourself after
all?" Auntie cried aghast.

"Drown myself! No. Did you think
so? I have been married, and I am a
widow. Willie—"

And then Mrs. Joyce told her story
humbly and brokenly, with pale trembl-
ing lips, and a downed face, very unlike
the Marian of old.

"I have been very ill," said in con-
clusion. "I think I have not long to
live, and I have come to my home to
die."

Aunt Maria's womanly heart was touch-
ed, and Marian was kissed and cried over,
and forgiven. Even by Gilbert Owen,
who came to see her at once, and in whose
heart all the old love revived at the sight
of the pale, patient face. And Marian
did not die. As the months passed,
strength and life returned, and new life
began to beat strongly in the almost dead
heart in her old home.

And with the new life came new hope to
Gilbert Owen.

Before the second anniversary of her
widowhood came round, he asked her to
marry him again.

"I love you better than ever, Marian,"
he pleaded. "I have loved you so long
and so well, and my life is so lonely. Sure-
ly I deserve some reward."

"But I don't love you Mr. Owen,"
Marian replied sadly. "I never can love
any one like that again. You cannot
take a wife who tells you this?"

But Mr. Owen thought otherwise, and
pleaded so hard, with Aunt Maria to back
him, and finally Marian yielded, and said
yes for the second time.

That evening she wandered down in the
ghastly dusk to the seashore, as she had
once done before, when Willie came back.
The evening was wild and wet, as that had
been; and standing on the slippery boulder,
she looked seaward, almost expecting
to see the reproachful face of her drown-
ed husband rising white from the black
waves. At the thought a cold breath of
air passed like the waft from the church-
yard, and there beside her at the place of
tryst, she saw, or her vivid fancy painted
to her, a pallid, bloodless shadow, the
shadow of her lost husband.

"Living or dead, I promised to come
back," the well-known voice said, "here
I am Marian, you are mine, and must
never be another's."

Aunt Maria missing Marian an hour
later when Gilbert Owen called, in dire
alarm they set off in search of her. Down
to the shore, her favorite haunt, as well
they knew, they hurried, and there
they found her, lying on her face on the
ground, wet through, senseless, and white
as death.

They bore her home and laid her on the
bed, from which she never rose. Whether
it was an optical illusion, brought on by a
strained imagination, or whether the spirit
of the dead husband really stood before
her in the stormy twilight, it was all the
same. On the day she was to have mar-
ried Gilbert Owen, they buried Marian
Joyce.

Setting It Right.

There was a sign on a barber shop
window, reading, "Boots Blacked Inside."
A pedestrian halted and read and reread
the sign, and then opened the door and
said:

"That ought to be shoes. Not one man
in fifty wears boots nowadays."

The barber didn't say anything, but,
after due reflection concluded the man
was right and so changed the sign to read:
"Shoes Blacked Inside," says the New
York World. He had scarcely put it up
when the same man came along and open-
ed the door to say:

"No one wants the inside of his shoes
blacked. We pay to have the shine on the
outside. Better fix it."

The barber puzzled over it for awhile
and realized that the man was right, and
the next day the sign was replaced by one
reading:

"The Outside of Boots Blacked In-
side."

"That's perfectly correct," said the
faultfinder, as he came along in the after-
noon. "Never give yourself away on the
English language. Better put up a
sign in the other window of 'Shave you
while you wait.' Everybody will then
understand that they must wait while
you shave."

Mr. Lewis, the oldest Free Mason and
Orangeman in Canada, died at Lington,
Ont., on the 17th, aged 96.

The newspapers of South Dakota are
exercised in mind for means to head off
the emigration from their state to Mani-
toba.

Men who shave themselves, often
plain of the difficulty that they experi-
ence in keeping their razors sharp. It
would adopt the methods of the profes-
sional barber in one or two respects that
will find to keep razors in a proper condi-
tion by no means a difficult one. If you want
an amateur stropping his razor you will
notice that when he turns it the edge is
frequently next to the leather—in other
words he turns it on the edge. This
should never be done, as the fine edge is
likely to touch the strap and be turned.
A barber always turns his hand so that
the back of the blade is next to the leather
and the edge in the air. Again, a man
should never use a strap glued to wood.
A great many are solid, but all are de-
structive to razors. There is always more
or less of a shock when the thin blade is
brought against any unyielding substance
of the entire edge is frequently turned
ward along its whole length. The
workouts are inflicted by such a razor.
The strap should be of leather, with no
backing whatever. Another point little
understood is the efficiency of hot water
in keeping a razor blade sharp. Why this
is I do not know, but the effects are un-
questionable. A man who shaves him-
self, frequently dips his razor into very hot
water, and he will find the operation
much easier, and that the blade requires
far less stropping than when this is omit-
ted.

Queer world! Queer people! Here
are men and women by thousands suffer-
ing from all sorts of diseases, bearing all
manners of pain, spending their money on
physicians and "getting no better, but
rather worse," when right at hand there
is a remedy which says it can help them
because it's helped thousands like them.
"Another patent-medicine advertise-
ment," you say. Yes—but not of the
ordinary sort. The medicine is Dr. Pierce's
Golden Medical Discovery, and it's differ-
ent from the ordinary nostrums in this:
It does what it claims to do, or it costs
you nothing!

The way is this: You pay your drug-
gist \$1.00 for a bottle. You read the
directions, and you follow them. You
get better or you don't. If you do, you
buy another bottle, and perhaps another.
If you don't get better, you get your
money back. And the queer thing is that
so many people are willing to be sick when
the remedy's so near at hand.

The New Canadian Monthly.

The announcement of the establishment
of a Canadian illustrated monthly maga-
zine is a source of gratification to the very
large class of readers who have been wait-
ing to welcome just such a periodical from
a Canadian publishing house. The Sabi-
ston Litho. & Pub. Co., Montreal, have
taken the decisive step, and the first issue
of the Dominion Illustrated Monthly will
make its bow to the public during Janu-
ary. It will be a 64 page magazine,
handsomely illustrated, and Canadian and
patriotic in tone. The most gifted of
Canadian authors will contribute to its
pages, making it a most desirable family
magazine, for all Canadians especially.
The subscription price, \$1.50, places it
within reach of all.

John Redmond Defeats Davitt.

DUBLIN, Dec. 24.—The parliamentary
election at Waterford yesterday resulted
in the election of John E. Redmond, Par-
nellite. The vote was: Redmond, 1,725;
Michael Davitt (McCarthyite), 1,229;
Redmond's majority, 496. This is the
first bye-election won by the Parnellites
since the split in the Irish party. The
result was a big surprise for the Mc-
Carthyites.

Some idea of the size of the ground
space to be covered by the World's Fair
in Chicago can be obtained by a story told
by Gen. Corcoran, one of the commission-
ers from Massachusetts, of his recent visit
to that city. "I had been looking over
the fair grounds," said he "with a Chicago
gentleman. We stopped on the prospected
site of the building for manufactures and
fine arts. In the distance I could just see
some puffs of smoke coming from what
appeared to be a stationary engine.
'There,' said my Chicago friend, 'that en-
gine you see, is located about half way
across.' He was alluding to the space
to be covered by that building alone,
some 35 acres. The land where the expo-
sition is to be located was formerly a
marsh. It is all made land and the
buildings will rest on piles. It is proposed
to have the grounds arranged so that all
the buildings can be approached by water
as well as by land. There will be minia-
ture lakes and lagoons, with gondolas
manned by gondoliers in true Venetian
costume. People will be able to enjoy a
long sail in one of these at a small cost, it
is said.