

KATHERINE'S FATE.

Three years after the close of the war the Pingres found themselves almost at the end of their resources. They owned a plantation near Marion, a small village in Union Parish, Louisiana, and lived upon it, because it could not be sold and they were too poor to go away and leave it unsold, as so many of their neighbors did when the slaves were freed. Mr. Pingre was an intelligent, easy-going gentleman with very few practical ideas and no business experience, and Mrs. Pingre possessed less ability to get on in the world than her husband. She could not adjust herself to changes of fortune with cheerfulness, but grieved plaintively every time she attempted to do her hair or darn Mr. Pingre's clothes. She thought of Victor roughing it in the far West instead of being at home with plenty of money and a servant to wait upon him; she looked at her lovely daughters, Marie and Marie, and wondered where and how they were to get husbands. She mused over the pathetic cruelty of life, read Miss Braddon's novels, much in vogue in the South at that time, and left the entire management of the house to Mammy Eloise, the one faithful, loving old creature who preferred serving them to taking her freedom.

The Pingres lived in a big two-story log house with an open entry between the main lower rooms and a back and front gallery. The grounds were ample and well shaded, with roses, geraniums, and other blooming shrubs growing in the open space between the trees and along the walks. A fruit hedge bordered the garden fence, and sweet pinks flowered along the vegetable beds. But an air of neglect seemed to hang over the whole place, and Katherine decided in desperate mood one day that something must be done or the house itself would tumble down.

She possessed more energy than all the other members of the family put together. She managed to startle them quite often with the bold flight of her youthful fancy, but still they regarded her with a temperate degree of admiration. Mrs. Pingre regretted that she was not as pretty as Marie, but Mr. Pingre considered her even more attractive than his sister.

"She lacks flesh," objected Mrs. Pingre. "But she makes it up in spirit," said Mr. Pingre.

"Spirit is not the substance most admired in this world, my dear. Men always like—admire—plump women."

"Well, well, Katherine is only a child."

"She is eighteen, just two years younger than Marie, and quite old enough to marry, if there were some one to marry her."

Mr. Pingre slipped softly away. He didn't care whether the girls married or not, so they were happy and the problem of a livelihood for them could be solved. He often vexed his head in a positive ache over that thought, and then he would take down his gun, call the dogs and go for a tramp over the hedge grown fields, or find refuge in a shady corner of the gallery with an old book or the weekly papers from the "city," as New Orleans was called in that part of the State.

Katherine's thoughts were more to the purpose than her father's, for they took definite shape one day while she lay on the grass by the private hedge. No one could have admired Marie more fondly and proudly than Katherine—Marie with the golden hair and white skin of a pure blonde, and such ravishing arms and shoulders. But it was against Marie's peace that the young schemer plotted. Katherine knew nothing about love, and she determined that her sister should marry for the benefit of the family. What it she did not like John Barnard, who kept a store in Marion? Could he add to the family fortune? No. John Barnard would never do. She must marry Prosper Devereaux, who possessed money as well as youth and good looks. He lived in New Orleans, but he owned a plantation in Morton and he had attended the same country school with the Pingre girls. Katherine detested him heartily in those days because he teased and frightened her with dreadful ghost stories. But now they were grown, and he had come to Marion for the first time since the war, and in all the country there was no beau so handsome, so daring and gallant as Prosper Devereaux.

"Yes, she must marry him," said Katherine to herself very firmly. "It is her duty to make a good match. I would if I could. Yes, I'm sure that I would marry an ogre if he could give papa and mamma comfort again."

But she had too much discretion to plainly show the path of duty to her sister. She must be guided gently into its, clear, smooth way.

It was Sunday afternoon. Katherine took a book and a candle and sat under the big cotton wood tree in the front yard. She pretended to read, but in reality watching the public highway with fluttering pulse and anxious eye. At last Prosper Devereaux appeared in the distance, riding a handsome high-stepping bay horse. The blood flew to Katherine's face, light to her eyes. Did man ever before sit his horse with such ease and grace? Could any girl be so blind as not to prefer him to John Barnard? He rode up to the gate, dismounted and entered. Katherine went to the edge of the walk to greet him, for it was her plan to meet Marie's lovers and give them welcome first.

"Why, Katherine, are you really glad to see me?" the young man exclaimed, divided between surprise and pleasure at the sweetness of her greeting.

"I am, indeed," she said, and blushed a deeper red than ever.

"I can remember the time when you scowled if I came near you, and your eyes were quite wicked with anger. Now they are—let me see them, Katherine. I want to make sure that they are kind and soft."

"You must not tease me now, Mr. Devereaux."

"Mr. Devereaux? How can you? Did we not once recite our lessons together, write our problems on the same blackboard and share our lunches?"

"You are thinking of Marie."

"No, I am thinking of you. Oh, yes, I know you are years younger than I, but you were a smart little thing."

"Please go in," she said, interrupting him eagerly. Somehow his persistent eyes confused and troubled her.

"You are coming with me?"

"No, Marie—you will find her in the parlor."

He accepted his dismissal gayly, and Katherine went back to her seat, cooling her scarlet cheeks against her palms.

Presently another young man rode into view on the dusty highway, but no admiration brightened Katherine's eyes this time, no racing color warmed her cheeks. She merely watched him out of the corner of her eye while he dismounted, fastened his horse to the gate post and came in. No smiles or fluttering welcome for him.

"Good evening, Katherine."

She looked up over the top of her book.

"Good evening, John."

"Whose horse is that?"

"Mr. Devereaux's."

"Oh, is he here?"

"Yes."

"Is Marie at home?"

"Certainly. Why should Mr. Devereaux call if she were not?"

"He could come to see you, I suppose."

"The spark of jealousy in his heart flaring up."

"Me," she cried scornfully, then fell back and laughed. "Why, don't you know he used to call Marie his sweetheart?"

"I know he always made a fool of himself."

"Oh, not more than some people I know," said Katherine sweetly.

"Katherine, do you think—ah—does she like him?"

"And conscienceless Katherine said:

"I think she does, John—in fact—but I'd rather not."

"I understand," he cried, growing so pale that she felt sorry for the wrong impression she had given him. "Girls are all vile coquettes."

Katherine watched him ride dejectedly down the road, and wondered that the fate of Ananias and Sapphira did not overtake her for her duplicity.

Dereaux made only a brief call.

"Going so early," said Katherine, regretful and surprised, when he came out.

"Yes, I could not keep Marie all the afternoon. Ah, I see that you are still reading the same page. How rapidly you progress."

Katherine blushed and closed the book.

"I have been entertaining a visitor."

"So that was the reason you wished to get rid of me?"

"No, no."

But he merely lifted his hat and went away. It was altogether a most trying afternoon for the young schemer, for presently Marie came out, and looked pensively toward the village.

"I wonder why John didn't come."

"He did, but went away again."

"Why?"

"I told him you were entertaining Prosper Devereaux."

"You made him angry, Katherine. I know you did."

"Yes," said Katherine, firmly, "Prosper Devereaux—"

"Is not worth as much to me as one of John's little fingers."

"But Marie—"

"I wish you would attend to your own affairs," and then she walked away into the dusky garden, crying softly.

Katherine longed to run after her, for those tears were like so many scalding drops on her conscience, but she hardened her heart for the sake of the family.

It was the night of the monthly dance at the village academy. The old house was in that condition when it was almost ready to tumble down, and the few people in the community who disapproved of dancing declared that it would be a just punishment on the frivolous if it did. It stood within a stone's throw of the church and graveyard.

The Pingres rarely missed one of these parties, and Marie had a new dress for that occasion. It was Katherine's turn, but she insisted upon sacrificing herself to her sister, wearing an old gown made out of two silk skirts. The gay plaids of one swaying furiously at the gayer stripes of the other, but as the ball room usually presented a kaleidoscope combination of make-shifts, she wasted no regret on her appearance. Still, with all Marie's beauty and the beguilement of white swiss and lavender ribbon, Prosper Devereaux devoted himself to Katherine, while John Barnard hung aloof from Marie also, glancing jealously at every man who approached her.

It was a wretched evening altogether, and the moment they were at home and shut into their own room Katherine cast herself down at Marie's feet with her head in Marie's lap, tears spilling the new swiss forever.

"I am so wicked and miserable."

"What have you done now," questioned Marie sadly.

Katherine writhed.

"Do forgive me, Marie. I did it all to make a match between you and Prosper Devereaux."

"Katherine!"

"And I have been such a liar, such an awful liar. I told John that you loved Prosper."

"Katherine!"

"And he called you a vile flirt, and I didn't defend you."

Poor Marie looked pale as a ghost in the flickering candle light.

"You've spoiled my life, Katherine."

"Yes, but I have spoiled mine also. Prosper asked me to marry him and I refused."

"Refused?"

"Yes, and he will go away to New Orleans where I shall never see him again; he said so."

Marie took her by the shoulder, giving her a gentle shake.

"You love him."

"With all my heart."

They looked at each other, both fair faces flushed and tender, then lip met lip in a forgiving kiss.

"Why did you refuse Prosper?"

"As a just punishment to myself."

"Katherine, you are a goose."

"Marie, my heart is broken."

It is hardly necessary to say that Marie and John made it up and were married, and Katherine was left alone to go to parties with her mother, who knew nothing about her love affair and was still seeking a husband for her. It was quite a year later that they went one night. Katherine protested, declared that she hated parties, but her mother insisted. Lightning played along the horizon as drove through the country, and distant thunder rumbled and died away.

An hour, two hours, had passed before

the revelers were aware that the storm had stolen upon them. A lurid blaze of lightning, a roar of thunder, and every one paused.

"We'd better get out of here while we can and run over to the church. This building is too unsafe in a storm," cried an old man, calling his granddaughters.

In the rush for the stairs Katherine was separated from her parents, but, she had an umbrella and darted into the open air. The ominous stillness had broken. Tree tops were bending, a swirl of dust rose from the village street. Rain and wind came together. Katherine's umbrella was snatched from her hand and she caught one fleeting glimpse of it as it careered away on the black wings of the gale. Then some one seized her, drew her back within the shelter of the academy.

"It's too late to hunt any other shelter, Katherine," said a voice in her ear.

She lay panting, breathless, against the arm holding her.

"I didn't know that you were here."

"I came to-day and supped with Marie and John."

A vivid flash of lightning passed into the murky room, then out again, leaving dense shadows. Devereaux held his companion with a firmer grasp when she attempted to move away.

"I've given you a year to change your mind, Katherine. You see, it is difficult for me to realize that the woman I love does not love me? Does she love me, dear; does she?"

"Marie has been talking," she exclaimed, then paused, self-betrayed.

The old academy creaked and trembled, but not a board fell or was riven apart. Many an other gay, innocent party might gather within its walls and dance away the night.

When Mrs. Pingre missed her daughter she instantly went into hysterics and could not be brought out of them until she saw Katherine entering the church leaning on Prosper Devereaux's arm. Then it was truly wonderful the way she recovered and beamed gently upon the company.

TWO PHANTOMS.

David Groff was the hardest fibered man I ever knew. Rich, well educated, brainy and a gentleman, he was nevertheless hard, cold and cynical. Sentiment he scorned, noble, unselfish impulses he did not believe in, and his attitude toward his fellow beings was one of uniform suspicion. Association with him always made the world seem more ignoble and life meaner.

One evening when he had been visiting me, after he was gone, to throw off the saturnine influence he always unconsciously exercised upon me, I applied myself to a peculiar line of psychological experiment that about that time occupied a good deal of my attention. I had been told—and found it true—that, by a certain method of mental concentration, it was practicable to convert subjective consciousness into seeming objective perception, and I was assured that a still further effect might follow of actual perception of the entities of the semi-material world, though at this time I had no verification.

Hardly had I sat myself, fixed my attention upon a selected object and willed mental passivity, when I saw before me, very plainly, an elderly man whose face was so haggard with anxiety and full of despairing appeal that it made an exceedingly painful impression upon me. Almost instantaneously it vanished, giving place to a young girl, in whose features there was a strong family resemblance to those of the man, but more delicate and refined. Indeed, I have never seen a female face more spirituelle and at the same time more sad than hers. That expression was rather a thrill of consciousness than sight, for the actual presentment of the phantasma was scarcely more than a flash. Yet, brief as my vision was, I was sensible of a very distinct difference between the phantoms in quality, the first being less diaphanous than the second, yet seeming more unearthly, farther apart from life. The man seemed a presence; the girl a reflection.

During the succeeding fortnight of experiment, though I saw many faces, those two did not once appear. Then, one night, just after David had paid me another visit they flashed upon me again, as before, only for an instance, but leaving a much more vivid impression than any others of the many I had seen. After an interval of a week or ten days the unhappy pair of phantoms reappeared, and again their coming was immediate upon his departure after an evening call.

Then for the first time I sensed the existence of some occult attraction for them in David Groff's personality and felt convinced that they were not subjective entities, creatures of my own involuntary imagination, but actual entities evolved from the unknown by his presence. So vivid was the impression I had of their appearance that I made pencil portraits of them. My friends are good enough to say I have some artistic ability, and I think I rather excelled myself in those sketches.

I took care that the next time David Groff visited me they should be exposed on my table, where he could not fail to see them. Their effect was startling. When his gaze fell upon them, he staggered backward, as a timid man might at being confronted by a ghost. Pale, stammering and trembling, he hoarsely ejaculated, "My God!" and while I sat staring in amazement at the door which he had left open when he fled, I became conscious that I was not alone, and turning my head saw beside me the two phantoms regarding me with an earnest expression in which I believed I could see something of hope. But, I asked myself, what did they hope for from me? What did they want? What could I do without some facts to go upon? If they would only explain the situation somehow, it would help matters mightily. But, as to that, no—they simply vanished, as before, and though I tried my best, by every mode of invocation known to me, they could not be induced to reappear.

The very next night David came again. Never before had he visited me two evenings in succession. He was pale, embarrassed, and looked around nervously for the sketches, which did not happen to be in sight. Hardly waiting to utter a perfunctory salutation, he demanded, "How did you come to draw those two faces?" Something prompted me to, instead of answering, ask him, did you recognize them?"

"Recognize them?" he fairly shrieked.

"My God! Don't I see them all the time? What did they tell you? What did they say of me? How in the world did you come across them? I thought he was dead. I heard so. Yes, he is dead. I'm sure of it. And she showed you his portrait. Yes, of course; that's it. What a nervous fool I'm getting to be, surely."

"One was as much alive as the other when I saw them, I guess; no portrait was shown to me; neither of them told me anything."

"When did you see them? Where?"

"Last night and three times before. Here."

"But he is dead. An inquest was held on him."

"Quite possible, for aught I know to the contrary."

"You don't mean to say you have seen a ghost?"

"It seems so."

"But the girl is not dead."

"No; that explains the difference I noticed."

"Are you crazy, or—what the devil do you mean?"

I told him what my experience had been, and he heard me through in blank astonishment, without interruption, even when I tried to explain that the apparition of the man was no doubt an astral remnant, while that of a girl was a thought projected into the past, a distinction that I fear only he would have understood. Then he spoke in a low monotone, rather as if thinking aloud than addressing me:

"How could I know that he would take it so hard? If he hadn't gone into the speculation he would have lost nothing. If the market had gone his way he would have ruined me. It went mine, and I cleaned him out. That's all there was of it. What other man than he would have blown his brains out for a thing like that? I didn't know until after that he had a daughter. How was I to know he sunk her for one along with his own?"

A speculator has no business to have children. I told him that for her. Had he hunted down when I came back from Europe. Poor devil of a salesgirl in a big store, toiling for mere existence; hungry, cold, shabby; hopeless; Satan at her elbow all the time. I sent her \$10,000. She returned them—said I was virtually her father's murderer. Poor girl! I suppose it does seem that way to her, but she doesn't understand business. Well, I'll make her amends as far as I can."

Three days after David Groff blew out his brains, leaving by will all his estate to "Eliza Sanger, daughter of John B. Sanger, deceased."—J. H. Connolly.

THE WISDOM OF GRAY HAIRS.

Rev. John Scott, D. D., of Hamilton, Ont., a Well Known Retired Presbyterian Minister, Has Used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and Testifies of Its Benefits.

The cautious conversation that is characteristic of Presbyterians, and especially of those who have seen years of service in the church, gives weight and influence to any recommendation that they may make on almost any matter. When we find a clergyman of the rank of the Rev. John Scott, D. D., of Hamilton, one of the church's most esteemed ministers, speaking favorably of a proprietary medicine, we may rest assured that it possesses genuine merit. Mr. Scott tells of the benefits that have come to him from the use of this medicine, because he is able to speak from an experimental knowledge, having used the medicine himself. Of its benefits he has testified over his own signature.

One short puff of the breath through the blower supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves in ten minutes and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis and deafness. 60 cents. Sample bottle and blower sent on receipt of two 3 cent stamps. S. G. Dutton, 41 Church street, Toronto.

He was Sure of It.

"My father," said Simpson, solemnly, "was more sensitive to colds than anybody I ever knew. The slightest exposure gave him a cold."

"That must have been very disagreeable."

"Indeed it was. He never could sit near a draught for a minute without catching cold. I remember on one occasion he was sitting in the house of a friend, when all at once my father began to sneeze. He insisted that there was a draught in the room. Every effort was made to discover where the draught was, but in vain. The doors and windows were closed, and there was no fire-place, but my father kept on sneezing and insisting that there must be a draught in the room, and so there was."

"Where was it?"

"It was found that the stopper had been left out of the vinegar-bottle."

DANGEROUS RESULTS SURE TO FOLLOW.

Neglect of Kidney Trouble—South American Kidney Cure is a Remedy that Quickly Eradicates Kidney Trouble in Any of Its Stages.

It is an unfortunate blunder to allow disease of the kidneys to obtain a hold in the system. The disease is of that character that leads to many serious complications which too often end fatally. The strong point of South American Kidney Cure is that it drives this disease out of the system, whether taken in its incipient stages or after it has more nearly approached a chronic condition. The medicine is a radical one, easy to take, yet thoroughly effective, and what is encouraging to the patient the results of its use are made manifest almost immediately. As a matter of fact this medicine will relieve distressing kidney and bladder disease in six hours.

His Best Recollection.

"Well, what do you want, sonny?" asked the grocer.

"I most forgot what mama sent me for," replied the perplexed little boy on the outside of the counter, "but I think it's a can of condensed milk."

PHYSICIANS OF CORNWALL, ONT., RECOMMEND DR. AGNEW'S CURE FOR THE HEART.

Mr. Geo. Crites, a Government Official, Used the Remedy and is Cured.

Georges Crites, Esq., Customs officer, Cornwall, Ont.

"I have been troubled with severe heart complaint for several years. The slightest

excitement proved very fatiguing and necessitated taking rest, so that I was entirely incapacitated for business. I was under a doctor's care for over six months, and I not receiving the benefit I had hoped for, and hearing much of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, I asked my physician about taking it, which he advised me to do. The use of the remedy brought results I had scarcely dared to hope for and I am now able to attend to business, and do most heartily recommend the remedy to all who suffer from heart complaint. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart relieves in 30 minutes and thus has been the means of saving thousands of lives."

The Bravest Men.

Ask old soldiers, who have seen real war and they will tell you that the bravest men, the men who endured best, not in mere fighting, but in standing still for hours to be mowed down by cannon shot; who were most cheerful and patient in shipwreck, and starvation, and defeat—all things ten times worse than fighting—ask old soldiers. I say, and they will tell you that the men who showed best in such miseries were generally the stillest, meekest men in the whole regiment.—Charles Kingsley.

RHEUMATISM RELIEVED IN SIX HOURS.

South American Rheumatic Cure Gives Relief as Soon as the First Dose is Taken, and Cures Ordinary Cases of Rheumatism and Neuralgia in from One to Three Days—What a Grateful Citizen of St. Lambert, Que., Has to Say.

For many months I have suffered the most excruciating pain from rheumatism and had despaired of getting permanent relief until South American Rheumatic Cure was brought to my notice. I procured a bottle of the remedy and to my surprise received great benefit from the first few doses. In fact, within six hours after taking the first dose I was free from pain, and the use of a few bottles wrought a permanent cure. It is surely the best remedy of the kind in existence.

J. Fredeau, St. Lambert, P. O.

Defies Rain and Dust.

A pleasure to wear for its own stylish appearance, Cravenette offers the unique advantage of defying rain and dust. It is waterproof, but porous, defies the elements but is nothing at all like the old waterproof, being light, elastic, and not distinguishable from any other dress goods. In Navy, Myrtle, Brown, Grey, Castor and Black. Makes up into costumes, cloaks, wraps. Cravenette is a money saver, while nothing whatever is sacrificed in style. The ideal spring or summer dress.

BORN.

Amherst, Aug. 7, to the wife of Wm. O'Neill, a son.

Halifax, July 30, to the wife of J. T. Kelly, a daughter.

Surrey, Aug. 12, to the wife of James J. Blake, a son.

Moncton, Aug. 11, to the wife of George Stone, a son.

Amherst, Aug. 9, to the wife of W. E. Rosendale, a son.

Annapolis, Aug. 18, to the wife of R. S. Miller, a son.

Toronto, Aug. 3, to the wife of George Myers, a son.

Toronto, Aug. 3, to the wife of Thomas Crowe, a son.

Waterville, N. S., to the wife of Amos Bezanon, a son.

Halifax, Aug. 13, to the wife of W. R. M. Hartien, a son.

Salisbury, N. S., Aug. 9, to the wife of Martin Collins, a son.

St. John, Aug. 10, to the wife of William Marshall, a son.

Parrsboro, July 19, to the wife of John Brown, a daughter.

Parrsboro, Aug. 12, to the wife of Walter Gould, a daughter.

Amherst, Aug. 12, to the wife of David Mumford, a daughter.

Bellefleur, Aug. 10, to the wife of Horatio Gesner, a daughter.

Brooklyn, Aug. 8, to the wife of A. J. Banks, a daughter.

Truro, July 31, to the wife of Rev. H. F. Adams, a daughter.

St. John, Aug. 19, to the wife of Thos. H. Hourihan, a daughter.

Sheet Harbor, Aug.