

In the youth of the heart,
Ere the glorious ray
That was born of life's morning
Hath faded away;
While the twilight lingers yet
In the eyes that are dear,
And the voices we love
Still remain with us here;
While the warm blood leaps up,
And the forest resounds
With the tread of the horse
And the bay of the hounds,
Oh, ever and always,
So long as we may,

Let us Live by the Way.

As we journey through life
Let us leave by the way,
Let us live in the thought
That in mirth or in sorrow
Has a strength for each day,
And a hope for each morrow,
With smiles for the future;
Though tears for the past,
And in joy for the hours
That fly from us fast,
Oh, ever and always,
So long as we may,
As we journey through life
Let us live by the way

✧ His First Love. ✧

They were sitting in Bryce's luxurious chambers—a party of men whom business or pleasure had kept in town during the festive season, or who had not had sufficient inducements offered them to quit it. Bryce was laying down the law concerning The Flirting Woman in his own dogmatic way.

"A woman who flirts," he announced, in a tone of absolute finality, "a woman who deliberately plays with a man's heart for her own amusement is capable of anything—anything! from pocket-picking to murder."

The men seated around the table exchanged covert smiles. It was a joke of old standing amongst them that Bryce had been jilted by his first and only love—hence this particular bee in his bonnet, his confirmed bachelorhood and unchivalrous attitude toward the fair half of creation. Gordon, a slim young barrister, took up the cudgels on behalf of the sex.

"Granted," he said, with an engaging drawl, "that a woman has no more right to tamper with a man's heart than with his banking account, but you would never get the dear creature to understand the principle of the thing. Scores of women, who would not stoop to wrong you of a half-penny, would break your heart without compunction, out of sheer fun and kittenish perversity."

Bryce shot a glance at the speaker—his dark eyes flashing with the vindictive bitterness that the subject always roused in him.

"I say," he reiterated, with harsh emphasis, "that a deliberate flirt is capable of anything."

"Yaas, dear fellow," drawled Gordon sweetly, "we all heard you. Only—you can't prove it."

"Can't?"
"No. You assume, what is manifestly unfair, that a woman who is guilty of one trifling weakness is capable of all—is, in fact, utterly unprincipled. You can't make it good. How would you stand yourself, judged by the same slap-dash rule? And they do say, don't they, that flirting girls make the best wives?"

"Would you care to run the risk?" asked his host, with a grim laugh.

Gordon shrugged his shoulders. "In my humble opinion," he said, lightly, "the risk is inevitable—the results a matter of degree."

A general laugh followed this precocious statement.

"What do you say, Ives?" demanded Bryce of a silent, keen-eyed man. "You are acquainted with the Indian variety of the tribe—you ought to know a little about the subject."

Ives shook his head. "I'm no judge," he said, diffidently. "I have been up-country too long, and flirtation is a lost art in the remote stations—men can't very well flirt with each other. My principal experience of our fair exports was during the Mutiny, and that is not exactly an honest test. You will agree?"

"Why not?" sneered Bryce.

Ives looked at him a little curiously before replying. "You men who sit at home at ease," he remarked, quietly, "rarely seem to grasp the intense gruesomeness of fighting. Flirtation never stands that fiery ordeal. Love, real love, the genuine article, thrives and blossoms under the strangest conditions and in the grimmest scenes—its counterfeits wither at the first breath of a hostile cannon. Did you ever picture your ideal flirt—the woman with no good in her—in a beleaguered fort, among the unspeakable horrors of a siege—where the enemy's shell keep crashing through the walls in quite unexpected places, and the groans of wounded men are the least alarming sounds? I thought not. I could tell you a story of a flirt I knew. He went on, twirling the stem of his glass round and round between his fingers. "It may interest you. I don't think it will bore you. Did any of you know Jack Reeves?"

A subdued murmur of assent passed round. Jack Reeves was dead. Ives' eyes were on his glass, and he did not see the dark, painful flush that crept slowly over his host's face, nor the ashen pallor that succeeded it.

"You know how he died, of course?"

"We heard," said one of the men, with a slight effort, "that he and his wife were killed at the taking of out some out-of-the-way fort by the rebels. It was a most deplorable affair."

"It was. I was in it."

"You?" exclaimed Gordon. "It was reported that every one of the defenders was killed."

"I dare say. It was not always easy to make out accurate reports just then—survivors had a disorderly knack of turning up wounded and half-starved, after the dispatches had been sent home. I ought to have been killed, no doubt, but was knocked over in the thick of the last struggle, and fairly buried beneath a pile of rebel corpses. That saved me, I believe. The relief party we had been waiting for arrived on the scene half an hour too late. They routed the mutineers, and paid the last tribute of respect to their dead friends, and the men who meant to bury me brought me round again instead. But enough of that—it is not a experience to linger over."

"We were quite a nice little party at Jussulpur before the row broke out. I was down on a visit to Jack. He had been

home on furlough the year before, and brought a wife back with him. She was the most desperate flirt I ever met. Not one of those sparkling, piquant creatures whom one instinctively expects to have some fun with, but a daughter of the gods, divinely fair." A calm, statuesque beauty, with an oval face, grandly chiseled features, a perfect mouth and wonderful, luminous gray eyes.

"Old Major Gardner, who was in command of the garrison, hated the sight of her. I soon found out why. She never descended to frivolity, or let men render her conspicuous by their attentions, but she would listen by the hour while a man poured out his homesickness, his ambitions, his lofty aspirations, his yearnings after the ideal, and any other beautiful sentiment he happened to possess, and she would watch the heart out of him with the subtle, exquisite sympathy that lurked in her marvelous eyes, and in the curves of her wistful, perfect lips. And then, some day, the unlucky wretch would lose his head, and she—she would lift her delicate eyebrows incredulously and freeze him in to nothingness."

"Then the crash came. I won't bore you by going into that—it is ancient history now—but I should like to tell you how that woman died. For five weeks we held the tiny fort against a horde of rebels, and our slender garrison thinned daily."

"The mutineers knew their business thoroughly—thanks to our careful training. They planted their batteries on the roofs of neighboring houses and kept up a deadly fire on the fort. The havoc their shells wrought was frightful. Strong men were killed at their posts. Poor wretches who lay moaning in the 'hospital room' were hurled into eternity, together with the ministering women who bent over them and the bodies were hastily buried in the compound after dark. Day by day our ranks thinned, and the situation became impossible, more serious. We had got a messenger sent off to the nearest station for assistance, but we neither knew whether he had got safely through the enemy's lines, nor whether he had found the other forts in the same plight as our own."

"It was a hideous experience. And through all the horror and carnage Mrs. Reeves passed calmly and serenely—like some fair star shining amid black clouds. In that terrible crisis, with that awful, palpable shadow of death hanging over us, all the false side of her nature seemed to slip away from her like an ugly mask, leaving only what was good and womanly and true. Nothing daunted her, nothing sickened her. She went to and fro among the men, looking after their comfort, cheering the despondent; always brave and hopeful herself, and infecting others with her brightness."

"Her care for the wounded was most unwavering. She seemed to feel no fatigue where they were concerned, tended them without a thought of the risk she often ran from flying bullets and other missiles. Their own mothers and sisters could not have done more for them than she did—or done it in a sweeter way. When food ran short she evolved meals for us out of most unpromising materials, and lived on the same bare rations as the rest, in spite of our protests."

"The men simply worshipped the ground she walked over, and would have followed the forlornest of forlorn hopes at her bidding. The Major's views concerning her underwent a complete alteration. I saw him once dash his hand furiously across his eyes as he watched her supporting the head of a poor fellow dying of a gunshot wound, and whispering gentle words into his ear. I think he foresaw the end from the beginning; though—true old bulldog that he was—he never admitted it. The odds were too great even for British pluck and valor—unless help came soon."

"The fort was a queer, rambling little affair, with a detached tower rising from an angle of the compound. Jack and I shared the same watch at night on the tower roof. Long watches they were, as we grew short-handed, and weirdly still the nights seemed after the hideous din of the day time—a cold, tense stillness, only broken by the howling of the jackals in the nullahs and the comparatively musical cries of the rebel sentries. And always when we had been at our posts a little while, we would see her gliding toward us, shadowy and ethereal in the starlight—for the stars came out and shone down as serenely on us in our trouble as on our gaieties of a month before. Years seemed to have elapsed since then! And she would slip her hand through Jack's arm and lay her cheek against his sleeve, and watch with us—silent and intent as we were ourselves. There was no need for speech between those two. In the presence of the death angel things clear marvelously. All their former differences dropped out of sight, forgiven and forgotten. Only their love remained, and it ever a man and woman understood each other, they did. They could read each other's hearts without a word spoken on either side."

"She made it up Jack then. She never hindered him or unsteadied his nerves with tears and lamentations; she was the truest, bravest helpmeet man ever had. Once, near the end, when she thought herself unobserved, I saw her lay her head down on his

shoulder and cry quietly. And I saw the great tears rolling down his face as he bent over her—but I don't believe it was a case of 'white feather' with either of them."

"Well, to cut it short, when the last day came, there were less than a dozen of us left—seven Englishmen, three of the faithful Sikhs, and Mrs. Reeves. Our position was practically hopeless. The Sepoys had taken the fort buildings after a lot of stubborn fighting and heavy loss on our side. Only the isolated tower remained in our possession, and to say that we were entrenched in that picturesque, but highly inconvenient, building would be a fine bit of poetic license. We were boxed in like rats in a trap. The end was, as the doctors say, 'merely a question of time,' unless help came, and that we had begun to despair. It had become plain to us that our situation was, in all probability, the rule, and not the exception, and not the exception, and that the country must be in a state of revolt. We went about with grim faces in those days. We knew that we were doomed, but we meant to exact a high price for our lives, and had no notion of hurrying the final issue. The mutineers to do them justice, were in no pressing hurry either. They appreciated the race sufficiently to know that a half-starved and desperate Englishman were likely to prove dangerous at close quarters, and they showed no indecent haste to come in and finish off the dying lion."

"They had us safe, and waited a day or two, with the patience of an experienced grizzly bear sitting under his victim's bough—not venturing into the compound within range of our fire, but contenting themselves with shooting at us from the fort buildings. But when that last day dawned, we knew our time had come. There were unmistakable signs of activity in the enemy's camp."

"They had dragged a couple of small guns into the two doorways opening on to the compound, and pounded away per severely at the tough old tower, chipping large pieces off the stones, without doing much damage. I don't fancy they cared to try shells at that short distance. Now and then their gunners showed themselves, and gave us an opportunity of retaliation of which we were not slow to avail ourselves, and we did plenty of promiscuous shooting."

"The stairs leading from the base of the tower to the roof were divided into two flights by a small room or landing, lit by narrow loopholes and shut off from the lower flight by a fairly strong door. The Major took up his position in this place with some of the men. Jack and I, with a couple of others, occupied the roof."

"Jack was shooting away with appalling regularity. The muscles of his good-natured face were set like iron, his eyes were glittering, his hands cool and steady. He used two weapons alternately, and his wife with a resolute expression on her pale, beautiful face, stood quietly by him, loading while he fired, utterly regardless of the hail of bullets that struck the stonework around her."

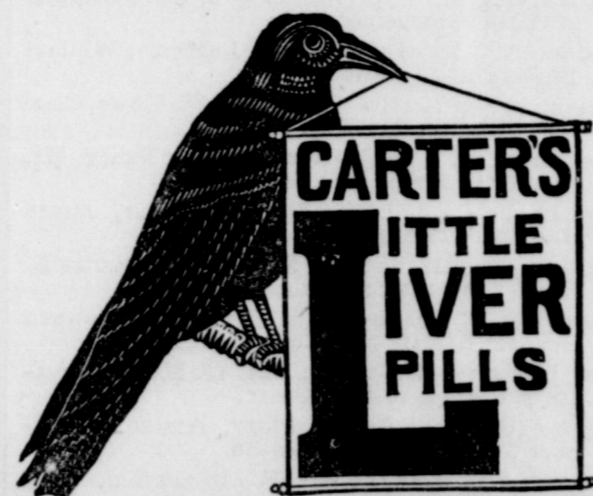
"All at once the guns ceased firing, and the supply of bullets began to slacken gradually, and shortly after we heard the Major's voice below, bellowing to us to come down. Jack was turning slowly away from the parapet, when I saw him leap suddenly in the air and fall back, stone dead, by his wife's side. Poor thing! She sank down on her knees beside him with a cry that went to my heart. Still, I could do nothing for her, so I went down to the Major."

"He was greatly shocked at my news, but drew me hastily toward the loophole by which he was standing."

"What do you make of their silence, Ives? Can you guess what their next move will be?"

"I could not, and told him so."

"They mean to venture a little more on the stakes," he said, with a grim smile. "They are going to run a gun out into the open, in the face of our bullets, and pour a heavy fire into the door below. One round of gunners will suffice for the work, and they will doubtless die happy in the knowledge that they are striking the hated Englishmen's death-blow. Then, the instant a breach is made in the door, the whole pack of fiends will swarm out of their cover and storm the tower."



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"And we?" I asked, rather laconically—the programme was not inviting."

"The staircase is narrow," he replied, sententiously. "We have some ammunition left and our swords. The first heroes through the breach will be the first in Valhalla."

"And Mrs. Reeves?" I asked, with a shudder.

"The old gentleman's brave face twitched slightly. I read in his eyes the terrible, inevitable reply, but before he could frame the words, a touch on his arm made him turn round. Mrs. Reeves stood behind us, very pale, but perfectly composed."

"Major," she said, "my dear husband, her sweet voice faltered for a minute, then steadied itself—"my husband promised that, if the worst came, he would keep his last bullet for me. May I now rely on you to do me this service? You will not fail me?" she added, appealingly."

"Her old enemy took the hand resting on his arm, and lifted it gently to his lips."

"Madam," he said, in his stately, old-fashioned way, "I am honored by your request. If the worst happens, as I greatly fear it will, you may rely on me. I will not fail you. But go back now—if I want you, I will call."

"She thanked him gratefully, and returned to her vigil on the roof. We turned back to our loophole—I think neither of us could have looked the other in the face just then for our life's ransom."

"Suddenly a shout from the men at the opposite loophole, followed by the crack of their rifles, took us over to them. The gun on their side had been run out, as the Major predicted. Two of the gunners had already fallen. Two more rolled over lifeless as the gun was brought into position. The man who was pointing it fell by Major Gardner's hand."

"Quick! Ives," he cried; "the man with the match!"

"I obeyed, but only succeeded in winging him. His right arm dropped at his side, but, with a defiant yell, he snatched at the match with his left hand and fired. There was a deafening report and a crash of wood, followed by such a howl of triumph as might have come from the throats of a legion of fiends."

"To the stairs!" shouted the Major, heading the rapid descent."

"We formed on the bottom steps, two abreast—just in time. On they came with a rush, leaping and yelling; down they went before our fire. Twice we repulsed them, but each time the set of dark, demonic faces surged in again. On they came leaping over the bodies of their fallen comrades, on to the very stairs where we stood."

"The fight was a sharp and a terrible one. We fought as men are likely to fight in such a case, but we were outnumbered completely. Three of us fell. All of us were badly wounded. Every step of that winding stair was slippery with blood. Inch by inch, we fought our way back to the landing—those that were left of us, four white men and two Sikhs."

"On the threshold we paused a moment and in obedience to the Major's command emptied our last volley at the crowd. They cleared a pace, tumbling over one another and we managed to close the door and drag the bars across. Then as they rushed up again, on the other side, battering at the wood with horrid imprecations, we leaned against the walls, utterly spent. Our ammunition was gone; we were all in a sorry plight. One of the Sikhs had sunk down half-insensible; the major supported himself against the door, in little better case."

"He pulled himself together with an effort, looked around at us with a sad smile, which had yet something of pride in it, and then he called out for Mrs. Reeves. He stood there, fingering his pistol, his brave old face working. I have always thought that he meant to shoot her down as she turned the corner, to save her the torturing minute of anticipation, but she must have been near at hand, for when he looked up she was standing on the bottom step—waiting!"

"I can never forget that weirdly terrible scene. It is fixed indelibly on my brain. The crashing blows thundering on the door, the infernal yelling of the fiends outside of it, the gloomy landing, with the fierce sunlight filtering through the narrow loopholes the handful of desperate, doomed men, wounded and unsightly, the swarthy faces of the Sikhs, and in the midst of it all, that fair young woman, her white dress torn and dragged and soiled with smoke and blood, her face utterly calm—standing there, without a trace of fear, waiting for her death."

"I am quite ready, Major," she said simply."

"The men caught their breath sharply. One of them, a big Irishman, gave a loud sob and crossed himself. The Major could not speak. He made her a low bow—then raising his weapon, he shot her through the heart. The next moment he fell himself, as the door burst open and the horde rushed in. The rest you know."

"It is not a story to talk about. I never told it before for that reason; but what Bryce said tonight made my blood boil, and—Why, Bryce? Bryce! Surely, my dear fellow, you don't think I meant—"

Ives rose abruptly from his chair and hurried round the table to his host."

The other men, whose attention had been riveted on the story, followed his movements with startled eyes; then they got up, too, and crowded round in consternation."

Bryce had dropped forward with his arms on the table, his face buried in his hands. His breath came and went in long, shuddering sobs that shook his whole frame, and when they spoke to him he seemed as if he did not hear. His vest was disordered, as though it had been hastily torn open, and on the table before him lay a jewelled miniature. Ives, glancing at it as he bent over his friend, drew back with a smothered exclamation."

"Great Heaven!" he gasped, with paling lips. "It is she!"

"It was the portrait of a grandly beautiful girl with a wistful, perfect mouth and luminous gray eyes."

Poor Bryce! He had lived and loved—and lost!"

The men drew away from him reverently. They did what seemed the kindest thing, and slipped out of the room quietly, leaving him alone with his dead. Not till they reached the door did even Gordon find his voice, and then he only said, "Poor old Bryce!"

Ives stood on the doorstep when they had all gone. He thought of the stricken man in his lonely room above, and a great flood of pity welled up in his heart. Perhaps he, too, had suffered—for he shut the door softly and went back again to his friend.—Strand Magazine.

In Case We Should Fall.

The tight-rope performer in the show is not likely to fall, but if he does, there is the net to catch him. Down he goes into it, bounces two or three times like an india-rubber ball, and then picks himself up with a gain with whole bones and unscratched skin. No doubt the knowledge that he is safe makes him all the more free and easy as he cavorts about over our heads."

Let me ask you, then, 'Is not the matter of living, and finding money enough to keep things going, a good deal like a tight-rope performance for most of us? Indeed, it is—with an important difference. When we fall, through accident or illness, we fall to the ground; there is never a net to save us. By reading the following letter you will see more clearly the force of the comparison."

"In April, 1892, my health began to give way. I didn't understand the nature or the cause of my ailment. I can only say vaguely that I felt as if something had overtaken me. My ambition and power to do good work were suddenly gone. I felt heavy and weak, and was easily tired. In my mouth there was a foul taste, something like addled eggs, and I was constantly spitting up a sour fluid that seemed almost to burn my throat."

"From having been a hearty eater my appetite fell away until I had no longer any relish for food. After taking what I could manage to eat, I had great pain and weight at my chest, and a sensation of gnawing in the stomach, as if some living thing were setting to work to devour me inwardly. I fancied also that my kidneys must be disordered, as the secretion from them was thick and highly coloured."

"The effect of all this upon my nerves was one of the most distressing elements of the case. I got scarcely any sleep, and dark spots seemed to float before my eyes. I had dreadful pains in my head, and cold, clammy sweats used to break out all over my body. Like the great majority of men, I earned my living by my labor, and now during my illness, I was obliged to leave my work time often times—occasionally for weeks together. What this means to a person in my situation, any worker will understand without further explanation. The doctor whom I consulted did his best, but proved unable to help me."

"My cure finally came about as thousands of others have done in this country. While I was still weak and miserable, having, so far as I could see, no chance of ever being well again, a small pamphlet was left at our house describing Mother Siegel's Syrup and its peculiar virtues in complaints like mine. The book contained letters and statements from people who had been cured by this medicine after every other kind of treatment had turned out to be of no avail. In plain words it showed how most diseases are really the consequences of indigestion, and that is the stomach that needs to be set right in order to have all the other organs of the body come right. And my experience taught me that it is a doctrine."

"Briefly, then I got a bottle of the Syrup from Mr. Doubleday, the chemist at Bingham, and after taking it I felt great relief. My appetite was better and my food agreed with me. The pain in my back left me and I knew nothing more of any trouble with my kidneys. When I had taken three bottles of the Syrup I was completely cured, and have enjoyed good health ever since. I desire to express my thanks to you for what your great remedy has done for me. (Signed) Charles Laughton, Hawsorth, near Bingham, Notts, March 20th, 1895."

Across this printed page the writer holds out his hand to Mr. Laughton and congratulates him on two things his recovery and his manliness in furnishing the foregoing short account of his case for publication. It will I am sure, be especially welcome to the great host of men and women whose income stops when work stops; that is to say those who have no safe place in the shape of fixed income to fall on their hands if useless on beds of pain. People who are rich or well-to-do have nothing but the illness to bear; but they are comparatively few. With the rest of us that dreadful combination is pain and poverty. We must keep in health, it is possible; but when we are laid up it is a comfort to know Mother Siegel's is ready to rebuke diseases and enable us once more to answer the call of duty."

She Had Reason To.

"Did you hear that pretty woman just now, Rap? She said she believed in long engagements and short marriages."

"Rather a strange idea."

"Not at all, Rap; she's an actress."—Cincinnati Tribune.

The Grim Reaper.

Swoops down on young and old alike. The promising buds are nipped off almost as certainly as the fading blossom. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart has stayed death's hands more times than you will count. Relieves in 30 minutes. Over 40 cases of sudden deaths from heart disease were noted in the daily papers in Canada during the past ten days. It seems incredible and proves the uncertainty of life where there is a tendency to heart weakness. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is a never failing remedy for heart diseases. It acts like magic. Never fails to give relief in seemingly hopeless attacks in 30 minutes, and to cure permanently."