

## The Silent Ruler.

We only know he walks with noiseless tread,  
Unresting ever,—voiceless as the dead.

We only know he brings us loss or gain,  
The rose of pleasure, or the rue of pain,—

All changes manifold of life or death,  
From a leaf's promise to a dying breath.

We only know when this old earth and sky  
Pass into nothingness, he cannot die,—

The silent ruler with his sceptre and his glass,  
Our Father Time, who sees the nations pass,—

Yet gives no token over land or sea  
Of his new reign,—the veiled eternity.

—William Hamilton Hayne.

## The Miser's Secret.

Old Miser Furgis was dying. In a large, bare, desolate room he lay, staring wildly at the dull walls and dingy ceiling. No one entered his room unless requested save his wife, who clung faithfully to his side. His children—for whom he had never exhibited any great show of affection and whom he seemed to look upon as so much property to be made the most of—stole cautiously to the room occasionally and peered in.

Miser Furgis, as he was known throughout the country, had lived in the old rambling house, in which he was dying, for thirty years. During the time he had cultivated the fertile acres that lay about it. He had worked like a slave and forced his children to work, lived like the poorest laborer, that he might hoard his hard-earned gold. Now he was dying, and he alone knew where it was buried.

One morning, after having lain unconscious for days, he opened his eyes and turned them searchingly about the room until they rested on his wife. As they lingered finally on her there was a tender light in them that told of love.

"Lucy," he began in a faint, hollow voice, "I feel that I can't live much longer. I am dying, and before I go I want to tell you a secret—ask you, and the children to forgive me for the cold, hard life I have caused you to live. You will forgive me—when you know all. Call the children—I am going fast."

The family gathered hurriedly about the bed. The miser asked to be lifted to a sitting position, and continued:

"Children, when you know the secret that I am about to disclose you will forgive my seeming unnatural—I he stopped and writhed in agony as some great pain took hold of him. Trembling violently, he sank back among the pillows. Then with a mighty effort he gasped: 'You'll find it all—on—on—'

After another spell he tried again to speak.

"Don't—sell—the—farm."

His features relaxed; there was a tremor and the miser was dead.

The miser was scarcely beneath the bed before his children began the search for his hoarded gold. Now that he was gone and had sought in his last hour to make reparation they thought of him kindly. They forgot his asperities as they thought of the treasure he had left them. Now it was all theirs. It never occurred to them that the prize might elude their most careful and persistent search.

So confident were they of success, and so pleasant was the contemplation of their fortune, that Albert, the youngest, sat down with pen and paper to figure out the amount their father had accumulated in the last thirty years.

His calculation was something like this: The farm averaged an income of at least \$5,000 a year for the last five years. The next five the average would be \$1,000. The next ten \$1,500, and to his own knowledge the profits the last ten years had been \$3,000. Fifty thousand dollars would be a fair estimate.

"O—that was the only clew. The second story of the building was carefully gone over; then the attic, but nothing but cobwebs and accumulated dust and rubbish was found. Then the grounds were gone over again, each time more slowly and carefully special search being made on every eminence. But it was always with the same disappointing results.

Years passed, and the miser's gold lay secure in its hiding place. They who sought it continued hopeful, and with the exception of short intervals of rest, they had kept diligently at work.

The farm during this time had been left to take care of itself and produce whatever crop it saw fit; consequently the fertile acres were covered with a dense growth of weeds and briars. The stock had been sold off, a few at a time, until only a small number of broken-spirited horses remained with which to cultivate the patches necessity forced them to till.

As the years continued to slip away, Mrs. Furgis died. Soon Albert followed her, and the two remaining children were left alone in the large, decaying house. Harold and his sister continued to work the patches about the house, and year after year mortgage a few acres of land for money to pay taxes, not daring to sell or rent, for fear their treasure would fall in other hands than their own. Through the long years of foolish and profitless search it never occurred to them, or, if it did, was not acted on, that in the farm they had a fruitful and untailing source of revenue.

One day early in June as Harold sat on the moss grown stoop, gazing dreamily out on the luxuriant and tangled undergrowth, a peddler crossed the stile and growled slowly beneath a pack along the paved walk.

"Would you like to purchase a divining rod?" he asked, placing his pack on the ground. He held out a polished metal rod that flashed brightly in the sun.

"What is it for?" asked Harold, taking the rod in his hand and examining it closely.

"To find minerals; hidden—gold and silver."

"How is it used?" he asked, striving to retain his curiosity.

The peddler carefully explained the manner of operating it, and again emphasized its occult power of divination.

"Have you sold many?" asked Harold.

"Not near here," returned the trader;

'have just reached this section.'

'Name your lowest figure for the entire lot,' said Harold impatiently, 'and promise not to sell any more in this county, and I'll buy them.'

A bargain was struck. The peddler walked off, laughing in his sleeve over the fine sale, and Harold hurried with his purchase to his sister. Their flagging hopes and energies became again buoyant.

At all hours they could be seen, rods in hand, walking with careful step and bowed head around the plantation.

It was a strange, weird picture to see the lithe, slender woman and the tall, gaunt form of her brother as they pushed their way through the tangled bracken, their eyes riveted on the ground at their feet. Specter-like they traversed the summit of the mound and hill, stalking through field and pasture, and crept in the silence and shadows of the woodland. It was a sad sight to see the twain at nightfall, exhausted with their ceaseless tramp, sit down sullen, dejected and disappointed to their nigglerly meal in the gloom of the old house.

Intercourse with their neighbors had almost ceased and they were startled one evening when they found themselves face to face with one of their father's old friends. The presence of any person in the house seemed almost an apparition. The visit prompted by a kindly feeling of interest, and their visitor protested mildly but earnestly against their course. He urged them to stop their folly, refill the houses with tenants and again cultivate their farms. Harold listened respectfully, thanked his visitor for the show of good will, but asserted positively his intention of keeping up the search.

Not many days after the visit just recorded Harold, while prospecting on the top of a hill, was sure his rod gave indications of a mineral deposit. All a-trimble he tried the spot a second time. Yes, he was sure, the rod dipped to the earth. He marked the place and crept stealthily away. Seeking his sister he told her that the treasure was found. At nightfall they would go forth and bring it home.

Armed with pick and shovel, they stole warily out through the darkness, casting furtive glances about them to make sure they were not watched. At last they stood above the precious spot. Harold pushed aside the dead leaves and grass, and began to dig away the mellow earth. Deeper and wider grew the excavation; fainter and fainter throbbed their hopes; lower and lower waned the moon, until the delvers stood pale and faint in the gray of the morn.

That evening Harold and his sister sat moodily in the room in which their father had died. They had always avoided the room, and now they wondered at their presence in it. Some strange fascination was upon them. They were growing morbidly superstitious of late. A candle sputtered on a table between them, illuminating feebly the darkness. The white covering of the bed on which the miser died loomed faintly in the shadows and looked not unlike a crouching ghost about to spring from the gloom. Harold gazed intently at the blurred drapery until the whole scene flashed on him again; he could see his father's face distorted in death agony and hear the whispered words drop from his lips. He sprang to his feet, exclaiming harshly, 'On, on!' Then turning to his startled sister he asked:

'Hettie, can't you think what father would have said after 'on'? See if you can't; put your head to work. This is the point at which we should have started long ago.'

After thinking, with knit brow, in silence for a spell, he began: 'On, on top—On, on, on—On, on, on—On, on top—On top of the what? We ought to guess what would come next. On, on—he looked searchingly about the room—on—the clock,' he cried, springing to his feet as his eyes stared into the face of an old, silent cuckoo clock in the corner. 'It's there, Hettie; don't you remember how father stared at the clock when he was dying? Yes, we'll find some clew on the clock. I have a presentiment that our disappointing quest is at an end,' he continued, nervously mounting a chair. His sister stood at his side, holding aloft the flickering candle. Harold was feeling in the dust and cobwebs when the old clock gave a groan, the cuckoo came to the door and repeated its hollow note; there was a harsh screeching, and the dilapidated timepiece tumbled in a heap. There was a shriek; the candle fell sputtering to the floor, and the two ran like guilty things from the room. They stood in the empty hall for a moment, panting with fright and peering furtively into the dark; then hastened to their apartments.

Morning was stealing gray and shadowy through the quiet old building when Harold stole down the stairway to where lay shattered the wreck of the old clock. He searched amid the debris, and brought to light a bit of yellow, time-stained paper. He brushed the dust from it and read, in a cramped handwriting, the words, 'To my wife.'

At last. There was no hurry now. Harold was perfectly calm as he pushed the paper in his pocket and stepped to the stairway to call his sister. She came down presently, her heart all a-flutter with agitation.

'Harold have you found it?' she asked, huskily.

He bowed his head, and the glow of triumphant satisfaction on his face was pitiful. He led his sister gently along the hall to the old rotting stoop. Here they sat down in the crimson glow of sunrise and Harold opened the paper and read:

'Dear Wife—In trying to atone for one sin I have been guilty of another—perhaps a greater. But, when you know all, I am sure you will forgive me. I will be brief. When a child I was left an orphan. A wealthy and childless couple adopted me. I was reared in luxury, and when I was old enough I was sent off to college. While there made the acquaintance of some dissipated young men, and soon learned to drink and gamble. It was not long until I deeply involved in debt—debts of honor, as they were called. I was ashamed to ask my foster father for the large sums I needed, but being threatened with exposure I promised to satisfy my creditors on my return from my vacation, if they would wait.'

'Banks were not as common then as now, and I had learned that my father kept his money in an iron box in the study. His keys he always carried with him. The night before I was to return to school I went to his room and secured them. I had intended to take only a sufficient sum to pay my debts, but when the chest with its treasure lay open before my eyes a wicked impulse overmastered me, and I decided that it should all be mine. I packed the money in my portmanteau, locked the box, fastened the study door, returned the keys to my father's pockets, and, returning to my room waited impatiently the coming of the day. It chanced the following morning, it being a busy season, that a servant could not be spared to drive me over to the railroad. I was to go over alone and the team was not later.'

'There was a swollen stream on my route and as I drove in sight a scheme occurred to me that I had not thought of. I stopped at the water's edge, and, lifting my grips to the roadside, cast the reins over the dashboard, and then gave the horse a cutting lash. They plunged with a bound in to the muddy water. I watched them until they reached the further shore, and then concealed myself in the woods. They would think me drowned and mourn me as dead.'

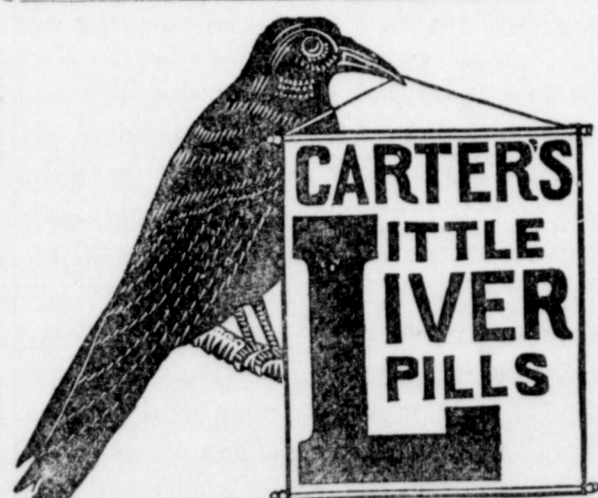
'That night I walked to a distant station and took a train for the West. After years of wandering, ever stung with remorse, I came to this place and opened my farm. I resolved to make what restitution was possible, the larger part of my ill-gotten wealth by this time having been squandered. So scant was the living that I took from my farm I soon became known as Miser Furgis. I was glad, for it made me more secure in my purpose and my concealment. I sent the proceeds of each year's crop to the widow of my foster-father, for he had died soon after my flight. I have, at last, returned every dollar of the stolen money, and the farm, free from incumbrance, is yours. This is my story. I need not speak of the remorse, the fear, the suppressed love that I have felt all the sad years. Forgive me, and think of me as your loving husband. J. H. Furgis.'

The paper fell fluttering to the steps. A breath of air caught and whirled it out over the tangled weeds. Harold gazed for a moment toward the sunrise that flared red above the treetops, then his head sank to his knees and a groan burst from his lips. His sister was weeping silently, her head on his arm. Motionless, silent they sat for minutes. Then Hettie, looking up through her tears said softly: 'Brother, I never dreamed that it would be like this.'

There was no answer. He rose and staggered into the shadow of the doorway. For weeks there was not a sign of life about the old ruins. But one bright morning Harold came forth a new man, and went energetically to work. Now the tenant houses are occupied, the farm blossoms as the rose, and a handsome modern structure crowns the eminence.

Harold and Hettie found where their treasure lay hid.—New Orleans Times Democrat.

A woman never puts so much energy into killing and shooting out flies as when she has been thoroughly ruled by her husband.



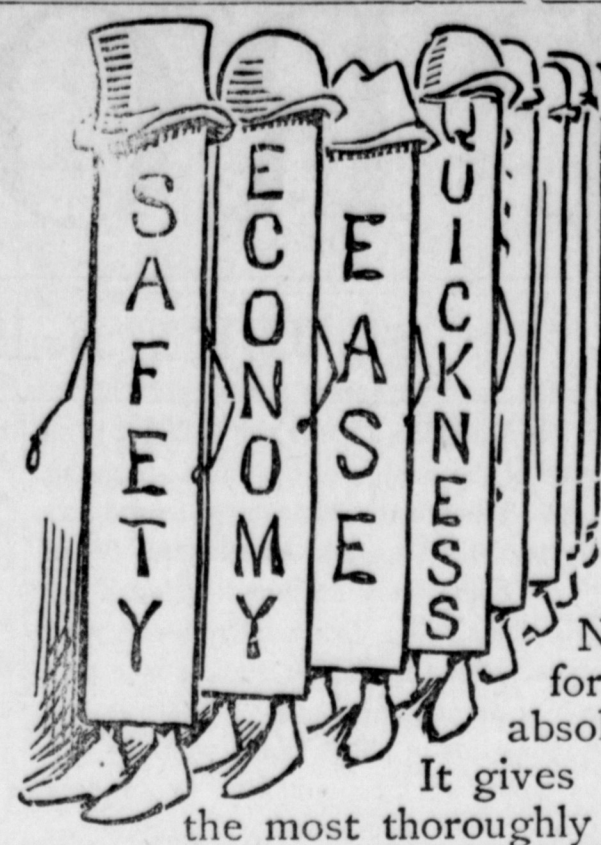
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Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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**SAFETY ECONOMY QUICKNESS**

PASSING OF LORD FAUNTLEROY.

The Mother Tried to be Brave When the Golden Curls Fell.

The scene was in a Ninth street barber shop and the time was a morning earlier in the week. The 'tonsorial artist' nearest the door had just called out 'Next!' when there entered a very pretty young woman leading by the hand a 4-year-old boy, with long, golden ringlets. He was a manly looking little fellow, and his hair was just the shade of the young woman's, although she looked almost too young to be his mother.

'Are you the man who cut this little boy's bangs last time?' she asked.

'Yes'm: want em cut ag'in?'

'No, not this time. I want his hair cut short all over. And won't you try to cut each curl off separately, for I want to send some of them out of town and one to his grandmother.'

She had a pasteboard box in her hand in which to take away the gold that was more precious to her than any that has come from Klondike. She said she wanted the little boy's hair cut. It was probably the lad's father who wanted it; she had only acquiesced.

Several of the ebony-hued artists gathered around to watch, while the lad took his seat in a big chair, as proud as Punch, for he was to be a 'mother's little Lord Fauntleroy' no longer. He smiled, but there was a suspicious tremor about his mother's lips as she took a brush, and for the last time curled his beautiful ringlets about her slim and tapering finger.

Snip, snip! went the scissors, and one by one the curls were carefully laid away in the box. Before the last one was gone the young mother was huddled up in the boot-black's chair crying as if her heart would break. There was no doubt now that she was the child's mother. He was a baby no longer. It was much more comfortable for the child, and it was time it was done, and all that, but just the same he would never be mamma's little baby again, and she could not see the wealth of falling gold for tears in her eyes.

Not a man in the place smiled, and even the 'Squire mister' seemed to see a bit of pathos in the scene. The barber over in the corner had to stop a moment while the man he was shaving wiped a sudden tear from his own eye. The man, gray-haired and somewhat crusty, was thinking of a lock of gold tucked away in the back of his desk in a busy downtown office, and his memory had gone back to the time when he tucked that strand beneath his blue soldier's blouse and with musket on his shoulder had started for the front.

'Next!'—Washington Star.

**GREATLY FRIGHTENED.**  
The Traveller Was in a Dangerous Mood But Didn't Mean Murder.

A young lady who lately journeyed from Wimbledon to London had a very uncomfortable adventure. She reached the station just as the train was starting, and had only time to jump into the first compartments, where she dropped upon a seat. Not until the train was in motion did she notice that she had a single fellow-passenger, a man, young, well dressed, but of a somewhat obnoxious aspect.

The young lady unfolded a newspaper and began to read, but as the first station was passed she chanced to glance again toward the other end of the carriage. The man was there but his face was no longer serene. He appeared to be greatly agitated, and was gazing intently in the direction of the young lady.

A sudden, overwhelming fear took possession of her. All the wild stories took possession of her. All the wild stories of railway murders to which she had ever listened rushed through her mind. She felt herself doomed. She thought of shrieking for help, but her tongue refused to move.

The monster—for so he seemed to her—looked anxiously about him, apparently to assure himself that the time was ripe for his murderous design. Then he advanced to the other end of the carriage, came quite close to his panic-stricken fellow-passenger, and put his right hand in his overcoat

## Safety

comes first,

in washing. What is the use of making the work easy, as long as it's risky or dangerous?

What does it matter how little a thing costs, or how many prizes you get with it, if it rots and ruins the clothes? It can't be that you want to take any chances. Use Pearline.

Nothing that has ever been used for washing or cleaning is more absolutely harmless than Pearline.

It gives you the easiest, the quickest, the most thoroughly economical work.

**Pearline**

pocket. Was he feeling for a knife, or a revolver? Springing to her feet, the frightened traveler faced him in despair.

'What do you mean?' she cried, half fainting with fear.

He bent toward her, smiled grimly, and said:

'Excuse me, madam. I offer you ten thousand apologies if I have alarmed you. Such a thing was farthest from my thoughts but the fact is, I have to alight at the next station, and since you entered the train you have been sitting on my hat.'

The revulsion of feeling on the lady's part can be better imagined than described. Blushes took the place of panic. Fortunately the hat was a soft one.

**A Boasted Advantage Proves to be A Source of Weakness and Worthlessness.**

Makers of crude and imitation dyes must of necessity claim some advantages for their common productions in order to attract consumers. Amongst the deceptive and sweeping claims put before the public by a certain maker of dyes, one in particular must attract the attention of even those who are novices in the art of home dyeing; we refer to the statement, "Will not soil the hands."

This claim is a direct acknowledgement of weakness and worthlessness as far as coloring power is concerned. Any wise woman will readily see that a dye that will not stain the hands is of little use in the work of dyeing. Such dyes may give to light and flimsy fabrics a show of tint of color, but it soon vanishes from the materials when they see the light of heaven.

The Diamond Dyes, no matter how much water is added, have coloring power to stain the hands. A bath prepared from one ten cent package for dyeing six pounds of goods a light color will give as durable a shade as if the bath had been prepared for dyeing two pounds of goods a dark color.

It is coloring power that home dyers look for and must have, colors that will stand sunlight and washing with soap. As two sticks can be used for moving the goods about in the bath, there is no necessity to have the hands or arms in the dye. Diamond Dyes are true and powerful agents, always doing the best work, and never make false and misleading claims.

**The Golden Mean.**

Mew Minister—"I propose to hold old Money-bags up to scorn."

Old Minister—"Don't go to far, my boy."

New Minister—"What would you suggest then?"

Old Minister—"U'm suppose you hold him up, merely."—Puck.

Yorkville Fire Station,

Toronto, March 3rd, 1897.

Dear Sirs,—Having used Dr. Chase's Pills for Constiveness, I am very pleased to say that I consider them superior to any pill I ever used, as they have perfectly cured me of this trouble.

THOS. J. WALLACE, Fireman.

**Changed.**

'What strikes me in connection with that politician's views,' said the rural statesman,

'is the liberality of the man.'

'He's clean outgrown that,' replied Farmer Cornassel, positively. 'He won't get up on a platform now and tell what his views are, unless the committee guarantee him \$500.'—Washington Star.

## Burdock

Blood Bitters has the most natural action on the stomach, liver, bowels and blood of any medicine known, hence its effects are prompt and lasting. It cures, without fail, all such diseases as Dyspepsia, Constipation, Bileousness, Ead

## Blood

Sick Headache, Boils, Pimples, Tumors, Scrofula, Kidney Complaint, Jaundice, Coated Tongue, Loss of Appetite and General Debility. The fact that it is guaranteed to cure if used according to directions warrants any sufferer in giving a fair trial to Burdock Blood

## Bitters