

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)
 with me, and I feel quite well now."
 "My dear, girls at your age have no business to feel giddy," replied the aunt; "but it is that tennis which has done it, and you must not play again for at least a week."
 Ruth bowed meekly to the rebuke, took the letter from Frank's mother, and made pretence to read it, but all the while she was wondering what would happen when Christmas Day came round.
 Frank had asked her to try and read her own heart by that time, and the day of his departure from Grovel she quite thought that she was beginning to understand the difference between love and friendship; but now, all in a second, she recognised the fact that she had got no further.
 How often had she thought of Frank, either by day or night?
 Hardly once lately.
 Neither did she look forward expectantly to his coming.
 "What can be the matter with me?" she thought. "I used to like so the time when Frank was with us, and now, somehow, I don't seem to care at all. It all come from his asking me to love him, when I suppose I don't; at all events, I don't love him any more, or any differently, than I used to. And then—and then, in those days I hardly had any other company, and now there are others who seem to like taking me about just as much as Frank did."
 But it was the writing to Frank which became Ruth's chief bugbear. She found it so difficult to find anything to say, and it was a bore, too.
 Why should Frank want her to write so often? It was so impossible, in a quiet like Biarritz, to find matter to fill up the orthodox four sides of note paper. He ought not to expect it, and so the letter got put off from day to day, and each one grew shorter than its predecessor.

CHAPTER IV.
 THE LION ROCK.

Towards the end of the month, the great autumn storms began to rage.
 The white crested waves rolled, in majestic procession, in from the Atlantic, and great sheets of foam, torn from the water, were carried clean over the rocks, and fell in the streets of the little town like masses of sponge or jelly.
 It was no weather for Lady Vernaille to go out in; but Ruth and Ralph Rutherford used to linger along the coast path and out by the old harbor for whole afternoons, watching for the largest waves which would rear their heads many feet in height, and then, with a bellow of seeming rage and determination to destroy, would throw themselves upon some mighty rock, and rush up it in a whirl of boiling water, only to retire sullenly, leaving their sturdy antagonist dripping with little white streams, which rushed down each crack and gully in its surface, whilst the air would be full of wind driven clouds of spray and foam.
 One afternoon, although it had been blowing great guns, Ruth's aunt had ordered a closed carriage, and carried her niece off for a ride, much to the latter's dismay.
 However, as Fate willed it, as they got out at the hotel door, on their return, it was to find Captain Rutherford waiting for them.
 "How courageous of you to go out, Lady Vernaille!" he exclaimed. "Now you are here, do you not think you might venture as far as the edge of the Square? From there you can see the sea dashing itself against the Lion Rock, and it is really a glorious sight."
 Lady Vernaille lifted her hands in horror.
 "Not for worlds!" she exclaimed. "Not even for diamonds would I expose myself to the savage wind and those clouds of sea-spray, with which half the town is being drenched. Look at those great bits of foam, like huge jelly-fish, which are flying about yonder!"
 "Thank you, Ralph," she added, having again fallen into the way of calling him by his Christian name, "thank you, Ralph, but I am too old to find any pleasure in watching storms. You may take Ruth, if you like, and she fancies she can stand the wind; but, if you do, be very careful of her."
 Ralph looked at Ruth, who laughed gaily, and declared that, of all things, she would like to go.
 "Don't stay out to late, dear," remarked her aunt, as she passed through the swing doors, into the hotel, "and don't forget, Ralph, that you dine with us to-night."
 "I am so glad you are able to come with me and see it," exclaimed the captain, as they walked down to the end of the square,

keeping under the lee of the houses. 'It's really more splendid than ever this afternoon, and, what's more, it will be high tide in half-an-hour, just as the sun will be setting. We ought to get the rainbows on the spray this evening.'
 "And they are lovely, are they not?" cried the girl. "But we ought to call them by some other name than rainbows. How would sea-bows or spraybows do?"
 "Capitally, I should think. But look there!"
 They had arrived at a point which commanded a view of the great Lion Rock, now completely surrounded by a roaring, hissing tide of water, which seethed under the rustic bridge that joined it to the mainland, whilst against its seaward face the great waves beat, sending up spouts of white water forty feet in height and more, the returning wave drawing back with sudden anger, only to reform with its next following fellow and rush back to the attack.
 Ruth looked for some minutes in silence.
 "It is beautiful!" she exclaimed, at length. "And now the sun just tips the Lion where the grass is. Oh! Captain Rutherford, don't you think we might venture out there? Fancy, what a magnificent scene there must be from the top!"
 Ralph seized eagerly at the chance.
 "There, at all events," they would be alone and for some days he had been watching for an opportunity of speaking more openly.
 Still, the waters boiled within a few inches of the timbers of the bridge, and its floor was every few moments swept by some larger wave, although not nearly so exposed to the fury of wind and waves as the other face of the rock.
 "You will have to chance a ducking," he said. "You will have to run across when there is a lull."
 Ruth laughed.
 "What fun!" she exclaimed. "But we shall be more sheltered, once on the rock than here. Do you not see how the spray is driven right over the head of the Lion? A few minutes' sharp walk brought them to the end of the bridge.
 Every moment almost now, the waters were swirling across its plank flooring, for the tide was yet rising. It was only during great storms that it reached its present height.
 Ralph was about to turn and warn the girl that she would never cross dry-shod and would probably be drenched, when she sprang from his side, and ran lightly across between the influx of the waves, though a second after she stood on the Lion Rock, the sea again frothed across the path she had trodden.
 The planks were hardly uncovered when Ralph followed Ruth's example, and reached the other side nearly, if not quite, as successfully as she had done.
 "Thanks for a good lead over!" he exclaimed. "How well you did it! I see you have a quick eye for chances."
 "Let us come and see the sight now we have got here," cried Ruth, her face flushing with excitement and the exposure. "Do you think we could get as far as the little seat? From there we could look right across the bay to the lighthouse, besides seeing what I may call our own waves burst at our feet."
 A sloping path, little wider than a sheep track, wound round the great, lion-like head of the rock, which was covered with grass, scorched brown and yellow in summer, but now once more green again.
 Along this now slippery path Ruth insisted on leading the way, though a slip might well mean death, as it would result very likely in a slide down the wet, glassy turf, ending in a plunge into the roaring water beneath.
 However, no such mishap arrived, and in a couple of minutes they stood outside the niche in which the seat was placed, put where the path widened out into a standing point, three or four feet in breadth.
 From nowhere could they have obtained a better view, and in few places along that jagged coast could they have enjoyed it without a soaking; but here the wind bore the spray away to the left, where it flew in sheets over the further side of the lion's head.
 For some minutes neither spoke, for Ruth was carried out of herself by the wild grandeur of the scene, and Ralph Rutherford was satisfied, for the longer she stood there the better it suited his purpose.
 The approaching night was closing in, and every moment the white-crested waves and the masses of breaking water loomed whiter and whiter against the darkening sky.
 At their feet thundered the breaking billows, making sometimes the solid rock actually tremble; and all around, the waters frothed and hissed among the lesser islets and half submerged rocks; whilst away before their eyes stretched the deep bay, in the centre of which two rocks, one low, the other tall and arched, were continually lost to sight, swallowed up by the huge seas.
 Beyond these, again, was the lighthouse point, and here the great Atlantic swell burst in thunder, threatening to climb the cliffs and demolish the building.
 Presently Ruth shivered.
 "It is splendid, is it not, Captain Rutherford?" she exclaimed; "but it is quite cold, and see how dark it is getting! I think I will go back now."
 He made no objection, and this time led the way.
 At a bend in the path, he suddenly stopped, and half turning, pointed significantly to the bridge.
 "It will be impossible to recross, Miss Vernaille!" he exclaimed. "See, the waves completely cover it, and there is a great piece of the railing torn away; the whole structure may go at any minute."
 What Captain Rutherford said was true, and Ruth saw it was.
 Still, she wished to make a try, and get across; but her companion resolutely refused to let her attempt it.
 "It would be madness, Miss Vernaille," he exclaimed, "and I am in a way responsible for your life. We must wait till the tide goes down, indeed we must!"
 There was nothing else for it; and, after

waiting where they had halted some considerable time, wet and cold, they saw they must retrace their steps to the sheltered seat, where at least they would be out of the flying showers of spray.
 "How long shall we have to stay here?" the girl asked.
 He shrugged his shoulders.
 "I am no waterman," he answered; "but I fancy that some two hours will see the end of our captivity perhaps less. How sorry I am that I let you come here at all! It was all my fault for not thinking of the rising tide."
 "Don't blame yourself," she replied; "it was all my fault, and, although very cold, it is auntie I am thinking of more than myself. She will be so dreadfully anxious."
 "Anyhow, we can't let her know that we are safe. But, Ruth, do you not think you had better sit down on the seat; you will find it less exposed than standing here."
 Only once or twice before had he ever called her Ruth, and she obeyed at once.
 "I wish I could do something more for you," he said. "Why have I not a rug, or even an overcoat? If you catch a bad cold you will hate me forever afterwards."
 "No," she answered; "I should not hate you for such a little thing as a cold. But don't forget that you may be laid up too."
 "Not I," he said in cold proof. "But it is you I am thinking of, Ruth—I always think of you as Ruth, and the name will rise to my lips—you so pale and delicate out in such a storm!"
 "I am not pale and delicate, Captain Rutherford; only, I can't help shivering a little, and its growing so dark and late. Poor auntie!"
 Just then a flash of light streamed across the angry waters of the bay, and fell full upon the rock on which they sat.
 "For half a minute it lasted, and then went out as if a great eyelid had been dropped over it."
 "It is the lighthouse," exclaimed the captain. "Look out for the red light!"
 Even as he spoke, the ray of crimson light turned to red the seething waters, and traced a path, as if drawn by a blood-stained finger of some giant, across the bay.
 "By Jove! it's a great sight," exclaimed the captain. "Look, Ruth, at the waves, racing shoreward, that look as if dipped in blood, as they pass beneath the crimson light."
 "Oh! never mind the light, Captain Rutherford," exclaimed Ruth nervously. "Would you mind very much seeing if the tide is going down? Perhaps we might soon be able to cross."
 He rose at once.
 "I am afraid we shall have to wait yet a little longer," he said; "but I can go and look. It's the cold I dread for you."
 He went and a few minutes returned.
 At the sound of his footstep, the girl aroused herself from a dull, sleepy feeling that the cold was producing on her.
 "I am afraid there is no chance of our relief at present," he said. "Of one thing I am thankful, and that is that I did not allow you to try and recross. Since we left, the whole of the side railing has been torn away, except one piece, a few yards in length, and save for this there is no sign of the bridge to be seen."
 "Oh! what will auntie think!" wailed the girl.
 "She knows you are with me—an old friend of hers," he replied. "And also she knows me well enough to be sure no harm could happen to you that I did not share."
 He paused a moment, and then resuming his seat, went on—
 "It's a most unlucky position, but we must make the best of it. Would you feel more at ease if I tried to swim through the surf ashore? It might be done I think."
 "No. Don't think of it!" exclaimed the girl earnestly. "Why should you peril your life for me?"
 "Because you are more to me than my life!" he cried almost fiercely. "I don't know what has come over me. Since I first saw you, your face has never been absent from me, sleeping or waking. I love you with all the strength of a strong man's heart! Give yourself to me, my darling, be my wife and come with me to Spain. By this kiss, and this, and this, I love you, and shall love you ever!"
 He had seized her hand, and, with one arm passed round her, had drawn her to his heart.
 It was all so sudden that the girl's sense reeled beneath the shock, but a radiant happiness sprang up in her heart as she realized what those wild kisses meant. He loved her—he had told her so, and the warm kisses on her lips seemed to speak to her of a new life, another existence

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before unknown.
 "Do you love me, dear?" he whispered, clasping her still to his heart.
 "Yes," she whispered back. "I am sure I love you, Ralph."
 "Dearest," he went on, "look down into your very soul and tell me if there is any, or has been any, you have ever loved but me."
 "Never," she answered readily; "no one but you."
 Again and again he pressed his lips to hers.
 "And now you know my love for you," he said. "do you love me enough to give up all the world for me—to fly with me to Spain, and there be married? I only ask it, for I know your uncle, as your guardian, would never consent. Think of a life of excitement, love and pleasure! If by any chance the peace holds, we will go to sunny Seville, and there dream away the time among the roses and the orange flowers which there always blossom. If the revolution bursts out I will be by your side every moment I am at liberty. Think, Ruth, of your happiness and joy, and then think of the months and months we must otherwise be separated."
 "But why not tell uncle and aunt all?" Ruth pleaded. "They like you and love me. They will give their permission for me to be your wife after a little while. I know their good hearts so well. Give me—"
 "A kiss," he broke in. "My darling, I could drink the nectar of your lips forever! But it is not as you think, dear. I have only enough to keep you more or less as a lady in England, whilst in Spain we should be as millionaires. But Sir Stopford will not look upon me in that light. You are his ward, and he is bound to see you well married as long as he has the care of you. And I cannot lose you now—now that you have whispered back my love. Ruth rise superior to false pride, your false ideas; be my wife at once, directly we cross the border, and for your own, and my own, sake, seize the present moment of happiness and do not risk your uncle's refusal and the certain long delay."
 She trembled still, but the cold was forgotten.
 "You frighten me, Ralph," she murmured. "It is all so sudden."
 "Sudden to you perhaps, dear, but not to one who has loved you like I have, and been always lonely and discontented when you have been out of my sight. But come and tell me how much you love me, whisper it in my ear that you will never, never love anyone else, and that, before to-night, you had never learnt what real joyfulness of heart is."
 He drew her still closer to him, and she, with her head on his shoulder, murmured half inarticulate words of love in reply to his whispered questions.

there is an air of expectancy about "Smith's," and a whisper runs round that The —, no, I will spare its name—that a great daily paper has not arrived. The station master walks up and down frowning, while the guard grows uncomplimentary remarks to the newspaper men. The cars are now so loaded with their tons upon tons of paper that they have sunk on their springs a good foot below the level of the other coaches. Anxious faces peep from the open doors of one which is reserved for the late arrival. Hurray! here it comes at last, with four or five red-faced men pushing behind the high-piled barrow. In with it with what speed you may. All aboard! The whistle of the guard finds an answer from the engine, and the great train rushes off into the darkness on its far northern journey.

FACTS WORTH CONSIDERING.
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At this time we simply give a few facts in connection with the use of Paine's Celery Compound that would prove interesting to all who are looking for new health and vigorous strength.
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American Locomotives in Sweden.
 There has been considerable newspaper talk about the twenty locomotives which the Swedish railways recently purchased in the United States. A Stockholm newspaper began by saying that from a business point of view the transaction was a failure, because the American engines were defective in material and workmanship. The article got into German newspapers, and certain dealers in American machinery say their business has suffered in consequence. The Director-General of the State railways explains that the ten freight locomotives landed at Gothenburg have proved so good that on the nine boilers tested up to date only one rivet had to be put in. On the ten tank locomotives which have arrived at Stockholm the frame work, cylinders, cranks and the like are irreproachable, but faults have been found in the riveting of the boilers, which work has to be done over again. For this reason about \$20,000 of the purchase money has been retained, with the consent of the American firm. The builders say that this fault is owing to the hurry in the delivery, and the Director General shows by figures that the purchase of the locomotives has proved a good business transaction, inasmuch as it would cost about \$18,000 to build here a locomotive of the same weight which in America has cost \$12,000. The objections against the purchase of the American locomotives may therefore, says the Director General, be considered unjustified.

"Do you know the prisoner?" asked the Tennessee judge.
 "Yes, sir," replied the witness.
 "What sort of a reputation has he?"
 "Reputation? Why, first class."
 "What has he ever done?"
 "Done? Why, your honor, he killed four men in Texas with three shots, and there isn't a man in this country who can whip him in a fair fight."

The storm still raged, but they never noticed it; the moon peeped from between the rugged, flying scud above, and they still whispered on—not even the blood red flashes from the light house broke in upon their mutual love.
 Time sped on, propelled by golden wings, and when at length Ruth broke from her dream, and entreated Ralph to go and see it the passage of the bridge was practicable, he found the boards clear of the water, and though loose, strong and firm enough to bear their weight.
 TO BE CONTINUED.

The Newspaper Train.
 Mr. Fletcher Robinson describes in Cassell's Magazine how the London papers are sent to the provinces: It is an animated scene. The train has a passenger coach or two tucked away in the front and rear; but it mainly consists of long cars, four of which belong to the great Smith firm of bookstall fame, two to Her Majesty's mails and one to the railway company itself. The rattle of the cart and van arriving at a gallop echoes faintly from without, while the grumble of the barrow wheels never ceases, as one after another they pour down the platform. Half a dozen passengers stand beside me, staring in sleepy surprise at the long procession of newspapers and mail bags that pass before them. "Clear the way, there! Clear the way!" The porters and guard may well give warning shouts. Down the narrow, stone-flagged passenger platform a huge railway van advances, with its two seventeen-hand horses at a trot, while to right and left the barrows scatter like a fishing fleet before an Atlantic liner. It is the parcel-collecting express belonging to the railway, and a dozen porters fall upon it, and commence to load up their special car. Then, at last, the work slackens. I glance at the clock; there are two minutes left. Yet still

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