WHAT CAME OF IT.

From Hearth And Home.

CHAPTER III.

Hardmeads was a small estate in Hertford. As aunt Jo had left it, so it remained, the old staff of servants being retained—for six months had been given Tom in which to decide. And lo, there was the big, big meadow, marked out into fifty-two weekly portions—sub-divided into six. For an hour every week day Tom was to turn the ground a spade and a half deep.

Let it be owned he commenced the work very shamefacedly. He smuggled a spade into the meadow the night previously, and got up a little after dawn, and did the hour before people were about. Then, to rob his digging of peculiarity, he pretended to develop quite a mania for gardening. Ju helping him, never tiring, until at last he found the penalty had grown into a pleasure.

Before six months were over, Tom Morton was not the same man. He was doing no end of good, with Ju's help, to the laborers about him; and in discovering life was, when one thought over it, a very serious gift bestowed on man, found that there was really something worth living for.

"Are you wishful to get back to London, Tom?" asked his wife.

"Not I, darling. Ju, I've never enjoyed existence until this moment, since childhood."

"The reason," she smiled, "because the healthful can never be miserable."

All things come to an end in the world, and the meadow and the year did so together. There was the indicated patch to be dug, and here was the last day to do it. It was so keen a matter for rejoicing that Juliet said she must witness it.

"I'll read you that article in the Century, Tom, while you work."

"All right, perch yourself there. If you're not quick I shall have finished before you. Confound it all, there's a stone, and a big one. It's jarred me to the elbow. Go on, Ju, I'll soon have it out. Humph! what's this?" he ejaculated, as he flung the next spadeful over.

"A tin box, Tom! Goodness, you have found a treasure. Is it locked? Will it open? How dirty it is," said Ju, bending eagerly forward.

"It's only hasped. Wait a moment. There, it's open. By Jove!"

Within laid a parchment, whereon, in legal hand, was written:

"The last Will of Josephine Morton, 15th Aug., 188—."

"A previous will," said Juliet.

"No; a later will by two days. Ju—I must read it," he cried, nervously eagerly.

Unfolding it, he read as follows:

"I, Josephine Morton, being of sound mind, trusting that my scheme will succeed in reviving my nephew, Tom Morton, from the worthless soul and body killing life he is leading, and teach him that by nature and disposition he was made for nobler things, hereby make him my whole and sole heir, and—"

But Tom could not read more; his brain was in a whirl. Then he drew his wife to him.

"Ju, did you know this?" he asked.

"No; truly, Tom. I am as amazed as you."

"I am better pleased," murmured Tom, with emotion, "for now I owe all to you; the estate, the money—and—health, happiness. And there are idiots who say woman is not man's equal. By Jove! no, she isn't, because she's his superior."

THE END.

WHICH?

From Hearth and Home.

CHAPTER I.

"What is the matter? Can't I help you, my child?"

The kindest of voices, rich and musical; the big, blue eyes, all blurred with tears, looked up into a grave, dark, handsome face, whose large, clear, deep gray eyes gazed pityingly upon the fair, childish features below. The girl sat on the ground at the foot of a gnarled old beech tree on the outskirts of a Devon wood. She was about sixteen, charmingly pretty, with light, fluffy hair, white skin and china blue eyes. She was dressed simply, in a serge frock; her straw hat laid on the ground beside her, and she was so busy crying that the stranger had come upon her unheard. He might have been forty, perhaps; was tall and slightly built, and well dressed. His face was clean shaved, save for a moustache, which did not conceal finely formed lips that were a little stern, but very tender, too. Just now the latter expression was decidedly in the ascendent. The girl flushed and dropped her eyes after that first look. She felt ashamed of being caught crying—and by a man. Who was he, flashed through her brain, even while she answered, in a low tone:

"I stumbled over a tree and hurt my foot."

"That's a bad business," said he in the same manner. "Can't you walk?"

"No—" the rosy lips gave again. "Do you live far from here?"

"No; only over there, at Cedars Farm," pointing across the stretch of moorland before her.

The gentleman looked and saw the gables of a farmhouse peeping between the trees. He supposed the girl was lodging there, for she was clearly a lady.

"I don't know if I could carry you so far, but I am sure I could help you," he said, smiling, a very bright smile it was.

"Oh, please, no—I mean I don't want you the trouble."

"It is no trouble, and I cannot leave you here. If you can put your foot to the ground, I dare say we can manage."

"It is very, very kind of you," said the girl.

She groaned again as he put his arm about her and offered her up. She was a little thing, and he was tall. Her fluffy head just reached his shoulder. He gently carried her across the meadow and perhaps she did not mind having the handsome stranger so near about her. And he was so kind, asked if the sprained foot hurt her, and so on.

"And I hope they will take good care of you at the farm," he said, as they drew near to the red gabled house—a low built, picturesque-looking place.

"Oh, yes," she said, smiling; "it's my sister."

"She is staying with you, you mean?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Heart Failure.

HOW TO AVOID IT.

The epitaph on many a tombstone is "heart failure." No wonder, when we consider the immense strain which is put on that small organ. Marvelous as it is, beating 100,000 times and exerting a force equal to 5,184,000 pounds daily, it has its limit, its endurance often is too severely tested. So common are diseases of the heart, though often for a considerable time without the suspicions of the afflicted person being in the least excited—that it is stated that *one person in four has a bad heart!* Dr Franklin Miles, of Elkhart, Ind., has for years made a special study of all diseases of the heart, and his remarkable success has made his name a familiar one in all parts of our land. He has found the most common symptoms of heart disease to be *pain, distress or tenderness in the chest, back, stomach, breast, left shoulder and arm, shortness of breath, smothering spells, palpitation*, etc.

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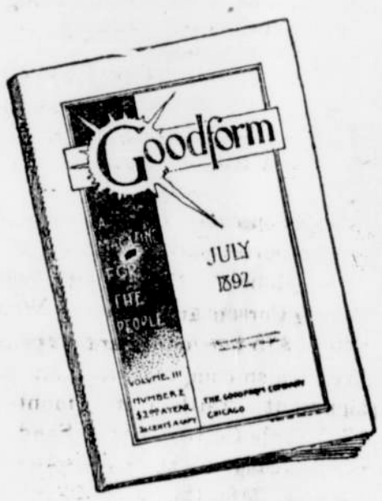

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