

DEAR LITTLE AMBER.

At the sound of a football in the corner he laid down his pen and leaned back in his big arm-chair.

Presently a hand thrust back the curtain from the doorway and his wife entered. She was gowned for the evening in her favorite color—dull yellow.

"What do you want?" she asked, coming forward and leaning upon the desk with her hands palms downward.

"I am going with the Kendall Lawrence."

"You will do very well," he said at last. "What is it to-night, Amber?"

"I am going now. Good-by."

bling arms. His face was near hers, but he did not kiss her. He could only look at the sweet, wet eyes, and child-like mouth, the round, soft cheek, and gold-brown hair, wondering, doubting, hoping all at once—he could not have told which the most of the three.

That was two years ago—two blessed years of such happiness that they seemed to him like a long delightful dream.

But of late a shadow had fallen between them—the shadow of Lawrence Kendall. The fear that had numbed John's heart when he first beheld the young man's admiring gaze upon his wife had ripened into fierce jealousy.

He had grown cold and austere in his manner, causing Amber many tears and much worry. Once he had been positively harsh toward her.

Dear little Amber! He could feel the tears in her eyes and the quiver of her mouth though he could not see them.

How he longed to snatch her in his arms—crumpling the dull yellow silk, if he must, and ruffing the shiny hair, for she used never to complain—and kiss her over and over and tell her how much he loved her, and how sorry he was to hurt her by word or look.

But no—his pride, his indomitable pride, restrained him, and he had let her go with her whole evening spoiled because of it.

Ah, just wait till she came in, tired and cold and sleepy! Then he would make it all right. She would forgive him—of course she would, the darling!

And they would be happy again as they had not been for weeks, sitting by the fire together, she in the big crimson chair and he on an ottoman at her side, just where he could touch her hand or cheek and kiss her when he chose.

The firelight would dance on her hair and bring out the soft color in her face, and she would laugh and smile in the old joyous way.

It was 2 o'clock and Amber ought to have been home an hour ago. What was it made John start and tremble and pale as he glanced at the clock?

John started and trembled and turned pale as he glanced at the clock. Were his fears confirmed? Had his doubts become truths?

Hark! Was not that the sound of a carriage pausing at the curbing? What occasioned this unusual confusion in the hall below?

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IS A NEW BOCCACCIO.

GABRIEL D'ANNUNZIO HAS STARTLED LITERALISTS.

Called in France as One of the Greatest Word Picture Makers of the Times—His "Triumph of Death" and Other "Masterpieces."



GABRIEL D'ANNUNZIO is the name of the new Boccaccio that has amazed Italy with his fiery poems and novels of late and who is pronounced by certain French critics to have established the Italian renaissance of letters.

D'Annunzio was born near Pescara, a pretty village on the Adriatic. At fifteen, while he was studying at Prato, he published a volume of poems of such a nature as to draw to the attention of the authorities.

He found himself suddenly famous, and, flattered by his success, plunged into a bath of dissipation out of which he came with a new and wider philosophy of life and language.

The three novels which sustain D'Annunzio's reputation as a writer are "Placere," published in 1889, "L'Innocent" (1892), and "Trionfo della Morte" (The Triumph of Death), which M. de Vogue, in a critical essay in the Revue des Deux Mondes, says has the right to be considered one of the masterpieces of the times.

The Italian author is unknown generally except to a few French readers. An English translation of "Trionfo della Morte" is now in the press and may go far toward acquainting English readers with the style, sentiment, impressions and gifts of D'Annunzio.

The Italian seems to have little to commend except the superb, and to some rather offensive, egotism of the school that delights in laying bare the personal weaknesses of its individual writers.

D'Annunzio has a clear title to a niche in this gallery, for he evidently believes that his passions are more interesting than those of his neighbors.

Of course the French analysts regard him with favor. One phase of his work that commends him to the inscrutable French moderns is his love of describing commonplace filth and dubbing the doing of it "realism."

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He is directly descended from Hans Nansen, who was burgomaster of Copenhagen in 1660, and headed the civic forces during the siege of that city by the Swedes.

In E. C. Otte's "Scandinavian History" we read: "When the nobles refused to give anything to defray the expenses of the siege, the town council of Copenhagen, headed by their burgomaster, Hans Nansen, made an appeal to the king for the curtailment of the privileges of the nobles."

The clergy, under the guidance of the learned and ambitious court preacher, Bishop Svane, seconded their proposals. . . . While these motions were being made within the hall of assembly the gates of the city were closed by the order of Hans Nansen, and a strong civic guard drawn around the doors of the building.

RESPECTABLE RIDERS.

It is Just as Well to Talk Civilly as Not to Farmers.

"Hello, old gentleman! Are you on the right road to Newburg, and what's the name of this place?" called out one of two wheelmen who, while spinning along a country road, had halted beside a corn field in which an old man was plowing.

"I wanted to take a look at you," he panted, leaning against the stone wall; "you're the most respectable soundin' fellers I've seen since sunrise; been tryin' to plow this here corn patch pretty nigh all day, and ain't done much more'n tell a lot o' chaps on them wheel machines how to git to places."

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WOMEN WANT TO KNOW.

To Whom Can They Tell Their Troubles?

A Woman Answers "To Me"—Anxious Inquirers Intelligently Answered—Thousands of Grateful Letters.

Women regard it as a blessing that they can talk to a woman who fully understands their every ailment, and thus avoid the examinations, experiments and theories of incompetent physicians, whose sex deprives them of knowing by experience.

The endless confidence placed in Mrs. Pinkham by American women, prompts them to seek her advice constantly.

Female diseases yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once. Inflammation, ulceration, falling and displacement of the womb, ovarian troubles, spinal weakness and kidney complaints, all have their symptoms, and should be "nipped in the bud."

"Bearing-down pains, backache, headache, nervousness, pains in groins, lassitude, whites, irregularities, dread of impending evil, blues, sleeplessness, faintness, etc."

Here is testimony right to the point: "The doctors told me that unless I went to the hospital and had an operation performed, I could not live. I had falling, enlargement and ulceration of the womb."

"I was in constant misery all the time; my back ached; I was always tired. It was impossible for me to walk far or stand long at a time. I was surely a wreck. I decided that I would give your Compound and Sanative Wash a trial."

"I took three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and used two packages of Sanative Wash, and I am now almost well. I am stouter and healthier than I have ever been in my life. My friends and neighbors and the doctors are surprised at my rapid improvement. I have told them all what I have been taking."

—MRS. ANNETTA DICKEMEYER, Bellaire, Belmont Co., O.

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PROPPED UP BY PILLOWS.

The conservatory blossomed with rare plants and a grand piano lit up a dark corner of the library with its polished ivory and rosewood.

By and by the little girl became a maiden to whom every door was open and whose smile was a favor which was considered as a precious thing.

Presently the door opened, but he didn't look up. And then came a sweet, smiling voice and the presence of two soft arms about his neck from behind.

"Oh, guardy, guardy, are you tired of me that you try to get rid of me?"

Hygienic Writing Paper. Among the latest things in stationery is a writing paper which is specially manufactured for the prevention of the spreading of letters of various forms of infectious diseases.

There is an orange tree at Muskegon, Mich., that is making a record in that northern clime. The tree is about fourteen inches high and on the branches are twenty-eight miniature oranges and blossoms in various stages of development.

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The nobles, taken by surprise, gave up their resistance to the payment of the taxes demanded of them, but when Nansen and Svane next proposed to make the crown hereditary in the descendants of the king, whether male or female, they opposed the motion with strong and bitter expressions of dissent.

The important measure was, however, passed . . . and on Oct. 13, 1660, Frederick III. received the homage of the several orders of the state as hereditary king of Denmark.

GRAY IN THE RANKS.

Emily Morrell Wood, California's Oldest Woman Suffragist.

Mrs. Emily Morrell Wood is the oldest woman suffragist woman in California. She hopes to live long enough to be able to cast her first vote.

It is probable that universal suffrage will win in the golden state. Mrs. Wood is a native of New York and is upward of 86 years old.

She went to California in 1850 with her husband in the bark Palmetto, of which he was part owner. The climate suited him so nicely that he decided to make California his home.

Mrs. Wood has lived in San Francisco ever since. She was a schoolmate of Elizabeth Cady Stanton. Her father and the father of Mrs. Stanton were judges on the same bench.

Some years ago Mrs. Wood became afflicted with cataract and was totally blind for four years. A surgical operation was performed and her sight was restored completely.

She is a great reader and very fond of needlework. Her late husband was a partner of John Lorimer Graham, the famous New York barrister. She is one of the

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Anneke Jans heir. Her great grandfather was married to Rachel, who was the granddaughter of Anneke Jans. The old lady's memory of matters long since past is perfect, and her health is remarkably sound for one of her years.

Mrs. Helen Gladstone. Helen Gladstone, the daughter of the great statesman, is thought to resemble her father in appearance, and also possesses a large degree of his remarkable vitality.

When graduating at Newham she invariably kept her table in the best of spirits by her amusing stories and witty repartees. For ordinary society conventions she shows little respect, and is quite indifferent as to dress, appearing at all sorts of functions in plain, sensible costumes.

She is a universal favorite among her friends. Entitled to Consideration. "My misguided friend," said the fat man with the puffs under the eyes, "I will admit that I am a capitalist. That part of your assertion shall go unchallenged. But when you say that I am not a producer you are wrong. I have been backing a comic opera company for two months."

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"Protection."

Battle Ax and Plug. If you want protection buy "Battle Ax." It is man's ideal tobacco. It protects his purse from high prices. It protects his health from the effects of injurious tobacco.