



BY M. T. CALDOR. INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XIV.—(CONTINUED.)

"When my grandfather died his will provided that his two orphan nieces, Flora and myself, should be brought up alike on the family estate and receive the same education. He also arranged that my Aunt Marcia should remain with me. He never loved me, but he was a just man. Had he known the torturing life before me, I doubt not he would have made better provision for the child of his eldest son. My Aunt Pamela—but, no, I will not describe her. The bitterness of childish feelings come back through all these years. Let her actions tell you how hard and pitiless she could be. She disliked me thoroughly. She hated my mother for coming into the family without a fortune to add to its grandeur, and daily and hourly I was made to feel the inferiority of my position to that of her darling Flora, whose comfortable income lay accumulating in the bank. Childhood is light-hearted and elastic, so I did not feel this persecution as my helpless Aunt Marcia did. Often have I wondered to see her with flashing eyes tearing around our humble little room in the upper story, like a wild beast in its fury, vowing vengeance with a terrible earnestness that frightened me even then. She loved me so much that every slight to me was a thousand-fold worse than open insult to herself. It was a hard life, and grew worse as I advanced toward maidenhood. It was very injudicious, but natural, that Aunt Marcia should teach me to look forward to some time in the future, when I should triumph over my persecutors. How I remember her glowing over my fair face as a means of lifting us away from our wretched life! And how she encouraged my efforts in my studies, glorying in my proficiency above Flora, whose abundant pleasures diverted her attention.

At length a drawing master came to teach us. It was your father, Walter, and with his coming dawned a new existence for me. He penetrated the thin veil of affection that hid Flora's selfish, frivolous heart, and turned away the moment his duties were over. It was not so with me; he lingered by my side after our pencils had been laid away. He joined me in my rambles. He shared every pleasant hour I knew. He was so kind I thought I could never repay him. Perhaps out of gratitude love was born; but I loved him as a true, warm-hearted woman loves but once in a lifetime. No wonder what is left of me is called cold and icy. I thought earth held no brighter joy when he whispered his declaration of love. My aunt had watched us with lynx-eyed vigilance. She said only that I must keep it secret when I went to her with my new-found happiness. "At that time the house was thronged with company, among whom was the Hon. Mr. Conmore, then the presumptive Lord Collinwood, and his brother Arthur. regard for appearances prevented my Aunt Marcia from following her wishes and excluding me from the drawing-rooms, and so it happened Arthur Conmore became interested in me, and showed a flattering preference for my society. I told it to my Aunt Marcia, with a girl's foolish pride of conquest, but said lightly my duty to Paul required I should repulse him. My aunt's eyes sparkled. I will not say to tell how she worked upon my vanity and pride, my evil, revengeful feelings. I had promised to bring Arthur Conmore to my feet, and keep him there until she gave me leave to dismiss him. All I thought about was to show Flora I was not so insignificant as she thought. Poor, giddy moth, I was fluttering around the candle of my destruction. The first I knew I was literally engaged to two persons. My aunt hushed my alarm and promised to bring me safely out of the difficulty. Meanwhile my fire was kept alive by the supercilious speeches of Flora, who sneeringly told me one day that if Arthur Conmore would condescend to marry me she would persuade his brother, to whom she was engaged, to allow us, when he became Lord Collinwood, enough income to keep us from starvation. Need I explain how such talk operated on the mind of a sensitive, high-spirited girl, brought up as I had been? Alas, I was ready to join with my aunt, and long for some misfortune to come to place her beneath my feet. I still continued to see Paul, and loved him even more passionately than at first. He thought my excesses for my frequent rides with Mr. Conmore natural enough, well knowing how little I was my own mistress, and indeed was often kept away from me himself by the Hon. Mr. Conmore, who had taken a great fancy to him after seeing what an excellent sportsman he was, and they were often away after game. My Aunt Marcia watched everything with the alert eye of love and the unceasing vigilance of hate. She came to me one day repeating a conversation she had overheard between my Aunt Marcia and Flora. It nearly maddened me. I vowed if ever vengeance lay in my way I would take it. Then she said with stern calmness, "O, I can see now how her eye burned, smothering the fierce fire within!" and Lady Annabel shuddered. "Annabel," said she, "lies in your own grasp now—the complete triumph of yourself, the utter defeat of your in-

solent, haughty relatives, who broke the heart of your sweet mother, and, if they could, would break yours too."

"Tell me what it is," I demanded fiercely. "Only this," replied she—"you have unbound influence over Paul Kirkland. He goes often to shoot on the cliff that overhangs the lake, and he who is soon to be Lord Collinwood always accompanies. Bid him go tomorrow; there shall be a duck on the water. Tell him to say, "Come, Conmore, step upon the rock and let us see how close you can fire!" Only that, Eleanor, and all your wishes will be accomplished."

"Oh, my children, my children, here was my sin, I asked her not a word; I meant to shut out the responsibility of knowing what were her intentions. I never dreamed they were so terrible, but I knew it was something wrong. I knew it, I knew it, but I would not harken to the voice of conscience. I went straight to Paul, while the fever of anger glowed in my veins. Oh, pity my undying remorse! Walter, his son, and Eleanor, child of mine! I used his love for me to ruin him forever. I gave him the long-refused kiss; I let him clasp my hand in his, and then asked my boon—to decoy his noble friend to the rock upon the cliff, and challenge him to fire. Paul seemed to wonder, but with his unbounded confidence in me he refused to question me—said something about mistrusting I wanted to win a wager, and promised readily. We parted, Paul and I, gaily and lovingly. Oh, Heaven, that parting—it was for life! Was it for eternity also?"

CHAPTER XV.

HE laid her head back, fainting and convulsed for breath. Eleanor sprang for the cordial, and Walter held the glass to her lips. The spasms passed, and both besought her to refrain from further recital, but, per-

petuating, she continued: "I parted from Paul and from peace of mind forever. The next day I heard her betrothed give Flora a light kiss, and say in his cheery voice, "I'm off for a little sport with Kirkland on the cliff." With a vague, uneasy foreboding, I went about my usual routine, startled by a strange fear to find my aunt had been absent since into the midnight. Three hours after, and I heard a sudden outcry on the lawn. I flew to the window. There was a crowd of servants around a hastily improvised litter. Horror-stricken, I ran down the stairs, passing Flora in the hall. "Just Heaven! it was Mr. Conmore's bruised and mangled corpse. I heard old Roger, the gardener, explaining to the frightened crowd. "I was gathering herbs," said he, "and I see the honorable gentleman step onto the rock with his gun raised, when down came the rock, tearing along and striking on those ugly rocks below. I knew he must be dead before I got to him. It's strange; I've been on the rock many a time, and it was as firm as it could be, but I s'pose that last rain loosened it somewhat. Oh, how white and dead like poor Master Kirkland was when he got to him! "Dead, dead," said he, and putting his hands to his head he fell back in a dead faint himself. They've carried him to his boarding-house."

"I did not wait to hear Flora's shrieks, but crept back to my room. There sat my Aunt Marcia, singing softly a war hymn. "Are you crazy?" cried I. "Do you know what has happened?" "I know that Arthur Conmore, to whom you are engaged, will be Collinwood soon," answered she exultingly. "I flung myself upon the floor in the abandonment of terror from the guilty light that burst upon me. 'Aunt, aunt,' cried I, 'are you, and I, and Paul, his murderers?'"

"She laughed. Strange that I did not see then it was a maniac's glo!" "Annabel," said she, "you must obey me now, or be lost. I shall go to Paul Kirkland and tell him you wish to see him no more—that you are engaged to another. You must write it for me to carry to him." "Give up Paul?" cried I. "Never—never!" "Annabel," said she, sternly, "all my life I have worked for this; your weak sentiments shall not balk me now. Think of your murdered mother—of your own hard lot—of the insults and indignities heaped upon us—and be strong as an avenger." "I cannot live without Paul," moaned I. "Fool!" answered she, between her clenched teeth, "you shall! Do you not see there is no chance for such a union? He believes you guilty of murder this minute. Do you think there would be any peace for you as his wife? I tell you you would be wretched yourself, and drag him with you into the gulf of misery." "It was a new thought, and it went home to my heart like a poisoned arrow. I writhed there upon the floor in the agony of my grief. She looked on

pitilessly, for her hate was so fierce and strong it overmastered the tenderness of love. Then she held up the only hope that was left—the glittering coronet—the noble name of Lady Collinwood. Weary and hopeless in my despair, I let her have her way. Congratulating myself that the worst he thought of me, the more hope there was for his future happiness, I wrote my note to Paul. My aunt came back telling me he sent only this word to me—that he should fly from the country, and if he could, escape from remembrance of hope and me. I know now by his narrative, how he changed his name, and in India married a good young girl, who loved him without his seeking her favor, but died when her son was born—how he was shipwrecked on the desolate island, and in the inscrutable ways of Providence loved and educated my lost daughter. For me, I married Lord Collinwood, for his father died scarcely a month after his eldest son. He was a noble creature and a tender husband, but he had a heavy grief to bear, for he knew the icy veil that lay on my heart. I would not be a hypocrite—I could not return his caresses. I loathed myself when I endured them passively; I hated myself as I came to gain a name for exemplary rectitude, which the shrinking heart within me knew to be a whitened sepulchre. O, heavens—the sufferings I have endured, and kept a smiling, calm outside! I had not even the poor consolation of my aunt's sympathy. The very day after my marriage she gave unmistakable signs of insanity, and she died a raving maniac. My husband died too, and horrible as it may seem, it was an intense relief to be free from the need of dissembling. I admired, respected, revered him, and was thankful that he was taken from so false and unworthy a partner—from so hollow and loveless a life.

"In after years I grew to ponder upon the fate of Paul, until it grew to be a morbid craving to make some atonement to him or his children, if he had them. I caused numerous secret inquiries, and found at last that he had sailed for India. To India—on pretext of settling some property of my husband's there—I went in my brother-in-law's ship—the only son left of the hapless family—the present Lord Collinwood, I mean. I found no trace of Paul beyond his arrival and departure with a son.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE UNSEEN LITTER.

Dirt in the Kitchen That the Housewife Never Beholds.

Mrs. Lynn Linton does not like the "litter that is never seen." She says "Out of sight, too, the dirty cook stows away her unwashed saucepans and her encumbered plates, so that the lady's eyes shall not light upon them when she comes into the kitchen to give orders for to-day's dinner. Out of sight they are beyond knowledge; and unless the lady be one of the old-fashioned kind—one who turns up the drawers-turned pots and pans and peers into dresser drawers, to find clean clothes and soiled—wash-leathers as black as ink and half loaves of stale bread—rotten apples and moldy lemons—silver spoons and rusty knives, all in higgledy-piggledy together, she will know nothing of the writer of waste, dirt and untidiness reigning in her kitchen. It is all out of sight, and, for the most part, out of mind, too, with the cook. If necessarily out of the lady's knowledge—those Roentgen rays we know of not yet having become general detectors to proclaim the hidden state of closed drawers."

The Best Mother.

In a herdic the other day a manly little fellow got up from his seat by the door and moved down to the other end to make place for a one-legged gentleman whose crutch would have made havoc of dainty dresses. "Thank you, my son," said the old fellow. "You have a good mother." "Best ever was," was the smiling response of the little fellow, as he raised his hat and then took the fare to put in the box. That was a boy in a thousand, and his stockings were darned at the knee and the hem let out of his short knee-pants, so that riches had nothing to do with it. One must think sometimes, when riding in public conveyances, that "good mothers" are a scarce article, or "better boys," boys with improved manners, would be more frequently met with.—Washington Star.

Exercise the Best Cosmetic.

Pink cheeks are much better obtained with exercise than with cosmetics. If a girl does not wish to appear at the breakfast table with a pale, sallow face she should go out into the fresh morning air and take a short, brisk walk. Rouge will supply this pinkness, but the morning sun has a cruel way of showing up the effects of rouge. Sunlight is a splendid cosmetic. Seek the sunlight is the advice of all present-day hygienists. Patients on the sunny side of the hospital ward recover sooner. The woman who always walks on the sunny side of the street outlives her shade-seeking sister by ten years. Sleep in rooms where the sun has shed his rays all day.

A "Tallow Diplomat."

An Englishman and an American girl at a state ball were talking over some of the people present when the former said: "That is Lord B. who has just passed. Have you met him?" "Yes," was the answer, "and I thought him extremely dull." "You surprise me. He is one of the most brilliant lights of our service." "Really?" returned the American girl. "Then it is my turn to be surprised. His light flickered so when he talked with me that I set him down as one of your tallow diplomats."

MARCH AND APRIL.

Are the Most Disagreeable Months of the Year in the North. In the South they are the pleasantest and most agreeable. The trees and shrubs put forth their buds and flowers; early vegetables and fruits are ready for eating, and in fact all nature seems to have awakened from its winter sleep. The Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company reaches the Garden Spots of the South, and will on the first and third Tuesdays of March and April sell round-trip tickets to all principal points in Tennessee, Alabama, and West Florida at about half rates. Write for advertising matter and particulars of excursions to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or J. K. Ridgely, N. W. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

An Unpleasant Place.

India is a very uncomfortable country. This year is worse than common. Drought makes every road a river of dust; other rivers are dried up. Grain is poor as well as scarce and garden products are scarce. If the traveler eats meat or fruit he is threatened with cholera; if grain or vegetables, he is reminded that the bubonic pest (which is the fatal "little sickness" of Bombay) chiefly affects vegetarians. Fish is forbidden by taste as well as by prudence. Milk must be rigorously scolded and butter is not less hallowed. Bread and tea are poor in India and water is always dangerous.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

WHAT A STUPENDOUS LIE!

We hear a farmer say when he reads that John Breder, Mishkott, Wis., grew 173 bushels of Salzer's Silver King Barley per acre in 1896. Don't you believe it? Just write him! You see Salzer's seeds are bred up to big yields. And Oats 230 bushels, corn 260, Wheat 60 bushels, Potatoes 1,600 bushels, Grasses 6 tons per acre, etc., etc.

50.00 FOR 10 CENTS.

Just Send This Notice With 10 Cents stamps to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and get 12 farm seed samples, worth \$10, to get a start. w.n.

Black Kid-Gloves.

When unfortunate enough to rub or tear a piece from the outer surface of a black kid glove or kid shoe, take a few drops of sweet oil and mix it with an equal amount of black ink. Apply this mixture to the white spot or any part that may be rubbed, and the spot will hardly be noticeable. This treatment will also freshen an old pair of black kid gloves.

It Disqualified Adam.

Watts—"I suppose when one takes Adam's conduct in that fruit deal into consideration he can hardly be called a gentleman." Potts—"He could not have been a gentleman, anyway. How could a man be a gentleman without any ancestors?"—Indianapolis Journal.

5000 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Like Water.

"New," said the good citizen as he assisted Mr. Lashforth to arise from the sidewalk, "you see what whisky does."

"Whisky had noshin to do with it," retorted Mr. Lashforth. "Who ever heard of whisky fressin' and trippin' a man up?"—Indianapolis Journal.

So rapid has been the change in the English language that the English of today bears no more resemblance to the English of 1,600 years ago than it does to German.

WOMAN'S STRUGGLE.

All women work. Some in the home. Some in church, and some in the whirl of society.

Many in the stores and shops, and tens of thousands are on the never-ceasing treadmill earning their daily food. All are subject to the same physical laws; all suffer alike from the same physical disturbances; there is

serious derangement in the womb. Lydia E. Pinkham's "Vegetable Compound" is the unfailing cure for this trouble. It strengthens the proper muscles, and displacement with all its horrors will no more crush you. Backache, dizziness, fainting, "bearing-down," disordered stomach, moodiness, dislike of friends and society—all symptoms of the one cause—will be quickly dispelled, and you will again be free.

De trouble 'bout er man's makin' a reg'lar practice o' findin' fault," said Uncle Eben. "Is dat as he gits mo' an' mo' expert in 'is business de demand for 'is goods gits less an' less."—Washington Star.

Law's Family Medicine. Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

A Denmark old maids' insurance company pays regular weekly "bonuses" to spinsters of forty years and upward.

I know that my life was saved by Fisco's Cure for Consumption.—John A. Miller, An Sable, Michigan, April 31, 1896.

Samuel Bovens, of Bethel, Vt., has a trained cat that brings in partridges for family dinners.

Thirty creameries in central Kansas pay to farmers \$40,000 a month for cream.

There are twenty-three acres of land to every inhabitant of the globe.

A grasshopper can spring more than two hundred times its own length.

Three thousand four hundred and twenty-nine children, most of the year, reduce inflammation, relieve pain, cure colds. It costs a bottle.

The army of China is sometimes put down at 9,000,000 soldiers.

Eggman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tender or Sore Feet, Chills, Piles, etc. C. O. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

A sewing machine works twelve times as fast as the hand.

Just try a 10c. box of Cascarets, candy cathartic, the finest liver and bowel regulator made.

The cost of cremating a body in France is only 3 francs.

The Strength of Nature. According to the ancient medical writers, Hercules wrestled with Antaeus, and he was thrown overboard every time he was conquered, until he discovered that his strength came from the earth. Hence, the source of our strength, until he grows weaker and weaker, and finally he succumbs to a perfect symbol of mankind. Nature is the source of health and vigor. The closer we keep to Nature's laws the stronger and the healthiest we grow. When we get away from them we are sure to be overpowered by disease and weakness. When sickness meets us, it is a sign that we have strayed from the path of Nature. It is our duty to return to the source of our strength, and bring him right in touch with Nature. Any unnatural stimulus or mere temporary "appetizer" does no permanent good to a person who is debilitated and "run-down."

In these conditions the most perfect, golden strength-builder is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It acts directly upon the natural nutritive processes, and creates solid, permanent strength and vital force in the system. Dr. Pierce's medicines have become recognized standard remedies throughout the world. His "Pleasant Pellets" are a perfect and permanent cure for constipation. Sister Ellen L. de Falcon, of Corpus Christi, Texas, writes: "This medicine cured my chronic constipation, and my health after twenty-one years, and finally cured by your medicines 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Favorite Prescription.' I was completely cured after taking the medicine."

W. N. U. CHICAGO, NO. 13, 1897.

When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.

NEURALGIA, ST. JACOBS OIL, like a mouse, nibbles and gnaws at the nerves. SEIZES, STAYS, AND FINISHES THE PAIN.

ALABASTINE. IT WON'T RUB OFF. YOU CAN'T RUB IT OFF. ALABASTINE is a pure, permanent and artistic wall-covering, ready for the brush by rubbing it on and smoothing it down.

"When I Saw — your advertisement I thought that it was probably like the announcements of many other makers of harvesting machinery — big blow and little show — and I'm ready to surrender go ahead, gentlemen, you're all right I bought one of your binders last season and it is equal to any claim you ever made for it."

LADY GATHARTIG Cascarets CURE CONSTIPATION REGULATE THE LIVER ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED

HALL'S Vegetable Stiffian HAIR RENEWER Beautifier and restores Gray Hair; its original color and vitality; prevents baldness; itchy itching and dandruff. A fine hair dressing.