FERN COTTAGE.



ND Fern Cottage is leased for two years to a widow lady, Mrs. Raynor. She brought good letters from New York, and supports herself by coloring fashion plates for a magazine there." This was the last

statement my lawyer made upon the long-winded recital of the state of my affairs, when I returned from a seven-years' absence, to take up my abode in my own home. He had by my directions renovated and put into good order the large, hand some house that was my inheritance from father, grandfather and greatgrandfather, passing in each generation through a course of modernizing that still left the stately, old-fashiened walls and extensive grounds intact. We Hiltons were very fond of Hilton place, and had ample means wherewith to maintain its beauty.

But beside my own home, I also possessed several houses in the village of Crawford and one cottage just at the boundary line of my garden, a pretty place that my mother had christened Fern Cottage, from the number of rare ferns that nestled in the little garden under fanciful miniature grottos and piles of rock placed there.

I confess to a feeling of decided annovance when I heard that this little gem of a country home had been leased to a workingwoman. It had been summer resort for some of our own intimate friends, who preferred an independent home to the hospitalities of others, and it annoyed me to think of any one living there who would not preserve its dainty furniture and pretty surroundings with cultured taste. But I kept my opinion to myseif, and, indeed, for many days, was so crowded with business calls that I quite forgot the matter.

It was after twillight on a warm April evening that, passing the cottage, i saw through open windows my new tenant. She was bending over a small table, apparently drawing, while the cirele of light from a student lamp fell full upon her. I had fancied a vulgar, commonplace woman. This was what I saw:

A figure stender and graceful, with hands as white and perfect as if carved in marble. A face purely oval, culorless and fair, with regular features, and shaded by hair of midnight black. Twice, while I looked, she lifted her eyes, large, lustrous and dark, full of suppressed pain. A face that covered a heart full of bitter anguish, a brain sensitive and cultivated.

I am a physician, though I have practiced likle, preferring to write for the use of younger students; but I love my profession, and cannot quite keep its instincts quiet, when I study a new face. And all these instincts warned me that here was a woman burning a candle already flickering at both ends.

I had quite forgotten that mine was not a strictly honorable position, thus spying on a solitary woman's privacy. when an elderly woman, seemingly an upper servant of better days, came into the room.

"Will you never cease working?" she said, fretfully, "When the daylight is gone, and you cannot sort your colors. you take up that drawing that is ruining your eyes. Rest, child!"

Then the voice I knew must belong to that face, full, rich, melodious, but freighted with sadness, answered her:

"Rest! You know I cannot rest!" "Play then! Do anything but strain your eyes any longer over that fine work."

The widow rose then, sweeping her heavy, black draperies across the room to the piano, where she played. Surely if this was recreation, it was a pittful mockery. Wailing, minor music full of sobbling pain. Heavy chords melting into sad refrains. A master touch, a rare power in the long, slender fingers only called out strains of heartbreaking pathos.

The old servant took out her knitting, seemingly satisfied to have driven her mistress from actual work, and the darkness fell around me, making this." still clearer the bright circle of light upon the table, and the soft, shadowy gloom of the corner where Mrs. Raynor, with her deep, sad eyes and breaking heart, poured out something of her pain in music.

A soft rain drove me home, but I mused long and deeply over my tenant. I called several times, and received courteous welcome, was entertained by strictly conventional conversation, heard the plano in some fashtonable, showy music, and found the surface society of Mrs. Raynor, a gentle, refined lady, attractive and agreeable-no more.

real woman, but I had a habit of lingering about my garden, and as the drawing room of Fern Cottage commanded no other view, my neighbor seldom closed the windows as the spring crept into summer. Paler, more shadowy, with added sadness in the great, dark eyes. Mrs. Raynor became almost ethereal as the warm weather stole something each day from her strength, and I was not surprised one morning to see old Susan coming has- Raynor developed her charitable, for-1, tily into my hallway.

has fainted over those horrid pictures! Will you come?"

prostrated at last, and gently submis- | she could only make smoother the passive to all my commands but one, the | sage to the grave. most imperative.

as I can hold a brush.'

"If you do not take a few weeks of the consciousness of duty performed. entire rest."

die ret!"

"Then you must obey me," I answered. "I will send a carriage every afternoon with a careful driver and you must go with Susan for a drive. You must be outdoors as much as possible, excepting during the heat of the day, and then, if possible, sleep."

Her dreary smile confirmed my opinion that sleep was a rare visitor at her pillow, but she did not say so. Indeed, she made no complaint, evidently allowing my visits solely out of regard for Susan.

And to Susan I turned at last for counsel. She had come to my house for some medicine I had brought from Paris—an oplate not yet in use in this country. And I pointed to a seat, saying; "Susan, I am past sixty years old, | time!" erippled, as you see, seldom leaving my home except for foreign travelno gossip. If you think you can trust me with Mrs. Raynor's secret trouble, I may be able to cure her."

The woman looked startled for moment, and then, bursting into tears she said:

"Oh, sir, it's awful trouble, and we don't want it to be known about here!' "I'll not betray you," I said, gently.

"You see, sir, she is not a widow, after thinking herself one for four years! He, Mr. Raynor, sir, for she's never hid her name, is a bad man, a man who nearly killed her with his drinking and gambling and bad company. He spent all the money her father left her, be crippled her boy with a blow of his drunken fists, and then he left her poor and sick, and the boy all crushed. She worked day and night for the child, little Harold, and he grew to nine years old, but always crooked and puny. Then Mr. Raynor found us out, and he would have taken the child, he would, the flend, because she loved it. So we stole Harold away in the night and sent him to Germany with a friend. I'm telling my story all wrong, sir. We heard Mr. Raynor was dead-heard it from his own brother, too, who believed it, and Miss Edna-Mrs. Raynor, I mean-thought herself free, when she let Mr. Duchesne come to see her. and-ah, well, doctor, he was a true man; gentle, kind and loving, and so good to Harold. She thought she was a widow, and her heart was sore, so sore you can never guess, for she was one to take trouble hard-and what harm, if they loved each other? They would have been married if Mr. Raynor had not came back, pleased as Punch to find he could make a little more misery for his wife."

"But he is not living now?" "Yes, he is, sir; the more's the pity! Mr. Duchesne is in Germany with Harold, and my poor dear is working her precious life away to pay for the baths for the boy, and to keep Mr. Raynor away. She pays him so much a month to leave her in peace." "And this delicate woman supports a husband and child?" I said.

"Yes, sir, and lives upon the meanest of everything for the sake of be-



BURST INTO TEARS.

ing alone! It's awful, doctor, to think of those two loving hearts, one in Germany, one fretting here, and a bad man between them. They won't even write to each other, but we hear from Harold how kind Mr. Duchesne is to him. It is like him to try to comfort her by being so good to her crippled

"It is a sad story," I said. "And I was too hasty in thinking I might belp Mrs. Raynor if I knew it. We have no medicines, Susan, for such misery as

But yet I was glad to have heard the higher in fashionable favor than satin story. I sent books to the cottage, and I went over frequently, trying to win the heavy-hearted woman away from her own troubled thoughts, and amazed at her rare patience and courage, I had done but little in my efforts to restore her health, when Susan came hastily to summon me one heavy August day. "Come, please," she urged. "He's

there, hurt!"

"Who?" I asked. "Mr. Raynor! He came cursing and swearing, because his money was not sent last month, and this morning he went over to Crawford and got drunk. I might have accepted this for the He was coming home again, when he stumbled, somehow, and fell under a hay cart. He's badly hurt. I think the wheels went over his breast. suppose, bad as he is, we'll have to nurse him."

And bad as he was, tyrant, tormentor and traitor, the new patient thus thrown upon my hands was nursed as tenderly as if he had been both loving and beloved. Out of her heavy despondency, throwing self aside, Mrs. giving nature in the weeks of illness "Oh, Doctor Wilton," she said, "she | that followed her husband's injuries, fatal from the first. I believe she would have kept him in life if by any went at once, finding my patient | self-sacrifice it had been possible, but

I had thought her own tenure of life | chiffon, cascaded to the waist-line and "I must work," she said, "as long but frail, but in her devotion she grew edged with narrow white ostrich feathstronger. She gained sleep by actual er trimming. "But you will die," I said, bluntly, physical exhaustion, and calmness by Susan, by my advice, provided food petticoats are stiffened at the hem with "Die!" she said, quietly, not as if that was nourishing in small quantities a whalebone, one ingenious woman there was any terror in the thought | and as the injured man passed toward | who particularly dreads an appearance but as if it was a new possibility in the portals of eternity, we kept his of limpness placing a second bone some problem of life. "No, I must not | wife from throwing her own life away | across the front breadth in a casing ten by our united efforts.

I would like, for humanity's sake, to write that the reprobate reformed, or even showed common gratitude for the care lavished upon him, but he died as he had lived, sinking into stupor for days before the end came, and never, Susan assured me, bestowing one word of thanks upon his gentle, tender nurse.

It was a small funeral cortege that left Fern Cottage to take the remains of John Raynor to his New York home. I insisted upon escorting the widow, and left her with an aunt, who was sympathizing and kind, but evidently spoke from her heart when she said

"Thank the Lord, he is dead this

I scarcely expected Fern Cottage to be occupied soon again, but Mrs. Raynor returned in a few weeks, working on a farm in close proximity to the again bustly, for her boy, she told me, content to bear some further separation, as he was gaining greatly by the German treatment. But the desolate yearning was gone from the large, dark eyes, and health came back slowly in the winter months, when my advice was followed, and Susan guarded my patient against overwork. The piano ceased to wail and sob, and the slender fingers found tasks in weaving gladder strains.

A year passed, and one evening, just before the Christmas time, I opened the cottage door. Upon my startled ears fell the sounds of song. Never had I heard Mrs. Raynor's rich, melodious voice in song before, and I paused astonished, as Susan whispered:

"Her boy is coming home for Christmas. Mr. Duchesne is bringing him, and we expect them any day. Harold is perfectly cured."

I did not go in. Such joy as that I felt should have no witness.

They came, these eagerly expected travelers, just before the Christmas bells rang out their joyful peals. The slender, handsome boy had his mothon the way to a noble manhood,

And of his companion I can only say that I have no truer or more valued friend than Frank Duchesne, who comes every summer with his beauti ful wife and pretty children to spend the hot months at Fern Cottage.-N Y. Ledger.

Deep Holes in the Ocean. The deepest spots so far sounded in the ocean, were found a year or two ago by the surveying ship Penguin. while returning from the Tonga group to New Zealand. In three places a depth exceeding five thousand fathoms was found. Till these soundings were made, the deepest water found was to the northeast of Japan, where, in 1874, the United States steamer Tuscarora obtained a cast of 4,655 fathoms.

The Penguin's soundings are 5,022, 5.147 and 5.155 fathoms. The increase is therefore 500 fathoms, or 3,000 feet. These soundings are separated from one another by water much less deep. and the holes may not be connected. The distance from the two extreme soundings is 450 miles. Specimens of the bottom were recovered from the two deeper soundings, and prove to be the usual red clay found in all the

deepest parts of the ocean. These soundings afford additional evidence of the observed fact that the deepest holes are not in the centers of the oceans, but are near land, as two of them are within one hundred miles of islands of the Kermandec group,

and the other not far from a shoal. Doubtless deeper depressions in the bed of the sea are yet to be found, but the fact, that this sounding of 30,930 feet shows that the ocean contains de pressions below the surface greater than the elevation of the highest known mountains is perhaps worthy of

Very Natural.

"What's the row between you and Miss Nipper?" "Oh, she accused me of cutting her in

the street, and I explained, too, that as I had only met her at evening entertainments I didn't recognize her with her clothes on."

NOTES OF THE VOGUE.

Moire ribbons are, for the moment, or taffeta.

Oyster color is the very newest shade and is particularly effective in heavy satin or fatile. A new summer dress material is

called challle de lustre, and is, as its name indicates, a glossy fabric, somewhat resembling mohair. The modish silks for early autumn

wear are in the pretty bayadere stripes, a trying fashion, however, becoming to none but women of the Trilby type. Narrow baby ribbon is a feature on

modish gowns, and is now ruffled and

used to edge ribbons of greater widtha particularly pretty finish for the long ribbon sash. The old fashioned iron grenadine is again the vogue, superseding the filmsy materials which masquerade under

that name, and to which even the

crispest of taffetas fails to give a sat-

isfactory body. Brilliant hued plaids are in high favor, and the up-to-date girl revels in an endless variety of sailor-hat bands, belts and neckties, which, worn in sets, give a chic finish to her duck skirt and tail-

or-built shirt waist. A full niche of black at the throat gives a modish finish to the simplest costume and is a needed touch of precaution these chilly August evenings. One recently seen in London is of black

To avoid that unpleasant sagging at the bottom of the dress the newest silk inches above the dust flounce,

A New Through Passenger Route for Colorado, Utah and California.

The Chicago Times-Herald of August 27, says that on September 12 the new traffic alliance between the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway and the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railway goes into effect, and on that date the former will send its first Denver sleeper out of Chicago. This will be attached to its regular night train for Omaha, and will be delivered there to the Rock Island. On October 2 the tourist car route over these two lines, the Colorado Midland and Southern Pacific will be inaugurated. Tourist cars will be run once a week between Chicago and San Francisco. For further details regarding this new route call on or address Geo. H. Heafford. General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C., M. & St. P. Ry., 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

Scotty's Remarkable Apple Tree. Oil City Blizzard: "Scotty," of the Oil Well Supply company, who resides fair grounds, owns an apple tree which can be considered a sort of novelty. A few years ago it was known as a "wild" apple tree, but Mr. Scott had it grafted and it now produces seven different kinds of apples, some of which grow to an immense size and have a delicious taste.

Try Grain-O. Ask your grocer today to show you

a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. ¼ the price of coffee.

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A Bargain.

She-"How nicely you did that! And would-would you care to always repair my punctures?" He-"Darling, it would be the greatest joy of my life for me to do so; if you would promise er's face, and was evidently cured and to darn my socks in return." So they rode along in search of a parson,-Cleveland Leader.

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A fine hair dressing.

THE HEAT PLAGUE OF AUGUST, 1896.

Mrs. Pinkham's Explanation of the Unusual Number of Deaths and Prostrations Among Women.

The great heat plague of August, 1896, was not without its lesson. One could not fail to notice in the long lists of the dead throughout this country, that so many of the victims were women in their thirties, and women between forty-five and fifty.

The women who succumbed to the protracted heat were women whose energies were exhausted by sufferings peculiar to their sex; women who, taking no thought of themselves, or who, attaching no importance to first symptoms, allowed their female system to become run down.

Constipation, capricious appetite, restlessness, forebodings of evil, vertigo, languor, and weakness, especially in the morning, an itching sensation which suddenly attacks one at night, or whenever the blood becomes overheated, are all warnings. Don't wait too long to build up your strength, that is now a positive necessity! Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has specific curative powers. You cannot do better than to commence a course of this grand

medicine. By the neglect of first symptoms you will see by the following letter what terrible suffering came to Mrs. Craig, and how she was cured:

> "I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and think it is the best medicine for women in the world. I was so weak and nervous that I thought I could not live from one day to the next. I had prelapsus uteri and leucorrheea and thought I was going into consumption. I would get so faint I thought I would die. I had dragging pains in my back, bushing sensation down to my feet, and so many miserable feelings. People said that I looked like a dead woman. Doctors tried to cure me, but failed. I had given up when I heard of the Pinkham medicine. I got a bottle. I did not have much faith in it, but thought I would try it, and it made a new woman of

I wish I could get every lady in the land to try it, for it did for me what doctors could not do."-MRS. SALLEE CRAIG, Baker's Landing, Pa.

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