Like Mother Used to Make

BY JAMES WHITCOME BILEY. I was born in Indiany," says a stranger, lank As us fellows in the restaurant was kind o' guy-And Uncle Jake was slidin' him another punkin And a extra sup o' coffee, with a twinkle in his

"I was born in Indiany-more'n forty year

ago-And I bain't been back in twenty-and I'm work-in' back'ards slow; But I've et in every restaurant 'twixt here and

Banty Fee, And I want to state this coffee tastes like gittin'

home to me i **Peur** us out another, daddy," says the feller, warming up.

warmin' up, Aspeakin' crast his saucerful, as uncle tuck his

"When I seed your sign out yonder," he went on to Unale Jake—
"When I seed your sign out yonder," he went on to Unale Jake—
"Come in and git some coffee like your mother used to maked...
I thought of my old mother and the Posey county farm, And me a little kid again, a-hangin' in her arm.
As he set the pot a-bilin'—broke the eggs an poned 'em in-"

ponred 'em in-" And ine feller kind e' halted, with a tremble in

his ohin, And Uncle Jake he fetched the feller's coffee back, and stood

Dacs, and stood **As solemn**, for a minute, as a' undertaker would;

would; Then he sort o' turned and tiptoed to'rds the kitchen door-and next, Here comes his old wife out with him, a rubbin' of her spece-And she rushes for the stranger, and she hollers will it wind.

out, "It's him ! Thank God, we've met him comin'! Don't you

know your met nim comin'! Don't you know your mother, Jin?"
 And the feller as he grabbed her, says, t" You bet I hain't forgot,"
 Bht whin' of his eyes, says he, "Your coffee's mighty hot."



But the interminable evening was over at last. Laurel could never have told how the got through it, but at last they had all pone to their rooms, and Laurel stood before the long glittering mirror in her dressing-room gazing with sad eyes and trembling lips at the face reflected there as at a new creature—a girl who for three months had been living a strange, uncon-acious love dream, and who had first found out that she had a heart by its bitter sching.

Why did she love him? Curious fool, be still shuman love the growth of human will?

Belf-scorn aud self-pity struggled togethe in her heart. She felt with a great throb of bitter shame that she had given her love unsought, unvalued, and to another woman's lover. Maud Merivale's words rang in her ears:

I shall win him back, and this time no

one shall come between us." "He belongs to Maud Merivale! What matter? He never could have been mine," she said, to the white-faced, dark eyed girl gazing back at her from the mirror with ed roses dying on her breast.

Yesterday she had been reading in a book in the library some pretty verses ore as this of hers. A funcy seized her to read them again in the light of this new

revelation that had flathed upon her heart. "I will slip down to the library and bring the book," she said, gliding out into the hall and down the broad stairway, mrinkingly, like a little white ghost.

The library was deserted, but the shaded eading-lamp still burned over the centrehable with its litter of books and maga**n**ines

The marble busts and statuettes against the book-lined walls looked grimly down apon her, this fair, golden-haired girl with that look of tragic sorrow on her pale face. "He has been here," she murmured, softly, noting the faint fragrance of cigar-

smoke that pervaded the air. She sat down in the great cushioned reading-chair and then she saw anreading could raid then she saw an-other token of his presence—a knot of gedden pansies he had worn in his Detton hole that evening, and which now lay carelessly on the floor at her feet. She would never have guessed that he had thrown them there in pas te disdain because Maud Merivale's hand had pinned them on his breast

Laurel picked up the poor dying flowers and held them tenderly. "You have been near the rose," she mur-

mured, and pressed them to her lips in sudden, passionate love and sorrow. She could not help it. They spoke to her so plainly of the proud man who had won her beart all unwittingly. They made her think of the princely form, the dark, luring, splendid face, the proud, cynical, dark eyes, ourling line th

would Cyril Wentworth say to that? "Nothing! It is no more concern of his," she flashed out, passionately unconscious of the sudden joy that flashed into his eyes. 'Do you mean that you have broken

with Wentworth ?" he exclaimed. 'Yes," she answered, coldly.

He regarded her suspiciously. "Do you know that he is gone away?"

he asked, doubtfully. "To Europe—yes, but I do not care!" she answered, out of the recklessness of

her despair. " Do you mean that you love him no longer -that it was a mere child fancy that absence has cured ?" St. Leon asked her, anxiously.

She gave him a swift, half angry glance from her dark eyes. "I do not know why you should presume

to question me so," she said with a little flash of pride. "But I will answer you, Mr. Le Roy. Yes, it was a mere childish fancy, and I am effectually cured of it. 1 know now that I never loved Oyril Went-

worth in my life He bowed his handsome head in grace-

ful acknowledgment. "Your frankness emboldens me to ask another confidence," he said. "Miss Gor-don, tell me the story Mrs. Merivale poured

into your sympathetic ear this evening." She drew back, indignant and amazed. "Would you ask me to betray a woman's

sacred confidence," she cried. He laughed sloud-harshly, sneeringly. "Do you call that confidence which is poured into every stranger's ear? That figment of Maud Merivale's orafty brain ?' "Tell me the pretty fiction she he cried. gave you, Miss Gordon, and then you shall

ear my side of the story." "If you wish me to congratulate you Mr. Le Roy. I will do so now without wait ing to hear more," she said, desperately, He caught her hand as she half arose, and gently forced her back to her seat.

"Do not leave me yet," he said. Pchaw! I know her pitiful stereotyed 'Pahawi story! We were lovers once and her parents parted us and sold her to an old man because he was richer than I! Is not that the amount of the pretty idyl, Miss Gordon ?'

' Yes, ' she answered wonderingly.

"I thought so-I have heard it ofter before. Now hear my side of the story, child. We were lovers in our young days-that is true. You would not believe that Maud is thirty, would you, Miss Gordon? My mother thought me too young to marry then, and besides, she did not wholly approve of my choice. The end justified her. We postponed the consummation of our bliss until I should come of age. Maud grew impatient, Old Midas Merivale met her, and -pardon the wretched slang, Miss Gordon-she 'weut for him' and threw me over! To-night," he resumed, after a moment's pause, "she threw prudence and delicacy to the winds, begging me to forgive her and to take her back to my heart -swore that she had never ceased to love me. Can you guess what answer I made

"No," she faltered, thrilling with interest.

"I told her that since her sin I had scorned all women for her sake-her most of all! I told her that never till now had I met a woman who redeemed the sex in my eyes -a child-woman so fair, so inno cent, so frank and truthful, that falsehood could not breathe the same air with herone to whom I gave the strong, passionate love of a man combined with the reverence due to an angel." He stretched out his arms to her yearn-

ingly, his face transfigured with his mighty "Beatrix, I am twice as old as you are.

but I love you to madness! I have hated Oyril Wentworth in my bitter jealousy, but that is all past. Thank God, you love him no longer-you are free! Oan you love me, Beatrix? Will you be my wife?"

Laurel Vane almost reeled with the suddenness of this perfect joy that had come upon her. She was face to face with the great temptation of her life, but, oh, how owerless, through her passionate love, to ight against it!

OHAPTER XXIII.

Deep emotion overpowered Laurel's speech for a moment. Her lips parted as if to speak, but closed again without a sound. Her fair head droopped like a laden with beautiful flower too heavily It had come upon her like a great dew. shock that St. Leon Le Roy loved her-loved the false Beatrix Gordon, the perjured girl living a deliberate lie beneath his roof. She called it by its worst name to herself, even though she flinched from it, for she had, as Clarice Wells said of her habit of calling things by their right names. To her a "spade" was a "spade.' She had the moral courage to recognize her sin, but this love had made her a coward. She could not confess the truth. For the sake of this man she had risked all. She could not put his love from her now Vet

admire fair women and to be admired by them. But you held your own so bravely, John that I was completely blinded and half on his darkly handsome face. maddened by your indifference. Ah. my "And Cyril Wentworth?" she asked, maddened by your indifference. Ah, my darling," he bent toward her with a flash blissful, but bewildered. of triumphant love in his splendid eves.

should never have dreamed, never have answered the girl. "Thank God!" she cried, drawing her known "You heard-you saw?" she broke in, hot and red with bitter shame. "Oh, I could sooner have died !" hiding her burn-

ing face in her small hands. Hush, Beatrix? He drew the trembling hands away, put his arms around her tenderly, and pillowed the flushed face on his breast. "It was a happy ohance, my love. Do not regret it for my sake. Do not think I spied upon your actions, darling. I did not mean to disturb you, only I could not forbear peeping through the curtains and feasting my eyes on your sweetness. So it came to pass that I heard and saw— that which made me the happiest of men !"

"You take it for granted that I-that you-" she began to remonstrate, incohe-

voice and began to remonstrate, income rently, with a mutinous, trembling pout upon her sweet red lips. "That you belong to me—that I may ask you for your love—since you have broken with Wentworth—yes,"he auswered, full of happy faith. "Is it not true, Beatrix, my beautiful, dark-eyed love? Will you not be my cherished little wife?" And paler than the marble statue that glimmered coldly white in the shadowy corner yonder she murmured:

'I will.' Full of boundless trust and passion he bent down and pressed a lingering, passion-ate kiss on the lips of the beautiful

"God bless you, my little love," he said, huskily, and with deep empressement, "you shall never regret that sweet promise." He meant to keep his word, but we mor-tals are so blind. The day came when she felt that all her life was one long regret !

Oh, that word regret!
Oh, that word regret!
There have been nights and morns when we have sighed
"Let us alone, Regret! We are content
To throw these all our past, so thou wilt sleep
For ay." But it is patient, and it wake!
It hath not learned to cry itself to sleep
But plaineth on the bed that it is hard.

Dizzy with passionate love and happiness, she rested in his arms a moment. then drew hereelf shyly away. "It grows late. Indeed, I must leave

you now," she whispered. "It is late and you are weary," he said.

tenderly. "I must send you to your rest, my precious one, but for me I shall sit here all night rejoicing over my sweet, new hap-

pinese." They had heard no step in the hall, but at that moment the door swung open and Mrs. Merrivale appeared on the threshold in an exquisite dressing gown, her loosened golden hair flying over her shoulders. She gazed in dismay for an instant, then started backward with a quick smile of scorn. "Pardon! I could not sleep, and came for a book. I did not dream of interrupt

ng such an interesting midnight tete a tete, she said sneeringly. St. Leon drew his arm gently around the slight form of his betrothed, an ominous

gleam in his eyes. "Congratulate us, Mrs. Merivale," he said. " Miss Gordon has promised to be my

vife." The snaky fire of hate fisshed in green ish sparkles from the eyes of the disap

"With all my heart. May you be as happy as you deserve," she answered, soornfully.

Then, turning to go, she bent swiftly toward Laurel Vane and whispered in her

ear with the hissing tone of hate : "You have triumphed over me-you have come between us, but do not forget that ' Who breaks-pays !'" "An omen," Ligurel sighed to herself.

He was loath to let her go when the jealous, angry woman had disappeared. The pale frightened face touched his heart made her tell him what Maud Merivale had hissed in her ear.

had hissed in her ear. "A mere idle threat," he said. "She can do you no harm, Beatrix. You are too secure in your high position as Mr. Gor-don's daughter and my promised wife for her to touch you. As the mistress of Eden you will be socially her superior, for old Midas Merivale made his millions in trade, and the Le Roys have inherited their wealth from several generations of blue-blooded ancestors. Indeed, we trace our origin from the Freuch nobility."

verything he told her only frightened her worse. She trembled at her presump tion in entering this family which priled itself less on its great wealth than on its noble pedigree. She silently recalled some

Beatrix-pardon, Miss Gordon-what you that I was not too antiquated to called to her, drew the small hand through THE LADIES' COLUMN. his arm, and led her up to his mother. "Mother, here is your daughter," he said, you flirted so charmingly with Count Fitz with the brightest smile she had ever seen

"I have never loved him. It was only if you had not come in here to night, 1 fancy. I have broken with him forever !

> new daughter into her arms and kissing her fondly; while she added to St Leon gladly ; " I am so glad it is our sweet little Beatrix, and not that odious Maud Meri-

vale l' And that day she wrote a letter to Mrs Gordon, telling her how cleverly their plot had succeeded, and that St. Leon had taken Cyril Wentworth's place in her daughter's heart.

CHAPTER XXIV. "Wooed and married and a'." How swiftly it had all followed upon Laurel Vane'

coming to Eden ! In June she had come to the Le Roys, trembling, frightened innocent little impo tor, lending herself to a fraud for Beatrin Gordon's sake. From a most unwelcome intruder, whom they had received with secret disfavor, she had come to be the light of their eyes and their hearts. To-day-s fair, ripe day in Ostober, with the "fying gold of the ruined woodlands driving through the air"-she clung to St. Leon Le Roy's arm, his worshipped bride, happy, with a strange, delirious happiness, in spite of the sword that ever hung suspended by a hair above her head—the sword that

must surely fall some day, and cause her lestructio She was dizzy with the whirl of events

that had brought about this dazzling consummation. In the first place, Mr. Le Roy had writ-

ten to Mr. Gordon, announcing his engage-ment to his daughter, and pleading for an early marriage. The publisher had replied, on the part of

himself and wife, delightedly sunctioning their darling's betrothal to Mr. Le R.y, and permitting Beatrix to consult her own wishes in naming a day. They wished only to make their darling happy, they said : and she should, therefore, o ose the earliest day that pleased her. Mrs. Gordon wrote that she would soon come home to superintend the preparation of the bridal trousseau.

Laurel was filled with dismay at the latter information. St. Leon, noticing every change of the fair young face with a every onlarge of the fair young face with a lover's eye, was quick to see the shadow. "What is it, my darling?" he asked. "We must postpone the wedding a long, long time," she said. "Mamma must not

ourtail her Southern trip and lose the bene-fit she is deriving from it. We must wait." She felt like a hypocrite as she said it, but she was rendered desperate by her fears. She knew that, with Mrs. Gordon's coming, all was at an end, and longed des-perately to ward off the evil hour. She was so wildly, deliriously happy now, she would stave off the hour of reckoning as long as she could. Just to remain at Eden ng as she could was all that she asked. It always seemed to her quite impossible that she should ever become St Leon Le Roy's wife. The blow would fail before then. She felt that she was only taking her pleasure like a butterfly in the sun, and a chestout and place in one punt of alcohol This camphorizes the sloopol. The mix that the nipping blasts of winter would soon lop off her gilded wings and leave her, o:ushed and trampled beneath the scornture may be perfumed to suit the taste. Wet the scalp with this daily. It will stimulate the scalp, promote the growth of

r'a heel. Those joys that we hold by a frail, slight the hair, and in many instances prevent it from falling off. German women are noted tenure we always prize the most. This love that she was fated one day to lose had become a part of Laurel Vans's life. She for their luxuriant hair. Once in every two weeks they wash the head thoroughly with a quart of soft water, in which aid to herself that when she lost it she handful of bran and a little white scap had rould die. been dissolved, then the yolk of an egg,

It was a mad love that she gave her noble, princely looking lover. She would have made any saorifice for him except to slightly beaten, is rubbed into the roots of tell him that she had deceived him. She would have died for him, if need be, but death would have been easier than confess-

ing her strange sin to him. St. Leon chaffed sorely at the idea of waiting so long to claim his bonny bride. They had talked of a bridal tour to Europe, and Laurel had betrayed the most eager delight at the idea. The tour of Europe had not the attraction of novelty to him He had made it several times, but he longed to gratify the girl's wish ; he was so ure that he would make her happy he could not bear to wait. And yet he was not selfish enough to wish to basten Mrs. Gordon's return at the hazzard of her health. They are the cheapest in the end. Use the

His mother agreed with him that it was infortunate his having to wait. She was

for that.

abroad.

Temple.

(To be continued.)

Gems of Thought.

Wisdom from Oscar Wilde.

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national cuisine, but the choice of all the cuisines of the world is at hand, and there-

fore there is no reason why a perfectly

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"It is a matter of life and death. You

"That is impossible, dostor. My best

are overworked, pir, and must take a rest.

men are all sick, my customers are coming

in by the hundreds, and I must be at my

"If your custom should temporarily drop

"Certainly; but how can I temporarily stop all my old patrons from rushing in on me, even if the case should be, as you suy, a matter of life and death?"

"Easy enough. Stop advertising."-Philadz'phia Call.

Words of Warning and Comfort.

If you are suffering from poor, helthaor 'languiabing on a hed of sickness, take cheer 'if you are simply ailing, or if you 'weak and dispirited 'without clearly know-'ing wby, Hop Bittera 'will surely cure you.

abor, weakened by the strain of your everyday

nties, or a man of letters toiling over you nidnight work, Hop Bitters will most surel

If you are suffering from over-eating of

drinking, any indiscretion or dissipation, or

are young and growing too fast, as is often

"Or if you are in the workshop, on the

If you are costive, or despeptic or suffering ing from any other of the numerous me-cases of the stomach or bowes, it is your

you are wasting away with any form of Kiduey disease, stop tenpting death this moment, and turn for a-cure to Hop Bitters

-If you are a frequenter, or a resident of,

If you are sick with that terrible sick-

- tem against the scourge of all countries - Malaria, Epidemic, Hilors and Inter - mitten Fevers by the use of Hop Bitters

If you have rough, pimply, or sallow tkin, bad

breath. Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, riel blood, the sweetest broath and heal h. \$500 wil be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

A Lady's Wish.

"Oh, how I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend. "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. "How?' inquired the first lady. "By using Hop Bitters that makes pure, rich blood and blooming health. It did it for me, as you observe."

KarNone genuine without a bunch of green Hons on the white label. Shun all the vile poisonous stuff with "Hop" or Hops" in their

Childhood does sometimes pay a second

isit to man-to youth never ; how respon-

sible are we for the use of a period so precious in itself, which will soon pass

Those who have Tried it Bay

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class in the community. Without the ability or perseverance to work from an

independent basis, they cling like barnacles

to ideas emanating from others and with

to medical

subduing remodies known

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way, and never return.-Mrs. Jameson.

name.

'farm, at the desk, any where, and feel 'farm, at the desk, any where, and feel 'that your system needs cleansing, ton-'ing, or stimulating, without intoxicat-'ing, if you are old, blood this and impure, pulse feeble, nerves unsteady, faculties waning. Hyon Bittare is what you need

waning, Hop Bitters is what you need ogive you new life, health and vigor.

own fault if you are ill. If

If you are a minister, and

strengthen you.

bave overtaxed yourself with your pastoral duties, or a mother, worn out

ith care and work, or a man of busin

off you could then find time to rest, co

you ?

healthy diet should not be

every individual .- Olive Logan.

Stopping a Bullet With His Torth.

John K-efe, age 22, of Brooklyn, went

into a bar room and demanded drinks. A row followed in which a short was fired at Keefe. It ent red his m unb and glancing nto a bar-room and demanded drinks

ff bis teeth lodged in the jaw. Keefe rai

out into the street and with an associate

amed Rorke proceeded to the Long Island

College Hospital. He said he met with an

accident while carelessly handling a revolver. The bullet was taken out of his

mouth and be went away .- N. Y. Tribune.

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.......

"It is quite true that as long as woman's lower garments are suspended from the hips, a corset is an absolute neces

sity : the mistake lies in not suspending all apparel from the shoulders. In the latter ase a corset becomes useless, the body is left free and unconfined for respiration and motion; there is more health, and consequently more beauty. Indeed, all the most ungainly and uncomfortable articles of dress that fashion in her folly has ever prescribed, not the light corset merely, but he farthingale, the vertugadin, the hoop, the crinoline, and that modern monstrosity the so-called 'dress improver,' also, have all of them owed their origin to the same error, the error of not seeing that it is from the shoulders, and from the shoulders only, that all garments should be hung."

Queen Victoria.

A good woman, with a strong natural sense of her own claims, greatly increased by the authority of her position ; a sover eign whose hold upon her people is founded mainly upon her domestic virtues; a widow who has lived as much for a memory as for her subjects—these are the simple facts of the Queen's character and conduct. A future generation will critize more freely and may possibly add something on the side of praise. It may be that the virtues of the Queen should be in some way different to those of a private individual it may be that one who has a great nation entrusted to her care, who has many children, and consequently many calls to private as well as public duty, should have out more force upon herself to live in public, even when to live in public was to her most oppressive. It may be that the duties of a Queen are not such as can be delegated even to the most popular princes : it may be that English society would have been different if it had an active Queen at the head of its court.-London Spectator.

How to Drive Lour Husbaud From Home

Henpeck him. Snarl at him. Find fault with him. Keep an untidy house. Humor him half to death. Boss him out of his boots. Always have the last word. Be extra cross on washing day. Quarrel with him over trifles. Never have meals eady in time. Run bills without his know edge. Vow vengeance on all his relation ness, Nervoueness, you will find a " Balm in Gilead " in Hop Bitters. Let him sew the puttons on his shirts. Pay no attention to household expenses. as much as he can earn in a month for a new bonnet. Tell him as plainly as possi ble that you married him for a living. Raise a row if he dares to how pleasantly to an old lady friend. Provide any sort of pick-up meals for him when you do not expect strangers. Get everything the woman next door gets, whether you can afford it or not. Tell him the children inherit all their mean traits of character from his side of the family. Let it out sometimes when you are vexed that you wished you had married some other fellow used to go with. Give him to understand as soon as possible after the honeymoon that kissing is well enough for spoory lovers, but that for married folks it is very silly .- Presbyterian Banner.

Care of the Hair. Take a piece of gum camphor as large a

the hair. This is allowed to remain a few

minutes, and then the hair is washed and

rinsed carefully in soft water. It is then

wiped and dried thoroughly, combed from

the forehead and parted with the

fingers. After drying, apply a little poma

tum, made of beef marrow boiled in a

small quantity of olive oil and slightly perfumed. Do this near the fire in winter,

or in a very warm room. Almost all curling fluids are mere impositions; but with a

weak solution of leinglass a firm and lasting

form may be given to the hair. This solu

tion is moffensive. The hair should be

well brushed every day to keep it in perfect

condition. Always use the pest brushes.

had seen curved into a beautiful smile, subtly sweet and dangerous, which women had worshipped blindly, but which only shone upon them to betray their hopes to ruin. She held the flowers, kissed them again

and again, then threw them far from her in a sudden revulsion of feeling bordering on

studies revealed to reening or dering of supremest self-contempt.
"Ah, if I could throw my hopeless pasmion from me thus lightly," she sighed.
She found the book she wished, and, tempted by the deep silence and quiet of the room, decided to remain a while at least. least. With her fair head resting on her arm she began to read aloud softly, after an old habit of hers :

Ton walk the sunny side of fats, The wise world smiles and calls you great, The golden fruitage of success Drops at your feet in plenteousness; And you have blessings manifold; Benown and power and friends and gold. They build a wall between us twain That may not be thrown down argan. That may not be thrown down again. Alas | for I the long time through Have loved you better than you knew.

Suddenly a sweet, chilly breath of night air blew over her. She looked up and saw St. Leon Le Roy parting the heavy curtains of silk and lace at the hav window behind which be had been quietly

sitting smoking a cigar. Bewildered, startled, Laurel threw down her book and sprung up in ignominious

fight. The master of Eden coolly caught her hands and forced her back into her seat.

"Why need you always fly from me as ough I were an ogre ?" he said, plain though I tively. " I shall not est you, child, tempted might be to do so.'

"I-I thought myself alone," she stammered, crimsoning under his mocking milery.

"There is no harm done," he answered, drawing up a chair in front of her and gaming at her with the same slow, sweet smile he had worn when he bade her return to his mother and the count that evening. 'I was smoking at the window when you first came in, and I thought at first I would be still and not disturb you, thinking you would go in a moment. But you stayed, and I changed my mind."

Fancying some covert meaning in his words, she answered quickly: "But it is late, and indeed I must be going upstairs now."

OHAPTER XXII.

St. Leon glanced at his watch.

"No, it is not late-at least, not midnight. Surely you can spare me a few minutes, Miss Gordon. I wish very much te speak to you," he said, almost gravely.

"I cannot imagine why you should wish to speak to me," she began tremulously. "Cannot you ?" laughing. "Well, sup-pose I have a mind to lecture you on your frivolity, Miss Gordon? Do you know, I never dreamed what an energetic flirt you were until I saw you bringing the whole battery of your oharms to bear on that fascinated Frenchman this evening? Why have you never condescended to me like

I deny the imputation. I am not a

still!" he said, in that light, mocking tone, I had been as old as my mother. When Laurel's slim young figure went flitting frequently tel never.—Oate.

pain. "For the first time, Beatrix, I feel like thanking Maud's falsity, since it has left me free to win you, my true, angel-hearted girl

his next words stabbed her with keenest

"True | angel-hearted—oh my God !" she shuddered to herself, and a longing oame over her to be all that he thought her, honest, innocent, true. Should she confess all, and trust to his great love to pity and pardon her? She lifted her dark wistful eyes to his

glowing, eager face. ou had not loved me perhaps you would have forgiven the wrong Mrs. Meri-vale did you," she said, anxiously. The stern lines she dreaded came around

hie lipe again. forgave her long ago-as long ago as

my fancy for her died !" he said. "But I again. She deceived me. I never can for-get that! Women should be little lower han the angels, Beatrix,

A perfect creature, nobly planned, To warn, to comfort, and command, And yet a spirit still and bright, With something of an angel's light.

Wordsworth's ideal 18 mine, Beatrix. I could never again love a woman who had deceived me. Once fallen from her lofty pedestal, the broken idol could never be estored again !"

He was unconsciously warning her, but he only frightened her. She said to herself that he would never forgive her if she told him at this late any how she had deceived him. And she could not do it. She would not risk it. She loved him too dearly. She would have his love while she could, whether it lasted for a year or a

day. "Why did you deceive her this evening?" she asked, gaining courage as she made her wild resolve. "You were so devoted her wild resolve. "You were so devoted and attentive she thought she had won you back.

His scornful laugh was not good to hear. "That was my revenge," he said. "I fooled her to the top of her bent, while I

laughed in my sleeve at her credulity. She should have known me better, yet she came down here with the deliberate intention of winning me back. She did not find St. Leon the boy who was blinded by her beauty, she found Le Roy, the man who saw through her shallow arts and despised her." She had no answer ready and he went on more slowly after a moment; "Shall conferent that I had another motive too. Beatrix? I longed to pique you if possi-ble. Since you came to Eden you have been cold, shy, frightened of me always. I confess that I gave you room at first, but I soon became interested in you and would have repaired my error if you would have firs, "she answered, indignantly. "Then you were in earnest-worse me with a distant, respectful civility, as if gravely.

verses she had read that evening : I knew that every victory But lifted you away from me; That every step of high emprise But left me low lier in your eyes; I watched the distance as it grew, And loved you better than you knew!

"He counts his ancestors back to the French nobility, while I do not know what ny grandfather's name was," said Louis

They get under the barself. "Before you go, my darling," said St. Leon, suddenly, "there is one thing I they get under the only man who could make they get under the only man who could make them, anyhow. Given a travelling dress to cross the 'herring pond' in, and she to cross the 'herring pond' in, and she should like to hear you say." "Tell me what it is," she answered.

He took both her trembling hands in his and looked deep into her eyes with a pieroing gaze that seemed to read her soul. "Lift up your head, Beatrix, look straight into my eyes, and say, 'St Leon, I

love you." Blushing "celestial, rosy red," she obeyed his fond command, and there was a

depth of pathos and passion in her voice of which she was herself unconscious.

"St. Leon, I love you," she repeated from the depths of her adoring heart. "My darling !" he caught her in his arms and strained her eagerly to his breast. "Forgive me for calling out your blushes so, but they are more lovely than your roses. Now good-night, my little love, but do not speak another word. Let those last sweet words live in my memory to night." He kissed her and put ber gently from him, then stood at the door to watch the

him, then stood at the door to waten the little white figure going lightly along the hall and up the wide polished stairway. "Mine, mine, my little love!" he mur-mured, gladly. "How pleased and happy mured, gladly. "How pleased and happy my mother will be!" He went back into the room, threw him-

Be charitable and indulgent to every one self down into a chair, and, true to his but yourself .- Joubert. word, spent the remaining hours of the night in a happy vigil, dreaming over the sweet new happiness which had come to It is not genius so much as ability that carries one through the battles of life.-A B. Street. him so strangely when his heart had been weighed down with despair. And Laurel Vane! She kept a wakeful If you are determined to live and die a

slave to custom, see that it is at least a good vigil, too. Her eyes were not so bright as they should have been next morning, her one.-E. P. Day. The best education in the world is that got by struggling to get a living. -W.

cheeks and lips were not so rosy, but her beauty was as marked as ever, and Count Phillips Fitz John was very loath to follow the angry, disappointed widow back to New If thou art wise thou knowest thine own

ignorance ; and thou art ignorant if thou knowest not thyself.—Luther. fork that day. "l not only found an E len but an Eve !" "You need not vex your heart over her, for she has found her Adam in St. Leon Le Nurture your mind with great thoughts; to believe in the heroic makes heroes.- I. Disraeli. Roy," she answered, bitterly. When they were gone, St. Leon sought The chief ingredients in the composition

his mother. "Congratulate me," he said. "The desire of your heart will be granted. I am

about to marry." Her handsome, proud old face did not loves himself more than all the rest of men, yet sets less value on his own opinion of look as bright as he had expected. "You have chosen Maud Merivale again ?" she said, and then he understood the shadow himself than on the opinion of others.-Apollodorus.

on her face and the tone of regret in her

"You are still prejudiced against Maud !" he said, quietly. "I have never forgiven her for the slight

she put upon my son!" she answered

frequently tell the truth, but the latter

very anxious to see him married to Beatrix should receive 100 strokes a day and they Fordon, and she thought the autumn a should be applied in three minutes time. A good and the safest wash for the teeth is leasant time for crossing the ocean. If they could only be married in October, now pleasant it would be, but then the pure soft water and the finest quality of

castile soap. Apply with a moderately stiff brush morning and evening. The trousseau-it would take an endless time above recipes are worthy of a trial, espe-St. Leon displayed all a man's impacially for those who desire beautiful hair. tience under the circumstances. "A fig for the trousseau 1 What could be

The Cautious Women.

"All women are alike in their fear of the prettier than Beatrix's white dresses that she wore every day? But if she had to have no end of new things, why couldn't cars," said an Illinois Central conductor. 'They carry their caution to absurd ex That reminds me of a little story. tremes. Down iu the southern part of the State have up at road crossings some of the old-fashioned signs, 'Look out for the cars when the ball rings.' At one of the orossings the other day two women came up, liked, once they landed in France. Must a driving an old horse hitched to a buggy. man wait months for his happiness on They looked about and couldn't see any count of some paltry dresses?" Mrs. Lo Roy, in her anxiety for the marcars, but happened to read the sign. 'Stop,' said one, 'I near a bell.' They both listened riage, quite agreed with him in his tersely expressed views. If Mrs. Gordon came and sure enough they heard a bell tinkling. One of the women got out, and amid considerable excitement took ome she would order her daughter's dresses from Paris. How much easier for hold of the borse's bridle. The other one tightened her grip on the lines, set her jaws, and prepared for the worst. They looked anxiously up the track Beatrix to get them herself while abroad ! She wrote to Mrs. Gordon and suggested the idea. Morever, she hinted broadly her fears that Beatrix, if left alone so long, might change her mind-might return to for the train, but still couldn't see it for the train, but still couldn't see it, though they could hear it a little plainer than before. They waited and waited. Five minutes passed, then ten, and still no train. The old horse went to sleep, while the old love -- no one could say when Uyril Wentworth would return to America, nor what effect his return might have on his sweetheart. Mrs. Le Roy thought the wisest plan, under the peculiar circum stances of the case, would be for the Gorthe women's nerves, from long straining, threatened to throw them into hysterics. Nearer and nearer came the bell against ons to continue their Southern tour, and which the sign warned them, and so they et St. Leon marry Beatrix quietly, with-out any fuss or ceremony, and take her stood still. In about a quarter of an hour an old brindle cow came walking down the pasture by the side of the track, chewing her oud and monotonously ringing her bell One of the women cried from nervousness and the other one got mad at the railcoad company, and said they were nothing but mean, old monopolies, anyway."

English Cooking the Best.

After a long experience of the cuisine Francaise and of American cooking and of Euglish cooking, I have arrived at the conclusion that the last named is the most succulent, substantial and health bestowing of any other in the world. English ohops, steaks, kidneys, baked potatoes, roast beef, boiled salmon, plum pudding and Cheshire cheese are exactly the groundwork required by man-at least Saxon man—to form the physical basis of bia orporeal existence. French dishes tickle the palate, but they do not lay healby flesh on the bones, calm the nerves and make pure blood. These desied. rata are attained by a steady course haudi don both sides; but the perfect adap of British feeding. In proof of what to of those qualities that gain esteem and praise are good nature, truth, good sense and good breeding.—Addisen. I have often wondered how every man say one has only to take a walk at and hour of the day in Hyde Park and watch the promenaders there. As specimens of the human animal, the varied nationalities whose aristocracy one meets in the verdant laues and smooth esplanades of that beau teous greenery all yield the palm to John Bull and his womankind, with their bright eyer, rosy checks and splendid physical

Some men are more beholden to their old and simple suet pudlings. Avoid bitterest enemies than to friends who hashes (whose nourishing qualities have all Some men are more beholden to their appear to be sweetness itself. The former departed in re cooking), lobster salads, meals of the innutritious oystar alone, hot rolls, newly-baked bread, rich pastry, candy

perverse blindness believe them to be their own. Now that explains why that widely known and much appreciated remedy-PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR has a dozen or more imitators. Not having suffi otent merit in themselves unprincipled lealers, for a large profit, palm them off on unsuspecting and coufiding customers as "just as good," etc. Beware of all such and use only Potnam's Corn Extractor. Sure, safe, harmless. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingaton proprietors.

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Human Calves.

1850.

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again "reigns supreme" in the happy household. A young minister in a country parish who prifed himself on speaking the highest English, told his servant to extinguish the candle. "What's your will, sir?' and

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The volume of the second second

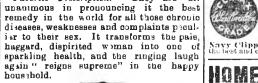
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To make others' wit appear more than one's own, is a good rule in conversation ; a necessary one, to let others take notice of developments. Moral of all this: Eat your wit, and never do it yourself .- Sir W. plenty of roast beef and juicy steak, boiled mutton, plain boiled potatoes, bread a day