

# Shell Wilden.

A ROMANCE

## CHAPTER II.

"Now, Vi," says Ruby a few evenings later, seeking her cousin's room, and speaking to her in a tone of confidence, "I want you to do me a favor this evening."

"All right, dear," answers Violet, pulling up the long plaits of her flaxen hair with artistic precision. "How can I oblige you?"

"Well, as you know, the Champleys are coming in this evening for some music, and I want you to prevent Shell from putting herself forward in any way and talking to them. She has such a strange blunt way with strangers that I am always afraid of her doing or saying something outrageous."

"I'm sure you needn't be," responds Vi, looking rather astonished. "She was well named 'Pearl,' for she hides herself in her shell as persistently as her namesake. He who finds out her true value will have to be a very persistent man."

"Oh, she is a good deal sharper than you think," says Ruby, with a little sneer; "and at the same time she is so extremely odd that I never feel safe as to what she might say! I actually heard her confiding to the rector's wife the other day that our stair-carpet had been turned four times."

"Well, and if she did, there was no harm in it," declares Violet, who is far more attached to Shell than to the brilliant Ruby.

"Of course you don't care, because it is not your own home—you are only staying here," retorts Ruby bitterly—"but for my own part I think there is no need that our poverty should be exposed to strangers. If she gets into conversation with either of the Champleys, I shouldn't in the least wonder at her telling them that our dinner is always badly cooked because we can't afford a new kitchen range."

"I don't think she would," laughed Violet.

"She is quite capable of it—she is so eccentric. What other girl would insist upon being called 'Shell,' when she has such a pretty name? Nothing could be sweeter than Pearl; and yet if one dares to call her by her right name she flies into one of her tantrums."

"She is of a practical turn of mind," laughs Vi; "she thinks Pearl too fanciful a name for a workaday mortal. I wonder what induced aunt to name you three girls after precious stones?"

"I really can't say," returns Ruby rather coldly; "perhaps the same reason that induced your mother to name you Violet."

"Oh, I was called Violet because my surname is Flower!" explains Vi, a shadow stealing over her face as her thoughts fly back to her lost mother. "It used to be a joke of papa's that even when I married I should not cease to be a flower."

"You are a flower of which I should be uncommonly afraid if you were not engaged," laughs Ruby.

"Afraid—why?" asks Violet, opening wide her blue eyes.

"Because you are so terribly pretty," answers Ruby truthfully.

Violet knows full well that she is pretty—her mirror tells her so, morning, noon and night—yet she likes to hear it again, even if only from Ruby. So she waxes amiable, and gives her cousin a faithful promise that any show of forwardness on Shell's part shall be instantly suppressed.

As Violet foresaw, however, there is little cause to fear any attempt at familiarity on Shell's part. The girl has gleaned from Ruby's constant allusions to the Champleys since their return home that her elder sister contemplates with hopeful confidence the possibility of becoming mistress of Champley House. So disgusted does Shell feel at her sister's scarcely concealed scheme that she firmly resolves to adopt a line of conduct so totally at variance to that of Ruby that even the most obtuse man on earth must see at least that she has no desire to steal from him his freedom. Even when she hears that Ted Champley, the boy with whom she used to go blackberrying and nutting, is coming down with Robert, she makes up her sensible little mind to be civil to him—nothing more.

So, as the evening wears away, both brothers, after ineffectual attempts to hit on a congenial topic of conversation, come to the conclusion that the younger daughter of the house is either somewhat deficient in intellect or has developed such an alarming spirit of contradiction that she is decidedly a young woman to be avoided.

Ruby's amiable manner and social sympathy stand out in startling contrast to Shell's almost rough brusqueness of manner. Violet too does her utmost to render the evening a pleasant one for the brothers, whilst Mrs. Wilden backs them both up, as far as her natural want of energy will allow. "Do you remember those jolly times we used to have out blackberrying, and what particularly delicious blackberry-jam your cook used to make?" asks the younger brother, taking a seat beside Shell toward the end of the evening.

Edward Champley is a true Englishman, and, although three times already he has abandoned that seat in despair, he is still unwilling to acknowledge himself beaten.

She does not reply for a moment; she is in the act of picking out a knot

in the silk she is using, and till she has fully accomplished that intricate feat she ignores the fact even that she has been spoken to; then, turning upon him with keen eyes, which look almost piercingly dark in the lamp-light, she says quietly—

"I beg your pardon."

Ted Champley feels taken back; his remark—which savors in his own mind slightly of the sentimental, and indeed was made in somewhat sentimental tone—cannot be repeated in face of that stolid air of indifference on Shell's part; so he changes his former conversation for another.

"You seem to have become wonderfully industrious since I saw you last," he says, glancing anything but admiringly at the pretty garland of flowers that is growing under her white fingers.

"Yes; I am very fond of work. When you saw me last I was a child; and children are so stupid—they never think of anything but play," returns Shell scornfully, pursuing her occupation as though her living depended upon it.

"Upon my word," laughs Ted, "it is my belief that a good many children are wiser than their elders—so observant, you know, and all that kind of thing. I really don't think you would class all children together again as being 'stupid,' if you only knew those little kids of Robert's; they are awful little sharpers."

"I suppose their father takes quite an interest in them?" remarks Shell in a bored tone.

Her companion stares at her for some moments in amazement, then breaks into a rather mocking laugh.

"Well, yes—Robert does take a decided interest in Bob and Meg. Seeing that they are his own children, perhaps it is not to be wondered at."

"No, of course—that would account for it," responds Shell quietly, and ignoring the ring of sarcasm in Ted's voice.

"I don't see how any one could help liking them—poor little beggars!" continues the young man bluntly, and in a voice that speaks volumes of wonder at his companion's heartlessness.

Shell breaks into rather an affected little laugh.

"Dear me," she says wonderingly—"have I shocked you? If so, you must please forgive me; for I don't like children."

Ted makes no remark for a few moments, but sits watching her with keen scrutinizing eyes, expecting every instant that some retelling of words round her lips would belie her words; but no—Shell works on in serene unconsciousness, with her well-poised head a little on one side, and all her attention apparently fixed upon her work.

"Is there anything under the sun that you do like?" asks Ted at last, in a tone of desperation.

"Oh, yes, several things," answers Shell briskly. "Let me see"—reflectively—"I like work, and reading, and I am awfully fond of gooseberry-tart."

Ted bursts into such a hearty peal of laughter that Ruby—who is engaged in singing a trio with Vi and Robert Champley—gives utterance to a false note. Shell, after a futile effort to control her trembling lips, joins in his merriment.

"No; but, seriously," he says, when they have both done laughing, "you must have, I know, a few artistic tastes. I remember you used to play some very jolly pieces, so you must be fond of music."

Shell shakes her head in a despondent manner.

"No," she answers carelessly. "I have no talent for anything in particular. Of course I play a little and I sketch a little; but I do nothing well enough for it to be pleasing to anybody but myself."

"How do you know that if you never give your friends the chance of judging?" asks Ted, still trying to strike some spark of emotion out of this stolid maiden.

"Oh, they are quite at liberty to judge for themselves if they like, only nobody wants to hear me play twice!" answers Shell, in a tone of friendly warning.

"Will you let me hear you play once?" asks Ted eagerly.

"Oh, certainly, if you wish; only won't it be rather cruel infliction for everybody else?" says Shell naively.

"No, I am sure it won't," answers her companion, in a voice of such utter confidence that puckers of amusement gather around Shell's lips after the most wicked fashion.

Great is Ruby's consternation and annoyance when she leaves the piano to see Shell down on her knees beside the music-stand, turning over the loose music in the drawer.

"Surely you are not going to play?" she exclaims, in a tone of mingled disapproval and annoyance, for Ruby's music is her one strong point, and she hates to be cast into the shade by her younger sister. As a rule, Shell is wont to hide her light under a bushel, and it is provoking, to say the least, that she should depart from her usual course on the present occasion.

"Oh, yes, I am going to play—I have been asked!" responds Shell innocently.

With a shrug of her shoulders Ruby

passes on, whilst Shell, selecting from the long disused contents of the drawer a dreary sing-song air, sits down at the piano and commences to wade laboriously and in a very mechanical way through its twelve variations. It is a piece that requires practice and very quick playing to render it even bearable—as Shell had never had patience to read it quite through until this evening her performance is anything but a brilliant one.

## CHAPTER III.

Edward Champley, who has taken up his stand beside the piano in expectation of a musical treat, does his best to look cheerful under the infliction; but his most determined efforts at politeness cannot prevent a faint gleam of hope stealing into his eyes at the end of each variation. Even once he ventures on a rapturous "Thanks!"—it is when, to his horror, he sees a minor key arrangement of the air looming up before him; but Shell only glances up for a moment, and says quietly—

"Oh, I haven't half finished yet!" Whereupon her victim offers an apology and smiles a sickly smile, as he vainly tries to count how many more pages there are to get through.

And, whilst Edward is enduring his self-inflicted martyrdom at one end of the room, his brother Robert is being flattered, petted and a little bit lectured at the other end by Ruby.

"It was really too bad of you to stop away from Champley House so long!" she says reproachfully.

Robert Champley looks at her for a few moments before making any answer. Unfortunately for Ruby's scheme, he is a man who generally stops to think before he speaks, even on trivial subjects.

"I shouldn't have come back now if it hadn't been for the children," he says at length, with a sigh.

Ruby catches the echo of that sigh and is all sympathy.

"No one knows better than I how very painful your return home must have been to you," she remarks, in a low and almost faltering tone, whilst her white eyelids veil her eyes in seemingly sad retrospect.

Again he looks at her; then somewhat coldly gives utterance to the one word, "Thanks!" as if she had made him a speech which, though distasteful, must be responded to in some way or other.

"I hope you found the dear children all that you pictured them?" pursues Ruby softly.

"Yes—oh, yes; they are merry little crickets, and seem just about as happy as the day is long!" answers Mr. Champley, whilst a softening smile relaxes his somewhat stern mouth.

"It is a terrible charge for you," observes Ruby, her tone and looks full of the most profound pity.

"How so?" asks her companion, in evident surprise.

Ruby feels somewhat taken aback.

"Oh, it always seems to me such an impossible thing for a man to know about children's wants or ways!" she replies, with a little head-shake.

Robert Champley gives a slight laugh.

"I assure you, both Bob and Meg have neither of them any scruples about expressing their wants," he says gaily; "and, as you know, I am very fortunate in my old housekeeper, Mrs. Tolley—she is a perfect mother to the whole lot of us. The babies have a treasure of a nurse, too—a sensible middle-aged woman; so on the whole I dare say we shall rub along very well."

"I don't believe in any servants being treated," remarks Ruby skeptically; "and, besides, your children must be too old now to be left entirely to the charge of servants."

"Do you think so?" asks Mr. Champley in a pondering tone. "That is what I have been rather afraid of myself. Bob is just seven, and poor little Meg five."

(To be Continued.)

## NEVER GIVES UP ITS DEAD.

Lake Superior Keeps Its Victims in the Depths of Its Waters.

From the Minneapolis Tribune: Lake Superior never gives up its dead. Whoever encounters terrible disaster—happily infrequent in the tourist season—and goes down in the angry, beautiful blue waters, never comes up again.

From those earliest days when the daring French voyagers in their trim birch bark canoes skirted the picturesque shores of this noble but relentless lake down to the present moment, those who have met their deaths in mid-Superior still lie at the stone-paved bottom. It may be that, so very cold is the water, some of their bodies may have been preserved through the centuries. Sometimes, not far from shore, the bodies of people who have been wrecked from fishing smacks or from pleasure boats overtaken by a cruel squall have been recovered, but only after the most heroic efforts with drag net or by the diver. Once on a trip down the lakes I met a clergyman who, as we passed a point of land some miles before entering the narrowing of the lake at the Soo, pointed out the place where the ill-fated Algoma went down on the reef some eight years ago, and as he looked he said, slowly, "I was at the funeral of one man who went down with her, and the only reason his body is not at the bottom today with the other 28 that were lost is because it was caught in the timbers of the vessel and could not sink."

He: "I beg your pardon, but weren't we once engaged to be married?" She: "It's quite likely. I thought just now when I saw you that your face looked familiar!"—Unsere Gesellschaft.

## AMERICAN SHIPPING.

ITS IMPORTANCE AS AN AVENUE OF EMPLOYMENT.

Knights of Labor Moving Energetically in Behalf of Legislation that Shall Secure to American Ships and Sailors a Fair Degree of Protection.

In a recent issue of the American Economist appears an interesting communication from Capt. Campbell, chairman of a committee appointed at the annual convention of the New York state organization of the Knights of Labor to investigate and report concerning the revival of American shipping interests. It will be recalled that at this convention a resolution was adopted pledging the Knights of Labor to the policy of encouragement of the industry of shipbuilding and to the restoration of the American merchant marine to a position commensurate with the wealth and commercial activity of this great republic with its population of 75,000,000. This industry, says the resolution, "should be as much encouraged and protected as any other American industry, and in the name of American labor we say to our legislators: 'Don't give up the ship!'"

Capt. Campbell, chairman of the committee having the subject under consideration, is excellently qualified to conduct the campaign on behalf of the fair and equitable treatment of an industry which only requires intelligent and consistent recognition at the hands of the United States government in order to thrive and prosper just as our other domestic industries have done under the American policy of defense against injurious foreign competition. This committee of the Knights of Labor should be prepared to submit at the next annual convention of the New York state district lodges a practical plan for the agitation of the question. Its chairman is a seaman of many years' experience in ocean traffic, and the members of the committee may be trusted to co-operate cordially with Capt. Campbell along the lines indicated in his communication.

Who should know better than the practical, hard-headed workmen of the country the importance of putting the ship building and ship sailing industry upon its feet once more? Landsmen though they be for the most part, they can see in the rehabilitation of America's oversea carrying trade a valuable outlet for the energy and industry of the rising generation of workers, as well as a field for the employment of vast sums of capital which now seek investment on land only.

There is not a workman in the United States who can afford to disregard this important movement, so vigorously initiated by the state congress of the New York Knights of Labor, for the reason that there is no direction toward which American labor can look with equal confidence for additional opportunities and rewards. The revival of American shipping is the hope of American labor. Don't give up the ship!

## Miners Get the Benefit.

One of the most important effects of the Dingley law has been the stimulus it has given to lead smelting in the United States. No better proof of this could be had than the active efforts which have been set on foot in Canada to save the lead smelting interests of that country by placing a high import duty on lead and its manufactures. In a circular which was sent some time ago to lead miners and others in Canada the statement is made:

"It is absolutely impossible, because of this tariff discrimination between lead in ore and lead in bullion, to carry on at a profit the industry of mining and smelting Canada's lower grade ores, or the smelting of ores of any grade, inasmuch as under present conditions our lead must go to United States markets. It is a fact that the lead miners in the United States are, under a protective tariff on lead, successfully and profitably operating mines that range in grade from 15 to 30 per cent lower than those which under present conditions we cannot think of operating in British Columbia.—Tin and Metal World.

## Wise and Statesmanlike.

Every obtainable fact shows that the Dingley bill was the product of a wise and safe statesmanship, while the Wilson bill shows from every day of its enforcement an absolute detriment and serious financial injury to the whole country. The Wilson bill degraded the American people to penury and want, and increased the nation's indebtedness at a war ratio, while the Dingley bill has restored the business prosperity of the country, paid the running expenses of the government with the exception of the first few months, and up to the day the new revenue bill takes effect, it will have averaged nearly \$100,000,000 revenue since Feb. 1.—Lincoln (Neb.) Call.

## The Use of Shoddy.

There never was a time in the history of the woolen industry of this country when the consumption of shoddy was as great as under the Wilson bill. Contrary to every contention of the free wool advocate, the consumption of shoddy increased while the consumption of wool decreased. The reason for this seeming contradiction is obvious. A narrow home market, made doubly so by excessive competition from abroad, labor idle and not in position to pay prices for goods, the country poor and only meagerly employed, were forces which operated to create a demand for the lowest kind of stuff conceivable. The imports of wool which our contemporary places

before its readers have no bearing upon the issue which it has raised, for the large imports of 1897 were stimulated by the speculation promised in the reimposition of the wool duty. The imports do not in any sense indicate the consuming demand for wool. The country is using a large quantity of shoddy today, and it will continue to use a large quantity until it gets beyond the fatal influence of the Wilson bill. The editor of the Record has studied tariff matters sufficiently to have given him more light and guidance upon this question than his article indicates.—Textile Manufacturers' Journal.

## The Turn in the Lane.

Industrial activity in the United States is far more general and vigorous than the chronic growler is willing to admit. This is a big country, and a great deal of business can be going on without any particular stir or noise being made about it. Elephants fail to perspire under light loads. In the state of New York not less than 1,390 new manufacturing concerns have started in business this year, and 1,560 old firms that had closed their doors have started operations again. Some 402 manufacturers applied for permission to run their plants overtime, and 50,000 extra hours of labor is the record of these firms. In comparison with the figures of 1897 some 40,000 more persons are now employed than in that year. Instances of a like nature might be multiplied in which the hands employed by some firms have been nearly doubled, one steel company alone adding 1,800 men to its pay roll. We have reached the turn in the lane at last.—St. Louis Age of Steel.

## A Fortunate Thing.

Those who have been so vigorously arguing that the protective tariff system would ruin our foreign trade find themselves, as usual, completely refuted by facts and experience. Our exports are great beyond all precedent, and it cannot even be said that this is due entirely to our grain exports to meet deficiencies abroad, for the statement alluded to shows that we have, for the period designated, exported more manufactures than we have imported. The balance of trade being so immensely in favor of the United States accounts for the great inflow of gold. It is most fortunate for this country that at this particular time this has been the case, otherwise the government might have been embarrassed even more seriously than it was during the Cleveland administration, when the president was compelled to sell bonds to replenish the gold reserve in the treasury and maintain the public credit.—Wilkes-Barre Record.

## "Protection on Purpose."

The United States claims the right, and exercises it vigorously, to carry out a policy of "protection on purpose." It is a discriminating policy, intended to favor the manufacturers of this country and to be prohibitory of certain lines of manufactures when for any reason it is desired to develop or favor those lines at home. It has often happened that our tariff policy has seriously disarranged the manufacturing industries of Europe, and caused bitter and unavailing protests from European governments.—Binghamton (N. Y.) Republican.

## Farmers Will Understand.

It is hoped that the farmers will study the results of the Republican policy. If the farmers of this country will do this—only read the facts and figures—the fusion repudiationists and free traders will be buried so deep in the quagmire of political dishonesty and inefficiency that they will never be heard of again.—Tacoma Ledger.

## FOLLIES OF GREAT PEOPLE.

All great people have had their follies, which is another way of saying that all have had their weak points. Tycho Brahe, the great astronomer, had a terrible fear of hares or foxes, if by any chance he saw one, it mattered not whether it were dead or alive, he grew pale and his legs trembled under him.

The great Dr. Johnson, with all his philosophy, was not without a superstition. He was very careful not to enter a room with his left foot foremost; if by any chance he did so, he would immediately step back and re-enter with his right foot foremost. He was terribly afraid of death, too, and would not suffer it to be mentioned in his presence.

Julius Caesar, to whom the shouts of thousands of the enemy were but sweet music, was mortally afraid of the sound of thunder, and always wanted to get under ground to escape the dreadful noise.

Queen Elizabeth, despite her marvelous self-possession and strong will, trembled at the sound of the word "death;" and Talleyrand shivered and changed color at the same word.

Marshal Saxe, who loved to look upon the ranks of opposing armies, fled and screamed in terror at the sight of a cat.

Peter the Great could scarcely be persuaded to cross a bridge, and whenever he placed his foot on one would be terribly alarmed. Like the great man that he was, he tried to overcome his weakness, but he was never able to do so.

Lord Byron would never help anyone to salt at table nor would he be helped himself, and if any salt were spilled he would immediately get up and leave.

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