

EASTER TIDE



...The... Easter Lilies

Brunetta Roth burst unceremoniously into her friend's room. "Mary," she cried, "is it possible you have refused Christopher Patton?"

Mary Vane, a tall, pretty girl, who was adjusting her fur collar before the mirror, turned quickly, her soft cheeks flushing scarlet.

"Why, Brunetta," she exclaimed, "how can you expect me to answer such a question?"

Brunetta, who was small and stout, and attired in the height of the prevailing mode, sank down in a chair and laughed.

"I didn't expect you to answer it. There is no necessity you should do so. Mr. Patton told Tom last night that you had thrown him over. I don't see how your conscience allowed you to act so. He is such a catch—young and good-looking. Best of all, he is enormously wealthy."

Mary smiled as she speared a crown of her demure little turban with a long pin. She was thinking of a man who was no longer young—near forty, perhaps—who was handsomer in her eyes than all other men, and who was by no means wealthy.

"I really believe," went on Miss Roth, "that you have an absurd fancy for Charlie Everett—I do, indeed!"

Mary's smile became quizzical. "Really?" she said.

"Oh, I have no patience with you!" declared Brunetta, wrathfully. "You've known Charlie Everett three or four years. All this time he has been most devoted to you, but not one of your friends knows to this day whether you are engaged or not."

The smile faded from Mary's lips. "We are not," she answered, and the gay little cousin fancied her tone was sad.

"And yet you have been more gracious to him than to any of the others," pursued Miss Roth, relentlessly. "Mary, are you in love with him?"

"Isn't that," counter-queried Mary, evasively, "what the lawyers would call a leading question? I don't wish to seem rude, or to hurry you, Brunetta, but I have an engagement to sign some papers this afternoon at the office of Deal & Burritt. Can't you come with me?"

"Yes, I must see Mme. Mireau about my Easter hat. One must arrange with her in time, as she is always rushed with orders. Are those papers connected with your uncle's will?"

"He left you everything! What a lucky girl you are! I suppose now you feel you can afford to marry whom you please."

The conversation again turned on Charlie Everett as the girls rode down town together on the Metropolitan Elevated.

"He is a mysterious fellow," Brunetta remarked. "Mysterious!" Mary sent her a sudden look of inquiry. "What do you mean?"

"Well, there really is reason why he should be considered a good deal of an enigma. While not wealthy like Christopher Patton, Tom tells me he has a good salary, and adds to this by writings. But you know he does not spend money as other men in our class do. He is not liberal in the matter of theaters or flowers. He lives quietly. He has no expensive habits. Where, then, does his money go?"

Mary Vane was silent.

"There is one house in the suburbs where he is known to frequently visit," the other went on. Brunetta, as will be observed, was not above enjoying a gossip. "Two women live there. One is apparently a superior sort of a servant. The other is a pretty, delicate-looking little creature of about twenty-five or thereabouts. Occasionally Mr. Everett takes her driving through the parks. Has he ever mentioned her to you?"

Mary forced herself to answer: "No."

"Nor to anyone else. But I have seen him out with her. Who is she?" A feeling of unrest, an undefinable fear, thrilled the heart of Mary Vane. She recalled the night Charlie Everett had told her of his love. "I cannot now ask you to be my wife," he had said. "I will some day, God willing. The time may not be far off, but I love you too well to bind you by a promise you might later find burdensome. And yet—dear, you will trust me and wait?"

"I will wait for you till I die!" she had replied, and had questioned him not at all.

Then he had protested that this was not an engagement—that she was free—quite free. Only he was bound. "Very well," she had agreed. "We are not engaged."

But the understanding that existed between them was sweet to both.

That was a year ago.

And now she had to acknowledge to herself that she knew little more of his private life or of his personal affairs than she knew then. She was unusually silent as she and Brunetta descended the steps and walked together to the lawyer's office. Her errand there attended to, Mary Vane went with Brunetta to see about the latter's Easter hat. Then the two walked down State street just as the matinee-goers were flocking from the theaters.

Brunetta paused suddenly before a florist's window.

"O, I had almost forgotten! Mamma told me to order some flowers for tomorrow. Will you come in with me?" They stood a few minutes admiring



"TWENTY-EIGHT LILIES," HE SAID the display in the window, the golden daffodils, and shy blue crocuses, pure lilies of the valley, flaunting tulips, stately jasmine, and cool green ferns forming a tender background for them all. The attendants were busy when they entered. The girls stood back of a high rubber tree admiring some rare chrysanthemums when the door was swung open and a gentleman came in. He was of medium height and had a kind, brown-bearded, thoughtful face. Not noticing any one in the store he went directly to the counter. To a man at that instant disengaged he gave his order.

"Twenty-eight lilies," he said. "Yes—like those. Have them tied with broad white satin ribbon. Send to this address."

And he laid a card and a bill on the counter. An instant later he had received his change and walked out. The girls stared at each other.

"That," gasped Brunetta, "was Charlie Everett!"

"Yes, I know," murmured Mary. Before she could put her hand to stop her meddlesome friend the

latter had cried to the counter and read the address on the card which lay there.

"Just as I thought," she remarked a few minutes later, when they were out in the street together. "The address is 14 Forest Avenue, Idlewild. That is the suburb in which his mysterious acquaintance of whom I told you lives."

That number, street, place, burned in Mary's brain. She parted from Brunetta and went home. A fierce fever of jealousy possessed her. Who was this woman to whom he sent Lenten lilies? Idlewild was directly south of



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her own home. A cable car ran out to the pretty place. She would go there. She would call at the house. She would ask the lady who dwelt therein: "What is Charlie Everett to you?" When that was answered she would know how worthy of continued loyalty was her confessed lover. But not until the morning. She would not go until morning.

"Shame to doubt him!" cried her heart through all the sleepless night that followed. But her rigid will silenced that assailing protest. So the morning of the beautiful day that followed found her at the gate of a cozy cottage set back amid a group of bare-branched maples. There were drifts of snow in the little garden, but the air was warm with the effulgent presence of spring. So peaceful was the place, the hour, her courage almost failed her. All the blinds were down. The entrance she chose brought her to a side door. She rang the bell. A maid appeared.

"May I—" Mary Vane began, then faltered. For whom should she ask?

"Yes," the girl replied. "Come in." Marveling, Mary followed her. She led the way into a front room. The curtains were drawn. Tapers burned in the dimness. At first Mary fancied that—

"There was silence, and nothing there. But silence, and scents of eglantine, and jasmine, and roses, and rosemary—"

Then she saw that there was something else. A coffin, and in it lying a white-robed form, with folded hands, and lilies lying on the pulseless breast.

Mary shrank back. "Oh," she cried. "She is dead."

"Yes, Miss. I thought you wished to see her. A good many of the neighbors were in last evening. She had many friends hereabout for all her misfortunes. Ain't those lilies beautiful? Mr. Charlie sent them. Twenty-eight for twenty-eight years."

Mary went nearer, looked down on the dead face, a young face which had once been lovely, but bore the unmistakable impress of sorrow and suffering.

"It's not many men," went on the servant, wiping her eyes, "who would do what Mr. Charlie did. After his brother was injured in that railroad wreck four years ago he begged Mr. Charlie in dying to take care of his young wife. Mr. Charlie promised him. He has supported her and given her every comfort since. She was always weakly, and when her mind gave out from brooding over her husband's death, and she was such a charge, Mr. Charlie was that gentle and patient with her—my! She had spells of understanding. Then she'd beg not to be sent to an asylum—not that Mr. Charlie would think of such a thing. She wouldn't hurt a bird, poor dear! There! That is Mr. Charlie now!"

A step crossed the hall. Looking pale and worn, Charlie Everett came into the room. His face lighted up at sight of his sweetheart.

"You—Mary!" he cried. "Hush!" she begged. She broke down, crying bitterly. "Don't look at me—don't speak to me until I have told you how it is that I am here."

She brokenly whispered the truth. "You can never trust me again," she said in conclusion.

He took her in his arms.

"Perhaps I should have spoken to you of her, but I hated to cast so dark a shadow over your young life. I could not keep up two households, and she was penniless. She was my charge before I learned to love you. My first duty was to her. The doctors agreed she could not live long. As for trusting—my dearest, you must forgive me for not having confided in you—I you, for your doubt of me. So we are equal. Is it not Whittier who writes: 'Love scarce is love that never knows The sweetness of forgiving!'"

They passed out together into the brilliance of the Sabbath morning.

Occasion Is Tricky.

Fortune is like the market, where many times, if you can stay a little, the price will fall; and again, it is sometimes like Sibylla's offer, which at first offereth the commodity at full, then consumeth part and part, and still holdeth up the price; for occasion (as it is in the common verse) "turneth a bald noddle after she hath presented her locks in front and no hold taken," or, at least, turneth the handle of the bottle first to be received, and after the belly, which is hard to clasp.—Francis Bacon.

During the last century the Bible was translated into 250 languages, and it is now accessible to nine-tenths of the world's population.

Speak little of you ill luck, and boast not of your good luck.

A Month's Test Free.
If you have Dyspepsia, write Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis., Box 14, for six bottles of Dr. Shoop's Restorative, express paid. Send no money. Pay \$3.50 if cured.

The sky is not the less blue because the blind man does not see it.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES do not spot, streak or give your goods an unevenly dyed appearance.

Despise not a small wound, a poor kinsman or an humble enemy.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

J. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 7c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

He who takes the child by the hand takes the mother by the heart.

Ask your grocer for **DEFIANCE STARCH**, the only 16 oz. package for 10 cents. All other 10-cent starch contains only 12 oz. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

One man often talks another off his bench, and seats himself upon it.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOS. ROBBINS, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

The tooth often bites the tongue, and yet they keep together.

Ask your grocer for **DEFIANCE STARCH**, the only 16 oz. package for 10 cents. All other 10-cent starch contains only 12 oz. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

When there is room in the heart there is room in the house.

\$148 will buy new Upright piano on easy payments. Write for catalogues. Schmoller & Mueller, 1313 Farnam street, Omaha.

While the great bells are ringing no one hears the little ones.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

That which has been thrown away has often to be begged for again.

PAYS FIVE TIMES AS MUCH AS CORN. Buy Rice lands in S. E. Texas and S. W. La. at \$10 to \$15 per acre. Cash \$20 per acre. Write N. L. Mills, Houston, Tex.; Cameron & Moore, Liberty, Tex.; Geo. J. McManis, Beaumont, Tex.; E. F. Brownson, Jennings, La.; Hiram C. Wheeler, Abbeville, S. C. Go south via Santa Fe, Ill. Cen. & So. Pac. Ry. rate.

He who will not take cheap advice will have to buy dear repentance.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on the box. 25c.

That which is false can never be scientific.

Why experiment with untried remedies for pain? Use Wizard Oil at once and be happy. Your druggist has it.

A few drops of any essential oil will insure leather from getting moldy.

What Do the Children Drink? Don't give them tea or coffee. Have you tried the new food drink called GRAIN-O? It is delicious and nourishing, and takes the place of coffee. The more Grain-O you give the children the more health you distribute through their systems. Grain-O is made of pure grains, and when properly prepared tastes like the choice grades of coffee, but costs about 1/4 as much. All grocers sell it. 10c and 25c.

If modesty was the fool-killer most women would die of old age.

Garfield Tea is an excellent medicine to take in the Spring; it produces a healthy action of the liver; it cleanses the system and purifies the blood.

As soon as a woman falls in love her complexion gets better.

"I Followed Mrs. Pinkham's Advice and Now I am Well."



A woman is sick—some disease peculiar to her sex is fast developing in her system. She goes to her family physician and tells him a story, but not the whole story.

She holds back something, loses her head, becomes agitated, forgets what she wants to say, and finally conceals what she ought to have told, and this completely mystifies the doctor.

Is it a wonder, therefore, that the doctor fails to cure the disease? Still we cannot blame the woman, for it is very embarrassing to detail some of the symptoms of her suffering, even to her family physician. This is the reason why hundreds of thousands of women are now in correspondence with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. To her they can give every symptom, so that when she is ready to advise them she is in possession of more facts from her correspondence with the patient than the physician can possibly obtain through a personal interview.

Following we publish a letter from a woman showing the result of a correspondence with Mrs. Pinkham. All such letters are considered absolutely confidential in any way or manner without the consent in writing of the patient; but hundreds of women are so grateful for the health which Mrs. Pinkham and her medicine have been able to restore to them that they not only consent to publishing their letters, but write asking that this be done in order that other women who suffer may be benefited by their experience.

Mrs. Ella Rice, Chelsea, Wis., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For two years I was troubled with falling and inflammation of the womb. I suffered very much with bearing-down pains, headache, backache, and was not able to do anything. What I endured no one knows but those who have suffered as I did. I could hardly drag myself across the floor. I doctored with the physicians of this town for three months and grew worse instead of better. My husband and friends wished me to write to you, but I had no faith in patent medicines. At last I became so bad that I concluded to ask your advice. I received an answer at once advising me to take your Vegetable Compound, and I did so. Before I had taken two bottles I felt better, and after I had taken five bottles there was no happier woman on earth, for I was well again. I know that your Vegetable Compound cured me, and I wish to advise every woman who suffers as I did to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Believe me always grateful for the recovery of my health."—MRS. ELLA RICE, Chelsea, Wis.

\$5000 REWARD Owing to the fact that some skeptical people have from time to time questioned the genuineness of the testimonial letters we are constantly publishing, we have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, Mass., \$5,000, which will be paid to any person who will show that the above testimonial is not genuine, or was published before obtaining the writer's special permission.—LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

Spinach and dandelion leaves are excellent for the kidneys.
A dyspeptic is never on good terms with himself. Something is always wrong. Get it right by chewing Heiman's Pepsin Gum.
Probably the majority of clergymen are poor because they preach without notes.

Dr. Bull's
Cures All Throat and Lung Affections.
COUGH SYRUP
Get the genuine. Refuse substitutes.
IS SURE
Salvation Oil cures Rheumatism. 15¢ a 4c. etc.

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Don't neglect the slightest sign of irregularity but see that you have at least one natural, easy movement a day. Pills, salts and black draughts are dangerous because they strain and weaken the bowels. What you want is a mild but sure tonic laxative, that tones and strengthens the bowels and stimulates their movements. Such a laxative is CASCARETS, and when you try them, you will find that it is the easiest thing in the world to make and keep your bowels clean and regular, strong and healthy. Sample box 10c. Month's treatment 50c. By keeping the bowels clean, all serious disorders are



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CURE all bowel troubles, appendicitis, biliousness, bad breath, bad blood, wind on the stomach, bloated bowels, foul mouth, headache, indigestion, pimples, pains after eating, liver trouble, sallow complexion and dizziness. When your bowels don't move regularly you are getting sick. Constipation kills more people than all other diseases together. It is a starter for the chronic ailments and long years of suffering that come afterwards. No matter what ails you, start taking CASCARETS to-day, for you will never get well and be well all the time until you put your bowels right. Take our advice; start with CASCARETS to-day, under an absolute guarantee to cure or money refunded.

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