

The postman coming down the road could even scent bags to give." see Miss Caroline in the garden picking lavender. This lavender Miss Jane would not go there," said Miss Jane, and her afterward make into scent bags for sale. A good summer added so much to their income; but this year there were rumors of a blight, and Miss Caroline's eyes were anxious as she peered among the bushes.

While she picked Joseph purred and rubbed himself against her gown, thereby hindering the work. Every few minutes enough for three." the old woman stooped to stroke and admire his tortoiseshell sides. Next to Miss Jane, who was still a juvenile-being ten Jane firmly. And silence fell. years younger than her sister—Joseph was After a while Miss Jane rose. "I will go Miss Caroline's ideal of youth and youthful into the village to get muslin for the bags," spirits. To be sure, no one could remembor when Joseph was a kitten; but to Miss Caroline he was still young and delightfully

She was a tall, thin old woman, that looked not unlike a sprig of faded lavender. Her gray gown was faded and matched her gray eyes and her faded hair; but her sentiment, like the fresh lavender in her brightened. She had seen the postman her hasten back. coming down the road.

It was many years since he had stopped at Lavender cottage; but Miss Jane cherished a pleasant illusion that some day he would bring tidings of a fortune, and his passing along the road was the event of the day for the sisters.

As long as they believed in the fortune they did not see the skeleton that sat all day on the hearth-the dread of the union. Confidence in the letter hid from their eyes the bare boards of the workhouse coffin. It was Miss Caroline who every summer

spared a dozen scent bags for the old women in the workhouse; it was Miss Jane who planted daisies on the paupers' graves and tended them all the year round. was very pitiful for the multitude of dead that charity covered so grudgingly.

Miss Caroline glanced from the postman to the window. Then she smiled and nodded meaningly. Yes, Miss Jane was there sewing-she would see the postman. The noise of the latch gave her a shock She could not believe her eyes. The expected had happened. The postman had stopped at the gate-he was coming up the

The corners of the apron fell from her trembling fingers and the lavender sprigs poured in fragrant rain to the ground. Miss Carolina tottered to the door, not to take the letter, but to call Miss Jane to take it. It was the younger sister who ruled the house. Miss Caroline never even dreamed of opening her eyes in the morning till Miss

Jane had said, "Now, sister, it is daybreak We must be rising.' But Miss Jane was already at the door and Miss Caroline trembled again to see that her composure was disturbed. For all that Miss Jane took the letter from the postman in silent dignity. They did not speak till they were secluded in the little parlor, then Miss Jane said solemnly: don't know the writing. It must be the fortune-come at last.'

She laid the letter on the table, and Miss Caroline sank into a chair greatly agitated. 'If that is the case, let us thank God," she said, in awed tones. She fell on her knees, and Miss Jane, with an uncertain cough, knelt down also. But she remained silent until Miss Caroline murmured, sur

prised, "Sister, are we not thankful?" Then blushing faintly, and recalling her confidence, Miss Jane thanked God for his mercy in promising them comfort and a home for the end of their days.

When they rose their agitation had calmed. They could look at the letter with steady eyes. It lay on the table unopened, waiting Miss Jane's suggestion.

Miss Jane polished her spectacles and her glance caressed the furniture that had grown old with them. "I was always afraid we might have to sell them," she whispered, Miss Caroline lifted Joseph to her knee. "Now we can afford cats' meat for Joseph," she laughed. "And peppermints for the old people in the workhouse. And I should like to give them a little shawl each. We know what it is to miss warmth."

"Can we afford them for ourselves-yet?" said Miss Jane. She hated to cast doubt on Miss Caroline's confidence. "Ab, sister," she went on, "if we could purchase liberty!" "Who knows?" said Miss Caroline, blithely. "We might have enough to build

almshouses-"Or an infirmary," cried Miss Jane, forgetting her doubts. "I should like the poor to have a strong young nurse when they are ill. I thought of that when I had bronchitis last year."

"I forget that I must seem very old to you, Jane." said Miss Caroline, humbly. "Not old, sister, but aging," said Miss Jane briskly. "I wonder what is in that

"What can it be but the fortune?" asked Miss Caroline. "It is the gift of Providence; just now, too, when the lavender has falled. And we shall be able to put ribbons on the bags after all!"

"Ah, sister, you are growing extravagant already!" Miss Jane protested. "And you remember you did not believe in the for-

"But you taught me to believe in it!"

exclaimed Miss Caroline. Miss Jane colored again. She could not deny her guilt. 'I think we ought to open the letter," she said drily.

Miss Caroline's excitement subsided. She settled herself in her chair and folded her hands meekly

"I am ready," she said at last. Miss Jane was a long time wiping and adjusting her glasses. Then she had to find her paper knife and insert it under the flap of the envelope. To cut the envelope required care and great deliberation, but at length it was done and the sheet of note- glance. paper shook in Miss Jane's fingers.

She looked at the address and then turned slowly to the signature. "It is from William," she said, quietly.

"From William?" echoed Miss Caroline, "and we thought him dead!" She wondered how Miss Jane could speak so calmly with a letter from her old lover in her hand. "He is dead," said Miss Jane, "but re-

cently-there is a postscript-" "And left you a fortune!" quavered Miss Caroline, joyfully.

"I will read the letter," said Miss Jane. what Miss Jane had forgotten that she But when she had read it aloud the turned at the corner and gazed so earnestly sisters stared at each other with stricken faces from which the life had died.

"His lame child-to love and protect," said Miss Jane very firmly, and looked at she turned slowly back into the room. Miss Caroline with defiant eyes. "A lame child-to support!" faltered Miss Caroline. She did not realize quite all that this meant. Her mind groped blindly about the thought. "We have barely enough for two-and a though her limbs tottered. She hurried uplame child!" she repeated.

"It is she who writes the postscript," said Miss Jane; "she comes tomorrow at 3." would often go without meat," Miss Caroline Jane." Sternly checking her emotion, she continued her reflections, "and with barely went downstairs. enough! Jane, Jane, we expected a fortune,

"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken | fuse away," sobbed Miss Caroline. "It's not the money, but the poor creatures in the work- upon it: "We have only enough for two "He never forgot," said the girl; "I know

(Copyright, 1898, by Annie E. Holdsworth.) house. And this year we shall not have "It is a comfort that William's child need

face worked. "William's crippled child? Impossible!" Before Miss Caroline's eye came the picture of lame Susan, who sat all day in the hard workhouse chair, and her tears rushed forth.

"That will never, never be!" she cried. 'Where there's enough for two there's

"Where there's enough for two there's certainly enough for three," repeated Miss

she said composedly. Miss Caroline lifted her white face: "We must wait, Jane; the lavender is blighted.

There will be very little to gather." Her voice failed, then courage returned. But that is no reason why I should not gather what there is," she added, with tremulous cheerfulness.

When Miss Jane, shawled and bonneted, apron, had a fragrant pungency. Suddenly hurried down the path, Miss Caroline was head bent a little forward, listening for a she wiped away her tears and her face too busy over the lavender bushes to bid voice again.

down the garden path. From long use her eyes wandered toward blight was spreading.

"I am doing right. I am quite sure I am doing right," said Miss Caroline, as the gate clicked behind ber Her lips pressed together in a firmness weary road with feet that did not fail.

As she pinned the paper on the table-

The master of the workhouse was engaged. If she had come for admission she must sit in the walting room till he could

Miss Caroline stumbled after the porter seeing nothing of the long, dark corridor her lips. they went through. Dazed and overcome, to a chair just inside the dim room. To her three." excited imagination the space seemed to be crowded with witnesses of her humiliation. In effect only one other person was there and she sat with downcast face and took no notice of the newcomer. Miss Caroline was bowed with misery, and doubt, and longing, and regret. Suddenly the silence was broken. Three strokes rang out from

the workhouse bell. Miss Caroline started up. "Three! three!" she cried shrilly. "O, there might have their American and English employes. been enough for three. What if it is God Should the latter prefer to live elsewhere, speaking?"



SHE WAS A TALL, THIN OLD WOMAN, WHO LOOKED NOT UNLIKE A SPRIG OF FADED LAVENDER.

The poor woman was still stunned by the her limbs; they tottered about the subject. Caroline. She fell into her chair. Life had been difficult enough before. How could she hope to meet the additional expense of the crippled child? And William had not treated Jane well in the old days. She looked despairingly at the stunted to be here. It is I who must make room lavender sprigs. They made the future more

hopeless. As the summer day drew to its close Miss Caroline's head shook with a palsy of uncertainty. The hours aged her. She crept about the parlor touching the furniture lingeringly, and when she carried the loaf to the larder Miss Jane could hear her mutter-"Enough for two, three-enough for

three, enough for two." Her manner was odd and broken. She even omitted to give Joseph the usual last caress. With the unspoken thing between them the sisters went sadly to bed.

"Now, sister, it is daybreak; we must be rising." Miss Jane turned on her pillow, when she said the words. Then she raised herself and stared blankly at Miss Caroline's empty place. She could not believe that her sister had risen without waiting for the signal to rise.

Miss Caroline stopped in her dressing to explain.

"There is so much to do," she said nerv-"The child comes at 2." "At 3, sister," Miss Jane corrected. "And

you must meet the train." "I?-I had not thought of it," Miss Caro line stammered. "I expected-you, you will meet her, Jane."

Miss Jane reflected a moment. "Well, I can manage it," she said, as if to herself. Soon after 2 o'clock she made herself ready for going out. By this time there was an impassable barrier between the two sisters. They could not face each other's

Miss Jane took up her umbrella and stepped sharply to the door. There she stopped. I have made enough bags for all the lavender we are likely to have." she said, and there seemed to be whalebone ribs out; I can see the smoke rising."

about her voice. Miss Caroline, hidden behind the curtain, gazed after her, sobbing. She wiped away her tears, and love and admiration mingled with the despair in her eyes. She was proud of the strength of that unbending figure. She admired it again while she wondered

at the cottage. When Miss Caroline could no longer persuade herself that Miss Jane was in sight "Jane is only 60." she murmured: "her life is before her, and William's child might child!" have been her's." A pathetic resoluteness conquered her fears. She moved quickly, stairs and put on her out-door garments, tying her bonnet strings with uncertain finiss Jane; "she comes tomorrow at 3." | gers. "But I must learn to do it." she said 'And if Joseph were not a good mouser he to herself; "I must learn to do without

"I have never before acted without her." and it is a burden!" Miss Jane remained she whispered. "but I cannot * * silent. She is so generous * * She would re-

She found a sheet of notepaper and wrote days, though he never wrote.

The thin, strained cry came from the disappointment. Her thoughts trembled like other end of the room and shook Miss

'Jane? You?" she faltered. "Yes, sister," said Miss Jane, her mouth rembling, her voice strangely broken. 'This is no place for you. You ought not

for William's child." "Neither of us ought to be here," sobbed Miss Caroline, "Jane, you ought not to Jane's sternness did not relax, but Miss have come. How could I live without you?" "I couldn't live without you," said Miss

Jane, and they wept together. By and by Miss Jane rose. "Come, sister, the poor child will find the house empty."

"But-" Miss Caroline hesitated.

"The clock says 'enough for three," Miss Jane answered firmly; "we must go."
"Yes, let us go," said Miss Caroline, all "Think of that poor child in eagerness. the empty house. If, indeed, she has found her way-and no one at the station either. "I gave the busman minute directions to take her to you," said Miss Jane, meekly

accepting the repreach. At the gate the porter stopped them. The master will see you soon.

"Thank you. We will not trouble him." said Miss Jane with sweet dignity. She supported Miss Caroline along the road and the silence was not broken at

When the cottage came in sight: "Sister, you will not do anything so foolish again," said Miss Jane sternly. "Not unless you do it first, Jane," Miss

Caroline answered. "I have always thought this a very benutiful road," said Miss Jane. And she spoke of the weather and the scenery and the crippled child.

"She will have a poor welcome-not even a cup of tea," sighed Miss Jane. "Joseph will welcome her," said Miss Caroline cheerily. "Dear me," how very pleasant it is to think that there is some one at home waiting for us."

"It is very pleasant, sister. It feels quite like a home-coming. Ah! the fire is not They hurried on toward the gate. Before

Miss Caroline's eyes could turn toward the bushes some one ran down the path to meet them. The girl came so quickly they did not notice that she limped as she ran. They had not time even to see her bright face and the merry light in her eyes before her arms were round them and her kisses on their cheeks. "Dear aunties, you have come at last!

Come right in and have tea. It is all ready -I was so hungry. Miss Caroline, turned to Miss Jane, who could only gasp out: "William's lame

"Not so very lame!" the girl cried gayly. 'Anyway, I can run your errands for you. She laughed into their astonished eyes. "And not a child!" exclaimed M'ss Caroline, fumbling for her glasses. "Twenty past," said the girl, laughing

"My dear, what do they call you?" Miss Jane smiled at her.

"Lavender," the girl answered Miss Caroline turned a gratified face to her sister. "You see, William did not forget the old

and the child is lame and helpless. I have all about you, and the cottage. She led them into the parlor and took

off their bonnet, and settled them in their loth, where it could not be missed, Joseph chairs, enjoying the surprise that made them rubbed himself against her gown. A moan dumb. escaped her. Not trusting herself to speak Miss

Miss Caroline was looking uneasily for to him, she staggered from the house and the note she had pinned to the table. It was hidden under the white cloth But the sight of Joseph lapping milk and

the lavender bushes. Yes, it was true; the the spread table restored speech. "Eggs and butter! My dear, my dear! protested Miss Jane.

"We are very, very poor," quavered Miss Caroline "Poor! Not a bit of it!" The giri's laugh equal to Miss Jane's and she trod the tinkled like bells through the house. "We are quite rich. You don't know how much money my lace-making brings in. Father sed to say it was fortune enough for two." Miss Jane glanced at Miss Caroline and

quick thought chased the doubt and bewilderment from her face. "Fortune?" she echoed, a smile softening

"Yes," Miss Caroline added with her she had barely strength enough to drop on tender eyes on the girl, "enough for

LIFE IN MANILA.

Many Attractions of the Quaint Cap-ital of the Philippines. Wallace Cummings writes an article on

'Life in Manila" for the August Century, in which he says: Our firm had a mess-house, in which the partners lived, and which was open to all \$1,000 a year was allowed as the equivalent. She stood in the middle of the floor, her I lived at the mess, finding it much the more comfortable. Indeed, it would have been hard to be dissatisfied with our way of living; and as It will show the style in which the great American houses in the east are conducted, I think it worth telling with some detail. The mess was a fine house, handsomely furnished, in one of the pleasantest parts of the city. The table was supplied by a Chinese cook. He was allowed \$500 a month, and given certain of the heavier groceries, such as flour, rice, etc. He paid his undercooks; and was responsible for meals at the mess, and for breakfast (like the French deleuner a la fourchette) and afternoon ten, which were taken at the office by all the employes, except on Sundays and flestas. Then there was a majordomo, who had control of all servants and had charge of the house. There was also an extra house servant, and a Chinese porter, who opened and shut the great house doors, filled the baths, pulled the punka, and watered the street in the dry season. Then every one had a personal servant, who took care of his room, attended to his clothes, waited on him at table, prepared his early breakfast (about 7 a. m.), and so on. Everybody also owned a horse or horses, which involved one more servant at least. Being a junior, I contented myself with one pony and a two wheeled trap, something like a dog-cart. The others drove victorias and pairs. Three of our mess owned racing ponies, which inured to my benefit, as it gave me as much riding as I wished. After the bath and an early breakfast came the drive to the office, between 8 and 8:30; then work till 12:15, at which hour breakfast

was served at the office; then work again until 5:30, interrupted between 3 and 4 by afternoon tea; then to the bungalow to dress, to drive, and back to dinner at 7:30, To a lover of music Manila is a charming clace. The natives have wonderful musical talent and there were numerous bands. Those of the three regiments then stationed there were remarkably good, and four aftersoons each week they played in turn on the "Luneta," a sort of plaza on the shores of the bay just outside the old walls. I recall vividly the open-air concert, by 300 instruments, given in honor of Prince Oscar of Sweden. The glorfous full moon of the tropics, far brighter than in more northern lands, shining on the quiet waters of the pay, the innumerable lights, the brilliantly ressed crowd and the thrilling music of the mighty bands, softened in volume on the great plain, combined to make it an occasion to be long remembered. The "Battle of Castelejos," which they played, was inspiring, and the effect was heightened by the repetition of the trumpet calls by soldiers who were stationed at intervals far

off upon the plains, while the guns on the city walls added a touch of reality. During the height of the rainy season from about the middle of June to the middle of September, all outdoor pursuits are sushardly to be imagined by dwellers in higher latitudes. The streets in Manila and some of the roads for a few miles outside are fairly good during the dry season, but and got a separation on the grounds of crurains set in. As I have already mentioned, quickly become nearly impassable when the Manila is intersected in all directions by creeks, which are traversed by hundreds of canoes. These canoes are dugouts, often of great size, and the natives are most experin handling them. They are indispensable at times when vast floods come down from

Manila, of which the river Pasig is the outlet. One storm will sometimes raise the river and overflow most of the city. After a few hours' rain I have gone direct from our steps into a banca (canoe) and been pacdled through the streets to the office.

TO ENDURE HOT WEATHER.

Find an Absorbing Occupation and You Will Never Feel the Heat. "When early hours give warning of a day of great heat the most sensible thing to lo is to plan forthwith some really absorbing occupation to fill the hours of trial," advises Ella Morris Kretschmar in Woman's

"While in the main it is well to regard summer time as the proper season for pleasant idling, when temperature conditions become intolerable, the surest refuge is congenial and absorbing occupation. The antidote that stands next is a dceply interesting book. Who has not forgotten entirely the without when immersed in pages which for a time make us a part of scenes and a life not our own? When we would escape ourselves a book is indeed an ally.

"Good company is another beguiler dragging hours and adverse conditions, and the hottest day of the season' may leave in its train the pleasantest memories of summer if spent with a congenial friend or friends. Do not, because the weather i 'unbearably hot,' hesitate to invite a friend for the day, or to give a luncheon to a number of friends. It is just the time for agreeble diversion, and if your luncheon menu is appropriate, the toilets suitable and your own spirits good your guests will leave you grateful for a day of pleasure and surprised that temperature and discomfort have been largely forgotten. Be it remarked in passing it is not in conventional entertaining that the greatest social success is achieved or the true social faculty dis-

played. "It is never wise to dispute right of way with forces absolutely superior to ourselves. When we find ourselves in mental collision with such forces, the only sensible thing to do is to face about and try to go in the same direction with them with graciousness we can command. If, instead of grumbling about the heat and frequently consulting the thermometer with a view to justifying our groanings, etc., we keep in mind the fact that on such heat our health, happiness and material well-being dependas it does-we must be unreasonable indeed if we fail to be reconciled to the passing discomfort it entails."

TWICE REMARRIED.

Lawyer Nowak's Unique Experience

with His Two Wives. Joseph M. Nowak of Cleveland is in training for the wedding, divorce and remarriage championship of the state of Ohio. Wednesday he and his new bride returned from their second honeymoon, relates the Cleveland Leader. The bride was Mrs. Bertha Nowak, who has not been Mr. Nowak's wife before for nearly a year and a half, they having been divorced in 1896. The groom is a well known lawyer in Cleveland, and while his wife is domestic in her tastes, she has many friends here, though she has been living in St. Louis since the last time she was her husband's

Mr. Nowak's claim to the wedding and divorce championship are incontrovertible. He is 42 years of age and has had two first marriages, three divorces, two remarriages and has accumulated all told, four children, He has lived for years at 1242 Broadway, in what is probably the handsomest residence on that long thoroughfare. He is one of the best known Bohemian residents of the city, and twenty years ago he married for the first time one of the prettiest girls of that neighborhood, whose father was one of the solid Bohemian citizens of Broadway.

The first marriage lasted about ten years, was born to them. About ten years ago young seamstress acquired acquaintance with the Nowak family, and not long after that the Nowaks were divorced. Mr. Nowak then married the seamstress and installed her in the Broadway residence. For eight years they lived happily, and three children were born to them. The divorce instinct, however, was too strong for the hero of this tale to withstand, and in 1896 Mr. Nowak obtained his second divorce. Only one month later Mr. Nowak again met his first wife. The old affection revived. Dulcet words were exchanged, and after a little consideration they went down to Pittsburg and were remarried. This marriage lated about a year, but last winter Mrs. Nowak took a hand at the divorce mill,

Martin Thorne Executed. NEW YORK, Aug. 1 .- Martin Thorne was executed in the prison at Sing Sing at 11:17 this morning for the murder of William the great lake, about thirty miles from Guldensuppe.

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A NEW SERIAL STORY

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THE LOST PROVINCES

By Louis Tracy,

Author of "An American Emperor," "The Final War," etc.

Beginning August 7 and Continuing Ten Weeks

Mr. Tracy is well known as a brilliant young writer, who has achieved the difficult task of blazing out a new and untrodden path in the well explored domain of story writing. Instead of historical fiction, he has devoted himself to fictitious history and his success in this original line has made him one of the most popular authors of the day, both in America and in England-

In its broad lines, "The Lost Provinces" resembles Mr. Tracy's earlier story, "An American Emperor."

Vansittart, the American Millionaire, who does the most remarkable things in a thoroughly matter-of-fact way, is the principal figure in this story. Some of the other characters have likewise been made familiar by "An American Emperor," but the scene of action and the course of the story are entirely different and the tale is even more skillfully told.

As the tale suggests, the story deals with the struggle between France and Germany over the lost provinces o. the former. In dire straits, France appeals to the wealthy American who once before proved her salvation. He immediately responds and sets out across the Atlantic on his private yacht. An attempt is made by the Germans to capture him, but he escapes through the intervention of an English man-of-war and arrives safely in Paris, where he is welcomed as the one hope of the despairing nation. Vansittart becomes Commander-in-chief of the Army and the military operations, through which he brings the war to a successful issue, occupy the chief part of the story.

The story is made lively and interesting by the adventures and mishaps of Foillett, the Paris detective, by "Arizona Jim," a Western cowboy, who accompanies Vansittart in the capacity of bodyguard, by the eccentric French in. ventor, Armand Duprez, by German spies and French soldiers and bonnes. The treaty of peace, finally contracted by Vansittart and the German Emperor, is unique and highly democratic in its terms.

The author has made the most of a large amount of interesting material in his new story, and the few persons who have seen it pronounce it the best work that Mr. Tracy has done thus far, There is a charming variety and picturesqueness in the characters presented and the story moves on its way with a sprightliness of action which makes it especially suited to use as a newspaper

THE SUNDRY BEE.

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