

TRUE TREASURE.

I am so tired, so tired to-night,
The busy day was full of care;
The task begun with fingers light
Is done; that task was duty's share;
But this, the hour for solemn thought
This day's weakness or strength to prove,
Is come, and I am here with naught
But with weakness to repay Thy love.

MIRIAM.

The Romance of Heatherleigh Hall.

By MANDA L. CROCKER.

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CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

But when the housekeeper put her withered hand, trembling with increased agitation, on the rim of the last reversed portrait, I felt that I was to look on the face of Miriam.

A soft movement of the trembling hand, a lowering of the crimson cord and the proud, beautiful features of my friend's unhappy child swung over to the dim, dreamy light of the long, silent gallery.

"An' this was the poor, proud-hearted childer of me Liddy Percival," sobbed Clarkson.

"Miriam," I said, nervously.

"The same, ma'am," replied Peggy, choking back a sob, while her warm Irish heart ached for the vision of the proud face which had nestled on her bosom in years ago.

"Should I tell her of Miriam? I looked into the smouldering fire of the eyes on the canvas, and caught the answer as if by intuition."

"No!" The picture fascinated me strangely. There was something about it so impressively sweet, yet so proudly sorrowful withal, that my whole soul went out to the sad, imperious woman, buried, as it were, at Bay-view, with more fervency than ever before.

"Niver a bit or it will Oi be afthur tellin' ye's in this part o' the hall, ma'am. Oid' be afthur gettin' into me own soide or the house afore Oi've a wurrod to say about it at all."

"Agreed, Peggy," I answered, glad to humor her by going anywhere, if I only might hear the story of the daughter of my friend.

Once more in her "own soide or the house," Clarkson lighted her pipe and sat down where the bright sunshine streamed in through the white dimity-curtained windows.

CHAPTER VI. And now comes the story of Miriam as I heard it from the lips of Peggy Clarkson and her husband during my stay at the Hall.

Twenty years before the utter desolation of the Hall a little tid bit of mortality was laid tenderly in Lady Percival's arms, and great tears fell silently on the lace fabric of its dress, while her white lips murmured: "Sorrow's child." While the baby face nestled unconsciously on the fair mother's bosom the mother heart made agonized moan over her first-born.

This was the welcome Miriam received as she lay wondering at the gray October dawning heralding her advent into this curious world of ours.

Lady Percival remembered the terrified look of the attendants' faces when it was announced that a daughter was born "to me Liddy."

It was then that the legend of the house of the Percivals came up before her with menacing power.

Down the ancestral lines had come the tradition, fulfilled to a fault, they said, in the generations preceding this last ill-fated child.

When Lady Percival was yet a happy bride Clarkson had communicated to her the story of the hereditary curse, coloring her narration vividly as she went on in detail to prove its correctness.

It was then that hope sprang up in the bosom of the mother.

She would watch as the child grew; watch and palliate any dislikes, smooth down any differences which might spring up between the two she loved.

To this hope Lady Percival clung as Miriam developed into beautiful childhood.

Sir Rupert seemed very fond of his bright little daughter, and spent many hours with her after she was old enough to prattle her childish witticisms to his paternal ear.

And so it happened that the day arrived when the black cloud of vengeful darkness came between the sun and the dial, and all their lives were henceforth shadowed by the storm-cloud without a silver lining.

They were walking in the park, all three, in the lovely weather and Miriam, running on before her parents, was to all appearances the very embodiment of beauty and affection.

He stopped short, as if alarmed at having made this confession, and had not Lady Percival understood, through previous information, his words would have been a meaningless riddle.

Miriam at this moment came rushing back to them, shouting in childish glee, and Sir Rupert caught her in his arms, kissed her fondly and then strode off across the park, leaving his wife and daughter to return to the hall without him.

How the coming evil goaded him no one ever knew, but the pain and haunting dread, visible on his white, drawn face, indicated a struggle against decree.

Miriam looked after her father in a bewildered manner, then turning to her mother asked, with a strange, impetuous air: "What ails my father?"

white-faced mother interposed, and the nurse left them together alone, wondering much what troubled Lady Percival as she closed the door softly and went back to the nursery.

Having arranged the cushions to her satisfaction, Miriam went over to the window where the narrow panes glistened in the afternoon sun, and stood gazing far away over the environs of her paternal home, awed into silence by something she could not understand.

How the mellow light fell through the tall lissome elms, and glowed in its shifting rays through panes, failing at last on the long sunny curbs, and forming a halo of glory around "the eldest child—a daughter," as she stood gazing her inexperienced heart over the dark tulle-page of her life.

Lady Percival watched her with a sense of utter helplessness. The child's sentence fell like a verdict of life sentence, dooming them all to woe: "Cause I do not love him velly well."

The legend of Heatherleigh Hall was beginning to unfold its menacing power, and the tide of doom had begun to set toward shores of estrangement, heartache and tears!

Lady Percival gazed long on the heiress of the proud and aristocratic material possessions in dumb anguish. But her heart was making moan against a dreary barren shore, and the burden of its language was: "Oh! Miriam, my own lovely child, why must it be; why, oh, why?"

Clarkson, who was passing her mistress' rooms on duties interposed, heard and saw Miriam in her paroxysm of grief and anger.

Miriam seemed to understand, in part, her father's great grief, for she shuddered visibly and ceased her violent weeping, hid her face in Lady Percival's gown and remained silent.

Seeing the demonstration of fear, Sir Rupert went over and, bending down, with white lips pressed the last kiss he ever bestowed on his child on her sunny ringlets, while the tears rolled down the face of heart-broken Lady Percival.

THE "ARABIAN NIGHTS." The Probable Origin of the Famous Book of Stories.

FACTS ABOUT VERTIGO.

In Persons of Full Habit It May Precede an Attack of Apoplexy.

Any disturbance of the blood circulation in the internal ear, especially in that portion known as the semicircular canals, will give rise to a feeling of dizziness or vertigo.

In what is known as Meniere's Disease, which is associated with a chronic affection of the internal ear, the patient suffers paroxysms of intense dizziness, accompanied with loud ringing in the ears, the attacks becoming more and more severe and prolonged as the disease progresses.

Most interesting of all, however, is the connection between this symptom and certain disturbances of the stomach. Vertigo and nausea often go together, as in the case of persons who swing violently, or in those who are sea-sick.

GRADED MOURNING. The Kind of Grief That Inspires Very Little Sympathy.

Two columns of a fashion letter are devoted to "fashionable mourning," to the minutiae of texture, cut and finish imperatively demanded of those who mourn by milliner's chart.

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It seems clear that the body of the stories in their present form are Moslem and Arabian. The language is pure Arabic—not, indeed, of the classic type, not that of the Koran, nor even of the great historians; rather popular and popular.

There are certainly a great variety of plows adapted to a large variety of soil and kinds of work. But there is considerable in the handling of the plow as well as in the way it is constructed.

There are five girls in one of the Humphries families of Fleming County, Ky., and their names are Arkansas, Louisiana, Tennessee, Florida and Virginia.

FARM AND FRESH.

Burdocks and thistles are best harvested before they bloom.

Spiced Peaches: When there are more peaches on hand than can be used to advantage while still fresh, peel and slice them, or simply brush them, removing the stones.

Cream Nectar: One ounce of tartaric acid, one pound of white sugar, juice of one lemon, three pints of water. Boil five minutes; when nearly cold, add white of one egg, well beaten, with one heaping tablespoon of flour and two teaspoons of watergreen essence.

One member of the Maine pomological society said at a public meeting that he could tell what kind of a farmer a man is "by his fruits."

Plowing is something more than stirring or heaving the soil. If properly done it turns completely under the surface with the weeds, stubble, grass, stalks and other trash that may be upon it, and brings to the surface the under soil to be acted upon by the different elements that will aid materially to make available a portion, at least, of the plant food it may contain.

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PEGGY'S STORY OF MIRIAM.



SHE PUT HER ARMS AROUND HER MOTHER'S NECK.



"MIRIAM," I SAID, NERVOUSLY.