THE UNLEARNED LESSON.

The house has silent grown, and all Are wrapped in stumber's spell; From out the distant belfry sounds

The clang of midnight bell I fold my weary hands and muse On what the day has brought: Have I employed the fleeting hours In kindly deed and thought?

Beside me, on the floor, is thrown A primer, soiled and worn: I take it up and kiss the leaves By baby fingers torn.

And yet—impatiently I pushed The child aside to-day. Because the simple lesson there

In youder chamber sleeps my boy. Ah, me! how still he lies: What if that endless sleep had closed

He could not learn to say!

My laddic's bennie eyes! Would I then grudge the hours spent In loving, watchful care, Or deem a sacrifice too great That tender heart to spare?

Twas with a brief, impatient word I sent my boy away, And thus another lesson given Was left unlearned to-day:
A simple lesson, quickly read,

Of gentleness and love With wisdom from above -J. T. Connor, in Housekeeper.



CHAPTER XII -CONTINUED.

"But how could you marry another man? How dared you? Did you tell him the whole truth? Mr. Norcross,

Mrs. Norcross laughed again. There was none of the silvery merriment in the sound that the guests downstairs had heard before this person had in truded like a death's head at her feast. It was a ghastly sort of laugh, and, leaving her seat, she began pacing the narrow dressing-room with long rest less strides. Suddenly she turne flercely on Nora:

"Why did you come here, Nora Hem way? Why did you come here to spo my beautiful, bright, gay life? Th child would never miss me. She did not need me. I heard you had married the stupid John Lorimer and gone away t the country to live, and I was glad."

"Glad, Mellie?" "Yes, glad! glad! glad! For Euger Norcross never would have made me b wife, if he had not believed I was about lutely alone in the world. And I wrote you, throwing myself on your mercy. told you that my past must be a dead a buried past. I begged you to help i make it so. It was to avoid just su mischances as this that I wrote that ter. I told you all about the money had put in the bank for the child. might have let me be happy, Nora. knows I have suffered enough in

"How can one be happy living a lie, Mellie? How can you be happy with but letting him know all about Sibley For-banks? You were innocent that Amelia, but you are guilty here-hard bly guilty.'

Do you want me to kill you, North feel equal to it-quite equal to itwretched, puling moralist!"

She stopped in front of her si She stopped in from the quivering from head to foot with the quiver head to foot with the sion. Every vestige of color had from her beautiful face, leaving it drawn and ghastly. Her small, jeweled hands were clinched until the pinks alls penetrated the soft flesh. As she sood with her back to the chamber door, she looked quite equal to carrying her sild looked quite equal to carrying her words into execution.

Nora, looking at the wildly ex creature more in alarm than in became conscious of a third pre A dark, stern face was framed me tarily in the doorway behind An back, then quickly withdrawn. There is some one in there!

said, huskily, pointing toward the room-"some one who has hear talk."

If possible, Amelia's face grey paler. She sprang like some bea panther toward the open door stopped, paralyzed. Her voice so husby and feeble:

"Engene! You here?" "I am here, Who is your visiton Mrs

Norcross?" "A poor sewing woman."

She had disappeared within ther and pushed the door after her. did not close fully upon its hinges sat still, so absolutely daz wretched that it never occurre to put herself beyond the renel voices in the next room. Wh deed, in this strange house, should she

"You are at home early, Euge It was Amelia's voice. The coort to make it quite natural and sor, was pitiably apparent to her sister's accurred

It was not a pleasant voice that

swered her: "Yes, I am at home early. home to give my wife some dvice."
There was a concentration of the voice that set Nora's heart sating with apprehension.

"Advice for me, Eugene?" "Yes, Mrs. Norcross, for you. Then followed the rustling of some papers The next time you write letters containing secrets touching upon your own immaculate past, be more careful, Mrs. Norcross Doubtless your own perfumed stationery was inadequate to the writing-table, then a curt demand: little while? this bulk, but it was a clumsy mistake to inclose your communication to your | And see to it that there is no listening 'dear Norrie' in one of my business envelopes. Perhaps you have never noery. Such mishaps are unfortunate."

Another silent moment. Then Amelia, in the voice of a frightened child: And that letter came back to you?" "And that letter came back to me."

'And you have read it?" "And I have read it."

"Then you know everything."

"! know everything." "What are you going to do?" In the dreadful silence that fol-

lowed. Nora's serse of honor pricked her into action. the must put herself beyond the sound of that disgraceful altercation. With her hand upon the knob, she paused avoluntarily. Eugene Norcross was ansvering his wife's last question: "What am I going to do about it? By G-d, what I ought to do iskill you."

"A bully and a coward," said Nora, scornfully, as she closed the dressingroom door behind her. "But the provocation has beer tremendous.

The chatter if women's voices, the clatter of teacues, and the overpowering seent of tuberoses floated upward to her as she stood hesitatingly on the landing of the taircase, scarcely knowing how best and quickest to make her escape from this gilded closet with its hit was shelder. She breathed more cely when she was once more fairly in the street, outside of Amelia's home.

melia's home!—she repeated the ds bitterly as she hurrled down-town

ards the dingy boarding-house ich she called her home. busing down to its dreary breakfast the next morning, she found the rders in a state of horrified curiosiexchanging morning papers from side the greasy tablecloth to the

What is it?" she asked, languidly, er nearest table neighbor laid the per down before her plate.

Read for yourself! The most perrd of. And she was so young and perfectly beautiful. I remember the y last time I saw her driving out ards the Jockey club, I said to Mr. But Nora was reading for herself.

nd before what Mrs. Miller said to Mr. iller was put on record, her head had allen suddenly forward upon

under his eyes, and a certain pinched Your callousness is monstrous, Eugene look about his fine, thin nostrils.

The habits of a lifetime are not easily forgotten. There was a woman standwaved her to a seat, staggered from your wild impression." physical exhaustion, laid one long brown hand resolutely on the back of day. his chair, and waited for Bennett to close the outer door of the library after

him. He spoke first: "You have taken a daring step. Do you know what you are suspected of? Are you not afraid of arrest?"

She looked him composedly over from head to foot. A shudder ran through her slight frame as she tightened her clasp of a roll of newspapers she held. "No," she said, "I am not afraid of arrest. That was what I came here to

"I do not understand." "But it was in keeping. The men who could murder one woman mines

say. It was a daring step for you to

readily seek to throw suspicion upon He was visibly trembling; was it fre

physical weakness? She had refused be seated, and he had remained sta ing. He dropped heavily into his ch as that slight frail woman hurled be monstrous accusation at him, in a verwhich, though perfectly under cont was flerce in its intense emotion. misread his agitation:

"I do not wonder that you tren The man who could take a wor life, who could clasp his brutal h around her slim white throat and them there while her strong young 16current ebbed out forever, is just sort of man to pale and tremble at of detection. Brute! Cowardly that you are! I would have denot you publicly at once, but I tho



IN THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS FOUND DEAD IN HER OWN LIBRARY.

ONE OF OUR WEALTHIEST MEN, EUGENE NORCROSS.

> SAID TO BE ALMOST INSANE OVER THE DEATH OF HIS LOVELY YOUNG WIFE.

CHAPTER X. "The Norcross affair," as it had come to be called with the brutal flippancy of the newspapers, was ten days old. The wonder and the horror of it all were on the wane for every one but those immediately connected with it, and for the detectives, whose professional pride and pecuniary interests were involved in the solution of a mystery which threatened to prove insoluble.

It was becoming difficult for the most enterprising of reporters to glean fresh items concerning it for the columns of his especial daily. The freshest

That "Eugene Norcross proposed go-ing to Europe for an extended tour of the continent. Might perhaps be gone

That "Eugene Norcess had offered a reward of five thousand dollars for the apprehension of the murderer or mur-That "the detectives were on the trail

of an unknown woman who had been admitted to the house on the fatal Friday of the murder." That "Mr. Norcross had preserved the strictest silence on the subject, re-

mained closely confined to the house in be interviewed. To papers were permitted in the house."

Into this gloom wrapped isolation a visitor penetrated late one afternoon, and was announced to his master by Bennett. in a startled undertone: "A person for you, sir. The same, I

think, that was in the dressing room The study was so dark that the butler could just discern the tall dark form in his fellow-sufferer.

"Light up. Let her come in. Leave.

among the maids." As the gas-jet sprang into existence, ticed the explicit printed directions for Eugene Norcess, looking across Benits return to Eugene Norcross, 17 Caron- nett's shoulder, saw a sad white face delet street, or perhaps, again, you did framed about with a plain black bonnot calculate the chances of non-delivent. Its owner's eyes were fixed upon him searchingly. Evidently she had planned her approach. If she had hoped to surprise any evidence of guilt upon posite her, she was disappointed. He

> intense. His calmness remained absolute, his whole attitude one of undinch- during the fierce ordeal of the past ten | Beaven? ing fortituda.

crumpled morning paper. She had fainted. What she read for herself was simply some hideous staring head lines:

A EQUL. AND MYSTERIOUS MURDER

They will blacken her memory, as he, soft smooth white skin of her pretty judge. "Don't lie to me, sir. You did neck. My poor little Mellie! My pret- whip her."

ty, foolish butterfly!" "Great God! this is hormble!horrible to stand!"

arched black brows came together in a three minutes, and that's why I'm flerce contraction. The solid chair ashamed of myself, yer honor." shook under him. She echoed him sternly

"Horrible! too horrible! Ha ree with you. Was it not enough to be ther out of the way, she so slight and weak and helpless, you so strong, without involving me? It must have been absurdly both of the

"What?" he asked, stupidly myself."

He pushed the damp masses of hair back from his forehead with both hands. It was almost a resture of despair. How could he stence this woman? How rid himself of her? He could ring for Bennett and send for an officer; but she claimed to be Amelia's sister. It was with the hope of enlight-enment that he had concented to see her. He listened as in a seem to her eruelly composed voice:

"But it would have done no good to denounce you. You were to rich and powerful. Though I might have sworn to your guilt on God's Holy Bible, who would have believed me? You would have gone scot-free, after tay poor Mel-lie's name had been dragged through the mire. That was why liet you be, until—" she flung the red of papers down on the table "before him—"! Esplanade street, and sternly refused to found that in the morning papers. It was a daring step to take

By a superhuman execute of that will-power which had never failed him in the hour of his need, Eugene Nor-cross mastered his violent agitation. He booked at the slight frail woman who had just arraigned in so fiercely with eyes from which the blazing wrath had died out, leaving instead intense sadness and compaineration for

could just discern the tail dark form in the big chair by the writing table. He added a personal apology:

"I was listening for your bell, sir. Sha'n't I light op:

There was a restless movement in the big chair, the sound of a hand brought gone, and this woman was sorrowing heavily down a noig the loose litter of for her. Could he not bear with her a

> "And-so-you are her sister?" he said, almost gently. "Yes. Her only sister. Her only

relative." "And you are-" "The 'Nora' to whom she wrote that

fatal letter." "Why do you call it 'that fatal let-

She looked at him with loathing. He was lighting a cigar! The table in front the stern, hasisome, haggard face op- of him was strewn with dead stumps. She had no means of knowing that it met her intense gaze with one equally was his sedative-the one thing that had kept his brain in working order

That he had suffered at all could only | "Why do I call it that fatal letter? you've to be conjectured from the black rings Because it caused my sister's death. Siftings.

Noreross!

"You are absolutely saturated with an insane idea. I see what you mean, ing while he was seated. He rose, but it is not clear to me how you got

"I was in the dressing-room that

"And I heard you tell her, after telling her about the letter coming back to you, that what you ought to do was-'

He put up a hand imploringly:
"I know! I know! I frightened the poor child! A man, unless he is more saint than man, does not suddenly make the discovery that he has been lied to, duped, entrapped, by a creature whom he has regarded as almost flawless, without being temporarily thrown off his balance. If you never saw that letter you do not know how monstrously I had been deceived."

"Yes, I do know it. It was all wrong. I had been telling her so. She had no right to marry you. But could you not have put her away from you in some other fashion? This is such a great big roomy world."

"By God! I believe you are a lunatic! I loved my wife! I tried to treat her as I supposed a woman liked to be treated. I was not young when I married her; I was not skilled with woman-kind, but I believe she was happy-yes, I do believe she was content. I gave her everything she wanted." "And took from her the thing she

loved best of all-her life." "Your dreary insistence makes it hard to be patient with you. If I were a guilty man, I should regard you as my Nemesis. I did not kill Amelia. I am not that sort of brute. You must be

Heve me."
"Who did, then?" In spite of herself, she was almost persuaded. "I do not know. I have offered five

thousand dollars for the answer to that I heard you say that you ought to kill her. That night she was killed. Oh, the horror of it maddens me."

"A pretty piece of circumstantial evidence, I admit. Yes, your memory is correct; I did tell her that 'I ought to kill her;' but it is not on record that Eugene Norcross ever did the thing he ought to do."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE JUDGE'S MISTAKE. After Due Deliberation He Dismissed the Case.

The prisoner at the bar was charged with assault and battery by his wife. She was a little woman, but wiry and energetic. He was a strapping big fellow and on him the judge frowned

flercely.
"So," said the court, "you have been assaulting your wife?"

"Yes, yer honor," admitted the prison er, doggedly.

"Well, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I am, yer honor." "The very idea, sir, of a great, big fellow like you are, whipping a little woman like that." The little woman flushed up, but kept

still, with her eyes fixed on her husband expectantly. "I didn't whip her, ver honor."

Again the little woman turned her eyes on her husband. "Beg yer pardon, yer honor, but I

His eyes blazed like living epals. His didn't whip her. She licked me in about

The judge fairly gasped. "That's right, your honor," put in the little woman; "Henry gets ugly sometimes, but he won't lie when I'm watch-

The judge took a good long look at both of them and dismissed the case.-Detroit Free Press.

"To choke her. I could have done it BUMBLE BEE AND HUMMING BIRD The Latter Wished to Have All the Honey to Itself.

> An observer writes that he is satisfied that there is just as much rivalry between humming birds and bees in their quest for honey as there is between members of the human race in their struggle for the good things of life, and describes a recent quarrel that he saw in a Portland garden, where a humming bird with an angry dash expressed its disapproval of the presence of a big bumble bee in the same tree. The usually pugnacious bee incontinently fled, but he did not leave the tree. He dashed back and forth among the branches and white blossoms, the hum-

ming bird in close pursuit. Where will you find another pair that could dodge and dart equal to these? They were like flashes of light, yet the pursuer followed the track of the pursued, turning when the bee turned. In short, the bird and the bee controlled the movements of their bodies more quickly than he could control the movements of his eyes. The chase was all over in half the time that it has taken to tell it, but the excitement of a pack of hounds after a fox was no greater. The bee escaped, the bird giving up the chase and alighting on a twig. It couldn't have been chasing the bee for food, and there is no possible explanation of its unprovoked attack except that it wished to have all the honey itself .- Chicago Times.

The Walter's Security.

A waiter in an English restaurant pays in to the proprietor at the beginning of his day's work from two to five pounds-enough to cover the value of the orders he is likely to receive during the day. In return the proprietor gives him checks. As the waiter receives the food from the kitchen he turns in checks to the value of it. If the customer pays his bill the waiter pockets the cash until the final settlement at night; but if the customer leaves without paying the waiter is out of pocket.-Kate Field's Washington.

Should Mend His Ways. James (piously)-What is the gate to

James' Father-Well, it's not the gait you've been going at recently .- Texas

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Baking Powder is absolutely pure. No other equals it, or approaches it in leavening strength, purity, or wholesomeness. (See U. S. Gov't Reports.) No other is made from cream of tartar specially refined for it and chemically pure. No other makes such light, sweet, finely-flavored, and wholesome food. No other will maintain its strength without loss until used, or will make bread or cake that will keep fresh so long, or that can be eaten hot with impunity, even by dyspeptics. No other is so economical.

If you want the Best Food, Royal Baking Powder is indispensable.

A THE WAR THE WAR THE WAR THE WAR

"There, that's one lie that will stick," said the druggist's cierk to himself as he fastened the legend "This never fails to cure" on the back of a porous plaster.—

Knowledge is power except in the case of the man who knows he is licked.—Indianapolis Journal. cure" on the bac Washington Star.

Sue—"That's prejudice. Why wouldn't you marry a shop-girl!" He—"Oh, she'd always be calling for cash, you know."—P. & S. Bulletin.

he pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California liquid laxative Syrup of Figs, under all con-ditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package.

A TEAMSTER often loses his back board. So does a boarding-house keeper.

It is positively hurtful to use ointment for skin discuses. Use Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50c. Some limbs of the law never branch out-Giens Falls Republican.

BARKING dogs sometimes bite the dust.

What is home made vinegar without a mother?—Puck. Ir is difficult to convince a girl with a sil very voice that silence is golden.—Troy Press.

VERY MODEST. Fly. "I'm stuck on you."
Paper. "And that, too, though there are
flies on me." Detroit Free Press.

The bandmaster's business is nearly al-ways conducted on a sound basis.—Buffalo

Wurat never reaches the age that it won't take a drop now and then.—Inter Ocean.

Visiron.—"Well, Effie, do you know who I am?" Effie.—"Yeth. You are that old idiot Dr. Browne."—Harper's Bazar.

many are bent on having it. Mike - "Shure, Pat, health is a good thing to have." Pat-"Yis, Moike, especially

The difference between marbles and bilinards is about ten years in the age of the player. Puck.

"Wny do you call your mule Time, Uncle Jasper!" "Kase you got to git 'im by de forelock to stand any show."

Tom-"How do you know she was out when you called?" Jack-"I heard her ask the girl to tell me she was."-N. Y. Times. Dicken-"Why do you run out to your farm so often; what is there on the place to absorb your interest?" Friend-"A big mortgage."

"I CAN'T see any sense in calling them my sailing shoes." He-"Weil, I notice you make about twenty knots an hour to keep them tied."-Inter Ocean.

"It's strange Col. Bluegrass has never crossed the ocean when he enjoys traveling so much." "Oh, no; water on land even THE WEAKEST SPOT



Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts upon this weak spot as nothing else can. It rouses it up to healthy, natural action. By thoroughly purifying the blood, it reaches, builds up, and invigorates every part of the

For all diseases that depend on the liver or the blood—Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness; every form of Scrofula, even Consumption (or Lung-scrofula) in its earlier stages; and the most stubborn Skin and Scalp Diseases, the "Discovery" is the only remedy so unfailing and effective that it can be constructed. maranteed. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your

On these terms, it's an insult to your in-

"The only way to prevent what's past," said Mrs Muldoon, "is to put a stop to it before it happens."—Texas Siftings.

"Always put your best foot forward," especially if the fellow has really wronged you.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

"I'm better off," buzzed the fly as he tried to break away from the fly-paper.— Philadelphia Record.

"BREAKERS shead," said the man of the

"August Flower"

" I am Post Master here and keep a Store. I have kept August Flower for sale for some time. I think it is a splendid medicine." E. A. Bond, P. M., Pavilion Centre, N. Y.

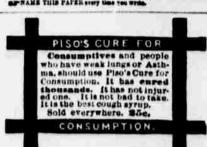
The stomach is the reservoir. If it fails, everything fails. The liver, the kidneys, the lungs, the heart, the head, the blood, the nerves all go wrong. If you feel wrong, look to the stomach first. Put that right at once by using August Flower. It assures a good appetite and a good digestion.

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