

GROWING OLD.

The fairest lilies droop at eventide,
The sweetest roses fall from off the stem;
The rarest things on earth cannot abide,
And we are passing, too, away like them:
We're growing old.

We had our dreams, those rosy dreams of youth;
They faded, and 'twas well. This afterprime
Hath brought us fuller hopes, and yet, forsooth,
We drop a tear now in this later time
To think we're old.

We smile at those poor fancies of the past—
A saddened smile, almost akin to pain;
Those high desires, those purposes so vast,
Ah! our poor hearts! they cannot come again:
We're growing old.

Old? Well, the heavens are old; this earth is,
too;
Old wine is best, and mellow fruit most sweet:
Much have we lost, more gained, although 'tis
true
We tread life's way with most uncertain feet.
We're growing old.

We move along, and scatter as we pace,
Soft grasses, tender hopes on every hand;
At last, with gray-streaked hair and hollow
face,
We step across the boundary of the land
Where none are old.
—Atlanta Constitution.



CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

What sort of a foul fiend do you take me for, Lorimer? When you asked me if I had ever been married I quailed, because my married life was such a miserable failure. I tumbled into love with a beautiful but absurdly heartless woman within three months after leaving home. I had about a thousand dollars then from the sale of my riding horses. We got along smoothly enough while that lasted. When it was all gone—when—ah! there's no necessity for washing one's soiled linen in public—I went off to look for work. I wrote back regularly enough. But—well, I got back here about a year ago, heard my wife had gone to Europe, traced her as far as the steamer—no farther. Up to the moment you showed me that letter of Ida's I had been unable to discover the whereabouts of my little girl. That was what I was staying here for. "And John's wife?"

"Must have been Amelia's sister. There was a Nora Hemway. I received one letter from Amelia after my departure, in which she told me she had taken steps to have our marriage set aside on the ground of desertion. She was willful and passionate, and my failure to support her gave her ample opportunity, under our lax laws, of accomplishing her end. Thank God, my little Ninette is safe." He broke off petulantly.

"What are you looking at me that way for, Lorimer? Have I said anything particularly nauseous? I never posed for a saint."

Dennis answered him absently. "Did you not say that her sister's name was Nora Hemway?"

"I did."

"Have you followed the papers on the Norcross affair, Fairbanks?"

"I have not."

Lorimer called a waiter and ordered the week's file of papers brought. Both men were silent while waiting for its coming. Dennis was idly clipping the edges of the wax impression on Ida Fairbanks' envelope.

Fairbanks, as idly watching the operation, said, by way of breaking an incomprehensibly awkward pause:

"I see Ida still makes use of the old seal. What an old-fashioned girl she is!"

"Is this the Fairbanks seal?" Dennis asked, dully. "I could not make anything out of it but a short-legged bird. I supposed it was a woman's fancy."

"It is a martlet. In heraldry it defines the position of its owner as a younger son. They must take their flights on clipped wings, climb on short legs. Father's forefather was a younger son. Yes, it is the old family seal. The men of the family all have used it."

The file of newspapers was placed before them just then, and Dennis Lorimer began fluttering the unwieldy leaves with nervous haste.

"Read that," he said, curtly, putting his finger on a paragraph and pushing it towards his companion.

"The chief of detectives confesses himself absolutely baffled in every effort at unravelling the Norcross affair. The last clue has failed them. The woman who was admitted to the house by the butler that Friday afternoon turns out to have been a sister of Mrs. Amelia Norcross, and fondly devoted to her. Her name has not been revealed, but the butler says she wrote the one word Nora on the card she sent in to his mistress on that fatal afternoon. This explodes the theory of her possible guilt."

"There might have been a thousand Norcrosses calling on their sisters that Friday," said Sibley Fairbanks, crushing the file of papers savagely between his strong hands. "But it opens up a ghastly possibility." After a long pause: "Lorimer?"

"Well?"

"If it is so—if that is the end—then may God be merciful to us all."

"And bring the truth to light," Dennis added, in a solemn undertone, gazing fixedly at his companion.

"Her head is as clear as yours or mine. She said, remorsefully, 'I wish I had not hugged that silly old grievance to my heart so long. My Dennis, at least, might have been happy, instead of a homeless wanderer the Lord knows where. So many people need not have suffered. It looks so small and empty now—the feud.'"

"Have you told her that Dick and Rafe had gone to fetch Dennis home—at least to look for him?"

"No. I did not care to excite her. I told her I was obliged to send them to the city in my stead, but that I was looking for them back to-morrow. That is all she knows."

"But we've got away from the subject I started out to exhaust, John. I want you to hunt your wife up. I want you to pull yourself together and get out of this worn-out old rut. We want no more tabby-cats in the family."

"Wait, Lorrie! Not now!"

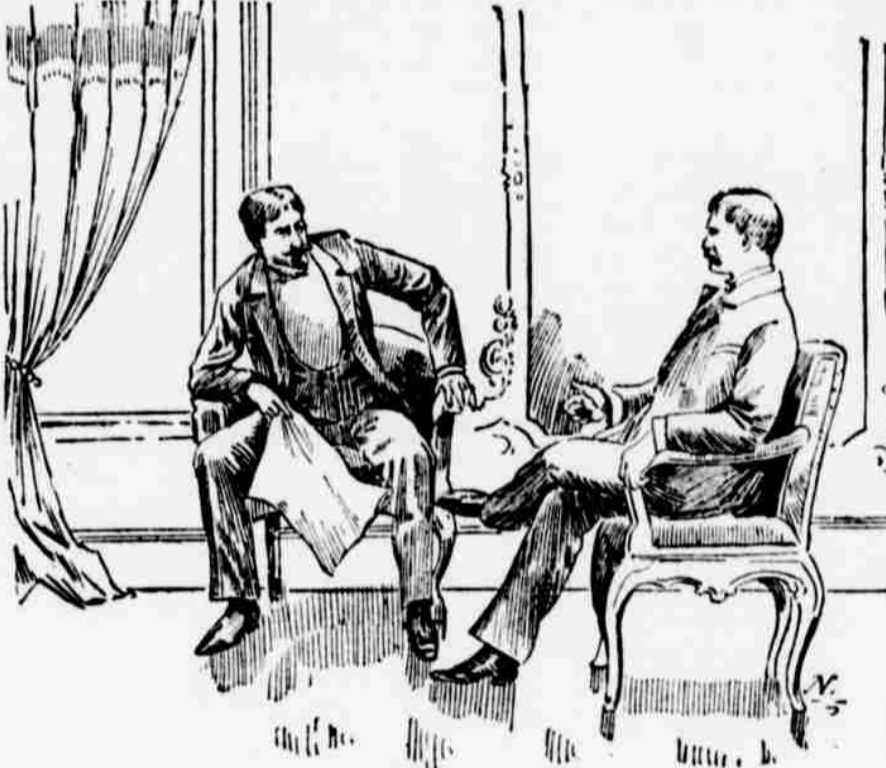
"I did not mean just now."

A somber silence fell between them. Then Lorrie said, in his gentle voice: "I think I will go in to mother, now."

He left John sitting there alone, staring listlessly out over the sunlit world. The dogs lay asleep in various spots out there under the big trees. The guns were all stacked in the corner of the green-tinted hall. A solemn stillness pervaded White Cliffs, indoors and out. The harsh creaking of the big front gate on its new wooden hinges made John turn his gloomy face in that direction. The next moment he was on his feet with a muttered exclamation of amazement.

Ida Fairbanks, accompanied by Stepniak, her Danish hound, who walked on one side of her with dignified self-possession, and by Ninette, whose methods of progression suffered severely by comparison with Stepniak's, was coming towards him.

Amazement swallowed up every other sensation in John Lorimer's breast, but he was conscious of an uncontrollable physical repulsion as Ninette, running swiftly in advance of her companions, seized his hands and put up her small red mouth with an imperious demand:



READ THAT.

bad, bad face working with passion, fairly shrieked into my face: 'I am not done with the Fairbanks yet. I have loved and hated them by turns, and the good Lord has put it into my power to hurt every one of them. You pass for a saint; no one but Celeste Bongereaux knows that it was because of you that John Lorimer's poor young wife was driven to despair. It was I, the despised Celeste, not he, the man who had sworn to love and protect her, nor you, the saint who can do no harm, that received her back, wet and shivering and heartbroken, that night—the night that—' Then she broke off with that fiendish laugh that always made me shudder, adding: 'Ah, well! that will keep until I have use for it. Celeste Bongereaux has a storehouse for family secrets. It is very full, but there is room for a few more.' Then she rushed from the room, but as Cato was driving her from the door I could hear that hideous laugh of hers."

John looked at her uncomprehendingly. There was no more to tell, apparently. She stood before him flushed and silent.

"Well? I always knew that the woman was a devil. I wondered at Mrs.—at the child's aunt employing her. I suppose she had her own reasons for it. But what are her ravings to you or to me?"

"By themselves, perhaps, nothing; but one link discovers another. Do you remember, Mr. Lorimer, the evening you were so good as to take me to old Isham's cabin to meet Dennis, my husband that is to be?"

"Perfectly."

A wintry smile flitted over his grave face, she had raised her young head with such a proud gesture of defiance as she asked the question.

"Something strange happened the next morning. It meant nothing at all to me until after Celeste's outburst. Old Isham came in to me with a five-dollar gold piece in his hand, and asked me if I hadn't made a mistake. When I told him I did not know what he was talking about, he said: 'Missy, didn't you think you was giving me a quarter for seeing you 'cross Dry bayou, 'stead of which you give me this?' When I

hid it from her. This is no time for nursing groundless animosities. Can't you make her feel so?"

"Something strange happened just now, in there," said Lorimer, pointing to the closed shutters of his mother's room. "I think perhaps your voice must have penetrated her dreams, but I did not hear it. Mother opened her eyes—there were tears in them—she looked all about the room with disappointed eyes before she said: 'Son, I dreamed just now that I had a daughter. I could hear her voice—it was very sweet—and the touch of her hand on my forehead was very soft and pleasant. I wish I had one, son, one who would be good to my helpless, clumsy boys when I am gone.' Then she closed her eyes and dozed off again."

"She is waiting for me," said Ida, with a sweet, shy, upward look at the tall fellow in front of her. "Go and tell her that I am here, please."

Lorimer came back from his errand with a luminous smile. "Come, Truly she is waiting for you."

He left the two women together, and came out to where John still sat motionless. Ninette and Stepniak had fallen asleep in the slumberous sunshine—she with her bright curls falling over his shaggy eyebrows, he with one huge paw outstretched protectingly upon her short skirts.

"John," said Lorimer, in a voice of intense feeling, "what is the promise made to the peace-makers?"

"They shall see God."

"Then that radiant vision will dawn for Ida Fairbanks. Mother has found a daughter."

"And perhaps—" John looked at him with a face that shone with the recovered light of hope—"I have found—my wife."

Then he told Lorrie all that Ida had told him.

CHAPTER XIII.

When Miss Fairbanks finally turned her steps towards Glenburnie again, she did it with such unprecedented briskness that Ninette, holding tight by one of her slim fingers, as she swayed helplessly over the uneven ground, was moved to protest:

"What is you running for, auntie! My legs is too short."

Ida slackened her pace, stooped to kiss the child impulsively, and answered, enigmatically:

"Poor little martlet! I am not running, Niece Ninette. I am just trying my new wings. I want to see how it feels to flutter them outside of prison-bars. My emancipation proclamation goes into effect from to-day, Miss Ninette Fairbanks."

Ninette had dropped her hand and circled gravely twice around her before responding, querulously: "But I can't see them!"

"See what?"

"Your new wings."

Whereupon Ida laughed so long and so gayly that Ninette, applying her own little narrow gauge to this unwonted flow of spirits, asked:

"Is somebody given you something nice, auntie?"

"No, Niece Ninette, but I have been brushing the cobwebs from the sky, and it is good to see the sunlight of truth once more."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WOMEN AS LITIGANTS.

When They Once Get Into a Law Suit They Never Compromise.

"Droves of old women, crowds of middle-aged women and bevy of young women crowd the justices' courts," said ex-Judge Jones, of Arizona, a well-seasoned practitioner in the tribunals of this city, yesterday afternoon. "Just look at those female litigants rushing into Justice Dunne's court."

"O, those are not litigants; that's a wedding party," said somebody who knew the visitors.

"Well, my remark goes just the same," returned the venerable oracle. "I know what I'm talking about. Somebody has called this a poor man's court. I think it ought to be called the woman's court. The reason so many women get into the justices' court instead of the superior court is because their transactions are as yet not very large. Just wait till the women are commercially as well as politically manumitted and you'll see litigation begin to buzz. Heaven speed the day, say I, for then I will have as many clients as I need. I never could get along well with men, but when it comes to the ladies—ahem—they tell me I have an attractive way about me."

"I'd rather have a woman for a client than to have retainers on my books from half a dozen men."

"I'll tell you why. Men are apt to forget their cases, or reach some agreement or compromise, or lose interest and let the matter go by default. Will women do that? Not much. They'll fight to the bitter end. I never knew a woman to compromise a suit in my life. They'll put up their last dollars and keep on sending good money after bad just as long as there is a ghost of a chance for them to get even with their adversaries. It is not altogether a matter of dollars and cents with them. It becomes a question of principle—almost a life and death proposition. They will not abandon the field to be triumphed over by their opponents. This is particularly so if there are women on both sides. When I get in that kind of a case I know I'm solid for fees just as long as the sinews of war hold out."

"Bless the women, say I. Bless their dear litigious souls. It is their good money that keeps the wolf from the door of many of us lawyers who otherwise might not know where they were going to get their next drink."—San Francisco Examiner.

A Postal Question.

The postmaster at Jackson, Mich., is in a quandary regarding a missive that was recently received at his post office.

A resident of that town wrote a message on the back of a one-cent Columbian stamp, and caused it to be mailed. The letter reached the post office and the postmaster is greatly perplexed, and, although a message can be forwarded on a one-cent postal card, he does not think it lawful for a letter to be sent through the mails written on the back of a one-cent stamp.

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WALTER S. HAINES, M. D.,
Prof. of Chemistry, Rush Medical College,
Consulting Chemist, Chicago Board of Health.

All other baking powders are shown by analysis to contain alum, lime or ammonia.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

"There's a roomer in the air," muttered the impetuous seventh-floor lodger, as he slid down the rope that led from his window to the back alley. "That the landlord won't be able to trace, and I'll bet on it!"

"Have you any tomatoes?" asked Mrs. Dimling of her grocer. "No, ma'am," replied the latter. "But I have some very nice potatoes." "Keep 'em," she rejoined, viciously.—Harper's Bazar.

Wide Awake.

The August number of this delightful magazine is much larger than usual—containing 150 pages of reading matter. Perhaps the "Story of Wide Awake" may be considered the leading article of the number. It is a graphic account of the magazine, from its very beginning to the present time. A fine frontispiece portrait of the late Daniel Lothrop, the founder of WIDE AWAKE, most fittingly opens this farewell number.

Among the more notable stories and articles may be mentioned "A Race for Life," by John Willis Hays, a thrilling Indian tale; "The North Chamber," by Louisa T. Craigin, and "The Thrilling Story of Capt. Noman," by Charles R. Talbot; "Concord Dramatics," by George B. Bartlett, will interest all lovers of Louisa Alcott's "Little Women" stories.

With this great Midsummer issue, WIDE AWAKE ceases to be a separate publication, and bids farewell to its thousands of readers.

This new departure is explained in the article "The Story of WIDE AWAKE." The D. Lothrop Company have made arrangements to merge WIDE AWAKE into *St. Nicholas*.

The price of this number is 20 cents. For sale at news stands; or mailed by D. Lothrop Company, Boston, on receipt of price.

A GIRL is not angry with her lover every time she closes the door behind him with a dozen bangs.—Galveston News.

Assaults Upon Health.

Are frequently committed by people who dose themselves with violent purgatives. Nothing but ultimate injury can be reasonably expected from such medicines, and yet, upon the smallest occasion, many unwise people use them repeatedly. If the bowels are constipated, the most efficacious laxative is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which never convulses and grips the intestines, while it thoroughly regulates them, and insures a healthy action of the liver, stomach and kidneys. Use it in rheumatism and malaria.

"AIN'T much at the plenny," said the coal-yard employe as he adjusted the weight of a load of coal. "but I'm great at runnin' the scales."—Washington Star.

Two ARTISTS got mad at each other and fought last week. It was declared a "draw."—Yonkers Statesman.

SEA air roughens the skin. Use Glenn's Sulphur Soap.
Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

"ALWAYS put your best foot forward," especially if the fellow has really wronged you.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

MAN'S system is like a town, it must be well drained, and nothing is so efficient as Beecham's Pills. For sale by all druggists.

THERE is a great difference between making things hum and making things humdrum.—Puck.

A CHICKEN ought to make a good guide. At least it knows considerable about the lay of the land.—Rochester Democrat.

The style of house that will accommodate two families at the same time has yet to be invented.—Puck.

CROSSING THE CAMPUS—Miss Pretty—"Oh, I wish I could have gone to college!" Sophomore Cousin (bowing again)—"Why?" Miss Pretty—"It must be nice to know so many men!"—Puck.

GENEROUS—Briggs—"The thermometer in my room is ninety degrees." Griggs—"Don't you try to borrow the one in my room! It's only eighty-six degrees!"—Truth.

GRAND—"Have I come too early, dear?" Laura—"No, George. We have just had tea, and it always ought to come right after t."

Miss PRIM is of the opinion that no lady who had any claim to modesty would regard undressed food as a delicacy.—Boston Transcript.

ALMOST any employe can tell you that some one is liable to be fired when the boss gets hot.—Troy Press.

August Flower

I used August Flower for Loss of vitality and general debility. After taking two bottles I gained 69 lbs. I have sold more of your August Flower since I have been in business than any other medicine I ever kept. Mr. Peter Zinville says he was made a new man by the use of August Flower, recommended by me. I have hundreds tell me that August Flower has done them more good than any other medicine they ever took. GEORGE W. DYE, Sardis, Mason Co., Ky.

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