

MISS DORA HAYDEN.

"Without hesitation I write to thank you for the great relief I have found in your valuable medicine, Peruna, and will call the attention of all my friends suffering with oatarrh to that fact. Be sides I cheerfully recommend it to all suf foring with catarrh in any form."-Min Dora Hayden, S19 6th St., S. W., Wash ington, D. C.

A Case of Spring Catarrh.

Mrs. N. P. Lawler, 4231/2 N. Broadway. Pittsburg, Kan., writes: "Last spring caught a severe cold, which developed into a serious case of catarrh. I felt weak and sick, and could neither eat nor sleep

cured of catarrh through the use of Perunn advised me to try it, and I did so at once. I expected help, but nothing like the wonderful change for the better I observed almost as soon as I started taking it. In three days I felt much better, and within two weeks I was in fine health. Peruna is a wonderful medicine."

LEGISLATION FOR EFFECT.

Many Bills Introduced in Congres

to Impress Constituents. Less than 5 per cent of the bills introduced in Congress relate to public business. Instead, they have to do with matters bearing directly or indirectly on the Congressman's hope of renomination and re-election. The total number of house bills introduced during the first session of the Fifty-eighth Congress (including the special session), was 15,576. Of these, only 1,645 were public measures. The other 13,931 were private. Two hundred and sixty-four public laws were enacted and 1,896 private laws. Much of the proposed private legislation was put in without any thought of its ultipected to pass or not, and whether it was pushed or not, the purpose of its introduction was generally the sameto give an appearance of activity and influence "the boys" at home.

About 35 per cent of the Congress men rely on river and harbor legisla tion to carry them through. Many bills relating to proposed improve ments are introduced which are not in cluded in the big general measures d as if they were passed, so far as beir effect on the voters is concerned. especially if the introducer is of the minority party. Then he can assert that the demons of the other side prevented favorable action on his profects, and thus kept justice from her

Not many years ago a man who had ersistently brought the claims of a t project before the river and harmittee broke down when he sawthat his reiterated arguments were

bled committeemen, as he wiped the tears from his eyes, "I'll be qui frank with you. If I fail to get th. appropriation I am asking for I will fall to get back to Congress. I know this is an unmanly exhibition, but-i means so much to me!" And the tears continued to flow .- Success Magazine

First Legislator-I see a Kansas man has declared "a pass is a bribe, and any man ought to be too big to accept such a small bribe.

Second Legislator-Well, of cours that's true, but it would look kinde small fer us to go further and ask the railroads to puy us fer ridin', wouldn't

Mr. Justwed It's so sweet of you agree that we must economize. But do you think you can get along without a

Mrs. Justwed-Oh, yes. We'll have all our meals sent in by a caterer .-Cleveland Leader.

Miss Tartun-Archie Feathertop tel me you are advising him to spend hi vacation this summer in the Swiss mou

rs. Chillicon-Kearney - Yes; aght that if I could induce him to fal some precipice I would be doing a real favor to you, dear.

"Did Catesby marry for love?"
"Yes, poor fellow, and he got nothing
at money."—Detroit Free Press.

r," said the vivacious girl, "I just ow up my hands in despair." "Well," returned her escort, grimly, mething got the matter with me, too, er-er-I didn't throw

The Missing Papers. Function—I should think it d be dreadfully hard for you playhts to think of plots. a will there's a way.- Indiavag

Madame Midas

By Fergus Hume

That style suits Sarah Bernhardt, not CHAPTER XXIII,-(Continued.) Kitty turned out to be a perfect treasure, as her pretty face and charming you, my dear. The first act of this comedy is excellent, but it is necessary the voice soon made her a favorite, and when characters should know one another in n burlesque she played Princess to Fan-ay Wopples' Prince there was sure to be order to finish the play." "Ah!" said Kitty, with a bitter smile, "do I not know you too well, as the man crowded house and lots of applause. Kitty's voice was clear and sweet as a who promised me love and then broke his ark's, and her execution something wonlerful, so Mr. Wopples christened her the

success of their tour, "we'll have a thea-ter in Melbourne, and I'll make it the

favorite house of the city, see if I don't."

had found her vocation, and would de-

velop into an operatic star, but fate in-tervened, and Miss Marchurst retired

from the stage, which she had adorned so

much. This was due to Madame Midas,

who, driving down Collins street one day,

saw Kitty at the corner walking with

Fanny Wopples. She immediately stop-

ped her carriage, and, alighting therefrom,

went straight up to the girl, who, turning and seeing her for the first time, grew

"Kitty, my dear," said Madame, grave

ly, "I have been looking for you vainly for a year—but I have found you at

Kitty's breast was full of conflicting

emotions; she thought that Madame knew

all about her having married Vandeloup.

and that she would speak severely to her.

Mrs. Villiers' next words, however, reas-

the girl; "why did you not come to me?

had been staring at this grave, handsome-

year. Well, Kitty, will you and your friend drive down to St. Kilda with me,

Kitty would have refused, for she was

afraid Madame Midas would perhaps send

her back to her father, but the appealing

looks of Fanny Wopples, who had never

ridden in a carriage in her life, and was dying to do so, decided her to accept. So

"But how is it," asked Madame, who

time," replied Kitty quickly, "and of course did not act under my real name."

father, I suppose," suggested Madame.

the stage-I'm too fond of it."

had dinner with her she sent them back

tions to Kitty to come down next day

to town in her carriage, with strict injun-

and bring Mr. Wopples with her. Wopples saw Madame next day, and a

long talk ensued, which ended in Kitty

agreeing to stay six months with Mrs. Vil-

liers, and then, if she still wished to con-

tinue on the stage, she was to go to Mr

Wopples. On the other hand, in consid-

Kitty, Madame promised that next year she would give him sufficient money to

start a theater in Melbourne. So both

parted mutually satisfied. Kitty made

presents to all the family, who were very

sorry to part with her, and then took up

her abode with Mrs. Villiers, as a kind of

adopted daughter, and was quite prepared

to play her part in the comedy of fash-

CHAPTER XXIV.

Owing to the quiet life Kitty had led

since she came to Melbourne, and the

fact that her appearance on the stage

had taken place in the country, she felt

quite safe when making her appearance

in Melbourne society that no one would

recognize her. It was unlikely she would

meet with any of the Pulchop family

again, and she knew Mr. Wopples would

hold his tongue regarding her, so the only

one who could reveal anything about her

would be Vandeloup, and he would cer-

tainly be silent for his own sake, as she

knew he valued the friendship of Madame

Midas too much to lose it. Nevertheless,

trepldation, as she was still in love with

him, and was nervous as to what recep-

Vandeloup, on the other hand, wa

uite unaware of the surprise in store for im. When he next called on Madame

Midas he was shown into the drawing

room by the servant. There were no lights in the room, as it was not suffi-

ciently dark for them, and Vandeloup smfled as he saw a fire in the grate.

"My faith," he said to himself. "Mad-

The servant had retired, and he was

the flicker of the flames on the ceiling.

fle wert to the fire more from habit than

snything else, and suddenly came on a big

rmehair, drawn up close to the side, in

"Ah! the sleeping beauty," said Vande-

loup carelessly. The white figure suddenly rose and confronted him. The light

from the fire was fair on her free, and

with a sudden start Vandeloup saw before

"Bebe!" he gasped, recolling a step. "Yes." said Kitty, in an egitate tone,

"your descried wife."
"Bah!" said Gaston, coolly, having re-covered from the first shock of surprise.

himself in this large room, with

subdued twilight all through it, and

tion she would meet with.

ame is as chilly as ever."

which a woman was sitting.

im the wife he had deserted.

she awaited his coming in considerable

"and of

and I'll show you my new house?"

-you knew I was always your friend."

It seemed, therefore, as though Kitty

word? You forget all your vows to me. "My dear child," replied Gaston leis-Australian Nightingale, and caused her to urely, leaning up against the mantelplece, oe so advertised in the papers. Moreover, her dainty appearance carried the audi-"if you had read Balzac you would discover that he says, 'Life would be intolence irresistibly away, and had Fanny erable without a certain amount of for-Wopples not been a really good girl she would have been jealous of the success getting.' I must say," smiling, "I agree with the novelist. achieved by the newcomer.
"Next year," said Mr. Wopples, at a supper which they had to celebrate the

Kitty looked at him as he stood there ool and complacent, and threw herself back into the chair angrily.

"Just the same," she muttered restless ly, "just the same."
"Yes, my Bebe," he said, in a caressing

one, taking her hand. "No, no!" she cried, wrenching them away, while an angry spot of color glow-ed on her cheek. "I loved you as you were-not as you are now-we are done with sentiment, M. Vandeloup," she said, sneering, "and now our relations to one another will be purely business ones.

"So glad you understand the position, he said, blandly; "I see the age of miracles is not yet past when a woman can talk sense." "You won't disturb me with your

at him out of the gathering gloom in the "Bah!" he said, gaily, "our comedy turning into a tragedy; I am as foolish as you; I think," significantly, "we under-

sneers," retorted the girl, glaring fiercely

stand one another." "Yes, I think we do," she answered. calmly, the color coming back to her "Neither of us is to refer to the heek. past, and we both go on our different

did you not?" she said kindly, looking at roads unhindered."
"Mademoiselle Marchurst," said Vandeoup ceremoniously, "I am delighted to "Yes, Madame," said Kitty, putting out meet you after a year's absence—come, her hand and averting her head, "I would with a gay laugh, "let us begin the comed Yes, Madame," said Kitty, putting out have come to you, but I thought you thus, for here," he added quickly, as the door opened, "here comes the spectators."
"Well, young people," said Madame's
voice, as she came slowly into the room, would stop me from going."
"My dear child," replied Madame, "I thought you knew me better than that; what theater are you at?"
"She's with us," said Miss Fanny, who you are all in the dark; ring the bell for lights, M. Vandeloup.

"Certainly, Madame," he answered ly dressed lady who had alighted from such a swell carriage; "we are the Wopouching the electric button. "Miss Marchurst and myself were renewing our former friendship.' "Ah!" said Mrs. Villiers, thinking, "I "How do you think she is looking?"

remember you were up at Ballarat last asked Madame, as the servant came is and lit the gas. "Charming." replied Vandeloup, look

ing at the dainty little figure in white standing under the blaze of the chandeller : "she is more beautiful than ever." Kitty made a saucy little curtsey, and burst into a musical laugh.

"He is just the same, Madame," she said, merrily, to the tall, grave woman they stepped into the carriage and Mrs. in black velvet, who stood looking at her Villiers told the coachman to drive home. not meaning one; but when is dinner to be

"I hope you have peaches, Madame, said Vandeloup, gaily; "the first time met Mademoiselle she was longing for peaches."

"You would not like to go back to your "I am unchanged in that respect," re-"No," she answered, determinedly; "I'm torted Kitty, brightly; "I adore peaches on the stage now, and I mean to stick

"I am just waiting for Mr. Calton, said Madame Midas, looking at her "But why not stay with me, my dear?" said Mrs. Villiers, looking at her; "I am watch: "he ought to be here by now." a lonely woman, as you know, and if you "Is that the lawyer, Madame?" asked

"Yes," she replied, quietly, "he "Oh! how good you are," cried the girl most delightful man. in a revulsion of feeling, falling on her friend's neck; "but indeed I cannot leave "So I have heard," answered Vande loup, nonchalantly, "and he had something Madame sighed and gave up the argument for a time, then showed the two girls all over the house, and after they

to do with a former owner of this house, "Oh, don't talk of that," said Mrs.

Villiers, nervously; "the first time I took the house I heard all about the owner

being murdered. Why, Madame, you are not nervous, sald Kitty, gaily.

"No, my dear," replied the elder, quiet ly, "but I must confess that for some reason or another I have been a little upset since coming here; I don't like be-"You shall never be that," said Kitty,

fondly nestling to her." "Thank you, puss," said Madame, tap-ping her cheek; "but I am nervous," she said, rapidly; "at night especially. Some-

times I have to get Selina to come into my room and stay all night." "Madame Midas nervous," thought Vandeloup to himself; "then I can guess the reason; she is afraid of her husband

Just at this moment the servant announced Mr. Calton, and he entered, with his sharp, incisive face, looking clever and keen. "I must apologize for being late, Mrs.

Villiers," he said, shaking hands with his "but business, you know, the pleasure of business." "Now," said Madame, quickly, "I hope

you have come to the business of pleas-"Very spigrammatic, my dear lady,"

said Calton, in his high, clear voice; "pray introduce me." Madame did so, and they all went to finner, Madame with Calton and Kitty following with Vandeloup. "This," observed Calton, when they

were all seated at the dinner table, "is the perfection of dining; for we are four, and the guests, according to an epicure, should never be less than the Graces nor greater than the Muses."

And a very merry little dinner it was All four were clever talkers, and Vande loup and Calton being pitted against one another, excelled themselves; marks, satirical sayings, and well-told stories were constantly coming from their

The Meddlechips were giving a ball therefore the mansion at Toorak was brilliantly illuminated and crowded with fashionable people. The ball room was at the side of the house, and from it French windows opened on to a wide veranda. which was inclosed with drapery and hung with many-colored Chinese lanterns Beyond this the smooth green lawns stretched away to a thick fringe of trees. which grew beside the fence and sereened the Meddlechip residence from the curi

ous gaze of vulgar eyes. Kitty came under the guardianship of Mrs. Ritler, a young matron with dark hair, an imperious manner, and a young intended to have cone, but at the last mo

fits, so decided to stop at home with Selina for company. Kitty, therefore, accompanied Mrs. Riller to the ball, but the guardianship of that lady was more nominal than anything else, as she went off with Mr. Belltherp after introducing Kitty to Mrs. Meddlechip, and danced with him the whole evening. Kitty, how-ever, did not in the least mind being left to her own devices, for being an extremely pretty girl she soon had plenty of young men round her anxious to be intro-She filled her program rapidly and kept two valses for Vandeleup, as she knew he was going to be present, but he as yet had not made his appearance.

He arrived about a quarter past ten o'clock, and was strolling leisurely up to the house, when he saw Pierre, standing amid a number of idlers at the gate. The dumb man stepped forward, and Vandeloup paused with a smile on his handsome lips, though he was angry enough at the meeting.

"Money again, I suppose?" he said to Pierre, in a low voice, in French; "don't trouble me now, but come to my room to-morrow.

The dumb man nodded, and Vandelon walked leisurely up the path. Pierre followed him right up to the stepe which led to the house, saw him enter the brilliantly lighted hall, and then his himself in the shrubs which grew on the edge of the lawn. There, in close hiding, he could hear the sound of music and voices, and could see the door of the fernery wide open, and caught glimpser of dainty dresses within.

Vandeloup, quite ignerant that friend was watching the house, put on his gloves leisurely, and walked in search of is hostess. Mrs. Meddlechip glanced approvingly at Vandeloup as he came up. or he was extremely good looking. Released from Mrs. Meddlechip, Gaston

went in search of Kitty, and found her with Felix Rolleston, who was amusing her with his gay chatter. "I don't want to dance," Kitty said curtly, pointing to the seat beside her as

an invitation for him to sit down. "Pardon me," observed Vandeloup, blandly, "I do; we can talk afterwards if you like."

Their eyes met, and then Kitty aros and took his arm, with a charming pout. It was no good fighting against the quiet allowed him to put his arm round her waist and swing her slowly into the center of the room. "One Summer's Night in Munich" was a favorite valse, and everyone who could dance, and a good many who could not, were up on the floor. Ev ery now and then, through the steady beat of the music, came the light laugh o a woman or the deeper tones of a man's voice; and the glare of the lights, the flashing jewels, the soft frou-frou of dresses, and the subtle perfume of flowers gave an indescribable flavor to the

(To be continued.)

Occasionally the brightest lawyer encounters a witness whose answers are disappointment to him, says a writer in the Boston Herald. It is said that the late Governor Robinson was one day examining a man from whom he was trying to get a definition of a mira-

"If a man should fall from a thirdstory window," he said, "and should strike on his head on a stone walk, and get up and go away unhurt, what would that be?"

"That would be an accident," said the "Well, if the same man next day fell from the same window, struck on the

same spot, on his head again, and again walked away unburt, what would "That would be a coincidence." "Very well," said the lawyer, patiently and certain that he had his man at

last; "now, if on a third day the same man fell again from the same window on the same spot, on his head, and again walked away unburt, what would von call that?"

"The same man?" demanded the

"Yes." "The same window?"

"Yes. "And fall on the same sidewalk?"

"I should call that a habit."

Subjective Drowning.

The dentist's chair was tipped so far back that escape for the village seamstress, a lady of remarkable conversational ability, was impossible. Wads of absorbent cotton were tucked neath her tongue, some patent appliance held her jaws apart, and all the lower half of her countenance except one back tooth was concealed under a decidedly damp rubber dam. The patient's mouth was full of water, speech was impossible, and the poor, naturally talkative lady was suffering agonies of

The engrossed dentist paid no heed to her squirmings nor to the appeal in her eyes. Fortunately, however, the patient's hands were free. Groping in the reticule that hung from her belt, she brought forth paper and pencil and wrote:

"Help! Help! I'm drowning."

True Enough. "Here," said the cranky patron the reading room, "you've been snoring horribly."

"He?" gurgled the drowsy patron "If you only keep your mouth shut," went on the cranky one, "you wouldn't make so much noise."

"Neither would you," replied the other.-Philadelphia Ledger.

Fishing in Shallow Water. She-Poor Maude had such hard luck at the beach yesterday. He-Why, what happened?

She-Well, she tried the drowning came, and, would you believe it, with all the eligible young men on the beach, her rescuer was an old fossil of a benedict.-Boston Transcript. Sizing Him Up. "Who is that big man?" asked the

stranger. "That," replied the native, "is Pompus. "Only a plain 'mister?" Why, he

the bearing of a major general." "Yes, and the overbearing of a young lieutenant."-Philadelphia Ledger.

"Do you think," queried the auxious candidate, "that my opponent will take the initiative?" "Sure." answered the political boss

thing that isn't nailed down." Fear of being found out is rele for many a man's respectability WHO ARE THE HAPPY!

Who are the happy, who are the free? You tell me and I'll tell thee; Those who have tongues that never lie, Truth on the lip, truth in the eye; To Friend or to Foe. To all above and to all below;

These are the happy, these are the free, So may it be with thee and me.

-London Times.

Dave's Triumphant Marriage **0699999999999999999**

saw her like." "Nor I" said the other. "Allie is beautiful; an unusual type, anyhow-

small, black hair, blue eyes, rosy. She and Dave will come to a proper understanding some day, I hope. Did you ever see another man who looked more like a figure on a tailor's fashion-plate than Dave does? The rooms will soon be crowded. Here comes Mr. Channing and Caroline Coree."

The two thus singled out passed to where Allie and Dave were, their group soon becoming the most animated to be seen.

"My husband thinks that Mr. Chan ning is already the most important lawyer in town," continued the matron's monotonous flow of speech. "I suppose he will eventually take his father's position. It is time that the old Channing mansion should have a mistress. How do you think Caroline would do?" "The best in the world," the other affirmed. "That high-lady air of hers would suit the grand proportions of the place. It's a pity she isn't pretty."

"Not pretty? Why, Caroline is love ly!" was declared.

"No. She is too much like dozens o others; brown hair, gray eyes, fair, plump. I think Caroline's chief attractions are that she looks straight at you when she speaks to you, and that her dresses always fit her as if made for her and not for another. Her hair is an attraction, too; fluffy as Allie's, yet done up in a style that makes one sure It is not coming down, and that the combs are going to stay exactly where she placed them."

The other lady smiled. "You observe very closely," she remarked. "I think her pretty, despite your ideas."

When Caroline reached home after the entertainment, she and Mr. Channing seated themselves in her quiet parlor for what they thought was to be the happiest chat of the evening. It was only a few minutes until, accidentally, the conversation turned to personal affairs. The two had been friends since the days of childhood, but it had been only within the last year that Mr. Channing had discovered that Caroline was dearer to him than any one else. He had never told her, and mien as he said: "It is good to be alone with you, Caroline, and to feel safe from interruption. To-night l want to talk of myself as I can talk to no one but you. May I do it?"

"You may begin," she permitted smiling. "I may have to stop you since I am in the dark as to how you mean to handle your subject." She settled her elbow on a pile of cushions in the corner of the settee, and nestling her cheek in her palm, looked at him, awaiting his words. Her ease was disconcerting. Moving his rocker sideways, but in front of her, he said, a

little awkwardly: "You look so provokingly nonchalant, Caroline, and I feel so serious. I always do in a genuine home. You know have never had a home. Even when was a kid, there was only that big bouse of ours, full of furniture and an all-invading housekeeper. Father her sympathy for Dave, who was openwould come at night, and leave in the ly miserable. He had been Allie's morning. I certainly did have a bleak slave-like lover for years. boyhood." He turned his eyes from an almost unconscious survey of the pretty room to surprise on Caroline's that dame. She heard that Dave had face, a responsive expression.

"You poor fellow!" she said, with charming intonation. "I have thought about you as homeless in that big ry for you even when we went to school together.' "Since then, also?" he asked, quick-

"Yes, since then, also," she admitted, rejuctantly.

"I have needed it," he said almost sternly. "Have needed it most of all you know, Caroline, I am glad you

have been sorry? It does not sound well, but I am glad. It even makes it last year I have come to know that I to hide her suffering. love you. I am afraid, now that you know; afraid, because, if you do not love me, Caroline, my life can never again have any zest to it. Was it behave felt sorry for my loneliness?"

Without changing her position, Caro-

line had looked away from him during

his last few sentences, and an expression near akin to sadness was on her face. A new womanliness was about her as she turned again to him, waiting, and said, with the faintest smile, and the gentlest tones, "Are all men so calm when they tell their love?" Not pausing for answer, she put forth her warm, tender hand, and let it rest her face: "I have known of your love a long while, Harold, and you are welcome to know that never can I give to any other man love like the love I at him gravely, unhesitatingly, conscious all the while of the aroused in both of them.

Channing was no more for the time be-

"That little Allie Elsis is a dear!" | ing. Caroline saw and heard, her face said one matron to another. "Watch a beautiful transparency, showing each her, now, over there talking with Dave successive feeling he awakened in her Ethbert. See how Dave brightens. Al- soul. They talked on and on, time forlie is really a magnet for smiles; never gotten; then, at the last, they stumbled unaware on a cause of dissension. Unbelievable as it may be, they bade each other a cool, curt goodbye, the engagement of an hour broken.

> It is seldom that any of the inhabi tants of a small town can possess a secret. In a way mysterious past understanding, the secret is shouted from the housetops before it is many days old. So, every one in Greenville soon knew that Caroline Coree had lovingly but firmly broken an exceedingly short engagement to Mr. Channing. She had done it lovingly, gossip said, because she really did love him; and firmly, because she simply would not do what he desired-leave her aged and invalid father to the care of her young brother, after her marriage. Greenville at once elected to take Caroline's side, even becoming proud, as time wore on, of the sad expression which was so at home on the young countenance.

> Harold and Caroline had agreed. when they broke their engagement, to continue their lives in accustomed grooves, if possible, hoping thus to escape publicity. It was Caroline's wish especially, for she hoped that her father would never learn of the affair. Thus each attended the same social gatherings, even conversing together whenever it would have been noticeable to keep silence. At such times, however, only each heart knew how the tones of the other voice hurt; while both became conscious that their every



THE WEDDING WAS A HOME AFFAIR. word was caught by others, their every

movement was watched. After months of this weariness, there came a new phase of the affair. Mr. Channing began paying constant attentions to Allie Elsis, thereby causing Dave Ethbert the liveliest concern. Caroline saw and heard with feelings she could scarcely analyze, and, excused by the fact that her father really was worse, she stayed much at home. Not until then had she tried to over ome her love, because she had hitherto felt that Harold's love for her was real. and would conquer his selfishness. It was with a feeling of horror that she gradually realized the import of his attentions to Allie, and of Allie's seeming delight. She could scarcely hide

Of course, gossip was busy. Even Caroline was not spared listening to begged Allie to believe that Mr. Chauning was only striking at Miss Coree over her shoulders. Deep down in Caroline's heart, this was what she herself house! Haven't we always been believed, and her gentle soul was afraid friends? I used to feel dreadfully sor- for Allie. So, it was like the news of woe past averting, that there came to Caroline an invitation to the marriage of Harold Channing and Allie Elsis. She knew in that moment's experience such suffering as bad never before come to her. Either Harold had never loved her, or he was a weak character, unworthy the love she was giving to in the last two years, because in that him. For a moment or two her face time I have not even had father. Do bent toward the paper in her lap, then her head was raised with what was called her high-lady air. The pride of the really gentle woman had come to easier for me to tell you that in the her aid. Abundantly was she able, now,

The wedding was a home affair. Her heart schooled and skilled, Caroline attended. Allie was almost bewildering in her beauty. Harold, a new exprescause you do care for me that you sion on his face, looked neither at Allie nor at any one else. Something of scorn was in Caroline's heart as she turned her gaze for a moment on him. standing in front of the minister.

The bridal party were to leave for a northern city an hour after the ceremony, and an informal supper was served in the meantime. The guests saw Allie depart to don her traveling dress; then soon became conscious of some unusual excitement among members of the family. First the parents on his amazed and trembling one, as left the room, then her sister, and at she said simply, a new pink suffusing last even her cousins. Questions and suppositions went the rounds as the minutes increased in number and the guests were still left to themselves. Some thought that something had gone feel for just you." She was looking wrong with Dave Ethbert. He had been seen standing alone on the front sideemotion walk before the marriage, but no one had seen him since. Train-time came Perhaps it was the certain sympathy and passed, and the guests could 'He has a reputation for taking any old in her tone, perhaps it was the volun- scarcely control themselves. None of tary touch of her hand, perhaps .t was the family were yet visible, though what she said; but calmness in Harold there was a constant passing and repassing going on upstairs. Just when

the tension was almost unbearable, a portly man, who had not been seen in the rooms until then, appeared, and rapped for silence. It enveloped him in a moment, so quickly that he smiled.

"At the request of the family," he commenced, "I have the duty, unpleasant and pleasant, of making a few necessary explanations. It has been decided that, lest the truth be warped, an exact statement of affairs shall be given out at once, preventing injustice

all around. "When Mr. Channing stepped from his carriage to-night, he learned that the gentleman who was to have procured the license had not done so, he not being exactly himself. Consulting with the minister before entering the house, it seemed best, for the sake of avoiding delay, and possible annovance to the bride-expectant, to go through with the ceremony at once, though it would mean nothing. Then to send for the license, explain things to Miss Allie, and, as soon as the license should come, perform another ceremony upstairs, very quietly and with but few witnesses.

"Two things happened to prevent some of these arrangements. Miss Allie became indignant at what she thought unpardonable neglect in Mr. Channing. She made trouble over it, and while the matter was still unsettled, Mr. Dave Ethbert found his way to her, did his talking satisfactorily, and they were married before the family knew

that she had left the house." An uncontrollable ripple of applause at this point astonished and horrifled the speaker. Simply his expression quelled the noise, and some one at the door asked how Mr. Ethhbert got bis license so promptly. There stole a twin-

kle into the speaker's eye. "Dave heard at the same moment that Mr. Channing did." was explained, "that no license had been procured. Knowing the little lady pretty well, he beat Mr. Channing's messenger to the ordinary's house, and procured the license for himself with the result known."

This time he had to raise his hand to hush the irrepressible laughter, and, himself smiling, said: "Mr. and Mrs. Ethbert left on the train which she had expected, before the first ceremony, to take. I suppose it is now in order for us to go to our homes."

Probably every mortal in Greenville knew of Dave Ethbert's love for Allie, and when it became known how he had salled into his desired haven, an exultation in his daring made them forget the pain of the other man in the affair. Only Caroline cast a pitying look at the solitary light high up in the Channing home as her carriage passed it that night. On all sides she heard loud cheers for Dave, and smiled at the evident youth of some of the cheerers. As she stepped from the carriage, a boy rose stiffly from the curbing, put a note in her hand, and went off, whistling. Pausing under the hall light, she tore open the missive, and read these words: 'Caroline, I swear to you that I began the affair with Allie only to try to quit thinking of you, and that then I became compromised through a blunder not of my making. After that, any honorable man would have acted as I did. I am turn affairs have taken to-night.

H. C." Did she believe him? Probably she did. A very pleasant light was in her eyes, and since her love was of the kind that endureth all things, and endureth forever, we may feel sure that she read much between his lines. At any rate, there is a royal-hearted lady in the Channing home to-day, and her husband is no selfish lover, though lover he surely is.-Waverley Maga-

MARK TWAIN ON SLAVERY.

Incident of the Humorist's Boyhood Days Revealed Its Tragic Side. In my schoolboy days I had no aversion to slavery, says Mark Twain in the North American Review. I was not aware that there was anything wrong about it. No one arraigned it n my hearing; the local papers said nothing against it; the local pulpit taught us that God approved it, that it was a holy thing, and the doubter need only look in the Bible if he wished to settle his mind-and then the texts were read aloud to us to make the matter sure; if the slaves themselves had an aversion to slavery they were wise and said nothing. In Hannibal we seldom saw a slave misused; on the

farm, never.

There was, however, one small incldent of my boyhood days which touched this matter, and it must have meant good deal to me or it would not have stayed in my memory, clear and sharp, rivid and shadowless, all these slow drifting years. We had a little slave boy whom we had hired from some one there in Hannibal. He was from the eastern shore of Maryland and had been brought away from his family and his friends half way across the American continent and sold. He was a cheery spirit, innocent and gentle, and the noisiest creature that ever was, perhaps. All day long he was singing, whistling, yelling, devastating, unendurable. At last, one day I lost all my temper and went raging to my mother and said Sandy had been singing for an hour, without a single break and I couldn't stand it, and wouldn't

came into her eyes and her lip trembled and she said something like this: "Poor thing, when he sings it shows that he is not remembering, and that comforts me; but when he is still I am afraid he is thinking and I cannot bear it. He will never see his mother again; if he can sing I must not hinder it, but be thankful for it. If you were older you would understand me; then that friendless child's noise would make you glad."

she please shut him up. The tears

She stepped on to a rolling stone And, though the pain may rankle, She has what every woman likes (And man) -a well-turned ankle.

Paste this on the lid of your trunks. Your friends are not as anxious to have you come and see them as you