APPLEDORE.

her flowers in Appledore, are glinein; free, ide, with folded hands, of the sea

themati her my ic verse d the car ews cry, hed the roon hills all aroun l) ing-beats to by

he breakers white with foam, te storm compil to ride; upon the shining san is, nurmuring the tide The sin sec and her son;

The sin fer was
ye forevernors
or; spe iks in every wave
reaks on Appledors;
—Harper's Bazar.

Latimer's Escape. PARLOTTS M. BRAEME.

APTER VII-CONTINUED. or knew before." she said to norning, "what a lovely month or is. The red and gold, the own and deep crimson of the re even more beautiful than en leaves; and I like Septemers better than those which spring; there is nothing so the white chrysanthemum." hild! I knew afterwards why nd September the fairest of Again, we had driven one Ashton Firs, taking with us for the sportsmen. some minutes watching the on the valley, and the blue the distant hills. She turned suddenly, her eyes filled with

Andrey," she said, "what a al world it is! I never knew ow. I seem to have slept my life, and to be just awak-Do you see the green of the d the lovely blue of the sky? udrey. I never knew how much here was in a bird's song, I knew what the brook sung or the wind told to the trees,

ny dear, my dear! neither you s wise enough to know what ching you. evening-it was the month of

ber and the moon was shining s day in the midst of a darkthe gentlemen sat longer al over their wine. The night m and pleasant.

rey," said Lady Latimer, "let far as the white gate just to the river."

pped a black lace shawl round en head and white shoulders, went out together, leaving the lights that streamed from the windows, and the dim, soft of the old house behind us, ast the lime trees, to the white at was canopied with trees. en it, Audrey, and let us go o the water's edge," said Lady

ent, and I remember as though yesterday, our shadows on the ss, and the wooing sigh of the n the fast-dying lime leaves. moon shone full over the river, wavelet seemed to catch a ray ery light; the sight was beautifairy-land. Lady Latimer stood or some minutes; then in a low. ice she began the lines:

ssed without the city gate, in sered by the way.

palm was bendin; to her mate,
ad thus I heard her say:

arrow to the quiver. the wild bird to the tree stream to meet the river, and the river to the sea waves are wedded on the beach he shadows on the lea like to like—and each to each, And I—to thee

he cedar on the mountain. d the bramble in the brake willow by the fountain, and the lily by the lake: serpent coiling in its lair, be earle soaring free. kin to kin, and pair to pair,
And I—too thee

he palm was bending to her mate, marked her meaning well: d passed within the city gate, he old fond tale to tell"

can remember, Audrey," she when I read those lines, and sere so much Greek to me. Now derstand them perfectly. They that everyone must have love, ike will seek like, that the young youth, the beautiful seek others r. Everything in nature loves, to the butterfly who loves the ell, and the bee which is be-ed to the bloom: and if flowers birds, bees and butterflies, all how much more we- I thinkam sure, that I have been blind y life until now,"

nd what has given light and sight ur eyes now?" I asked. ould not resist the question, al-

th I knew it would have been so better left alone; but she looked with calm, sweet eyes.

just open, and that they see inlight-infinite brightness. Ah

knew, though she did not, what taught her, and my heart went her in great loving pity. She ca, a perfect rapture of happishining in her face.

even the moonlight is different to I thought it cold and capricious. I see the light is tender and full etry; now I see—"

it the words were never finished. suddenly the white gate opened, we heard a voice that made my

t beat, say: You are here, Lady Latimer, ip said you would be here by the

h met the light on her face—the fer beautiful blush—the rapt exon when she turned to Colonel th, and said, with a smile: How aid you know that I should

felt quite sure of it. You love if I said to Lionel, Lady Latimer, shining, he should ask her to go down a key.—Truth.

and Miss Lovel have gone to look at the moonlight."

"I, of course;" interrupted Lionel, "said at once, 'Let us find them.' And we have found you."

There was one moment of delicious sile.ice, when it seemed to me that the very moonlight throbbed and thrilled on the air. "We need not hurry in," said

Colonel North. "Several of them are coming. A stroll by the river on this moonlight night will be much better than sitting in a drawing-room by the light of lamps!"

Then came half an hour that was like time stolen from Paradise. seemed quite natural that Captain Fleming should walk by my side, even more natural that Colonel North should walk with Lady Latimer. Others joined us, but no one broke up

these little groups; no one came to me, no one joined Lady Latimer. We talked about everything bright and beautiful; of the river that rolled on to the sea, of the moon that shone in the sky, of the wind whose whispers were those of a lover among the leaves Then I perceived that Colonel North and Lady Latimer were standing by the rustic bridge which spanned the river. The black lace shawl had fallen, leaving her golden head bare, and her lovely face all washed by the moonlight. She looked wondrously fair. Captain Fleming was looking at them.

"What a beautiful pair they would make," he said, suddenly. "Colonel North is my ideal of a soldier, and Lady Latimer is one of the fairest of women."

Indeed, the dark, soldierly face and figure showed to great advantage by the side of the fair and radiant woman.

We remained out-of-doors nearly an hour. I went with Captain Fleming to the square of fountains. They were indescribably beautiful under the light of the harvest moon, and I am afraid we forgot every one else. I did. It was the night of nights to me. But when we came back to the drawingroom Lady Latimer was there. The beautiful tenor voice of Colonel North was ringing through the room, and she stood by the window listening. with a dreamy smile on her fair face, and these were the words that he sung:

"Not much I sou ht, I had my dream-Dear love, your very words I quote—A rose, the ripple of a stream,
A blue sky and a boat

"But roses fade as roses blow. And summer skies can lower and frown The stream runs deep and dark, and so This boat of ours went down

She smiled as she listened to the words, then, lightly touching a yellow rose that she wore on her breast, she

"Roses fade as roses blow, but this one will never die."

"Who gave it to you?" I asked.
"Colonel North," she answered; and I saw all heaven in her face as she uttered the words. Then-then I knew

CHAPTER VIII.

I then knew all. I knew that she had found the something missing in her life, that she had learned what the birds sung about and the wind whispered to blossom and leaf, what the waves said when they broke on the shore. She had learned the great secret of life, which was love; but she did not know it ah! thank God for

She would not have looked so happy, so bright, so innocent, if she had known what had happened to herself. She did not know; that was my chief might come to her, but it had not done so yet, and I vowed to myself that if I could I would guard her from it. She had entered fairyland, but she was all unconscious that she had passed the golden gate. She had listened to the songs of Paradise, but shedid not know they had sounded in her ears. She had drunk of the chalice which is all foam, but she had not recognized its flavor. She saw sud-denly, and as she had never seen it before, all the beauty and brightness of the world, but she did not know what had opened her eyes. I prayed heaven she never might.

She was so innocently happy, the expression on her face was one of glad content; even Lord Latimer noticed it at last.

"It seems to me, Grace," he said to her one morning, "that you have grown better looking."

I thought to myself, "Oh, blind of

eyes, blind of heart, not to understand." Surely, any one who loved her might have seen the danger she was in; so young, so fair, with such a passionate, loving heart, and left endo not know," she answered. "It Latimer spent very little time with his guests. He had grown older and more feeble lately, and as life slipped away and he lost his grasp of its pleasures, he grew morose and more stern. He liked Lionel Fleming, and he spent a great deal of time in talking to him; but he never went out with the sportsmen, he never joined the luncheon parties. He dined every evening with his guests, but he never appeared in the drawing room after dinner. She was left, then, to her-

self, to the influence of the sweet, sad music and the harvest moon. There was no one to say, "Do not let Colonel North sing your heart away;" no one to say, "Do not go out every evening while the harvest moon is shining no one seemed to notice anything but me. Lady Latimer was mistress of the house, Colonel North the most important guest in it. It was natural that he should walk and ride by her side, that he should be her escort, that he should make her the especial object of his attentions; but it was not natural that he should look at her, moonlight, and you love the river. heart in his eyes, and that every heart is lead to light to light her to go down

and look at the river with him; nor was it quite natural that he should gather all the flowers she wore, and talk so much poetry to her. I thought often of her simple words to me, "How nice it must be to have some one to say loving words to you and bring you nice flowers!" She had both now-flowers and words.

I tried my best to take care of her. I often sacrificed the time I might have spent with Captain Fleming in sitting beside her, trying to take some little of her attention from Colonel I might as well have tried to fly over the moon; but, thank heaven! no one saw it except me.

The boys loved Colonel North. He was their beau-ideal of a soldier, a gentleman, and a "man who had no nonsense about him," which was Bob's favorite description of him. Give them half an hour with the colonel, and they were quite happy. "Ho knows how to treat a boy; there is no make-believe about him," they said. To my wonder, astonishment, indignation and dismay, they preferred him to the heir of Lorton's Cray. They all wanted to be "tall as the colonel, handsome as the colonel, and just as upright." In fact, the colonel was the hero of the hour. Captain Fleming came next, but, as Bob irreverently expressed it, he was not "real jam."

During this happy month of September, Lord Latimer did not forget my father and mother. Every day there was a dispatch of game from the hall to the vicarage, and every week, at least, they joined us at dinner. They saw nothing of what troubled me so greatly; my sweet mother would not have understood such a thing. They considered Colonel North a king among men-so brave, so gallant, so courteous; they quoted him and admired him. He was a Chevalier Bayard in their eyes, but they preferred Captain Fleming.

One night, when they dined at Lorton's Cray, I sat next to Captain Fleming at dinner. We talked, as usual, laughed and amused ourselves; a rose that I had been wearing was trans-planted to the buttonhole of his coat. After dinner he talked to me again. We had dancing that evening and he danced with me. I am not quite sure whether I remembered the existence of any other person. When the evening ended I saw an expression of anxiety on my mother's face. She called me to her side in the great entrance hall, and, raising her face to mine, she looked straight into my eyes, "Audrey," she said, "for the first time in my life I am anxious over you. I am not quite sure if I have done a wise thing in letting you come to live here. My dear, the heir of Lorton's Cray is a very handsome young man."

"He is as good and brave as he is handsome, mother," I replied. Her face cleared a little; this open

praise disarmed her. "He seems to like talking to you. Audrey," she continued; "but, of course, my dear child, you always bear in mind the difference in your positions. You have too much sense, Audrey, to let your mind get filled with absurd ideas. I—I should not like you to be made unhappy because I am not here to look after you; it would imbitter my whole life."

I smiled. I had never hoped, I had never thought of hope, so that I could safely look in my mother's face and smile.

I took her to the great hall window, whence we could see the stars shining in the sky. I pointed to the brightest and the largest.

"Do you see that star, mother?"]

"Yes," she answered.

"I should sooner think of asking it to come down from heaven to me than of filling my mind with foolish ideas about Captain Fleming."

TO BE CONTINUED. 1

A Mustache Over Seven Feet Long. The people of Bellington W. Va., are proud of one of their citizens, whose only claim to greatness is his enormous beard and mustache. His name is Brown—plain James Brown—but nature could not hide his identity even in the Virginia mountains, especially after bestowing on him such an enormous beard. Brown is six feet and one inch in height, but even his great stature does not hinder his chin beard from trailing on the floor when he stands erect. The mustache is even a greater curiosity than his beard. being nearly seven feet and four inches "from tip to tip."

How They Do it in Paris. There is to be a lawn tennis clut. established in Paris upon a grand scale. It will have eight courts, two of which will be covered and available for winter play: there will also be dining-rooms, dressing and bath rooms. It is the intention of the club to hold two tournaments each year, to which English players will be invited. and an English professional has been engaged who will look after the lawn and instruct players when necessary. The subscription is fixed at 150 francs for the first 100 members, after which it will be raised to 200 franes.

He Knew His Business. "You wish to join our staff as proofreader?"

Applicant-Yes, sir.

"Do you understand the requirements of that re-ponsible position?" "Perfectly, sir. Whenever you make any mistake in the paper just blame 'em on me and I'll never say a word."-London Judy.

Philanthropic.

Editor-What are you going to do

with these iron boxes. Enterprising Publisher-Sh-. I have a scheme. Into each of these boves I am going to put a loaf of bread, and ten coupons cut from our paper will entitle a starving person to the use of

MUST HAVE ABILITY.

SUCCESSFUL WOMAN THE STENOGRAPHER.

A Business That Brings Large Returns and Requires More Than Mechanical Skill-A Compliment Cost Her a Situa-

The commonly accepted idea that the women who fill positions of stenogra-phers are usually women of low-grade business ability, and that their work is wholly and simply mechanical, may be very easily dispelled by looking into the daily affairs and experiences of some of those who are employed in hotels and other large and public buildings of

this city.

The hotel stenographers of St. Louis are said to be above the average repre-sentative women of the craft, and this belief has very good grounds upon which to rest, for they are, for the most part, women who have had sufficient business experience to make them fully capable to handle correspondence of all sorts; and, indeed, this is an absolutely necessary qualification for the woman who wishes to be successful in this particu-

lar line of stenographic work.

The dictation that comes to the hotel stenographer is as varied as could posbe imagined, says the St. Louis Republic. One day perhaps she may take down what the patent medicine man says about his "sugar-coated" pills, and the next day, or the next hour even, from the lips of the orator, who is or the orator who would like to be distinguished for elegant and polished speech, a harangue that it keeps her wits as well as her pencil busy trying to follow.

The commercial traveler who sells all grades of wine, the iron merchant who has a thousand and one names for as many different ores, and, in fact, men who represent every kind of business under the sun, hurriedly dictate their letters, and expect, too, that they shall be properly transcribed on the type-writer. To do this the typewriter must be more or less familiar with the typical terms of each line of business, as well as knowing how to spell and punctuate correctly. More than an ordinary amount of common sense and good judgment must also be possessed and

If in the haste of taking notes a word is omitted, the stenographer must be intelligent enough to know how to supply it, for it is not always possible to refer such matters back to the dictator until it is too late to complete the letter for the particular outgoing mail it may have been intended to catch.

There is yet another thing that the stenographer in public office needs al-most as much as she does a thorough knowledge of business, and that is tact. It would never do for her to hand back a letter to the man who had dictated it and tell him any little error he may discover is his own. The only way for her to get out of such a thing as this is to graciously admit that more than likely she misunderstood him. If it is his own error and he knows it, he may not admit to her that it was, but he all the more admires her generosity in shoul dering the blame, and remembers her, most profitably to herself, when he needs further stenographic work done. Then there is a strange social phase

of life that comes more before the notice of women in this particular line of work, perhaps, than in any other, and this, too, she must school herself to meet.

"Has it ever occurred to you," said one of these bright typists who has a desk in one of the largest hotels of the city, "how very many men there are so unfortunate as to be unhappily mar ried? That is, according to the stories the poor fellows seem so willing to in-flict we poor hotel stenographers with."

If the last man who had told this sensible little woman his "tale of woe" had been near to see the mirth it had provoked, he would, no doubt, have been ashamed to think he had proved such a poor judge of human nature for one and woven such a weak bit of sentimentality for her to only laugh over.

In the office of a wealthy business corporation, not long ago, the chief clerk found it necessary to dictate a letter to the lady stenographer that was afterward to be passed into the hands of the manager for signature. He goodnaturedly accepted the task he had found so agreeable, and promptly pro-ceeded with it. Standing behind her chair he began his dictation. All went well until the letter was about half way completed, then the gentleman, who had his eyes fixed on the young lady's soft, wavy coil of hair, thought he would pay

her a nice little compliment. What very pretty hair you have,

Miss Blank smiled, but said nothing. The letter was finished and handed to the manager. He, glancing over it, discovered a sentence entirely foreign to the subject matter of the epistle, in the very middle of the page. When Miss Blank was called in to explain she opened her big blue eyes in a sort of wondering fashion and said:

"Why, I only put down just what Mr. Brown said."

Miss Blank was excused from further explanation, but the quality and quan-tity of laughter that was thrust upon Mr. Brown was more than that gentle-man could stand, and it soon became a question as to who should give up a position and leave the office—he or Miss Blank; and the matter finally terminated when Miss Blank quietly handed in her resignation.

The women who have their desks in hotels or office buildings pay a certain percentage or bonus for the privilege, and spend as many hours a day or night

and spend as many hours a day or night there as they may see fit. As a rule they find it necessary to remain until quite late, for a great deal of their dictation is given after business hours, so as to have it ready by the morning of the next day.

It is quite the exception now to go to any city and fail to flid a stenographer in all the large hotels and public buildings. Women have found that if they have the ability they can make these positions pay them better than the ordinary salary received by stenographers in individual offices.

At the Board School. Master-Now, what is Christopher Colombus famed for? (The class is si-

Master-Surely somebody knows that. Tommy—I know. For frying eggs. Master—No. He is notable for having discovered America, which was unknown then.

tore?-Judy.

Tommy-How did he know it was America when he hadn't been there beHighest of all in Leavening Power.- Latest U.S. Gov't Report

Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PRINCE

The Press and the Pulpit.

Worms in Horses.

Sure Death to Hair.

Chemical analysis proves that hair is

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If the road to the pit didn't begin in respectability it couldn't end in ruin.

le sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mas. Winalow's Soothing Synur for Children Teething-

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Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your

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AWAY<

Absolutely free of cost, for a

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

The influence of diet on the growth

Ten years ago not a pound of tobac-co was grown in South Carolina for Poughkeepsie Press: A preacher came to a newspaper man in this way: "You editors dare not tell the truth. If you did you could not live; your newspaper would be a failure." The editor replied: "You are right, and, the minister who will at all times and under all circumstances tell the truth about his members, alive or dead, will not occupy his pulpit more than one Sunday. market. There were stray patches here and there, and forehanded people in some of the upper counties of the state possibly produced enough of a not superior quality to supply a strictly home demand, but tobacco growing as a money making industry was unknown in the state. Last year 1,000,000 pounds of tobacco of the best varicupy his pulpit more than one Sunday, and hen he will find it necessary to eties and some of the finest quality were grown and sold in the county of leave town in a hurry. The press and the pulpit go hand in hand with white-was brushes and pleasant words, mag-nifying little virtues into big ones."

were grown and sold in the county of Darlington alone. The acreage devoted to the cultivation of the plant was not 5 per cent of the acreage devoted to the cultivation of cotton, yet the value of the tobacco product was 16 per cent of the value of all the cotton raised in the county. The money value of the tobacco crop of the county was \$120,000.—Charleston News and Courrier.

Tobacco in South Carolina

Worms in Horses.

The only sure cure for pin worms in horses known is Steketee's Hog Cholers Cure. Never fails to destroy worms in horses, hogs, sheep, dogs or cats; an excellent remedy for sick fowls. Send sixty cents in United States postage stamps and I will send by mail Cut this out, take it to druggist and pay him fifty cents. Three packages for \$1.59 express paid.

G. STEKETEE, Grand Rapids, Mich. Mention name of paper. What a Blessing
It is to have strong nerves, and how many are
denied it. They to whom nature has been
niggard in this respect can enjoy nerve vigor
and quietude if they use Hostetter's Stomaca
Bitters, one of the finest nervines and tonics
in existence. Dyspepsia, a proline source of
nerve inquietude, is invariably overcome by
this genial medicine, which is also potent as a
remedy for manarial and kidney trouble and
tonstipation. of hair has often been discussed. It has been shown that starchy mixtures, milk and many other foods recognized as being highly nutritious, are, in fact, sure death to the growth of hair.

Mrs. Will J. Chalmers, daughter of the late Allan Pinkerton, and herself a Mrs. Will J. Chalmers, daughter of Chemical analysis proves that hair is the late Allan Pinkerton, and herself a notable figure in Chicago, in West Side society at least, has lately added to her retinue of English butler, who, being a late importation, was unaware of the existence of the naval orange. The other day Mrs. Chalmers ordered a box pointedly says: "Nations which eat of this fruit to be sent home. During most heat have the most hair." ing dinner, a few intimates being present, the lady of the house, sur prised that the oranges did not make their appearance, inquired of the but-ler what had become of them.

Of medicinal agents is gradually relegating the old-time herbs, pills, draughts and vegetable extracts to the rear and bringing into general use the pleasant and effective liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs. To get the true remedy see that it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only. For sale by all leading druggists. "His you please, mum," said the but-ler, "I 'ad to send 'em back. Hevery one of those oranges 'ad 'oles in 'em."— Coe's Cough Raleam
Is the oldest and best, It will break up a Cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

The man who cheats another robs him self.

Bicycles will be used the coming season more generally than ever before, especially as they have been greatly reduced in price. The Chicago Scale Co. are leaders for low prices on the best Wheels, as well as many other articles, and all kinds of Scales.

The Delaware County (Ia.) Farmers club at one of its meetings recommended a rotation suited especially in the north part of that state: 1. That grass is the best crop on the farm. 2. To maintain the fertility of the soil without grass is practically impossible. 3. That no more than one-third the farm should be under the plow at one time.

4. That a rotation of crops for six years is the best for our county.

The rotation should be as follows: Two years in corn, one year in oats, two years in meadow, one year in pasture. 3. That a permanent pasture made on the native sod is best. 7. A pasture that will not pasture one grown animal on 1½ acres is incomplete. 8. The level country in corn is preferable. 9. That shallow cultivation is recommended when the land is first in good

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A friend advised me to A friend davised me to try Ely's Cream Balm, and after using it six weeks I believe myself cured of catarrh. It is a most valuable remedy.

— Joseph Stewart, 624
Grand Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

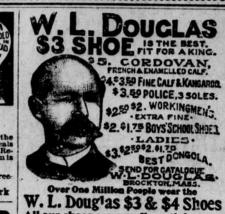
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