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AFTER TEN YEARS

By Mrs. Moses P. Handy

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Never, during the three years for which she had been in that lady's service, had Miss Lorimer's maid found her mistress so hard to please as this night. Her hair had to be dressed and re-dressed, her choice of a gown was difficult and the last touches were put to her toilet after the carriage had reached the door. Yet the occasion was only a little dinner at the house of an intimate friend.

Miss Lorimer had her own reasons for such unusual care of her appearance. A belle and a beauty, acknowledged leader in society, people wondered that, at 35 years of age, she was unmarried. Man after man for whom other women angled anxiously had laid his heart and fortune at her feet, but Miss Lorimer was Miss Lorimer still. Of late there had come a suitor whom she was reluctant to reject, while at the same time she hesitated to accept his offer. A brilliant and successful man, she admired and liked him and felt herself fit to be his helpmeet in his distinguished career.

But—there was a but—she honored her lover too much to bring him a divided heart. Years before she had believed herself in love with the cousin of her most intimate friend. When he asked her to marry him she refused. Not many months later she received the announcement of his marriage to another woman, and thanked heaven that she had not said yes to so fickle a suitor. But the sting entered her heart, and thereafter Miss Lorimer was unemotional and unromantic.

Tonight she was to meet for the first time after ten years the man whose memory lingered with her still, and she felt nervously anxious. She wanted to see if the old fascination was enduring; if the old pain was healed.

The dinner was at the house of a friend and cousin. Dr. Burton had risen to eminence as a surgeon, and was in town professionally, having been summoned for a difficult operation in the family of a millionaire.

Miss Lorimer had barely entered the drawing-room and shaken hands with her hostess when the dinner was announced. She recognized the doctor at once. The years had marked him; there were deep lines on his brow and touches of gray in his hair, but she told herself she would have known him anywhere. As the guest of the evening, Dr. Burton took the hostess in to dinner, and Miss Lorimer smiled at Mary's diplomacy when she found herself assigned to a distinguished ex-jurist who was deaf and a confirmed gourmand, and placed at table with the doctor on the other hand.

Conversation with the lawyer was difficult, not to say impossible. She unfolded her napkin in silence, but the guests were scarcely seated before Dr. Burton addressed her.

"And so you are Miss Lorimer still? Do you know, that surprised me?"
"Indeed? I have never held it woman's chief end to be married."
"As I know, to my cost. Seriously, I think you treated me badly. I thought then, as I do now, that you encouraged me." They were talking almost in whispers.

"Did you? Well, I may as well tell you the truth. I was undecided, and said no to test you. I believed firmly in your persistence, but not in your sincerity; moreover, I suspected that



Her hair had to be dressed and re-dressed.

your pursuit of me was spurred by the fact that you had rivals."

Dr. Burton finished his oysters before he replied: "You were mistaken; I was deeply in love, but until the last I feared to ask you because I thought you preferred a wealthier suitor, the brewer's son. When you said no, I accepted your decision as final."

Miss Lorimer's eyes grew moist. "Carl? Ah, he was a noble fellow—one of those love any woman might well be proud. His wealth was his smallest virtue."

Dr. Burton's tone took on a touch of asperity. "Then why did you refuse such a paragon? What has become of him?"

"Is it possible that you do not know? There was a fire in the brewery five years ago, and he sacrificed himself to save others. His own was the only life that was lost."

There was a pause. Miss Lorimer had difficulty in holding back the tears. Dr. Burton went along with his dinner. Then he said:

"No, I had not heard of it. My life

is a busy one, and I have little time for anything outside of my profession. Tell me, did you love him?" She felt vexed with herself for answering, but she did so:

"No; I was only his friend."
"If I had been sure of that, I would have asked you again; for, really, I was very much in earnest."

Miss Lorimer smiled sarcastically. "And you married six months afterwards!"

"Yes, and I made an excellent match. I married one of the best of women. She loved me for years. She had money and position. Both families desired the marriage. I could not get what I wanted, so I took the next best thing, as has always been my rule in life."

Miss Lorimer flushed indignantly and swallowed some ice water before she trusted her voice to reply: "Pardon me, Dr. Burton, but I have old-fashioned ideas, and I dislike to hear you speak so of your wife. Do you think she would like it?"

The furrows between his eyes came closer together. "Are you sufficiently old-fashioned to believe that the dead concern themselves with the affairs of the living? Mrs. Burton died two years ago."

Miss Lorimer gave a little start



"Yes, ten years too late."

Then she said brokenly: "Pardon me; I had not heard. Mary never told me."

Dr. Burton scanned her narrowly without speaking. The distinguished jurist turned to her and complimented the salad. She smiled, and the old man went back talking about the business of the hour with the other male guests.

Miss Lorimer toyed with her fork. Dr. Burton ate his salad, and there was silence until the plates were changed. Then the doctor said:

"You have improved wonderfully. You were always charming, but the bud has opened and the flower is exquisite."

Miss Lorimer was accustomed to compliments, but the directness of this one brought the color to her cheek. "I am glad to have your good opinion," she said, with a little air of mockery. He had no chance to reply; the host addressed him and the conversation became general. Miss Lorimer took no part therein, and while she appeared to listen, thought hard of other things. So this was the love of her youth, this man who could speak so unfeelingly of the woman who for eight years had been his devoted wife, "one of the best of women," he had called her between mouthsful. Miss Lorimer held marriage as a sacrament, not a civil contract, and his apparent heartlessness hurt her. She was still more shocked by his attitude toward herself. "His heart was true to Poll," she thought, and her lip curled unconsciously. Her reverie was interrupted by Dr. Burton's voice.

"A surgeon's life has little room for romance. Nevertheless, I have never forgotten the dream of my youth."

Mary had given the signal and the women were rising. Miss Lorimer rose hastily, dropping her handkerchief as she did so. The doctor picked it up, and as he restored it bent low over her hand. "Tell me, Mabel," he whispered eagerly, "is it too late for the second asking?"

The last vestige of the old love had faded from Miss Lorimer's eyes. She saw the man as he was, in all his egoism and self-seeking. Romance? How much of his constancy was love, how much due to her social position, her father's money—the adjuncts which made her, as she was well aware, an "excellent match"? She thought of the other man, honest and true, who, if he wanted the earth, desired it only that he might give it to her; thought of him with an exultant warmth at her heart. It was barely a second ere the doctor heard her clear, cold tones, as low-voiced as his own had been:

"Yes; ten years too late," she said.

A Child's Pretty Room.

It takes little money to make a pretty room for a child; one can paint old furniture white, stain the floor one's self, buy a cheap but pretty wall paper rather than one that is cheap and at the same time hideous, and by a trifling amount of time and care make it attractive. The value to a child of having a pretty room is largely in the stimulation of his sense of order. He learns that it cannot be beautiful if it is in confusion, and his pride of ownership impels him to habits of neatness. In fact, a child's room pays for itself many times over. If it is what it should be, it means a daily growth in health, a training in good habits and a general mental development.

DEPEW'S BAD FRENCH.

Causes Him Trouble Which Results in a Kiss.

Having found a purse on the floor of a hotel near an armchair, where he had seen a pretty girl seated a short time before, Senator Depew deposited the purse with the hotel clerk in a leading hostelry in Paris. An hour later, being on the street near the hotel, the senator recognized by the light of a street lamp, the same girl hurrying home from her call. Desirous of saving her anxiety when she discovered her loss, the senator walked briskly after her, and when he had reached her side addressed her in his politest French. The girl, thoroughly frightened and not understanding him, shrieked for help. The kindly senator tried to pacify her, and as she persisted in her failure to comprehend, and in crying out for assistance, grew vehement and scared her all the more. Finally the foolish maiden ran to a policeman who had appeared on the scene and appealed for protection. It was only after a long wrangle that the stupid officer of the law, zealous to appear in the light of the rescuer of a woman in distress, would admit the possible truth of Senator Depew's laborious explanations. The hotel being near, the policeman finally consented to accompany Mr. Depew and the lady there, sticking close to the lady all the way. The purse, which contained a large sum of money, was returned to the young woman by the clerk, and she, understanding at last, impulsively threw her arms around the senator's neck, and kissed him on the cheek.

Robbed The Grave.

A startling incident, is narrated by John Oliver of Philadelphia, as follows: "I was in an awful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in the back and sides, no appetite, growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. The I was advised to use Electric Bitters; to my great joy, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks and am now a well man. I know they robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50c. guaranteed, at P. C. Corrigan drug store.

Opening Letters.

It is a penitentiary offense today to open another's letters, yet congress conferred this privilege upon the commander in chief of the army, the president of congress, governors of states and the secretary of foreign affairs. The law was repealed in 1792. In England Sir James Graham so late as 1844 exercised his power of opening letters under warrant, and the contents of letters of the Italian patriot, Mazzini, were disclosed to the Austrian government.

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LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE.

William H. Burnham, Elizabeth Burnham, his wife, F. P. Ford and J. H. Keith, co-partners under the firm name of Ford and Keith, and Hannah James, non-resident defendants, will take notice, that on the first day of November, 1900, Edwin A. Booth, plaintiff, filed his petition in the District Court of Holt County, Nebraska, against you and each of you, the object and prayer of which petition is to foreclose a mortgage given by the defendants, William H. Burnham and Elizabeth Burnham, his wife, to J. H. Keith, Trustee for Eugene Westervelt, upon the southwest quarter of Section Twenty-Four (24), in Township Twenty-Nine (29), North of Range Fifteen (15), West of the 6th P. M., in Holt County, Nebraska, to secure the payment of a bond for \$500 with interest at seven per cent. per annum and ten per cent. after maturity, and to secure the advances made by the holder of said mortgage for taxes paid by him on said land. Said mortgage having been duly recorded in the office of the County Clerk of Holt County, Nebraska, on the 24th day of November, 1885, in Book 9 of Mortgages, at page 223.

Plaintiff prays that the mortgaged land above described be sold and that from the proceeds of such sale he be paid the amount to be found due him by the court, including costs of suit, and for such other and further relief as may be equitable.

You and each of you are required to answer said petition on or before the 10th day of December, 1900.
Edwin A. Booth,
Plaintiff.

CONTEST NOTICE.

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, O'Neill, Neb., Nov. 7, 1900.
A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by Fred Martens, contestant, against Frederick C. Beckman, entry No. 5922, made February 9, 1887, for the northwest quarter section 13, township 29, range 14 W., by Frederick C. Beckman, contestee, in which it is alleged that Frederick C. Beckman is now deceased, and that he left the following heirs at law viz: Mrs. Frederick C. Beckman, widow of the said Frederick C. Beckman, Harry Beckman, Alfred Beckman, Lester Beckman, Clarence Beckman, Victor Beckman, Sylvia Beckman and Frederick Beckman, all children and minor heirs at law of Frederick C. Beckman, deceased, the entryman; that they have failed to cultivate or caused to be cultivated, any trees, on said tract the 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th years of said entry; that they have allowed what trees were planted on said tract to be destroyed by fire; that there are not now to exceed 100 trees on said tract; that there has never been any freegard around said tract, and that the same have not in manner been protected. And that these facts now exist.

Said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence touching said affidavit at 10 o'clock a. m., on Dec. 10, 1900, before the register and receiver at the United States land office in O'Neill, Nebraska.

The said contestant, having, in a proper affidavit, filed Nov. 7, 1900, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice cannot be made, it is hereby declared and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication.



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