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### Lavender Leaves.

The waving corn was green and gold,
The damask roses blown,
The bees and busy spinning wheel
Kept up a drowsy drone,
When Mistress Standish, folding down
Her linen, white as snow,
Between it laid the lavender,
One summer long ago.

The slender spikes of grayish green,
Still moist with morning dew,
Recalled a garden sweet with box
Beyond the ocean's blue;
An English garden, quaint and old,
She nevermore might know;
And so she dropped a homesick tear
That summer long ago.

But still between the royal rose
And lady lily tall,
Springs up the modest lavender
Beside the cottage wall.
The spider spreads her gossamer
Across it to and fro,
The ghost of linen laid to bleach
One summer long ago.

—New England Magazine.

## The Saving of Dollie.

BY HOWARD DEVINE.

(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

"Dollie!" cried Madam, sharply. "Did you hear? Miss Hayes is waiting to have her wedding dress fitted. Didn't I tell you to watch for her and attend to it. Are you asleep?"

"Yes, mam—no, mam; I mean. I will attend to it. I—I did not hear, Madam, I—I beg pardon," and the girl sprang to her feet, flushed and trembling, gathered into her arms the priceless gown of the heiress and vanished through the door leading into the dressing rooms.

There was a snicker from the other girls and an angry snort from Madam.

"I don't know what's coming over Miss Culver," she exclaimed. "She seems to be in a trance."

In the meantime the pretty blue-eyed girl with the pink cheeks that were the envy of all the great dressmaking shop of Madam Gervais, had disappeared through the door of the work-room and emerged into a dainty dressing-room, where awaited a haughty damsel with flashing orbs of the deepest brown and the regal figure of a born queen. This was Florence Hayes, easily the belle of all the city and the greatest heiress as well—a superb young woman, with all the hauteur of the born aristocrat added to features and form and carriage of a beauty of nature. She had reigned long and with a high hand, but at last had succumbed to the ardent court of Howard Dunton and the wedding day had been set and preparations were in progress for the ceremony which was to be by far the most pretentious affair the town had ever seen.

Dunton was young, ardent, and of acknowledged ability, already a power at the bar and in politics; not of known family nor fortune but distinctly one of the coming men of the place and recognized as one of the most desirable catches. It was, in sooth, a model match, and society reveled in it.

The work of fitting the wedding garment was soon in full operation.

There was all the pulling and hauling, ripping and pinning and smoothing and tucking so necessary to a successful gown and finally all was as it should be and the two women—the heiress with her cold and classical face traced with lines of pride and hauteur, and the round-faced little dressmaker with her voluptuous figure and her simple, trusting countenance—faced each other, the task finished.

And then a strange thing occurred. Without the sign of a warning the little dressmaker stepped forward, the lost color blazing in her cheek and grasping both hands in the filmy laces in the front of the priceless gown tore out two great hands full.

"Your wedding gown," she screamed hysterically. "Your wedding gown. You shall not wear it. Do you hear, you shall not wear it. You have no right—in the sight of God, you have no right. The law and the priest may give you the legal right, but in the sight of God he belongs to me and I to him. Of course he cannot marry me—I am not of his world—all I can do is to love him and be loved—some doll born with a gold spoon in her mouth must bear his name," and then

The little dressmaker tore out two great handfuls.

the girl laughed a long and ghastly laugh. Then clenching her hands: "Yes, you can bear his name, but you can never have his heart and always you must know that you are second—that I was first—yes, and am first now and will be. He is mine and I am his. All you can do is to ride in his carriages and live in his house and bear his name. Much joy to you," and the girl laughed and cried hysterically as she stamped her pretty feet on the carpet.

The face of the other woman was a drama during this tirade. With the self-possession of the born aristocrat she maintained her entire dignity and self-possession; but it was evident from the first how strongly she was moved and how deeply she was shocked. When the dressmaker paused for breath she stepped forward and laid her hand imperiously upon Dollie's shoulder.

"Is this true?" she demanded in a voice so intense as to awe the girl. "I must know the truth. Do not trifle with me. If you tell the truth I will be the best friend you ever had. If you are merely after money you can have all you want only if you tell me the truth. But do not attempt to trifle with me. I will not stand it and I warn you for your own good."

She paused, and the other woman met her eyes without flinching.

"I tell you the truth," she said simply. "I want no money. All I want is him—Howard. I am not here testifying to my shame for money. I do not need money—why, he gives me enough money to keep me from that. But it is not his money that I want—it is him. I love him—yes, I do—I love him a thousand times better than you or any other woman knows how—and you are going to steal him from me." She sank on her knees and buried her face in a sofa—then rose suddenly and fiercely and went on: "No, you are not. You cannot. I will wait and watch—yes, and pray, and I will keep him, I know I will. You will have all the honor and the name and pride, but I will have him—see if I don't—him and his love. You will have the husks and I the kernel."

"My God, Florence, what does this mean!" exclaimed the groom aghast.

"Wait, girl," cried the other fiercely, forgetting her position, her dignity—everything but the words of the woman before her. "Listen to me." And she grasped her arm so nervously that Dollie winced. "Prove to me what you say and I will do for you what you never can do for yourself. I will be the best friend you ever had."

A few moments later the two women left the place together and rode away in the magnificent equipage of Miss Hayes.

* * *

Never had there been such a gorgeous wedding scene in the social annals of the city. The church was crowded with the fashion, beauty and chivalry of the most exclusive circles. The floral decorations were something marvellous; the costumes beyond even the female society reporter. At the appointed hour the groom stepped from the room assigned to him, accompanied by his best man, and moved toward the altar, just as the bride, arrayed only as wealth can array its favorites, moved up the aisle preceded by a pretty flower girl and followed by a splendid array of bridesmaids, all veiled. They met at the altar and the ceremony began. The great audience craned its collective neck to hear the responses.

"Do you, Florence, take this man to be your wedded husband, to cleave unto him, forsaking all others, to love, honor and obey him until death you do part?" read the clergyman solemnly in his most sonorous voice. He paused and comfortably awaited the response.

Then came the crash from the clear sky.

"No, I do not," replied the woman at the altar in a clear, tense tone, throwing aside her veil and disclosing a face of ashen color strangely set. "God help me, I cannot. I——"

"My God, Florence, what does this mean!" exclaimed the groom aghast.

"Silence," commanded the woman, turning upon him with flashing eye. "I will not because I cannot in the sight of God and man. I will not and cannot because this man belongs to another—to a girl whom he has deceived and intended to betray. But, good friends, you will not be cheated of the wedding you came to see. The bride—the real bride—is here, and the ceremony will go on," and with an imperious gesture she motioned forward Dollie Culver from her bridesmaids, lifted the veil from her frightened face and, turning to the clergyman, said:

"Proceed, sir, the bride and the bridegroom are ready."

The reverend father caught the poetic justice of the occasion and sternly began the service over again. The startled groom, unable to gather together his scattered senses, mumbled along the responses and in a trice the closing words were spoken and the Four Hundred were making their way to the door amid a rattle of tongues that would have put the tower of Babel to sleep in a cradle.


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### A Certain Cure for Dysentery and Diarrhoea.

"Some years ago I was one of a party that intended making a long bicycle trip," says F. L. Taylor, of New Albany, Bradford county, Pa., "I was taken suddenly with diarrhoea and was about to give up the trip, when Editor Ward, of the Laceyville Messenger, suggested that I take a dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera Diarrhoea Remedy. I purchased a bottle and took two doses, one before starting and one on the route. I made the trip successfully and never felt any ill effect. Again last summer I was almost completely run down with an attack of dysentery. I bought a bottle of this same remedy and this same remedy and this time one dose cured me." Sold by P. C. Corrigan.

### A Light Sentence.

A gentleman now living in this city tells the following story of a negro in Tennessee whose son had been convicted of killing a fellow-workman. A few days after the trial the father was asked what disposition had been made of the case.

"Oh," he answered, "dey done send Johnson to jail for a monf."

"That's a light sentence for killing a man, don't you think?"

"Yes," answered the darky, "but at de end of de monf dey done goin' to hang 'im."

Josh Westhafer, of Loogootee, Ind., is a poor man, but he says he would not be without Chamberlain's Pain Balm if it cost five dollars a bottle, for it saved him from being a cripple. No external application is equal to this linament for stiff and swollen joints, contracted muscles, stiff neck, sprains and rheumatic and muscular pains. It has also cured numerous cases of partial paralysis. It is for sale by P. C. Corrigan.

### Pointer for May Yohe.

Capt. Bradley Putnam Strong, now happily reunited to his affinity, says that he is going to choose a place of residence where reporters are unknown. If his affinity has learned anything by experience she will see to it that it is a place that is likewise destitute of pawnshops.

"I am using a box of Chamberlain's Stomach & Liver Tablets and find them the best thing for my stomach I ever used," says T. W. Robinson, Justice of the Peace, Ioomis, Mich. These Tablets not only correct disorders of the stomach but regulate the liver and bowels. They are easy to take and pleasant in effect. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by P. C. Corrigan.


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