

EDITH.

As a child Edith Thorne had always been considered "odd." She never cared to play with other children, hated dolls and loved reading. Books were her staff of life.

She had grown up among her friends without one of them understanding her. Even her own parents thought her rather cold.

At the age of twenty, Edith was a short, well formed girl, with light, soft-looking hair brightened by dashes of gold through its waves, crowning a proudly set head.

She was handsome, people decided, and everybody respected her. She was never talked about because the worst scandalmonger could say nothing worse of her than that she was too cold too proud.

The town of Melville, where she lived, was a gay little place, and Edith, who like every other girl enjoyed gay scenes, often attended the balls, parties, picnics, etc., going on.

One evening—a night she remembered all her life—she attended a large party given by Mr. and Mrs. Lester.

Belle Lester introduced Edith to her cousin, Clay Owen, and Edith saw a gentleman a little over middle height with a slight, well built figure, dark hair, large, soft eyes, a delicately cut, straight nose and a brown moustache, which he was secretly very proud of.

Edith enjoyed his conversation very much. If the truth must be told he was a little egotistical, but there were so many excuses to be made for that slight fault.

He had brought a friend with him, as Mr. Seymour, to whom he introduced Edith. Mr. Seymour was a light, tall gentleman, with blue eyes, light hair and dark complexion.

Mr. Seymour was reading Tennyson's "Maud" to her, and she was looking fixedly into the distance. As they sat thus a footstep was heard and without seeing Mr. Seymour, Clay Owen came towards them.

Edith turned to Mr. Seymour. Her face was smiling. "Edith!" he began. "My friend!" she smiled. And then in a moment or two Edith was listening with a happy heart to a torrent of words he was pouring forth.

They are married now, and Mr. Seymour is getting famous as a lawyer, and Edith has painted some pictures which bid fair to make her known to the world. Edith makes her husband dress becomingly, and he is only too glad to obey her.

Edith had tried to like Mr. Seymour for her lover's sake and had easily succeeded. And he came to her with eyes full of weariness and pain, and simply, so simply, as to impress her with their truth, offered heartfelt wishes for her happiness.

Edith, hearing the words, felt a great wave of pity sweep over her, why, she did not know, and held out her hands to him with a smile which transfigured her whole face.

and set so for hours, battling with his feelings, crying inwardly. "She is never to be mine, never, never!"

Her heart would have ached if she had seen him open his law books, with a weary smile, and try to banish the hopeless wishes his heart held.

A month went by, and Clay Owen had no wish but to live always in his bright love dream.

But one evening he urged Edith to fix the date of their marriage day. "I am selfish, dearest," he said, "I want you all to myself."

"We cannot marry for a long time yet, Clay," replied Edith, lifting her gray eyes. "For mother is failing in her health, and I will not leave her till Alice comes home from school."

"No, Edith!" said Clay, in the slightly tyrannical tone he had used once or twice. "No, no, I cannot wait that long."

"Darling! how can you doubt my love?" exclaimed Clay. "But I cannot do without you."

The decided answer took away Clay's breath. He had been "in love" before, though Edith did not know it, and he had always been the commander.

"Edith," he said, rising to his feet, "you must either marry me in three months, or—or we must part. Edith also rose to her feet. The pride came to her aid.

"And I have told you I will not marry you for three years, and if you really love me you will abide by my answer."

For a moment he hesitated. Then he turned on his heels and left her. She hoped he would come back, but he did not, and she was too proud to yield.

Soon it was all over Melville that the marriage was broken off. Edith's face was as calm as ever, and delicate piers and gossips could wrench nothing from her. Clay was in London.

Mr. Seymour, who had taken up his residence in Melville, often visited her, and she liked him to come. In spite of being "all one color" he was true of heart.

So a year went by, and one day, in the very park where Clay Owen had told her he loved her, Edith and Mr. Seymour, fast friends were sitting. In the distant fields they could see the tassels of the corn, and Edith thought, but without regret of last year.

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Very little of a Christian. In the course of his sermon he told us of a certain French Jew who was anxious to fill some position under the government, for which he was well qualified, but debarred in consequence of his creed.

On bemoaning his fate to a friend, who was a Catholic, the friend said: "My dear fellow, why do you let your religion stand in the way of your advancement? Change it, change it at once."

"Ah!" said the Jew, "I never thought of that. I certainly will." He did so, and the valuable post became his. Shortly after his promotion he was met by his Catholic friend, who had heard of his advancement, and after congratulating him upon it, said: "When I advised you to change your religion, I meant that you should change it for the only true religion, the Catholic."

What a Duce Costs. How much, dear girls, asks a writer in the Atlanta Constitution, do you suppose one of your swellest beaux is worth when he is dressed? I could not have told you two weeks ago, for at that time I had not investigated the gentlemen's clothing, furnishing and shoe stores of Atlanta.

A real, tip top swell is an expensive ornament in society, and if such a man has not money and any of you are in love with him, you must consider seriously whether you can dress him well before you give him a final answer. Here he is from top to toe, just ready to get into a carriage and go to a german.

He wears a \$75 overcoat, a \$10 hand embroidered chest protector, a \$10 muffler. His dress suit cost \$100, his beaver \$25, his gloves \$3, his shoes (made to order) \$10, his hose \$5, his hand embroidered shirt \$3, his handkerchief and cravat \$1 apiece, and his silk underwear \$25.

Two of the luckiest young men in the city of Dayton are Edmond C. and George C. Albert, who held one-twentieth of ticket No. 56,021, which drew the first capital prize of \$300,000 in the drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery, made in New Orleans on the 13th of November.

Last evening a Democrat reporter visited the home of the Albert boys. George is eighteen years of age and works at the shops of the National Cash Register company, while Edmond is twenty years of age and is employed at Stoddard's machine shops.

In answer to the reporter's questions, Mr. George Albert said: I bought the ticket on November 3d in partnership with my brother, it costing us half a dollar apiece. We discovered that we had drawn the money and kept the news quiet until we placed the matter in the hands of Mr. J. C. Reber, the cashier of the Winter's National Bank, in whom we have implicit confidence, and he collected the \$15,000 for us, and it is now to our credit in the bank.

Both the brothers take their good luck very sensibly. They have always been honest and hardworking. Their father, Casper Albert, a respectable barber, died several years ago, and they have had hard and uphill work, assisting their widowed mother to support the family. They now own their cozy cottage home on Maple street, and the lift the prize they have won has given them places them in comfortable circumstances.

Iron and steel are protected from oxidation by giving them a coating of magnetic oxide of iron. After much experimenting M. de Meritens, the French electrician, has succeeded in effecting this more satisfactorily than by the methods now in use, which require eight or ten days for steel and give only imperfect results for iron. He places the article in a bath of pure water at a temperature of about 175 degrees and passes through it an electric current a little more than sufficient to decompose water. In a few hours all sorts of iron or steel receive a brilliant black and very hard coating of magnetic oxide which takes a fine polish.

A Radical Cure for Epileptic Fits. To the Editor—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease which I warrant to cure the worst cases. So strong is my faith in the virtue of this medicine that I will send free a sample bottle and valuable treatise to any sufferer who will give me his P. O. and express address. My remedy has cured thousands of hopeless cases. B. G. ROOPE, M. C. 183 Pearl St., New York.

Emperor William forbids his servants to wear mustaches. When they were sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Vegetable Armor. It has been recommended that refuse cocconut fibre, which is very plentiful where the fruit is grown, be used as a backing for the armor of war vessels. Compressed plates may be made of it which, on being penetrated so as to admit water, would quickly swell and close the orifice, preventing the sinking of the vessel. In recent experiments bullet holes nearly an inch in diameter were made in half-inch plates of this material protected by boards, when a jet of water shot through but ceased to flow in less than one minute.

Deafness Can't Be Cured. By local application, as they can not reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; else excess out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that we can not cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. G. CRENLY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c.

"Truth has a quiet breast," says Avon's brand, but when the breast is racked with a cough it cannot be quiet. Try a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. The cough it will stay, the soreness allay, and you'll bless Dr. Bull for many a day. 25 cents.

"This will last out a night in Russia when nights are longest there," he said, clapping his hand over his aching tooth. Salivation Oil was applied, and he was fast asleep in twenty seconds.—Price twenty-five cents a bottle.

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Ely's Cream Balm is worth \$1000 to any Man, Woman or Child suffering from CATARRH.

CONSUMPTION. I have a positive remedy for the above disease, by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured.

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In various parts of the body, more particularly in the back, shoulders and joints, a peculiar and distressing condition that rheumatism has gained a foothold, and you are "in for it" for a longer or shorter period.

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