As a child Edith Thorne had always been considered "odd." She never cared to play with other chilren, hated dolls and loved reading. Books were her staff of life. All her pocket money was spent in buying them and all spare time in studying them. Then her friends called her "proud," soon the term used was "unsociable."

She had grown up among her friends without one of them understanding her. Even her own parents thought her rather cold. Once she had a friend, a real friend, who knew that under the reserve and "unsocial" exterior was a warm, true heart that mutely cried out sympathy, but this friend had gone away.

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. Her eyes were gray, full of expression, but too often hidden under the white, heavily tringed eyelids. It was her mouth which gave her face its cold look; the lines round it were too sever, but they could be softened. She did not smile often enough.

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. If one does not lower one's self-respect, the world will not get the opportunity to do it, and so Edith thought, and acted on that thought, and felt glad that that she had done so, when she heard the whiffs of gossip, which somehow came to herears, about the artificial misses who would have been her friends if she would have allowed it.

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, pienies, &c., going on.

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

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Belle Lester introduced Edith to her cousin, Clay Owen, and Edith saw a. gentleman a little over middle beight 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 be was a little egotistical, but there were so many excuees 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. He wore light clothes too which did not add to his appearance. He studied too hard at his profession, which was that of a lawyer, while if he had devoted some of histimeto gymnastics he might have had a healthy color and a straight, well filled figure.

Edith did not like him, but Mr. Owen praised him very much. He was a true friend, he said.

Mr. Owens pursued his intention of knowing more of Edith. Day after day he lingered at Melville, and saw her whenever be could; and one afternoon, when the tassels on the corn, which he compared to her hair, had begun to show themselves, he asked Edith to be his wife and her answer

sent him home delirious with joy. He was attracted by this pale, fair lilly, as he inwardly called her, with her grave, serious face. She was so different from the other girls he had known in his thirty years of life. Other girls had striven to attract him with "nods and becks and wreath-ed smiles," to say nothing of reverent admiration and conversation which they strove to make brilliant. Edith's he saw with penetration which long experience with the world had taught him, was to be the attracted, not the attracter. And when he had spoken to her for a time he saw her true

"This is a diamond among glass," he said, mentally, "and I will know more of her."

News flies quickly and soon all Melville knew what had happened. Congratulations, rather jealous ones from the young Indies, were poured upon Edith, which she received with her own quiet grace. A great many gentlemen secretly envied Mr. Owen, who loved to hear his promised bride

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.
"Now and always. Now and always," he said. "God bless you, Miss

And Edith, hearing the words, felt And 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. She did not see him when he reached his rooms, lean his head on his hands

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.

But she did not know and so was the happier. A month went by, and Clay Owen

had no wish but to live always in his 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."

"And that will be-"In two years. In three years from now, dear, I will marry you."
"No, Edith!" said Clay, in the slightly tyrannical tone he had used

once or twice. "No, no, I cannot wait that long.

"Don't you think that is selfish, dear?" said Edith.

What does the Bible say about leaving father and mother and cleaving to your husband? Surely Edith—"

"Clay, dear," answered Edith, " know my duty, and if you truly loved me you would aid me in accom-

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

"You must. I will marry you in three years, and no less," and Edith's face was very cold and proud. 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. His flery temper flamed up, aided by his conceit. "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

Soon it was all over Melville that the marriage was broken off. Edith's face was as calm as ever, and delicate

priers and gossips could wrench nothing from her. Clay was in London.

Those were hard days for Edith, but little by little the knowledge forced itself upon her that Clay was not worthy of her. And little by lit-tle the love she had had for him died

out of her heart. Mr. Seymour, who had taken up his residence in Melville, often visited her, and she liked him to come. 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 and Mr. seymone, 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.

Mr. Seymour was reading Tennyson's "Mand" to her, and she was looking fixedly into the distance.

As they sat thus a n footstep was heard and without seeing Mr. Seymour, Clay Owen came towards them. "Edith, my love! I have come back," he said.

Edith rose, cold and proud. "I will wait three, wait thirty vears, love.

"You will not be required to wait at all; sir," said Edith, icily. "I will never marry you. No! do not plead. I will not listen. Go!"

Like a beaten hound he turned away, and the next month Edith read of his approaching marriage with an 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. He was willing to wait for her.

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 to glad to obey her. Her face is never cold now, but transfigured with the light of pure happiness, which will never fade,-Maud L. Radford.

"Them Ez Hez."

A village in New England came into poseession of a neat and much needed town hall, the gift of publicspirited citizens. When completed, a meeting was held to dedicate the new building. Speeches where made by prominent citizens, and special reference was naturally made to the chief benefactor, and to those who had been most active in forwarding the enterprise.

One speaker mentioned the names of five or six of these citizens, and suggested that a vote of thanks be tendered them. This was done.

A moment later a little wizen-faced old man arose in the back part of the hall, and, in a sharp penetrating voice, called:
"Mr. Cheerman!"

"Mr. Cheerman!"

The speaker being recognised, he proceeded:
"I jist wanted to say that there's

them es huint been mentioned, es hes done es much es them es hes."

Very Little of a Christian

In the course of his sermon he told us of a certain French Jew who was 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 Catholie, 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. Now I hear that you have turned Protestant." "To be sure," said the Jew; "I wanted to be as little of a Christian as possible."—Mr. Faith's Latest Reminiscences.

What a Dude Costs.

How much, dear girls, asks a writer in the Atlanta Constitution, do you suppose one of your swellest beaus 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 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 \$8, his handkerchief and cravat \$1 apiece, and his silk underwear \$25. Then his diamond stud and solitaire ring will cost a small fortune, so that frequently a man in full dress may be worth at least \$500. A man like that would be worth running away with. It must have been just such away with. It must have been just such a joweled spoon that the dish in Mother Goose cloped with.

Drew \$15,000.

Dryton (Ohio) Democrat, Sec. 6th.

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. 56,621, 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.

vember.

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 col-

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 did saveral years. ber, died several years ago, and they have had hard and upbill work, assist-ing their widowed mother to support the family. They now own their cozy cottage home on Maple street, and the lift the crize they have won has given them places them in comfortable cir-

Rust Prevention.

Iron and steel are protected from exidation by giving them a conting of mag netic oxide of iron. After much expernetic 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 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. Be strong is my faith in the virtues of this medicine that I will send free a sample bottle and valuable treaties to any sufferer whe will give me his P. O. and Express address. My remedy has cured tho pands of hopeless cases.

B. G. ROOT, M. C. 183 Pearl St., New York.

Emperor William forbids his servants to

When finley was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,

Vegetable Armor

It has been recommended that refuse cocoanut fibre, which is very plentifui where the fruit is grown, be used as a backing for the armor of war vessels. Compressed plates may be made of it 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.

Denfness 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 micros 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 the normal condition, learing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by extarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucus surfaces.

P. G. CHENEY & CO., To

"Truth has a quiet breast," says Avon's bard, 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. Salvation Oil was applied, and he was fast asleep in twenty seconds.—Price twenty-five cents a bottle.

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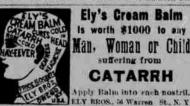
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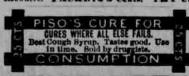
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