hair, with a caressing movement.

The young man stood before her in

golden beard, open brow, and straight

features, which wore an expression of

hauteur and vexation at the moment.

while his blue eyes dwelt with

fascination on her slightest ges-

ture. Dolores paused and con-

templated him. "Ah, how good and

He drew her once more close to his

"I am reasonable, and not at all

"You belong to me. You are to be

"Shall we ever grow old, like grand-

"We must grow old in our own fash-

Dolores recoiled and unfurled her

"Dolores, give me that confounded

"Then you do value it more than

The girl frowned, pondered a mo-

ment, closed the fan, and placed it in

His strong fingers closed over the

"Would you mind my keeping it?" he

"No," with a softness which was

"Would you care if I broke it and

The muscular hand crushed feathers,

substance and pearl stick before he

was aware of it, and then he flung the

Dolores cast a bewildered glance at

the broken fan, but made no attempt

to recover it. A tear rolled down her

"You are a good little girl not to

scold me for such clumsiness," he said,

with real, or assumed contrition for

an ebullition of temper. "I did not

intend to crush the thing. You shall

His arms were around her, his cheek

rested against her face, his mouth

sought her trembling lips in a long,

For a time she yielded passively to

his embrace, then she slipped away

and paused a few paces from him. She

trembled and grew pale, her black

eyes flashed. Then she burst into

"You were cruel to break it!" she

She fled away swiftly, closely fol-

He waited irresolutely for a time,

then departed, tantalized yet triumph-

kiss of Dolores still lingering on his

right on the morrow with the pur-

Little did he foresee the events of

A cloud swept over the moon's disk,

like a veil. The gate of the garden

opened, a figure emerged, noiselessly,

glided along the boundary wall, groped

in the path for some object, and as

The splendor of the night deep-

ened. The white hamlets slept, as if

they were the tombs of the inmates,

and the sea heaved and sparkled in

ble in the port, while the ships of the

harbor dreamed above their reflections

CHAPTER XIL

Expulsion.

COULD NOT

leave the poor fan

lying out there in

the road," Dolores

confided to her

awakened the next

Then she sought

morning.

the fragments beneath the same pil-

low, where she had placed them on the

previous night before going to sleep.

The moon had become hidden by

she had returned in search of the

in the act. For the first time in her

chase and presentation of a new fan.

have another to-morrow.'

wreck on the other side of the road.

his nand without uttering a word.

alluring, tempting, almost feline.

fan. 'Let us always remain young,"

my wife. We will live and die to-

side. "Dolores, you are a wee bit

flighty to-night, but you must be rea-

"Listen to me, darling-"

noble you are!" she sighed.

sonable-

flighty."

gaiety.

"No! No!"

frail treasure.

east it away?"

"No."

ardent kiss.

passionate sobs.

exclaimed.

the morrow.

swiftly withdrew.

in the tranquil waters.

any gift of mine?"

"I listen!"

papa?" meditatively.

ion," he replied evasively.

CHAPTER XI.-(Continued.)

He approached the gate, and was about to knock, when he saw a little figure flitting along the path before him. He recognized Dolores. Why was she roaming abroad alone on the roads at this hour? Was she watching for him? The young man hastened toward her, then paused at the angle of the wall to look at her.

Dolores stood in an open space of the path, waving a fan. Her shadow was projected on the ground behind her in a long, wavering line. The dog Florio sat beside her, gravely looking

The girl's face and arms, bathed by the moonlight, had the purity of alabaster in contrast with the luxuriant masses of her black hair, and her eyes were dreamy, as if she moved in a reverse. She talked to Florio in a low tone, and occasionally laughed. Now she advanced, mineingly, with skirts outspread, and profound curtsies, wielding the fan, with natural grace, in her right hand, as if at a presentation. Again she abandoned herself to a gliding dance measure, wreathing her arms above her head, with the glittering fan held high in

The childish vanity of smile and posture were obvious. She imagined he self to be once more at a ball and in a theater.

The spectator found the mere contemplation of her light movements bewitching, but he longed to clasp her in his arms. "Dolores!"

She started, and came toward him, with an exclamation of pleasure. Florio barked sharply.

"Are you glad to see me again?" he inquired eagerly, seizing her hands. "Oh. yes!"

"Did you expect me to-night? I feared I should not be able to get off."

"I always expect you." Then there was a moment of soft silence between them, during which he twined her arm around his neck. pressed her little head against his



"ARE YOU GLAD TO SEE ME?"

broad breast, and showered kisses on

Dolores drew back half troubled, half ashamed, and, inspired by an instinct of coquetry, once more unfurled her fan, making of the fragile weapon a barrier between them. "Look at my new fan," she said, in the track of leviathan about to rise

coaxing accents. "The garden is too from the depths. Bursts of maudlin small, so I came out here to play with song and jest were occasionally audiit in the moonlight." "Have you met any one on the

road?"

"No one. The people are all in the town at this hour.' "The fan is very fine. The grand

duke sent it to you at the door of the theater." Dolores elevated her delicately

arched eyebrows in surprise. "You noticed the messenger, then?" "Of course I saw him," warmly.

"The prince broke my old fan, and he was very kind to remember the accident," innocently.

Lieut. Curzon looked at the rich toy carelessly. The moonlight shimmered on pearl, tortoise shell and feathers, with a pictured design worthy of Comte Nils, or of Rudeaux, on one Tiny points of silver, or steel, sown over the surface, glittered in the moon's ray, as if diamond insects hovered and escaped with every turn of the happy owner's flexible wrist. A subtle perfume emanated from the downy margin.

"I will give you a dozen fans if you wish," said the sailor, in a slightly agclouds at the opportune moment when grieved tone.

Yes, he was piqued and irritated to treasure. There was treason to Arbehold her cherishing the quite un- thur Curzon, and even defiance of him,

warrantable gift of another man. Dolores smiled, with a sudden, daz- young life she was required to ponder zling gleam of snowy teeth between on the unreasonable and exacting quail. She rose to her feet, trembling red lips, and turned her head, archly. character of man. The garrulous in every limb, and averted her head. At the same time she clasped, provok- moods and prevalent crossness of ingly, the princely souvenir to her grandpapa was a different matter.

bosom. only what happiness to take up one or awakened in her heart by his ing eyes projecting from the sockets. another at pleasure. No! You must geniality and generosity, were mere and the next she was thrust out of the not touch me again."

She leaned toward him, and passed her nature. the fan, playfully, over his curling | Her slumbers had been broken by

wakefulness, when she had listened to those confused and intermittent sounds below stairs, which indicated that Jacob Dealtry was roaming about the Watch Tower.

In addition, the Cavalier of the picture seemed to stand on the threshold of her chamber and reproach her for some fault. His voice was muffled, vague and monotonous, like the rhythm of the distant sea. She could not distinguish his words. What had she done? Dolores could not understand.

She rose, made her simple toilet, and ate her frugal breakfast with a all the unconscious pride of his healthy, young appetite. Her grandstrength, and the moon shone on his father had been up for hours. He did not notice her. The amenities of conversation were rare between them.

The girl took the fan in her hand, and contemplated it with sadness. She shed a few tears over the wreck. Ah, how beautiful it had been only the previous night, with the moonlight sparkling on the spangled surface! The fingers that crushed the pearl and tortoiseshell structure must have been very strong, and the anger of Arthur Curzon deep. Did she not feel some sweet, feminine docility of subjection to the muscles of this Samson?

'He was jealous," said Dolores, aloud, and a dimple deepened in her soft cheek.

She glanced at a little mirror; already she was a woman. The discovery frightened and enchanted her. The broken fan still claimed her sor-

owful tenderness and regret. "What shall I do with it?" she demanded of the Knight of Malta, pausshe insisted, with a return of fantastic ing before the picture.

The Knight was mute. She went out into the garden, irreselutely. A bee from his hive in the



"HIS ARMS WERE AROUND HER." rear of the Tower settled on her wrist She did not fear the insect. The bees made famous honey.

"What shall I do with the fan?" she repeated, obeying a childish impulse to question Fate.

The bee was mute, and, after basking, a downy, golden body, on the extended arm for a moment, spread gossamer wings, and flew away, as if about to keep a business appointment in the kingdom of the thyme.

"What shall I do with the fan?" the girl inquired of the pigeons, the flowers, the dog. The pigeons ceased to coo, and

looked at her with bright eyes; the flowers swayed on their fragile stalks, lowed by her little dog, and Lieut. and hung their heads, languid with Curzon heard the gate shut behind her. their own fragrance. Florio bounded through the reeds,

and again emerged, uttering a sharp ant, with the shy, half-unconscious bark, as if to claim her attention for the retreat which he had discovered in lips. Love had come to him with a the middle of the clump of plants. smile and a song. He would make all Dolores caught up the little animal, and bestowed her usual caress, a kiss

on the nose. "The very spot!" she exclaimed. 'I will bury the fan. Florio knows more than the pigeons, or the bees."

She glanced about in search of her grandfather. She had once offended him by digging at the roots of his flowers and attempting to bury a broken doll. Now she would ask him to accord her a tiny corner for the fan's grave. The gate was half open. She looked out, and beheld the old man traversing the path in the direction of the high road. He was evidently bound on some She must await his When would he return return. though? Surely there could be no loafer or dishonest man can offer this harm in hiding away the fan among petition. the canes! Her life had been so meager of incident, that this one acquired importance in her estimation. Impatience overcame all scruple. She once more sought and found a broken, rusty knife, and, kneeling, thrust her arm through the barrier of stems to scoop out a little hole in the earth. The clump of canes should shelter the spot.

The task was rudely interrupted. A claw-like hand grasped her shoulder, and she was dragged back with

Jacob Dealtry had entered the enclosure, and discovered her occupation. He pounced upon his grandpillow when she child in an access of fury. "You jade! You devil's imp! What are you about,

> The words seemed to hiss in her ear, awakening painful memories.

> "I am not hurting the flowers in the very least, grandpapa," she protested, in an aggrieved tone.

She was older and stronger than when she had attempted to inter the doll, and need not fear to confront him in a fit of anger. She must learn to brave him. Nevertheless, the rage of the old man made her

The crisis was terribly brief. One moment a white face confronted Her admiration of the handsome offi- her, with the pinched features drawn "A dozen fans would be too many, cer, and the affectionate gratitude and contracted, and a pair of gleamsurface ripples of sentiment as yet in gate, with her dog, and the bolts drawn.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RELIGION AND REFORM THE WORLD OVER.

The Night of Life Has Blessings True-Return to the Puritan Sabbath-Sermons from Bible Texts-Notes from the Ram's Horn.



evening heavens drooped on high: My heart was drooping too;

but the sky Deep-dyed an ebon hue. My heart revived; again aloft

turned my

A thousand stars shone clear and bright And this message to me bare: The night of life has blessings true

glance, and there

Whose beauties ne'er are seen, While men note not the stars, but view The darkness in between. The Puritan Sabbath.

The Rev. W. C. Prince in a book entitled "Among the Northern Hills" rightly urges a return to the strict puritan methods of Sabbath keeping. He

"They greatly mistake who imagine that in the minds and memories of all children who were brought up in the old-fashioned puritan ways of 'keeping' Sunday there is any pain or dislike to the day, produced by the rigidness with which we were made to keep it. But its memories are more deeply and more tenderly cherished by those children, now grown to be old men and women, than any memories of the other days. One day in seven the boy lived more or less in company not of this world. He thought it hard sometimes-often.

"But today, after fifty years in the work of the world, I challenge him, whoever he be, to answer you what part of his young life and young reading is most precious to him-what, if he must forget, would he desire now to retain longest? He will tell you that his memories of old Sundays at home, of Sunday mornings and Sunday evenings, of the church and its people, of family scenes, and books read with brothers and friends on Sundays are his most constant, most enduring, and most beloved subjects of memory.

"I do not take any stock in the common saying of this day that the puritan Sunday was injurious to the character of the children, because they so gladly escaped from its bonds into freedom that they went to the other extreme. I believe if you could poll the honest vote today of the sons of old Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Congregational and other families, in which they kept Sunday in the most rigid puritan style, and who are now keeping it in the free-and-easy style of our time, they would be well nigh unanimous in saychildren taught to keep Sunday as they used to keep it, rather than brought up as now, practically without any severance between the life of the first day and the life of the other six."

Give Us Our Daily Bread. (Give us this day our daily bread .-Matt. 6:11.)

Not bread for to-morrow, or next month, or next year, but bread for today. Our heavenly Father wants us to come to him every day, and get our bread from his hand fresh. He wasts to have us talk to him daily about the things we need, as we like to have our children do with us. It is trying to get our bread too far in advance, without regard to God, that keeps the world full of sin and trouble. The man who robs a bank wouldn't do it, if he looked to God daily for his support. The saloon keeper and the gambler, the forger and the harlot, turn their faces toward the pit because they do not look to God for their daily bread. The man who asks God for his bread, will also ask his blessing upon the means by which he is to obtain it, and an honest prayer in the morning will be sure to end in an honest day's work. If we pray right we shall be sure to do right. Another thing: When we make a true prayer for our own bread, we ask God to feed the world, and that makes it impossible to take a loaf from another that does not belong to us. To pray this prayer with the heart will make us brotherly, diligent, prudent, economical and thoughtful. It will make us active in both hand and mind, compassionate toward the poor, and willing to make sacrifices for the good of others. No

Help Your Pastor.

"A minister who is worthy of the name can stand an empty purse better than an empty pew or an empty prayer meeting. It is a disgrace that failure to pay an honest salary should straiten a pastor's purse; but the spiritual emptiness afflicts his heart the most keenly. Perhaps your pastor is wondering what has become of you on the evenings of devotional meetings. The better man or woman you are the more you are missed; the worse you are the more need to go. It may be that your pastor is disheartened by the emptiness of your pew on the Sabbath. He has carefully prepared a discourse for your benefit; you have lost it; both he and you suffer from that absence. For one, I am ready to confess that I never made any converts to the truth in an empty pew, and never have delivered a sermon loud enough to awaken a parishioner who was dozing at home, or strolled off to some other church. If a good reason keens you at home, try to send a substitute; invite some friend who seldom hears the gospel, to go and occupy your seat; your minister gets a hearer, and the hearer may get what will save his soul. Church members sometimes complain that their minister does not 'draw' a larger congregation; yet they do nothing to draw outsiders to the house of God by a cordial invitation to come. Help your pastor to fill the house."-Rev. Theo. L. Cuyler.

Blessed to Be a Blessing.

agitated dreams and feverish starts of THE KINDLY LIGHT. and proud and selfish. Give out the best of your life in the Master's name for the good or others. Lend a hand to every one who needs. Be ready to serve at any cost those who require your service. Seek to be a blessing to every one who comes for but a moment inder your influence. This is to be angei-like. It is to be God-like. It is to be Christlike. We are in this world to be useful. God wants to pass his gifts and blessings through us to others. When we fail as his messengers, we fail of our mission."-J. R. Miller, D. D.

How to Read.

Mr. Hamilton W. Mable in a recent article in The Bookman on "Books and Culture," thinks the majority of people have not learned how to read. They read for information or for refreshment, when they should read for enrichment. He says: "What is essential to culture is a deeper knowledge obtained by appropriating the best thoughts of others so that they become a part of ourselves. This knowledge is not merely something added by the memory; it is something possessed by the soul. A pedant is formed by his memory; a man of culture is formed by the habit of meditation, and by the constant use of the imagination. A man of receptive mind and heart meditating on what he sees, and getting at its meaning by the divining rod of the imagination, discovers the law behind the phenomena, the truth behind the fact, the vital force which flows through all things and gives them their significance. The first man gains information; the second gains culture. "To get at the heart of books, we must

live with them and in them; we must make them our constant companions. . The reading of a real book ought to enlarge the vision, deepen the base of conviction, and add to the reader whatever knowledge, insight, beauty and power it contains. . . . Some readers see only a flat surface as they read; others find the book a door into a real world, and forget that they are dealing with a book. The real readers get beyond the book into the life which it describes."

We Must Be Born from Above. (Be partakers of the divine nature .-

Peter 1:4.) But how does the fallen man receive the divine nature? What must he do to be born of God? How can he have such a change effected in his nature that he will keep the law because he loves the Lawmaker? It comes through giving up sin and receiving Jesus Christ. "As many as received him (not an admiration for his life, or character; or somebody else's opinion of him, but him -for all that the soul needs, and all that the Bible says he is-Prophet, Priest and King) to them gave he power (privilege, right) to become the sons of God, even to them that believe (present tense -not in a past age, but now) on his to fit your wagon name." And this is the only process by which any one ever has, or ever will be "For there is none other born again. name under heaven (no other way) given among men whereby we must (can) be saved." "He that believeth not is condemned already (not because ing that they would prefer to have their | he has been committing sin all his life, but) because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God." Keep this thought always in mind, that the thing which makes people unfit for heaven, is to reject the Spirit of God which was brought into this world by Jesus Christ and this is done every hour that we reject his divine government. God blames no sinner for doing sinful things, but he condemns him for retaining a sinful nature when it is so easy to be delivered from it.

> Echoes from Other Anvils. Epworth Herald: The fashionable dancing school is as good a kindergar-

ten as the devil cares about. Reformed Church Messenger: A wise and holy rule for our neighbor's faults this: To speak of them to God and forget them before men.

Cumberland Presbyterian: The chief danger to the cause of Christianity is not the attacks of its enemies, but the unfaithfulness and inconsistencies of its friends.

The Voice: The railroads continue to prohibit employes from drinking, but congressmen and state legislators may freely imbibe. Is running a railroad train more important than running a state? Religious Telescope: Paying only

fifty cents a year to aid the cause of missions by a rich man does not go a great way in the direction of convincing his neighbors that he is sincere when he says, "Thy kingdom come." Religious Herald: Enjoyment of God's

word is proportional to our understanding of it. The Bible is not a book to be worshiped simply as an idol. It is not a charm or talisman. It is a message direct from our Feavenly Father, expressing his will concerning us and his love toward us, and we come to know and love him, apprehend all his thoughts toward us, only by giving a clear knowledge of this heaven-sent message." Then let us study it, delve into its apparent mysteries and we shall "grow thereby."

The Walk to Emmaus. Jesus can sometimes tell us more in an hour of sadness than in one of joy. If we would know what God told Daniel we must not be afraid of lions.

When we tell Jesus what we know, he will tell us what we ought to know. Christians get along faster when they travel in pairs.

To fill the church with joy today, it is only necessary to show what the Bible says of Christ. Jesus walks with everyone who is sad

on his account The man who is interested in Christ will not long find the Bible a sealed

When we open the Bible anywhere, we should pray that we may see the face of

He told them things they were glad to tell to others. The man who carries God's message has wings on his feet. Jesus knew they were sad, but he also knew there was no reason for their be-

Temperance in India. The Maharajah of Baroda, India, re-

cently manifested his interest in the progress of temperance work by issuing a mandate to the effect that no new liquor saloons should be opened in fu-"God blesses you that you may be a ture without the sanction of the preblessing to others. Then he blesses you siding official. He also provided that if a second time in being a blessing five-sixths of the house owners and into others. It is the talent that is habitants should present a plea that all used that multiplies. Receiving, un- the liquor shops should be closed, the less one gives in turn makes one full official might give the necessary order.

The Sworn Tormentors Of the Spanish inquisition never inflicted

tortures more dreadful than those endured by the victim of inflammatory rheumatism. The chronic form of this obstinate malady is sufficiently painfull. Arrest it at the start with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters and avoid becoming a life over marker. The Rit. avoid becoming a life ong martyr. The Bitters will remove malaria and kidney complaints, dyspepsia, constipation, nervousness and neuralgia, remedy debility and hasten convalescence.

A Curlous Weather Prophet.

A means of forecasting the weather from a cup of coffee is given by the Leeds Mercury, which asserts that it has proven more trustworthy than the official guesses. Drop two lumps of sugar carefully into the middle of the cup; if the air bubbles remain in the center of the cup it will be fine; if they rise rapidly and go to the sides, it will rain all day; if they gather in the center and then go in a cluster to one side, look out for showers.

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