

HOPE.

Oh, weary hearts, and sad, who silent grope Amid the shadows of some wintry night...

THE LIE THAT WAS NOT TOLD

"Is it good to tell a lie?" Tony laughed. "Yes; sometimes, maybe. Listen."

He threw his head back and gazed at me through his half closed lids. I will not use his broken English...

Her name was Marcia. She was blind. She lived here in this house, in Polk street. You know the little window, high up near the top? It was there...

She was not always blind. And that was good. She could regret—it is better than nothing. Dust in her eyes did it. They got red and swelled up...

That was when she was 16 and pretty, with eyes that were blue and gray, blue that was soft, gray that glittered...

"Sister, carissima mia, here is Terese. She is poor and unfortunate like myself. These must be good friends."

Now, Marcia could not see the black—the black of Terese's dress and the black of Terese's hat—the grim and somber black. Besides, when one is blind there is but one misfortune...

In the most simple way in the world she said it. And thus it happened that Terese became blind—Terese, whose eyes were the best in the world—for when Luigi, smiling, opened his mouth to speak and saw Terese place her finger to her lips and sign him to stop...

"No, little one," she said. "I have not always been blind. But, like thee, as Luigi has told me, I have been unfortunate, and I think we will be the greatest friends in the world."

And then she looked at Luigi, whose face was white, and smiled and whispered: "Love is blind, foolish."

So that Luigi grew red again with the blood that came trooping into his face and tried to seize her hand. Only Terese drew it back and laughed.

And the poor little blind girl, who felt the movement and heard the laugh, but did not at all guess what it was about, smiled sadly and said in a way one could not exactly explain, "Ah, thou art happy!"

I might have said in the beginning that it commenced just that way. Terese came to live in the house with Marcia and Luigi. Only she didn't have a room with a little window from which one could see the lake. And they were happy—all three. Terese worked. Every morning Luigi guided her down the stairs and to work, so he said, and every evening a little boy, for two pennies a day, brought her back, so she said. Then she and Marcia sat at the window and listened for Luigi. And this continued for awhile—until this thing happened, that Terese came home one evening with a lighter step than usual.

"Madre sanctissima!" she cried as she bent over Marcia and kissed her. "What thinkest thou, little one?" The blind girl grew pale and her lips trembled as she turned her face upward wonderingly.

"Canst see?" she whispered. Terese laughed. "No, no, little one; not that," she said, "but I have something for thee." And she dropped a necklace of gold and blue beads about the little one's neck.

"I am glad," said the blind girl simply, but a tear glistened in her eye, and when she bent her head it dropped upon Terese's hand. "I am glad," she repeated.

"Ah, little one, art glad and yet weep?" cried Terese. "Is it the necklace?"

"No, no," cried the little one. She dried her eyes and smiled as she fingered the necklace. "It is not that. Thy step was so light, I thought thee

might have been cured of thy blindness, and I felt so lonely."

"Thou dearest little one," said Terese. And she clasped the blind girl in her arms and laughed gayly. Yet—thus shone the woman—her face grew pale, for she began to see what was to come, and she feared the end.

Now, this is how the pit became deeper: When Beppo came, as he did one evening, with Luigi, he brought his mandolin—which is to say, Marcia sang and Beppo cried: "Brava, signorina! Thou hast a wonderful voice." Whereat the little blind girl was delighted, as were Luigi and Terese, which was sad—all very sad. If they could have known! But how could they have known unless they read the future, which is what few people can even guess? So that, not knowing, these things happened—that Beppo came again and again and for many weeks afterward.

In the evening they sat on the stairs and talked, or Beppo played his mandolin while Marcia sang while it was all dark and still, maybe a little noise from the street. And on one of these nights, which were dire nights, the little blind girl sat silent, as if unhappy, and sighed.

"What is it, little one?" asked Terese. "Art sad?" And the little one smiled. "Nay," she said; "I am happy."

Beppo laughed. "One must not sigh when one is happy," he said. "I will play."

The moon was half way in the sky. The night was soft. The music rose softly and reached the heart. "It is a love song," said Beppo. And he reached out and caught Terese's hand. It was dark, and there was none to see except the blind girl, and Terese laughed and smiled in Beppo's face. "It is a love song," she repeated, and Marcia, too, laughed. "Yes," she said, "it is a love song." And she began to sing.

And this was the pity of it—that they did not guess, those two, Beppo and Terese. Nor did they seem likely to find out, for not alone are those blind who cannot see.

And when it was all finished—when Beppo had gone home—Marcia and Terese sat silent and held each other's hands.

"What is it, little bird?" asked Terese.

And Marcia sighed and held down her head and cast down her eyes, as though they feared to meet those of Terese. Terese kissed the blind girl.

"What is it, Marcia?" she whispered. "I am in love," said the blind girl. She hung her head on Terese's shoulder, and, though she had whispered, it sounded in the ears of the other like a thousand thunder claps. Terese grew white, and her eyes grew wide.

"Oh," she cried, "you are in love! You are in love!"

Then she grew whiter and held the little blind girl off and looked at her a long time silently and strangely.

"Yes," said Marcia simply. "Terese, thinkest thou Beppo likes me?"

Once there was a man who said: "Yes; it was I." And another was glad he lied. Once there was a woman who said: "Nay; I love not." And another was glad she lied. Once—but wait.

Luigi came, and he and the little blind one went into their room, and Terese went to hers and threw herself upon her cot and cried almost all the night—at least during the time she was not busy packing up—for on the floor of her room she laid a big, stout cloth, and on this she piled all her things—her Sunday dresses and her trinkets—and the most of them were wet with her tears. Tightly she packed them and crept down stairs at 3 o'clock and disappeared in the gray of the morning.

It was three days before they found her—Beppo and Luigi—though they searched through the whole of each day. She had the most forlorn expression in the world and went with them quietly and meekly nor answered a word, walking between them with eyes downcast, as though she were dumb. Tears were in her eyes the whole way, but to everything she said, "I know nothing."

And they all lied, every one of them. But Marcia was happy. "Mia carissima," she cried, "I was so afraid! Thee said not a word. And thee was blind."

Terese laughed—that is, it sounded like a laugh. And she said: "Yes, I was blind, little bird, but there are eyes in the heart, and they have brought me back to thee." Then she kissed the little blind girl and hugged her again and again and cried between times.

Thus it went on as before. Nor could any one of them have helped, though it was sad. And as the end drew near they all became happier and happier. "There will be a serenata tonight at the park," said Beppo one evening. "We will all go." And he laughed gayly, for he had something on his mind, and he intended to speak.

The serenata was like a fete. There were hundreds that sat beneath the trees and listened, as did Terese and Marcia. And Beppo sat between them. "It is grand," said Marcia. "It is grand." And after it was all over they lingered, sitting beneath the trees for an hour or more, until the music of the night had crept into their hearts and made them happy.

"There is a song in the night," said Beppo, "and there is a song within my heart, but it is unsung."

"I will sing it for thee," said Marcia, and she smiled.

"Thou art good," said Beppo. "And, yes—thou shalt sing for me and make me happy." And, though he spoke to Marcia, he looked at Terese, and love shone in his eyes. And Terese looked at him, and love shone in her eyes. But her face was white nevertheless, and her eyes were downcast. They remained downcast during the whole of Marcia's song, and when Beppo clasped her hand she did not smile. When he

pillowed her head upon his breast, she did not look up—that is, until he strained her to his heart and held up her head until he looked into her eyes and asked, "Wilt thou be mine?" Then, though her face was drawn and haggard, she smiled. And when he pressed her close and asked again she smiled once more, though sadly, and threw her arms around his neck and answered, "Yes." But she choked, as with a sob in her throat.

"Thou lovest me?" said Beppo. He looked at her drawn face and thin lips and read the love within her eyes, so that for a moment he was awed. "Thou lovest me," he said. And Terese hung limp within his arms and dropped her head.

"Yes," she said. "I love thee."

Then, just as poor blind Marcia's song came to an end, they kissed. And why the sound of it should have been so loud I do not know. Maybe it was not so loud, after all, but it reached the ears of the little blind girl like the roar of a mountain torn asunder, though it was but the tearing apart of her own little heart she heard. The last faint chord quivered unheard in her throat and ended in a choke. She sat like one of stone peering at them as though listening, but there was nothing more to hear, for Terese's head was buried in Beppo's arms, while Beppo caressed her hair.

"Marcia," said Beppo at last. "Terese and I—"

"No, no," cried Terese. She threw her head back and pressed her hand across his mouth. But the little blind girl understood and rose to her feet with her face all white, and as she spun round her hands were flung high above her head, so that they fell in Beppo's face as he caught her and laid her tenderly on the ground.

Terese cried as Beppo turned to her with his face all puzzled.

"She loves thee," she sobbed and kissed the poor white face of the little one. "She loves thee, and I must go away."

But Beppo did not understand this. "Lovest thou me?" he asked.

"Yes, yes," answered Terese; "thou knowest that."

"Then," said Beppo—he smiled—"that all."

When Marcia opened her eyes, her face was wet with tears, and the whole of the tale was being sobbed into her ears. But she only smiled, and when she rose she grasped the guiding fingers of the two with hands that shook no more than does yours or mine, and when she walked up the stairs to the little room with the window that overlooks the lake her steps were as firm as though nothing had happened at all, though Terese cried all the way down again despite the kisses and caresses of Beppo.

"Is it kind to tell a lie?" asked Tony. "Well, I don't know. Maybe, sometimes." Then he dropped into his broken English. "You got another cigar, yes?"—Exchange.

What Old Sawyer Said. Senator Sawyer considered himself personally responsible for a Republican majority in Wisconsin and was quite sensitive on that subject.

During the Garfield campaign I was sitting one day in his simple office at Oshkosh when a gentleman, then unknown, but now occupying a prominent position in public affairs, appeared with a letter of introduction from Marshall Jewell of Connecticut, chairman of the Republican national committee, who stated that the bearer had been instructed to visit Wisconsin for the purpose of making a report upon the political situation and the prospects of the Republican ticket. This pricked the old man's pride. He resented, in his good natured way, the invasion of his territory, and I noticed that his face flushed as he read the letter. After looking out of the window for a few moments he looked at his watch, handed back the letter of introduction to his surprised visitor and remarked with deliberation:

"There's a train leaving here at 5 o'clock that will get you into New York day after tomorrow morning, and I'll send up one of my boys to see that you get aboard. When you get to New York, you tell Jewell that old Sawyer read that letter and said there was nothing for you to report on. You might add, however, that old Sawyer asked you who was looking after things in Connecticut."—Chicago Record.

Desperate. "After I landed in Algiers," said a Pittsburg man who is visiting Detroit friends, "I went out for a little walk to see the town and incidentally to find a barber shop."

"After spending some time in fruitless search I accosted a man and politely asked him to direct me to the nearest place where I could get shaved. Monsieur did not comprehend, and I repeated my question. What he said I do not know, as he understood no English, and I am equally ignorant of French. We parted."

"I walked on until I met an intelligent looking chap whom I stopped. Slowly, distinctly and in a loud tone of voice I again stated my request. Anybody ought to have understood, but he did not. He threw a volley of French at me, gesticulated madly and left me standing there."

"With the third man I changed my tactics. I did not attempt to talk to him in a foreign tongue that he was too stupid to understand. I clutched him by the arm and held him while I performed a pantomime shave. When I finished, I looked at him inquiringly."

"Yes," he said, "I can see that you are a desperate man. I suppose you want me to take you to a secluded spot where you can cut your throat?"

"Never did the English language sound sweeter to me, and learning what I wanted to know, I was soon happily sending my way to the nearest barber shop."—Detroit Free Press.

FOUND DEATH IN THE VIAL

THE FIFTH TABLET CARRIED A DOSE THAT WAS FATAL.

Why the Doctor Had a Premonition That Misfortune Had Overtaken a Wealthy Planter—How the Story of the Crime Leaked Out.

The story was told by a police commissioner of another city who was in New Orleans recently on a visit.

"The most ingenious murder I ever knew anything about," he said, "was committed by a young physician. He was a rising practitioner at a place where I formerly lived, and, with your permission, I will speak of him simply as Dr. Smith."

"About a dozen years ago, as nearly as I remember, this young man went on a visit to a relative in a neighboring city, and one afternoon, on the third or fourth day of his stay, he startled a lady member of the household by remarking that he 'had a feeling' that some misfortune had overtaken a wealthy planter whom they both knew very well, and whom I will call Colonel Jones. The colonel was a prominent resident of the doctor's home town and had a large outlying estate, which he was in the habit of visiting once a week.

"On the day of Smith's singular premonition he was on one of those tours of inspection, but failed to come back, and the following morning his corpse was found lying in a cornfield. He had evidently been dead about 24 hours, and from the appearance of the body seemed to have been seized with some sort of fit or convulsion."

"Of course the affair created a great stir, and the police made a pretty thorough investigation, but the only thing they found that merited any special attention was a small, round vial in the dead man's vest pocket. It was about the diameter of a lead pencil by four inches long, and had originally contained a couple of dozen medicinal tablets, which, lying one on top of the other, filled the little bottle to the cork. A few still remained in the bottom."

"Upon inquiry it was learned without trouble that the tablets were a harmless preparation of soda, and that Jones himself had bought them at a local drug store. That ended suspicion in that quarter, and, for lack of anything better, the coroner returned a verdict of death from sunstroke. There was no autopsy."

"Some time after Jones had been buried," continued the police commissioner, "I learned accidentally of Dr. Smith's curious prophecy, and it set me to thinking. Eventually I evolved a theory, but it was impossible at the time to sustain it with proof, and for five or six years I kept it pigeonholed in my brain, waiting for something to happen. Mean-while, to everybody's surprise, Dr. Smith went to the dogs. He began by drinking heavily, gradually lost his practice, and finally skipped out to avoid prosecution for cashing a fake draft. After his flight I learned enough to absolutely confirm my theory as to Jones' death. What had really happened was this:

"Dr. Smith owed the old man a considerable sum of money and had given a note, upon which he had forged his father's name as indorser. The planter was pressing him for payment and had threatened suit, which meant inevitable exposure. One day, while they were conversing, Jones pulled out a little glass vial and swallowed one of the tablets it contained, remarking that he took one daily, after dinner, for sour stomach."

"That suggested a diabolical scheme of assassination, which the doctor proceeded to put into execution. Repairing to his office, he made up a duplicate tablet of strychnine, and, encountering the colonel next day, asked him to let him have the vial for a moment, so he could copy the address of the makers from the label."

"Jones handed it over unsuspectingly, and while his attention was briefly diverted elsewhere Smith put in the prepared tablet. He placed it under the top four, thus making it reasonably certain that his victim would take it on the fifth day from that date. Next morning he left town, so as to be far away when the tragedy was consummated, and some mysterious, uncontrollable impulse evidently led him to make the prediction that first excited my suspicion."

"When I made certain of all this, I located Smith in Oklahoma and was on the point of applying for an extradition warrant when he anticipated me by contracting pneumonia and dying. I thereupon returned the case to its mental pigeon-hole, where it has remained ever since."

"Pardon me for asking," said one of the listeners. "But is that really a true story, or are you entertaining us with interesting fiction?"

"It is absolutely true," replied the narrator.

"But how did you learn the particulars?"

"Well," said the police commissioner, smiling, "Smith was like most clever criminals—he had one weak spot. He was fool enough to tell a woman. She blabbed."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Versatility. Athletic Applicant—Do you need a strong man?

Manager (of a dime museum)—No, I have one. But I'd give \$75 a week for a good living skeleton.

Athletic Applicant—All right. I can train down to it in a month.—Chicago Tribune.

It is not correct to say that a girl "renders" a song. If she lives long enough to become of some use in the world, she may some day render land, but she can't render a song.—Atchison Globe.

AHLMAN BROS. The Norfolk Bicycle Men, Proprietors. NORFOLK BICYCLE WORKS, Manufacturers, Jobbers and Dealers in Bicycles, Sundries, Parts and Repairs.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE. Any person who is suffering with backache caused by kidney trouble, sleeplessness or a desire to urinate often during the night can be cured if they will use Cramer's Kidney Cure.

His Case Was a Bad One. OMAHA, June 16, 1900. Cramer Chemical Co., Albany, N. Y. I was a sufferer with kidney trouble, with which I suffered for several years...

Insist on having Cramer's. Take no substitute. Samples mailed free by addressing CRAMER CHEMICAL CO., Albany, N. Y.

WINE OF CARDUI THE LINK THAT BINDS. I was subject to miscarriage for three years, and suffered constantly with backache. I wrote to you for advice, and after using three bottles of Wine of Cardui, according to your directions, I am strong and well, and the mother of a fine girl baby.

Daily News Job Department

THEY ARE HERE! An Excellent Opportunity! DO NOT MISS IT! IN HANDSOME DESIGNS! BEAUTIFUL COLORS! YOU ARE SURE TO BE SUITED!

HOMESEKER'S EXCURSIONS via Missouri Pacific Ry. and Iron Mountain Route. ONE FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP PLUS \$2.00.