



# A PURSUING SIN.

BY FRANCIS LIVINGSTON.

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LAWRENCE, dear, have you finished? May I come in?" The young man at the table started slightly and laid down his pen, yet he had not been writing, for the paper before him was untouched. A bright smile overspread his handsome face as he looked toward the fair head scarce seen through the partly opened door.

"Come in, surely, Helen, darling. I shall not write at all." He spoke in a full, rich voice, with just a suspicion of a brogue. "Of what use is it to make any memoranda? I'll just speak to the boys out of my heart."

The young wife sat on a low stool at her husband's side and leaned her head against his arm.

"You were thinking, though, for you jumped when I spoke to you. Go on now and think, and I will be still as a mouse."

"Yes; I was thinking," echoed the young man seriously.

He put his arm about his wife's shoulder, and there was silence between them for a space.

It was a great day in the life of Lawrence O'Hara. He had received, a few hours earlier, the news that he had been nominated by his party for congress. This nomination was, in his congress district, equivalent to an election. He was 28 years old and had been in America ten years. The first two were years of hard toil, but after that fortune had smiled upon him continuously. He entered politics and had been successful from the start. He had married early a beautiful girl who brought him wealth beyond that contained in a heart full of love and admiration, and O'Hara was regarded as a man who had arrived.

While waiting the coming of a delegation of his fellow townsmen with their congratulations he had been thinking of the past. Back beyond those first years in America his mind had gone to the days when he wandered a barefoot, ragged lad over the turf of County Mayo. Those were days of poverty, which was often bitter, and ignorance which now seemed to Lawrence almost incredible. There was one dark period of three months—his last in Ireland—which he never could recall without burning cheeks and which came to his memory now only at rare intervals. The shame of it might have ruined his life, but instead of that it had driven him out of the night of ignorance into the sunlight of knowledge and endeavor.

It was upon this dark period that his mind was dwelling when his wife started him by her call.

Just now she moved her lips nearer his ear and murmured softly: "Lawrence, how proud I am of you and how happy I am! Are we not perfectly happy now, dearest?"

"Hush, hush, Helen," said O'Hara, glancing quickly over his shoulder, the



his appearance was greeted with prolonged cheering. Old, inborn superstition of his race asserting itself for a moment—"never confess that, girl—never say 'I am perfectly happy'—that is a pinnacle from which one can go no higher; the next step must be downward."

Even as he spoke a shiver passed over him. Helen laughed, and her hand touched his dark curls caressingly.

"Very well, then. I am not happy. I am a very miserable woman with a naughty, bad husband. Does that satisfy you?"

The bell rang and a voice in the lower hall asked for Mr. O'Hara. Helen kissed her husband and ran from the room. A few moments later a heavy step was heard on the stair and a dark figure appeared in the doorway.

Lawrence took a step forward and then paused, his face white as the blank paper upon the table.

"I was so sure of my welcome that I came right up, ye see." The voice was raucous and the tone sneering. "Well, Larry O'Hara, ye've prospered mightily indeed, and I seem to have arrived at a good time, for they tell me ye've just been nominated for high office."

The guest seated himself unbidden.

"Have ye nothing to say to an old friend after all these years of separation?"

"I hope you have prospered too, Miles Callan."

Lawrence's voice sounded strange and far away, like the voice of one who speaks in a trance.

"Prospered; yes, I look it, don't I?" said the other, with a bitter laugh and a glance downward at his broken boots and faded clothing. "It is just a week since I left Blackwell's island. I landed there the day after I struck New York, six months ago. But that's nothing new for me."

Lawrence still stood motionless. He seemed paralyzed with horror.

"But ye haven't much to say to me, Larry; perhaps ye'll have more when ye learn what I've come for."

"I cannot hope it is for any honest reason, Miles Callan; I have known only evil from your hands in the past."

"And now ye're going to return good for it, according to the way of the righteous, and I'll see to it that ye do."

Lawrence did not hear the sneer. His thoughts were far away in Ireland. It was a moonlit summer night and four young men were returning to their miserable home from a meeting of striking linen workers. As they passed through the deserted village streets the eldest of them, who had been inveighing loudly against the landlords and all who owned property, stopped and whispered something about a linen merchant whose store he pointed out. The older lads were inflamed by passion and drink, and Lawrence, the youngest, who had had his share of the liquor, went with the rest. Only half comprehending what was intended, he did as the leader bade and stationed himself at the door to watch while the others went in through a rear window. The merchant happened to be sleeping in his shop that night. He gave an alarm and the housebreakers were caught. Larry pleaded guilty and was sentenced to three months in jail. It was this disgrace which drove him in shame and horror from his native land.

Miles Callan, the leader of that shabby little band of culprits, sat before him.

"Had ye only robbed a bank, now, O'Hara, or made 'way wid big trust funds it would have a fine sound and might be overlooked, but a linen draper's till—Larry the Till Tapper—'twould look ill in the country papers, wouldn't it, lad?"

"Hush, oh, hush!" groaned Lawrence, looking toward the door.

"Aye, I've heard of her, too, and 'tis not likely ye'll have told her of it nor that ye'll be doing it soon."

He held out a grimy piece of paper.

"There's an attested copy of an entry in the jail warden's book at Crossmolina: Lawrence O'Hara, brecent; entered June 13, discharged Sept. 13, 1885. Its price is \$500. Take it if ye wish. If not, yer opponent will be glad to buy it."

There was one swift passing moment of temptation. Lawrence had not an enemy in the town or district, but he knew too well the cruel emergencies which politics give rise to. His opponent could not afford to ignore that paper. It would give him the election. Then he spoke. "Miles Callan, had you come here as an old acquaintance I need for all the debt of bitterness I owe you I'd have helped you gladly. But when you come avowing blackmail not one cent will you wring from me."

From afar came faintly the sound of a strange commingling of shouting, singing, the beating of drums and the tooting of horns. An hour ago it would have been the sweetest music in the ears of O'Hara. Now it sounded his doom.

Miles Callan sat watching Lawrence, a malignant grin upon his face.

"Do you hear that?" said the younger man. "That is my friends coming to rejoice with me. Now see, Miles Callan, what a man dare do. I've lived this thing down once. Please God I'll do it again!"

Going to the door, he called, "Helen!" When she came, he put his arm about her. "Dear," he said gently, "a great trouble has come upon me. Are you strong to help me bear it? Look at that man. Do you remember my chiding you tonight, Helen, for proclaiming our happiness? Oh, girl, how true it is that the consequences of a sin can never be foreseen and that they may pursue us to the grave! I made a mistake once, Helen. It was in the faroff days in the old country, and, though I thought I had atoned by years of bitter suffering, my sin has come home to me in the hour of my triumph, borne by the very hand which led me into temptation."

The sound of the trumpets and the shouting were louder now. The advance guard was already in front of the house. Helen, who had listened with face growing paler, now threw her arms around her husband's neck.

"Lawrence, Lawrence," she cried, "you know I trust in you and believe in you with all my soul. Who dares

say that my noble husband has ever done an ignoble thing?"

"He himself; it is he who dares, not that wretch there!" cried the young man exultingly. "Girl, I will never go to Washington, but ye'll have no cause to blush for me this night." In his excitement his tongue proclaimed in richer accent the land of his birth. "Listen while I tell them, and ye shall know everything."

Hundreds of voices were now shouting his name in front of the house. Unclasping his wife's arms from his neck Lawrence leaped upon the balcony. "My friends," he cried, but he got no further. His appearance was greeted with prolonged cheering.

Helen, half fainting, leaned heavily upon the table and now looked with dilated eyes upon the dark, heavy figure in the corner.

Callan had risen from his chair and stood regarding the beautiful young woman with shamefaced embarrassment.

"My friends," continued Lawrence, "I thank you for your greeting. The honor which has come to me I cannot accept. Not that I do not desire it most heartily—to pretend otherwise would be to deceive you. Because you are my friends you shall know the true reason. I am not fit to represent you in congress!" He was interrupted again, this time by loud cries of indignation and disapproval.

Before they had died away Helen spoke. She was looking at Callan with an expression of intense loathing.

"Until tonight," she said in a low, vibrant voice, "I thought that in all



"TAKE OFF THE CURSE, SWEET LADY." God's creatures, however low they had fallen, some germ of good remained. I did not believe that anything so utterly vile as you could live. Go from this home, which you have dishonored by your presence." She raised her open hand and turned away her head. "May God!"

"No, no," cried Callan in terror, "do not curse me—not that, not that!" Again Lawrence's voice arose: "My friends, you know what my life has been among you, but before that was a life less favored and far less happy. It is of that older time I would speak to you, and then you will understand."

Callan sprang from his crouching position and in one bound was upon the balcony beside O'Hara.

"Let a man who knows all about that old life speak of it for him," he cried to the throng below. "Our young friend here is nervous and upset tonight because of an unexpected visit from a companion of thim ould days. They were days when he hadn't always shoes to his feet and sometimes scarce a whole pair of trousers on his legs, and it's because of these days of poverty and distress being so strongly recalled to him by this foolish old friend that he thinks tonight he's not fit for this high station. But let 'one who knew him then tell you that he has nothing to blush for except that same poverty and the ignorance which went with it, and both of thim he's long since put behind him. There's no foiner young man in the worruld tonight than Lawrence O'Hara!"

A loud outburst of cheers greeted this speech. Lawrence, who had stood by, too astonished to interrupt, glanced backward through the window and seeing Helen on the point of slipping from the chair into which she had sunk, sprang to her aid.

Callan had caught the fancy of the crowd and for the next few minutes kept them roaring with laughter as he told anecdotes of his boyhood in Crossmolina.

Back in the room he knelt at Helen's feet, his tattered cap in his hands.

"Take off the curse, sweet lady," he begged, "take off the curse and never more be saddened by the sight of Miles Callan."

Helen looked at the cowering wretch, a beautiful smile upon her pale lips.

"God forbid that I should curse you," she said. "I shall pray that he may forgive you, as I do."

Callan bent his head low before her and, after one adoring look, rushed from the room.

"Stay, Miles, stay; do not go yet," cried Lawrence.

He would have followed Callan, but Helen threw her arms about him.

The people were calling loudly for him.

"Your place is with them," she said, urging her husband toward the window. "Leave him to God."

A Watchmaker.

The late Aaron Dennison was called "the father of American watchmaking." He was interested in his work, because he hoped thereby to benefit his fellow man.

Often he worked late into the night, so late that his loving wife would go and beg him to "wait until tomorrow." One night she said to him: "Are you not going to bed at all? What are you doing?"

And he turned and slowly answered, "I am trying to make it possible for every poor man to have a watch," a result which he very nearly accomplished.—Youth's Companion.

# Skin Diseases



When the excretory organs fail to carry off the waste material from the system, there is an abnormal accumulation of effete matter which poisons and clogs the blood, and it becomes **acid** and **acid**. This poison is carried through the general circulation to all parts of the body, and upon reaching the skin surface there is a redness and eruption, and by certain peculiarities we recognize Eczema, Tetter, Acne, Salt Rheum, Psoriasis, Brylapias and many other skin troubles, more or less severe. While the skin is the seat of irritation, the real disease is in the blood. Medicated lotions and powders may allay the itching and burning, but never cure, no matter how long and faithfully continued, and the condition is often aggravated and skin permanently injured by their use.

**The disease is more than skin deep; the entire circulation is poisoned.**

The many preparations of arsenic, mercury, potash, etc., not only do not cure skin diseases, but soon ruin the digestion and break down the constitution.

S. S. S., nature's own remedy, made of roots, herbs and barks, of great purifying and tonic properties, quickly and effectually cures blood and skin troubles, because it goes direct to the root of the disease and stimulates and restores normal, healthy action to the different organs, cleanses and enriches the blood, and thus relieves the system of all poisonous secretions. S. S. S. cures permanently because it leaves none of the original poison to referment in the blood and cause a fresh attack.

Healthy blood is necessary to preserve that clear, smooth skin and beautiful complexion so much desired by all. S. S. S. can be relied upon with certainty to keep the blood in perfect order. It has been curing blood and skin diseases for half a century; no other medicine can show such a record.

S. S. S. contains no poisonous minerals—is purely vegetable and harmless.

Our medical department is in charge of physicians of large experience in treating blood and skin diseases, who will take pleasure in aiding by their advice and direction all who desire it. Write fully and freely about your case; your letters are held in strictest confidence. We make no charge whatever for this service. Our book on Blood and Skin Diseases will be sent free upon application.



Articles of Incorporation of the Norfolk Tontine Savings Association.

Know all Men by These Presents: That we, George H. Spear, H. H. Patterson and D. Williams all of the city of Norfolk, county of Madison, state of Nebraska, have associated ourselves together for the purpose of forming and becoming a corporation in said state of Nebraska, for the transaction of business hereinafter described.

1. The name of this corporation shall be The Norfolk Tontine Savings Association. Its principal place of transacting business shall be in said city of Norfolk, Nebraska.

2. The nature of the business to be transacted by said corporation shall be the buying and selling of merchandise, stocks, bonds and other securities.

3. The capital stock of said company shall be thirty thousand dollars to be issued in shares of one hundred dollars each, to be issued as required by the board of directors, and paid up in full at the time of issuance.

4. The existence of this corporation shall commence on the twenty-second day of June, 1900, and continue until the twenty-second day of June, 1950, unless sooner dissolved by the mutual consent of its stockholders.

5. The business of said company shall be conducted by a board of directors, not to exceed three in number, to be elected by the stockholders, at such time and in such manner as shall be prescribed by the by-laws.

6. The officers of said corporation shall be a president, a secretary and a treasurer, who shall be chosen by the board of directors, and shall hold office for a period of one year or, until their successor shall be elected and qualified.

7. The highest amount of indebtedness to which said corporation shall, at any time, subject itself, shall not be more than two-thirds of said capital stock.

8. The manner of holding stockholders' meetings and the method of conducting the business of this corporation, shall be as provided by the by-laws of said corporation.

In witness whereof the undersigned have here unto set their hands this 22nd day of June, A. D. 1900.

D. WILLIAMS,  
GEO. H. SPEAR,  
H. H. PATTERSON.

State of Nebraska, ss  
Madison county, ss

On this 22nd day of June, 1900, before me the undersigned, a notary public, duly commissioned and qualified and residing in said county, personally appeared the above named George H. Spear and D. Williams and H. H. Patterson, who are personally known to me to be the identical persons whose names are affixed to the above instrument, and they acknowledge the same to be their voluntary act and deed.

Witness my hand and notarial seal the day last above written.

W. H. BUCHOLZ,  
Notary Public.

(SEAL)

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I know all about it; it's DYSPEPSIA. Take one of these; it will cure you in ten minutes.

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2815 Douglas St., Omaha.  
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Signed JOHN E. HIMOE.

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