BY CHARLES J. BELLAMY.

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(Continued from (ast week.)

CHAPTER XXIV.

WOMAN'S SYMPATHY.

Bertha has returned, never to leave her lover again, in safety, and still faithful to him; his fears were unfounded, his suspicions rebuked. It was only last evening that he had looked into her beautiful eyes once more, and it was to-day she had told him he might come again. It was a great day for Philip for another reason. He was to break ground this morning for a new mill, whose wails and foundations would be laid in love and justice. In the mill yard a hundred laborers waited with their spades over their shoulders, and with them the young mill owner, grasping a spade like the rest. At the contractor's word the iron glistened in the sunlight, and in an instant more a hundred and one spades struck earth. Ten thousand eager workmen all over the land were waiting on the undertaking. Each night 10,000 anxious tongues will ask how many feet the new walls have risen that day; will reproach the masons if they are slow, will bless them if they work mightily.

The looms in the Breton mills are still today, the great water wheel is unharnessed from the myriad belts, while the men and women and children gathered around the great parallelogram marked out by the engineers for the foundation of the new mill. It was to be their mill, too, and the face of the poorest creature of them all reflected a little of the blessed hope which was making life over for them. Not a voice was heard. For the moment all eyes were fixed on the bending forms. Philip Breton's slight form was bent, too, as he drove his spade deep into the stubborn sod. Every laborer stayed his hand until the young master threw up the first earth. Then a cheer broke from each brawny throat, and every spade at once lifted its burden of green turf.

The hundred laborers bent again to their task, and the frightened daisies trembled on their green stems, but Philip, spade in hand, had mounted the steps of the nearest mill, and now looked down kindly on the opera tives who gathered expectantly about him. "I mean that not one injustice shall ever desecrate these new walls. I mean that the mill shall be a temple of co-operation. I believe the world is just entering on a new epoch, more glorious than any before, because blessings that have been confined to the few. comforts that have comforted only the few. leisure and amusement, even, that has cheered only the few, shall be universal; that each hand that tills the earth shall share in its bountiful harvests, which now pack the store houses of a few in useless profusion; that each hand that weaves our cloth shall share in its profits according to his worth. It isn't because the world is so poor that you have been poor so long: but because its wealth is wasted. Yct be patient. Violence only destroys, it does not build up, and every article of wealth destroyed leaves so much less of your heritage. We will not work any more today; it shall be a holiday to be kept sacred in our memories, as an inspiration to more faithful labor and more honest, contented lives. But for a moment no one moved, till he leaned his spade against the wall, and started to come down. Then a murmur ran through the crowd till it swelled to a cheer, and as he made his way out, he had to clasp a thousand dingy hands, reached out to the young master in token of the love and trust of a thousand brightened lives. His destiny that had frowned so long and so terribly, smiled at last. As if by a miracle his life that had seemed so dreary and harren, was become a path of flowers. All dangers were averted, all evils turned into blessings, and it was so short a time ago that be saw no spark of joy in life. It had been like a day when the clouds had shut away the sun, and settled gloomily over the earth for a storm. A shadow creeps into every human face, darkness cowers in every home, the birds flutter in terror from tree to tree, or nestle fearfully in their retreats The very brooks moan instead of babbling. Then suddenly the summer sun burns through the clouds, which scatter to their caves beneath the fills; the rippling rivers glisten and sparkle like rarest jewels, and the birds break forth in song as they mount in ecstasy toward the sunlight. Not a human thing but brightens into sudden gladness. So short a time aco he thought life only a dull. cheerless struggle, that he rose in the morning heavy and disheartened, that he lay down at night, careless if he slept forever. But suddenly the world looked like an enchanted palace to Philip Breton, and his life seemed as perfect as a day in paradisa. It was at 3 c'clock that he was to go to Bertha, and it was only 2 when he was ready and waiting in his study for this last slow hour between him and happiness to slip away. He looked up the street and down again, but the streets were quite deserted; he might have fancied the world all gone to sleep had he not heard the roar of the waters going over the dam. Then he glanced at the clock. If he had not heard its loud ticking he would have been willing to swear the hands must have stopped. He picked up a newspaper and tried to interest himself in it. What a child he was, to be sure, not to know how to wait. Did he imagine there would be nothing more for him to wait for after today? His eyes glanced impatiently down the pages. There seemed to be absolutely nothing in the paper at all; he must stop his subscription; he might as well write to the publishers now; it would take up a little of his surplus time. But what was this odd looking advertisement in such very black type: Divorces obtained without trouble or publicity for any cause desired. Address, in strictest confidence, John T. Giddings, No 4 Errick square, Lockout, "Well, well," soliloquized Philip, after reading the card a second time, "our corporation counsel is come down pretty low, getting bogus divorces for a livelihood." Then he glanced at his watch; he was out

he closed the book, which seemed to have no his face: his triumphant heart sent the hot blood through every vein and artery. "And you will remember I warned you!" he whispered, "and will remind "Yes." ou of it when you have made me the happiest man in the world. But we won't wait till Jane comes back; we will be married to-

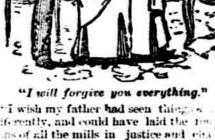
"Oh, no." Her smile was very beautiful and sweet, but as cold as the river of death. "The day after, then. Say the day after the oaken stairs. The room he next entered to-morrow, before anything has time to hapthat made one drowsy to look at it, the

but he kissed it away; and another and another, till she broke away from him with a laugh.

on her hat after tes and they went across the fields to the village cemetery. He had stirred her by his enthusiasm to an imagined her sitting in the easy chair lifting

unwonted pitch, but now she had become colder than ever, and very silent. It seemed as if she were sorry for what she had promised, and Philip was afraid each moment that she would open her lips and take it all back. He talked very eagerly to her all the way to take up her mind, telling her all the plans he had made and how gloriously they seemed to be sacceeding. She did not make much response to what he said, but he was only too glad that she did not repeat the words she had met him with in the afternoon. At last they stood by a massive pillar of granite; not broken to signify an incomplete life work, but perfect in symmetry and finished in ortline. Bertha could make out n the deepening twilight the name of "Ezekiel Broton" cut deep into the everlast

ing stone. 100



beautiful picture but it would insult his bride.

He had not made the slightest change in the study-his father's room-where he had learned too to fight out his spiritual battles. It would be a profanation to alter one feature of the room; it should be always as it

was the day Ezekiel Breton died. Philip opened the door and looked in for a moment then with a full heart he made his way up was furnished in the shade of blue that Bertha loved best, the silk upholstered lounge

He saw her lips were forming for a "no," sleepy hollow easy chair, the dressing table and toilet set. Over the windows hung lambroouins of a darker tint, softened again,

"Well, yes, then; but you will be sorry for however, in the flowing curtains below. it to the end of your life." He made her put Even the drop lamp had a blue porcelain shade so that no such thing as white light should over enter Bertha's boudoir. Philip

> her eves wonderingly to him, her husband, who never grew tired of telling her she was autiful; or he pictured her asleep on the lounge one white hand by her side, the other beneath her cheek. How much of his thoughts were vague dreaming? Could it be she was at last to be his; lighting the gloomy old house with the radiance of her presenced All his other life faded in his memory at the brightness of his joy in her. It seemed a small thing to him that he had lifted

1,000 lives into a new plane of existencethat he had given hope to 1,000 desperate hearts-compared with the hope of making this one woman happy and of living in het But he suddenly started from his fond revery, and passed into another room, all as

white as some cave in a mountain of snow. The mantel was of marble, the curtains cloud like masses of snowy lace; and even the upholstery of the chairs, and the carpet was white damask. His heart beat fast as he stood for a moment in the chamber, then he went softly out and locked the door behind him, so that no foot should cross its sacred

threshold till its mistress came. It was to be a very quiet wedding-no guests, no cards, no banquet. The shortest and simplest form that could make a man and woman one was enough. But the hour was past, and yet there was no wedding; the bride, all dressed, waited to be called from her room; the young bridegroom paced to and fro across the parlor floor. There was no minister.

The clock struck the half hour. It was half past eight. Mr. Ellingsworth sat in the parlor reading the evening paper in unbroken tranquility. Philip was wondering where Jane could be; whether she was indeed preparing a terrible blow for the white bosom of his bride. What could she do? "Ah! I think I bear the carriage," re-

marked Mr. Ellingsworth, laying aside his "From which direction," asked Philip,

to proper maturity here. The most reli-

Silk Culture.

Readers interested in the production of silk cocoons will be furnished with desired information on the subject on appli-

her. But she knew her plot had taued; she

had wrung his heart, but his will was un-

moved. She made a virtue of her necessity.

Philip would be grateful to her forever, but

there would be something else, perhaps.

Such hate as hers could not be turned aside

"How pale you are. Philip. Are you

afraid?' and Bertha smiled royally on him as

she took his arm, and they passed up the

"I am the happiest man in the world," and

he tried to smile as his hand closed over her

fingers like an iron vise, it was so cold and

But how sail he was as if an aromisite

piece of sculpture that he loved had fallen

from a great height and been shivered into a

thousand fragments. The hope and joy of

his life seemed slipping away from him.

That little child's face hung between him

and the bride who was promising to be faith-

ful-if she only had been faithful to him;

its baby hands seemed to shield her bosom

from him, its quavering cries to reproach

him for daring to kiss its mother. So small

and sweet a baby, but its face seemed threat-

ening him, its infant form linked indissolu-

bly a past he had hoped he might forget with

a present and future he had foolishly thought

The minister had taken his seat. Was he

really married to the golden haired woman

whose hand he held to tightly! Was this the

moment he had dress and of as marking his

entrance into a new much life? Had he said

everything correctly / ile could not remem-

ber, but he did not want any mistake made

about this at least. Oh yes, it was now he

was to kiss his wife. He held her to his heart

an instant. This was his wife, but joy was

dead behind his dry, feverish lips, and his

smile, meant to cheer her, was as if some

terrible pain was gnawing every moment at

his heart. But Bertha appeared to notice

The train which bore away the bridal pair

had not traveled a great many tilles when

something caused Philip to look in the seat

behind them. There sat the portly woman,

with her chin at last depressed in slumber,

and the baby with Bertha's eves and Curran's

mouth. One of Bertha's coils of hair had

become loosened, and a braid of golden hair

hung over the back of the seat as she let her

head rest on her husband's shoulder. Ber

tha's eves were closed drowsily, the nurse in

the seat behind nodded in her dreams, but

the child reached out its baby hands to play

with its mother's golden tresses. The young

husband watched the child's lips forming

again and again one word, "mamma," the

wife fell asleep and dreamed she was the hap

piest woman in the world, while beneath her

(To be Continued.)

Opion Notes.

head every throb of the man's heart was an

nothing wrong.

had a great store of happiness for him.

by so feeble a thing as pity.

hall

strong.

How the Air Brake Works. Said a railroad man to me today: "I'll

bet not one in a hundred of the people who travel on railroad trains understand how the pressure of air is used to apply the brakes to a train. When the air brake was first invented the air was turned into the cylinder under each car when the car was to be stopped, and the pressure was exerted to force the brakes ip against the wheels. But at the present day the brakes are held against the wheels by springs, and the air is turned into the cylinders to push the brakes away from the wheels as long as the train is in motion. When it is desired to stop the train the air is let out, and then the springs apply the brakes and stop the

train. This last method of using air pressure has great advantages over the old way on the score of safety. "Whenever an accident happens to a train one of the first effects it is apt to

have is to rupture the air pipes leading from the engine to the cylinders under the cars; and that of itself stops the train instantly. It is very important for every-body to understand this matter, because a child 5 years old can stop a train in thirty seconds from any car in the train if he simply understands how. You will see, if you look for it, that there is a sort of rope projecting from the toilet room of every car. That connects with the air pipes under the train. If you catch hold

it and give it a little jerk it will stop the train before it has gone 200 yards."-Chicago Journal.

The Counting Machine in Russia.

I have been in four or five of the largest banks in Russia and many of the most extensive commercial and railroad houses

and nowhere have i seen figuring done by pen or pencil, like they do in America and England. The Chinese counting machine. seen occasionally in the hands of John and Jap in the United States, is everywhere. If you buy a pair of socks for fifty kopecks and a handkerchief for seventy-five kopecks, the shopkeeper, even the brightest and oldest and most experienced, has to go to his machine to learn the result-one rouble, twenty-five kopecks. I venture that there are not a dozen bankers in Russia who would attempt to discount any draft, or issue a letter of credit, or change a ten rouble note into kopecks, without pushing back and forward for some time the strings of colored buttons in his machine, indicating numerals. But it is wonderful how adept some of them are in the use of the counting machine. You may buy a bill of

goods ever so large. The salesman keeps the machine beside him, pushing out the numerals as the purchases are made, and the instant you call for your bill he repeats the total. The Russians were taught most of their business knowledge by the Chinese and Turks, and these counting machines are yet indispensable in all Oriental places of business.-Moscow Cor.

New Orleans Times-Democrat. The Scal's Domestic Discipline. Travelers have often said that there seemed to be something human about the seal, and one story told here seems to give

As It Happened.

A clock ticked merrily among the pas

"That sounds good! Where is the

No one seemed to know. One little

"That isn't a clock you hear," said a

distraught, wild looking man who sat near

Everybody looked at him sympatheti-

"What's that drip, drip, over there? Be

At this moment the alarm in the clock

went off, and the man who had heart dis-

Lincoln Never Read a Novel.

woman with her arms full of packages

fidgeted and looked uncomfortable.

ing. gentlemen!"

it confirmation. It is about the breeding rookery, where the seal pups are in the nursery, so to speak. "It is certain," says

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S. H. Latimer, M. D., Mt. Vernon, Ga., says: "I have found Ayer's Cherry Pectoral a perfect cure for Croup in all cases. I have known the worst cases relieved in a very short time by its use; and I advise all families to use it in sudden emergencies, for coughs, croup, &c.'

A. J. Eidson, M. D., Middletown, Tenn., says: "I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral with the best effect in my practice. This wonderful prepara-tion once saved my life. I had a constant cough, night sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and given up by my physician. One bottle and a half of the Pectoral cured me."

"I cannot say enough in praise of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral," writes E. Bragdon, of Palestine, Texas, "believing as I do that, but for its use, I should long since have died."

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Eureka.

He that would do well need not go rom his own house.

The motto of California means, I have ound it. Only in that land of sunshine where the orange, lemon, olive, fig and grape bloom and ripen, and attain their highest perfection in mid-winter, are the herbs and gums found, that are used in that pleasant remedy for all throat Tingle, "that half the pups are born and lung troubles. ites, and that pups equal to 90 per cent. SANTA ABIE the ruler of coughof cows on the rookeries go into the water -that is, exclusive of the young cow asthma and consumption. Messrs. Dowty which come upon the rookeries for the Becher have been appointed agents first time to meet the males. The estimate for this valuable California remedy, and loss of 10 per cent. is caused by bulls in preserving rigid discipline and administersell it under a guarantee at \$1 a bottle. ing necessary correction in the manage-Three for \$2.50. ment of their domestic affairs. Their idea Try CALIFORNIA CAT-R-CURH of a female's duty does not admit of any little indiscretions, and at the slightest the only guaranteed cure for catarrh sign of deviation, regardless of conse-\$1, by mail, \$1.10. quences, they quickly pounce upon the



10

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297 We will send free for one year, whichever scriber for the JOURNAL whose subscription may not be paid up, who shall pay up to date, or be-yond date; provided, however, that such payment shall not be less than one year.

To anyone who hands us payment on ac-count, for this paper, for three years, we shall send free for one year, all of the above described papers; or will send one of them four years, or two for two years, as may be preferred.

It is probable, says a Pennsylvania cor respondent in Orchard and Garden, that the Italian varieties of onions do better south than they do here, as they seem to require a longer season, and do not come

Who could be in that second carriage? He wanted to be called, but no one came for him. He heard the doors open and shut, and indistinguishable voices, but no one called him.

Then he made his way out into the hall in They have no gratitude. And then they are made differently from us; they have their vague terror. He thought of his bride waitstairs and a ace; let them b No earthly power, no vileness of calumny, father was right." no shameful disclosures should move him. How cold and hard her voice was, and he His bride waited for him, ready to be his had seen her so enthusiastic over the wrongs when he called for her. Ah! he would not of the poor. shame her, though all hell hissed at her. But "But they ought to have a chance to enjoy a little more of what they earn, there are so how fanciful he was. He could hear the mild mannered minister talking in his polite many of them." But she made no answer. He caught his complacent laugh. and Philip's heart sank with the conviction tones, Thank God for it. Nothing could have hapthat he must carry out his great work as he pened. He walked along the hall. The voices had begun it, alone. He had counted on her sume from the dining room. There was the sympathy; he had felt sure of it, and he was minister's laugh again. He pushed open the so lonely among the grand ideas he had door and went in. summoned into his soul, but perhaps it was The minister rose, with the especial defernot best for him: a man never knows. ence for wealth that marks many of the It was quite dark when he bade Bertha priests of God, and gave the young man's good night at her gate. He had kept her and an affectionate squeeze. "No doubt hand for a moment after she would have Mr. Breton is ready. It is the bridegrooms gone, in the thrilling indulgence of the sense who should always be impatient. I believe of possession. His heart was very full, his am right, am I not, Mrs. Ellingsworth?" hope was almost blossoming into reality; at last when it had seemed blighted once into Mrs. Ellingsworth-Philip started violently and the color left his face. She had returned despair. Only two more days, and all the

Mr. Ellingsworth went to the window.

rold not see that we are all men togeand the wants that he had the workmen to fered too. He did what he thought wa right, as do so many thousand men to-day, whose every breath means a harder burden

for the poor.' "What is the use of considering the poor.

paper with a little yawn. listening eagerly, while the feverish blood rushed into his face. "Why, from both directions. It sounds to

me like two carriages. I will go out and Philip hurried to the window and raised it, but it was pitch dark; he could see nothing.

able sorts for this section are the Yellow Danvers and Red Wethersfield, by far the greater quantity grown being the former

acha

of temper with the pretty little clock. Perhars allowing fifteen minutes for the distance to Bertha's house he might not be very much too carly.

Philip found Bertha standing. She generally preferred to sit. And she wore an an rious look he had never seen on her face before. He thought to make her laugh. "I suppose Mrs. Ellingsworth will not miss

her chance to spoil our tete-a-tete." "She is not in town," and Bertha turned to the window again. "She went yesterday.

Do you know whether she has any relatives in-in Vineboro?" "Why that is wi

in time then. storms that might rage could never separate "Not always," she smiled strangely and them, but must only make her dear white arms cling the closer to him. Why had she reached out her hand to Philip. It was but woman's hand, small and velvety, but he not said to-morrow? it was almost too touched it as if there were a dagger in its much too hope that God would hold back all white palm. He knew by the look of evil his thunderbolts, and all the myriad messentriumph in her face that she had not been gers of evil for two days. The wonderful fate that had brought her back as from death away for nothing. Could it be there was anything worse than he had forgiven already to him, that had saved her so strangely from -some page of Bertha's life so black no another meeting with the man whose voice depth of love could cover it ! A deadly faintwould melt her will, and madden her brain a second time, made him the more afraid now. ness was upon him. The tide might turn, perhaps to-morrow, "I have brought two visitors," she went on;

showing the tips of her white teeth in a perhaps to-night, and carry his darling out beautiful smile. to sea, away from harm once more and for-To be sure, there sat a portly woman with the slightly elevated chin of a certain variety

not know whence.

disappointing him. It was rather a danger-

ous look if Jane had understood it. She was

offending his elegant tastes extremely by

bringing to his house a vulgar, fussy old

woman and her baby whom she, no doubt,

It was a little baby's hand that caught at

"hilip's arm, and he turned to look into its

But how cold and firm her hand was. Ab, of the sex when on its dignity. But Jane how glad he would have been for one little said "two"-where was the other! Ah, the tremor in it. other was in the woman's lap. It was a baby.

"Bertha?" he said almost piteously, "have Mr. Ellingsworth had a very peculiar expresyou nothing else for me to-night?" sion on his face to-night, as if his wife were "I think it is all you should ask if I don't take back my promise." Then she seemed to be musing for an instant. "I am sorry you like me so much. What is there about me"-"How are the mighty fallen." It was Mr. Ellingsworth's voice, as that gentleman sauntered toward the two young people. had picked up on the railroad cars. Philip stood nervously tumbling his watch chain, "There is something in this newspaper have marked for you. One of our old friends

and waiting for a blow to fall on him, be did has found his level at last-must you go this minute? Well, good night." It was a long time before Philip could get

great star like blue eyes. He had seen that to sleep that night in his great quiet house. same marvelous tint in cheeks before, and a There were so many tender thoughts and cold horror of recognition darted through memories, now coming out in clear relief in his soul. He tried to lift his spellbound eyes, his brain, now grouped with others, and and they rested instead on the face of Jane again lost in a vague sense of delight. He Ellingsworth, which was lit up with a fiendremembered Bertha's attitudes and her ish exultation as she held the child up to movements; he imagined how much more kindly she might have meant than "What-not kiss the baby?" she laughed she had said, and he blessed her that she had yielded to his prayers when he so gayly. "Such a pretty baby, too; why it eally has complexion and eyes like Bertha's." nearly had lost her forever. But what could She did not cease to look at his shrinking she have been afraid of, how could Jane face. "But its mouth and chin"- Some Eilingsworth harm her! What was there in her history worse than he knew? Poor thing made him look at the baby's features as she mentioned them, and then he shudlittle girl, could there be anything more dered; it was too terrible, "are more like terrible than what he had forgiven! How somebody else I know." Her small, flashing far she was from knowing how wonderful a black eyes seemed burning their way to his thing love can be! Well, he might as well very brain. "Who is it?" She bent toward look at Ellingsworth's newspaper now as any time, he was not able to sleep apparently. him so that her hot lips seemed almost to kiss ear. "Curran," she whispered. Could Who could it be that had found his level at last? Philip struck a match and lit the gas. Then he fumbled in his pockets and finding he not tear himself away from her poisonous breath? "Not so strange, though?" She let the newspaper at last, unfolded it, looking the baby put its chubby hands into his hair. though she saw every touch was a thrust or the marked paragraph. It was not in through the quivering fibers of his heart. the editorials, nor in the locals. Philip She fancied he did not understand, he was so

turned the inner pages out, nor in the political news. It couldn't be an advertisement; yes-it was this: Divorces obtained without trouble or publicity for any cause desired. Address, in

strictest confidence, John T. Giddings, No. 4 Errick square, Lockout. "The idea," laughed Philip to himself, "of my getting up to read his card in another

again now."

ed the pretty baby on him, and his face wore a ghastly smile as he looked at it. Once, at an expression in the little face, he caught it paper. I hope I shall never hear of him to his lips, but as suddenly he thrust the child into the nurse's lap and rose to his feet.

should look like its-father."

still and silent. "Not strange that a child

Had the young bridegroom forgotten all

bout his wedding and the beautiful woman

up stairs wondering why she was not called!

t seemed so, for he sat down, and they foist-

eation to Commissioner Colman, depart ment of agriculture, Washington. Silk worms' eggs will also be furnished, free of charge, to those who are in earnest about the matter, provided they apply before the supply on hand has all been dis-

> tributed. Here and There.

Already Augusta, Ga., is taking active steps for a grand exposition next yearsort of centennial affair.

The Iowa Register believes there wil be an entire revolution in the matters of silos and in threshing corn and fodder. Arkansas and Texas claim that the im

migration into those states during the past year has been greater than in any previous season. A special meeting has been called, to be

in the water.-Boston Advertiser. held at Denver, Colo., March 27, to consider the future of the ranching industry, by the International Range Cattle associ ation.

sengers on a Cass avenue car the other Florida nurserymen, it is said, are doday, and one passenger after another ing a large business in shipping young looked up cheerfully and said: orange trees to California.

The cotton manufacturing interests of ticker?" the south are increasing rapidly.

A Thoroughly Parisian Incident.

A remarkable case of woman's vengeance has just been disclosed. A young the door; "it's my heart you hear beatartist, who is comparatively well known lived for a time with a milliner, who for some months has been dying of consump cally, when a man in the corner who had tion. During her illness a female friend been reading a paper suddenly jumped of hers used to visit her and sit by her bedside. The patient soon perceived that an intrigue was on foot between her lover keerful, ma'am, that lamp's leakin'! I and the friend. Accordingly she raised kin smell kerosene!" herself suddenly in bed one evening while the pair were talking near her and pushed a petroleum lamp on them. The flames ease rushed out of the car and was seen saught the dress of the hated rival, and running wildly down the sidewalk, while she was almost burned to death. When the little woman with the clock rang the the neighbors came the dying woman told bell and carried off the cause of the disthem that she had fully intended to set turbance.-Detroit Free Press. the room on fire, so that she, her lover and her rival might perish in the flames.

-Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

While Edwin Forrest was playing an engagement at Ford's theatre, Mr. Car-

Recent Decisions in France. penter spoke to the president one day of It will hardly be believed by those who the actor's fine interpretation of the charnave not lived long in France that, alacter of Richelieu, and advised him to hough the republic has been established witness the performance. The convereventeen years, and for the last nine ears at least it has been an anti-clerical epublic, it has only just been decided hat the marriage of a priest is legal, and that the children by such marriage are egitimate. The question has at length been settled by the court of cassation, which has upset the decision of an inferior court, by declaring that the children of an ex-Catholic priest, who left the church to join the movement led by M. Loyson (Pere Hyacinthe, at Notre Dame), were entitled to inherit their father's property, which had been disputed by collaterals .- Paris Letter.

A Pointer on the Lumber Duty. "I see," said a Michigan lumberman

that the area of Canadian timber limits old during the past fourteen years averages about \$400 a square mile, while the sale of 450 square miles on Dec. 15 averaged \$2,957 a square mile-all on account of the prospect of the duty being taken off I would like to have the congress-

man who thinks that the millenium of cheap lumber is to follow the taking off of the tariff put this in his pipe and smoke it calmly and deliberately."-Chicago Inter Ocean.

It Would Fill Many Volumes.

The free trade organs have wisely conworth of clothes. They

offending female and shake her by the He that hath love in his breast, hat neck. A number of pups are also lost by spurs in his side. being washed off the rocks by the surf

and drowned, before they have learned to I am selling "Moore's Tree of Life swim. Fully one-half the pups which go and it is said to give the very best satisto sea in the fall return as yearlings the faction. Dr. A. Heintz. 30-6m3 following spring, the absent ones having furnished food for their natural enemie

> He that bewails himself hath the cure in his own hands.

W. D. Hoyt & Co., Wholesale and Re-

tail druggists of Rome, Ga., says: We

have been selling Dr. King's New Dis-

covery, Electric Bitters and Bucklen's

Arnica Salve for four years. Have never

handled remedies that sell so well, or

give such universal satisfaction. There

have been some wonderful cures effected

by these medicines in this city. Several

cases of pronounced Consumption have

been entirely cured by use of a few bot-

in connection with Electric Bitters. We

Becher.

guarantee them always. Sold by Dowty

He that makes a thing too fine breaks

Worth Your Attention.

Cut this out and mail it to Allen & Co., Au

custa, Maine, who will send you free, something

new, that just coins money for all workers. At

onderful as the electric light, as genuine a

pure gold, it will prove of lifelong value and

mportance to you. Both sexes, all ages. Allen

& Co. bear expense of starting you in business.

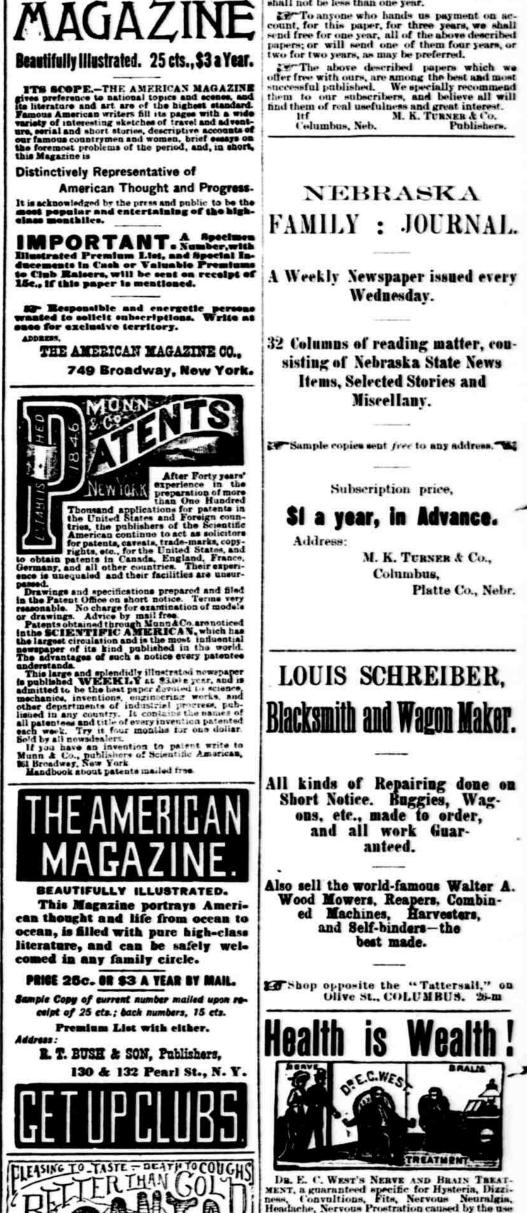
It will bring you in more cash, right away, than

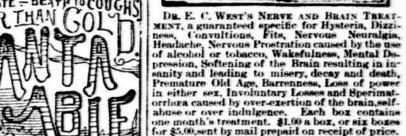
anything else in this world. Anyone anywhere

can do the work, and live at home also. Better

tles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken

Wonderful Cares.





sation occurred in the presence of Senator write at once; then, knowing all, should you Harris, of New York. "Who wrote the play?" asked the president of Mr. Carconclude that you don't care to engage, why no harm is done. penter. "Bulwer," was the reply. 'Ah!" he rejoined, "well, I knew Bul-He that lives most dies most. wer wrote novels, but I did not know he was a play writer also. It may seem Try Moore's headache cure, it beats somewhat strange to say," he continued, "but I never read an entire novel in my life." Said Judge Harris, "Is it possible" "Yes" returned the president, "it is a fact. I once commenced 'Ivanhoe,' but never finished it." Folding Barrels. Barrels are made in Jersey for the use of the channel island farmers which will

Bayard and His Daughter. Secretary Bayard, by the way, is looking remarkably well, and his daughter e will, I understand, be the head of his nonschold this winter. There is nothing in the story. I am assured at the

state department, of his engagement to

he world. For sale by Dr. A. Heintz. He that hath little is the less dirty. Whooping Cough may be kept under omplete control and all danger avoided by frequent doses of Chamberlain's

Cough Remedy. No better treatment can be prescribed for it. Sold by Dowty & Becher.

and he that hath one son makes him

that the pleasant California liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, is more easily taken and more beneficial in its action than bitter, nauseous medicines. It is a most valuable family remedy to act on cluded that it doesn't pay to try to make Miss Markoe, and he was too ardent and the bowels, to cleans the system, and to people believe that they are paying \$15 loving a husband to so soon take unto dispel colds, headaches and fevers. Man-

wells.

He that hath one hog makes him fat

They are made perfect cylinders, and fool. therefore occupy less space for the same capacity than ordinary barrels .-- Dress.

The Babies Cry for It,

And the old folks laugh when they find

fold up when empty, and thus, having been sent to market, can be packed into a small space on the return. The staves are fixed upon the hoops so that, the heads being removed, they may be rolled up.

