

IN TWO PARTS.-PART L.



of sound information, of irreproachable habits and of a temper which was understood to have suffered a trying and salutary probation during the short term of his wedded life. Miss Everett was, therefore, all things considered, believed to be making a a very good match and to be having by no means the worst of the bargain.

And yet Miss Everett, too, was a very marriageable young lady-the pretty Miss Everett, as she was called, to distinguish her from certain plain cousins, with whom, owing to her having no mother and no sisters, she was constrained, for decency's sake, to spend a great deal of her time-rather to her own satisfaction, it may be conjectured, than to that of these excellent young women.

Marian Everett was penniless indeed; but she was richly endowed with all the gifts which make a woman charming. She was, without dispute, the most charming, girl in the circle in which she lived and moved. Even certain of her elders, women of a larger experience, of a heavier caliber, as it were, and, thanks to their being married ladies, of greater freedom of action, were practically not so charming as she. And yet, in her emulation of the social graces of these, her more fully licensed sisters, Miss Everett was quite guiltless of any aberration from the strict line of maidenly dignity. She professed an almost religious devotion to good taste, and she looked with horror upon the boisterous graces of many of her companions. Beside being the most entertaining girl in New York, she was, therefore, also the most irreproachable. Her beauty was, perhaps, contestable, but it was certainly uncontested. She was the least bit below the middle height, and her person was marked by a great fullness and roundness of outline; and yet, in spite of this comely ponderosity, her movements were perfectly light and elastic. In complexion, she was a genuine blonde-a warm blonde; with a midsummer bloom upon her cheek, and the light of a midsummer sun wrought into her auburn hair. Her features were not cast upon a classical model. but their expression was in the highest degree pleasing. Her forehead was low and broad, her nose small, and her mouth -well, by the envious her month was called enormous. It is certain that it had an immense capacity for smiles, and that when she opened it to sing (which she did with infinite sweetness) it emitted a copious flood of sound. Her face was, perhaps, a trifle too circular, and her shoulders a trifle too high; but, as I say, the general effect left nothing to be desired. I might point out a dozen discords in the character of her face and figure, and yet utterly fail to invalidate the impression they produced. There is something essentially uncivil, and, indeed, unphilosophical, in the attempt to verify or to disprove a woman's beauty in detail, and a man gets no more than he deserves when he finds that, in strictness, the aggregation of the different features fails to make up the total. Stand off, gentlemen, and let her make the addition. Beside her beauty, Miss Everett shone by her good nature, and her lively perceptions. She neither made harsh speeches nor resented them; and, then, on the other hand, she keenly enjoyed intellectual cleverness, and even cultivated it. Her great merit was that she made no claims or pretensions. Just as there was nothing artificial in her beauty, so there was nothing pedantic in her acuteness and nothing sentimental in her amiability. The one was all freshness and the others all bonhommie. John Lennox saw her, then loved her and offered her his hand. In accepting it Miss Everett acquired, in the world's eye, the one advantage which she lacked-a complete stability and regularity of position. Her friends took no small satisfaction in contrasting her brilliant and comfortable future with her somewhat precarious past. Lennox. nevertheless, was congratulated on the right hand and on the left; but none too often for his faith. That of Miss Everett was not put to so severe a test, although she was fre quently reminded by acquaintances of a moralizing turn that she had reason to be very thankful for Mr. Lennox's choice. To these assurances Marian listened with a look of patient humility which was extremely becoming. It was as if for his sake she could consent even to be bored. Within a fortnight after their engagemen had been made known, both parties returned to New York. Lennox lived in a house of his own, which he now busied himself with repairing and refurnishing; for the wedding had been fixed for the end of October. Miss Everett lived in lodgings with her father, a decayed old gentleman, who rubbed his idle hands from morning till night over the prospect of his daughter's marriage. John Lennox, habitually a man of numerous resources, fond of reading, fond of music, fond of society, and not averse to politics, passed the first weeks of autumn in a restless, fidgety manner. When a man approaches middle age he finds it difficult to wear gracefully the distinction of being engaged. He finds it difficult to discharge with becoming alacrity the various petits soins incidental to the position. There was a certain pathetic gravity, to those who knew him well, in Lennox's attentions. One-third of his time he spent in foraging Broadway, whence he returned half a dozen times a week, laden with trinkets and gimeracks, which he always finished by thinking it puerile and brutal to offer his mistress. Another third he passed in Mr. Everett's drawing room, during which period Marian was denied to visitors. The rest of the time he spent, as he told a friend, God knows how. This was stronger language than his friend expected to hear, for Lennox was neither a man of precipitate utterance, nor, in his friend's belief, of a strongly passionate nature. But it was evident that he was very much in love; or at least very much of his balance.

he looked at him with some interest. He was of something less than 30, tail and robust, with a strong, joyous, sensitive face, and a thick auburn beard. Lennox was struck with his face, which seemed both to express a great deal of human sagacity and to indicate the essential temperament of a painter. "A man with that face," he said to himself, "does work at least worth looking at." He accordingly asked his companion if he might come and look at his picture. The latter readily assented, and Lennox placed himself before the canvas. It bore a representation of a half length female figure, in a costume and with an ex-

pression so ambiguous that Lennox remained uncertain whether it was a portrait or a work of fancy; a fair haired young woman, clad in a rich mediæval dress, and looking like a countess of the Renaissance. Her figure was abundance. In his attempt to make it imrelieved against a somber tapestry, her arms possible that his relations with Miss Everett loosely folded, her head erect and her eyes should be tinged in any degree with the accion the spectator, toward whom she seemed dental condition of the fortunes of either to move-"Dans un flot de velours trainant party, Lennox had thoroughly understood ses petits pieds." his own instinct. He knew that he should As Lennox inspected her face it seemed to some day feel a strong and irresistible reveal a hidden likeness to a face he well

inpulse to offer his mistress some visiknew-the face of Marian Everett. He was, ble of course, anxious to know whether the likeand that his gift would convey a greater satness was accidental or designed. isfaction from being sole of its kind. It "I take this to be a portrait," he said to the seemed to him now that his chance had come. artist, "a portrait 'in character." What gift could be more delicate than the "No," said the latter, "it's a more com-

position: a little from here and a little from there. The picture has been hanging about me for the last two or three years, as a sort of receptacle of waste ideas. It has been the victim of innumerable theories and experiments. But it seems to have survived them all. I suppose it possesses a certain amount

of vitality.

yours. "Do you call it anything!" surprise.



"I called it originally after something I'd read-Browning's poem, 'My Last Duchess.' Do you know it?"

Perfectly." been great, inasmuch as she now said that "I am ignorant of whether it's an attempt she had seen his return to America mento embody the poet's impression of a portrait actually existing. But why should I care? This is simply an attempt to embody my own private impression of the poem, which has always had a strong hold on my fancy. perous." don't know whether it agrees with your own impression and that of most readers. dear?" asked Mr. Everett. But I don't insist upon the name. The possessor of the picture is free to baptize it first in the summer in Switzerland and after-

engagement had as yet been an affair of pure The next sitting was fixed for the morrow timent, and he had taken an almost Marian wore the dress which she had agreed fastidious care not to give himself the vulgar upon with the painter, and in which, as in appearance of a mere purveyor of luxuries her position, the "picturesque" element had been religiously suppressed. She read in and pleasures. Practically, he had been as yet for his future wife a poor man-or rather Baxter's eyes that she looked supremely man, pure and simple, and not a million-re. He had ridden with her, he had sent beautiful, and she saw that his fingers tingles to attack his subject. But she caused Lennox her flowers, and he had gone with her to the to be sent for, under the pretense of obtainopera. But he had neither sent her sugar ing his adhesion to her dress. It was black, plums, nor made bets with her, nor made her and he might object to black. He came presents of jewelry. Miss Everett's female and she read in his kindly eyes an riends had remarked that he hadn't as vet augmented edition of the assurance given her the least little bethrothal ring, conveyed in Baxter's. He was enthusieither of pearls or of diamonds. Marian, astic for the black dress, which, in truth, however, was quite content. She was, by seemed only to confirm and enrich, like a nature, a great artist in the mise en scene of grave maternal protest, the young girl's look emotions, and she felt instinctively that this of undiminished youth. classical moderation was but the converse "I expect you," he said to Baxter, "to presentment of an immense matrimonial make a masterpiece.

them firm.

"Never fear." said the painter, tapping his forehead. "It's made."

On this second occasion, Mr. Everett, es hausted by the intellectual strain of the preceding day, and encouraged by his luxurious chair, sank into a tranquil sleep. His companions remained for some time, listening to his regular breathing; Marian with her eyes and artistic token of his affection, patiently fixed on the opposite wall, and the oung man with his glance mechanically traveling between his figure and the canvas. At last he fell back several paces to survey his work. Marian moved her eyes, gift of an opportunity to contribute by her and they met his own. "Well, Miss Everett," said the painter, in patience and good will to her husband's pos-

accents which might have been tremulous if very sad conduct." he had not exerted a strong effort to make

"Well, Mr. Baxter," said the young girl. And the two exchanged a long, firm liate her conduct. It's hard work. Don't glance, which at last ended in a smile-t make me do it for you. You know her as smile which belonged decidedly to the family well as I do. She was indiscreet, but I know of the famous laugh of the two angels behind she is penitent, and for that matter she is well out of it. He was by no means a desir-

"Well, Miss Everett," said Baxter, going able young man." back to his work, "such is life!"

matter," said Stephen, "spoke of him in the highest terms. To be sure, as it turned out, "So it appears," rejoined Marian, And then, after a pause of some moments: "Why didn't you come and see me!" she added. she was his mother." "I came and you weren't at home." "Why didn't you come again?"

he needed to sit firm. "Allons," said he, "of whom do you speak?"

and fixed them on her companion with deep, half reproachful glance. "Is the past then," she asked, "so utterly disagreeable?" Baxter stared, half amazed. "Good heav-

Miss Everett dropped her eyes and re mained silent.

ment, rapidly to make plain to the reader the events to which the above conversation

Miss Everett had found it expedient, al things considered, not to tell her intended husband the whole story of her acquaintance with Stephen Baxter; and when I have repaired her omissions, the reader will probably

for the first time at Rome, and there in the ward in Paris. He is a sort of consin of Mrs.

pects. He had sold three of his Italian pictures and had made an invaluable collection of sketches. He was on the high road to Frequently requires prompt action. An wealth and fame, and there was no reason hour's delay waiting for the doctor may their engagement should not be announced But to this latter proposition Marian debe attended with serious consequences, murred-demurred so strongly, and yet on especially in cases of Croup, Pneumonia, grounds so arbitrary, that a somewhat painand other throat and lung troubles. ful scene ensued. Stephen left her, irritated Hence, no family should be without a and perplexed. The next day when he called bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. she was unwell and unable to see him; and which has proved itself, in thousands of the next, and the next. On the evening of cases, the best Emergency Medicine the day that he had made his third fruitless ever discovered. It gives prompt relief call at Mrs. Denbigh s, he overheard Marian's name mentioned at a large party. The inand prepares the way for a thorough terlocutors were two elderly women. On cure, which is certain to be effected by giving his attention to their talk, which they its continued use. were taking no pains to keep private, he found that his mistress was under accusal of

Ga., says: "I have found Ayer's Cherry having trifled with the affections of an un-Pectoral a perfect cure for Croup in all cases. I have known the worst cases happy young man, the only son of one of the relieved in a very short time by its use; and I advise all families to use it in sudladies. There was apparently no lack of evidence or of facts which might be construed as evidence. Baxter went home, la mort dans den 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 l'ame, and on the following day called again on Mrs. Donicigh. Marian was still in her room, but the former lady received him. my practice. This wonderful prepara-tion once saved my life. I had a con-Stephen was in a great trouble, but his mind was lucid, and he addressed himself to the stant cough, night sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and given up by my physician. One bottle and a half of the task of interrogating his hostess. Mrs. Denbigh, with her habitual indolence, had re-Pectoral cured me." mained unsuspicious of the terms on which

"I cannot say enough in praise of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral," writes E. Bragdon, of Palestine, Texas, "believ-ing as I do that, but for its use, I should long since have died." the young people stood. "I'm sorry to say," Baxter began, "that I heard Miss Everett accused last evening of "Ah, for heaven's sake, Stephen," returned

his kinswoman, "don't go back to that. I've Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, done nothing all winter but defend and pal-

"The lady whom I heard talking about the

"His mother! You're mistaken. H

Baxter folded his arms with a feeling that

"Good heavens," cried Stephen. "So there

"You don't mean to say that there has

seems to me, my dear Mrs. Denbigh, that you

Mrs. Denbigh shook her head with a melan-

"You know, at least, whether Mr. Young

"Oh, yes, frequently. I am very sorry that

"Well," said Stephen, "so much for Mr.

"Mr. King is gone home. It's a pity he

for me. But what can a sick woman dof"

choly movement. "I'm sure I don't," she

said. "I give it up. I don't pretend to judge.

mother died ten years ago."

"Of young Mr. King."

"Pray, of whom do you speak?"

re two of them?

aught to know."

nothing or everything."

went straight to the point.

ceased to care, she merely attempted to save

her dignity. Her dignity for the moment

was well enough secured by her natural half

beauty was vastly admired. In September

they sailed for America. About a year and

a half, therefore, had elapsed between Bax-

ter's separation from Miss Everett and their

(To be Continued.)

eiving me."

heartless of women."

meeting in New York

has been in your drawing room?"

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been anything between Marian and Frederic He that loseth is merchant as well s he that gains. "Voila! I only repeat what I hear. It

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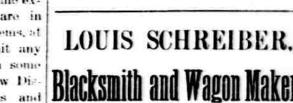
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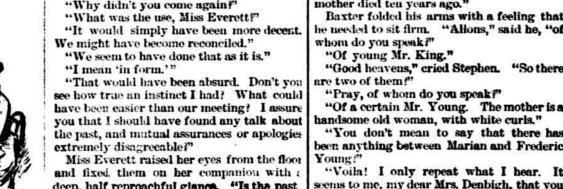
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ens!" he cried, "of course it is."

Marian changed color ever so little

Her surprise, however, could not have

tioned in a newspaper, and as she knew that Lennox frequented the society of artists. "He was well, I hope," she added "and pros-"Where did you know this gentleman, my justify her discretion. "I knew him in Europe two years ago-

Young. And now for Mr. King." She had, as she said, met this young man ever came away.'

"Ah," said Marian, "who was that?" "Mr. Baxter, the painter." . the altar in the temple. Marian changed color-ever so little; no more, indeed, than was natural to an honest

session of a perfect likeness of her face!

to do once a week.

On that same evening Lennox dined with

"Marian," he said, in the course of the din-

his future father-in-law, as it was his habit

ner, "I saw this morning an old friend of

I may as well take advantage of the mo-

"When I'm with her it's all very well," be pursued, "but when I'm away from her I ment. I met him in Paris in 62; at that feel as if I were thrast out of the ranks of the living.

"Well you must be patient," said his friend; "you're destined to live hard, yet."

The longer Lennox looked at the picture Denbigh." Mrs. Denbigh was a lady in the more he liked it, and the deeper seemed to be the correspondence between the lady's year in Europe-a widow, rich, childless, an expression and that with which he had invested the heroine of Browning's lines. The ine always painting?" less accidental, too, seemed that element which Marian's face and the face on the canvas possessed in common. He thought of the great poet's noble lyric and of its exquisite significance, and of the physiognomy of picture which reminds me of you." the woman he loved having been chosen as the fittest exponent of that significance. He turned away his head; his eyes filled with tears. "If I were possessor of the pict-

ure," he said finally, answering the artist's last words, "I should feel tempted to call it by the name of a person of whom it very much reminds me." "Ah?" said Baxter; and then, after a pause

"a person in New York?" It had happened a week before that, at her over's request, Miss Everett had gone in his company to a photographer's, and had been photographed in a dozen different attitudes. The proofs of these photographs had been sent home for Marian to choose from. She had made a choice of half a dozen-or rather Lennox had made it, and the latter had put them in his pocket, with the intention of stopping at the establishment and giving his orders. He now took out his pocket book and showed the painter one of the cards.

The artist looked at the photograph. "If I am not mistaken," he said, after a pause, "the young lady is Miss Everett." Lennox nodded assent. His companion remained silent a few monents, examining the photograph with considerable interest, but, as Lennox observed, without comparing it with his picture. "My Duchess very probably bears a certain esemblance to Miss Everett, but a not exactly intentional one," he said at last. "The picture was begun before 1 ever saw Miss painter works-how artists of all kinds work: they claim their property wherever they find Everett's appearance I didn't hesitate to ner in which she told her little story would adopt, especially as I had been feeling about

in the dark for a type of countenance which decidedly southern depth and warmth of tone Invited to paint her portrait. in Miss Everett's complexion, as well as that

semblance is much more a matter of type than of expression. Nevertheless, I'm sorry take the task. if the copy betrays the original." "I doubt," said Lennox, "whether it would

betray it to any other perception than mine. I have the honor," he added, after a pause, "to be engaged to Miss Everett. You will, therefore, excuse me if I ask whether you mean to sell your picture. "It's already sold-to a lady," rejoined the artist, with a smile; "a maiden lady, who is a great admirer of Browning."

At this moment Gilbert returned. The two friends exchanged greetings, and their companion withdrew to a neighboring stu-After they had talked awhile of what had happened to each since they parted, Lennox spoke of the painter of the Duchess and of his remarkable talent, expressing surprise that he shouldn't have heard of him before, and that Gilbert should never have spoken of him.

"His name is Baxter-Stephen Baxter." said Gilbert, "and until his return from Europe, a fortnight ago, I knew little more about him than you. He's a case of improvetime he was doing absolutely nothing. He has learned what you see in the interval. On arriving in New York he found it impossible to get a studio big enough to hold

whose company Marian had recently spent a invalid and an old friend of her mother. "Is "Apparently, and extremely well. He

has two or three as good portraits there as one may reasonably expect to see. And he has, moreover, a certain "His 'Last Duchess?" asked Marian, with some curiosity. "I should like to see it. If you think it's like me, John, you ought to buy it up."

"I wanted to buy it, but it's sold. You know it then?" "Yes, through Mr. Baxter himself. I saw it in its rudimentary state, when it looked like nothing that I should care to look like. shocked Mrs. Denbigh very much by telling him I was glad it was his 'last.' The picture indeed, led to our acquaintance." "And not vice versa," said Mr. Everett,

facetiously. "How vice versa?" asked Marian, innocently. "I met Mr. Baxter for the first time at a party in Rome." "I thought you said you met him in Switzerland," said Lennox.

"No, in Rome. It was only two days before we left. He was introduced to me without knowing I was with Mrs. Denbigh, and

"That you realized his ideal, etc." "Exactly, but not at all in that sentimental tone. I took him to Mrs. Denbigh; they found they were sixth cousins by marriage; he came to see us the next day, and insisted upon us going to his studio. It was a miserable place. I believe he was very poor. At least Mrs. Denbigh offered him some money, and he frankly accepted it. She attempted Everett. Miss Everett, as you see-or as you | to spare his sensibilities by telling him that, know-has a very charming face, and, during | if he liked, he could paint her a picture in rethe few weeks in which I saw her, I con- turn. He said he would if he had time. tinued to work upon it. You know how a Later, he came up into Switzerland, and the following winter we met him in Paris." If Lennox had had any mistrust of Miss What I found to my purpose in Miss Everett's relations with the painter, the man-

have effectually blighted it. He forthwith proposed that, in consideration not only of her face effectually realized. The Duchess the young man's great talent, but of his was an Italian, I take it. Now, there is a actual knowledge of her face, he should be

Marian assented without reluctance and breadth and thickness of feature which is without alacrity, and Lennox laid his propocommon in Italian women. You see the re- sition before the artist. The latter requested a day or two to consider, and then replied (by note) that he would be happy to under-

> Miss Everett expected that, in view of the projected renewal of their old acquaintance. Stephen Baxter would call upon her, under the auspices of her lover. He called in effect, alone, but Marian was not at home, and he failed to repeat the visit. The day for the first sitting was therefore appointed through Lennox. The artist had not yet obtained a studio of his own, and the latter cordially offered him the momentary use of a spacious and well lighted apartment in his house, which had been intended as a billiard room, but was not yet fitted up. Lennox expressed no wishes with regard to the portrait, being content to leave

the choice of position and costume to the parties immediately interested. He found the painter perfectly well acquainted with Marian's "points," and he had an implicit confidence in her own good taste. Miss Everett arrived on the morning ap-

pointed, under her father's escort, Mr. Everett, who prided himself largely upon doing things in proper form, having caused himself to be introduced before hand to the painter. Between the latter and Marian there was a brief exchange of civilities, after which they addressed themselves to business

course of two interviews had made a deep 'In what sense. impression upon his heart. He had felt that he would give a great deal to meet Miss stand young girls?" Everett again. Their reunion in Switzerland was therefore not entirely fortuitous; and it be very wise and not do that." had been the more easy for Baxter to make it possible, for the reason that he was able to claim a kind of roundabout relationship with Mrs. Denbigh, Marian's companion. With this lady's permission he had attached himthing she knew he was holding her to an ac-

self to their party. He had made their route count." of travel his own, he had stopped when they "Is he good looking?" stopped and been prodigal of attentions and "Well enough." ivilities. Before a week was over Mrs. Den-"And richf" bigh, who was the soul of confiding good "Very rich, I believe." nature, exulted in the discovery of an invalu-"And the other?" able kinsman. Thanks not only to her natur-"What other-Marian? ally unexacting disposition, but to the "No, no; your friend Young." "Yes, he's quite handsome." apathetic and inactive habits induced by constant physical suffering, she proved a "And rich, too?" very insignificant third in her companions "Yes, I believe he's also rich." spending of the hours. How delightfully Baxter was silent a moment. "And there's no doubt," he resumed, "that they were both these hours were spent it requires no great

effort to imagine. A suit conducted in the far gone?" midst of the most romantic scenery in Europe "I can only answer for Mr. King." is already half won. Marian's social graces "Well, I'll answer for Mr. Young. His were largely enhanced by the satisfaction mother wouldn't have talked as she did unwhich her innate intelligence of natural beauty enabled her to take in the inagnificent less she'd seen her son suffer. After all, then, it's perhaps not so much to Marian's discredit. Here are two handsome young scenery of the Alps. She had never appeared to such advantage; she had never millionaires, madly smitten. She refuses known such perfect freedom and frankness them both. She doesn't care for good looks and gayety. For the first time in her life and money." she had made a captive without suspecting it. She had surrendered her heart to the mountains and the lakes, the eternal snows things alone. She wants talent, and all the rest of it. Now, if you were only rich, and the pastoral valleys, and Baxter, standing by, had intercepted it. He felt his long Stephen"-added the good lady, innocently. projected Swiss tour vastly magnified and Baxter took up his hat. "When you wish beautified by Miss Everett's part in it-by to marry Miss Everett," he said, "you must the constant feminine sympathy which ake good care not to say too much about Mr. King and Mr. Young. gushed within earshot, with the coolness and clearness of a mountain spring. Oh! if only Two days after this interview he had a it too had not been fed by the eternal snows conversation with the young girl in person. And then her beauty-her indefatigable The reader may like him less for his easily beauty-was a continual enchantment. Miss shaken confidence, but it is a fact that he had been unable to make light of these Everett looked so thoroughly in her place in a drawing room that it was almost logical to lightly made revelations. For him his love suppose that she looked well nowhere else. had been a passion; for her, he was compelled to believe, it had been a vulgar pas-

But in fact, as Baxter learned, she looked quite well enough in the character of what adies call a "fright"-that is, sunburned, travel stained, over heated, exhilarated and nungry-to elude all invidious comparisons. At the end of three weeks, one morning as they stood together on the edge of a failing torrent, high above the green concavities of



by hills, Baxter felt himself irresistibly urged to make a declaration. The thunder ous noise of the cataract covered all vocal utterance; so, taking out his sketch book, he wrote three short words on a blank leaf. He handed her the book. She read his message with a beautiful change of color and a single rapid glance at his face. She then tore out the leaf.

"Don't tear it up!" cried the young man. She understood him by the movement of his lips and shook her head with a smile. But she stooped, picked up a little stone, and wrapping it in the bit of paper, prepared to toss it into the torrent.

band, possessed a number of connections, Baxter, uncertain, put out his hand to take Everett professed the most cheerful t from her. She passed it into the oth

The ORIGINAL ABIETINE OINT-"Oh, he's a silly fellow. He doesn't under-MENT is only put up in large two-ounce tin boxes, and is an absolute cure for "Upon my word," said Stephen, "with expression," as the music sheets say, "he might old sores, burns, wounds, chapped hands and all kinds of skin eruptions. Will Discovery, which is guaranteed to give "Not but that Marian was injudicious, positively cure all kinds of piles. Aak for She meant only to be amiable, but she went the ORIGINAL ABITINE OINTMENT too far. She became adorable. The first

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BARGAINS. He prest a ruby on her lips, whose burning blood shone through; Twin sapphires bound above her eyes, to match their flery blue; And, where her hair was parted back, an opal gem he set-Type of her changing delights were met. "Will you surrender now," he said, "the ancient grudge you keep Untiring and unuttered, like murder in the deep? I thank you for the word," she said; "your gems are fair of form when did jewels bind the depths, or splendors

still the storm There is no diamond in the mine, nor pearl be neath the wave, There is no fretted coronet that soothes a princely grave, There is nor fate nor empire in the wide infinity. Can stand in grace and virtue with the gift you

had from me." "I don't say that," said Mrs. Denbigh, sagaciously. "She doesn't care for those Driving Away a Pickpocket.

"Here comes that blackguard, English," said a detective in Park row, as a well dressed man approached. When the person thus harshly characterized caught sight of the detective the latter signaled him and said, with great show of anger. "English, if you don't get away from here I'll kick you from one end of the block to the other." "All right, captain; all right," said English, meekly, "I'll go," and go hdid. English is a notorious pickpocket, who sights his victims in Park row, follows them up and robs them at leisure. time. He was a man of violent temper; he He and his fellows to nothing in Park row for which they can be arrested, and "Marian," he said, "you have been dethe only resource of the detective is to drive them from the street with threats Marian knew very well what he meant The other day the crowd in Ann street she knew very well that she had grown weary just off Park row was astonished to see a of her engagement and that, however little little man approach a big man, and with of a fault her conduct had been to Messrs. a single blow knock him into the gutter. Young and King, it had been an act of grave disloyalty to Baxter. She felt that the blow The big man rose, caught sight of his aswas struck and that their engagement was sailant, threw up his hands in a deprecaclean broken. She knew that Stephen would tory fashion and took to his heels. The be satisfied with no half excuses or half delittle man was a detective and the big one nials; and she had none others to give. A was a pickpocket who had not left Park hundred such would not make a perfect conrow with sufficient haste.-New York fession. Making no attempt, therefore, to Press. save her "prospects," for which she had

ENot Altogether Complimentary. The not inconsiderable writing fraternity will understand the situation and the

cynical coolness of temper. But this same vulgar placidity left in Stephen's memory an mental processes that led us to commit a on of heartlessness and shallowness, grievous faux pas in our office the other which in that particular quarter, at least, day. A young friend who had strolled in was destined to be forever fatal to her claims proudly exhibited his latest poetical to real weight and worth. She denied the triumph, a pretty song that might reasonyoung man's right to call her to account ably inspire its author with hopes of a and to interfere with her conduct: and she foothold on the slippery slopes of Parnasalmost anticipated his proposal that they sus. He informed us that he was to send should consider their engagement at an end. it to one of the leading magazines. We She even declined the use of the simple logic expressed confidence in its future, and the of tears. Under these circumstances, of course, the interview was not of long durapoet beamed-but alas for our well meant endeavors to encourage aspiring genius, "I regard you," said Baxter, as he stood on we remarked as he turned to go, "Where the threshold, "as the most superficial, most do you intend to send it first?" Of course such a query could only be evolved from He immediately left Paris and went down the depths of a live experience with the into Spain, where he remained till the openway of an editor and his "unavailables," ing of the summer. In the month of May not, unhappily, all acquired in this office. Mrs. Denbigh and her protege went to England, where the former, through her hus--Boston Commonwealth.

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tongues. The True Method Of curing habitual constipation, and liver and kidney ills, is to avoid the use of the bitter drastic liver medicines and cathartics, and take the only pleasant liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs. It cleanses as well as strengthens the system, and does not leave the bowels costive.so that regular habits may be formed, and the invalid presently restored to health. It acts promptly and effectively; it is easily taken, and perfectly harmless. For sale only by Dowty & Becher.

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saved my life." Mr. D. I. Wilcoxson, of Horse t Ky., adds a like testimony, saying positively believes he would have d

had it not been for Electric Bitters. This great remedy will ward off. well as cure Malarial Diseases, and

all Kidney, Liver and Stomach Disor ders stands unequaled. Price 50 cents. and \$1 at Dowty & Becher's.

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Lennox was silent, and his face remained rather more somber than the other liked to see it.

"I hope there is no particular difficulty, the latter resumed; hoping to induce him to relieve himself of whatever weighed upon his consciousness.

"I'm afraid sometimes I-afraid sometime she doesn't really love me.'

"Well, a little doubt does no harm. It better than to be too sure of it, and to sink into fatuity. Only be sure you love her." "Yes," said Lennox solemnly, "that's the

great point."

One morning, unable to fix his attention on books and papers, he bethought himself of an expedient for passing an hour.

He had made, at Newport, the acquaint ance of a young artist named Gilbert, for whose talent and conversation he had conceived a strong relish. The painter, on leaving Newport was to go to the Adirondacks. and to be back in New York on Oct. 1, after which time he begged his friend to come and see him.

It occurred to Lennox on the morning speak of that Gilbert must already have returned to town, and would be looking for his visit. So he forthwith repaired to his studio. Gilbert's card was on the door, but, on entering the room, Lennox found it occupied by a stranger-a young man in painter's garb at work before a large panel. He learned from this gentleman that he was a temporary sharer of Mr. Gilbert's studio, and that the latter had stepped out for a few moments. Lennox accordingly prepared to await his return. He into conversation with the young coming tribute to the young girl's loveliness on his own part, to cause her portrait to be man, and, finding him very intelligent, as painted by this clever young man. Their well as, apparently, a great friend of Gilbert.

As, with my little sketches. I need only occupy one corner of mine, I offered him the use of the other three, until he should be able

to bestow himself to his satisfaction. When he began to unpack his canvases I found I had been entertaining an angel unawares." Gilbert then proceeded to uncover, for Lennox's inspection, several of Baxter's por-

traits, both men and women. Each of these works confirmed Lennox's impression of the painter's power. He returned to the picture on the easel. Marian Everett reappeared at his silent call, and vanity. looked out of the eyes with a most penetrating tenderness and melancholy. "He may say what he pleases." thought Lennox. "the resemblance is, in some degree, also a matter of expression. Gilbert," h

added, wishing to measure the force of the ikeness, "whom does it remind you of ?" "I know," said Gilbert, "of whom it reminds you.' "And do you see it yourself?"

"They are both handsome, and both hav uburn hair. That's all I can see."

was most superficial in her appearance, and

that his own imagination supplied the rest.

It occurred to him, as he walked

home, that it would be a not unbe-

Lennox was somewhat relieved. It was more than a mockery-a parody-of the not without a feeling of discomfort-a feelduration of that passion; and that she knew ing by no means inconsistent with his first instinctively that there is nothing so chilling moment of pride and satisfaction-that he to an artist's heat as the interference of thought of Marian's peculiar and individual illogical self interest, either on his own becharms having been subjected to the keen half or that of another. appreciation of another than himself. He Baxter worked firmed and rapidly, and at the end of a couple of hours he felt that he was glad to be able to conclude that the painter had merely been struck with what

had begun his picture. Mr. Everett, as he sat by, threatened to be a bore; laboring apparently under the impression that it was hisduty to beguile the session with cheap esthetic small talk. But Marian good humoredly took the painter's share of the dialogue, and he was not diverted from his

hand and gave him the one he had attempted deference to Baxter's wishes and fancies, at to take. the same time that she made no secret of She threw away the paper, but she let him possessing a number of strong convictions as what should be attempted and what him keep her hand. Baxter had still a week at his disposal, and should be avoided. It was no surprise to the young man to Marian made it a very happy one. Mrs find her convictions sound and her wishes thoroughly sympathetic. He found himself called upon to make no compromise with tubborn and unnatural prejudices, nor to

long future, which, on getting beyond the sacrifice his best intentions to a short sighted cound of the cataract, they had expeditiously agreed to pursue in common.

It was their misfortune both to be poor Whether Miss Everett was vain or no They determined, in view of this circumeed not here be declared. She had at least stance, to say nothing of their engagement the wit to perceive that the interests of an until Baxter, by dint of hard work, should enlightened sagacity would best be served by have at least quadrupled his income. This painting which should be good from the was cruel, but it was imperative, and Marian painter's point of view, inasmuch as these made no complaint. Her residence in Europe are the painting's chief end. I may add, had enlarged her conception of the mamoreover, to her great credit, that she thorterial needs of a pretty woman, and oughly understood how great an artistic it was quite natural that she should merit should properly attach to a picture executed at the behest of a pasnot, close upon the heels of this experience. desire to rush into marriage with a poor sion, in order that it should be anything artist. At the end of some days Baxter started for Germany and Holland, portions

of which he wished to visit for purposes o study. Mrs. Denbigh and her young friend repaired to Paris for the winter. Here, in by Baxter, who had achieved his German tour. He had received, while absent five

little letters from Marian, full of affection. The number was small, but the young man detected in the very temperance of his mistress a certain delicious flavor of implicit constancy. She received him with all the

Denbigh was tired; they had come to a halt, and there was no interruption to their being To Attain a Long Life. together. They talked a great deal of the The sum and substance of all the advice that can be given on that point is

that a man must avoid excesses, he must live rationally, according to the laws of his being. You cannot get two quarts of milk in a quart jug. You can only secure a certain amount of happiness in this world, and you can only secure it according to good old fashioned notions, founded on common sense, virtue and morality. Millions have tried their own foolish and vicious ways of reaching the goal, but the world has never reported that they have been successful.-P. T. Barnum in the

> Epoch. What is Electricity?

Electricity is another substance concerning the nature of which we know absothat color. He had to ransack all the the middle of February, they were rejoined lutely nothing. To the question: What drug stores in town.-Texas Siftings. is electricity? there is but one answer: We

do not know. We do know what it will do, and can make it serve as in an infinite variety of ways; but the most learned electrician is only in the same position as that of a little child who can move the ated article having the taste, smell and frankness and sweetness that he had a right 'lever which controls a great engine, but appearance of the genuine. Mineral oil is to expect, and listened with great interest to knows nothing of its construction, or how frequently found in olive oil.-Arkansew his account of the improvement in his pros- the motion is produced.-Popular Science Traveler.

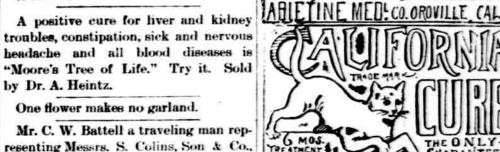
In German opera the orchestral part and the choruses and declamatory sections are just as important as the lyric numbers. and many of the most exquisite passages in the operas of Weber and Wagner are a kind of superior pantomime music during which no voice at all is heard on the stage. Now I am convinced that much of the talking in opera boxes is simply due to ignorance of this fact. Vocal music is much more readily appreciated than instrumental music, and those who have no ear for instrumental measures do not realize that others are enraptured by them. Hence they talk as soon as the singing ceases, unconscious of the fact that they are greatly annoying those who wish to listen to the orchestra.-Henry T. Finck

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