BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

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CHAPTER IX.

DICK'S letter to the colonel was soon written. He put it in his pocket and walked to Bedford Square. It was growing rapidly dark, but lights were only just beginning to appear in most of the houses. In No. 23 the shutters of the dining-room windows were not yet fastened, but the blinds had been already drawn down.

The bright lights inside threw upon one of them the shadow of a man who was evidently sitting at the near end of the room; his left arm was thrown over the back of his chair, and its image was partly merged in the darkness which represented the latter; his head was in full profile, and bent downward in an attitude of deep thought. He was probably at some little distance from the table, upon which the lights behind him were placed, for the shadow thrown upon the blind was sharp in outline and scarcely more than life-size. The figure was in fact recognizable beyond a doubt as that of Colonel de Montaut himself, and Dick, as he stood upon the doorstep, was almost startled at seeing him apparently so close. At the same time he saw that he had here a good chance of ascertaining at once that his letter was safely delivered. He dropped it into the box and rang the bell, intending to retreat a few steps across the road so as to be out of sight himself while still keeping the window in view. A sudden movement of the shadow stopped him. The colonel had caught the sound of the bell and had disappeared from the room with astonishing rapidity; one might almost have thought he had been waiting for the signal. Dick heard a quick, stealthy tread approach the door on the inside; the letter was snatched from the box in an instant, and when he looked at the window again there was the shadow once more in its former position, but with both hands raised, as if in the act of holding up a paper to read. And now another step was heard coming toward the door; it was, no doubt, that of a servant answering the bell. The shadow figure hastily lowered its hands and the letter disappeared. The servant at the same moment stopped suddenly and went into the dining room; to which, no doubt, his master's voice had summoned him. The conversation which followed was inaudible to Dick. Had it been otherwise, the colonel's labor would have been worse than lost, and of this story there might have been little or nothing to tell. Between understanding and misunderstanding, between the light within and the darkness without, there was but a pane of glass; but it was enough, and Dick remained in the outer darkness. He was, for the present, satisfied. The colonel had read his note, and tomorrow would set all to rights. Alas for Dick! this hope was but a shadow too. The truth, which in this deceptive light cast so false an image of itself, may be guessed from what was actually passing inside the house as he turned away to go home.

"It was I who rang," the colonel was saying to his servant.

The man apologized for mistaking between the two bells.

"Go up to Madame de Montaut," continued his master, "and tell her that Captain Estcourt is coming here in about half an hour. Ask whether she wishes to come to the drawing room, or would rather not be disturbed."

The man took the message at once. When she heard it, Camilla's heart hardened. She was angered at the idea of Dick's callousness in coming so soon to discuss the details of his treason, and what she had said to her brother-in-law she still meant very decidedly. She would not work in league with a traitor such as she supposed Estcourt to be.

"Tell M. de Montaut," she replied to the servant, in her iciest tones, "that I prefer to be alone this evening. And remember yourself that from this moment until we leave London I am not at home to any one."

"Very well, madame," said the man. And added, hesitatingly, "But if Captain Estcourt should ask for Madame—?"

"I am not at home to any one," she repeated, with deliberate emphasis. "And particularly not to Captain Estcourt."

He bowed, and returned to report to the colonel, who seemed neither surprised nor dissatisfied at hearing what Camilla's answer had been.

"Very well," he said; "then I too am not at home to Captain Estcourt."

Dick, in the meantime, was on his homeward way. The farther he went the more impatient he became for the night to be over and the present uncomfortable state of things ended. He went over this ground again and again, and longed for the explanation to be done with, that he might be free to forget himself once more in the enjoyment of her society. How long it seemed since they parted! What an age since their delightful meeting this morning! That absurd but annoying interview with old Wickerby had come between, and all this worry about the colonel's preposterous invitation. However, by this time the colonel, at any rate, was undeceived. Probably he had accepted the rejection of his proposals in good part, and in spite of all would welcome Dick again as a friend tomorrow morning. To-morrow. Why not to-night? It was now some time, some considerable time, since he had received and read the letter. Surely by this he had got over his disappointment, if he had really had any such feeling. Now was the opportune moment for a visit. In the morning there would be the chance of going too early to see Camilla, or too late to find her in. To-night she was certain to be at home. This last reflection decided Dick. He left his rooms again, and walked quickly to Bedford Square. He reached the doorstep flushed and breathless, and rang the bell. It was exactly half an hour, to the minute, since he had turned away to go home after seeing the shadow on the blind.

The servant appeared.

"Is Madame de Montaut at home?" asked Dick, stepping forward to enter as he spoke.

"Not at home, sir."

"Colonel de Montaut, then?" said Dick.

"Not at home, sir," repeated the man, in the same formal tone.

"Thank you. I'll call to-morrow," stammered Dick, in utter astonishment, and he turned mechanically away.

The footman nodded after him, and grinned maliciously. Then he closed the door and went to report to his master. M. de Montaut took out his watch.

"Very good," he said; "don't forget again to-morrow." And then, as the man left the room, the colonel, too, smiled with secret satisfaction.

"My poor friend," he murmured, gently; "my poor young friend does not know Captain Estcourt as well as I do. He says 'to-morrow;' I say, 'in half an hour,' and here he is again in twenty-nine minutes!"

He rose and went to the table, took up his half-empty glass and raised it to the light.

"As for a rebuff or two at the door," he continued, with the same noiseless laugh, "my poor young friend must not mind that. We shall all meet again before long! Au revoir donc!" And he tossed off the wine and went upstairs.

That night Dick slept uneasily, and it was late in the morning when he awoke. However, by half-past ten he was again in Bedford Square, and rang the bell with an outward appearance of calmness, though his heart was beating fast within.

The same footman came to the door.

"Is Madame de Montaut in?" Dick asked.

"Not at home, sir."

"Has she gone out this morning already?"

"Madame de Montaut is not at home, sir," repeated the man, in the same invariable formula.

Dick thought he detected impertinence in his voice, and flushed indignantly.

"What do you mean?" he said.

"Those are my orders, sir."

"Did you tell Madame de Montaut that I was intending to call upon her?" Dick asked this in a still more peremptory tone.

"Certainly, sir."

"Well, and what did she say?"

"She said that she was not at home."

"Not at home to me?" said Dick, choking with rage at the man's growing insolence of manner.

"Particularly not at home to you," replied the footman, calmly closing the door in his face.

Dick stood for a moment petrified with anger and dismay; then with an effort he roused himself and walked steadily away, but with a terrible pain griping at his heart the while. Not that he could yet believe any serious harm to have been done; his reason told him that Camilla was merely mistaken, and that it still needed but a few words from him to change her disappointment into sympathy, but his feelings were sharply hurt, and would not let him hear the voice of reason without interruption.

To the colonel, as distinguished from her, he did not give a thought. If he had done so, he would hardly have treated him with the same leniency; for he had been unable, from the first moment, to think it possible for him to be genuinely mistaken as to the duty of an English officer. A woman might be excused for not thinking of such considerations, but to a man, and especially to a soldier, they should have appealed at once, and with unanswerable force.

He decided that he must see Camilla at once. He would write a note begging for an interview, insist on its being delivered to her while he waited, and, if absolutely necessary, make his way to her presence in defiance of this insolent servant. In twenty minutes after coming to this resolution he appeared for the third time upon the doorstep of the house in Bedford Square, with the note in his hand, and a look of determination upon his face. This time the door was open, and some men were carrying out heavy packages to a wagon that stood before the house; the cook was standing by, with arms akimbo, superintending the work. She was a stout person with a red, good-humored face, and she looked upon Dick with an eye of kindly commiseration, for she had heard in the servants' hall of his present turn of ill-fortune, and thought her mistress unaccountably hard upon so handsome and pleasant-spoken a gentleman.

So she came out to the door, and bade him good afternoon with an affable smile.

"If you're looking for madame or the colonel, sir," she said, "I'm afraid you've come too late."

Dick's heart stood still. "Too late?" he said, in a faltering voice.

"Yes, sir; I'm afraid so. They've been gone more than an hour."

"Gone?" he echoed. "Where have they gone?"

"Ah, sir, that's more than I know myself; and we's all had strict orders not to say, if we do happen to know."

Dick's face fell so hopelessly at this that she was moved to pity him afresh.

"I'm sure I'm sorry, sir; and I don't know what some folks mean by the way they go off of a sudden and never a word to their best friends. There's Albert, now—" But seeing Dick frown impatiently she left the history of Albert's delinquency and returned to the subject at hand. "I may be doing wrong, sir," she said, "because I've my orders the same as the rest, but if I was you I'd turn over some o' them packages in the cart, and see where they're going to."

Dick turned quickly round to the wagon, which was already half loaded. He examined package after package, but all were unlabeled. The men were coming out again with a fresh load, but that, too, had no direction upon it. In fact, as all the luggage was bound, no doubt, for one and the same destination, it was unnecessary that it should be addressed.

Still there was one person—the driver of the wagon—to whom the secret must have been confided, and Dick determined to get it from him by bribery or force.

He resolved to make an attempt at once, risking all on persuasion and the power of gold. He overtook the wagon and asked the driver to give him a lift for a mile or two.

The man readily assented, and Dick was no sooner up beside him than the horses doubled their pace. He was a little surprised at this, but he would have been much more so if he could have known that the wagoner had been holding in his team all this time with the express object of taking him up, and would in a few minutes more have been driven to make the offer himself, if Dick had not come forward.

The colonel had foreseen that this man, who could alone give any clew to the direction of the De Montauts' flight, must sooner or later be run down and questioned by Dick, and he therefore used him as the surest agent for decoying the latter along the way he wished him to take.

The man followed his instructions well, and Dick found it impossible to get more out of him than an admission that he was going that day as far as Guildford. It was, at any rate, something to know this, and Dick resolved to go to Guildford too.

With this object he patiently endured some time the joltings of the wagon, but when the coach passed he was glad to stop it and secure a more comfortable seat and a quicker journey for the remainder of the way. He intended to lie in wait for the wagoner on his arrival in Guildford, and, if necessary, to travel with him again on the following day.

The coach stopped in front of the White Lion in Guildford High street. Dick dismounted and began to question the hostler to find out if the De Montauts had passed through or were staying in the town. He was unsuccessful in his inquiries, and was about to turn away disappointed, when he heard some one asking for him by name.

He looked round and saw a man on horseback, with a small valise in front of him upon the saddle.

"Did I hear you inquire for me?" he asked.

"Captain Estcourt, sir?" said the man, touching his cap.

"That's right," said Dick; "what is it?"

The man dismounted from his horse, which was covered with foam and dust. He lifted the valise down, and took a letter from the saddle bag.

"That is for you, sir," he said, and handed it to Dick, who opened it in as leisurely a fashion as if he knew its contents already, and betrayed not a sign of the tempest of wonder and excitement that was raging within him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AUNT ALICE'S NIECE.

All the Folks in the Car Wondered If She Got That Balloon.

A handsome young woman with a beautiful little girl of 4 years sat in a crowded street car.

"You've got on mamma's dress, haven't you, Aunt Alice?" remarked the child.

Aunt Alice flushed and called attention to a balloon man on the corner.

"Yes, the last time mamma wore that dress down town she bought me a balloon. Will you buy me one, Aunt Alice?"

"Yes, if you'll be good."

"Oh, I'll be good. Do you like mamma's hat? It makes you look awful pretty, Aunt Alice."

"There, be a good girl. See that woman out there with a little girl."

There was a period of silence and Aunt Alice breathed a sigh of relief. Then the child inquired:

"Did mamma say you could wear her pin, Aunt Alice? She wouldn't let me wear it, 'cause she was afraid I would lose it."

"Yes, of course. Do be quiet, Nellie."

"Will you buy me a balloon then?"

"Yes."

"And can I carry it?"

"Yes."

"All right; then take mamma's parasol. I don't want to carry it any longer, 'cause I couldn't carry it and a balloon too. Haven't you got any dress of your own, Aunt Alice?"

Aunt Alice yanked the little girl out of the car by the arm, and the chances are that she got no balloon.

TOM MOORE'S SWEETHEART.

She Lies Buried in a Nameless Grave in Greenwood Cemetery.

Only those who are thoroughly conversant with the innumerable highways and byways of Greenwood Cemetery in Brooklyn know of a section called "The Hill of Graves." The section derives its name from the fact that nearly 40,000 unfortunates are buried there in rows of fifty. One would never think of looking for a spot of interest in that locality. To find any particular grave in this public burying ground one needs the aid of a cemetery guide. And even such a guide has difficulty, since the graves are known only by numbers. Upon looking at the records of the cemetery it was found that the special grave desired in this instance was in public lot No. 8,999, and that the number of the mound was 805. When the grave was found it was not unlike the thousands around it. The mound was sunken and neglected; the grass, once green upon it, is long since dead. A small white marble stone stands at the head, upon which is inscribed: "Mother and Grandmother." Nothing is there to indicate the fact that underneath that sunken mound lies all that is mortal of beautiful Mary Duff, to whom the poet Thomas Moore offered his hand and heart, whose beauty he immortalized in his verse, and who, in the maturity of her career, won the applause of thousands upon thousands of people whom her name attracted to all the great theaters of Europe and America, as one of the most gifted of actresses.

Cupid's Bullets.

There are many reasons for a man's marrying, but that which caused John (Boss) Walters to embark in married life is perhaps most out of the ordinary. Walters went home recently feeling good, and chancing to meet a girl in his doorway, the idea struck him that she would make a good mark for him to practice on with his revolver. He didn't wait to consider, but at once got out his gun and began shooting. Naturally, he was arrested and taken before Judge Gregg. He then tried every way to induce the girl not to prosecute him, but they all failed, and she swore that she would have him indicted and sent to the pen for his little trick. Through a mutual friend, however, the lassie conveyed the information to him that she would cease to prosecute if he would marry her. John was not anxious to marry, but there was no choice, and they were pronounced man and wife.—Ex.

Women's Work in England.

A political salon will reappear under the Salisbury regime. The Duchess of Devonshire will resume her entertainments during the short period after parliament opens, and Lady Salisbury, the Duchess of Portland and Mrs. Chamberlain, all notable society powers, will give receptions. Evidence of the growth of woman's work in the political field was given at a recent London meeting of the Primrose League, when special honors for canvassing were conferred on the Countess of Lathom, the Countess of Ancaster, the Countess of Crawford, the Countess of Selkirk, Lady Hardman, Lady Knightley of Fausley, Lady Colchester, Lady McPherson, Lady Grant and others.

A Valuable Counterfeit.

"Sometimes," says a Philadelphia barkeeper, "a bad coin is a very good thing to have. We had a brass 10-cent piece here for two years that was worth $1 a week to the bar. I knew the man from whom it was taken, and, of course, gave it back in change. He was a good customer before, but much better afterward. Ten times a week he would come in and either give me that brass coin or get it given to him. One day the proprietor looked through the drawer, and, finding the bogus coin, threw it away. When I told him that it was worth $50 a year to the house he kicked himself. We not only lost the coin, but the customer as well. He felt hurt because I couldn't give him our pet piece."

Milesian Blood in His Veins.

A French provincial mayor recently issued the following startling announcement in connection with the national fete: "In case the weather should be unfavorable the 14th of July will be postponed until the following Sunday."

In water in which decaying vegetables have been infused the microscope discovers creatures so minute that ten thousand of them would not exceed in bulk a grain of mustard.

THANKSGIVING DAYS THEN AND NOW.

It was very provoking that seamstresses and such people would get married, like the rest of the world," Mrs. Greenough said, half in fun and half in earnest. Her fall sewing was just coming on, and here was Lizzie Brown, who had suited her so nicely, going off to be married; and she had no resource but to advertise for another, and take whomsoever she could get. No less than ten women had been there that day, and not one would answer.

"There comes Number Eleven; you will see," she cried, as the bell rang.

Kitty Greenough looked on with interest. Indeed, it was her gowns, rather than her mother's, that were most pressing. She was just sixteen, and since last winter she had shot up suddenly, as girls at that age so often do, and outgrown most of her clothes.

Mrs. Greenough was right—it was another seamstress; and Bridget showed in a plain, sad-looking woman, of about forty, with an air of intense respectability. Mrs. Greenough explained what she wanted done, and the woman said quietly that she was accustomed to such work—would Mrs. Greenough be so kind as to look at some recommendations? Whereupon she handed out several lady-like notes, whose writers indorsed the bearer, Mrs. Margaret Graham, as faithful and capable, used to trimmings of all sorts, and quick to catch an idea.

"Very well, indeed!" Mrs. Greenough said, as she finished reading them. "I ask nothing better. Can you be ready to come at once?"

"Tomorrow, if you wish, madame," was the answer, and then Mrs. Graham went away.

Kitty Greenough was an impulsive, imaginative girl; no subject was too dull or too unpromising for her fancy to touch it. She made a story for herself about every new person who came in her way. After Number Eleven had gone down the stairs, Kitty laughed.

"Isn't she a sobersides, mamma? I don't believe there'll be any frisk in my dresses at all if she trims them."

"There'll be frisk enough in them if you wear them," her mother answered, smiling at the bright, saucy, winsome face of her one tall daughter.

Kitty was ready to turn the conversation.

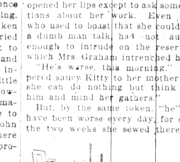
"What do you think she is, mamma—wife or widow?" And then answering her own question: "I think she's married, and her husband's sick, and she has to take care of him. That solemn, still way she has comes of much staying in a sick room. She's in the habit of keeping quiet, don't you see? I wish she were a little prettier; I think he would get well quicker."

"There'd be no plain, quiet people in your world if you made one," her mother said, smiling; "but you'd make a mistake to leave them out. You would get tired even of the sun if it shone all the time."

The next day the new seamstress came, and a thoroughly good one she proved; "better even than Lizzie," Mrs. Greenough said, and this was high praise. She sewed steadily, and never opened her lips except to ask some questions about her work. Even Kitty, who used to boast that she could make a dumb man talk, had not audacity enough to intrude on the reserve in which Mrs. Graham intrenched herself.

"He's worse, this morning," whispered saucy Kitty to her mother; "and she can do nothing but think about him and mind her gathers."

But, by the same token, "he" must have been worse every day, for during the two weeks she sewed there, Mrs.



"THERE COMES NUMBER ELEVEN."

Graham never spoke of anything beyond her work.

When Mrs. Greenough had paid her, the last night she said:

"Please give me your address, Mrs. Graham, for I may want you again."

"Seventeen Hudson street, ma'am; up two flights of stairs, and if I'm not there, Tom always is."

"There didn't I tell you?" Kitty cried, exultingly, after the woman had gone. "Didn't I tell you that he was sick? You see, now, Tom's always there."

"Yes, but Tom may not be her husband, and I don't think he is. He is much more likely to be her child."

"Mrs. Greenough, I'm astonished at you. You say that to be contradictious. Now, it is not nice to be contradictious; besides, she wouldn't look so quiet and sad if Tom were only her boy."

But weeks passed on, and nothing more was heard of Mrs. Graham, until, at last, Thanksgiving day was near at hand. Kitty was to have a new dress, and Mrs. Greenough, who had undertaken to finish it, found that she had not time.

"Oh, let me go for Mrs. Graham, mamma!" cried Kitty. "Luke can drive me down to Hudson street, and then I shall see Tom."

Mrs. Greenough laughed and consented. In a few minutes Luke had brought to the door the one-horse coupe, which had been the last year's Christmas gift of Papa Greenough to his wife, and in which Miss Kitty was always glad to make an excuse for going out.

Arrived at 17 Hudson street, she tripped up two flights of stairs, and tapped on a door, on which was a printed card with the name of Mrs. Graham.

A voice, with a wonderful quality of musical sweetness in it, answered:

"Please to come in; I cannot open the door."

If that were "he," he had a very singular voice for a man.

"I guess mamma was right after all," thought willful Kitty. "It's rather curious how often mamma is right, when I come to think of it."

She opened the door, and saw, not Mrs. Graham's husband, nor yet her son, but a girl, whose face looked as if she might be about Kitty's own age, whose shoulders and waist told the same story; but whose lower limbs seemed curiously misshapen and shrunken—no larger, in fact, than those of a mere child. The face was a pretty, winning face, not at all sad. Short, thick brown hair curled around it, and big, brown eyes, full of good humor, met Kitty's curious glance.

"I am Tom," the same musical voice—which made Kitty think of a bird's warble—said, in a tone of explanation. "I can't get up to open the door because, don't you see, I can't walk."

"And why—what—Tom—"

Kitty struggled desperately with the question she had begun to ask, and Tom kindly helped her out.

"Why am I Tom, do you mean, when it's a boy's name, or why can't I walk? I'm Tom because my father called me Thomasina, after his mother, and we

"I AM TOM."

can't afford such long names in this house and I can't walk because I pulled a kettle of boiling water over on myself when I was six years old, and the only wonder is that I'm alive at all. I was left, you see, in a room by myself, while mother was busy somewhere else, and when she heard me scream, and came to me, she pulled me from under the kettle, and saved the upper half of me all right."

"Oh, how dreadful!" Kitty cried, with the quick tears rushing to her eyes. "It must have almost killed your mother."

"Yes that is what makes her so still and sober. She never laughs, but she never frets, either; and oh, how good she is to me!"

Kitty glanced around the room which seemed to her so bare. It was spotlessly clean, and Tom's chair was soft and comfortable—as, indeed, a chair ought to be which must be sat in from morning till night. Opposite to it were a few pictures on the wall—engravings taken from books and magazines, and given, probably, to Mrs. Graham by some of her lady customers. Within easy reach was a little stand, on which stood a rose bush in a pot, and a basket full of bright colored worsteds, while a book or two lay beside them.

"And you never go out?" cried Kitty, forgetting her errand in her sympathy—forgetting, too, that Luke and his impatient horse were waiting below.

"Not lately. Mother used to take me down into the street sometimes but I've grown too heavy for her now, and she can't. But I'm not very dull, even when she's gone. You wouldn't guess how many things I see from my window; and then I make worsted mats and tidies, and mother sells them; and then I sing."

Kitty stepped to the window to see what range of vision it offered, and her eye fell on Luke. She recalled her business.

"I came to see if I could get your mother to sew two or three days for me this week."

Tom was alert and business-like at once.

"Let me see," she said; "to-day is Tuesday," and she drew toward her a little book, and looked it over. "To-morrow is engaged, but you could have Thursday, Friday and Saturday, if you want so much. Please write your name against them."

Kitty pulled off her pretty gray glove and wrote her name and address with the little toy pencil at the end of her chatelaine; and then she turned to go, but it was Tom's turn to question.

"Please," said the sweet, fresh voice, which seemed so like the clear carol of a bird, "would you mind telling me how old you are? I'm sixteen, myself."

"And so am I sixteen," said Kitty.

"And you have a father and mother both, haven't you?"

"Yes, indeed," said Kitty.

"Oh, I've only a mother, but she is good as two. Must you go now? And I wonder if I shall ever see you again?"

"Yes, you will see me again," answered Kitty, cheerily, and then, moved by a sudden impulse of her kind, frank young heart, she bent over and touched her lips to the bright bonny face of the poor girl who must sit prisoner there forever, and yet who kept this bright cheerfulness all the time.

"Oh, mamma, I've had a lesson," cried Kitty, bursting into her mother's room like a fresh wind, "and Tom has taught it to me; and he isn't he at all—she's a girl, just my age, and she can't walk a step since she was six years old."

And then Kitty told all the sad, tender little story, and got to crying over it herself, and made her mother cry, too, before she was through.

Early on Thanksgiving Day, Kitty set forth with Luke, in the coupe, which also contained a huge basket filled with dainties—a turkey, a mince pie, and a variety of good things. There were also a new dress, a comfortable jacket, and a neat hat.

"I have come to take you to ride," said Kitty, as she bounded into the room where Tom sat, and affectionately kissed the crippled girl.

In a few minutes, arrayed in her new habiliments, Tom was ready for the ride.

"How will I get down stairs?" Tom asked.

Luke was called in, and that mystery was solved.

Luke took her up as if she were a baby and marched down stairs with her, while she heard Kitty say—but it all seemed to her like a dream, and Kitty's voice like a voice in a dream:

"I'm sorry there's nothing pretty to see at this time of the year. It was so lovely out-doors six weeks ago."

Through Beach street they went, and then through Boylston, and the common was beside them, with its tree boughs traced against the November sky, and the sun shone on Frog Pond, and the dome of the state house glittered goldenly, and there were merry people walking about everywhere, with their Thanksgiving faces on; and at last Tom breathed a long, deep breath which was almost a sob, and cried:

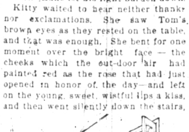
"Did you think there was nothing pretty to see today—this day? Why, I didn't know there was such a world!"

The clocks had struck twelve when they left Hudson street; the bells were ringing for one when they entered it again.

Kitty ran lightly up stairs, followed by Luke, with Tom in his arms.

Kitty threw open the door, and there was a table spread with as good a Thanksgiving dinner as the heart could desire, with Tom's chair drawn up beside it. Luke let his light burden down.

Kitty waited to hear neither thanks nor exclamations. She saw Tom's brown eyes as they rested on the table, and that was enough. She bent for one moment over the bright face — the cheeks which the out-door air had painted red as the rose that had just opened in honor of the day—and left on the young, sweet, wistful lips a kiss, and then went silently down the stairs,



LUKE TOOK HER UP.

leaving Tom and Tom's mother to their Thanksgiving.

A Thanksgiving Class.

"Now all of you stand in a row same as a spelling-class," said Susie, as they gathered about her toward dinner-time. "Carrie'll be the head and Tommy'll be the foot. We'll call it a Thanksgiving class, and I'll give out things and you must tell why we're thankful about 'em. Think of all the reasons you can, and raise as many fingers as you have reasons. Now, first you can take school."

So they all thought and began to raise fingers.

"Oh, we'll never have time for so many reasons," said Susie. "Let's try whooping-cough."

This was much harder, for the cousins had just been having it, all but Tommy—the lucky rogue! So no one else raised a finger.

"You're thankful if you don't catch it," cried he, and marched to the other end of the class.

Then they all laughed, and auntie called them to dinner, and Tommy ran to tell grandpa that he "was head in the Thanksgiving class."

St. Peter—Who is that fellow out in front?

Gabriel—Says he was sent here by Roosevelt to get evidence against us for keeping open on Sunday.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE BOARDING HOUSE.

It Is No Place in Which to Bring Up Your Children.

A dainty little mother, with a daughter not much smaller than herself, the other evening was bewailing the fact that just at present she was compelled to live in a boarding-house. Some surprise was expressed at such a statement coming from one whose quarters were located in one of the most aristocratic boarding-houses in Chicago, where the food, both as to quantity and quality, was unexceptionable. "Oh, yes," she said, "the food's all right, and I could not honestly find fault with the neighborhood, but the life itself will be the ruination of Dorothy," meaning the little daughter before mentioned. "Oh, it is something dreadful," she pathetically continued, "she is getting so horribly precocious and there is no way to prevent it. You see, every morning after breakfast there is a gathering of the clans in some one woman's room and there, over embroidery or the feeble week's mending that they dignify as work, they all talk scandal and gossip on topics that no child should be allowed to hear, and all the time there sits that baby of mine on the floor not half as interested in the doll which she is supposed to be playing with as she is with the conversation going on between those idle adults. As a result, she comes out with the strangest remarks, which are applauded by the women as cute and smart; she isn't like a baby, she is like an old woman, and I sometimes lie awake at night wondering what her future will be with no childhood memories of her own home, her own kitchen and the thousand and one little pleasures that a child can only enjoy under the rooftree of its parents. Think of it—she will never know the joy of making little cakes from the left-over bits of bread dough; she will never know what it means to have a real, old-fashioned candy-pull. All that she will have as a recollection of her childhood will be the remembrance of those idle women talking about other people's concerns or their own bodily ailments."

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

Lady Lytton Appointed by the Queen.

The late Owen Meredith was yet another example of the folly of a literary man's engaging in any sort of speculation. He died almost penniless, which was the more curious when one remembers what he must have made not only with his pen but by his political appointments, and what large amounts his father's prolific brain must have bequeathed to this only child of his. The Queen has appointed the Countess of Lytton Lady of the Bedchamber in Waiting, to the relief of all that unfortunate person's friends, who were most anxious as to her future, thus left unprovided for.

Constipation is the cause of all sorts of serious disorders of the blood. Strong cathartics are worse than useless. Burdock Blood Bitters is nature's own remedy for troubles of this sort.

There is a colored prisoner in the Alabama mines who speaks 12 different languages.

When God finds a man whom He can trust He is willing to let him have his way about everything.

All those terrible, itching diseases of the skin that make life miserable for us are caused by external parasites. Doan's Ointment kills the parasites and cures the disease. Perfectly harmless, never fails.

The first furrow plowed by electric plows in America was on March 11, 1892, at the Kansas Sorgaum Experiment station.

The average number of deaths from nervous diseases per 1,000 deaths from known causes in the United States for 1890 was 11.8.

One application of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil takes away the pain of the most severe burn. It is an ideal family liniment.

Here's a New Man Now.

Franklin M. Harrison, of Des Moines, Iowa, is suing his wife for divorce and $5,000 alimony. He says she took all his money to pay off incumbrances on her own property and now refuses to support him.

Out of debt, out of danger.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."

Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Poverty is a self-instructing virtue.

I could not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures. MRS. E. C. MOULTON, Needham, Mass., Oct. 22, 1894.

A contented mind is a continual feast.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. The original and only genuine. Cures Chaped Hands and Face, Cold Sores, &c. C. G. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct.

Content is the true philosopher's stone.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Irish and Negroes rarely resort to self-destruction.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

A woman in politics is like a rosebud in a mud puddle.

Hindercorn is a simply remedy, but it takes out the corns, and what a consolation it is! Makes walking a pleasure. 15c. at druggists.

The empress of Russia is colonel-in-chief of four regiments.

Mothers who have used Parker's Ginger Tonic for years insist that it benefits more than other medicines every form of distress and weakness yield to it.

Last year London gave 40,000 of her slum children a day in the country.

Cholera morbus, cholera infantum, diarrhœa, dysentery, and all those other deadly enemies to the little ones are infallibly cured by Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry.

Few persons stop to reflect that we always bore those who are boring us.

From Now Until Spring

Overcoats and winter wraps will be in fashion. They can be discarded, temporarily, while traveling in the steam heated trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. For solid comfort, for speed and for safety, no other line can compare with this great railway of the West.

O Yes, We're Queer Sometimes.

Strange things occasionally happen where they are not looked for. A sandy horse was arrested in Chicago Monday booked as a vagrant, given a jury trial and a fine of $15 was imposed. The horse, not having $15 in his inside pocket, was sent to the city pound.

The German emperor is multiplying his musical compositions, and before long an album of songs written by him is to be published.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT. The Great KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE. At Druggists, 50c & $1. Advice & Pamphlet free. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Loss of opportunity is life's greatest loss. Think of suffering with NEURALGIA 5 Years 10 Years 15 Years When the opportunity lies in a bottle of ST. JACOBS OIL. It cures.

CURE BACKACHE BY TAKING DR. HOBB'S SPARAGUS KIDNEY PILLS

Backache is generally a form of Kidney trouble. It is often accompanied by Nervousness, Hysteria, Headache, Sleeplessness, Pains in the Joints, Anaemia, etc.

It is easily cured with Dr. Hobb's Sparagus Kidney Pills. A few doses will relieve. A few boxes will cure.

All druggists, or mailed prepaid for 50c. per box.

Write for pamphlet.

HOBB'S MEDICINE CO., Chicago. San Francisco.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists.

DEAF

Patents, Trade-Marks, Examination and Advice as to Patentability of Invention. Send for "Inventors' Guide, or How to Get a Patent." PATRICK O'FARRELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

GRIND YOUR OWN BONE Meal, Oyster Shells, Graham Flour, and Corn, in the $5 HAND MILL (F. Wilson's Patent). "DAISY" Bone Cutter. WILSON BROS., EASTON, PA.

AMERICAN FLAG MFG CO EASTON PA. MAKERS OF DOUBLE WARP BUNTING FLAGS. LARGEST FLAG MANUFACTORY IN AMERICA. AS TO DURABILITY OF COLOR, STRENGTH OF MATERIAL & WORKMANSHIP — BEST PRODUCED.

THE AERMOTOR CO. does half the world's windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/6 what it was. It has many branch houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and Geared, Steel, Galvanized-after-Completion Windmills, Tilting and Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Buzz Saw Frames, Steel Feed Cutters and Feed Grinders. On application it will name one of these articles that it will furnish until January 1st at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalog. Factory: 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.

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