

Success in the Gulf Coast Country  
Here is an example of what YOU could do.

# Sugar Cane from One Acre brings \$240.

Mr. P. B. Black, of Brownsville, Texas, raised sixty tons of sugar-cane on one acre last year. He sold his crop for \$240. He raises more cane to the acre than is produced elsewhere—also raises better cane. And there are many other cases of remarkable success in the Gulf Coast Country. We have compiled a booklet setting them forth—it is yours for the asking.

One reason for success there is the richness of the soil. With this soil, the mild weather all the year round, and the plentiful supply of water for irrigation, the farmer raises immense crops. Garden truck of all varieties is raised in the winter and marketed in the early spring when it brings the highest price. Any truck farmer can easily make more than \$700 an acre.

Wouldn't you like to have a small farm in the Gulf Coast Country where success does not depend on uncertain weather with irregular rainfall?

Now the land is cheap all over. You can get it on easy terms. Twenty acres will cost you about \$500. The cost of clearing it is about \$5 an acre. The cost of water for irrigation varies. You may want an artesian well of your own; you may get water from some river; or you may get it from your neighbor. But the cost is not great, and those who have tried it have netted from the first crop a sum which has paid all expenses and left a good surplus.

Take a trip down there and see for yourself—the best way. Every first and third Tuesday of each month, we will sell round-trip tickets to any part of the Gulf Coast Country and return, at the following rates:

From	Rate
From Chicago	\$25.00
From St. Louis	20.00
From Kansas City	20.00
From Peoria	23.00
From St. Paul	27.50
From Minneapolis	27.50

These tickets will be good 30 days and they will permit you to stop over at any point. Low rates for one-way tickets on some days, also.

Let me send you my book describing the wonderful crop produced in this marvelous country. Don't delay, write me today.

JNO. SEBASTIAN, Passenger Traffic Manager,  
ROCK ISLAND-FRISCO LINES,  
700 La Salle St. Station, Chicago, Ill., or 700 Frisco Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

NO MORE MUSTARD PLASTERS TO BLISTER.  
THE SCIENTIFIC AND MODERN EXTERNAL COUNTER-IRRITANT.

## CAPISICUM VASELINE

EXTRACT OF THE CAYENNE PEPPER PLANT.

A QUICK, SURE, SAFE ALWAYS READY CURE FOR PAIN—PRICE 10-CENTS PER TUBE. THE BEST OF ALL MUSTARD PLASTERS. DON'T WAIT UNTIL THE PAIN COMES—KEEP A TUBE HANDY.

A substitute for red wax plaster to mustard or any other plaster. Blister the most delicate skin. The pain-killing and curative qualities of this ointment are wonderful. It will stop the most severe headache and neuralgia. Works on all rheumatic and muscular pains. It is the best and safest external counter-irritant known, also an external remedy for pains in the chest and stomach and all Rheumatic, Neuritic and Gouty complaints. A trial will prove what we claim for it, and it will be found to be invaluable in the household and for children. One tube to family will be without it. Many of our articles are wonderful. If you wish to receive a free trial of any of our valuable ointments, ointments, or ointments, send your address and we will mail you VASELINE CAPISICUM FREE. WRITE TODAY.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO.  
17 STATE STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

## THE CANADIAN WEST IS THE BEST WEST CURE

YOU CANNOT

all inflamed, ulcerated and catarrhal conditions of the mucous membrane such as nasal catarrh, uterine catarrh caused by feminine hygiene, sore throat, sore mouth and inflamed eyes by simply dousing the stomach.

But you cannot cure these stubborn affections by local treatment with Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic which destroys the disease germs, checks discharges, stops pain, and heals the inflamed and sore parts.

Paxtine represents the most successful local treatment for feminine hygiene. Thousands of women testify to this fact. So gets at druggists.

Send for Free Trial Box  
THE E. PAXTON CO., Boston, Mass.

## SPALDING'S ATHLETIC LIBRARY.

The Standard Athletic Library of the World. Each volume contains the best and most complete information on the subject of the book. The books are written by the best authorities on the subject and are of the highest quality. The books are of the highest quality and are of the highest quality.

YOU ARE SURE OF THIS IF YOU WEAR TOWERS' WATERPROOF OILED CANVAS BLACK OR YELLOW

On sale everywhere

## EVERY MAN

Who wishes to better his condition in life, or who desires to start his home on the road to success, and especially every man who wants to own land, should send a postal today for a free copy of the new book, "A Good Dairy District."

It tells all about a comparatively new region just coming into prominence as a successful dairying country. Land is very cheap, pure water and nutritious grasses are abundant, there is a market for all products at good prices, the climate is equable and healthful and the settlers already there are desirable neighbors.

Very cheap round-trip tickets on the first and third Tuesdays afford a splendid opportunity for investigation.

For particulars address  
P. S. EUSTIS, Dallas District Dept. 13,  
209 Dallas St., Dallas, Texas.

## FROM CHILDHOOD TO WOMANHOOD

Mothers Should Watch the Development of Their Daughters—Interesting Experiences of Misses Borman and Mills.



Every mother possesses information which is of vital interest to her young daughter. Too often this is never imparted or is withheld until serious harm has resulted to the growing girl through her ignorance of nature's mysterious and wonderful laws and penalties.

Girls' over-sensitiveness and modesty often puzzle their mothers and health physicians, as they so often withhold their confidence from their mothers and avoid the strictures which ought to be told to their physician at this critical period.

When a girl's thoughts become sluggish, with headache, dizziness or a disposition to sleep in the back or lower limbs, and her eyes are dim and watery, when she is a mystery to herself and friends, her mother should come to her aid and remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will at this time prepare that has no equal in the coming change, and start this trying period in a young girl's life without pain or suffering.

Hundreds of letters from young girls and from mothers, expressing their gratitude for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., at Lynn, Mass.

Miss Mills has written the following letters to Mrs. Pinkham, which are recorded. A personal acknowledgment of her letter has been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., at Lynn, Mass.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham—(First Letter)  
I am but fifteen years of age, an orphan, and have been suffering from a very bad case of leucorrhoea for several months. I have tried many different remedies, but nothing has done me any good. I have heard of your medicine and I have bought a bottle of it. I have taken it for several days and I feel much better. I have had a good night's sleep and I feel much stronger. I have had a good appetite and I have been able to eat my food. I have had a good complexion and I have been able to go to school. I have had a good disposition and I have been able to get along with my friends. I have had a good health and I have been able to enjoy my life. I have had a good education and I have been able to do my work. I have had a good character and I have been able to live a virtuous life. I have had a good future and I have been able to hope for the best. I have had a good life and I have been able to be happy. I have had a good death and I have been able to go to heaven. I have had a good resurrection and I have been able to live again. I have had a good life and I have been able to be happy. I have had a good death and I have been able to go to heaven. I have had a good resurrection and I have been able to live again.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham—(Second Letter)  
I have been suffering from a very bad case of leucorrhoea for several months. I have tried many different remedies, but nothing has done me any good. I have heard of your medicine and I have bought a bottle of it. I have taken it for several days and I feel much better. I have had a good night's sleep and I feel much stronger. I have had a good appetite and I have been able to eat my food. I have had a good complexion and I have been able to go to school. I have had a good disposition and I have been able to get along with my friends. I have had a good health and I have been able to enjoy my life. I have had a good education and I have been able to do my work. I have had a good character and I have been able to live a virtuous life. I have had a good future and I have been able to hope for the best. I have had a good life and I have been able to be happy. I have had a good death and I have been able to go to heaven. I have had a good resurrection and I have been able to live again.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham—(Third Letter)  
I have been suffering from a very bad case of leucorrhoea for several months. I have tried many different remedies, but nothing has done me any good. I have heard of your medicine and I have bought a bottle of it. I have taken it for several days and I feel much better. I have had a good night's sleep and I feel much stronger. I have had a good appetite and I have been able to eat my food. I have had a good complexion and I have been able to go to school. I have had a good disposition and I have been able to get along with my friends. I have had a good health and I have been able to enjoy my life. I have had a good education and I have been able to do my work. I have had a good character and I have been able to live a virtuous life. I have had a good future and I have been able to hope for the best. I have had a good life and I have been able to be happy. I have had a good death and I have been able to go to heaven. I have had a good resurrection and I have been able to live again.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham—(Fourth Letter)  
I have been suffering from a very bad case of leucorrhoea for several months. I have tried many different remedies, but nothing has done me any good. I have heard of your medicine and I have bought a bottle of it. I have taken it for several days and I feel much better. I have had a good night's sleep and I feel much stronger. I have had a good appetite and I have been able to eat my food. I have had a good complexion and I have been able to go to school. I have had a good disposition and I have been able to get along with my friends. I have had a good health and I have been able to enjoy my life. I have had a good education and I have been able to do my work. I have had a good character and I have been able to live a virtuous life. I have had a good future and I have been able to hope for the best. I have had a good life and I have been able to be happy. I have had a good death and I have been able to go to heaven. I have had a good resurrection and I have been able to live again.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham—(Fifth Letter)  
I have been suffering from a very bad case of leucorrhoea for several months. I have tried many different remedies, but nothing has done me any good. I have heard of your medicine and I have bought a bottle of it. I have taken it for several days and I feel much better. I have had a good night's sleep and I feel much stronger. I have had a good appetite and I have been able to eat my food. I have had a good complexion and I have been able to go to school. I have had a good disposition and I have been able to get along with my friends. I have had a good health and I have been able to enjoy my life. I have had a good education and I have been able to do my work. I have had a good character and I have been able to live a virtuous life. I have had a good future and I have been able to hope for the best. I have had a good life and I have been able to be happy. I have had a good death and I have been able to go to heaven. I have had a good resurrection and I have been able to live again.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham—(Sixth Letter)  
I have been suffering from a very bad case of leucorrhoea for several months. I have tried many different remedies, but nothing has done me any good. I have heard of your medicine and I have bought a bottle of it. I have taken it for several days and I feel much better. I have had a good night's sleep and I feel much stronger. I have had a good appetite and I have been able to eat my food. I have had a good complexion and I have been able to go to school. I have had a good disposition and I have been able to get along with my friends. I have had a good health and I have been able to enjoy my life. I have had a good education and I have been able to do my work. I have had a good character and I have been able to live a virtuous life. I have had a good future and I have been able to hope for the best. I have had a good life and I have been able to be happy. I have had a good death and I have been able to go to heaven. I have had a good resurrection and I have been able to live again.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham—(Seventh Letter)  
I have been suffering from a very bad case of leucorrhoea for several months. I have tried many different remedies, but nothing has done me any good. I have heard of your medicine and I have bought a bottle of it. I have taken it for several days and I feel much better. I have had a good night's sleep and I feel much stronger. I have had a good appetite and I have been able to eat my food. I have had a good complexion and I have been able to go to school. I have had a good disposition and I have been able to get along with my friends. I have had a good health and I have been able to enjoy my life. I have had a good education and I have been able to do my work. I have had a good character and I have been able to live a virtuous life. I have had a good future and I have been able to hope for the best. I have had a good life and I have been able to be happy. I have had a good death and I have been able to go to heaven. I have had a good resurrection and I have been able to live again.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham—(Eighth Letter)  
I have been suffering from a very bad case of leucorrhoea for several months. I have tried many different remedies, but nothing has done me any good. I have heard of your medicine and I have bought a bottle of it. I have taken it for several days and I feel much better. I have had a good night's sleep and I feel much stronger. I have had a good appetite and I have been able to eat my food. I have had a good complexion and I have been able to go to school. I have had a good disposition and I have been able to get along with my friends. I have had a good health and I have been able to enjoy my life. I have had a good education and I have been able to do my work. I have had a good character and I have been able to live a virtuous life. I have had a good future and I have been able to hope for the best. I have had a good life and I have been able to be happy. I have had a good death and I have been able to go to heaven. I have had a good resurrection and I have been able to live again.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham—(Ninth Letter)  
I have been suffering from a very bad case of leucorrhoea for several months. I have tried many different remedies, but nothing has done me any good. I have heard of your medicine and I have bought a bottle of it. I have taken it for several days and I feel much better. I have had a good night's sleep and I feel much stronger. I have had a good appetite and I have been able to eat my food. I have had a good complexion and I have been able to go to school. I have had a good disposition and I have been able to get along with my friends. I have had a good health and I have been able to enjoy my life. I have had a good education and I have been able to do my work. I have had a good character and I have been able to live a virtuous life. I have had a good future and I have been able to hope for the best. I have had a good life and I have been able to be happy. I have had a good death and I have been able to go to heaven. I have had a good resurrection and I have been able to live again.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham—(Tenth Letter)  
I have been suffering from a very bad case of leucorrhoea for several months. I have tried many different remedies, but nothing has done me any good. I have heard of your medicine and I have bought a bottle of it. I have taken it for several days and I feel much better. I have had a good night's sleep and I feel much stronger. I have had a good appetite and I have been able to eat my food. I have had a good complexion and I have been able to go to school. I have had a good disposition and I have been able to get along with my friends. I have had a good health and I have been able to enjoy my life. I have had a good education and I have been able to do my work. I have had a good character and I have been able to live a virtuous life. I have had a good future and I have been able to hope for the best. I have had a good life and I have been able to be happy. I have had a good death and I have been able to go to heaven. I have had a good resurrection and I have been able to live again.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham—(Eleventh Letter)  
I have been suffering from a very bad case of leucorrhoea for several months. I have tried many different remedies, but nothing has done me any good. I have heard of your medicine and I have bought a bottle of it. I have taken it for several days and I feel much better. I have had a good night's sleep and I feel much stronger. I have had a good appetite and I have been able to eat my food. I have had a good complexion and I have been able to go to school. I have had a good disposition and I have been able to get along with my friends. I have had a good health and I have been able to enjoy my life. I have had a good education and I have been able to do my work. I have had a good character and I have been able to live a virtuous life. I have had a good future and I have been able to hope for the best. I have had a good life and I have been able to be happy. I have had a good death and I have been able to go to heaven. I have had a good resurrection and I have been able to live again.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham—(Twelfth Letter)  
I have been suffering from a very bad case of leucorrhoea for several months. I have tried many different remedies, but nothing has done me any good. I have heard of your medicine and I have bought a bottle of it. I have taken it for several days and I feel much better. I have had a good night's sleep and I feel much stronger. I have had a good appetite and I have been able to eat my food. I have had a good complexion and I have been able to go to school. I have had a good disposition and I have been able to get along with my friends. I have had a good health and I have been able to enjoy my life. I have had a good education and I have been able to do my work. I have had a good character and I have been able to live a virtuous life. I have had a good future and I have been able to hope for the best. I have had a good life and I have been able to be happy. I have had a good death and I have been able to go to heaven. I have had a good resurrection and I have been able to live again.

## Lavender Creighton's Lovers

By OLIVIA B. STROMM

CHAPTER XXVIII.—Continued.  
"I thought I had seen passed forever at sight of him stretched helpless there."  
"He opened his eyes. 'I know you would come,' he murmured."  
"He tried to raise his hand, she took it in hers, repelling the shudder which her healthy frame shrank from the cold, protracted contact of his palm."  
"She whispered some sweet, shy words, and her voice was music to his ears."  
"From the open door of the room not far away came sounds of merriment, but all was quieted by the soft, low tones of her voice."  
"The girl bowed while the girl looked just as if she were fainting, half supporting the dying man. Occasionally he whispered a few words which she could distinguish only by her name. His voice grew fainter and fainter, and she sobbed for her whose arm now pillowed his heavy head."  
"A bird's song from a tree near crossed him, and with a gasp he opened his eyes, which, if they had power to see, beheld not the things of earth. Even her dear face was blurred and his eyes wandered to the light which shone from the window. He put up one hand feebly as if to guide his erring vision."  
"There was a dim light in the hall. At the first door he saw a figure in a white dress, the preacher raised one hand, and the words of prayer were half-uttered, a lady of prayer, and the stammering soul might climb."  
"But Gonsaga seemed not to hear. 'Kiss me,' he said."  
"She obeyed, and he sank back into a long, soft sigh of content. It almost seemed to him that one kiss there had more power than all the rest of his life to shrive his passing soul."  
"It was evening of the day after when the Creighton family, dejected excepted, sat about the hearth where a few fagots burned. It was a late summer, but for the invalid the night was bright. Their talk was chiefly of the letters just received from Mrs. Bismarck, who, an exile in the south, awaited the issue of Purcell trial, and her husband's fate."  
"I will hear all of neither," she wrote, "and faith in the love of both shall ever abide with me."  
"Mrs. Creighton closed the letter with a sad smile and a doubtful shake of the head."  
"Why, mother, dear?" cried Lavender. "You do not doubt? You are not of the ill-fated Creightons, are you ready to cry?"  
"Mrs. Creighton replied with the calm judgment of a mother who seemed to fit the hour, "I do not doubt, but I do not know if it is a blessing or a curse. I have no means of knowing the truth, daughter. I doubt if any history will solve this riddle which lies hidden in the hearts of a few. There are great and good by power who are, as you say, ready to die. It seems, therefore, as though the two women had better be as cool as possible."  
"But this view met with no sympathy from the young partner. She responded to her father's "I do not think Aaron Burr a martyr, as I do."  
"The elder Creighton smiled. "I have no means of knowing the truth, daughter. I doubt if any history will solve this riddle which lies hidden in the hearts of a few. There are great and good by power who are, as you say, ready to die. It seems, therefore, as though the two women had better be as cool as possible."  
"But Lavender was unconvinced. "I know, I know, to hold my peace where two such heads trade to form one. All the same, I believe that Aaron Burr is a much persecuted man."  
"Encore, encore, I quite agree with you," and at the door stood Winslow, smiling and clapping his hands. "Lavender smiled to see him, then sat on a stool at her mother's feet, with eyes on the fire, quiet and happy."  
"They talked of the trial, although as yet no meager news had reached them."  
"The Aaron Burr had but one champion in this assembly," and Winslow, laughing, turned to Lavender.  
"It seems so," Mrs. Creighton assented. "Women are, as a rule, his side. That is why I marvel at your wife's impartiality."  
"Winslow took a letter from his pocket. "I have here word from a friend who is summoned as a witness in the trial. He is now in St. Louis. He wishes to accompany him back to Richmond, and I may go along with an involuntary guest."  
"She sat within the radius of the fire, her face suffused, less by its glow than by the throbbing of her heart at the news."  
"Mrs. Creighton was the first to speak. "But this is not a sudden determination? You had planned to go soon?"  
"Lavender smiled at Lavender, and back at him."  
"Winslow was perplexed by her manner, full of a fond meaning. Here was another foreshadow of the tangled thread which had begun its anxious spinning with the mother's words: "You, whom she loves."  
"But, puzzled, he replied, without hesitation. "No, I had not intended remaining for the school work, but my wife's business makes it impossible in connection with the time she has taken, and—my plans are incomplete." He smiled, vaguely, as if he were trying to recall a flash of the situation was clear, but in a flash, when her mother said, coolly, "When you were going back east, and you were going to hold out hope. You have then, changed your mind?"  
"If an afraid—there is some mistake," Mrs. Creighton; until very early in the day she had no means, no hope of going, but she quite sure I have mentioned none."

CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.  
"I thought I had seen passed forever at sight of him stretched helpless there."  
"He opened his eyes. 'I know you would come,' he murmured."  
"He tried to raise his hand, she took it in hers, repelling the shudder which her healthy frame shrank from the cold, protracted contact of his palm."  
"She whispered some sweet, shy words, and her voice was music to his ears."  
"From the open door of the room not far away came sounds of merriment, but all was quieted by the soft, low tones of her voice."  
"The girl bowed while the girl looked just as if she were fainting, half supporting the dying man. Occasionally he whispered a few words which she could distinguish only by her name. His voice grew fainter and fainter, and she sobbed for her whose arm now pillowed his heavy head."  
"A bird's song from a tree near crossed him, and with a gasp he opened his eyes, which, if they had power to see, beheld not the things of earth. Even her dear face was blurred and his eyes wandered to the light which shone from the window. He put up one hand feebly as if to guide his erring vision."  
"There was a dim light in the hall. At the first door he saw a figure in a white dress, the preacher raised one hand, and the words of prayer were half-uttered, a lady of prayer, and the stammering soul might climb."  
"But Gonsaga seemed not to hear. 'Kiss me,' he said."  
"She obeyed, and he sank back into a long, soft sigh of content. It almost seemed to him that one kiss there had more power than all the rest of his life to shrive his passing soul."  
"It was evening of the day after when the Creighton family, dejected excepted, sat about the hearth where a few fagots burned. It was a late summer, but for the invalid the night was bright. Their talk was chiefly of the letters just received from Mrs. Bismarck, who, an exile in the south, awaited the issue of Purcell trial, and her husband's fate."  
"I will hear all of neither," she wrote, "and faith in the love of both shall ever abide with me."  
"Mrs. Creighton closed the letter with a sad smile and a doubtful shake of the head."  
"Why, mother, dear?" cried Lavender. "You do not doubt? You are not of the ill-fated Creightons, are you ready to cry?"  
"Mrs. Creighton replied with the calm judgment of a mother who seemed to fit the hour, "I do not doubt, but I do not know if it is a blessing or a curse. I have no means of knowing the truth, daughter. I doubt if any history will solve this riddle which lies hidden in the hearts of a few. There are great and good by power who are, as you say, ready to die. It seems, therefore, as though the two women had better be as cool as possible."  
"But this view met with no sympathy from the young partner. She responded to her father's "I do not think Aaron Burr a martyr, as I do."  
"The elder Creighton smiled. "I have no means of knowing the truth, daughter. I doubt if any history will solve this riddle which lies hidden in the hearts of a few. There are great and good by power who are, as you say, ready to die. It seems, therefore, as though the two women had better be as cool as possible."  
"But Lavender was unconvinced. "I know, I know, to hold my peace where two such heads trade to form one. All the same, I believe that Aaron Burr is a much persecuted man."  
"Encore, encore, I quite agree with you," and at the door stood Winslow, smiling and clapping his hands. "Lavender smiled to see him, then sat on a stool at her mother's feet, with eyes on the fire, quiet and happy."  
"They talked of the trial, although as yet no meager news had reached them."  
"The Aaron Burr had but one champion in this assembly," and Winslow, laughing, turned to Lavender.  
"It seems so," Mrs. Creighton assented. "Women are, as a rule, his side. That is why I marvel at your wife's impartiality."  
"Winslow took a letter from his pocket. "I have here word from a friend who is summoned as a witness in the trial. He is now in St. Louis. He wishes to accompany him back to Richmond, and I may go along with an involuntary guest."  
"She sat within the radius of the fire, her face suffused, less by its glow than by the throbbing of her heart at the news."  
"Mrs. Creighton was the first to speak. "But this is not a sudden determination? You had planned to go soon?"  
"Lavender smiled at Lavender, and back at him."  
"Winslow was perplexed by her manner, full of a fond meaning. Here was another foreshadow of the tangled thread which had begun its anxious spinning with the mother's words: "You, whom she loves."  
"But, puzzled, he replied, without hesitation. "No, I had not intended remaining for the school work, but my wife's business makes it impossible in connection with the time she has taken, and—my plans are incomplete." He smiled, vaguely, as if he were trying to recall a flash of the situation was clear, but in a flash, when her mother said, coolly, "When you were going back east, and you were going to hold out hope. You have then, changed your mind?"  
"If an afraid—there is some mistake," Mrs. Creighton; until very early in the day she had no means, no hope of going, but she quite sure I have mentioned none."

CHAPTER XXX.—Continued.  
"I thought I had seen passed forever at sight of him stretched helpless there."  
"He opened his eyes. 'I know you would come,' he murmured."  
"He tried to raise his hand, she took it in hers, repelling the shudder which her healthy frame shrank from the cold, protracted contact of his palm."  
"She whispered some sweet, shy words, and her voice was music to his ears."  
"From the open door of the room not far away came sounds of merriment, but all was quieted by the soft, low tones of her voice."  
"The girl bowed while the girl looked just as if she were fainting, half supporting the dying man. Occasionally he whispered a few words which she could distinguish only by her name. His voice grew fainter and fainter, and she sobbed for her whose arm now pillowed his heavy head."  
"A bird's song from a tree near crossed him, and with a gasp he opened his eyes, which, if they had power to see, beheld not the things of earth. Even her dear face was blurred and his eyes wandered to the light which shone from the window. He put up one hand feebly as if to guide his erring vision."  
"There was a dim light in the hall. At the first door he saw a figure in a white dress, the preacher raised one hand, and the words of prayer were half-uttered, a lady of prayer, and the stammering soul might climb."  
"But Gonsaga seemed not to hear. 'Kiss me,' he said."  
"She obeyed, and he sank back into a long, soft sigh of content. It almost seemed to him that one kiss there had more power than all the rest of his life to shrive his passing soul."  
"It was evening of the day after when the Creighton family, dejected excepted, sat about the hearth where a few fagots burned. It was a late summer, but for the invalid the night was bright. Their talk was chiefly of the letters just received from Mrs. Bismarck, who, an exile in the south, awaited the issue of Purcell trial, and her husband's fate."  
"I will hear all of neither," she wrote, "and faith in the love of both shall ever abide with me."  
"Mrs. Creighton closed the letter with a sad smile and a doubtful shake of the head."  
"Why, mother, dear?" cried Lavender. "You do not doubt? You are not of the ill-fated Creightons, are you ready to cry?"  
"Mrs. Creighton replied with the calm judgment of a mother who seemed to fit the hour, "I do not doubt, but I do not know if it is a blessing or a curse. I have no means of knowing the truth, daughter. I doubt if any history will solve this riddle which lies hidden in the hearts of a few. There are great and good by power who are, as you say, ready to die. It seems, therefore, as though the two women had better be as cool as possible."  
"But this view met with no sympathy from the young partner. She responded to her father's "I do not think Aaron Burr a martyr, as I do."  
"The elder Creighton smiled. "I have no means of knowing the truth, daughter. I doubt if any history will solve this riddle which lies hidden in the hearts of a few. There are great and good by power who are, as you say, ready to die. It seems, therefore, as though the two women had better be as cool as possible."  
"But Lavender was unconvinced. "I know, I know, to hold my peace where two such heads trade to form one. All the same, I believe that Aaron Burr is a much persecuted man."  
"Encore, encore, I quite agree with you," and at the door stood Winslow, smiling and clapping his hands. "Lavender smiled to see him, then sat on a stool at her mother's feet, with eyes on the fire, quiet and happy."  
"They talked of the trial, although as yet no meager news had reached them."  
"The Aaron Burr had but one champion in this assembly," and Winslow, laughing, turned to Lavender.  
"It seems so," Mrs. Creighton assented. "Women are, as a rule, his side. That is why I marvel at your wife's impartiality."  
"Winslow took a letter from his pocket. "I have here word from a friend who is summoned as a witness in the trial. He is now in St. Louis. He wishes to accompany him back to Richmond, and I may go along with an involuntary guest."  
"She sat within the radius of the fire, her face suffused, less by its glow than by the throbbing of her heart at the news."  
"Mrs. Creighton was the first to speak. "But this is not a sudden determination? You had planned to go soon?"  
"Lavender smiled at Lavender, and back at him."  
"Winslow was perplexed by her manner, full of a fond meaning. Here was another foreshadow of the tangled thread which had begun its anxious spinning with the mother's words: "You, whom she loves."  
"But, puzzled, he replied, without hesitation. "No, I had not intended remaining for the school work, but my wife's business makes it impossible in connection with the time she has taken, and—my plans are incomplete." He smiled, vaguely, as if he were trying to recall a flash of the situation was clear, but in a flash, when her mother said, coolly, "When you were going back east, and you were going to hold out hope. You have then, changed your mind?"  
"If an afraid—there is some mistake," Mrs. Creighton; until very early in the day she had no means, no hope of going, but she quite sure I have mentioned none."

CHAPTER XXXI.—Continued.  
"I thought I had seen passed forever at sight of him stretched helpless there."  
"He opened his eyes. 'I know you would come,' he murmured."  
"He tried to raise his hand, she took it in hers, repelling the shudder which her healthy frame shrank from the cold, protracted contact of his palm."  
"She whispered some sweet, shy words, and her voice was music to his ears."  
"From the open door of the room not far away came sounds of merriment, but all was quieted by the soft, low tones of her voice."  
"The girl bowed while the girl looked just as if she were fainting, half supporting the dying man. Occasionally he whispered a few words which she could distinguish only by her name. His voice grew fainter and fainter, and she sobbed for her whose arm now pillowed his heavy head."  
"A bird's song from a tree near crossed him, and with a gasp he opened his eyes, which, if they had power to see, beheld not the things of earth. Even her dear face was blurred and his eyes wandered to the light which shone from the window. He put up one hand feebly as if to guide his erring vision."  
"There was a dim light in the hall. At the first door he saw a figure in a white dress, the preacher raised one hand, and the words of prayer were half-uttered, a lady of prayer, and the stammering soul might climb."  
"But Gonsaga seemed not to hear. 'Kiss me,' he said."  
"She obeyed, and he sank back into a long, soft sigh of content. It almost seemed to him that one kiss there had more power than all the rest of his life to shrive his passing soul."  
"It was evening of the day after when the Creighton family, dejected excepted, sat about the hearth where a few fagots burned. It was a late summer, but for the invalid the night was bright. Their talk was chiefly of the letters just received from Mrs. Bismarck, who, an exile in the south, awaited the issue of Purcell trial, and her husband's fate."  
"I will hear all of neither," she wrote, "and faith in the love of both shall ever abide with me."  
"Mrs. Creighton closed the letter with a sad smile and a doubtful shake of the head."  
"Why, mother, dear?" cried Lavender. "You do not doubt? You are not of the ill-fated Creightons, are you ready to cry?"  
"Mrs. Creighton replied with the calm judgment of a mother who seemed to fit the hour, "I do not doubt, but I do not know if it is a blessing or a curse. I have no means of knowing the truth, daughter. I doubt if any history will solve this riddle which lies hidden in the hearts of a few. There are great and good by power who are, as you say, ready to die. It seems, therefore, as though the two women had better be as cool as possible."  
"But this view met with no sympathy from the young partner. She responded to her father's "I do not think Aaron Burr a martyr, as I do."  
"The elder Creighton smiled. "I have no means of knowing the truth, daughter. I doubt if any history will solve this riddle which lies hidden in the hearts of a few. There are great and good by power who are, as you say, ready to die. It seems, therefore, as though the two women had better be as cool as possible."  
"But Lavender was unconvinced. "I know, I know, to hold my peace where two such heads trade to form one. All the same, I believe that Aaron Burr is a much persecuted man."  
"Encore, encore, I quite agree with you," and at the door stood Winslow, smiling and clapping his hands. "Lavender smiled to see him, then sat on a stool at her mother's feet, with eyes on the fire, quiet and happy."  
"They talked of the trial, although as yet no meager news had reached them."  
"The Aaron Burr had but one champion in this assembly," and Winslow, laughing, turned to Lavender.  
"It seems so," Mrs. Creighton assented. "Women are, as a rule, his side. That is why I marvel at your wife's impartiality."  
"Winslow took a letter from his pocket. "I have here word from a friend who is summoned as a witness in the trial. He is now in St. Louis. He wishes to accompany him back to Richmond, and I may go along with an involuntary guest."  
"She sat within the radius of the fire, her face suffused, less by its glow than by the throbbing of her heart at the news."  
"Mrs. Creighton was the first to speak. "But this is not a sudden determination? You had planned to go soon?"  
"Lavender smiled at Lavender, and back at him."  
"Winslow was perplexed by her manner, full of a fond meaning. Here was another foreshadow of the tangled thread which had begun its anxious spinning with the mother's words: "You, whom she loves."  
"But, puzzled, he replied, without hesitation. "No, I had not intended remaining for the school work, but my wife's business makes it impossible in connection with the time she has taken, and—my plans are incomplete." He smiled, vaguely, as if he were trying to recall a flash of the situation was clear, but in a flash, when her mother said, coolly, "When you were going back east, and you were going to hold out hope. You have then, changed your mind?"  
"If an afraid—there is some mistake," Mrs. Creighton; until very early in the day she had no means, no hope of going, but she quite sure I have mentioned none."

CHAPTER XXXII.—Continued.  
"I thought I had seen passed forever at sight of him stretched helpless there."  
"He opened his eyes. 'I know you would come,' he murmured."  
"He tried to raise his hand, she took it in hers, repelling the shudder which her healthy frame shrank from the cold, protracted contact of his palm."  
"She whispered some sweet, shy words, and her voice was music to his ears."  
"From the open door of the room not far away came sounds of merriment, but all was quieted by the soft, low tones of her voice."  
"The girl bowed while the girl looked just as if she were fainting, half supporting the dying man. Occasionally he whispered a few words which she could distinguish only by her name. His voice grew fainter and fainter, and she sobbed for her whose arm now pillowed his heavy head."  
"A bird's song from a tree near crossed him, and with a gasp he opened his eyes, which, if they had power to see, beheld not the things of earth. Even her dear face was blurred and his eyes wandered to the light which shone from the window. He put up one hand feebly as if to guide his erring vision."  
"There was a dim light in the hall. At the first door he saw a figure in a white dress, the preacher raised one hand, and the words of prayer were half-uttered, a lady of prayer, and the stammering soul might climb."  
"But Gonsaga seemed not to hear. 'Kiss me,' he said."  
"She obeyed, and he sank back into a long, soft sigh of content. It almost seemed to him that one kiss there had more power than all the rest of his life to shrive his passing soul."  
"It was evening of the day after when the Creighton family, dejected excepted, sat about the hearth where a few fagots burned. It was a late summer, but for the invalid the night was bright. Their talk was chiefly of the letters just received from Mrs. Bismarck, who, an exile in the south, awaited the issue of Purcell trial, and her husband's fate."  
"I will hear all of neither," she wrote, "and faith in the love of both shall ever abide with me."  
"Mrs. Creighton closed the letter with a sad smile and a doubtful shake of the head."  
"Why, mother, dear?" cried Lavender. "You do not doubt? You are not of the ill-fated Creightons, are you ready to cry?"  
"Mrs. Creighton replied with the calm judgment of a mother who seemed to fit the hour, "I do not doubt, but I do not know if it is a blessing or a curse. I have no means of knowing the truth, daughter. I doubt if any history will solve this riddle which lies hidden in the hearts of a few. There are great and good by power who are, as you say, ready to die. It seems, therefore, as though the two women had better be as cool as possible."  
"But this view met with no sympathy from the young partner. She responded to her father's "I do not think Aaron Burr a martyr, as I do."  
"The elder Creighton smiled. "I have no means of knowing the truth, daughter. I doubt if any history will solve this riddle which lies hidden in the hearts of a few. There are great and good by power who are, as you say, ready to die. It seems, therefore, as though the two women had better be as cool as possible."  
"But Lavender was unconvinced. "I know, I know, to hold my peace where two such heads trade to