

THE SHADOW OF A SIN.

The sun setting trailed its dying crimson over the shimmering waters of the pretty river, over the dainty boat floating slowly down stream, and cast a faint tinge of pink athwart the pale, colorless face of the woman in the boat, and a heap of snowy water lilies at her feet, one slim white hand trailing over the glistening water as the boat glided along. Alma Dane might live for years, but she would never again view such a perfect scene, or feel within her heart that strange, sweet peace.

Dr. Cameron laid down the oars at length, and let the boat float down the stream, his dark, earnest eyes fixed upon the pale face of the woman before him.

"We can never forget it, can we, Miss Dane?" he asked at length.

She started, and was it the last rays of crimson sunlight, or did she blush at sound of his voice and the deep eyes fixed upon her with such eager intensity? "No, I shall never forget," she said softly, and the gray eyes drooped from before his eager, passionate gaze, and the white hand in the water trembled a little. "I was thinking of Undine," she said irrelevantly.

He smiled—it was wonderful how that smile, rare and sweet, lighted up the man's grave, dark face. It was like a burst of sudden sunshine through a bank of grim, dark, storm clouds.

"Poor Undine!" he sighed; "in finding her soul she found a doubtful blessing. She would have been better off without it."

Miss Dane's big gray eyes met Mark Cameron's eager gaze, and they dropped shyly once more.

"Heresy!" she cried lightly, shaking the water from her little white hand, and drying it upon a lace-trimmed cobweb of a handkerchief.

His eyes were upon her with such a deep, intent expression that she found herself trembling under it.

"Alma!"—his voice shook a trifle in spite of his efforts to be calm—"this is our last boat ride together, I suppose, for I go to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" Oh, Mark!

That name—his given name—slipped from her tongue quite unawares. So often had she called him by it in her thoughts that she spoke it now and did not know it.

"Yes, to-morrow," gravely: "it must be. Oh, Alma, if you knew all! Listen, I have a story to tell you, my friend. You are my friend, are you not? True, it is only three months since we first met, but somehow I think I must have known you in another world—a state of pre-existence. When I first laid my eyes upon you—at the church festival in the town yonder—my heart gave a sudden leap. I recognized you—do not smile, Alma—and I said to myself, 'The one fair woman under the sun for me.' And yet, Alma, I cannot ask you the question that lingers upon my tongue, because there is a reason—a good reason. Alma, look me in the eyes and say, 'May heaven help you, Mark!'"

She glanced into his face and faltered forth the words that he had spoken. Tears were in her eyes, the red lip quivered. What was it that stood between these two? Something—the black shadow of an awful wrong!

Dr. Cameron bent his stately head, and as he gazed the oars once more softly, homeward bound, he went on speaking in a low, gentle voice.

"Miss Dane, answer me this question. Suppose that you loved a man—loved him with all your heart and soul, and had promised to be his wife. And then—then—the clouds of black disgrace fall suddenly and unexpectedly upon him and obscure his good name. He is accused of a crime, and only the lack of reliable evidence against him prevents his punishment—imprisonment for years in a felon's cell—for the crime of forgery. What would you do in such a case?—you who surely ought to know that the man you love is innocent, but wrongfully accused by some secret enemy. Would you give him up, and when the world turned its back upon him turn away from him too?"

The woman's earnest gray eyes met his without flinching.

"I would love him just the same!" she answers bravely. "I would stand by him, and comfort him, and cling to him for better for worse—you know! Oh! how could a woman who truly loved a man turn from him in his hour of trouble and sorrow!"

Mark Cameron's hand closed down upon the trembling white one which grasped a bunch of water lilies.

"God bless you!" he murmured brokenly. "I shall think of your words, Alma, in the future—in all the dark, dreary future that I must pass alone!"

The boat's keel grates the sand. Dr. Cameron springs out and ascends Miss Dane ashore, and together the two go down the long, green road which follows the pretty river in its intricate winding. A lovely quiet country, yet only a half mile away a bustling town, with a starling new hotel and the usual influx of summer visitors. Dr. Cameron had come to Grandon a few months before, and had opened an office and commenced the practice of his profession. He had made few friends outside of his profession, and had led a reserved and quiet life. Just three months ago Alma Dane, the popular young authoress, had come down to Grandon from her city home for a few weeks' rest from her literary labors. She had met Dr. Mark Cameron, and the mischief was done.

For the first time in her life Miss Dane had learned to love with all her heart—a love that surprised even herself by its intensity. Yet he had never spoken a word of love to her. They walked along down the road which led to the roomy white house where Miss Dane had secured board; and as they moved slowly onward, speaking upon indifferent topics, for something held them apart, all at once they came in sight of the hotel turned—an open hack which was coming down the road from the opposite direction. Inside sat a woman, a lovely blonde beauty in a stylish traveling suit. At sight of Dr. Cameron she smiled and

doomed mockingly.

Alma glanced into his face. It was as pale as death, and his lips were closely compressed. Not a word did he utter until they reached her gate; then, declining her invitation to enter, he bade her adieu and took his departure.

Alma went straight to her own room, and sat down to think it all over. She loved him! she loved him! What was it that stood between them like a shadow? For surely if ever a man's eyes looked love into a woman's face his had spoken that night.

As she sat alone in the pale gray twilight there was a rap at her door. It opened, and she found herself face to face with a woman. A stranger—the same woman whom she had seen that evening in the hotel carriage. She bowed coldly.

"You have made a mistake," Alma began. "I—"

The other woman checked her with a slight gesture.

"I have made no mistake," she repeated, in a firm voice. "You are Alma Dane, the writer, are you not?"

Alma bowed.

"I am Alma Dane," she responded.

"Just so. I saw you this evening with Mark Cameron. I thought perhaps you might like to know all. His past history should be known by the woman who cares for him. I did once—I was his betrothed wife!"

Alma fell back a little, grasping the back of a chair that stood near; otherwise she was calm—quite calm.

"You see, it was in New York," the slow, languid voice of the woman resumed, "he was in a position of trust while he prepared for his profession. One day something went wrong—a check was forged, and the crime was laid at Mark Cameron's door."

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clerk, but let me tell you it's all bosh," said a well known member of the craft. "Of course a clerk has to have a good memory, but so has any man in business. And it is quite true that training one's memory in a certain line makes it more agile in that direction than the memory of a man of different vocation. It is likely to be. But what I refer to is the talk about the memory of the hotel clerk being phenomenal, and, to prove it, citing instances how seeing a stranger once the clerk recognizes and calls him by name ten years later, though not having seen him in the interval. It's nonsense. And though the guest in question may answer 'tis a fact, he is but deceived by the regulation trick. You take sharp notice some time and you will see a man approach the counter.

"If that man has ever stopped at the hotel before he will recognize the clerk. And the clerk, seeing the spark of recognition in the eye of the guest whose name he doesn't remember from Adam, holds out his hand and grabs that of the guest, shakes it heartily as with the other hand he shoves the register toward him and gives him a pen, at the same time firing at him a lot of questions such as 'Well, where did you spring from this time? Where have you been all this time? You are looking well; family different? How's business? Want room with bath?' and so on until the guest has registered. Then the clerk rings in the guest's name before the owner has time to see if it is spelled right. It's a simple trick; but its performance not only causes the one upon whom it is played to feel more at home, but to marvel ever afterward at the wonderful memory of the hotel clerk."—Chicago Post.

The Sultan's Table Etiquette.
The sultan never uses a plate. He takes all his food direct from the little kettles, and never uses a spoon, a fork, a knife or fork—a spoon, his bread, a pancake or fingers are found far handier. It requires just twice as many slaves as there are courses to serve a dinner to him.

The whole household is at liberty to take meals where it suits him or her best, and thus every one is served with a small tray, with a spoon, a great chunk of bread, and the higher ones only get the pancakes.

Nearly one ton of rice per day is required for the inevitable pillage, 600 pounds of sugar, as much coffee, to say nothing of the other groceries, fruit, vegetables and meat. Rice and mutton and bread form the greater part of the food for the majority of Turks, together with fish, sweetmeats, confectionery, nuts and dried and fresh fruits.

That there is enormous waste and extravagance in the kitchens is obvious, and it is said that enough is thrown away daily to maintain 100 families; but such waste is perhaps not confined to a Turkish household, and might also be found in kitchens nearer home.

The surplus is gathered up by the beggars, in whom Constantinople abounds, and what still remains is eaten by the scavenger dogs.

All the water for the sultan's use and the drinking water for the household is brought in barrels from two pretty streams at different places in the Bosphorus toward the Black sea.—Ex change.

Our Style of Writing.
About 450 B. C. the Ionians first introduced the present system of writing from left to right. Previous to the above date from right to left prevailed, although the method called boustrophedon (that is, alternately from right to left and from left to right) was somewhat extensively practiced. The ancient Hebrew and Greek languages were written from right to left until about 450 B. C., when the form of the Greek letters was changed from the uncial to the cursive, and the manner of writing changed from right to left to left to right.—St. Louis Republic.

Amalgamation.
"George, dear, are you a member of the union?" asked Hortense, as they sat side by side upon the long suffering sofa. George was a plumber and consequently could not tell a lie. "No, darling, I am not," he said. "Well, you ought to make application for membership at once," said Hortense, with a meaning look. And George took the hint, and now Hortense goes around wearing only one glove, the better to display the beauty of the stone.—New York Herald.

Photographing Drops of Water.
An instrument has recently been exhibited in London by which a photograph can be taken of drops of water in the course of their formation. It consists of a lantern and lenses by which a water trough, the source of the drops, can be strongly illuminated, together with a lightning camera having a revolving disk with one perforation.

Points for Writers.
Pieces of tin cut and bent make a false back for pigeon holes where short envelopes and papers sometimes slip in too far.

Have one pigeon hole always empty, except as it contains such papers as must be attended to before one or two suns set.—Cor. Writer.

Uses of India Rubber.
A solution of india rubber in benzine has been used for many years as a coating for steel, iron and lead, and has been found a simple means of keeping them from oxidizing. It can be easily applied with a brush and as easily rubbed off. It should be made about the consistency of cream.

His Strong Point.
She—Why, you couldn't even buy my dresses.
He—But I could borrow the money from your father.—Epoch.

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years ago I tried Moore's Revealed Remedy
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and prevented the terrible distress peculiar to
the disease that made life almost unbearable. Any
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the gratitude I feel toward this remedy. Be-
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**COUGHS,
SORE THROAT,
BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA,
INFLUENZA, CROUP,
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