WON BY A TUNE

GOOD-BY, dearest!"

"Good-by!"

For the twentieth time Mark Jermyn uttered the words of farewell, and for the twentieth time the girl responded, but, realizing that the parting was not an ordinary one, they were loth to part even then. Years hence they might meet again; perhaps never!

"And dearest, you'll remember, if the recollection of me ever stands in your light, you're to forget I existed. Promise me that!"

The girl looked into the earnest face bending over her, into the depths of the grave, brown eyes.

"I cannot," she said softly. "Moreover, is it necessary? Is it what you would do were you in my place?"

Her logic was unanswerable, and he sighed.

"If you were the only child of somebody next door to a millionaire," she went on, "and your father forbade you to marry any one who was not wealthy while you really loved one poor as a church mouse, would you give up without a struggle? Of course you wouldn't, Mark. You'd wait, and wait, and hope!"

"But waiting doesn't always bring wealth," broke in Jermyn, "especially in the musical profession. Why did my father ever destine me for his own career?" he added, bitterly.

"Because it's what you're most fitted for," Elsie Renton replied. "Mark, dear, you're going to be a great man."

He waived away her words with a smile and another kiss.

"You flatter me, sweetheart," he said, "although it's true my father was far from being a mediocrity. He changed his name on marriage, and died when I was only five years old. But his existence really ended, so far as the world was concerned, when he forsook his old name, for he never composed a single thing after."

"How strange!" remarked the girl, wonderingly. "And what a terrible example to you, dearest."

"You may think so. Of course, I was too young to know much then, and never heard how it all happened, for my mother soon followed my father."

"And his name before was——?"

"Wegar—Mark Wegar—one of the foremost composers of his time!"

* * * * * * * *

A couple of years later Mark Jermyn was in London. It seemed much longer since he had parted from Elsie Renton in Paris, where they had been fellow students at the Conservatoire; she for the sake of finishing a musical education, he because he had his future living to consider.

In Paris the girl had been free from the hidebound conventionalities of home, and her doting parents would doubtless have been horrified had they known she had dared to regard some one with affection. The two had parted; he to work for a name and she to enter Society.

And now he was in London, his fame having preceded him, and Mark Jermyn, the celebrated pianist, was announced to make his debut before the most critical audience in the world. Success had not spoiled him, and he remained the same modest man that had held Elsie's hand in his two years since; deeply, madly in love with her still. Several times she had written to him, and with her last letter in his pocket as a talisman, he faced the eager crowd that evening.

The performance was a success. Mark Jermyn's reputation was more than upheld and he quickly became the lion of the hour. Invitations from the highest in the land literally showered upon him, so numerous, that they would have taken years to respond to all, one of the earliest coming from the Rentons offering a princely fee for a short recital at a forthcoming "At Home." To this Jermyn stiffly replied that he only accepted social engagements. An answer soon came altering the tone of the invitation, and a day or two later he found himself about to meet his loved one once more.

The place was already thronged with guests when he arrived, but Elsie was the first to greet him, and as he took her hand he would have knelt down there and then and kissed it, had not decorum forbade. She welcomed him gayly, and he felt all at once the happiest of mortals, for a single look served to tell him he held her heart still.

"I'm hostess for the moment," she observed. "Let me take you to mother."

He followed her, and a little later was being introduced to Mrs. Renton.

"Mr. Jermyn, mother!"

The stately lady addressed, looked up, and as she saw his handsome, clear-cut features, started.

"Mr. Jermyn?—ah, yes, of course! Your appearance seems familiar. But then, aren't your photographs all over London?" she asked.

Mark bowed, but guessed by her tone that she had never seen his portrait.

He sauntered aimlessly about, conversing first with one and another, till at length he found himself addressing the host himself. And Jermyn was agreeably surprised; Elsie's father was not nearly so formidable as he had pictured him to be; on the contrary, his attitude toward the young lion of the season was courtesy and geniality itself.

"Ah! my daughter tells me she met you in Paris," he remarked. "One of the first to discover your genius, I believe? Elsie's a dear girl, my dear sir!"

"She is," assented Mark, earnestly.

"Always a dutiful girl, and a prize worth the winning," continued Mr. Renton, briskly. "It's a pity we're to lose her so soon—but there! the men, the men! I was young myself once."

"You mean some one will fall in love with her?" queried Jermyn, anxiously.

"Has fallen in love. Scores of them. By the way, there she is with Lord Mapleson."

Mark Jermyn turned and followed the other's glance to where Elsie stood talking with the man he had noticed a few moments before.

"Are they——?"

"Engaged, my dear sir, engaged. And to be married shortly. My wife's a wonderful woman's she arranged it all!"

Mark's first impulse was to flee, but he resolved to learn the truth from Elsie's lips first. At last he caught her glance, following her into a small ante-room leading from one of the principal apartments. When the door closed, he took her hand, and looked into her eyes.

"Elsie," he asked. "Is it true?"

She averted her gaze.

"Is what true?" she murmured.

"That you're engaged to Lord Mapleson?"

Her eyes filled with tears and she turned toward him passionately.

"No!" she said vehemently. "He's asked me frequently, but I've always refused. But mamma insists, and the rumor we're engaged is about already. Oh, Mark! Mark!"—with an outstretching of her arms that was irresistible; "what's to be done?"

He took her into his arms.

"You love me, what is to prevent our happiness?"

"Mother—she insists. Father, I know, would rather I married a man of my choice."

"And I insist on you marrying me!" he cried earnestly. "That is, if you're willing to become the wife of a nonentity?"

She looked up quickly.

"Who is the nonentity?" she asked. "You, the clever artist or"—with a gesture of disdain—"Lord Mapleson?"

"Then, darling," he cried, "if your mother will not consent, it must be a runaway match. You're sure you don't mind intrusting your happiness to me?"

"No, indeed, Mark, no! I love you, oh! heaps more than I did two years ago, and that's something, isn't it?"

He admitted that it was, and kissed her, when some one calling Elsie, she had to leave. Mark strolled back to the drawing room with a lighter heart. Some one was asking Mr. Renton whether Jermyn was to play; the host shrugged his shoulders, but the musician at once interrupted with the remark he should only be too delighted.

A move was made to the piano, while all voices were hushed as it became known that the great Jermyn was at the instrument. He ran through several of his better known things in succession, playing as he had never played before, his audience, spellbound and enraptured. The applause at his conclusion, unlike most drawing-room applause, was for once sincere.

Mr. Renton was profuse in his thanks, and then his less genial wife inquired as a special favor, whether he would give them a novelty.

"A novelty?" repeated Mark, anxious to please his prospective parent. "Ah, yes! I had almost forgotten. To-day's the twenty-second, isn't it? There is one thing I only play once a year, and always on the twenty-second of this month."

The last notes of the song were gradually dying away, when all at once there was a tense scream from a distant corner of the room.

All turned and saw that Mrs. Renton had fainted.

A few days later Mark Jermyn called to inquire after Mrs. Renton, whom it was understood was seriously ill. The young fellow was at once shown into Mr. Renton's study, where the millionaire greeted him cordially.

"My dear Mr. Jermyn," he said, "you're the very man I wish to see! You remember the effect your wonderful playing produced on my wife the other evening?"

"Unfortunately," responded the famous musician. "Believe me, I'm exceedingly sorry."

"It's not your fault, my boy," he answered kindly. "The event has brought something to light which I hope may mean your happiness. I have learned that my daughter loves you."

"Yes," responded Mark, quietly. "And I love her, too."

"Just so, just so! What I was going to say was this; my wife, it appears, was once engaged to your father."

Mark Jermyn looked up in astonishment.

"Yes," continued Mr. Renton, "and from what I can hear—of course, this is in confidence between you and me—it broke Mark Wegar's heart. My wife jilted him for myself, and it seems that, out of pity, he afterward married a cousin whom he discovered had been in love with him for years. The air you played the other evening was one of Wegar's compositions, was it not?"

"Yes," replied Mark. "My father left me the manuscripts, with the injunction it was only to be played on the twenty-second of November in each year—the anniversary of what I could never make out."

"Ah! my wife recognized the theme; it was the old love song he used to play to her and of which she had been so fond. The date you mention was the one on which she broke off the engagement. Old memories came back to her, and—and——"

"Say no more, sir, it's a painful subject."

"To be sure, to be sure! My wife wishes me to tell you that, although she broke your father's heart, she has no wish to break either yours or her daughter's. We are both willing you should marry Elsie."

Some one opened the door just then, and Elsie Renton came, seeing Mark, threw herself into his arms.—New York News.

A PURSE FOR HIGHWAYMEN.

Highway Robbery Very Prevalent in England a Century Ago.

The frequency of highway robberies only a century ago sounds surprising to the present generation. Horace Walpole, in a letter to a friend, recounts an adventure of this kind which befell him and his friend and neighbor, Lady Browne, in the autumn of 1781.

The night I had the honor of writing to your ladyship last I was robbed. Lady Browne and I were, as usual, going to the Duchess of Montrose at seven o'clock. The evening was very dark. In the close lane under her park pale, and within twenty yards of the gate, a black figure on horseback pushed by between the chaise and the hedge on my side.

I suspected it was a highwayman, and so I found did Lady Browne, for she was speaking and stopped.

To divert her fears I was just going to say, "Is not that the apothecary going to the duchess?" when I heard a voice cry, "Stop!" and the figure came back to the chaise.

I had the presence of mind before I let down the glass to take out my watch and stuff it within my waistcoat, under my arm.

He said, "Your purses and watches!"

I replied, "My watch is not in my pocket."

"Then your purse." I gave it to him; it had nine guineas. It was so dark that I could not see his hand, but felt him take it.

He then asked for Lady Browne's purse, and said, "Don't be frightened; I will do you no hurt."

I said, "No; you won't frighten the lady."

He replied, "No; I give you my word I will do no hurt."

Lady Browne gave him her purse and was going to add her watch, but he said, "I am much obliged to you. I wish you good night!" Then he pulled off his hat and rode away.

"Well," said I, "Lady Browne, you will not be afraid of being robbed another time, for you see there is nothing in it."

"Oh, but I am!" said she. "And now I am in terrors lest he should return, for I have given him a purse with my old bad money that I carry on purpose."

"He certainly will not open it directly," I said, "and at worst he can only wait for us at our return; but I will send my servant back for a horse and a blunderbuss," which I did.

Our experience has been when a man goes off on a "trip," the good effects only last about a week; at the end of that time he is as cross as ever, and his liver in the same condition it was before he went away.

UNKNOWN A FEW YEARS AGO.

To-Day Harriman Controls 18,800 Miles of Western Railroads.

His recent break with George Gould has served to draw attention to Edward H. Harriman, whose genius for organizing great transportation systems has made him one of the triumvirate which practically controls all the lines of the West. The others of the trio are J. Pierpont Morgan and James J. Hill, both of whom got their inspiration from Harriman. It was his suggestion which led them to reach out for the railroad control of the trans-Mississippi and their success forms a brilliant chapter in the industrial history of the country. Not that they have served any especial good to any but themselves. Their transactions have been condumned far and wide, because of the power which their success places in the hands of a few. They are the autocrats of the western railroad world and their rule is absolute.

E. H. HARRIMAN.

George Gould has figured to some extent as Harriman's associate in the unifying of southwestern systems, but now that they have quarreled about Colorado Fuel and Oil, for the control of which Harriman has been fighting Jno. W. Gates, there may be a rupture of their relations in other interests.

Harriman is a type of the daring and successful speculator. He opened an office in Wall street not many years ago. Ten years ago the financial world knew nothing of him, but the broker had nerve and ideas. He studied the western traffic systems. Stuyvesant Fish made his acquaintance and became interested in him. He took him into the Illinois Central corporation. While developing the line he conceived the notion of gaining control of the carrying trade of the West. Hill and Morgan joined him and to-day the three men have control of nearly 50,000 miles of railroad beyond the Alleghanies. Of these lines Harriman has executive control of 18,800 miles, his lines being the Illinois Central, Chicago & Alton, Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, Oregon Railway & Navigation Company, and the Oregon Short Line. The earning capacity of these lines is $80,000,000 a year.

HER PECULIAR EXCELLENCE.

Jane Austen Deft at Work Done with Her Hands.

Miss Jane Austen, the English novelist, whose work is valued to-day more than when it first appeared, in writing to her sister in 1798, remarks, "My mother desires me to tell you that I am a very good housekeeper, which I have no reluctance in doing, because I really think it my peculiar excellence, and for this reason: I always take care to provide such things as please my own appetite, which I consider as the chief merit in housekeeping." In her life of Jane Austen, Constance Hill quotes from Austen Leigh, who declares that Miss Austen was successful in everything that she attempted with her fingers.

Her needlework was exquisite. We have seen a muslin scarf embroidered by her in satin-stitch, and have held in our hands a tiny housewife of fairylike proportions, which Jane worked at the age of sixteen as a gift for a friend. It consists of a narrow strip of flowered silk, embroidered at the back, which measures four inches by one and a quarter, and is furnished with minikin needles and fine thread. At one end there is a tiny pocket, containing some verses in diminutive handwriting with the date, "Jany, 1792."

Austen Leigh writes: "None of us could throw spilikins in so perfect a circle, or take them off with so steady a hand. Her performances with the cup and ball were marvelous. She has been known to catch the ball a hundred times in succession."

She did not give up the activities and pleasures of every-day life in order to write of the pleasures of other people, and "Aunt Jane" was the delight of a large circle of nephews and nieces.

Hebridean Proverbs.

The daily talk of the Hebrideans has a shrewd picturesqueness. "Let the loan go laughing home," they say. That is, "Be careful of whatever you have borrowed."

If a person were to be met coldly on going to a freind's house, he would say: "The shore is the same, but the shellfish is not the same."

The impossible is denoted by "blackberries in midwinter and sea-gulls' eggs in autumn."

"Better thin kneading than to be empty." That is, "Half a loaf is better than no bread."

"The man who is idle will put the cats on the fire."

"He that does not look before him will look behind him."

"A house without a dog, without a cat, without a little child, is a house without pleasure and without laughter."

Truth may be stranger than fiction, but the average liar makes a desperate effort to supply contrary proof.

The best way to cure indigestion is to remove its cause. This is best done by the prompt use of Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops, which regulate the stomach in an effectual manner.

A Bad Scrape.

The Barber—Did you hear about bad scrape Jaggsby got into yesterday?

The Victim—No. Did you shave him?

A Cold-Storage Kiss.

He—Your kiss is like Chinese tea. It has an exquisite flavor, but it isn't very strong.

She—Perhaps it didn't draw long enough.—New York World.

Getting Back.

"Do you enjoy walking?"

"Immensely."

"Good. Then I'll take you for a ride in the country in my automobile."

Warriors Shaved and Shorn.

The Normans who conquered England shaved the face and the back of the head, so that Harold's spies declared they were an army of prisets.

An Unfailing Sign.

She—I knew you would propose to me tonight.

He—Why?

"I saw the moon over my left shoulder."—Life.

Obsidian Cliff.

Obsidian cliff, in the Yellowstone national park, was once neutral ground, where many Indian tribes came to make spearheads and arrowheads. The cliff is hundreds of feet in height and is composed of a substance resembling black glass, small pieces of which are transparent.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION

25 Cents | Purely Vegetable. GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE. Brent Good

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Ferry's Seeds the Kind that Leads cost more—yield more. Sold by all dealers. 1903 Seed Annual postpaid free to all applicants. D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Mich.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're sick, or will be. Keep your bowels open and be well. Force, in the shape of violent physic or pill poison, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets TRADE MARK REGISTERED REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe, 10c. 25c. 50c. Write for free sample, and booklet on health. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York.

KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

P. N. U. No. 52—1902.

WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.