CHAPTER XIII.

It was the day that I was to visit Clara. I woke with the dawn. For the first time in my life, I took pains with my toilet. I carefully brushed my hair ful image. in different ways, trying which was the more becoming. But with all my pains, I cut but a very sorry figure.

"Dear me, how spruce you look this morning!" said Martha, as I came down

to breakfast. "And quite elated, too!" Before 10 o'clock I was in the neighborhood of her house. It was too early to go there yet; so I lingered about for a time. How very awkward it was that I had no knowledge of her name! I had quite forgotten to ask it. As the time drew near I began to feel nervous. A church clock struck eleven as I timidly knocked at the door. I was answered by a stout, good tempered looking old lady. 'You have a young lady staying here," I began, in a hesitating tone.

Oh, you are the young man that Miss Clara expects, I suppose." Saying which, the old lady deliberately drew a pair of spectacles out of her pocket, and adjusting them, carefully scrutinized me. My appearance seemed to satisfy her, for she said, in a more friendly tone, "Walk in her. She frequently remarked upon in, young man; Miss Clara will be with my changed appearance.
you directly." my changed appearance.
"I do declare." she use

She showed me into a neat little parlor. Upon the table were several water olored drawings, some finished, some un fir ished; also some Berlin wool work. Bouquets of flowers were everywhere the table amidst the work, upon the mantelpiece in two vases, upon a little stand facing the window, and upon the cottage piano that stood in a corner. The air was loaded with their perfume. In a few moments the door opened and Clara came into the room.

"You have come, then," she said, with her sweet, melancholy smile. As if aught but death or imprisonment

could have kept me away!

She painted water-color pictures, and did Berlin wool work for the shops, she told me. She sat down at once and began her work, and I waited upon her, washed her brushes, ground her colors, adjusted the blind, and between these little offices I watched her busy fingers; but oftener my eyes were upon her face, graving its every lineament upon my memory. Never have I looked upon another face so spiritually beautiful. It was one of those heads that the old Italian painters loved to give to their Angels, and Madonnas, so prefectly serone, so utterly free from human passions. The fair wavy hair, untrammeled by art; the oval face, neither full, nor thin, but perfectly smooth; the low forehead; blue eyes; the straight Grecian nose; the small mouth; the swelling, gracefully arched neck; the skin so delicately white, tinted upon the cheeks with the faintest carnation. Her figure was of about the middle height, exquisitely graceful, yet painfully fragile. She wore a black dress, made high to the neck, with a small, plain white collar.

We talked very little; she was too busy

with her work, and silence was more congenial with our mood.

At 3 o'clock Mrs. Wilson called us to dinner, which we took in a breakfast parlor below. The old lady was very chatty and very curious, and asked me a great number of indirect questions; ose I did not care to answer I contrived pretty skillfully to evade.

"You must excuse my questions, sir," she said; "but although Miss Clara is no relation of mine, and, indeed, I know nothing about her, still I feel as much interested in her as though she were my own child; she is so innocent, and knows so little about the world, that it's quite necessary that she should have some one to look after her. Now, you are the first visitor that she has ever had, and she has lived with me these two years. But, when she came home last night she told me that she had met an old acquaintance who was coming to see her; that he had come to the city in search of employment, and had no friends nor acquaintances, and was so dreadfully miserable that it made her quite unhappy At first, I set my face against it, but she soon coaxed me over, and I compromised the matter by saying that you should come this once, but that if I did not approve of you, it was to be the first and the last visit. But I must say you seem a very nice, quiet, modest sort of young gentleman. And what kind of employment might you be seeking?"

I told her I had been usher at a school, but that at present I was doing copying. I did not say of what kind. The old lady remarked that an usher's was a very genteel sort of employment. Alto gether she seemed very well satisfied with me.

In the evening Mrs. Wilson brought her sewing up into the parlor, and proposed that I should read to them. And so the evening glided on, oh, so rapidly, until I could no longer see in the darkening twilight, and then we all sat near the window; Mrs. Wilson chatting, I and Clara silent. She gazing into the street. with that absent look so common to her; I watching every motion of her face, as it grew more and more indistinct in the deepening shadows. Lights were brought, and then we went down to supper, and then it was time to go.

"You will come and see me again,

won't you?" she said, as she gave me her hand at the gate.

I wanted no pressing, and arranged that I would come again on Monday. She wished me good night, and went in and closed the door, and the day was ended -the day whose blissful memories will never fade from my heart.

That day was the precursor of many like ones, until, in a short time, I could perceive that she looked forward to my coming with expectancy, and that my presence had become a thing almost necsary to her. She looked for me to hand her the painting materials, to grind the colors, to select her skeins of wool, to sit at her feet and read to her some pleasant book; while, between the lights, she would sit at the piano and improvise strange, weird, plaintive melodies,

It was a strange communion, ours. In it we lived only in the present moment We never spoke of a past or of a future, for we wished to be happy; and, to both, the past was hideous, the fu-

ture ominous. Thus I knew nothing of her past life, nor did I wish to know. Like her, I did not wish the happiness of the present to be marred by one pain-

She had lived with Mrs. Wilson above two years, yet even she knew nothing of her life for a single day before she came to her. "I have always had good references before I would take any one into my house," said the old lady, pecially young ladies without friends; but she said she could give me none and she looked so innocent and good that I took a fancy to her upon the spot; and I have never had cause to regret it, for a dearer, purer creature never entered house, and I feel for her quite as if she was my own child. But I must say that I do feel curious about her, and often think what a mystery she is. She is so strange at times, and so unlike any

other young lady I ever met."
With my old reticence, I told Martha no word of Clara. I hugged my secret with selfish tenacity, as something too precious to be shared. She wondered at my unaccounted-for absences, and I think felt hurt that I did not confide

"I do declare," she used to say, "that I never saw any one so altered for the best as you are, Master Silas! Why, you've got to look quite handsome late-

In the meantime I was not idle. Mr. Moutgomery brought me more copying to do, and in order that my visits might not interfere with my work, I frequently sat up all night writing. My expenses were very small, and even with the little I earned. I contrived to cover them. What more could I desire? I was more than happy, for I was living in an ideal world.

CHAPTER XIV.

One day Mr. Montgomery invited me to pay a visit to the Royal Corinthian Theater. There had been a time when no proposition could have been so delightful to me; but since those days I had soared into higher regions of ideality than the theater could represent. Nevertheless, I accepted the invitation, and one evening I accompanied him and Josigh.

While I was standing in the side scenes, looking at the play, some strangers came through a private door that led from the boxes. They were gentlemen, dressed in full evening costume. After a casual glance I again gave my attention to the stage. Presently heard a voice close behind me, whose Presently I tones sounded familiar in my ears. Turning round, I saw one of the gentlemen talking to an actress. In an instant I recognized Mr. Rodwell. It was a shock in which, for an instant, I forgot the stage and everything about me. I averted my head, and dared not move lest he should recognize me. But I soon began to think how improbable this was that he would do so in such a situation, and with my altered appearance.

I screwed up my courage, and turned round to leave the spot, when, just as I was brushing past the object of my fears, adverse fortune brought Josiah Cook across my path .
"Hello, Silas, old fellow, how are you

enjoying yourself?" he cried, as he pass ed me.

Instinctively I cast a glance upon Mr Rodwell. I saw him start and look me full in the face. A row of gaslights leaning against the side scene glared full upon us both. His gaze dwelt upon me for an instant, but he gave no sign of recognition, and went on talking as before. I fondly hoped that he did not member me.

Quick on the heels of Josiah followed Mr. Montgomery. He nodded to me and was passing on when, observing Mr. Rodwell, he stopped suddenly, stared at him for a moment, then, clapping his hand upon his shoulder, cried in a familiar tone, "How do you do, Mr. Rodwell?"

He was dressed as an old man, wor a wig, and was otherwise disguised. The gentleman whom he addressed honored him with a haughty stare.

"It is some time since we have met, and I suppose you do not remember 'the in this dress?" Professor Mr. Rodwell looked disconcerted at

this recontre. "I certainly did not remember you. he said, coldly.

I did not hear more of what passed be tween them, and should not have heard this had not my passage been blocked for a moment by a change of scene. was only too glad to get away from the vicinity as soon as I could make my es-

All enjoyment was over for that evening, and I would have chosen rather to have gone home at once; but as I had accompanied my fellow lodgers to the the ater, I thought it would appear strange to leave without them. So, having obtained permission, I went into the pit to witness the rest of the performance. did not see anything more of Mr. Rodwell that night, but I could not shake off a feeling of depression, and a presentiment that this meeting boded me

I waited at the stage door until my companions were dressed. But instead of immediately wending their way homeward, they expressed an intention of ad-journing to a public house, and insisted upon my accompanying them. I had never been in such a place before, and

the noise and smoke quite mazed me. Mr. Montgomery called for supper and threw down a coin.

"Hello!" cried Josiah, staring in blank astonishment; "have you been robbing a

"No; I have only been bleeding a friend," was the answer. I soon began to very heartily wish

that I had gone home by myself. Mr. Montgomery insisted upon drinking; and that, together with the atmosphere I was inhaling, quickly affected my brain. When we reached Rackstraw's buildings they would not permit me to go

to my own lodgings. I must go into Mrs. Jennings' and spend half an hour

with them.
"You don't smoke, Silas?" he said to

"Oh, you should! It soothes the brain, it lulls remorse. Tobacco is the modern Lethe; or, at all events, if it does not obliterate old memories, it renders you indifferent to them, which is much the same thing. I suppose you have no phantoms to fumigate. You are still wandering in the happy regions of inno-cence"—this with a sneer. "I had stray-ed very far wide of them long before I was your age. At twenty I was a gay. dashing spark. At three-and-twenty was forbidden my father's house, thanks to a woman-a prayerful woman, too. that was always reading religious books, and never happy out of a chapel; a woman with a heart of flint. All my sins lie at her door; a wild youth might have been succeeded by a reputable manhood but for her."

While he spoke his face became convulsed with passion. As the paroxysm increased, the foam bubbled from his mouth, and he launched forth into the nost frightful imprecations.

"I say, old fellow, don't go on in this awful manner." said Josiah, who, as well as myself, looked rather alarmed at his violence. "'Pon my life, I can't stand any more of it, and so I told you last time. Come, tell us of some adventures of your past life that are so jolly amusing. Silas, here, has never heard any of them. You'd like to hear some, wouldn't you?" he added, winking hard at me.

At that moment I should have much preferred to go to bed, but I did not dare to say so; expressing, instead, a great desire to hear anything Mr. Montgomery chose to relate.

"Don't be frightened," he said, wiping the perspiration from his face, and growing calm under this judicious flattery, "I am not likely to harm you, or anybody else except her. But when or anybody else except and go I think of all she has made me go Well, if I were to think of that long, I should go mad in earnest."

He went on smoking his pipe in silence for a time, seemingly lost in thought.

"I wonder if I were to write my life, if I could get any bookseller to publish it? It would indeed be a marvelous story. But I don't believe that half the would credit it. I could write half a dozen sensation novels without inventing a single incident; but, then, novel readers would cry, "They are so far-fetched!" A man who began life as a gentleman, and who, for a matter of twenty years, has passed through every phase of vagabondism, must have some strange stories to tell.'

"Of course he must," said Josiah, again winking at me. "I have often wondered that you have not set about publishing your reminiscences, or your autobiography, or something of that sort. But it isn't too late, you know. But come, now, give us one of your regular startare all attention." (To be continued.)

## EGYPTIANS BEAT HARVEY.

Circulation of the Blood Known to Their Doctors 5,000 Years Ago. The Harveian oration at the Royal College of Physicians, London, was delivered this year by Dr. Richard Caton, F. R. C. P. In the course of his remarks he said that Harvey was almost anticipated 6,000 years ago by the priest-doctors of Egypt in his mo mentous discovery of the circulation of

the blood. As far back as 4000 B. C. Egypt had works on medicine and anatomy, and one brilliant genius-forgotten nowadays and omitted from the cyclopedias -I-em-hotep, priest of the sun god Ra, and physician to King Torsothros, became so eminent that he was revered as a demigod after death, a temple was built over his tomb, and in his honor hospitals were raised in Memphis and other cities. Here the priestphysicians treated the sick and embalmed the bodies of men and sacred animals.

These were probably, Dr. Caton thinks the first a rudimentary knowledge of the move ment of the blood. Their papyri contain intelligent references to the heart, the blood vessels and the pulse. Of the heart in particular they knew much, and their writings refer to its enlargement, fatty degeneration, displacement, palpitation and pericardial effusion. One remarkable passage of these old-world inquirers speaks of distension of the heart and shortness of breath as occurring because the blood has stagnated and does not circulate properly.

Not Greece, therefore, but Egypt, long before Galen and Hippocrates, was the motherland of rational medicine and anatomy. The views of the in the factory town of Essen, as she Greeks on the circulation of the blood were almost exactly those which the Egyptians had taught many centuries earlier.

On one remarkable means of treatment for inciplient valvular disease of EVOLUTION OF THE FLOWERS. the heart which these long-forgotten Nile doctors taught Dr. Caton laid They Become Sophisticated, but Los great stress. It was the method recommended at least 4.000 years go to let the heart have as much rest as possible—a wise injunction, said the dainty, old-fashioned "pinks" to the Harvelan orator, which we may yet Lawson and the enchantress carnapractice with advantage. I-em-hotep seems to have been an all-round of our grandmothers' days to the sugenius-physician, architect, astron-perb chrysanthemums which rear their omer, alchemist—so illustrious that after death he was reputed the son of the supreme delty, Ptah-all this and yet nearly lost to fame.

Soporific. "Yes, I picked up his book last night and I never budged out of my chair until 4 o'clock this morning." "Goodness! Was it that interest-

"No, but I didn't wake up until that time."-Philadelphia Press.

Feminine Way.

"Have you read that new novel evbody is talking about?" asked the first birds of the air and the beasts of the dear girl.

girl the second. "I wonder how it be ers which gladden life with their lovegins."

Emil Manicus, the Nestor of Danish journalists, is dead at 81. He was expelled from Schleswig in 1864 by the Germans.



There appears to be no end to the unique uses to which photography may be applied. The very latest thing in the photographic novelty line is the imprinting of portraits and other subjects on the actual surface of apples, pears, etc., but though the latest, it is merely one of a group of distinct novelties that have recently been evolved and which bring much joy to the lover of the unusual.

A few years ago when photographs on buttons were announced by enterprising photographers the announcement carried with it no small amount of interest to the general public and added a new wrinkle for those who would wear their heart or their badge on their outer clothing to revel in, but now the girl who delights to carry a photograph simile of her beloved about with her need not content herself with such comparatively clumsy devices as buttons or brooches as a frame for them. If she desires she may actually have the photograph made on her own delicate skin, and there, where there is no danger of losing it, she may retain it as long as she wishes. Still another device that might perchance catch her vagrant fancy is having the photographic print made on her finger nail. But if these novelties do not entirely satisfy her whims, she can extend the list to almost unthought-of ends. The photographer of the present is as obliging as he is resourceful. He will print the picture on gloves if she wills it so, on her handkerchief if she likes, on cups, saucers, vases; practically anything with a surface on which a film can be spread, whether living or dead or manufactured matter, may be made to serve the purpose of her wishes and come out of the photographer's hands adorned with the picture she has desired so presented.

Photographic printing on fruit, however, is something in a class by itself, though it is of the same idea from which all the other novelties have sprung, and is susceptible of being put to many novel uses. Already it has become quite a feature of the banquet boards in London, and at a recent mansion house affair the souvenir was a large red apple at each plate, adorned with a photograph of King Edward.

The process by which photographic prints are made on fruit is simple, and the surprise about it is that it was not thought of before. It involves the use of no new principles, and is merely the adaptation of photography to new materials. It is simply a matter of sensitizing the surface of the object on which it is desired to print.

All of these novelties in photography had their origin in Paris and are of such recent date that they have only recently begun to make their appearance in this country. Singularly enough, only the finger nail photographs have been taken up by New York photographers.

## WORLD'S RICHEST GIRL TO WED.

It is announced that Bertha Krupp, the 19-year-old owner of the Krupp gun works at Essen, Germany, is betrothed to Dr. Heck, of Rheodt, Rhenish, Prussia. Miss Krupp, who is the wealthiest girl in her own right in the world, owns practically all of the \$40,000,000 capital stock of the Krupp gun works, besides other wealth, amounting to \$35,000,000 more, which her father left her. She has an annual income from the Krupp works alone of \$2,400,000. She has already



BERTHA KRUPP.

given great sums to charity and is planning other philanthropic work for the benefit of her workmen and the poor. She was expected soon to make her formal debut in Berlin society, under the special protection of the kaiser, who was a close friend of her father. She was said recently to have expressed ideas in regard to matrimony which her relatives regarded "impossibly romantic." One of the declarations made was that her husband, whoever he be, would have to come and live would never consent to leave the town where she said her life work lay in bettering the condition of the Krupp workingmen and their families.

None of Their Charm

It is a far call, indeed, from the wild rose to the American beauty; from the tions; from the pretty little china asters magnificent mops as trophies of the florists' art.

There are really very few things in use in the world to-day which have not been materially changed by the forces of methodical development. Civilized men and women them elves are the best examples of this all-pervading influence, comments the Kansas City Star. The beasts of burden and the creatures which supply the world with animal food are remotely different from what they were in the beginning. The work of breeding and training has added beauty and usefulness to the field, and the same upward tendency is "Only the last chapter," replied dear noted in these latter days in the flowliness and which admonish man perpetually of his frailty.

Pleasant it is to know what may be called the sophistication of flowers has robbed them of not a whit of their native charm. There is, in the sensuous dollar burned by his heirs later on.

odor of the American beauty, the magic to revive in any mind attuned to the heart of nature sweet memories of tangled vines and wild roses, creeping and blooming along country roads. The scent of a rich and full carnation will call up in a moment tender recollections of borders of spicy little pinks tended by loving hands that have been folded for years in dreamless repose. In the regal chrysanthemum is seen the amazing product of brave little asters which came to embellish the dooryard with the first chill of autumn and after all of the summer blooms had perished

Flowers, thank heaven, are beyond the reach of affectation. They may be rendered, by careful culture, more radiant, more prodigal of beauty and fragrance, more replete with the power to brighten the hour of gladness and to lend comfort to times of sadness and affliction, but they can be spoiled or deteriorated never. As long as the world abides flowers will exhale their beneficent fragrance for all, and will never tire of the riot of beauty which they have provided since the morning stars sang together for the delectation of man.

# Contrasts of City Life.

"Many are the ways of living in a out as you came in is an example.

householders to procure game in sea-

"He lives up in the Bronx, and has a large family to support. Notwithstanding his success in procuring game, I know that he has not tasted a bite of game of any sort in years.

"On the contrary, his table in the meat line is decidedly frugal. He told me one day that he had not tasted quail for so long that he would not know what it was if it were served to him when he was blindfolded.

"Well, it's the same old story all over town. A diamond expert in one of the big houses in New York is so poor that he walks home at night, a woman's page and started with the long distance, to save car fare.

families to make the purchases for their tables has six children dependent upon her earnings. One who is familiar with her life assures me that her little ones are sometimes half fed. although the mother is as generous in supplying their wants as her means will permit."-New York Sun.

Dropping a Gentle Hint. "James," said Mr. Rakeley, "I believe you saw me-er-saluting the

maid." "Why, yes, sir," replied the butler. "Well, I want you to keep quiet about it, Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," said the butler, with outstretched hand; "'sllence is golden,' you know, sir."—Philadelphia Press,

Conditions Reversed. Kidder-The proverb, "every dog has its day," doesn't go in Algiers. Easly-Why? Kidder-For the very good reason

that there every dey has his dog .--

New York Times.

His Idea. Wife-According to the papers dress

goods will come much higher this sea-Husband-Well, I am glad of it. never did approve of those decollete

A penny saved by a miser means a

### GROWTH OF CATCH PHRASES.

fany Words and Sentences in Comm Use Had Peculiar Beginnings

Nearly every one has at times been ouzzled to account for the origin of words and phrases they hear used in the conversation of those with whom they come in daily contact. Some of these are peculiar in their etymology and give no indication of their parentage. The word "hurrah," for instance, is a token of joy in use for centuries. It is the battle cry of the old Norse vikings as they swept down to burn and murder among the peaceful British. "Tur aie!" was their war cry, which means "Thor aid"—an appeal for help to Thor, the god of battles.

"It's all humbug!" Perhaps it is. Humbug is the Irish "uim bog," pronounced humbug, meaning bogus money. King James II. coined worthless money from his mint at Dublin, his 20-shilling piece being worth 2 pence. The people called it "uim bog."

It was a Roman gentleman of 2,000 ears ago who first asked "where the shoe pinches." He had just divorceu his wife and his friends wanted to know what was the matter with the voman. They declared she was good nd pretty. "Now," said the husband, taking off his shoe, "isn't that nice shoe? It's a good shoe, eh? A pretty shoe, eh? A new shoe, eh? And none of you can tell where it pinches me."

"Before you can say Jack Robinson" arose from the behavior of one John Robinson, Esq. He was a fool. He was in such a hurry when he called on his friends that he would be off before he had well knocked at the

"There they go, helter-skelter!" That phrase was coined at the defeat of the Spanish armada. The great fleet of the Spanish invasion was driven by storm and stress of the English attack north to the Helder river and south to the Skelder river-the Scheidt.

Do you know why a hare is called 'Puss"? This is not a riddle, but just an example of how words get wisted. The ancient Norman knights who came over with William the Conqueror pronounced the word "le puss." The puss he remains to-d y.

"Go to Hallfax." That town was a place of special terror for rogues because of the first rude guillotine invented there by Mannaye for chopping off felons' heads. Halifax law was that the criminal "should be condemned first and inquired upon after." Coventry had a queer law in old times by which none but freemen of the city could practice a trade there. Strangers were starved out. Hence the phrase of shutting a man out of human company-"sent to Coventry." "Spick and span". comes from the "spikes" and "spanners"—the hooks and stretchers for stretching cloth new from the loom.

To "dun" a man for debt comes from the memory of Joe Dun, bailiff of Lincoln, who was so keen a collector that his name has become a proverb.

"News" is a queer word-the initials of north, east, west, south, which appeared on the earliest fournals as a sign that information was to be had here from the four quarters of the world. The sign was N E W S, and gave us our word "news."

# A Fish's Appetite.

A singular instance of tenacity in the digestion of fish is reported from great city," said the treasurer of au Sheffield, Englanad. The fish, which was four feet long, had what appeared to be an abnormally hard liver. But "His business is hunting game. He the cutting up process revealed someis employed by this club and several thing far stranger. The supposed hard liver turned out to be nothing else but a piece of stout netting, over two yards long and fourteen inches wide, which had been pressed into the form of a football. How this great mass of indigestible material came to be swallowed by the creature is a mystery. and the suggestion that the fish caught in the toils of a fisherman's net solved the problem of how to escape by devouring his prison walls is not considered scientifically practicable.

Unreasonable Woman. His wife asked him to read to her, Taking up the paper, he turned to the first article that attracted his atten-"A woman who is employed by three tion. It was by a distinguished medical authority on the subject of correct breathing and began:

"As a means for preventing wrinkles in the face it is certain that the practice of keeping the mouth shut is one of the most positive."

"That will do, sir!" she snapped. "I asked to be entertained, not to be insulted."-New York Press.

People Who Radiate Cheer. Who can estimate the value of a sunny soul who scatters gladness and good cheer wherever he goes instead of gloom and sadness? Everybody is attracted to these cheerful faces and sunny lives and repelled by the gloomy, the morose and the sad. We envy people who radiate cheer wherever they go and fling out gladness from every pore. Money, houses and lands look contemptible beside such a dis-

#### position.-Detroit Free Press. A Broad Hint

The Barber (lathering customer and gazing out the window)-I tell you, sir, the man who shaves himself keeps the bread and butter out of some poor barber's mouth. The Customer (fiercely)-And incidentally the lather out of his own!-Puck.

A prayer for those who pass seventy: "That I may never be shipped from one of my children to the home of another, just as a pauper is sent from town to town."