



CHAPTER VI
The last scene of this play out from the old book in the hall as Susan Dyrart enters the drawing room. The extreme darkness and gloom of that desolately appointed room into him as he moves toward the door, but with a man's unshaking tread, toward the hearth.

CHAPTER VII
"Will, I'm off," says Griselda, poking her pretty head into the summer house, where Vera sits reading. It is next day, and a very lovely day.

"For your father," says Vera, laying down her book. "So you won't take my advice? Very good. Go on, and you'll see that you won't prosper." Her tone is half gay, half serious.

"What a calamity!" says Griselda, with a little benign drooping of her mouth. "In this barren wilderness even manna may be regarded with rapture—even manna!" Better any man than no man, say I.

"You are Griselda, I suppose?" says he pleasantly. "Why should you suppose it?" asks she, with a faint smile.

"By that you mean that you have heard Griselda is self-willed," says she, calmly. "And as it is evident you think I look the part also, I am afraid you must prepare yourself to meet two self-willed cousins—I am not Griselda."

"Not," says he, looking distinctly amused. "There is something in the thought that I cannot accept till more evidence you may be Vera."

"I should think it would be very glad to see you here," says he. At this moment Griselda enters the room. A charming Griselda in white, like her sister, and with a flower in her sunny hair. She trips up to Susan and gives him her hand and a weak smile, that has just the correct amount of coyness and shyness in it.

"There are such moments, certainly," says he, interrupting her remorseless. "But they can hardly be classed with those in which the calm confidence of one sister is exchanged with the other. And why should you apologize? I assure you, you need not. I do not seek for or desire anything of the kind."

"You will take the head of the table, I hope," says he, in a low tone, divining her perplexity.

"I have five lines and dislikes," replies she, with the airy emotionless tone, and answering just him, she seats herself at the head of the table.

"You are miserable about that wretched affair of the morning," cries Griselda. "Never mind it. If you will come to dinner I promise you to do all the talking, and as it has to be endured I do entreat you to keep up your spirits."

"You are charming," says Griselda, smiling, looking at her cousin.

"I don't know how you may view it. I thought to turn the day after tomorrow—very early on that day. Whether I must or must not work for my living is a thing that does not concern me. I work—you will hardly believe it in this prosaic age—but I actually seek after fame. I should like to get on in my profession; to be more than a mere trifler."

"You are charming," says Griselda, smiling, looking at her cousin.

"I am going now. Good-by," holding out his hand to her with a determination not to be changed. Griselda takes it and shakes it gently, say, warmly. His humor is decidedly hostile, and if he acquiesces the old father of their invidiousness to propagate him, she tells herself, will be the correct thing, and she grows positively friendly toward him, and leans upon him with gentle entreaty to her eye.

"I can't," says Vera, fearfully. "You must," insists Griselda, sternly. "It's impossible to know what sort of man he is. If revengeful, he can play old Harry with us."

"Without waiting to explain what particular game this may mean, or the full significance thereof, she steps lightly outside and gazes with undisguised rapture upon Dyrart's work.

"I am afraid," says Vera, speaking with cold precision as one delivering herself of an unloved lesson. "That you are going away thus abruptly because of what you heard me say this morning."

"As I told you before," indifferently, "one says foolish things now and then." "Would you have me believe you did not really mean what you said?"

"I have lived through a good many things," says Vera, her dark eyes aflame. "That gives you a chance here, practice makes perfect. I am sorry to be obliged to inconvenience you so far, but if I stayed away, I am afraid my father might want to know why. He might even be so absurd as to miss me."

"Why should you take it for granted that I desire your absence?" cries Vera, her voice vibrating with anger. "Come, remain, or stay away forever—what is it to me?"

"I really think I hate him," says Vera, vehemently. The recollection of his contemptuous glance, the way in which he had disdained her apology—those all that slight he had offered her when he had departed her hand from his arm—all rankle in her breast, and a hot flow of shame renders her usually pale face brilliant. "To be sure, never mind him," she says, with a little frown. "He is not staying long, fortunately, and this episode will bear good fruit of one sort or another. He will not trouble me with his society while you are away. Now hurry, Griselda, do."

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Perhaps a greater religious organizer never lived and no one man, perhaps ever accomplished so much. Every year for nearly 50 years, he is said to have ridden fully 3,000 miles, chiefly on horseback, and preached 500 sermons. In addition he arranged and governed his societies which had a membership of about 80,000 before his death, carried on an immense correspondence, read every work of note as it came from the press, wrote commentaries on the Bible, arranged grammars of the Hebrew, Greek, Latin and French languages, was the author of works on logic, philosophy, and controversial treatises, contributed to various journals and abridged over 100 volumes of a Christian Library. Yet this versatile man was never in a hurry.

He was always cheerful, deferential to women and fond of children. His generosity was unbounded. When a young man he walked from London to Epworth, a distance of 100 miles, that he might have more to give away. In after life, though he received fully \$100,000 for his writings and his personal expenses did not average \$500 a year, he left nothing at his death. His principle was: Make all you can by industry, save all you can by economy and give all you can by liberality. He lived in constant activity and cheerfulness. In his younger life he was in daily danger from the fury of mobs, and his delicate mind felt keenly the contempt of the higher classes, his equals, yet he worked on and allowed none of these things to swerve him from his purpose. He lived long enough, however, to see the tongue of slander hushed and the hand of persecution stayed. He won golden tributes from such distinguished men and critics as Dr. Johnson and Alexander Knox.

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the great religious organization of Methodism. These young men were so intensely earnest in their religious devotions and so methodical in their work and actions that the other students applied to them, in a spirit of decision, the terms Methodists and Holy Club. This was in 1729.

In the latter part of 1730, the first Methodist society was formed in London. It consisted of only eight or ten persons, but the movement spread rapidly and many societies were rapidly organized in other places in England. When Wesley died there were more than 75,000 members in England and over 40,000 in the United States. Now the organization extends round the world and its adherents number many millions.

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The Great British Actress Who Has Been in America.
Americans have had an opportunity of seeing Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the celebrated British actress, of whom they have read much, but who has up until recently limited the display of her talent to England. Next to Ellen Terry she is the most distinguished actress of the day in her country, though she is but 33 years of age. She began her theatrical career as an ana-

teur and so pronounced was her success that she secured an engagement with a minor professional company. Her Rosalind won the admiration of London, she was recognized as a great actress, but it was not until she made her appearance in the part of Pauline in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," that her first dramatic triumph was achieved. This play had been written two years before its first production by Arthur Pinero, the author, refusing to allow it to be acted until he had found some one who seemed equal to creating the role. It was finally entrusted to Mrs. Campbell and the playwright never had reason to regret that he gave it to her. She held London spell-bound.

When the actress arrived in this country the clerk of the first hotel at which she registered, one of the most exclusive in New York, declined to give her a room, unless she left behind the mite of a dog whose head peeped out of her table muff.

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In some of the coast districts, where not all the girls are promised in infancy, the betrothal of a young woman to a man who follows the occupation of a fisherman compels her to lose the first joint of the little finger of her left hand. This slow and painful operation is performed by a stout string bound tightly around the joint—an engagement ring with which one would willingly dispense! A marriage license, equally unique, is common in some sections, where the chief gives to the prospective groom a peculiarly knotted string possessing which he is free to seek the wife of his choice—Woman's Home Companion.

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POLICEMAN REILLY
RESCUES A CONNECTICUT WOMAN FROM HORRIBLE TORTURE.

Mrs. William Cotter, of Hartford, the Victim, Tells the Story in an Interview. A Terrible Experience.
"It was horrible," said Mrs. Cotter. "I almost wished for death to relieve me. But help came in time and I am very grateful."

"Tell me the story? Yes, indeed, I never grow tired of telling it. Several years ago I was taken with neuralgia and suffered untold misery. I tried a great many doctors and several remedies with the result that I found temporary relief but I was not cured and began to fear that I never would be."

"Then Policeman Reilly, who is a neighbor of ours, recommended that I try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and I did so. I thought that the first box gave me some relief, and my husband insisted that I keep on taking them. I did and I can truly say that these pills are the only medicine that ever permanently benefited me."

"I used to have to give up entirely and lie down when the pain came on. My face would swell up so that my eyes would close. The pills have cured all this and I have had no return of it for the last three years. I keep the pills constantly on hand as I believe they are a wonderful household remedy."

"To Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People I owe all the comfort I have enjoyed for the past three years in being free from neuralgia and I am glad to be able to recommend them."

Many who are now tortured with neuralgia will read with interest the above statement which is beyond doubt as it was given over the signature of Mrs. William Cotter, whose husband has been Democratic register of elections in Hartford, Conn., for over 12 years, and who is well known throughout the state.

Mrs. Cotter, who lives at No. 4 Windsor street, Hartford, is the mother of a happy family, and is now enjoying excellent health.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People will not only cure cases similar to that of Mrs. Cotter, but containing as they do, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves, they have proved efficacious in a wide range of diseases. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of the grip, of fevers and of other acute diseases, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion and all forms of weakness, either in male or female. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, fifty cents a box, six boxes, two dollars and fifty cents, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Sweet Revenge.
Diggs—And you aren't going away on a vacation this summer? Duggs—You bet I'm not; my last lord said if I closed up the house and went away he would charge me just the same, so I'm going to stay at home to get even with him.—Ohio State Journal.

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Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.
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