

HOW BOTH REMEMBERED.



HE words echoed idly in Brunton's mind. Softly the thrill of the distant music rose and fell upon the still air. Then an affected laugh stung his ear, and Brunton turned afresh toward solitude.

To-morrow he would leave England to join his regiment, and few seemed to know or care. For the first time he felt constrained to mourn the lack of a near relative to fuss and weep over his departure. His coming to Mrs. Derrick's "at home" had been a mistake, too.

Taking out a cigar he lit a match, which a sportive zephyr playfully extinguished. Among the shadows hid a rustic arbor, and stepping inside the shelter of its doorway he struck a fresh gleam. Flaring up brightly it revealed, huddled up close to the back wall of the arbor, a shrinking, girlish form.

"Oh, please, please, don't tell anybody. I only came out here to get away from the people."

"Did you? Well, I say that should be a bond of union between us, for so did I."

"And you won't tell anybody about my coming out here. It would seem so rude to Mrs. Derrick, you know."

"Not a soul, honor bright. But surely you didn't leave the house to crouch up here in the dark?"

"Oh, no. It was lovely among the stars and flowers and things; and then I heard some one coming and ran in



"BESIDE THE OLD FOUNTAIN STOOD SYLVIA."

here till he should go past, and you caught me."

"Won't you come out and walk again?" He was longing to see her. The darkness of the summer-house was tantalizing and chivalry rebelled at the rudeness of striking another light.

The starlight that revealed to Sylvia a soldierly form, with short-cropped dark hair and a quite perceptible mustache, showed Brunton a petite figure whose robe of white satin draped closely from the odd lace that outlined its square-set bodice, a string of pearls round the slender neck the only ornament.

Before they had completely encircled the lawn Sylvia knew that Brunton was a soldier; that to-morrow he would sail for India to join his regiment. And ere they emerged from the long archway of roses Brunton knew that this was Sylvia's first party; that she was an orphan and lived with her grandmother.

"And have you never been anywhere?" This plyingly, from the height of his experiences which were yet to come.

"No, never. We always go to Torquay in winter, but that's nearly just the same as being at home. Do you know, I've never, never once been out of doors at night before."

"Poor little girl! I say"—struck by a sudden idea—"your guardian will be some time over whilst, won't she?"

"Why, yes; the game has just begun and they won't finish under a rubber."

"Well, suppose I take you somewhere for a half-hour or so—to a theater or music hall? My cab is waiting."

"Oh! A gasp of delight, followed by the inevitable, "But would it not be wrong?" and, "I can't go dressed like this."

"Oh, nobody will know. Wait here for a moment while I run to the house and forage for wraps."

Leaving Sylvia in the safe seclusion of the arbor, he vanished, returning speedily clad in light topcoat and crush hat and bearing a heavy cloak of velvet and furs.

"That!" breathed Sylvia in a horrified whisper, when he showed his spoil. "Why, you've brought grandma's sable mantle!"

To Sylvia the hansom was a chariot sent direct from fairyland for her con-

veyance to some enchanted world. The gaiety and glitter of the London night delighted and amazed her. At Piccadilly circus Sylvia was entranced; in Leicester show she was in ecstasies, and when, having reached the snug seclusion of a curtained box, she could gaze across a valley of dim, smoke-wreathed figures, which the moving marvel of form and color defined as a ballet, she acted and moved as though in a dream world.

Sylvia remained oblivious to all Brunton's hints as to the lapse of time until he murmured that the hour had neared 11. Safely in the hansom speeding homeward, Sylvia returned to earth again, and sighed as she felt like Cinderella in having to leave the ball at its height.

Yes, Sylvia was sorry, very, very sorry, he was going, and perhaps when he returned in three years he would have forgotten her. And Brunton was equally convinced of his own faithfulness, but feared the strain of time and absence on hers.

Brunton thought he would like the next meeting to take place, as this one had, in a garden; and Sylvia remembered that a certain green door in the high wall enclosing her grandmother's grounds opened on a quiet side road.

Thereafter the stars witnessed a solemn compact that, that day three years, at the same hour, Sylvia would unlock the green door to give Brunton entrance.

Athwart the little green door the moonlight glinted softly, and Brunton, standing in near the shadow of an ilex, would willingly have dropped the coming hour out of his life.

Since his return to England, a few days before, the memory of this approaching assignation had persistently occurred to him. As a man of honor he knew he dare not shirk it. And yet, how painful to be forced to see Sylvia, to look into those innocent, trustful eyes—and confess how he had changed, and to tell her boldly that their meeting had proved but an incident, of no moment in the ordering of his life.

He must undeceive her as tenderly as possible, speak of Eleanor regretfully, at least not let Sylvia guess how entirely happy their union was, or that she, Sylvia, had long ceased to be aught but a pretty, sentimental remembrance to him.

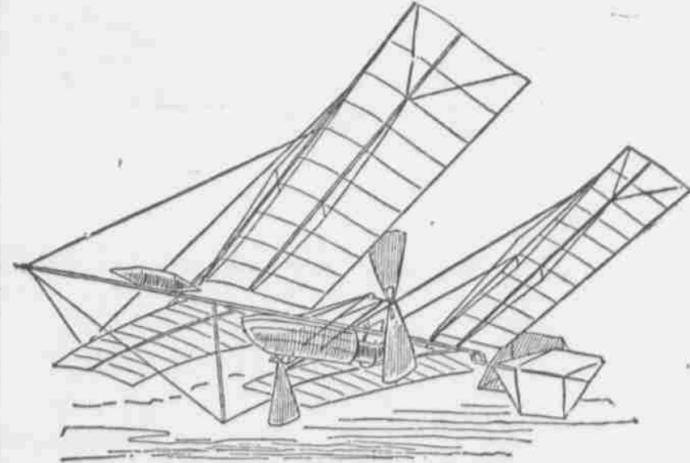
Even as he schooled himself a distant clock struck the hour, and with the first faint chime came the stealthy sound of an opening lock. She was there!

Gently turning the handle he passed through the green door and entered Lady Martingale's garden. Beside the great stone basin of the old fountain stood Sylvia.

Her eyes met his in questioning appeal, and for a moment a mad rush of pity, romance, affection, call it what you will, overcame him, and, springing forward, he caught her hands.

"Sylvia!"
"Yes."
"You had not forgotten?"
"No. And you?"
"I am here."

After the greeting there fell a sense



LANGLEY'S NEW FLYING MACHINE.

of constraint, which Brunton realized was not all of his own making. She was lovely, even more lovely than of yore—taller, too, added something in her expression that was new to him.

"You—you have changed. Are not the same. Of course you look older and bronzed. I don't mean that. But there is something else—your manner—"

"Sylvia," he began, breathlessly, "three years is a long time—"

"Oh, yes; is it not?" she interposed, eagerly.

"And, you know, one's circumstances alter—new people intervene."
"Yes, yes; so they do."

Her unexpected quiescence was disconcerting, but he doggedly stumbled on.

"And, Sylvia, I wish to tell you—I know it seems mean and cruel—but last year I met Eleanor, and—"

"Flash!" whispered Sylvia, suddenly raising her hand and turning in an attitude of listening expectancy toward the lighted windows of the house visible across the expanse of lawn.

As they paused, mute, from an open casemate came a feeble cry—vague, plaintive, sending its message into the night.

Sylvia's eyes sought Brunton's—his wondering, hers lambent with maternal ecstasy.

"My baby," she said.—Chicago Journal.

IT FLIES AND FIGHTS.

Prof. Langley's Combined Airship and Dynamite Thrower.

If current reports from Washington are true Professor S. P. Langley has invented a real flying machine and the most powerful engine of war known to civilized man. So mighty is the power of the little forty-seven-pound engine of the flying machine which he has originated that no model army could withstand it. A fleet of ironclads could be destroyed by it in fifteen minutes. Coast defenses would be broken up like rail fences before a tornado if once the aerodrome passed over them and dropped bombs into their midst. At least this is what Professor Langley's friends assert.

For three years past Professor Langley has devoted himself to the problem of aerial navigation. He claims to have solved it at last and to have built a machine which will render American armies invincible by means of bombs thrown from his airship. He calls it the aerodrome. This machine will be not less valuable in peace than in war. A man can settle himself to sleep in the car of one of these flying machines in the evening at Chicago, and wake up to find himself in New York by morning. Air travel will be more safe than transportation by land. The aerodrome can dart upon a sinking ship and snatch its passengers from peril. The airship, it is claimed, is as completely under control of its pilot as a locomotive is under the guidance of an engineer.

The aerodrome which Professor Langley has constructed and tested cost \$17,000. This sum included the cost of numerous experiments. The machine can probably be duplicated for less than \$10,000. Professor Langley says his perfected aerodrome is the result of between twenty-five and thirty unsuccessful experiments with various engines and motors. His work has been carried on in the East with the utmost secrecy. The professor was convinced that an airship could be constructed which would fly by its own power. The problem was to invent a machine that could depend upon its momentum for support and at the same time furnish considerable carrying capacity above that required to sustain itself. After ten months of effort a flying machine was actually launched in 1897. In the first experiment it worked well. Subsequent trials showed that it was not and could not in that shape be put under perfect control.

The aerodrome resembles a metal whale propelled by the wings of an albatross. It is built largely of aluminum, and the body, or car, is about 25 feet long, 6 feet wide, and 8 feet high. Liquefied air is the substance which gives life to its body and its wings.

The aerodrome Professor Langley has constructed can carry five or six people with ease, and it is only a matter of building a sufficiently large one to sustain any given weight. On en-

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

will aid the cook as no other agent will to make

- The dainty cake,
- The white and flaky tea biscuit,
- The sweet and tender hot griddle cake,
- The light and delicate crust,
- The finely flavored waffle and muffin,
- The crisp and delicious doughnut,
- The white, sweet, nutritious bread and roll,—
- Delightful to the taste and always wholesome.

Royal Baking Powder is made from PURE GRAPE CREAM OF TARTAR and is absolutely free from lime, alum and ammonia.

There are many imitation baking powders, made from alum, mostly sold cheap. Avoid them, as they make the food unwholesome.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Wanted Something Better.
"Is there any place in this town where they telegraph without wires?" he asked of the policeman on the corner.
"That discovery is too new and we haven't got it yet," replied the officer.
"What's the matter with the old way?"
"No good. I've kept five or six wires red hot for half a day trying to get my brother-in-law to send me money to get home on, but I can't even raise him."—Philadelphia Press.

ROBERT DOWNING

Tells the Secret of His Great Endurance.



Robert Downing, the Tragedian.

Robert Downing was recently interviewed by the press on the subject of his splendid health. Mr. Downing promptly and emphatically gave the whole credit of his splendid physical condition to Pe-ru-na, saying:

"I find it a preventive against all sudden summer ills that swoop upon one in changing climates and water."

"It is the finest traveling companion and safeguard against malarial influences."

"To sum it up, Pe-ru-na has done me more good than any tonic I have ever taken."

Healthy mucous membranes protect the body against the heat of summer and the cold of winter. Pe-ru-na is sure to bring health to the mucous membranes of the whole body.

Write for a copy of Dr. Hartman's latest book entitled "Summer Catarrh." Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O.

Remember that cholera morbus, cholera infantum, summer complaint, bilious colic, diarrhoea and dysentery are each and all catarrh of the bowels. Catarrh is the only correct name for these affections. Pe-ru-na is an absolute specific for these ailments, which are so common in summer. Dr. Hartman, in a practice of over forty years, never lost a single case of cholera infantum, dysentery, diarrhoea, or cholera morbus, and his only remedy was Pe-ru-na. Those desiring further particulars should send for a free copy of "Summer Catarrh." Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O.

No Tobacco for Norwegian Boys.
A law was recently passed in Norway prohibiting the sale of tobacco any boy under 16 years of age with a signed order from an adult relative employer. Even tourists who sell cigarettes to boys render themselves liable to prosecution. The police are instructed to confiscate the pipes, cigars and cigarettes of lads who smoke in public streets. A fine for the offense also imposed which may be between 50 cents and \$25.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

PORTLAND-CHICAGO SPECIAL

A Gilt-Edged Train Put on by O. R. & N.—All Modern Equipments, and All Through Without Change.

Buffet-library cars of the line build have been placed in service on the O. R. & N. fast mail trains. The library car embraces a spacious reading saloon, furnished with easy chairs, writing desks, a well-selected list of standard and popular books, guide books and current periodicals, a well-stocked buffet, a barber shop and a apartment for baggage.

The Oregon Short Line have also inaugurated a modern dining-car service giving uninterrupted dining-car service via the O. R. & N. and its connections to and from the East. New dining cars of the latest pattern and new baggage and mail cars are to be added to the present through service of Pullman palace and Pullman tourist sleepers, which have recently been placed in service and just out of the builders' hands. The entire train will be vestibuled, making East and West bound trains equal if not superior to many of the widely advertised limited trains in the East.

Schilling's Best

money-back tea and baking powder at

Your Grocer's

Nothing, perhaps, is so little as olives freshly picked, yet after the turn purple and black, long soon to devour them.

HOIT'S SCHOOL.

Menlo Park, San Mateo Co., Cal., accredited at the Universities. Location, climate and careful attention to Mental, Moral and Physical training, places Hoit's among the foremost Schools for Boys on the Coast.—S. F. Chronicle. Will re-open in the new building August 15th, (8th year) Ira G. Hoit, Ph. D., Principal.

A Waldoboro (Me.) bachelor, who was watching beside the couch of his father last winter, made three quilts as were ever produced at an old-fashioned quilting bee.

A St. Louis woman, after searching for six months for her husband, found his body in an embalmer's office, where it was doing service as an exhibit. The man had been accidentally drowned.