



CHAPTER VI.

The last stroke of eight dies out from the old clock in the hall as Seaton Dysart enters the drawing room. The extreme dinginess and gloom of that melancholy apartment sinks into him as he moves rather disconcertedly, but with a man's unflinching instinct, toward the hearth-rug. It is not all gloom, however, as he presently discovers, in this dreary place. Some one rises languidly from a low chair—a girl, a lovely girl, as he instantly admits—and advances about the eighth part of an ordinary foot toward him. They are wonderfully alike, the father and son, and yet how wonderfully unlike. It seems impossible that with expressions so utterly at variance so strong a resemblance can exist, yet it is there. The one, the old face, mean, cringing, suspicious, wicked; the other, cold, honorable, earnest and beautiful. The girl, watching him with distrust in her eyes, reluctantly acknowledged this last fact. "I'm extremely sorry if I've kept you waiting for dinner," she says, advancing at a quicker pace, once he sees the pretty girl in white, and holding out his hand. "But the fact is I was dreadfully tired when I arrived, and I'm rather afraid I fell asleep." "The day is warm," says she, coldly. The likeness to his father seems clearer to her as he speaks, and kills for her all the charm of his face. "Very; but I don't fancy my absurd fit of laziness arose from that. Rather from the fact that I haven't had a wink of sleep for the last two nights." "Two nights?" says she with a faint accession of interest. "Toothache? Sick friend?" "Oh, no. Ball-cards," returns he, concisely. "Ah!" says she, this time rather shortly. "You are Griselda, I suppose?" says he, pleasantly. "Why should you suppose it?" asks she, with a faint smile. "True. Why should I?" returns he, laughing. "Perhaps because," with a steady look at her, "I have been told that my cousin Griselda is a person possessed of a considerable amount of—of character."

"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." "If she had fancied that this announcement would have put him out, she is undecieved in a moment. "No?" says he, looking distinctly amused. "There is comfort in the thought that I cannot again fall into error, because you must be Vera." "Yes, I am Vera," slowly. "I fear you will find it very dull down here." "Your father has been very good to us more than kind," interrupts she, gently, but with decision. "He has given us a home." "I should think he would be very glad to get 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 Seaton and gives him her hand and a frank smile, that has just the correct amount of coquettish shyness in it. A man, to Griselda, no matter out of what obnoxious tribe he may have sprung, is always a creature to be gently treated, smiled upon and encouraged. "So you've come at last to this Castle of Despair," says she, saucily. "I must say, you look time to look us up. But I don't blame your life down here is too lively for most. It has quite done up Vera and me." "The dismal sound of a cracked old dinner gong breaks in at this instant on Griselda's speech. They all rise and cross the hall to the dining room, but just inside it a momentary hesitation takes place. Dysart going to the foot of the table, Vera stops short, as if in some surprise, to look at him, question in her eyes. "You will take the head of the table, I hope," says he, in a low tone, divining her perplexity. "But—" quickly, and then a pause. "If you wish it, of course," she says, with a swift spitting of the brows and an almost imperceptible shrug. Her manner somehow irritates him. "I wish it, certainly," says he, coldly. "But I wish still more to see you do only that which you like." "I have few likes and dislikes," replies she, still in that utterly emotionless tone; and sweeping past him, she seats herself at the head of the table. As for Griselda, the little jar in the social atmosphere around her goes by unnoticed, so overcome is she by the unworldly magnificence of the sight before her, a decent dinner table at Griselda's. She looks round her and loses herself a little in the touch of fairyland the room presents. It is, as it were, an echo from the past, a glimpse into the old life when her father still lived, that she hardly knew was dear to her until she had lost it. The glitter of the silver, the glass, the intense perfume of the glowing flowers, the rich tint of the fruits, all seem part of a dream; a sweet one, too. Mr. Dysart is wondering why both girls should have taken so instantaneous a dislike to him. As a rule, women were civil enough; yet here were two to whom he was an utter stranger, and aggressive was the only word he could apply to their looks and words, though both were studiously polite. "Do you stay long?" asks Griselda presently, looking at her cousin. "I don't know how you may view it, I return to town 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,

"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, nay, warmly. His humor is decidedly hostile, and if he acquiesces in the old father of their ineluctability—Anything to propitiate him, she tells herself, will be the correct thing, and she grows positively friendly toward him, and beams upon him with gentle entreaty in her eye. "If you must go, do us one service first," she says. "Do you see that rose?"—a rather unkept and straggling specimen of its kind that trails in unadorned disorder just outside the door. "It has baffled me many a time, but you are tall, oh, taller than most; will you lift these awkward tendrils, and press them back into shape?" She is smiling divinely at him, a smile that Tom Peyton would have given several years of his life to possess; but Dysart is disgracefully unmoved by it, and, refusing to return it, steps outside, and, with a decidedly unwilling air, proceeds to lift the drooping tendrils and reduce them to order. Griselda, naturally a girl of great resource, seizes the opportunity she has herself provided. Catching Vera's arm, she draws her back out of sight. "Now's your time!" she says. "Say something. Do something. It doesn't matter what, but for heaven's sake smooth him down one way or another! If you don't you'll have the old man down upon us like—" "I can't," gasps 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 Dysart's work. Dysart returns to the summer house with all the manner of one in mad haste to be gone. It is merely a part of an unpleasant whole, he tells himself, that he must first say a chillingly courteous word or two of farewell to the girl who has openly declared toward him such an undying animosity. "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." "You are right. That is why I am going," replies Dysart, calmly. "Yes!" in a chilling tone, and with faintly lifted brows. "I regret exceedingly that I should have so unfortunately offended you, but to go for that—all sounds a little trivial, don't you think?" "Not by a long way, I think. I don't see how I can do otherwise. Why should I make you uncomfortable? But you may call it trivial if you like, to talk of detesting a man you have only seen for an hour or two, and who in those hours—" He pauses. "Did I make myself so specially objectionable?" demands he, abruptly, turning to her with something that is surely anger, but as surely entreaty, in his eyes. "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 would not have you believe anything," returns she, haughtily. "I only think it a pity that you should curtail your visit to your father because a chance remark of mine that cannot possibly affect you in any way." "Can that otherwise look at it?" "Is there any other way? Why should you care whether or not I detest you—I, whom you saw for the first time yesterday?" "Why, indeed?" He regards her absently, as if trying to work out in his own mind the answer to this question, and then, suddenly: "Nevertheless, I do care," he says, with a touch of vehemence. "It is the injustice of it to which I object. You had evidently determined beforehand to show me no grace. I defy you to deny it! Come, can you?" Miss Dysart is silent. The very impetuosity of his accusation has deadened her power to reply, and besides, is there not truth in it? Had she not prejudged? "By the bye," he says, "I am afraid you will have to put up with me for a few hours every week. I shall promise to make them as short as I possibly can. But my father likes to see me every seven days or so, and I like to see him. Do you think," a slight smile crossing his face, "you will be able to live through it?" "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?" And it was thus that they parted. (To be continued.)

Not to Be Belked. A comparison made by an old carpenter twenty years ago may be applied in a much wider sense than he had in mind. He was speaking of two boys, brothers, who had been sent to him to learn the trade. They were bright boys, and their father, in telling the carpenter of his pleasure at their progress in their work, said he could not see but one hand had done just as well as the other. "Um-m!" said the carpenter. "I presume to say their work looks about of a piece, but I'll tell you the difference between the two boys. You give Ed just the right tools, and he'll do a real good job; but Cy, if he hasn't got what he needs, he'll make his own tools, and say nothing about it." "If I was casted on a desert island and wanted a box opened, I should know there'd be no use asking Ed to do it, without I could point him out a hammer." "But Cy!" added the old carpenter, with a snap of his fingers. "The lack of a hammer wouldn't stump that boy! He'd have something rigged up and that box opened, if there was any open to it! I expect Cy's going to march ahead of Ed all his life." Twenty years have proved the truth of the words, for while the boy who "made his own tools" is rich, his brother is still an ordinary workman.

REVENGE OF LOVERS. RIDICULOUS ESCAPADES OF REJECTED YOUNG MEN. Foolish Freaks of Youths in Old England—One Disappointed Suitor Went to the Expense of "Burying" His Ex-Fiancee's Affections. Whether the jilted lover feels that he has been made to look so very foolish that it really does not matter how much more foolish he shows himself to be, it is impossible to say; but the fact remains that when he attempts "to get his own back," to use a vulgar phrase, he generally descends to a degree of ridiculousness difficult to exceed. Some of his foolish freaks are recounted by Tit-Bits. One saluted youth recently started and annoyed his erstwhile sweetheart and got himself into trouble with the law by chartering a small, but murderously included brass band to play the "Dead March" in "Saul" under the lady's window. This individual is not alone in the glory of his ridiculousness; indeed he was only modestly following in the footsteps of another young man who had been similarly rejected. The latter young man took revenge upon his rejecter by giving her "constancy" a stately funeral, very much to the amusement of the good folks residing in his town. He caused a death notice to be inserted in the proper columns of all the local newspapers announcing that the love and constancy of the young lady had succumbed to an attack of another young man on a certain date. Then he actually went to the expense of "burying" his ex-fiancee's affections. At noon one day a band of some eight or ten instruments drew up in front of the young lady's house, and was promptly followed by a closed hearse and a single coach. Alighting quickly from the coach the young man of misapplied originality ran quickly up the steps of the lady's house, and immediately returned, pretending to bear some heavy object reverentially on the palms of his hands. This imaginary something was run into the hearse and with funeral cortège started to wend its way slowly through the streets towards the cemetery, led by the band playing the "Dead March," and with the addle-headed young man as sole mourner. Needless to say, the procession caused a good deal of sensation in the town, and by the time it had walked around the boundary wall of the cemetery it was the chief topic of local chatter, and every one knew what was the meaning of it. A few days later there was very nearly a genuine funeral, for the young lady's new lover met the old lover in the street, with a decided advantage in favor of the former. A black eye and a badly swollen mouth, to say nothing of a bump on the back of his head, caused by contact with the curb, must have impressed the young man that he had gone to the expense of a funeral for nothing. A provincial tradesman may be said to owe the flourishing condition of his business to having been jilted by his heart's choice, and taking revenge in a manner which made him the talk of his town, not a large one, by the way. After an engagement lasting the better part of two years the young woman jilted her lover for a handsomer and more prosperous tradesman from a neighboring town. Hardly were the words of rejection cold on her lips than he set to the work of taking satisfaction for the affront. He shut up his shop and announced his death as having taken place on account of Miss —'s heartless conduct to him. He had cards printed repeating the sad announcement, and these he sent round to all the young woman's friends and his customers, and he advertised in the local paper that his funeral would take place on a certain date. On the day appointed, however, he placarded his shop with a highly colored notice to the effect that "the cause of all his troubles" had proved to be unworthy to die for, and that he had consequently decided to live and "resume his business on Monday next." By this time, of course, the affair was known to the whole town, and when the shop opened on the all-important Monday there was a crowd of customers waiting. WASTE COAL ON RAILROADS. It Is a Big Problem for the Transportation Companies. Excepting wages paid to locomotive men, the largest single expense in the operation of the Wisconsin Central railway is for locomotive fuel, which costs the company half a million dollars yearly. In other words, the company pays \$500,000 a year for the heat to make the steam to run its locomotives. This fact, among others, has led the company to issue a set of special instructions to engineers and firemen on economy in fuel. The action is a forerunner of similar proceedings by other Chicago roads. The question of fuel—quantity, character and use—is becoming a most serious one with all railroads. It never was a trivial question. Even in the days of wastefulness when wood was consumed, the master mechanics had much to trouble them. But the subject has become in more than a joking sense a "burning" question and radical reforms are now in progress on Western roads. A fireman is now warned that he can do nothing that will so effectually make steam, save coal and lighten his labor as to keep his bed of fire in such condition that the air has always easy access through it to the fresh coal he puts on the fire. About 300 cubic feet of air must pass through the engine fire to give the best results from the burning of each pound of coal put upon it. Shovels such as locomotives are generally provided with hold, when ordi-

narly full, fourteen pounds of coal. When an engine is in need of a "fire," sometimes four shovelfuls will be scattered over the surface of the fire. Four shovelfuls of coal weigh fifty-six pounds, and this quantity placed on the fire lasts about three minutes when the engine is in action. In order to properly consume this amount of coal 16,000 cubic feet of air, or eight box cars full, must pass through the fire in three minutes to burn the coal so that it will produce the greatest amount of heat. The old theory of engine firing presumed that the fireman had a great deal of time to sit upon his cab seat, let a silk handkerchief flutter from his throat and wink at every pretty farmer's daughter he saw. This is the new rule: "It is doubtful if climbing upon the seatbox for a short sitting after each 'fire' is really as restful as some firemen imagine. Evidently a man does a great deal of extra work when, in climbing up and down off the seatbox, he lifts and lowers his body two or three feet 200 or 300 times a day." The "popping" of an engine, a sound extremely offensive to people when the machine is in a city, is the blowing off of surplus steam through the safety valve. The sound generally indicates that a poor engineer and an incompetent fireman are in charge of the engine. It has been found that the waste of steam usually when an engine "pops" or blows off surplus steam is equal to the loss of about eight pounds of coal—half a shovelful, or at the rate of a shovelful a minute. Safety valves usually remain open about half a minute, when they are raised by surplus pressure, and the loss of heat in the escaping steam equals every second that derived from the burning a quarter of a pound of coal. In a little book issued by the Wisconsin Central to its firemen and engine men engineers are particularly instructed as to the cause of boiler explosions. Both wrought iron and steel boiler plates rapidly weaken when heated hotter than about 400 degrees. This is the temperature of steam at 225 pounds pressure. It is known that there is no weakening of the strength of the boiler plates at this temperature; the weakening begins after the sheet is heated over 400 degrees. When 1,000 degrees but the strength is reduced 80 per cent, or four-fifths. Water covering completely the heating surface of a boiler prevents overheating, says the Black Diamond. But with a hot fire and a bare crown sheet probably ten or twenty seconds would give time to heat the metal to a temperature at which its strength would be weakened enough to give way beneath the heavy pressure upon it, for with 150 pounds working pressure there is over ten tons of pressure on each square foot of the crown sheet. Most explosions occur this way. LEVELING TENDENCIES. Members of the English Aristocracy Have Gone into Trade. Americans cannot lay claim to being the only people who now take the sensible view that no man is degraded by engaging in a lawful business. England is coming round to the same way of thinking. It is the aristocrats now who serve many of the retail buyers with groceries, vegetables, coal and other necessities of life. Lord Hampton is said to supply the best cream cheese, and his curds, filled with all the fresh dairy produce of his farm in Sussex, go daily on their West End routes. Lord Londonderry will deliver half a ton of coal with promptness. A grandson of William IV. prefers a more retiring method of meeting the demands of his customers. Through the medium of the post he sends out his packets of tea all over the country. Among the smaller shop-owners who belong to the old aristocratic families of England is Lord Harrington, who opened a shop a few years ago on his London property, that he might sell fruit and vegetables grown at Elvaston Castle. The late Lord Winchelsea was the pioneer of the fresh vegetable crusade which started the shop in Long-acre, where all kinds of British farm produce may be bought at the lowest prices. Lord Portsmouth has gone into the mineral water trade, a bottling establishment for which he has started. The restaurant business seems in high favor. Mr. Algy Burke was one of the first of the "upper ten" to put his energies into the management of a restaurant. He succeeded in making fashionable the restaurant known as Willis' Rooms. Two other young men of gentle birth have gone into the hotel business. These are the half-brother of Lord Trevor and Mr. Mostyn, of the family of Lord Vaux of Harrowden. They have opened a hotel at a new watering-place. Although the interest in millinery shops owned and managed by society women has somewhat abated, this field of trade has found new workers. A man well known in society is the latest milliner. He has taken a shop in Bond street, a short distance from one over the door of which is painted "The Countess of Warwick," and under the name of Camille he successfully carries on his business.—Youth's Companion. Number of Ill Days. Between 21 and 30 a man is ill five and a half days a year on an average, and between 30 and 40 seven days. In the next ten years he loses eleven days annually, and between 50 and 60 twenty days.—New York Herald. Nine people out of ten, when they cannot think of anything else for a Christmas present, buy two handkerchiefs. Ever notice how, in winter, you become sick for a brass band?

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 you 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 need 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 freed 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 10 years, and who is well known throughout the state. Mrs. Cotter, who lives at No. 42 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, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of the grip, of fevers and of other acute diseases, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions 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? Dagg—You bet I'm not; my landlord said if I closed up the house and went away he would charge me rent just the same, so I'm going to stay at home to get even with him.—Ohio State Journal. ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. Must Bear Signature of Aunt Food. See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below. Very small and as easy to take as sugar. FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION. Price 25 Cents. GENUINE MUST BEAR SIGNATURE. D. M. Ferry & Co. Detroit, Mich. CURE SICK HEADACHE. FERRY'S SEEDS. Ferry's Seeds make good crops, good crops make more customers—so each year the crops and customers have grown greater. That's the secret of the Ferry name. More Ferry's Seeds sold and sown than any other kind. Sold by all dealers. 100 Seed Annual FREE. D. M. Ferry & Co. Detroit, Mich. JOHN POOLE, Portland, Oregon, Foot of Morrison Street. Can give you the best bargains in Rugges, Pumps, Boilers and Engines, Win-mills and Pumps and General Machinery. See us before buying.