

CHAPTER X.

neavens; now it is at its run. A signal atticuity has stars keep company with it, the hush of scious, too, sleeping nature pays homage to it. Sol-emnly, slowly, from the old beltry tower the twelve strokes of midnight have turns away

ounded on the air. Vera, rising cautionsly from beside Gri-Vera, rising cannonsy runna second vera selda, who is, as usual, sleeping the sleep of the just, slips gently on to the bare white across which the moonbeams are traveling delicately. Sleep has deserted her. Weary at last of her efforts to hose herself and her hate-bal chemistry in monopologramess, she de-

ful thoughts in unconsciousness, she determines to rise and try what study may do for her. She steps lightly across the room, opens the door and speeds with all room, opens the door and speeds that haste over the corridor, gaunt and ghost-ly in the dim light, down the grand old staircase, and enters a room on the left of the library, where one day she made the discovery that comfort was to be found

Striking a match, she lights a lamp upon a side table and proceeds to examine the book shelves. Taking down one that she thinks will please her. Vera kneels upon one of the deep window seats, looks outward, trying to pierce the soft and scented gloom. The opening of the door rouses her. It

is quite an hour later-an hour forgotten by her as she read. With a sudden start she looks up, turning her face over her shoulder to the door, to see who can be Her coming in at this unholy hour. heart grows cold within her as she sees Seaton Dysart!

In silence they stare at each other. Vera, indeed, so great is her astonish-ment, forgets to rise, but sits there curled up among her furs, with a little frozen look of fear and detestation on her perfect face.

"I have disturbed you," says Seaton at last, breaking the spell, and speaking in a distinctly unnatural tone.

"I did hope I should have found pri-vacy somewhere, at some hour," says she, coldly.

"I came for a book," says he, contrite ly. "Now that I am here, will you per-mit me to say a few words in my own defense?

"Oh, defense!" says she, with undisguised scorn.

"Certainly. I would prove to you how entirely you have wronged me," says he, firmly. "I acknowledge that once my firmly. father expressed a wish that I should marry you," coloring darkly, "always provided you were willing to accept me: and I"-slowly-"acceded to that wish." "But why, why?" demands she, flash-ing round at him.

"I do not wonder at your question. It recems impossible there should be a rea-son," replies he, coldly; "for ever since the first hour we met you have treated me with uniform unfriendliness, I had

almost said discourtesy." "There is a reason, nevertheless," says she, hotly. She has come a step or two mearer to him, and her large, lustrous gyes, uplifted, seem to look defiance into his. "Your reason I can fathom-but your father's-that, I confess, puzzles me. Why should he, whose god is money, 

"Defrauded?" interrupts Seaton, with Frown

He will not go back from that, though her scorn slay him. "There is nothing dishonorable," he says, steadily, "I love you; I am glid you know it. Despise me if you can, re-ject me as I know you will, I am still the concentrated tone. She can see that his face is very white, and that it is with Long since the moon has mounted the heavens; now it is at its full. A myriad difficulty he restrains himself; she is a scious, too, perhaps, of feeling a little better for the thought that I have laid bare to you all my heart, And now-you cannot stay here," he goes on quick-ly, as though fearing to wait for her next

Then he puts her quickly from him and turns away. "Pshaw, you are not worth it!" he says, his manner full of the most intense

self-contempt.

## CHAPTER XI.

A gleam of moonlight coming through the open window puts the ismp to shame, and compels Vera's attention. How sweet, how heavenly fair the gar-den seems, wrapped in those palo, cold the seems, wrapped in those pair, could beams! She can see it from where she sits on the deep, cushioned seat of the ohl-fashioned window, and a longing to rise and go into it, to feel the tender night-wind beating on her burning fore-head, takes possession of her. Catching up a light shawl to cover the

vening gown she wears, she steals, care fully as might a guilty soul, by Griselda's bed, along the dusky corridor, down the staircase, and past the servants' quar-ters, where a light under Mrs. Grunch's or warns her that that remorseless for has as yet refused to surrender herself

A small door leading into the gardet close to this, and moving swiftly up the narrow stone passage that brings her it she opens the door, and so closing it after her that she can regain the house at any moment, she turns to find herself alone in the exquisite perfumed silence

of the night. How long she thus gives herself up to the sweet new enjoyment of life she hardly knows until she hears the ancient elfry clock telling the midnight hour.

It startles her. Has she indeed been here so long? What if Griselda should wake and be alarmed for her? She moves quickly in the direction of the house, and at last, regaining the lnner garden, begins to think her pleasant sojourn at an end.

She has neared the shrubberies and involuntarily turns her glance their way as they lie upon her left; involuntarily, too. she seeks to pierce the darkness that envelops them, when she stops, and presses her hand convulsively to her breast. Who is it-what is it, moving there, in the mysterious gloom?

"Don't be frightened. It is I, Seaton,' says a most unwelcome voice.

"Ah!" she says. She is angry beyond doubt, and still further angered by the knowledge that there is more of relief than coldness in the simple exclamation.

"I had no idea you were here at all," she says, faintly, after a pause that has grown sufficiently long to be awkward. "I am afraid I have startled you. If I had known I should not, of course, have come here?

"You make it very hard for me," she says, with a touch of passionate impa-

"That is unjust," says he, roused in "To make your life easier is my turn. beart's desire,"

"Are you succeeding, do you think? Does it," with gathering scorn, "make my part smoother, when you compel me to see that you stay away, or only come here at hours inconvenient to you, be-cause-because of me?"

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.



T HE observance of the birthday anniversary of George Washington has be-come more a national tribute to the spirit of patriotism than a memorial to a personality. The name of Washington is linked indiscolubly with the revolution out of which spring the republic of the United States, but the union of the man and the event is so close that they are practically interchangeable in the thought of the present time and will become more so as the years coll on. The character of Washington happily lends itself readily to this phase of

Idealization. There were no peaks of pre-eminent genius in his equipt man and conversely no vales of insignificance, and this admirable and unique equipoise of power and attaiament qualified him for the conspicuous place he occupies in the hearts of the American people. The scrutiny of careful historiana into the details of his life and the conclusions of students of his character have been unable to frame a more comprehensive or exact expression of the sum of his individuality than that contained in the familiar lines-

First in War, First in Peace,

First in the hearts of his countrymen.

These words have become so common because of frequent, and often flippant. utterance, that their deep significance has become blunted by their adapted applications. Washington was first in war, and in a war that won the freedom of this nation, because he achieved the distinction through a demonstration of exceptional courage, fortitude and persistence. He was proof against obstacles, defeats, the heaviest blows of his adversaries, the disrupting plots of his jealous enemies at home, the strongest combinations of opposing factors of every kind, because he kept before him always the inestimable prize of a nation's liberty which ultimate victory would achieve. He was first in peace because his unconquera-ble spirit in war was no less conspicuous than the wisdom and prudence of his counsel in matters of state, and because he commented the trust of his fellow-men which he had won on the field of battle by a display of rare statesmanship when pence settled over the land. He was first in the hearts of his countrymen and has always been first because of the steriing honesty of his nature in all things, which resisted the most subtle and specious temptations and remained pure and uncorrupted to the end.

There have undoubtedly been many greater generals than Washington and many greater statesmen and men who have won a greater popular following, but there have been few men in history who have developed a more conspicuous harmony of these three distinguishing marks of greatness. The lack of conspicuous superiority in any one trait, however, has given rise during the control to many discussions as to the real grandeur of Washington's individuality. He has been represented as everything from "a rather commonplace man made prominent by the force of circumstances" to "one of the supremely great characters of the world's history." His critics have even gone so far as to ascribe the popular admiration merely to a "conventional acquiescence" in a patriotic fancy. It is well that such a dissimilarity of views has been expressed, because they have re-11.18 sulted in clear-cut comparisons which have supported the extreme measure of praise accorded to Washington.

The solemn, well weighed verdict of the historians has fixed forever the sta-bility and justice of Washington's fame. He is worthy the place of patron saint of the patriotism of the nation,

minster has discovered, are quite un- FROM WASHINGTON'S GARMENT. the United States, and also at his wed- Pale People are also a specific for ding. The buttons are of unique design,

# THE INSIDE HISTORY

# OF A REMARKABLE CASE NOW FUBLISH ED FOR THE FIRST TIME.

Mrs. Sichols Makes a Statemet, Telling in the Fest of Her Knuwledge the Cause which Led to the Trouble,

The following facts, says the Belfast, Me., Republican Journal, have never before been published. The incident caused much comment at the time and it was thought worth while to make an investigation. With this end in view, a reporter called upon Mrs. Elisa-beth Nichols at her home in Searaport, Me., and obtained the following information. She said .:

"About six years ago my nerves broke down completely and my whole system became a wreck. I suffered dreadfully from indigestion and my eyes were very weak. I had frequent fainting spells. Finally my sight failed me entirely and I had to have my eyes bandaged all the time." "This state of affairs," she contin-

ued, "lasted for a year, when I was forced to go to bed and stay there constantly. I became so weak that I could take only two tablespoonfuls of milk at a time. I could not feed myself and sleep was almost impossible. This lasted another year and I was then in such a state of nervous exhaustion that when my people wanted to make my bed they could move me only a few incluss at a time. I had become exremely thin and was still losing flesh. I had tried nearly all the medicines in the market, but failed to find any that helped me.

But how were you cured?" asked

the interviewer. "I'll tell you. My condition finally became so critical that my family expected me to die any day. Then my husband bought some Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and three days after I began taking them I could eat without assistance, and in a week I could sit up and he dressed. After I had taken five boxes I began to gain flesh. I continued the use of Pink Pills for Pale People until 1 had taken ten boxes and was able to help my family pack up and move to a new After reaching there I took two home. more boxes of the pills and I have been able to work hard and take care of my

family of five people ever since. "It is now four years since I stopped taking medicine and if I ever have to take any more it will be Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Three of my neighbors have taken the pills with good results and I positively consider them the best remedy there is."

The above statement was sworn to oy Mrs. Nichols at the reporter's request before Charles F. Adams, a notary public, at Searsport.

Not only have many cases similar to this been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People but equally wonderful results have been accomplished by them in a large number of diseases arising from thin blood or shattered nerves, two fruitful causes of almost every ill to which flesh is heir. They are a positive cure for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of girp, 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 troubles peculiar to females. In men The buttons are of unique design, and they effect a radical cure in all cases in diameter about the size of a silver arising from worry, over work or ex-Dr. Wilbuttons, and reads as follows: "Leo. sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at dollars and fifty eents, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y. Be sure to get the genuine; substitutes never cured any body.

first impulse is a natural one; it is to run as fast as her feet can carry her to her III003 EW(

COACHMAN KEPT HIS DIGNITY.

Way in a Roundabout Fashion.

He tomed in his own country. They are His Waistcoat Buttons Made Into specialists. Each one of them is hired for some one particular work, and professional etiquette forbids them to trespuss on each other's preserves. How strictly they keep them each to his own work the American did not know till, sauntering idly out of the are the valued possession of Prof. Leo-house one day, he espled a watering nidas Polk Wheat of Virginia, now liv can, which had been left by a gardener ing in Washington. These modest but at a little distance from the mansion greatly cherished relies of Washington on the edge of the drive. It occurred to him that it would be amusing to play at being a gardener. He would water the flowers himself. So, calling to a man servant, who happened to be passing, he hade him fetch the watering can. The man straightened himself up and touched his cap.

preconceived funcies. It must have slip ped from her when she rose. Regard-ing it more earnestly, she acknowledges ing it note earliestly, she acknowledges unwillingly that it is Seaton's coat, a light gray one. When she was asleep, lost to all knowledge of friend or foe, then he had come and placed that coat

As if stupefied by surprise, Vera stands motionless, her hands lying passively in his. She is aware that he is looking at her, with a new, wild, strange expression

in his eyes, but a horrible sense of being

in his eyes, but a horrible schae of being powerless to resist him numbs all her being. And suddenly, as she etruggles with herself, he bends over her, and without warning lifts her hands and presses warm, fervent kisses on the

Then she is aroused indeed from her

odd lethargy, and by a sharp movement wrenches herself free. "Don't," she cries, faintly; "It is in-sufferable! I cannot bear it! Have you

no sense of honor left?" Her tone caims him, but something

within him revolts against the idea of apology. He loves her-let her know it.

words; "the night is cold and damp," There is the summer house over there,"

pointing in its direction; "go and rest there, till I call you."

Vera hastens to the shelter suggested, and sinking down upon the one seat it

contains, a round rustic chair in the last stage of decay, gives way to the over-

powering fatigue that for the last hour

has been oppressing her. Reinstantly

she does this, and quite unconsciously. Obstinutely determined to fight sleep to

the last, she presently succumbs to that kindly tyrant, and falls into one of the

most delicious slumbers she has ever yet

How long it lasts she never knows, but

when next she opens her eyes with a nervous start, the first flush of rosy dawn

is flooding hill and valley and sea. Some

thing lying at her feet disturbs all her

enjoyed.

small, cold hands.

glance, she seems the very incarnation of all things desirable.

over the short, dewy grass into the shrubberies that form an effectual screen

land, says the Washington Post.

ncross her shoulders. Her eyes are large and languid with sleep broken and unsatisfied, her soft hair lies ruffled on her low, broad brow. She looks timidly, nervously, around her as one expecting anything but good; her whole air is shrinking, and her whole self altogether lovely. To the young man standing in his shirt-sleeves, half hidden among the hurels and looking at her, with admiration gen-erously mixed with melancholy in his

He presses her hand and hurries her

from all observation of those in the gar-den beyond, and so on until they come to the small oaken doorway through which she had passed last night, and which has

(To be continued.)

who is spending the summer in Engseigneur with a troop of dear only knows how many servants. These

incidentally His Employer ! ad His This is one of the many stories that

proved more foe than friend. Once inside the longed-for portal, her

are floating about town concerning a man very well known in the capital, has taken a country house over there for the season, and is living a grand English servants, so their American like the menials to whom he is accus-

"Call it what you will," with an exthat the iniquitous deed that gave to your father what should have been ours was undoubtedly drawn up by my uncle. I have heard all about it a hundred times, Your father hardly denied it to mine when last writing to him. His taking us home to live with him was, I sup-pose, a sort of reparation. To marry me to you, and thus give me back the prop-erty he stole-is that a reparation, too?"

She is as pale as death, and the hands that cling to the back of the chair near her are trembling. But her lips are firm and her eyes flashing. It occurs to Seaton, gazing at her in breathless silence that if she could have exterminated him then and there by a look she would have done it.

"You degrade yourself and me when you talk like that," says Seaton, who is now as pale as she is. "For heaven's sake, try to remember how abominably you misrepresent the whole thing. If my father had a freak of this kind in his head-a desire to see you married to his only son-surely there was no discourtesy. to you contained in such a desire. It was rather-you must see that-a well-meant arrangement on his part. It was more." "He loves me; in wishing to see boldly. you my wife he paid you the highest compliment he could. I defy you to regard it in any other light."

"You plead his cause well-it is your own," says she, tapping the back of the chair with taper, angry fingers. "Why take the trouble? Do you think you cau bring me to view the case in a lenient Hght? Am I likely to forget that youyou aided and abotted your father in trying to force me into this detested mar-#inge?

"Pray put that marriage out of your head," says he, slowly. "You have taken it too seriously. I assure you I would not marry you now if you were as will-ing as you are unwilling. I can hardly put it stronger.

"When my grandfather left this prop-erty to your father," she says, slowly, "he left it purposely unentailed. Your father, then, were you to cross his wishes, could leave you, as I have been left, penniless. To avoid that, you would fall in with any of his views. You would even so far sacrifice yourself as to-mar-ry me!" Oh, the contempt in her tone! 85 11

had. her slightly.

iarply, and walks a pressive gesture of her hand-"undertake at this instant, the growing chill of the on her senses, and a shiver not to be suppressed stirs her whole frame.

"You are cold," he exclaims, coming up to her with a hasty stride. "What madness it is, your being out at this hour! Come, come back to the house She agrees silently to this proposition. and follows him across the grass to the small oaken door that had given her egress-only to find it barred against her! Seaton, having tried it, glances at her in mute dismay.

"Grunch must have fastened it, on her way to bed. The bolt is drawn." says slowly.

"Do you mean that I can't get in?" asks she, as if unable to credit so terrihie an announcement.

"Oh I dare say it can't be so had as that," hastily. "Only," hesitating, as if hardly knowing how to explain, "the front door is of course locked and chain ed, and the servants, with the exception of Grunch, all asleep at the top of the house; a late arrangement of my father's, as the original servants' quarters lie be low. I am afraid, therefore, that if we knocked forever, it would have no effect. However, I can try to do something, but in the meantime you must not stay out here in the cold." "You may feel it cold. I don't," re-

"Not so long as turns she ,perversely. "Not so long as the moonlight lasts, shall I find it lonely either. I." raising her unfriendly, beau-tiful eyes to his-"I assure you I shall be quite happy out here, even though I stay till the day dawns and the doors are open again.

"'Happy!'" As he repeats her word he looks at her with a keen scrutiny, "A word out of place, surely; given the best conditions, I hardly dare to believe you

could ever be 'happy' at Greycourt." "Happy or unhappy," says she, with quick resentment, her mind being dis-tressed by this awkward fear of having

to pass the night from under any roof. "surely it can be nothing to you! Why affect an interest in one who is as hate-ful to you as I am?" A little fire has his failen into her tone, and there is ill-sup-neen pressed contempt in the eyes she lifts to his. Perhaps he is driven by it into an anger that leads to his betrayal.

"Hateful to me! Do you think you are that, Vera?" says he, in a low tone, but

-afterward-it seemed to her that he both her hands in his, and crushes them ad, involuntarily, as it were, shaken re slightly. "How dare you?" he says, in a low.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, in a tone of respect not unmixed with surprise, "I'm the coachman, sir,"

"All right," answered the American; "bring me that can."

"Beg pardon, sir," repeated the man, 'but I'm the coachman, sir.'

"Well, well," said the American. "I know you're the coachman. Bring me the can."

The coachman touched his cap again and repeated his former remark. Light dawned on the American.

"Oh." said he, "you're the coachman, are you? Well, coachman, you go round to the stables and have my four-in-

hand brought round at once." The coachman saluted and walked away. The coach and four drew up at the door a few minutes later. The master elimbed in.

"Now," said he, "drive me to that watering can."

The order was obeyed. The horses paused a hundred yards down the drive.

"Get down and hand me the can, now," ordered the master.

A moment later he was contentedly watering the flowers. He had the cau, the coachman's dignity had been preserved, and all was well.

No Pook of Instructions. Weary Watkins-I see here in the paper about how to git on a trolley car and off.

Hungry Higgins-I bet you won't see no plece about how to git on and off of freight cars. That kind of thing comes by nature, er it don't come at all.-Indianapolis Journal.

#### Coff-Button

A pair of pearl and gold cuff buttons which in the form of walstcoat buttons were owned by George Washington and worn by him upon the occasion of his inauguration as President and also at his marriage to Martha Dandridge are among the few personal belongings of Gen. Washington that have not been



PROF, WHEAT'S VALUED RELICS.

purchased or otherwise obtained by the government.

Prof. Wheat is a member of one of the dest families in Clark County, Virginia, where resides a colony of descendants of the Washington family. The buttons were presented to Prof. Wheat by Henry Lewellyn Dangerfield Lewis, great-great-nephew of Gen, Washington.

Mr. Lewis was Prof. Wheat's closest friend and neighbor from 1878 until the time of the former's death, several years ago, says the New York Heraid. It was when Mr. Lewis was arranging for the transfer to the United States govent of something like \$40,000 worth **ern** no of Washington relics, which had been purchased by a special act of Congress, that Prof. Wheat came into possession of the bottons. During the process of packing Mr. Lewis, with characteristic generosity, invited his neighbor to select rom the collection some souvenir. Prof. Wheat selected two buttons from Wash ington's waistcoat and had them made into cuff buttons.

Prof. Wheat obtained from Mr. Lewis and his wife a written guaranty that the Washington and had been worn by him on several state occasions, notably at his inauguration as the first President of | had to be divided with the French.

half dollar. Evidence of their authen- cesses of whatever nature. ticity is engraved on the reverse side of jiams' Pink Pills for Pale People are the buttons, and reads as follows: "Leo. sold in boxes (never in loose buik) as P. W. from H. L. D. L. Property of fifty cents a box or six boxes for two

## Washington Was Wealthy.

One is not apt in these days to remem-ber that in this early period Washington made himself one of the largest landholders in the country, nor that when he

died he was worth over half a million dollars. Yet we find that he bequeathed to his heirs the following acreage, with values attached:



and other lands not enumerated worth \$6,200. The total value of his estate placed at \$530,000. The 300 acres of Virginia land, which he valued at \$0,666 in 1799, sold in 1859 for \$120,000, one evidence of the changes in values in that country he served so well. Even the marriage of Washington was

consistent with the thrifty habits that marked all his doings. The widow Cus-tis added to his estate \$100,000, besides giving him a helpmeet just as prudent in her financial transactions as was he After the marriage, and their settlement at Mount Vernon, "aine miles from any church" or social habiation, Washington gave himself wholly to tilling of the soil and quiet service in the Virginia Legislature

Had No Personal Ambition.

Throughout Washington's career in the Revolution it will be seen that he had litthe opportunity for personal distinction as a commander. He was an unlucky general; fortune did not seem to smile upon him and he had more defeats than victories. Long Island, White Plains, Brandywine, Germantown-all these vere defeats; some of them disastrons Monmouth was little more than a drawn battle, while to offset these, Trenton and Princeton, while brilliant in conception and execution and great in effect, were so small in the numbers engaged that they amounted to little more than suc-censful skirmishes. And besides they were with Hessians and not with British

# At the Common Frog Pond.

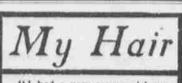
First Boston Boy-It was all your fault that your yacht ran into mine. Second Boston Boy-It was not: I demand an investigation! - Boston Post.

# -Publish Names of Absentees.

At Salta in Argentina a list of boys and girls who have failed to attend Land in Washington worth \$19.132, school is published in the newspapers.

Huge fron Pillar in India.

The largest wrought iron pillar is at Delhi, in India. It is 60 feet high and weighs 17 tons.



"I had a very severe sickness that took off all my hair. I pur-chased a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor and it brought all my hair back scain." back again." W. D. Quinn, Marseilles, Ill.

One thing is certain,-Ayer's Hair Vigor makes the hair grow. This is because it is a hair food. It feeds the hair and the hair grows, that's all there is to it. It stops falling of the hair, too, and always restores color to gray hair.

\$1.00 a bottle. All drugglats,

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest enviress office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

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