



**Worth the Window**  
By The Duchess

CHAPTER X.  
Long since the moon has mounted the heavens; now it is at its full. A myriad stars keep company with it, the hush of sleeping nature pays homage to it. Solemnly, slowly, from the old belfry tower the twelve strokes of midnight have sounded on the air.

Vera, rising cautiously from beside Griselda, 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 lose herself and her hateful 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 haste over the corridor, grant and ghostly 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 upward, 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 coming in at this ungodly hour. Her heart gives cold within her as she sees—Seaton Dysart!

In silence they stare at each other. Vera, indeed, so great is her astonishment, 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 privacy somewhere, at some hour," says she, coldly.

"I came for a book," says he, contritely. "Now that I am here, will you permit me to say a few words in my own defense?"

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

"Certainly. I would prove to you how entirely you have wronged me," says he, firmly. "I acknowledge that once my father expressed a wish that I should marry you," coloring darkly, "always provided you were willing to accept me; and I—slowly—" "accepted that wish."

"But why, why?" demands she, flushing round at him.

"I do not wonder at your question. It seems impossible there should be a reason," 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 nearer to him, and her large, lustrous eyes, 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 goal is money, choose the penniless daughter of the brother he defrauded to be—"

"Defrauded?" interrupts Seaton, with a frown.

"Call it what you will," with an expressive gesture of her hand—"undertake his defense, too; but the fact remains that the iniquitous deed that gave to your father what should have been ours, 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 suppose, a sort of reparation. To marry me to you, and then give me back the property 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," boldly, "He loves me; is wishing to see 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 can bring me to view the case in a lenient light? Am I likely to forget that you—you aided and abetted your father in trying to force me into this detested marriage?"

"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 willing as you are unwilling. I can hardly put it stronger."

"When my grandfather left this property 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—marry me!" Oh, the contempt in her tone!

"There is a long pause. Then Seaton, striding forward, seizes her by both arms and turns her more directly to the light. The grasp of his hands is as a vise, and—afterward—it seemed to her that he had, involuntarily, as it were, shaken her slightly.

"How dare you?" he says, in a low,

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 powerless to resist him numbs all her being. And suddenly, as she struggles with herself, he bends over her, and without warning lifts her hands and presses warm, fervent kisses on the small, cold hands.

Then she is aroused indeed from her odd lethargy, and by a sharp movement wrenches herself free.

"Don't," she cries, faintly; "it is insufferable! I cannot bear it! Have you no sense of honor left?"

Her tone calms him, but something within him revolts against the idea of apology. He loves her—let her know it. He will not go back from that, though her scorn slay him.

"There is nothing dishonorable," he says, steadily. "I love you; I am glad you know it. Despire me if you can, reject me as I know you will, I am still the better for the thought that I have laid bare to you all my heart. And now—you cannot stay here," he goes on quickly, as though fearing to wait for her next 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 overpowering fatigue that for the last hour has been oppressing her. Reluctantly she does this, and quite unconsciously, obstinately 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 enjoyed.

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. Something lying at her feet disturbs all her preconceived fancies. It must have slipped from her when she rose. Regarding it more earnestly, 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 across 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 shivering, and her whole self altogether lovely.

To the young man standing in his shirt-sleeves, half hidden among the laurels and looking at her, with admiration generously mixed with melancholy in his glance, she seems the very incarnation of all things desirable.

He presses her hand and hurries her over the short, dewy grass into the shrubberies that form an effectual screen from all observation of those in the garden beyond, and so on until they come to the small oak door, through which she had passed last night, and which has proved more foe than friend.

Once inside the longed-for portal, her first impulse is a natural one; it is to run as fast as her feet can carry her to her own room.

(To be continued.)

**COACHMAN KEPT HIS DIGNITY.**  
Incidentally His Employer's and His Way in a Roundabout Fashion.

This is one of the many stories that are floating about town concerning a man very well known in the capital, who is spending the summer in England, says the Washington Post. He has taken a country house over there for the season, and is living a grand seigneur with a troop of dear only kings how many servants. These English servants, so their American master has discovered, are quite unlike the menials to whom he is accustomed in his own country. They are specialists. Each one of them is hired for some one particular work, and professional etiquette forbids them to trespass 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 house one day, he espied a watering can, which had been left by a gardener at a little distance from the mansion 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 bade him fetch the watering can. The man straightened himself up and touched his cap.

"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 climbed 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 can, the coachman's dignity had been preserved, and all was well.

No Book of Instructions.  
Weary Watkins—I see here in the paper about how to get on a trolley car and off.

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

**WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.**



THE observance of the birthday anniversary of George Washington has become more a national tribute to the spirit of patriotism than a memorial to a personality. The name of Washington is linked indissolubly with the revolution out of which sprang 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 roll on.

The character of Washington happily lends itself readily to this phase of idealization. There were no peaks of pre-eminence in his equipment as a man and conversely no valleys of insignificance, and this admirable and unique equipoise of power and attainment qualified him for the conspicuous place he occupies in the hearts of the American people. The scrutiny of careful historians 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.

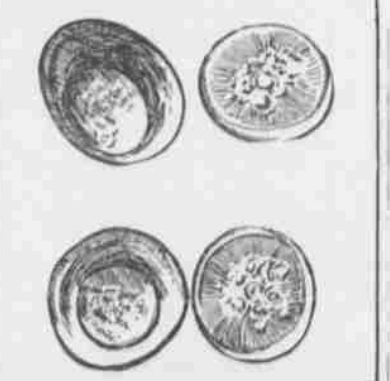
These words have become so common because of frequent, and often flippant, utterance, that their deep significance has become blunted by their adapted applications. Washington was first in war, and in a war that won the freedom of this nation, because he achieved the distinction through a demonstration 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 unconquerable spirit in war was no less conspicuous than the wisdom and prudence of his counsel in matters of state, and because he cemented the trust of his fellow-men which he had won on the field of battle by a display of rare statesmanship when peace settled over the land. He was first in the hearts of his countrymen and has always been first because of the sterling 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 century 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 resulted 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 stability and justice of Washington's fame. He is worthy the place of patron saint of the patriotism of the nation.

**FROM WASHINGTON'S GARMENT.**  
His Waistcoat Buttons Made Into Cuff-Buttons.

A pair of pearl and gold cuff buttons which in the form of waistcoat 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 Custis, are the valued possession of Prof. Leoidas Polk Wheat of Virginia, now living in Washington. These modest but greatly cherished relics of Washington are among the few personal belongings of Gen. Washington that have not been



PROF. WHEAT'S VALUED RELICS.

The United States, and also at his wedding.

The buttons are of unique design, and in diameter about the size of a silver half dollar. Evidence of their authenticity is engraved on the reverse side of the buttons, and reads as follows: "Geo. P. W. from H. L. D. L. Property of George Washington."

**Washington Was Wealthy.**  
One is not apt in these days to remember 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:

Acres.	Worth.	Acres.	Worth.
230	\$ 6,990	400	\$ 20,000
2,481	28,810	9,744	97,440
885	7,990	23,341	239,990
2,226	44,720	1,119	6,328
571	11,420	224	1,400
240	3,000	1,000	6,000
400	3,000	3,051	15,251
1,119	2,984	3,000	19,000

Land in Washington worth \$10,132, and other lands not enumerated worth \$6,200. The total value of his estate was placed at \$590,000. The 300 acres of Virginia land, which he valued at \$6,000 in 1790, sold in 1850 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 Custis added to his estate \$100,000, besides giving him a helpmate just as prudent in her financial transactions as he was he. After the marriage, and their settlement at Mount Vernon, "nine miles from any church" or social habitation, 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 little 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 were defeats; some of them disastrous. Monmouth was little more than a drawn battle, while to offset these, Trenton and execution and great in effect, were so small in the numbers engaged that they amounted to little more than successful skirmishes. And besides they were with Hessians and not with British regulars. Yorktown was, indeed, a great and crowning success, but it was won with superior numbers and the honors had to be divided with the French.

**THE INSIDE HISTORY**

OF A REMARKABLE CASE NOW PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME.

Mrs. Nichols Makes a Statement, Telling in the First of Her Knowledge 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. Elizabeth Nichols at her home in Searsport, Me., and obtained the following information. She said:

"About six years ago my nervous 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 continued, "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 tablespoonsful 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 inches at a time. I had become extremely 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 be dressed. After I had taken five boxes I began to gain flesh. I continued the use of Pink Pills for Pale People until I had taken ten boxes and was able to help my family pick up and move to a new home. After reaching there I took two 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 by 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 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 also a specific for troubles peculiar to females. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from worry, over work or excesses of whatever nature. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at fifty cents a box or six boxes for two dollars and fifty cents, 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.

**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 school is published in the newspapers.

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

**My Hair**

"I had a very severe sickness that took off all my hair. I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor and it brought all my hair back again."  
W. D. Quinn, Marselles, 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 druggists.

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 express-office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.