

## WHO SHALL WEAR THE CORONET.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.  
From People's Home Journal.

### CHAPTER I. [CONTINUED.]

"Oh, he's dead! He'll never speak again!" she cried, as the gardener came hurrying in. "Go to the Elms, John, and bring the girls. Oh! poor papa!"

Half an hour later, and Del and Grace entered the silent chamber, wearing deathlike, awe-stricken faces above their festive robes. The marquis, who had accompanied them, made his way to the head of the couch, where a little, quiet figure knelt.

"What can I do?" he said, bending over her. "My cousin, Mrs. Chadwick, will come in an hour."

"God bless you!" murmured Rose, looking up through streaming tears.

Three months later, the marquis came to Strathway House, to make his farewell call. Del and Grace sat in the grand reception-room, pale and beautiful, in their crape and bombazine. But the marquis made his way out to the old sitting-room, where little Rose was busy sewing.

"I have come to say good-by," he said, sitting down beside her. "I go back to England next week."

The rosy-red cheek paled; but Rose only answered, quietly:

"I am sorry. You will find my sisters in the drawing room."

"I have not come to see your sisters, Rose."

The brown eyes flashed up full of puzzled inquiry. The marquis laughed outright.

"They are magnificent young ladies," he continued, "and I admire them with all my heart; but I love you, little Rose. Shall I tell you a secret? I have loved you ever since that afternoon when I found you fast asleep amid the roses."

Rose looked at him for a moment in utter amazement; then her cheeks flamed with blushes, and down went her face into her dimpled hands.

The marquis raised it very tenderly, smoothing back the tangled, brown tresses.

"I have never known anything," he said, "half so true, and tender, and guileless, as your own sweet self, little Rose; and that is why I want you to be my wife. I am going back to England next week; but when the blue-birds sing again, and the pansies bloom in your garden borders, I shall return—that is, if you will be glad to see me."

"But—but," stammered Rose, "what will Del and Grace say?"

The marquis took this, as he ought, for an acceptance, and laughingly kissed Rose, promising to make it all right with the sisters. And he did; for when the long interview was over, and he had departed, they came rushing out like a whirlwind.

"You deserve it, little Rose," cried Del, half smothering her with kisses. "You're the best girl in the world, and I am glad for your sake."

"And for your own, too, Del," interposed Grace. "You'll give us diamonds, and let us have fit of a London season, Rose?"

The marquis more than kept his promise, for he returned with the very first swelling of the April buds; and then there was a quiet wedding at Strathway House, and a grand reception, and another ball at the Elms.

Del and Grace are still magnificent, and unmarried. They now dress to their heart's content; but it is an selfish, simple-hearted little Rose who wears "the coronet."

THE END.

## THE LATEST WILL.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.  
From People's Home Journal.

### CHAPTER I.

"Marriage is a lottery," Genevieve Harper, "and I, for one, will have none of it."

"My dear, what a very foolish speech," said her sensible, old-maid cousin, picking up her crochet needle from the basket of spicy clove pinks where it had fallen.

"Well, but, Dolly, I can't help it!"

The dark-eyed, imperious little beauty was pacing up and down her boudoir, with both her hands behind her, and the blue black curls pushed in silky confusion back of her ears—one of those odd, bewitching "capriccios" of Dame Nature that it is as impossible to describe as it would be to photograph the glitter of lightning, or the evanescent glow of sunset clouds. She was like a spark of fire, or a glaming diamond, or a tropic humming-bird, winged with flame and crested with jewels—a creature born to love and be loved! And when you heard her demurely and deliberately asserting that she meant to avoid the popular delusion of matrimony, you couldn't have helped smiling at the very absurdity of the thing.

"The fact is," said Genevieve, working herself up into enthusiasm, until the dewy light turned her velvet brown eyes to shady wells of brilliance, and the faint pink roses blossomed in her creamy cheeks—our Genevieve was a brunette of the most decided stamp—"the fact is, I've got a little money—"

"A good deal, I should think," interrupted Miss Dolly Penroyer.

"Well, then, a good deal," went on Genevieve, "and consequently I am tormented to death by a hungry crowd of fortune hunters. I used to believe in human nature—I don't now. I once thought there was here and there a grain of pure metal in the dross of this world, but I am pretty thoroughly awakened from the delusion."

"My dear! my dear!" interposed Miss Dolly, reprovingly, "you are forming altogether too rash judgments."

"I can only judge by experience, and my experience has been that self-interest rules the world, with selfishness, greed and avarice in its train."

"Viva!"

"Perhaps the fault is in me," went on the brunette. "If I had only been born poor! There's my seamstress, poor little thing, was married last week to a master carpenter. He loved her for herself; and there's my maid, Sylvie, engaged to the coachman. Heigho! I've a great mind to become a nun, or catch the small-pox, or turn all my treasury bonds into curl papers. Would you, Dolly?"

"I'd try to be sensible, my dear," said the sage spinster, counting the crimson stitches on her needle, and then deftly looping off as many white ones.

"Four offers have I had this week," resumed Viva, numbering them on the pink tips of her pretty fingers, "and there's not one of them would have looked twice at me if popular rumor hadn't set me down as an heiress. Oh, Dolly, how much happier I used to be before Cousin Dewbury left me this senseless pile of gold! I don't feel a particle thankful for it. I never saw the crabbled old miser, and I didn't care two pins whether he lived or died."

"My dear Viva!"

"Well, no more did I! There's Percival Floyd, with his big eyes, and his languishing manners, and his faultless Frenchy toilette—do you suppose he would have made the sublime offering of his heart and hand to any sum less than a hundred thousand dollars? There was John Le Vert, who cares for nothing on earth but his wines and his fast horses. There was Dick Pomeroy, who spent all his own patrimony long ago, and only wants to bolster himself up with a few of my deeds and mortgages. There is Guy Ferroll—"

"Viva!"

"There is Guy Ferroll, I say," persisted the young lady, nodding her head resolutely, "with his dreamy philosophies and his Utopian theories of perfect human nature, condescending, from the familiar heights of his sublimity, to accept me as a sort of balance to my money-bags, that he may have more leisure to contemplate the problem of existence!"

"Viva, I won't hear you talk so!" cried indignant Miss Penroyer, gathering up her balls of rainbow-colored worsted and preparing to leave the room. "Guy Ferroll is too good, and true, and noble to be criticized thus! You needn't curl up your haughty lip; let me tell you, Viva Harper, you made the greatest mistake of your lifetime when you repulsed that man's love!"

Viva was silent a moment, while across her face passed the peculiar impress of some mental feeling—whether of doubt, remorse, or dissatisfaction. Miss Dolly Penroyer was scarce physiognomist enough to discern.

"Moreover," added Miss Penroyer, "you have no right to forget that he is a distant connection of your own, and that many think he has been wrongfully neglected by the provisions of your Cousin Dewbury's will."

"All the more reason that this soured, disappointed legacy hunter should never become any nearer relation to me," said Viva, with audacious gaiety. "Come, Dolly, you needn't run away on account of my heresies against St. Guy, the Crusader! I'm going out myself—fresh air I must have and exercise. I must have or I shall become demented, in view of all my trials and troubles."

And Viva tripped away, humming an opera canzonette merrily under her breath, while Miss Dolly looked after her with a solemn shake of her stiff little side-curls.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## BUCKS! BUCKS!!

W. D. HUFFMAN will be in Burns again this fall with Grades and Thoroughbred Bucks.

Will sell Grades from \$3.50 to \$6 per head. Thoroughbreds \$6 to \$10.

## A 19th CENTURY MIRACLE.

A Newspaper Man Relates a Marvellous Story.

An Interesting Chapter in His Own Life—Some, We Hope, May Profit by Reading Same.

From the Herald, Columbia, Tenn.

Maury County is one of the richest and biggest and best counties in Tennessee. It would be an exaggeration to say that any one man knew every other man in this county, but it may safely be said that few, if any, can come nearer to it than Mr. Joe M. Foster, whose home is at Carter's Creek, and who is now connected with the Herald. In the interest of the Herald, he has visited nearly every home in the county. Upon "state" occasions—that is, the Herald's annual picnic reunion he is the "Master of Ceremonies." There are few men better known, few better liked, none more trusted, and what he says the Herald, unconditionally and unambiguously, will vouch for.

To see him now in perfect health and energy, one would not think that two and a half years ago he was a bed-ridden invalid, a physical wreck, whose family physician, level ones at home and friends all thought was soon to be called hence. But such is the case, and not only he but his family and a hundred friends will testify to it.

It was a peculiar affliction he had, and his cure was marvellous, his recovery a nineteenth century miracle. And that others may enjoy the blessings of the wonderful medicine which beyond the peradventure of a doubt—under God's blessing—saving his life, Mr. Foster—not desiring publicity but with the hope of doing good—has consented to tell of his sickness and his cure.

It was in the fall of 1892 he was taken ill. He was a farmer then, and had spent the day exposed to the weather and working in the field, and for five hours was in the mud, in a standing position. In a few days thereafter he had a peculiar feeling in his feet and hands; they became numb and felt as if asleep.

But, perhaps, it would be better to let Mr. Foster tell his own experience, and this is what he says:

"Following the numbness of my feet and hands, that numbness spread until my whole body was paralyzed. I had a dreadful constriction around my body, and as I grew weaker it extended up, cutting off my breathing; it finally got within a few inches of my throat and it was with difficulty that I breathed at all. At irregular intervals I had lightning pains throughout my entire body and limbs, and for at least five months I was perfectly helpless, and a man servant was kept in my room day and night to turn me in bed and wait upon me."

"In the earlier part of my illness my feet felt as if I was walking bare-footed on a stiff carpet. Soon I could not walk at all in the dark, and could not even stand alone with my eyes shut. I rapidly grew worse, and soon my limbs refused to carry me. Finally I lost my sense of feeling or touch, and could not tell when my feet were against each other, but felt all the while as if they were being pulled apart."

"In the beginning I had called in my family physician, a very successful practitioner. He put me on a treatment, with instructions to keep very quiet. But I continued to grow worse, and in about six weeks he told me, candidly and honestly, that he had done his best, that he had also advised with some of Columbia's leading physicians, giving them my symptoms, but that he could do nothing for me and it was useless for him to try any further. He and the physicians who had been advised pronounced my disease hopeless, and incurable."

"In talking my friends they could try anything they wished, and then I began trying very soon that was suggested. I tried different kinds of electricity—bath, rods, shocks, magnetism and galvanism, with numberless other medicines, both internally and externally, but all to no effect, until about April 1st, 1894, a cousin, Mr. A. N. Aiken,

of Columbia (who is now clerk and Master of the Chancery Court of this county), recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"I began using them as per directions for locomotor ataxia, and in about one week some of my friends thought I was better; but it was two weeks before the improvement was plain to all and satisfactory to myself. Then, however, I knew the pills were doing their grand and glorious work, and I kept taking them until I could hobble about on crutches."

"It was suggested to me then that nature would do the rest, and I left off the pills. In about ten days I saw that I was going down hill again; I promptly renewed the pills, and again I began to improve. A second time I tried to leave the bottle to a good constitution, but found it still too weak so I commenced on the pills again and kept taking them until I was well."

"I was in my fifty-first year when I was taken sick. It is now about two years since I discarded stick and crutch and found my legs strong enough to carry me. I am enjoying splendid health, weigh more and look better than for years, and attribute my health and my recovery and life to the magic of Pink Pills for Pale People, under the blessing of God."

"I have recommended these pills to a number of people, and many I know have been cured by them. I wish in my heart that every person on earth who is suffering as I was could get them and would try them."

"To those who know me, I hope it is not necessary for me to add that I make this statement of my own free will, without money and without price. But to those who are inclined to doubt, I will refer them to Dr. J. H. Hill, J. M. Hunter, R. D. Lockridge, Joe Terwell, Anderson Nichols, S. B. and G. W. Nichols, all of Carter's Creek, Maury County, Tenn., or if they will call upon me I will give them the names of a hundred witnesses of as good men and women as the sun ever shone upon."

"Hoping some poor sufferer may read and believe and be raised from a bed of pain, I am Very respectfully,

JOE M. FOSTER,

Care of the Herald, Columbia, Tennessee."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are an unfailing remedy for all diseases arising from a poor and watery condition of the blood, such as pale and sallow complexion, general muscular weakness, loss of appetite, depression of spirits, lack of ambition, anemia, chlorosis or green sickness, palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath on slight exertion, coldness of hands or feet, swelling of the feet and limbs, pain in the back, nervous headache, dizziness, loss of memory, feebleness of will, ringing in the ears, early decay, all forms of female weakness, leucorrhoea, tardy or irregular periods, suppression of menses, hysteria, paralysis, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, sciatica, all diseases depending on vitiated humors in the blood, causing scrofula, swollen glands, fever sores, rickets, hip-joint diseases, hunchback, acquired deformities, decayed bones, chronic erysipelas, catarrh, consumption of the bowels and lungs, and also for invigorating the blood and system when broken down by overwork, worry, disease, excesses and indiscretions of living, recovery from acute diseases, such as fevers, etc., loss of vital powers, spermatorrhoea, early decay, premature old age. They act directly on the blood, supplying to the blood its life-giving qualities by assisting it to absorb oxygen, that great supporter of all organic life. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

**Wanted—An Idea** Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO. Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1.00 price offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.