

**HAZEL BLOSSOMS.**

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

From *The People's Home Journal*.

**CHAPTER II.**

Katherine, with a white, set face, the bunch of "yellow blossoms" in her hand, went slowly home.

She still wore that pale, set look when she dressed for the little party the next night.

She wore a heavy, gold-colored silk, with trimmings of rich, black silk and ornaments of gold and jet. The very dress to match the hazel stars waiting upon her bureau. Katherine took them up, held them against her hair and admired the contrast of their tawny yellow amid her dark tresses.

And then she opened her window, flung the faded blossoms far out into the dark, murky night, went back to her mirror, and, with firm fingers, fastened a diamond spray in her black hair and went to face her fate.

When she entered Squire Willis's elegant parlor, Norman was waiting directly beside the door. His swift glance sought her hair, and never will she forget the look which came upon his face.

But he came forward and led her to a seat.

"I see my answer," he said, hoarsely.

Kate bowed. Then her evil genius inspired her, and she spoke with a scornful smile:

"Mr. Willis, in this very room I once heard you utter a defiance of me. I resolved then to conquer you and be revenged, if I broke your heart!"

Norman gave her a strange look.

"Well, you have succeeded, and you will have one man's ruin, soul and body, for this world and the next, to answer for." He turned to leave her, then turned again, and added, almost fiercely, "No, by heaven! A woman who could do what you boast is not worth a man's ruin! But, mark me, Katherine Chester, you lie to your own soul and to me! If a woman ever loved, you do love me! Ah, you know it, and I know it. I knew it when you rested like a tired child upon my breast the other day—I know it now, as I see you quail under my words! If you ever come to your true self, remember that you are mine, that I love you, and that one word, one sigh, will bring me to your side. If you never give it, this parting is forever. Katherine Chester, good by!"

He left her instantly. Katherine leaned heavily against her chair, but she did not cry nor scream—people meeting a great crisis seldom do these things.

She rallied, and was herself for the rest of the evening. But once at home and alone in her own room, she clutched the diamond spray from her hair and crushed it under her feet forever.

Norman Willis went away and Katherine saw him no more. Only after he was gone did she realize the extent of the misery she had brought upon herself, and which, all the while, she bitterly repented.

She knew that a word from her might recall him, but she could not bend her pride enough to speak it. More than a year passed before Norman Willis came to his uncle's again. Katherine met him, recovered a cool bow, and that was all.

He did not call. She saw he meant to keep his word, and, unless she summoned him, he would not come.

There was a long, sharp struggle in that girl's heart between pride and love. But at last she decided.

Once resolved, she patiently waited for an opportunity, and at last it came.

One afternoon she met Norman Willis face to face and alone.

Then she nervred herself. "Mr. Willis, we are old friends. Why do you not call upon me?"

"I am waiting for your permission, Miss Chester," he said, gravely.

"I shall be at home tonight. Will you come then?"

"Indeed I will."

They parted without a word more. Katherine hastened home, and with swift feet sought the woodland where a year ago she had walked with Norman Willis.

The yellow hazel stars shone again in the somber forest, undaunted by "skies that weep and winds that wail." Katherine gathered a rich cluster, hurried home and locked herself in her own chamber.

In due season came Norman Willis, and was shown into the parlor to wait Katherine's appearance.

Very soon she came, simply dressed in a rich, black silk, with a cluster of hazel blossoms in her dusky hair.

Norman Willis rose and returned her greeting courteously. Then his glance fell on the tawny gold of the flowers twined in her tresses.

He caught his breath, and a change, swift and brilliant as lightning came over his beautiful face.

He touched the golden stars with a gentle hand.

"Katherine, is this for me?" he said, softly.

"If you will accept my atonement," she faltered. And then she caught her hand from his clasp, dropped upon the sofa, and laid her face upon its arm like a wounded child.

Presently she felt a stronger arm than her own encircling her, and a tender voice whispered:

"Look up, my Kate! I always knew this hour would come if we both lived! Look up, darling, and let me bear you say at last that you love me!"

And she, all pride and self will subdued, yielded to the gentle hand which raised her face, and no longer withheld the sweet assurance which might have been given to Norman Willis so long ago.

Hours later, when they parted, Norman once more touched the hazel blossoms in her glossy hair.

"Then the old legend is true, love," he said, with a smile. "It was the hazel bloom, if not the stem, which pointed the way to the hidden well-spring."

"Yes, Norman. And once found, its living waters will never fail you," answered Katherine.

And up in her silent chamber she took the cluster of yellow flowers from her hair and laid them tenderly by in a casket, too precious to fling away, as she had thought their sister cluster one short year ago.

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**ST. VITUS' DANCE**

**A Nervous Disease Characterized by Involuntary and Purposeless Spasms.**

**It Occurs Most often in Girls; is Often Hereditary, but Articular Rheumatism and Scarlet Fever Predispose to it.**

From the *Chronicle*, Chicago, Ill.

Notwithstanding the fact that there was no longer any hope to be held out as it was a misery which in its instances at least was incurable. It was therefore with a feeling of utter despair that Mrs. Collier first began to administer the Pink Pills.

She says a nervous and chronic disease over the little one began even the second year had been caught and later after having several times her health seemingly restored. In the early part of her illness her intellect was very much clouded. She had become extremely dull of comprehension and frequently the meaning of words when addressed. Soon leading in the cheerful home of the Collier's on La Marz Avenue, she is the possession of health. Her nervous system is entirely restored, her intellect is bright, keen and active, her stomach has recovered and she has in her cheeks color and the appearance of her former health.

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**FILES**