

MAY CRAWFORD'S LAST QUARREL.

BY NELLIE DARLINGTON.

From New York Weekly.

CHAPTER II.

But the snow kept falling heavier and heavier; familiar landmarks were all wiped out, even if there had been daylight to guide her, and she was obliged to depend solely on that dim, deceptive light which in a snow-storm seems to come from the snow itself. Still she struggled on, but her feet were now heavy with the snow that clung to the soles of her shoes; her skirts were damp, and borne down with the wet slush that hung upon them and weighted them down; the wind was like a breath from the sea, and and her face ached with its cutting, biting caress; her eyes smarted with pain, and tears gushed from them and froze upon her lashes.

She fancied once or twice that she could see a light ahead, but her vision was at fault, and she could not determine if it was the dazzle of snow and tears mingling in her eyes together, or really a light which gleamed in the distance ahead of her. She was, oh, so tired and cold; and then, worse still, a stupor, a numbness, an irresistible desire for rest and sleep, came upon her—a last despairing thought, that to pause now, to rest, to sleep, was; then a sense of utter, hopeless weariness impossible to fight against, one last gasping sigh for love and Linley—a desperate sob, and a very bitter cry in which she could hear her own voice as if far away: "What matter if I do die, since he doesn't love me!" and then a stumble in the snow, and poor little May lay at full length among the cold white mass—a soft, yielding pile of it for a couch, and a cloud of it descending for a covering.

Linley had smoked his cigar, and the tranquillizing effect which the votaries of tobacco ascribed to it having soothed his wounded feelings and charmed away the unwelcome sternness of his mood, he was bethinking him of some way in which he could make up this latest love-quarrel without seeming to be guilty of his usual weakness in yielding, when the front-door bell was loudly rung, and the maid brought in two parcels—one a rather large one, the other very small, and delivered them to her master. "The very thing," thought Linley. "Christmas gifts can be given just as well on Christmas Eve. I will give them to her without a word in reference to this folly of hers, and I can contrive, without entering into an explanation, just to mention how Mrs. Rockford, being about the same size and form as May, was kind enough to help me choose the sealskin cloak, since otherwise I would have been cheated."

All this passed through Crawford's mind in an instant, while aloud he sent the servant to find her mistress and beg her to come to him.

During the girl's absence he unpacked the large bundle and took out a superb sealskin cloak; then he undid the small parcel and opened a lovely velvet case, which contained an exquisite pair of diamond ear-rings, for which May had

sighed for many a day. The servant then returned, and said Mrs. Crawford was not in her room, and she couldn't think where she could be.

"Well, of course, my girl, she's somewhere," said he, impatiently. "Look in the other rooms, and be quick. I want to see your mistress a tonce."

But the girl's search was all in vain. Mrs. Crawford was not in the house, and no one could hazard the faintest guess as to where she was to be found.

A great fear came upon Linley; and then, like a ray of light it flashed on his memory how his jealous little wife had often threatened to leave him and return to her mother. This time she had not threatened—she had done it.

"Oh, May! May, child! Is it possible that you can have been so cruel!" he said.

And then, without an instant's delay, Crawford prepared to go in search of her. To his horror he then saw that it was a dark night and a blinding snow-storm was prevailing. All the more reason for losing no time, however. So now he called in the services of John, the man of all work, sometimes engaged for a week or two at special seasons, and now, being Christmas week, providentially on the premises.

The two men, provided with lanterns, started out in pursuit of the poor little fugitive. They went as fast as they could walk, and that seemed to be a snail's pace to the anxious husband, who groaned aloud on finding the walking so difficult and the storm so heavy; for if it was hard to them, what must it be to that delicate, wayward, heart-sore little woman?

On, on they stumbled, blinded by the snow, pierced by the icy wind, and, even with lanterns to guide them, losing their way and finding it again with difficulty, till, at length, in the distance, they could see the light in the front windows of the house of May's mother.

Linley seldom spoke, but groans of despair broke every few minutes from his lips.

"Oh, pray Heaven! she has reached there in safety!" he ejaculated, as he neared the lights that gleamed forth from Mrs. Baker's cottage.

"Poor, foolish child, perhaps she started before the storm began," and then he stumbled over a great pile of snow, fell sprawling among it, and found himself clutching a dripping wet mass of clothes.

With a cry of dismay and fear he picked it up, and saw it was May, unconscious, cold—perhaps dead!

Linley Crawford was a strong man, and May was but a child in his arms; but for a moment, in that awful recognition of her, his strength became as an infant's and he fell on his knees, while his slight burden slipped from his grasp and lay on the cruel snow again. But only for a moment—the next his sinews were as iron; he raised May in his arms as if she had been but a feather, and, praying audibly while he ran, he almost flew with her to her mother's home.

But May was not dead, although very nearly; and after much nursing and cooing, and restoratives, she was able, with the dawn of Christmas Day, to put her arms

about her husband's neck, to beg his forgiveness, and to whisper in his ear:

"Then you do love me, Linley, after all?"

"Oh, May, will you ever doubt it again?"

"No, dear, I think not. Jealousy is a consuming fire, but after last night I do think it will be pretty well frozen out of me—if you will only forgive me."

Linley did forgive her, for love forgives much; and May was even more ashamed than he cared to see her when, in receiving her lovely Christmas presents, she learned why her husband spent so much of that day in Mrs. Rockford's company.

But it was a wholesome lesson and May declares that though not their first quarrel, it will assuredly be the last. And up to this time she has kept her word.

America's Great Danger

AN ENGLISH COMMENTARY.

Said an eminent English scientist recently: "The danger that confronts the great American people to-day is not the possible adoption of a wrong financial policy for the nation, or the spread of socialism, or the increase of corruption among public men. All these are bad enough, to be sure, but they are as nothing compared to the terrible national disease—I had almost said national crime—of overwork. The mad rush for wealth is set at a killing pace, and thousands fall by the way every year."

You are likely to be one of the victims! How do we know? Because it is the exception to find a man or woman of adult age in perfect health. Nervous Disorders are spreading with fearful rapidity. Among the symptoms are—Backache, Biliousness, Cold Hands and Feet, Dizziness, Hot Flashes, Fluctuating Sensation, Fainting, Headache, Hysteria, Irritability of the Heart, Melancholy, Failing Memory, Palpitation, Rheumatism, Short Breath, Sleeplessness, Nervous Dyspepsia, Sexual Debility, Fits, etc.

REV. C. A. CARROLL, pastor First Baptist Church, Yellow Springs, O., writes as follows: "I have used Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve for the past six months. I find it acts like a charm on the whole nervous system. I have not found its equal in giving immediate relief. Dr. Miles' little Nerve and Liver Pills only need a trial and they will recommend themselves to be the best pills in the market."

"For five years I have suffered from Nervous Prostration, I was unable to work or sleep. The first dose of Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve gave me relief, and one thin and dollars would not cover the good it has done me."—JOHN MINCHER, Youngstown, Ohio.

Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve is unequalled in curing Nervous Diseases. It contains no opiates or dangerous drugs. Sold on a positive guarantee by all druggists, or Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder
World's Fair Highest Award.

\$100.00 Given Away Every Month

to the person submitting the most meritorious invention during the preceding month. WE SOLICIT PATENTS FOR INVENTORS, and the object of this offer is to encourage persons of an inventive turn of mind. At the same time we wish to impress the fact that :

It's the Simple, Trivial Inventions That Yield Fortunes

—such as De Long's Book and Eye, "See that Hump," "Safety Pin," "Pins in Clover," "Air Brake," etc. Almost every one conceives a bright idea at some time or other. Why not put it in practical use? YOU! It is in this direction that you should make your fortune. Why not try? :

Write for further information and mention this paper.

THE PRESS CLAIMS CO.
Philip W. Alvord, Gen. Mgr.,
618 F Street, Northwest,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

The responsibility of a company may be judged by the fact that its stock is held by over one hundred of the leading newspapers in the United States.

Carl Thorbahn, Musical Director
Standard Theatre Orchestra.

Chicago, Ills. April 14, 1902.

Messrs. John F. Stratton

Dear Sirs—I am pleased to be able to state that I am highly recommended by Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve.

Yours truly, CARL THORBAHN.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder
A Pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder.

2 GOOD 2
Journals

FOR THE PRICE OF ONE.

Our Premiums

FOR THIS YEAR.

—THIS PAPER—

—WITH—

THE SAN FRANCISCO
Weekly Call!

PRICE \$1.25 PER YEAR.

—OR—

THE SAN FRANCISCO
Morning Call!

PRICE \$6.00 PER YEAR.

THE SAN FRANCISCO

WEEKLY CALL

is a handsome eight-page paper. It is issued every Thursday, and contains all of the important news of the week, gleaned from every quarter of the globe, complete up to date of publication. It furnishes the latest and most reliable financial news and market quotations, and gives special attention to horticultural and agricultural news, and is in every respect a first-class family paper, appealing to the interest of every member of the household.

THE MORNING CALL

(SEVEN DATES A WEEK)

is a live metropolitan daily. It is the MOST RELIABLE, and is recognized as being the LEADING NEWS-PAPER of the Pacific Coast. Either of the above papers we will send postpaid as a premium on receipt of the following subscription prices for the combination:

DAILY CALL

AND THIS PAPER, PER YEAR,

\$6.00

IN ADVANCE

WEEKLY CALL

And This Paper, Per Year,

\$2.50

IN ADVANCE

Dave Strahan, the popular composer and Director of Music at Harrigan's Theatre, says:


New York, March 1st, 1902.

Messrs. John F. Stratton

Dear Sirs—I have given your Russian Gut Violin Strings a thorough trial, and am pleased to state that they are the best toned and most durable strings I have ever used.

Yours resp., DAVE STRAHAN

ONLY TEN CENTS EXTRA. To every person sending us the amount of one yearly subscription to The Herald together with ten cents extra, we will send free a copy of The World Almanac for 1895. Single copies may be ordered at this office for 25 cents.



THE
WORLD ALMANAC
AND ENCYCLOPEDIA FOR 1895.

The Best Reference Book Printed.
A Volume of over 500 pages.
It Treats 1,400 topics.

Endorsed by STATESMEN,
EDUCATORS and
STUDENTS everywhere.

Has Reached Such a State of Perfection That it is a Veritable Encyclopedia of Facts, Statistics and Events Brought Down to January First, 1895.

THE 1895 volume is a whole library in itself. One can hardly think of a question it cannot answer. It tells all about party platforms, election statistics, the new tariff, religions of the earth, population everywhere, state and government statistics, occupations of men, foreign matters, literature, science and education. It is . . .

AMERICA'S STANDARD YEAR BOOK.

PRICE, postpaid by mail, - 25 CENTS.

Address THE WORLD, New York City.



NERVE SEEDS—WEAK MEN

This Famous Remedy cures quickly, permanently all nervous diseases. Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Headache, Wakefulness, Lost Vitality, Nightly Excesses, and all nervous and wasting diseases caused by overwork, or excess of emotions. Contains no opiates. Is a nerve tonic and blood builder. Makes the pale and puny strong and plump. Each packet contains a complete and reliable recipe. Write us for full particulars. Each packet contains a complete and reliable recipe. Write us for full particulars. Each packet contains a complete and reliable recipe. Write us for full particulars.

For sale in Denver, Colo., by H. H. HORTON, Druggist.