

LETTING DOWN THE BARS.

BY SUE CHESTNUTWOOD.

From People's Home Journal.

CHAPTER II.

But a word of this man.

He was Mr. Laurence's son by his first marriage. The present Mrs. Laurence, at the mature maidenly age of 30, had accepted the offer of the wealthy banker, and for the past twenty years had been a most loving wife, rendering to him all the deferential respect that position and wealth always elicited from her.

Neil, his father's sole heir, since their marriage they had not been blessed with any children, was her pride and admiration, rendered so by the aforementioned fact, and this feeling was, perhaps, intensified by the distant, though respectful manner in which he had always treated her, for Mrs. Laurence was one of those women who admire people with whom they cannot succeed in becoming intimate.

Her nieces, left with a few thousand apiece, had shared their elegant home since their childhood, and scarcely had the little girls been under her care a week ere she had planned a matrimonial alliance between her stepson and the eldest—and prettiest—blue-eyed Carrol.

Years passed by, until he was twenty and she eighteen. Then he imagined himself desperately in love, and asked his pretty half-cousin to be his wife. Of course she accepted him, and they were betrothed. The engagement lasted until Miss Carrol's come-out party, when a newer face caught her fickle fancy; then, for all the private and terrible lectures administered by Mrs. Laurence to her niece, and the enticing and deceitful delusions she endeavored to practice upon her stepson, the engagement was broken.

That had happened seven years ago, and he had long since learned to sneer at his folly, for, though Carrol was a beauty, his maturer judgment found her both vain and tiresome. Since that boyish episode he had been absolutely impervious to the charms of the many fair ones who had used their utmost powers to ensnare him, had forsworn society, and had devoted himself to his profession. His friends predicted for him a bachelor's life, and he had accepted their fiat with his usual nonchalance, had almost learned to believe that such was his destiny, when, a few weeks previous to the opening of our story, he suddenly awoke to the fact that he had met his fate.

He had seen her grow up almost from her babyhood, this bright, frank, dark-eyed Cora; had played with her, and when he found that he loved her, earnestly, deeply, desperately, and that this love would not be driven out from its stronghold nor yet quelled, he was angry. He grew more cynical than ever and more reticent.

It happened just as the family were separating for the summer.

He remained in the city with his father, hoping to bury this in added business cares; but scarcely had they been gone a month when, with strange caprice, he followed Carrol and Amy to Saratoga, where they were dissipating, being chaperoned by a friend of their aunt's.

But what would the needle gain should it resist the magnet? One

day he found himself at the farmhouse where, every summer, Mrs. Laurence brought her niece, not wishing to take her to a watering-place, because, although twenty, she had not brought her out. The politic lady had kept her back, hoping to see her elder nieces well settled first.

Izaak Walton said to the scholar, "God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling."

This modern angler, standing gloomily on the river's bank, seemed a strange contradictory disciple, of the quaint old teacher. "Calm, quiet, innocent," he refuted each assertion. There was fire in his eyes, a heavy scowl upon his brow, and his lips were almost fiercely compressed; whilst, though he stood perfectly motionless, the inward struggle was so palpable as to make the word quiet a sarcasm. As for that last term, innocent, a little fish had nibbled off the bait, and was slowly choking on the wretched hook he had swallowed.

He was gone the livelong day. When he turned homeward the trees had ceased to cast their shadows, and the purple twilight spread over all the pleasant land.

As he approached the farmhouse he discovered signs of stir and commotion, and there were several trunks turned on end on the low-browed piazza. Instead of entering the house, he went around it, intending to seek information at the kitchen, but he found the solution ere he reached it. In passing the dining-room the savor of stewed chicken and the clatter of dishes came out through the open windows. He approached one and looked in; the bright lights within, intensifying the late twilight without, left him unseen.

They were seated at table. Amy and Carrol had arrived, and were giving a brilliant recital of their summer's dissipation. The good farmer and his wife were listening with wide-mouthed admiration, while Mrs. Laurence was quite neglecting her well-filled plate in her blissful enjoyment. She was dressed with unusual care and elegance. Her gray hair was arranged in state-pompadour, her gold eyeglasses set on the bridge of her aristocratic nose to assist the keen, blue eyes, instead of, as usual, dangling from the chain at her throat; while her delicate, jeweled hands were toying with the plebeian bone handles of her knife and fork.

Thorndyke and Cora were not there.

"Perhaps they were out for a stroll." He turned away with a sneer, left his string of fish at the kitchen door, and, retracing his steps to the front of the house, entered, intending to go to his room.

In the large square hall he met Cora. She held a lamp in her hand and was just fresh from the toilet. She looked radiant. There was a bright flash on her cheeks, and her dark eyes were lustrous with excitement. She wore a knot of roses in her hair and another on her bosom, which gave character to the pale, fleecy fabric of her graceful dress.

They had met right at the foot of the stairs, she standing a foot above him, and thus blocking his passage. He looked weary and spent.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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What Chas. H. Hackley has Done for Western Michigan—How the only Cloud in the Life of an Honored Man was Brushed away by Science.

From Grand Rapids, Mich., Evening Press.



CHAS. H. HACKLEY.

The most beautiful spot in Muskegon is inseparably associated with the name of Hackley, and in all Western Michigan there is not a name better known, and among the studious and those interested in deeds of philanthropy, this name is known and admired. Chas. H. Hackley has been in the lumber business continuously since 1856, and in that time has amassed a fortune, which gives him a rating among the wealthy men of the nation. But with wealth there did not come that tightening of the purse-strings which is generally a marked characteristic of wealthy men.

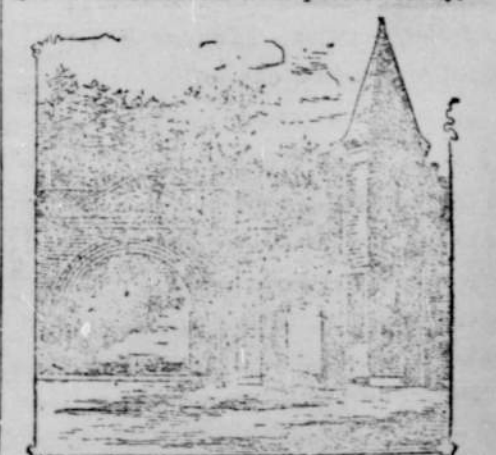
There is no prettier spot in the State than Hackley Park in a square surrounded and pierced by stone walls, emphasizing with their whiteness the green of faultlessly kept lawns, its crowning pride a towering soldier's monument on the top of which stands a bronze figure pointing ever in remembrance of the heroes who died that the nation might live. Surrounding this park are the magnificent Hackley Public Library—a poem in granite—with its 60,000 volumes, and the equally stately Hackley school. Like a bee-hive with its 600 children. Other elegant buildings testify likewise to the liberality and munificence of this man who has pulled wealth out of the forests of Michigan.

It is no wonder then that the name of Charles H. Hackley is known at home and abroad. His munificence in Muskegon alone represents an outlay of nearly half a million. For the past twenty years he has been a constant sufferer from neuralgia and rheumatism, also numbness of the lower limbs, so much so that it has seriously interfered with his pleasure in life. For some time past his friends have noticed that he has seemed to grow younger again, and to have recovered the health which he had in youth.

To a correspondent of the Press, Mr. Hackley explained the secret of his transformation, and to his friends who have known how he suffered, it is indeed a transformation. "I have suffered for over twenty years," he said, seated in his private office, "with pains in my lower limbs so severely that the only relief I could get at night was by putting cold water compresses on my limbs. I was bothered more at night than in the day time. The neuralgia and rheumatic pains in my limbs, which had been growing in intensity for years, finally became chronic. I made three trips to the Hot Springs with only partial relief, and they fell back to my original state. I couldn't sit still, and my sufferings began to make life look very blue. Two years ago last September I noticed an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and what they had done for others, and some cases so nearly resembling mine that I was interested. But I did not know whether the testimonials were genuine or not, and I did not wish to be humbugged, so I wrote to one who had given a testimonial, an eminent professor of medicine in Canada. The reply I received was even stronger than the printed testimonial, and it gave me faith in the medicine."

"I began taking the pills and found them to be all that the professor had told me they would be. It was two or three months before I experienced any perceptible betterment of my condition. My disease was of such long standing that I did not expect speedy recovery, and was thankful even to be relieved. I progressed rapidly, however, towards recovery, and for the last six months have felt myself a perfectly well man. I have recommended the pills to many people, and am only too glad to assist others in health through the medium of this wonderful medicine. I cannot say too much for what it has done for me."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have an enormous sale, and from all quarters come in glowing reports of the excellent results following their use. An analysis proves that they contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and firmness to the blood and restore it to normal condition. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after-effects of the grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration, all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppression, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. There are no ill effects following the use of this wonderful medicine, and it can be given to children with perfect safety.



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