

LETTING DOWN THE BARS. WHO SHALL WEAR THE CORONET.

BY SUE CHESTNUTWOOD.
From People's Home Journal.

CHAPTER IV. (Concluded.)

Several days followed, in which she studiously avoided him; yet she was perfectly conscious that he was watching her. They seemed to have changed places—he had become the Argus.

Mr. Norton grew tiresome to her. She made no effort to conceal the fact. He felt the neglect, and straightway restored his devotions to their former recipient, the elder Miss Merton, who accepted them, wisely determining that a respectable certainty was better than a princely doubt, she having fully made up her mind to begin the new season with a solitaire on her first finger.

One afternoon Cora was returning from the river through the meadow, alone. As she approached the fence before mentioned she discovered Neil, in the exact attitude in which we first saw him. He had seen her when some distance off, and was waiting for her.

For an instant she slackened her pace in indecision, then, with sudden resolve, walked rapidly on until they stood with just the bars between them. Excitement made her brilliant, beautiful.

He greeted her with, "Have you heard the news?"

She asked, "What news?" and appeared as if in a great hurry.

"Why, that Norton and the elder Miss Merton are engaged."

"Indeed?"

Her tone was too indifferent to render the word an exclamation.

He looked amused and kept on: "What troubles me is that younger one. She will make a shrew if she is an old maid."

"Why don't you avert such a contingency by marrying her yourself?" she asked sarcastically.

He whistled; then, abruptly changing the subject, said:

"Cora, there are five bars between us."

"Well, what of it?"

Her tone was full of effort after steadiness.

"I am going to take them down."

"That is what I am waiting for," she said, shortly.

A smile lighted his dark face, and utterly dissipated every cloud of cynicism.

"You shall prove your own words," he said; and, taking down the first bar, he tossed it in the grass, and, as he did so, named it "Friendship."

Then the second fell by its side, called "Pride." The third was tossed upon the other two as "Pique," and the fourth added to the others he named "Jealousy;" but the last he lifted, and, laying it directly at her feet, called it "Love."

As he had done this, her face was a study. When he had finished, her dark, intense eyes were fastened on the log at her feet.

"What are you waiting for?" he said, using her own words, and, holding out his hands to her, she placed hers in them, half frankly, half bashfully, and stepped over the bar.

[THE END.]

Money was scarce enough at Strathtway, despite the grand old homestead. Mr. Strathtway belonged to one of the old, patrician families of the State, but he had

lost his fortune and his health, and was now a hopeless, helpless invalid. The mother of the three girls had long ago gone to her last resting place.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

CHAPTER I.

"But what shall we wear? That's the question now, girls."

And Delphine seated herself on the edge of the low bed, her cheeks flushed, and her splendid yellow tresses all in a tremble. She held a note in her fingers, a dainty, cream-colored affair, with an English crest on the seal. It contained an invitation to a ball to be given at the Elms, in honor of the young Marquis of Hautville.

The Elms was a magnificent suburban residence, combining all the rural freedom and beauty of the country, with the refinement, gayety, and excitement of the city. Mrs. Chadwick, its elegant mistress, was an Englishwoman, wedded to an American millionaire, and her kinsman, the young Marquis of Hautville, had come over to make her a visit. Hence this wonderful ball.

"What shall we wear?" repeated Del. "There's that green moire quite as good as new, if one only had a few laces. You can make over that lavender silk."

"No, I won't touch it, the ugly, Quakerish thing. I'll stay at home first."

"Sister, could you make anything of that gold-colored pattern of mine? If you can I'm sure you're welcome!"

The question came through an open window, in a voice as sweet as the note of a thrush; and little Rose, leaning upon the sill, looked in upon her harassed sisters.

A sudden light flashed up in Grace's handsome eyes.

"Why, to be sure; I had quite forgotten that—'twill be just the thing. What a trump you are, Rose! Run and get it, won't you?"

Rose hurried away, returning almost instantly with a folded paper in her hand. Grace snatched it eagerly, and unrolled the glittering golden silk. Almost a year before, when Aunt Delmar came on a summer visit, she had brought it to Rose as a birthday gift. But Rose had never found an opportunity to make or wear it. A busy little Martha was this Rose, careful and cumbered with many things; the ever active bee, who kept the home-hive filled with honey, while her gay, butterfly sisters sported in the sunshine.

"It will make up gorgeously, Del," said Grace.

Del eyed the silk grudgingly.

"Go and bring that green moire, Rose," she said. "If it's faded, I won't wear it."

Rose brought it obediently; its rustling, sea green splendor seemed to content the beauty.

"Yes," she said, "it will suit the best. I trust the marquis likes green? Rose, don't you think you could spare just a little money?"

Rose stood thoughtful, pushing back the brown curls from her brow.

"Girls," she said, "it takes so much for poor papa's medicine, you know; and there's the butcher's bill. But I'll see."

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MICHIGAN'S BENEFACTOR

AN OFT REPEATED STORY OF TRUE PHILANTHROPY

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.

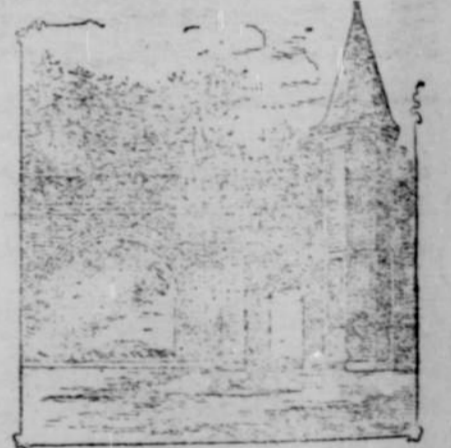
There is no prettier spot in the State than Hackley Park in a square surrounded and bordered by stone walls, emphasizing with their whiteness the green of faultlessly kept lawns, its crowning pride a towering soldier's monument on the top of which stands a bronze figure pointing ever in remembrance of the heroes who died that the nation might live. Surrounding this park are the magnificent Hackley Public Library—a poem in granite—with its 9,000 volumes, and the equally stately Hackley school, like a beehive 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 to 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 numbers 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 young 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 then fell back to my original state. I couldn't sit still, and my sufferings began to make life bear very blue. Two years ago last September I noticed in a report of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and what they had done for others, and some cases so nearly recent, I 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 one who had given a testimonial, an eminent professor of medicine at the University of Michigan. 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 see others to 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 the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an excellent specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, neuralgia, paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, scalding, neuritis, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after-effects of la 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 scurvy, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as nervousness, 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 remedy, and it can be given to children with perfect safety.



HACKLEY PARK.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and are never sold in bulk. They may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment inexpensive and commensurate with their benefits.

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