

WHO SHALL WEAR THE CORONET.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

From People's Home Journal.

CHAPTER I. [CONTINUED.]

Rose went to her room and took out the pocket book. Thoughtfully and carefully she counted over her scanty board.

"I might spare them this much," she said, at last, reserving a portion: "and I'll let them take that, too. I did want a dress and hat—but it doesn't matter."

She had been saving every surplus penny to purchase a spring outfit for herself; but she gave up the board without a murmur.

"Oh, Rose! you are a fairy!" cried Del and Grace, in a breath, as she put the money into their hands. "Now we can make ourselves gorgeous."

The sweet spring sunlight warmed every nook and corner in the grand old Strathway homestead, and the gentle winds wafted the odor of blossoms through the open windows till all the dim rooms were fragrant. Little Rose was unusually busy that day. John, the gardener, had driven her sisters down to Shreveport, to make their purchases for the ball, and the cook had taken a fancy to fall ill; so, with the care of her father and the household work, Rose had no time to be idle. She was now thoroughly weary. But she gave her father his tea, and then ran down to the garden to gather flowers to adorn her vases. She heaped her arms and apron with roses of all species, of spicy honeysuckle, of pansies, with golden hearts, of fragrant lilies, hyacinths, with the essence of spring in their fragrant cups; and then sat down for a moment, beneath a clump of evergreens to arrange them. A bluebird had a nest overhead, and piped melodiously, and the afternoon sunshine felt soft and warm on the tempting grassplot. The tired, little girl, her white apron running over with blossoms, dropped her head on the soft turf, and fell to dreaming, for she had her dreams, too, like any other maiden of eighteen. By-and-by the brown eyes dropped, the brown head sunk lower, and the pretty, childish hands dropped their fragrant clusters. Poor, tired little Ruth had fallen fast asleep.

The sun slid down the west; the bluebird ceased his piping—still she slept. Suddenly a handsome carriage, drawn by a span of high-stepping grays, drew up at the gate. It was Mrs. Chadwick and the marquis. The young ladies were all out, the little servant maid said. "I will go in and see my old friend, Mr. Strathway," said Mrs. Chadwick to the marquis. "You can stroll about till I come out."

The young Englishman accordingly walked down to the garden. Through dim, spicy walks, under the arches of odorous vines, he saunters along, striking at the blossoms with his cane, and humming softly to himself. Presently he came to dead halt, with a sharp exclamation. A moment later his fine face flushed with admiration. He had looked upon the fairest of fair women, but never in all his life, he thought, had he seen aught so pure and artlessly lovely, as what he saw now, a tired little girl,

lying asleep upon the green grass, amid heaps of blossoms.

Mrs. Chadwick made her call, and the marquis rejoined her, and the handsome carriage whirled away; and when Del and Grace came home, and hearing what they had missed, were cross for all the rest of the day.

When the day of the ball came, Rose hovered round her sisters the entire afternoon, acting as their lady's-maid. At last their toilets were complete, and they swept out into the center of the room, Del in sea-green, and Grace in her rustling gold.

"Oh, girls!" cried Rose with kindling eyes, "I never saw you look so splendid before. The marquis won't be able to choose between you."

"I shall not give him a chance," retorted Del, tossing her yellow tresses. "I mean to take him by storm."

Then they rustled down the broad stairway, and into the invalid's sitting-room.

"See, father!" cried Del, as they swept out before him, "aren't you proud of your girls?"

"Ay, ay! proud enough," responded the sick man; "fine feathers and fine birds, and about as much use to me as the gaudy peacock that struts upon the terrace. I wouldn't give my little brown thrush here," putting his thin hand on Rose's head, "for both of you, and all your trumpery."

The girls rustled out in high indignation, and down to Mrs. Chadwick's carriage, that had been sent to convey them to the Elms. Leaning from the low window, Rose watched them as they whirled away, and then fell to dreaming of the enchanted world into which they were going. Little Rose was only human, and as she looked over toward the Elms, and saw the flashing lights, and heard the roll of the carriages, and thought of all the gayety and glitter, and of her pretty golden silk that she had given up, her soft eyes filled with tears. But she brushed them hastily away, and arose at the sound of her father's voice.

"Little one," he called. "Come and sing for me. Sing me to sleep, darling!"

She sat down beside him, and stroking back his gray hair, and singing soft and sweet like a nightingale. After awhile he raised himself to a sitting posture, and putting both hands upon her head, said, "You have been my blessing and comfort. God bless and reward you! Kiss me, little Rose!"

She kissed him. Then he lay down again, and fell asleep. Rose stepped softly now to the window, and watched the glitter of lights over at the Elms, catching now and then a sudden waft of music. The moon hung in the far west like a silver crescent, and the midnight stars burned overhead. At last she grew weary of watching, and closing the window, crept to the bedside again.

"Dear papa, he sleeps well to-night," she murmured.

But, even while she spoke, something in the still, white face struck her. She bent over him, with a sudden thrill of terror, and then her wail of agony broke out piteously on the midnight silence.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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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 pierced by 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.

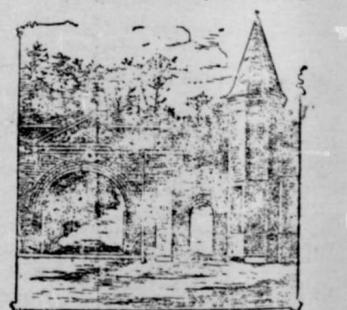
It is no wonder then that the name of Charles H. Hackley is known at home and abroad. His munificence to Muskegon alone represents an outlay of nearly half a million. For the past twenty years he has been a constant sufferer from neuralgia and rheumatism, also numbness of the lower limbs, so much so that it has seriously interfered with his pleasure in life. For some time past his friends have noticed that he has seemed to grow 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 neuralgic 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 look very blue. Two years ago last September I noticed an account of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

and what they had done for others, and some cases so nearly resembled mine that I was interested. But I did not know whether the testimonials were genuine or not, and I wrote to one who had given a testimonial, an eminent professor of music 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 their health through the medium of this wonderful medicine. I can not 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 richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. 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 a grippe, exhaustion 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 expressions, 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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