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PILLS.
HAIR VIGOR.

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Revenge.

The rain fell monotonously from the gray sky, like tears from a sorrowful face.

"No, Jerome McWade! No, never!" Her cruel words wrung a groan from the strong man's lips, but he was not yet daunted.

"Can you not," he faltered, "learn to love me?"

"No. A thousand times no," she replied.

A wild, cruel light flashed in his eyes.

"And yet," he sneered, "they say never too old to learn."

And, pausing only to select the best umbrella, he rushed forth into the wet, cold night.

A Good Check.

As he took off his coat his wife said to him gently:

"You remember those eight letters I gave you to post three days ago?"

He started.

"Yes. I—I remember."

"But you didn't remember to mail them, did you?" she said sweetly.

"No, I didn't. How did you find it out?"

"Among them," she explained, "was a postal card addressed to myself. Since it didn't reach me, I knew you hadn't posted my mail. I shall always use this scheme in future. It only costs a cent, and it makes an excellent check on you. Now give me my letters, and I'll post them myself."

Quizzing the Circulator.

"Who did you say that stranger was?" asked the country editor.

"Jonas Perkinbine," replied the loafer at the village store.

"Well, well! Why, that's the name of one of our subscribers."

"Don't say? What's the name of the other one?"—Philadelphia Press.

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A DEAD PAST

By MRS. LOVETT CAMERON

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)

Mrs. Succurden came flying back into the octagon room. Mrs. Earle was kneeling upon the floor, supporting the fair head upon her shoulder; the fragments of glass lay in small heaps of crystal-powder about the prostrate figure. Mrs. Succurden flung up her hands in absolute despair.

"The crystal goblet! She has broken it! Oh, whatever shall I do! the careless, good-for-nothing girl! Oh, Miss Rosamond, I've heard my late master say that that goblet was worth more than everything else in the whole house put together; it was as old as Oliver Cromwell, and some say as how it actually belonged to him! Oh, whatever shall I say to Mr. Brian? She shall go this very day!"

"Hush, Mrs. Succurden. Go and send for a doctor; do you not see that the girl is very ill? She has fainted, and see, there is blood upon her lips."

"She has cut herself with the glass and serve her right," cried the housekeeper savagely.

"I don't think it is a cut," said Rosamond quietly. "Col. Trefusis," half turning round as he entered the room, "go and find a doctor in the village; bring him back in my carriage as quick as you can. This poor girl is very ill; she has fainted, and I think she has broken a blood vessel."

He hastened away to fulfill her orders. Mrs. Succurden grumbled audibly. She didn't want no invalids, she muttered.

At this moment Mrs. Earle's carriage drove up with the colonel inside it, but no doctor. The village practitioner was out, and not likely to be home before night.

One moment of hesitation and doubt, and then Rosamond made up her mind. She slipped her long sable cloak from her own shoulders and wrapped it tenderly around the girl. Then she made a sign to the colonel, who picked up the slight feather-weight in his arms and carried her out to the carriage. "I am going to take her to Dunsterton, Mrs. Succurden," she said, "and my own doctor shall look after her till she is well enough to come back."

CHAPTER XXV.

"Rosamond, you are the most impulsive person I ever met in my life," said Col. Trefusis to his hostess on the morning after their visit to Keppington, with its strange ending.

"Is there any harm in being impulsive?" she answered, smiling at him across the breakfast table, as she poured out his tea; "have not half the great and good actions of this world's history been achieved by impulse?"

"Rosamond, was it upon impulse, and if so, upon an impulse of what nature was it, that you married Samuel Earle?"

She looked up quickly and met his eyes; he was in earnest, terribly in earnest, she could see that. She looked away from him quickly, leaning her elbow on the table and playing silently with her teaspoon. He was beginning to understand her.

"Heaven only knows," she answered him sadly, after a pause, "unless it was one of utter despair and hopelessness."

"And see what came of it, years of repentance and regret! If you had not taken that rash and ill-considered step—"

"Then I should never have known you," she interrupted him quickly, flashing her lovely eyes up into his with a smile that set all his pulses tingling.

Was ever so sweet a hope given to a man, who had loved and waited, as that look and that smile? But John Trefusis was not a man to snatch at so great a prize with undue haste. Her heart, if he ever won it, must be his of its own free will and by every claim.

"I will never," he answered her gravely. "I will never consent to your taking any other great step in your life upon the impulse of a generous moment."

She bent her head, a deep color suffused her face from brow to neck. She understood him, and she was grateful to him. The strength of his self-control affected her more than a torrent of passionate words.

"Now, see what you have done now; saddled yourself with a consumptive servant maid, and turned your house into a hospital. Here is the doctor's gig at the gate once more!"

"Poor girl, she had a dreadful night. I fear she is very ill; she did not seem to be conscious when I last saw her."

"What made you bring her home in that rash and impulsive fashion?"

"It is a silly reason, I know; you will say so, of course, because you are sensible, but I—I am foolish! I think it was because Mrs. Succurden told me that the poor girl was a protégée of Mrs. Desmond's."

Two days went by. The doctor went and came. The sick girl upstairs was reported better, though still unable to leave her bed. Rosamond was happy, happier than she had been for many years. John Trefusis made himself the companion of her daily walks. Together they trudged through the fast-melting snow, laden with baskets of provisions for the poor at the cottages, whom Rosamond was accustomed to visit almost daily. During these walks they talked often and earnestly about the fate of Brian's wife, which weighed like a load-stone upon Rosamond's heart, and tacitly there grew up a sort of unspoken understanding between them. Rosamond would take no new joy of life for herself until she had restored happiness to the woman who was in sorrow through her own in-

strumentality. Col. Trefusis came to understand this, and they spoke of Mrs. Desmond frequently.

"Did you ever see her?" he inquired of her one day, when they were returning from their walk. "Do you know what she is like?"

"No, I never saw her; but I have heard that she is small and fair."

Col. Trefusis was thoughtful; and possibly their minds touched upon the same thing simultaneously, for Rosamond said, as she shook the snow and mud off her boots in the porch:

"I wonder how my patient is! She would not see me this morning; she said she wanted to go to sleep. I must go up and have a look at her. Do you know, I can't help thinking that girl is above the station she is supposed to belong to."

"I have thought the same thing," he answered quietly.

Rosamond opened the house door and entered the tiny hall. As she did so her maid came flying down the staircase to meet her, with a face of consternation.

"Oh, ma'am, such a dreadful thing has happened—that poor girl has gone! I left her more than an hour ago to go to sleep, she said, and this very minute I have come from her room and it is empty. She has dressed herself and is gone."

Rosamond looked at Col. Trefusis in dismay.

"I will go and order the carriage at once," he said, hastily. "We must follow her." And then, in a lower voice he said to her: "I think we have both suspected it. It must be she."

Rosamond trembled from head to foot.

CHAPTER XXVI.

When Kitten's eyes had first awoke to consciousness of anything save utter weakness and stagnation of thought, they rested somewhat wonderingly upon the strange and unfamiliar place in which she found herself. The chamber was small and low, much smaller than the one she occupied at Keppington. Yet a bright fire burnt in the fireplace, imparting an air of comfort and cosiness, to which of late she had been unaccustomed, and the narrow white bed upon which she lay was soft and warm, so that she felt no inclination to stir.

Some one rose from the further side of the fire, some one with a kind face, but who was a stranger to her, who came and stood by the bed, and asked her if she felt better. Then came other faces, strange, but sympathetic, and a doctor who stood by her side and gave directions in a whisper. Oh, no! this was not home; there was not, alas! even a ghost of the past to beckon her back to those happy delusions of her returning senses! By and by she dozed off again, then dropped into a calm, dreamless slumber. When she awoke again it was night. The room was dimly lit, a shaded lamp threw a pale radiance over the face of a maid servant who sat by the table near the fire, sewing at some white work. Kitten watched her dreamily, with no particular interest in her, nor any desire to understand who she was, or why she was sitting there. Presently there came the soft rustle of a long skirt across the floor, some one came and stood by her bed, and bent down over her.

Kitten opened her eyes wide. She saw a tall form clad in black, great lustrous eyes that fixed themselves full of a divine pity upon her, the slender outline of a cheek that was no longer full and round, and sweet, drooping lips that seemed as if they must ever be given rather sympathy than to laughter. Then came the touch of a cool long-fingered hand upon her brow; for one moment of delicious peace and rest the sick girl's eyelids closed. Then, when she looked again the vision was gone.

The second day passed very much as the first had done. She was better, but still too weak to reason and to think; the little cough that had become a second nature to her hardly seemed to distress her, or to concern those who waited upon her. She took more food, slept better, and as the day wore away, entered distinctly into an improved condition.

Again there came the vision of that tall, beautiful woman, bending over her with the pitiful Madonna-like face, and this time there was a murmured question:

"My poor child, you are better to-night?"

Then Kitten looked at her some minutes gravely and solemnly, in silence. At last her lips moved; she gave no answer to the question, only she said slowly and laboriously, because of the physical effort which it gave her to speak, but still perfectly distinctly.

"She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen."

Her visitor drew back, she looked surprised, even startled, but she said nothing more, and Kitten saw her glide away behind the sheltering screen at the foot of her bed.

The next morning, which was the third day, Kitten was alive once more to the realities of life going on about her. She sat up in bed to eat her breakfast, she was full of curiosity; she questioned the maid who waited upon her eagerly and impatiently:

"Where am I?" she asked her.

"You are at Dunsterton."

"How far is that from Keppington?"

"Little over three miles, my dear."

"But how did I get here? Have I been ill?"

"My mistress brought you in her own carriage, and it's her own doctor that has waited on you. Yes, poor thing, you've been very ill; you was in a dead

faint when you was brought here, but you are much better now."

"And whose house, then, is this?"

"It is my mistress' house."

"And her name?"

"Her name is Mrs. Earle."

Something between a sigh and an exclamation escaped from her lips, her head fell back upon her pillows. A faint flush stole up into her face, and she closed her eyes.

"Do you want anything else, my dear?" inquired her attendant kindly.

"Yes," said Kitten, looking at her eagerly, "I want to be left quite, quite alone—by myself. If your mistress asks to see me, say I don't want to be disturbed. I—I want to go to sleep. I shall not want anything."

When she was left quite alone, Kitten crept out of her bed like a guilty thing. She found her poor shabby clothes neatly folded on a chair together, and with infinite pains and difficulty she managed to dress herself, then she crept to the window.

"It chokes me to stop here," she murmured; "in her house, living upon her charity, with her beautiful, tender face bending over me every day. Oh, I can understand why he loves her so. Could anyone in half a century cease to love such a woman as that? But I—I cannot stay here. He might come and find me here, and it would trouble him; and I will never trouble him again—never."

She looked about for some wrap or shawl to cover her shoulders, but there was nothing of the kind among her humble belongings. The sable cloak, in which she had been wrapped when she came, had been taken away at once to Mrs. Earle's room.

So she turned up the skirt of her gown over her head, crept swiftly and silently down the staircase, out at the front door, across the strip of garden, and in three minutes' time was out of sight down the road that led away from Dunsterton toward Keppington. No one had seen her or noticed her departure; she hurried on and was soon safe from pursuit. She had no difficulty in finding her way; there were sign posts at every corner, and by and by she began to know the landmarks of the country. But she was very weak and ill, her clothes and her boots were thin; the heavy slush of mud and snow which encumbered the roads soon soaked through them and saturated her to the skin. Still she floundered on, stumbling, staggering often and often, but picking up her steps again, and struggling onward bravely through it all.

"I must get back—back to my husband's house; if I am to die, it will be better to die there than in any other place," she said to herself. "What would my Daddy say if he saw me now?" she said aloud once.

Oh, poor, foolish Kitten! half child, half woman still, with all the wisdom of her wise father blended strangely together with all the folly of her foolish mother, in that curious dual nature which had made the great naturalist tremble when he thought of his child's unguarded future.

Behind her, far behind her up the lane, a man was floundering onward, too, through the snow and mud, toward the great stone house that now loomed in sight above the bare woods on the shoulder of the hill in front. And further still behind a wagonette came quickly onward also, in the same direction.

Rosamond was white as death. Col. Trefusis spoke to her. Only now and then a few words passed between them as each kept an eager lookout upon the road in front of them.

"Do you think then, really, that she can be Brian's wife?" she asked.

"It came upon me with a sort of conviction. I cannot tell how or wherefore. When you said that Mrs. Desmond was small and fair. I cannot conceive why it did not strike me sooner that the girl was a lady and not a servant."

"I will tell you now what happened last night," said Rosamond thoughtfully. "I did not speak of it before, because to tell you the truth, it rather startled me, and I thought you would think me foolish to be frightened. I went into her room and stood by her bed. I saw that she was conscious, so I asked her softly whether she felt better. For some minutes she made no answer, only she stared at me with the most wonderful blue eyes I think I ever saw, the fixity, almost the awfulness of their gaze gave me a curious sensation. It was as though I was face to face not with mere eyes, but with a human soul, which was looking straight into my own. It made me shudder. And then she spoke, and what she said was stranger still than what she had looked. It was this:

"She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen." I suppose she meant me. It sounds like poetry, does it not? What can it be?"

"It is a line from Pope's 'Homer's Hymn,'" answered Col. Trefusis, after a moment's reflection, "and a very apt one as connected with you," he added, with a smile.

But Rosamond hardly heard the compliment.

"Then I am certain that it is Brian's wife," she cried, with excitement, "for he told me himself that she had a perfect mania for the poet Pope. Look! what is that before us on the road?"

"It is a man."

"But is there not a woman or a child further on? Yes, look how she stumbles and totters! Oh, it must be her. Quick, drive quicker!" she cried to the coachman. "Oh, John, it will kill her, this terrible walk through these roads, and she just out of her bed, poor child! Look, she has fallen!"

The pedestrian hurried forward. Behind him the horses were lashed on to their utmost pace and tore on over the heavy road. Rosamond's carriage arrived upon the scene to find Kitten lying white and unconscious upon the wet road, whilst a young man, who was a stranger to her, was bending over her with a face of absolute agony, and gathering the frail, helpless burden tenderly up in his arms.

(To be continued.)

Could Not Trust Him.

After a wordy argument in which neither scored two Irishmen decided to fight it out. It was agreed, says the Washington Post, that when either said "I've enough" the fight should cease.

After they had been at it about ten minutes one of them fell, and immediately yelled, "Enough, I've enough!" But his opponent kept on pounding him until a man who was watching them said:

"Why don't you let him up? He says he's got enough."

"I know he says so," said the victor, between punches, "but he's such a liar you can't believe a word he says!"

Was Too Honest.

Honesty is one of the leading principles taught in the public schools, and the teachers begin early to impress the value of this trait in character on the minds of the youngest pupils. A South Chicago teacher had a pupil who gave her much sorrow by his unfortunate habit of fibbing on every possible occasion. One day she kept him after school and gave him a serious "talking to." "Just look at the life of George Washington," she said, "he couldn't tell a lie." "Huh," remarked the unregenerate youth, "what was the matter with him?"

Danger in Being Reformer.

"A reformer has many difficulties to face,"

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "As soon as the public discovers a reformer it makes so much of him that his personal vanity is in danger of being developed until it destroys his usefulness."—Kansas City Star.

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