By MRS. ALICE P. CARRISTON

Author of "A Walf from the Sea," "Her Brightest Hope," "Wayward Winnefred," etc.

CHAPTER XII .- (Continued.) In the dimness of the shadowy hall after the outer glare she scarcely noticed the form that loomed before her until two arms encircled her and she felt herself drawn into her father's embrace.

"Claire, my darling child!" exclaimed the old man fervently; "how happy, how unutterably happy I am to-day! Gresham has just left your mother. He has made a thorough examination, and is entirely satisfied with her condition. A great change has taken place in her, chich he assures me will be permanent." Claire struggled out of that fond em-

brace, and stared at her father in amaze-

"What do you mean?" she faltered; "can it be that mother's life was in

"We have purposely kept you in ignor-ance of the facts," was the smiling reply; "but now that all danger is past, I can speak frankly. Yes; we entertained the gravest fears for your poor mother's life. Gresham warned me that our miserable poverty was killing her by inches." "Killing her!" gasped the girl; "killing my mother!"

Yes, my child; and her salvation is due to the thought of your marriage, of your happiness—to this respite of peace and comfort."

Claire turned away with a ghastly palfor overspreading her countenance, which the dim light of the hall served to conceal; and staggering towards the staircase she supported herself for a moment upon the newel-post.

"Merciful heaven!" she thought, her brain in a dizzy, sickening whirl; "my refusal to marry signifies our return to the misery of poverty, and that will kill great, wondering eyes and ringlets of jet my mother. Father, if I have been of advantage to you, do me a favor in re-turn!" She paused an instant for breath, and then went on swiftly: "When Mr. landt. Courtlandt asks for me, beg him to excuse me; say that I am overcome with diffidence—anything you choose, so long as I do not see him until to-morrow. Father, will you do this for me?"

"Certainly, my child," was the sur-prised rejoinder; "you shall not be disturbed to-day, I promise you. But, Claire," he added hastily as she seized the stair rail and sprang up a few steps, "Claire, there is something it is our duty to inform you of to-day!"

"Yes, yes; I know!" she panted, glancing back at his anxious face; "you mean the poor little child whom we have to recognize. I agree to it; I will receive raised the boy and placed him on Claire's him whenever Mr. Courtlandt sees fit to bring him to me."

And as if patience and fortitude had alike departed, she fled up the staircase and vanished in her chamber, locking the

door behind her. No less mystified than relieved, Philip Burgess gazed after the white robe with a puzzled expression. its fluttering violet ribbons until it was

'She knows all!" he muttered; could have told her?"

In spite of the innumerable questions with which he was plied concerning Claire's mysterious disappearance, the old man was as good as his word, and insisted upon his daughter being left un-disturbed. Culckly putting the child from her, she exclaimed:

All that day and until the following morning-Claire's wedding morn-peace and quiet reigned throughout the Burgess mansion. It was not until Martha Dunn entered her young mistress' chamber at 8 o'clock that the very shadows that lurked in the radiant sunlight were startled by the tidings that she brought down to Philip Burgess.

"Send for the doctor!" cried the faithful creature; "Miss Claire is ill, very ill -and looks as if she were dying!" It was no exaggeration. Poor Claire

had passed a night the horrors of which must ever remain a secret with her, so that when the dawn broke it found her in great exhaustion. Gresham, upon his arrival, added fuel

to the fire of excitement by stating that Claire might be able to be dressed and stand long enough to be married in the the exertion of going to church, as she might expire on the way. To Lucian Courtlandt, who drove hastily over upon the receipt of the startling tidings, the wily doctor said:

"It will be just as well, perhaps, for you to make no public parade of the ceremany, since I am informed that your first wife intends to be present."

"Sylphide-here!" gasped Courtlandt in dismay.

"She is staying at the village inn under the name of Mrs. Hastings. So the sooner and more quietly the affair is gotten over the better!"

CHAPTER XIII.

Dr. Gresham's advice was followed in every particular, and while the little church in the village was filling with a crowd of townsfolk, curious to see the strangers from the city, the clergyman was speeding away in his carriage to solemnize the wedding ceremony at Elm-

When they had attired her in her snowy robes of costly satin, with the veil and orange blossoms in her hair, her appearance was so absolutely ghastly that. but for the nervous flashing of her restless eyes, she might well have been mistaken for a lifeless bride wrapped in the cerements of the grave.

The moment his experienced eye rested upon her livid face, Dr. Gresham whispered to the clergyman in attendance; "Be as expeditious as possible; I have

my doubts whether she lasts until the benediction!"

But in that he was mistaken. With remarkable nerve Claire kept her feet at Courtlandt's side. When, however, the last "amen" was pronounced, she swayed blindly, and had not ready hands placed her gently in a chair, she would have

And yet not a word had been exchanged between the bride and groom, and "Your wife, do you say! Ah, you use though Lucian Courtlandt would have that word as though you had been mar-

been glad to have spoken some reassuring words to the sufferer, Gresham hurrled him out of the room with the murmured

"Leave her alone for the present; she

needs rest." Later in the afternoon, when the sun sent its blood-red lances through the closed blinds of that stately flower scented drawing room, the widow Courtlandt found herself alone with the bride, Approaching the chair where Claire lay apparently lost in a day dream, the lady said with tender solicitude:

"Will you not retire to your room and rest you, my dear?" Claire raised her heavy eyes with a total absence of expression as she re-

"Thank you, madam, I am resting

"Are you suffering?" "No; I am only weary. I may say so now, I suppose," with a faint smile, 'since the comedy is over.

Bending over her, Mrs. Courtlandt pressed her lips lightly upon the pallid

"I admire your bravery," she said.
"I have need of considerable yet," murmured Claire, "in order to face the

The enemy! Whom do you mean?" "Those who wish me dead." "My dear child, my fondest hope and dearest wish are to win you back to life

and health. I would give the last drop of blood in my veins to see you well and "You have a kind heart, madam!" There entered at that moment a little

child, with a marvelously beautiful face, black hair that touched his waist. With a glad cry he opened his tiny, dimpled arms and ran to the elder Mrs. Court-"Grandma!" he cried, affectionately,

nestling in that lady's arms. "Who is this child?" demanded Claire. "Can you not guess? He calls me

Attracted by her voice, little Leon walked shyly to Claire, exclaiming:
"Oh, what a pretty, white lady! Won't you take me in your lap?"

Claire stooped and cast her arms about "I cannot lift you, my darling," she faltered, after a valiant effort; "I am

not strong enough." With glad alacrity Mrs. Courtlandt lap, while the latter murmured, kissing sweet lips:

"Yes, these are his features, his eyes-his son!" and with a sudden access of affection, gathering the child to her bosom, "and my son!"

"My mamma," faltered the child, with "Yes, Leon," said Claire; "are you not willing? Will you not be my boy?"

"Yes, yes," cried the boy; "I love you, white lady!" With the child nestling in her boson Claire suddenly raised her eyes to find Lucian Courtlandt standing upon the threshold of the room, silently regarding

"Mr. Courtlandt, I suppose you have come to receive some tidings of me; make your mind easy on that score; I am suffering horribly."

"Claire, retract those cruel words," he cried.

As she did not speak, and in the awkward pause that ensued, Mrs. Courtlandt took little Leon's hand and led him towards the door.

"Good-by, little white mamma," lisped the child, and then went tripping away. "Good-by, good-by," sighed Claire; then, turning to Lucian, she added: "Pardon the irritability of an invalid. I beg you not to be offended if sometimes I am lacking in a due sense of my obligations.

"Obligations!" cried Lucian contritely; "the obligation is entirely upon my side. Do you fancy that I fall to appreciate house, but he should forbid her making the immense sacrifice you have made for me to-day?"

Claire shook her head sadly, as she answered:

"No, no; my part of the contract will not be fulfilled until I am gone. Would you have chosen me, had you been told that I could be cured?" she demanded. "Is not the mother of your son alive?" "Yes," came the reluctant reply, "she

is alive." "Do you love her, or not? Answer me, upon your word of honor, as a gentle-

He turned away from her and wiped the beads of perspiration from his brow. "How much you will have to say to each other the day after my death!" It is probable that his patience would

not have stood this last hard test had not a servant suddenly entered the room. "Mr. Courtlandt," he said, "there is a lady at the door asking for you."

"A lady!" he gasped; "what is her name?" "Mrs. Hastings."

"Sylphide here? How dared she Ere he could command himself suffi-

ciently to articulate a word, Claire rose from her chair. "You see," she said, with cutting disdain, "the poor woman has been neglected for two weeks, and she has come to find you." Then, as she staggered to-

wards an inner door, she cried: "She will not even wait until I am As she passed out of sight he came to his senses with a start. He turned to find himself face to face with Sylphide.

"What are you thinking of?" he said. "Why are you here—here in my wife's very apartment?" The rigidity of her features relaxed,

the spell was broken, and in a low, tense tone that thrilled with indignant reproach she replied:

"Your wife, do you say! Ah, you use

ried as many years as you have known her days. But, my good sir, you have but one wife, as your child has but one -ard I am she!"

"Sylphide," he faltered, advancing a cep, but pausing abruptly as though her accusing eyes distilled some baleful influence; "Sylphide, why are you here? What have you come to do?"

"Why am I here?" came the sharp retort; "are you aware that it is two mortal weeks since I have seen either you or my son? I am here to satisfy myself that I have not been forgotten. Since I have been separated from you," she continued piteously, "I have become as one mad; the strangest fancies have taken possession of me. I imagine that you have abandoned me forever, that I shall never see you again; a fiend keeps whispering in my ear that they have stolen your heart and my child's heart from me. Heaven help me, I doubt the very sun-shine which is all the warmth I have left in life!"

She pressed her hands upon her eyes for an instant, as though striving to blot out some hideous prospect; then, removing them, she concluded in low-toned des-

"There must be an end to this! Whenever these horrible vagaries overpower me, I must be so placed that I can see

you, speak to you."
"Impossible!" he interposed, firmly. While Claire lives I must not-I will

not, see you!" "It is true, then!" she panted;" my suspicions are correct. Your paternal solicitude is all a farce; you have cleverly disembarrassed yourself of me in order to marry a woman who, in all probability, is no more an invalid than I am!"

In the very desperation of despair, Courtlandt glanced from right to left, impotently hoping to find some proof of a convincing nature that would satisfy this most obdurate of doubters; as luck would have it, Fate stepped in at the eleventh hour, and discovered to his wandering eye a web-like bit of lace which Claire had repeatedly pressed to her lips, while she occupied the chair beside which it had fallen unnoticed. Darting upon it, Courtlandt held it aloft by the two corners before Sylphide's eyes.
"Take back those words!" he

'ah, do not turn your eyes away! Look at that stain. Her blood, her life blood! Let the sight of it dissipate your fears; she will not last long. But I conjure you -have pity upon her; let her die in peace.

She crept a step or two towards hin and laid her hand upon his wrist. "So, Lucian," she faltered humbly, "your house is closed to me? And you will not come to me? And I may not see

my child?"
"No, Sylphide. You ought to know by this time that the word of a Courtlandt is inviolable; I had rather die than break So long as Claire shall live, I will fulfill the sacred duty that the title of husband imposes while Claire lives, you shall remain an utter stranger to me. But when God in his mercy has called the poor sufferer home to him, then we will return to you, Leon and I, and we will never more leave you. I swear it." "It is well," she rejoined, pressing her

lips for one instant upon his hand, and then relinquishing it as one replaces a dead hand upon the pulseless breast. "It is well. I know what your plighted word means. I will wait."

She slowly gathered her dark wraps about her and prepared to depart; but, as though the place exerted an irresistible spell, she turned to one of the win dows and adjusting the slats of the blind, looked out upon the sun-lit garden with

the lawn beyond. "I am somewhat more at peace with syself," she murmured. "She is really very ill, and Lucian feels more pity than love for her in her sufferings. Still it is of paramount importance that I should know everything that takes pace in the house! I stand alone, forlorn; with every man's hand against me. I must have friend at court, here on this very spot! I will know from hour to hour how fares this highway robber who has deprived me of name and love, and trampled my motherhood beneath her feet. Should she betray the slightest symptoms of improvement, I must know it before others sus pect it, so that I may take her fate into my own hands. But whom shall I secure ?

The words expired in a startled whisper. A quick step smote the piazza, and a pair of eyes, set close to the blind, gleamed through the open slats into her own. Had fate sent her an accomplice? (To be continued.)

That Ended the Argument. "Dey's no use ter lose time prayin'

w'en a mad bull's takin' after you," said Brother Dickey. "De thing ter do is ter climb a tree." "But," said Brother Williams,

'spose a cyclone come along en blowed de tree down?" -"Well," said Brother Dickey, "dey

ain't no use ter go inquirin' too far inter de mysteries er Providence!"-Atlanta Constitution.

Her Estimate. "I suppose she thinks, from what

she hears, that I'm a sad dog," said the gay young artist. "Oh, no, she doesn't think you are

so bad." "Not as bad as I'm painted, ch?"

"Even better than that. She says you're not as bad as your painting." -Philadelphia Ledger.

Sufficient to the Day. "I was just telling my daughter,"

shame for her to play the plane on age for each man is about one hun-

adelphia Press. Called the Binff.

ten that she will not visit us this fluffy masses. As soon as the last Mrs. Newed-Mother has just writsummer unless you will permit her to pay her board. Newed-I shall wire her at once say.

ing that I shall not permit her to do anything of the kind. A Price to Be Paid.

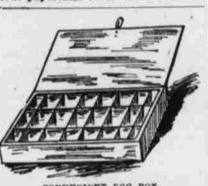
"I thought," said the shopper, "that this was a bargain; that I could get it for a song." "Well, you can have it," replied the

notes."—Philadelphia Press. A ton of sugar beets yields 210 pounds of refined sugar.



Box for Carrying Eggs. Most poultrymen are familiar with he egg carriers used on the market and those who have a considerable quantity of eggs to handle use these carriers; the farmer, however, is in the habit of carrying eggs in a basket and often many of them become brocen resulting in considerable loss. The illustration shows one of the boxes which may be made from cheap material and which will answer as well as the boxes sold for the purpose. Any grocer who handles quantities of shipped eggs will give a customer some of the cardboard filler such as are up in the crates; then buy some cracker boxes and fashion a neat box like the one shown, cutting the pasteboard fillers with a sharp knife so that they will fit the wooden box,

Boxes made to hold one dozen eggs and others to hold two dozen will be large enough. These boxes ought to have covers with a hasp coming down over a staple so that the box may be locked if need be. These boxes will cost but little if made at home as suggested, and if one has strictly fresh eggs of good size as well as uniform in size they can be marketed in these boxes at a higher price than if marketed in a basket; try it and see if it is not so. As an extra inducement to the consumer wrap each egg in white tissue paper and twist the ends of the



CONVENIENT EGG BOX.

paper as they are twisted around oranges and lemons. Have the eggs strictly fresh of good size and clean, difficult problem. The most common correct as the other, says a philosoand you'll find that the tissue paper conceit will sell them readily and at good prices.-Indianapolis News.

Diseases of Sheep. The diseases which have been found most troublesome and stubborn are those occasioned by parasites. Of these there are several different spe-

Scab is caused by a parasite, but it is external rather than the most dangerous, which are internal. The latter are: Stomach worms, lung worms, intestinal worms, tape worms and nodular worms.

For tape worm oil of male fern seems to be the favorite remedy, a teaspoonful being a dose. Two teaspoonfuls of powdered areca nut is also a good remedy. One teaspoonful of turpentine given in milk is said to given after fasting and followed with a laxative.

The latest remedy for stomach worms and nodular worms is what is known as the iron remedy. Give in grain sulphate of iron (copperas, sometimes called green vitriol and riol), a dose being ten ounces of the drug to thirty-five lambs. Give daily two weeks, then stop one week and give again. Mix in water and apply

the water to the grain. Gasoline is also considered a good remedy for stomach worms. Some danger accompanies this remedy, as lambs often die after having been ounces of milk.

doses of two to four ounces.

Rapid Sheep Shearing, Some of the wandering sheep shear-

ers of the Western sheep-raising States have acquired wonderful speed. There is a record of one man who sheared said Mrs. Noosens, "that it's really a 250 sheep in a single day. The averdred. The men never tie a sheep, "Why did you mention Sunday par- They seize it by the legs with the left ticularly?" asked Mrs. Peppery.-Phil- hand, throw it so that they can squeeze it firmly between their legs, and almost before the sheep has begun to bleat the fleece is falling in great clip of the shears has been made the shearer kicks the fleece out of his way, the struggling sheep is released and races off, and another one is bundled in.

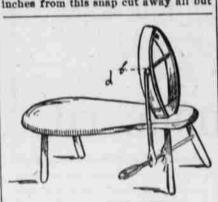
> Overdone Gardening. One of the misfortunes of garden

lovers is that they frequently plan to do more work than can be carried on successfully. Almost every one who builds a house thinks, he would like dealer, "If you can reach a few high to have a nice garden, and the nice garden is consequently arranged. But when it is found, as it too often is found, that it requires an expensive are three feet in diameter,

wages bill to keep the place in good order, what was expected to be a pleasure becomes an annoyance and a bore. A small place, well cared for, and everything kept up nice and orderly gives far more satisfaction than an overgrown place that is a drag on the means of its owner. In all our

Repairing Harness. Most premises have old leather

traces about, and a number of parts of harness, such as breast, pole and holdback straps, can be made of these, by one handy at such work. Select a piece long enough for a breast strap, fasten a snap at one end; 18 or 20 inches from this snap cut away all but



GOOD HARNESS HORSE, the best outside ply, rivet a buckle, punch a number of holes, and there you are, The pole and holdbacks pants." may be made from old light traces. A belly-band for chain harness would have a large loop at one end instead of a buckle.

A back band for plow harness may be made from old leather or rubber belting. The leather belting, if pretty fair, will make good traces,

These hints are not for repairing valuable new harness. One should be very careful about riveting on these. The illustration shows how I made a clamp for sewing barness from two kerosene barrel staves fitted in block so the bolts will draw at least 1/4 Inch. This makes it clamp the work at top. Use two %-inch bolts. This clamp, if properly made, will hold any part of the harness while being sewed .- W. A. Clearwaters, in Iowa Homestead.

To Move Wire Fences.

It often becomes necessary to move fence from one part of the farm to another. It is a simple matter to move posts, but the wire presents a more method is to slowly and laboriously | nher. roll it up on a barrel, haul it to the place where it is wanted and as slowly unroll it again. A much better and quicker way is to take a couple of old wheels, the larger the better, and fasten them together by natting pieces of board to the spokes next the axle. The wheels when fastened together should be about two feet apart. Now take two planks and fasten firmly to the sides of the wagon box so they will extend backward about four feet. Mount the wheels on these planks so



FOR MOVING WIRE FENCES.

be effectual. Most of these should be they will turn easily. Fasten one end of the wire to one of the boards that connect the wheels and drive astride of the wire. One man turns the wheel people. while the other drives, and the wire can be rolled up as fast as the team can walk. To unroll fasten wire to one of the corner posts, drive ahead must not be confounded with blue vit- and the wire will unroll itself .- C. V. Gregory, in St. Louis Republic,

Wood Ashes for House Plants. It is not generally known that wood ashes, mixed with compost, are very beneficial for most pot plants. Palms are wonderfully benefited, and so are crotons, dracaenas, marantas, in fact, all foliage plants. In many instances, given doses of gasoline. A dose con- when the plant has nearly exhausted sists of one tablespoonful in four the soil, if the top be scraped off to a little depth, and a sprinkling of wood A solution of 1 per cent coal tar is ashes and fresh soil be added, the also a good worm remedy given in plant will be all right until time to repot. To many a lover of flowers this hint, to add a little wood ashes to compost, will bring many a brigetened flower and much improved foliage. The mixture should be worked into the earth immediately or some of the ammonia in the manure will escape. into the air and be wasted.

> The Prolific Scale. The total number of descendants from one individual of the San Jose scale during the time between the middie of June and the last of November has been calculated at 3,216,080,400. As all these millions obtain their food by sucking the sap from the plant they are on, it is not to be wondered at that a tree which in the spring was apparently in good condition may be nearly or entirely dead by fall.

Apple Trees 70 Years Old. On the farm of John Carson, near Russellville, Howard county, Missouri, is an apple orchard which was planted seventy years ago. The land was preempted at that time, and the original "sheepskin" deed was signed by Andrew Jackson. The orchard bore a good erop this year. Many of its trees

Impure blood always shows somewhere. If the skin, then boils, pimples, rashes. If the nerves, then neuralgia, nervousness, depression. If the

Sarsaparilla

stomach, then dyspepsia, biliousness, loss of appetite. Your doctor knows the remedy, used for 60 years.

"Raturning from the Cuban war, I was a perfect wreck. My blood was bad, and my health was gone. But a few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla completely cured me."

If. C. DORMLER, Scranton, Pa. all druggists. for -

Impure Blood

Aid the Sarsaparilla by keeping the bowels regular with Ayer's Pills.

An Obituary Mixed.

Edward L. Adams, representing the United States as Consul General at Stockholm, Sweden, was for several years editor of the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle. While occupying that position he wrote an obliuary notice of a neighbor's child, whose trousers had caught fire during a Fourth of July celebration, burning the little fellow so badly that he died in consequence, Mr. Adams ended his article with the statement that the sympathies of friends would go out to the bereaved parents. His shock next day may possibly be imagined when the types made him say that "the sympathies of a large circle of friends will go out to the burned

For His Encouragement.

Notwithstanding the disparity in numbers, Charles XIII., of Sweden marched bravely with his 8,000 men against Peter the Great and his 80,000 Russians.

"What is your object, your majesty," remonstrated one of his trusted generals, "in taking such a frightful "I want to show the Mikado of

Japan," replied the king, "that a Czar isn't the whole cheese." Shortly afterward the demonstration

was complete.-Chicago Tribune. It takes two to make a quarrel until you have one of your own, and then it is always the other one who makes it.

Success.

Some people think success means simply to get rich. Others think it means merely to keep out of jail. One of these definitions is about as near

Eves That Act Independently,

Many animals possess more than two eyes which do not act together. A leech, for example, has ten eyes on the top of its head, which do not work in concert, and a kind of marine worm has two eyes on the head and a row down each side of the body. Some lizerds have an extra eye on the top of the head which does not act with the other two. A bee or wasp has two large compound eyes which possibly help each other and are used for near vision, and also three little simple eyes on the top of the head which are employed for seeing things a long way

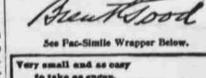
Sometimes we may learn more from man's errors than from his virtues .-

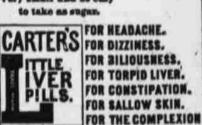
Indians and negroes, as a rule, are possessed of keener hearing than white

The population of Japan is twelve times as dense as that of the United

SECURITY. Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of





Price Purely Vegetable. CURE SICK HEADACHE.

