

Remington saw his friend to the outer room and then returned to the easel, before which he stood for several minutes in deep silence. But there was an added brightness in his eye, and a warmer glow upon his cheek, and when, a little later, he commenced humming an old Italian ballad it was evident that the heart of the artist was more at ease than it was prior to the Colonel's visit.

Colonel Bland was a Baltimorean who resided three parts of the year in Europe. He was very wealthy and a widower without children. When Claude went abroad to study, the Colonel was one of the first Americans whom he met in Paris. Their acquaintance ripened into a warm friendship and the elder gentleman took a lively interest in young Remington's successes. A lover of art, though not himself an artist, he became an enthusiast in Claude's work, and accompanied him on many a rambling tour in search of the beautiful and picturesque bits of scenery that abound in France, Italy and Switzerland. For a year and a half they were constantly together and when Claude met his fate in Constance Blythe the Colonel was his young friend's confidant and did his best to bring about a match. But the pride of Mrs. Blythe, who came from an old Bostonian family, proved an insurmountable barrier to a union, and the Colonel was bitterly disappointed himself at the failure of his friend. He counseled Claude to stay, in fact, and disregard Mrs. Blythe's orders, inasmuch as Constance was nearly of age, but in this case the younger man had the most sensible view of affairs, and wisely decided not to remain near the girl who, he knew, loved him as fervently as he did her. This difference of opinion as to what he ought to do led to some words between the two friends and Claude, who was of an impetuous nature, left Mentone abruptly and without bidding anyone goodbye.

And now his friend had followed him across the Atlantic for the express purpose of taking him back to his lady-love and never was a messenger more happy in the fulfillment of his mission. But still the thought of Constance's poor condition of health worried the Colonel considerably, though he strove to conceal his fears from Claude.

On Good Friday evening the American liner "Paris" glided slowly into her dock at Southampton and two of the first passengers to walk down the gang plank were Colonel Bland and Claude Remington. They took the night express for London at once and the next morning started for Paris via Dover.

Scarcely resting in the French capital long enough to take a meal; they took train for the southeast and towards noon on Easter Sunday were near their journey's end. Loverlike, Claude's spirits rose as he gradually approached the place where Constance was. Everything was familiar to him in Nice. The very hackmen recognized him and touched their hats respectfully. Many a *jeune femme* had received from the young artist during his long sojourn in the fashionable resort.

On arrival at the Hotel Royale the Colonel and his companion went straight to their rooms, which had been engaged by telegraph. Colonel Bland then sent a messenger to Mrs. Blythe with a note to the effect that Remington was with him and awaited the pleasure of an interview. A reply was not long in coming and the bearer of it was Sir William Jowitt the physician in attendance on Constance.

The young lady, he said, was seriously ill, so much so that he would have to deny Claude an interview until she had been prepared to undergo the ordeal. The bad extreme doubts of her recovery—her nervous system was completely shattered. Mrs. Blythe was at her daughter's bedside, scarcely ever left her, in fact, except while the sick girl slept. As soon as Constance fell asleep she would be pleased to see Claude and the Colonel in the reception room.

The physician was calm and polite, but his soft gray eyes were bent, while he was talking, upon the young artist's face. He had heard much of him but seen nothing, and he had been somewhat curious to know the young gentleman whose presence, his professional instincts told him, would be much more potent than all the medicines he could prescribe for Constance. But then he had to fear the effect of any shock, even though of a joyous nature. Sudden happiness is frequently as fatal as sudden sorrow in cases where the nerves are in a weak state. They had not known whether the Colonel would find Claude or not, and did not like to even hint at his coming until they were sure he was there.

In an elegantly furnished bedroom in another part of the hotel sat Mrs. Blythe by the bedside of her daughter. She was waiting for the girl to wake up from the few hours' slumber she had taken that afternoon. The mother was a strikingly handsome woman of about 45, tall and graceful in figure, and with an air of refinement in her features which was somewhat heightened by the *hauteur* of her expression. So habitual was this proud look on her face that even now, while bending over the sleeping form of her own child, the strongly marked characteristic was distinctly observable. The girl was unquestionably beautiful, but the ravages of a long sickness were plainly visible in her white and drawn face as she slept.

Mrs. Blythe had seen the Colonel and Claude, and a consultation, with the physician as adviser, had resulted in the determination to prepare Constance for the surprise of seeing her lover back at her side.

The picture which had been a work of loyal love on Claude's part, was moved into the invalid's room in a conspicuous position, with a curtain thrown loosely over it.

The society woman's feelings had fought between pride of caste on one side and love for her child on the other, and the latter had won the battle. Her firm resolve now was to endeavor to undo, as far as she could, the evil she had done. She never seemed to realize the enormity of her action until she was shown the portrait of Constance as she used to be. The contrast between the merry, pink-cheeked maiden of a year ago and the pale-faced invalid lying before her now was so great that it made her tremble for fear her ridiculous pride had killed her only child. A reaction set in and now, much as she had formerly opposed the union, she deter-

mined that it should take place, even if it were a death-bed wedding. Her daughter should have the wish of her heart before she died at least.

When the sick girl at last moved restlessly, and then opened her eyes with that tired and weary look peculiar to confirmed invalids, her mother stooped and kissed the pale forehead affectionately.

"You have had a nice, long sleep, dear," she said gently, "nearly four hours, and I think you look better for it. Had you pleasant dreams?"

"Dreaming of Claude, as usual, mamma," replied the girl in a low voice. "You must not be angry with me, I cannot forget him either waking or sleeping. As for my looks, I have almost forgotten how I ever looked."

"If you will promise me to be calm and not get in the least excited, I will show you how you looked not long ago," said Mrs. Blythe in an affectionate tone.

Constance gazed on her wonderingly. Mrs. Blythe met the questioning look with a maternal smile.

"You must promise me," she said, as she pressed a fervent kiss upon Constance's lips, "otherwise I won't show you."

"All right, I promise willingly," replied the girl, with a puzzled expression.

Mrs. Blythe moved the ornamental easel close to the bedside and drew the curtain away.

An involuntary start, an exclamation of glad surprise, a slight flush of color in the cheek and then the invalid's face became fixed upon the picture. There was a few minutes of complete silence, which Constance broke by saying:

"Mamma, Claude painted that."

"How do you know, dear?"

"I know he did—he must have done; nobody else in the wide world could have done! Did he send it to you, mamma, tell me, did he?"

"Remember your promise, dear child, or I shall give you no information at all," answered the mother with a playful laugh. "Now, just keep perfectly quiet, and I'll tell you a little secret. I have sent for Mr. Remington to come back."

"Sent for him, mamma? How could you be guilty of such an indiscretion?"

"No indiscretion about it, my dear child. I sent him away from you and it was my place to recall him." Mrs. Blythe put her arm around her daughter's neck and kissed her. As she did so Constance felt the warm tears drop on her cheek and saw that her mother was crying.

"Oh you dear, sweet, kind mamma, how good of you to do that when you don't like Claude."

"I do like Claude, and I admit that I have made a foolish error. I thought pride was stronger than love, but I find that I am mistaken."

"When did you send for him? It is a long way to New York," Constance spoke eagerly, questioningly.

"He is on his way here now, darling, and I want you to try and get strong again before he comes, won't you?"

"I am strong, mamma, quite strong, and your blessed words give me extra strength. I already feel much better."

"Would you feel well enough to see Claude if he should arrive tonight, dear?—remember, the doctor cautions you against the least excitement, and he would not let you see him unless you promised to be calm."

"But I am calm, mamma. It would not injure me. I feel it would give me strength if I could see Claude again."

"Then, Constance, prepare to have your wish gratified at once," said Mrs. Blythe softly, as her finger pressed the electric bell.

There came an old time sparkle in the eyes of the sick girl as she heard her mother's words, the cheeks flushed again, her bosom heaved perceptibly. Mrs. Blythe whispered a few words to the servant who answered the bell. Then she returned to her daughter's bedside and took the invalid's hand.

"Constance," she said, in a somewhat broken voice, "I must ask your forgiveness for the shortsighted cruelty I was guilty of when I sent your lover away. I have done what I could to repair the foolish act and have brought Claude back again to your side. May God grant that he is not too late."

A slight tap at the door and Sir William Jowitt entered quietly. A shade of disappointment passed over the face of Constance.

The physician walked forward and felt the pulse of the invalid.

"Your mother has told you who is here, I presume," he said seriously.

"Now tell me, Miss Blythe, do you think you are able to bear an interview?"

"Oh yes. Don't you see how calm I am, doctor? Why, I feel quite strong again, and could almost cry for joy."

"Yes, but you must not cry," said the doctor warningly. Then, as he took his leave, he said to himself, chuckling, "Just as I thought; medicines in her case would not be worth a—continental, as the Americans say."

As Claude entered the room and almost rushed to the bedside, Mrs. Blythe crossed to the window and looked out. The tears were falling from her face, but they were tears of joy, not sorrow. When she walked back to the lovers she took a hand of each and joined them, saying to Constance, "Today is the anniversary of our Saviour's resurrection. Let us hope that it may also be the day of your rising from sickness. It certainly is a fitting occasion, for to-day my own love has risen far beyond my former pride."

**Well Done.**  
It may sound paradoxical  
To creditors of mettle,  
But debtors have to be "stirred up"  
Sometimes before they'll "settle."

**Should Draw Well.**  
O'MAC.—The finest thing I saw in London was a perforated cigar.  
MAC'O.—Holey smokes!

**An Easy Task.**  
Bob.—I think Chauncey Depew is even cleverer than Herrmann.

**TOM.**—For what reason?  
"I have seen him transport people from New York to Buffalo simply by making a few passes."

**A Healthy Man.**  
JAWSON.—Do you know Tompkins well?  
DAWSON.—Yes, never knew him unwell in my life.

### An Involuntary Thief.

A public park, a garden seat, an actor sat thereon.  
His gay attire part product of the season lately gone.  
For fifteen minutes there he rests, then rises to his feet,  
And with a calm and studious face he seeks the crowded street.

But after him a horde of boys precipitately ran,  
And shouted out "Stop thief! stop thief! there goes the guilty man!"  
The actor wonderingly turned, as up the police came,  
And without hesitation gave his right address and name.

Among the boys a tall, slim youth appeared to be the chief,  
And he reiterated loud, "This fellow is a thief!"  
"The actor," the actor hotly cried, "This charge is base indeed,  
In all my life I never yet committed thievish deed!"

"I saw him steal," the urchin said, in making the complaint.  
"Way over in the hollow there I watched him take some paint."  
"You lie!" the actor wildly hissed, beside himself with rage.  
"This is the greatest insult ever offered to the stage!"

"Here is the proof," the boy remarked, "behold me let him budge."  
"You've heard the charge I made, and now let each one be the judge.  
You can't be so guilty at once—he gives us all the chance."  
Observe the paint that's sticking there on the seat of his light pants!"

GEORGE EDGAR.

### The Collector.

The subject of this sketch is not the man who comes around on or about the first of every month wearing a check suit and a bright smile that seems to fade perceptibly when you tell him to "call again in a week," or "let it lay over till next month." It is not the rent or tax collector I have in view, but that worst of all cranks, a collector of old stamps, coins, bric-a-brac and other relics of antiquity.

Perhaps you know one or more of them; perhaps you have met the man to whom a battered old copper penny of George the First's reign is a mine of wealth compared to a brand new ten dollar bill; maybe you know the fellow who cherishes a cancelled postage stamp from the Philippine Islands like an old maid does her yellow pug dog, or a young mother her first infant. And possibly you are also acquainted with the long haired and mildewed enthusiast who visits auction sales of second-hand rubbish and bids fabulous prices for featureless and limbless statuary; who fondles with affectionate reverence a wig that was supposed to belong to Cromwell's first cousin, or worships the alleged toenail of some departed saint who died of La Grippe in the tail end of the last century.

These men are frequently walking museums. They carry pocket books containing several hundred obsolete stamps from all parts of the world, for which no sane man would knowingly give up a nickel. They would sooner lose an entire year's cash receipts than part with their collection. They have also some antiquated coin or other which cost them \$50, but which would not be accepted anywhere as collateral for a hair cut or a bowl of pea soup. Then, if the crank is of a pious turn of mind, or rather, of a superstitious nature, he is pretty sure to have surrounded himself with "relics," such as gruesome looking bones, pieces of skin or fragments of "the true cross." There wasn't wood enough grown in the entire Holy Land to supply the pieces of the true cross that have found their way, in recent years, all over the world, and if the alleged toenails of saints are all authentic, these sanctified people must have been veritable centipedes. It is said that a Minneapolis gentleman started in the lumber business solely for the purpose of supplying splinters from the true cross and he is reported to be worth a fortune at the present day.

Collecting coins is a very sensible and laudable occupation, provided current specie is adhered to, and I respectfully submit that there is more solid satisfaction to be gleaned from the possession of a double eagle than from owning a pot-full of mouldy European coppers that wouldn't buy a mint julep or a pack of cigarettes in any city in the United States. At the same time it is just as well that cranks who are fond of the antiquated money exist, as it gives us poor mortals a chance to enjoy the current coin of the realm without exciting the envy of these collectors.

The love of antiquity observable in these collectors seems to come to a sudden stop when they select a wife or sweetheart. A statue a thousand years old they would venerate, but a woman over thirty-five they would hardly respect for sweethearting purposes.

The age of an engraving or oil painting, if measured by centuries, would throw one of these cranks into rapture, but he has a strange prejudice in favor of youth when it comes to selecting a life partner.

Well, we don't blame him, as we happen to be similarly afflicted ourselves, but we cannot help thinking that much of his affection for ancient coins, obsolete stamps and prehistoric relics is sadly misplaced. We cannot see how the hoarding of these reminiscences of by-gone ages, at great cost of money and time, can afford one-half the pleasure that is to be found in the jingle of a few U. S. gold pieces or the rattle of some crisp American currency.

**Not a Bit Scared.**  
Just a frail and timid creature,  
Pinched of face and pale of feature,  
And seemingly the weakest of her sex,  
Five feet high perhaps—no taller,  
Not a woman there is smaller,  
But of danger in the crowd she little recked.  
Nerves are weak, and brains are swimming  
In that surging throng of women,  
And the spirits of the strong are giving way,  
Yet that slim and fragile figure  
Elbows past a crowd much bigger  
To the counter on this "Special bargain day!"

### Laura's Little Brother.

I have a young lady cousin whose company is much sought after by members of my own sex. I was a man after her own heart once, but I didn't get it. She discouraged me so much that I couldn't take heart at all. Several of my club acquaintances have been paying court to her since, but no one has yet succeeded in carrying off the prize.

From certain rumors that I hear I believe her little brother Eddie is one of the main causes of her failure to catch a suitable husband. It is sufficient to say that Eddie is a small boy and has a tongue. Also a facility for putting peculiar and unfortunate constructions on whatever he may hear or see.

When Mr. Golightly called the other evening and was shown into the parlor, Eddie sauntered shyly in before the visitor had time to seat himself in an imposing attitude. He looked wistfully at the caller for some moments and then said gravely, "Aint you goin to make it talk?" "Make what talk, my little man?" asked Mr. Golightly in friendly tones.

"Your suit, aint it going to shout?" "I don't understand you, my dear," replied Mr. Golightly.

"Well now," said Eddie, scratching his head, and looking the unfortunate young man all over, "when the servant told Laura that you had called she said, 'Oh he needn't call, his spring suit is loud enough to be heard all over the block!'"

Mr. Bondstock, the bank cashier, does not call on Miss Laura since his last painful interview with Eddie in the presence of the latter's father.

"Say, mister," asked the boy playfully, "Isn't our Laura stuck on you?"

"I'm sure I—I don't know," stammered the embarrassed gentleman.

"Oh rats!" replied Eddie, disrespectfully, "why, I saw her stuck on you last night—she was on your knee for over five minutes!"

Worse, if anything, was the experience of Mr. Smartwit, whose second and last visit to Eddie's home was made memorable by that mischievous youngster. He broke in upon Laura and her companion—just as Mr. Smartwit was about to propose—with this probably true, but certainly malapropos sentence—

"Say, sis, ma wants to know how long that booby is going to keep you from supper!" JILKS.

### THE PROBABLE

Last Words of Living Celebrities.

Grover Cleveland: "I shall at least be free from the veto of the senate."

James J. Corbett: "I never thought death could knock me out so easily."

Wm. L. Wilson: "Whither am I drifting?"

Adelina Patti: "This is my last farewell."

John Y. McKane: "Good bye to Coney Island."

Chauncey M. Depew: "I cannot speak this evening—some other time."

Senator Hill of New York: "I never bore any ill will to Grover."

William McKinley: "This Bill will go through all right."

Robt. G. Ingersoll: "I wonder if I was wrong?"

Russell Sage: "I cannot take any stock in the next world."

Ward McAllister: "James, see that my dress pants are properly pressed."

Walter Q. Gresham: "How far is it to Hawaii?"

John Wanamaker: "Anything else today please?"

Thomas P. Ochiltree: "I never took water yet and I will not do it now."

Tom Watson of Georgia: "Where am I at?"

Lillian Russell: "What! are there no marriages in heaven?"

George Slosson: "Now for the long rest."

The Prince of Wales: "I am about tired waiting for a throne."

Joseph Pulitzer: "The 'World' is mine."

Queen Liliuokalani: "How long am I to be kept out?" SAM. PLANK.

BANKER—I understand you have discovered a mine of wealth.  
BROKER—Yes, but it isn't worth a mine—it's another fellow's.

### RIGHT SAYINGS

of Little Children.

"I don't like to go shopping in dry goods stores with my mamma," said a five-year-old boy. "Why not?" he was asked. "Oh, because she asks the salesmen to show her so many things she doesn't want," he promptly replied.

Said Johnnie Kingston's mother, "I want to buy one of those new kitchen ranges. They tell me they save half the coal." And her young hopeful, after considering a minute, asked, "Why don't you buy two of 'em, ma, and save it all?"

"Now Bobby," said the school teacher one day, "if it took ten men fifteen hours to hoe a large cornfield, how long would it take two men, say your father and uncle, to do the same work?"

"They'd never do it," replied Bobby promptly, "they'd be swapping fish stories all the time!"

That was a bright child who, on being asked what ice was, quickly replied, "Water, gone to sleep." And the grocer's little girl's definition of sand, "something papa mixes with sugar," was as ingenious as it was unexpected.

"Shall I have to get married when I grow up?" asked little Flossie of her mother one day.

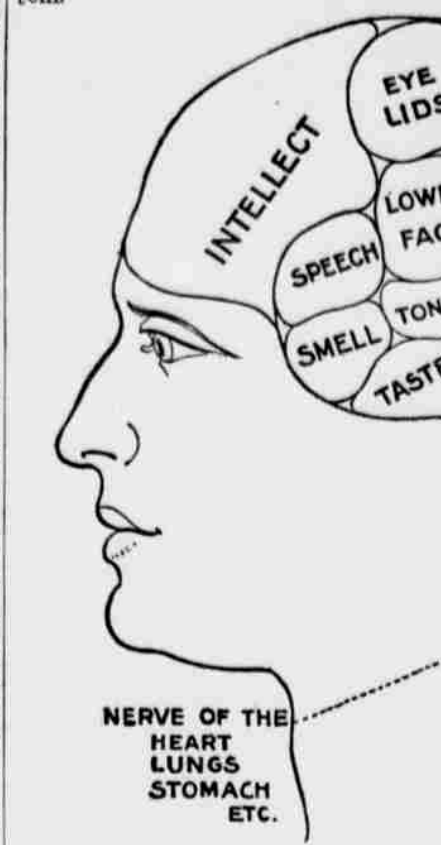
"Just as you please, my dear," answered her mother. "Most women do marry, however."

"Yes, I suppose so," continued the little girl musingly, "and I guess I'd better start right in and hustle for a husband now. They tell me Aunt Jane has been at it for 20 years and hasn't found one yet!" H. O'D.

### HOW WE THINK AND ACT.

It is a common thing to hear people talk about what they think, of the subjects they understand, and how they reasoned this way and that way, in certain matters. But it is a question if one in a thousand people has ever stopped to consider how they think, and by what occult processes in the brain the reasoning faculty, or intelligence, performs its duties? Nevertheless it is probably the most interesting study of any that pertains to human anatomy. The material motions of the body are understood, to a limited extent, but the actions of the mind are rarely, if ever, thought of, even by professional physiologists.

Of all the machines the world has ever seen, the most elaborate, complicated and intricate could not compare with the machinery of the human system.



It will well repay the reader to study in connection with this article the accompanying semi-phrenological chart, in which he will notice that the human head is carefully mapped out, with the various senses and organs properly indicated in their respective locations. It will be seen at a glance that every part of the body is directly controlled by the brain. The limbs and various organs are governed by it. Every motion of every muscle emanates from headquarters in the brain. The seat of intellect, that is, the understanding or thinking and reasoning part of man, is located across the front part of the brain. The other senses, such as sight, hearing, taste, touch and smell, occupy positions in the rear of the intellect, as do also the mainsprings of motion. In the gray or outer matter of the brain, where these various locations are marked in the cut, are situated the nerve centers and all these are in direct communication and sympathy with each other. They are in harmonious accord and assist one another in the performance of their respective functions.

For instance, when in conversation with a person, it is not merely the tongue or organ of speech that is employed. The intellect or understanding is engaged, the sense of hearing is concentrated upon what your companion may be saying, the eyes are usually fixed upon him, and his on you, you move your arms, hands or facial muscles by way of gesture or expression, and all these acts are done

forces. These nerves are in the form of delicate white strings or filaments, and are to the organs of the body exactly what telegraph lines are between different cities—a means of prompt communication. No matter what muscle or organ of the body becomes in any way affected the news is promptly transmitted through the nerve centers to the brain and other organs are liable to be affected through sympathy. This is well exemplified and perhaps more lucidly explained in the cut showing the relation of the eye to the sense of hearing and the organ of speech on another part of this page. It must be generally conceded that the clearer one understands his mechanism the better will he or she be able to know what is the matter with them when they are sick. As it is, people often have symptoms of serious diseases, which they treat lightly, if at all, because they do not comprehend fully the importance of these disease indications, and, as they do not realize the danger, they neglect the trouble until it is often too late. With a better knowledge of their own construction and susceptibility to diseases they would take far more precautions in the early stage of their trouble and thus prevent its dangerous increase. Physiological experts, we know, have been for many years experimenting upon the heads of the lower animals, such as dogs, monkeys, etc., to ascertain the various functions of the brain. They have also examined the brains of people after death in order

at one and the same time, though prompted by different senses under one government.

First of all, external impressions are telegraphed, as it were, through the mediums of the ear or eye to the seat of intellect, and orders are immediately dispatched from there, by means of the nerve centers, to every organ whose co-operation is required.

For example, as you read these lines, just move the toes of your right or left foot. The movement you find will be simultaneous with your thinking about it. No sooner does the brain

to determine the reason of various paralytic and other symptoms that occurred before death. Thus it has been ascertained that different portions of the brain control different parts of the body as indicated in the cut.

These remarks may convey a popular idea of how extremely difficult it is to successfully treat nervous diseases unless one is thoroughly well grounded in the construction of the nervous system, and has had a practical experience in the causes of disease and also their cure.

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