

## A Third Generation

By Muriel Winsor

The old lord of Hartley Chase had been dead two years, and a new Lord Wallace, Arthur by name, reigned in his stead. Fair-haired, blue-eyed, and altogether English though he was, yet Arthur had chosen his bride from the land of the "Stairs and Stripes," a slender, brown-haired little orphan girl, who had not come across the intervening ocean avowedly to annex title, and had done so eventually, only because it chanced to be an ancestor of the man to whom she lost her heart. Mary Carson cared nothing at all for the despair she had caused many matchmaking mothers who had cherished dreams of the Wallace estates for their own fair daughters, or for the sensational "ouffs" given her by the society journals, nothing for any one on the earth, in fact, except Arthur, and to him she gave a wealth of love that was little short of worship.

Non, society's obligations over, they changed the whirl of London for the exotic land of Portugal, this honeymoon paradise where the skies seem always blue, with the glorious deep tint of the sapphire that the perfumes of the orange groves hang heavily on the still evening air. They were happy with that complete contentment that falls to the lot of so few mortals, wandering whither their fancy led them, making no plans, letting fate decide for the most part what form each day's amusement should take, and thus it chanced that a month after their wedding day, when Lord Wallace had begun to think of taking his wife home, fate, through the medium of some friends they had met, suggested that they had not seen a bull fight. On all the earth there is no sight to equal in some respects, the national sport of Spain and Portugal, the picturesque setting, the myriad of different colors clothing the thousands of hysterical spectators, the pleaders with their scarlet cloths, the gorgeous dresses of the toreros, and finally the "matador," who contrived the whole assembly in point of priceless dress and jewels—all these tend to blind one to the sight of the beauty of the scene.

Mary found much in the spectacle to interest her. She and Arthur had one of the small boxes to themselves, the friends who had accompanied the excursion, being near at hand. In another, the matador stood alone with the bull not very far from where they sat. It was the moment for which the huge audience had waited since the opening of the fight—the great final struggle between man and beast; and every one leaned forward in almost breathless silence watching for the next movement of the bull. Suddenly Mary became conscious that Arthur was moving restlessly and murmuring to himself. She turned to him in surprise and as she did so he rose to his feet pointing with outstretched finger at the matador.

"Look! the little brute," he shouted loudly. "Look at the little brute; he doesn't see it. Poor beggar, it may be the death of him."

"What's the matter, darling? What can you see?" she asked anxiously, and her husband's voice was still loud and excited as he answered her.

"That dog! Look at the beast snapping at him behind. Why doesn't somebody—" He paused abruptly, then, with a sudden "Ah!" of satisfaction, yielded to Mary's touch and sank into his seat. "It's gone now," he observed, then, nothing her white face. "Did I startle you, little woman? I'm sorry but it was such a beastly piece of carelessness to let that cur get into the ring."

The great moment came and went. The bull was killed with many flourishes and tricks of swordsmanship, and the matador stood bowing to receive the deafening applause of a delighted audience. Lord Wallace cheered with the rest but his wife was very silent. She was trying to achieve the impossibility—to make

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c. per bottle.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Don't neglect your cough.

Statistics show that in New York City alone over 200 people die every week from consumption.

And most of these consumptives might be living now if they had not neglected the warning cough.

You know how quickly Scott's Emulsion enables you to throw off a cough or cold.

ALL DRUGGISTS, 50c. AND \$1.00.



herself believe that there had been a dog in the ring.

It was eighteen months later and the rich tints of early autumn were spread lavishly on the woods and valleys around Hartley Chase. Within the walls of the stately old building lights sparkled on costly plate, and well-trained servants moved noiselessly about their duties. Lord and Lady Wallace were giving a dinner party, the first since the birth and early death of their son and heir. Despite the perfection of the servants, Mary always liked to look at the table decorations herself, and that night, dressing early as was her wont, she slowly descended the wide staircase, pausing for a moment beside a millioned window which looked out over a large shrubbery to where the stables stood some distance away. She had altered a good deal since her marriage; there were sad lines around the sensitive mouth and the large eyes were no longer the clear untroubled ones of her girlhood.

They were beautiful still, but the girl had become a woman, and it was the calm, strong soul, of one who, seeing the darkness of life's road, yet trod it with unwavering

firmness. Mary, whose eyes were now looking down at the long table, saw that the matador was still in the ring.

"What's the matter, darling? What can you see?" she asked anxiously, and her husband's voice was still loud and excited as he answered her.

"That dog! Look at the beast snapping at him behind. Why doesn't somebody—" He paused abruptly, then, with a sudden "Ah!" of satisfaction, yielded to Mary's touch and sank into his seat. "It's gone now," he observed, then, nothing her white face. "Did I startle you, little woman? I'm sorry but it was such a beastly piece of carelessness to let that cur get into the ring."

The great moment came and went. The bull was killed with many flourishes and tricks of swordsmanship, and the matador stood bowing to receive the deafening applause of a delighted audience. Lord Wallace cheered with the rest but his wife was very silent. She was trying to achieve the impossibility—to make

herself believe that there had been a dog in the ring.

It was eighteen months later and the rich tints of early autumn were spread lavishly on the woods and valleys around Hartley Chase. Within the walls of the stately old building lights sparkled on costly plate, and well-trained servants moved noiselessly about their duties. Lord and Lady Wallace were giving a dinner party, the first since the birth and early death of their son and heir. Despite the perfection of the servants, Mary always liked to look at the table decorations herself, and that night, dressing early as was her wont, she slowly descended the wide staircase, pausing for a moment beside a millioned window which looked out over a large shrubbery to where the stables stood some distance away. She had altered a good deal since her marriage; there were sad lines around the sensitive mouth and the large eyes were no longer the clear untroubled ones of her girlhood.

They were beautiful still, but the girl had become a woman, and it was the calm, strong soul, of one who, seeing the darkness of life's road, yet trod it with unwavering

firmness. Mary, whose eyes were now looking down at the long table, saw that the matador was still in the ring.

"What's the matter, darling? What can you see?" she asked anxiously, and her husband's voice was still loud and excited as he answered her.

"That dog! Look at the beast snapping at him behind. Why doesn't somebody—" He paused abruptly, then, with a sudden "Ah!" of satisfaction, yielded to Mary's touch and sank into his seat. "It's gone now," he observed, then, nothing her white face. "Did I startle you, little woman? I'm sorry but it was such a beastly piece of carelessness to let that cur get into the ring."

The great moment came and went. The bull was killed with many flourishes and tricks of swordsmanship, and the matador stood bowing to receive the deafening applause of a delighted audience. Lord Wallace cheered with the rest but his wife was very silent. She was trying to achieve the impossibility—to make

herself believe that there had been a dog in the ring.

It was eighteen months later and the rich tints of early autumn were spread lavishly on the woods and valleys around Hartley Chase. Within the walls of the stately old building lights sparkled on costly plate, and well-trained servants moved noiselessly about their duties. Lord and Lady Wallace were giving a dinner party, the first since the birth and early death of their son and heir. Despite the perfection of the servants, Mary always liked to look at the table decorations herself, and that night, dressing early as was her wont, she slowly descended the wide staircase, pausing for a moment beside a millioned window which looked out over a large shrubbery to where the stables stood some distance away. She had altered a good deal since her marriage; there were sad lines around the sensitive mouth and the large eyes were no longer the clear untroubled ones of her girlhood.

They were beautiful still, but the girl had become a woman, and it was the calm, strong soul, of one who, seeing the darkness of life's road, yet trod it with unwavering

firmness. Mary, whose eyes were now looking down at the long table, saw that the matador was still in the ring.

"What's the matter, darling? What can you see?" she asked anxiously, and her husband's voice was still loud and excited as he answered her.

"That dog! Look at the beast snapping at him behind. Why doesn't somebody—" He paused abruptly, then, with a sudden "Ah!" of satisfaction, yielded to Mary's touch and sank into his seat. "It's gone now," he observed, then, nothing her white face. "Did I startle you, little woman? I'm sorry but it was such a beastly piece of carelessness to let that cur get into the ring."

The great moment came and went. The bull was killed with many flourishes and tricks of swordsmanship, and the matador stood bowing to receive the deafening applause of a delighted audience. Lord Wallace cheered with the rest but his wife was very silent. She was trying to achieve the impossibility—to make

herself believe that there had been a dog in the ring.

It was eighteen months later and the rich tints of early autumn were spread lavishly on the woods and valleys around Hartley Chase. Within the walls of the stately old building lights sparkled on costly plate, and well-trained servants moved noiselessly about their duties. Lord and Lady Wallace were giving a dinner party, the first since the birth and early death of their son and heir. Despite the perfection of the servants, Mary always liked to look at the table decorations herself, and that night, dressing early as was her wont, she slowly descended the wide staircase, pausing for a moment beside a millioned window which looked out over a large shrubbery to where the stables stood some distance away. She had altered a good deal since her marriage; there were sad lines around the sensitive mouth and the large eyes were no longer the clear untroubled ones of her girlhood.

They were beautiful still, but the girl had become a woman, and it was the calm, strong soul, of one who, seeing the darkness of life's road, yet trod it with unwavering

firmness. Mary, whose eyes were now looking down at the long table, saw that the matador was still in the ring.

"What's the matter, darling? What can you see?" she asked anxiously, and her husband's voice was still loud and excited as he answered her.

"That dog! Look at the beast snapping at him behind. Why doesn't somebody—" He paused abruptly, then, with a sudden "Ah!" of satisfaction, yielded to Mary's touch and sank into his seat. "It's gone now," he observed, then, nothing her white face. "Did I startle you, little woman? I'm sorry but it was such a beastly piece of carelessness to let that cur get into the ring."

The great moment came and went. The bull was killed with many flourishes and tricks of swordsmanship, and the matador stood bowing to receive the deafening applause of a delighted audience. Lord Wallace cheered with the rest but his wife was very silent. She was trying to achieve the impossibility—to make

herself believe that there had been a dog in the ring.

It was eighteen months later and the rich tints of early autumn were spread lavishly on the woods and valleys around Hartley Chase. Within the walls of the stately old building lights sparkled on costly plate, and well-trained servants moved noiselessly about their duties. Lord and Lady Wallace were giving a dinner party, the first since the birth and early death of their son and heir. Despite the perfection of the servants, Mary always liked to look at the table decorations herself, and that night, dressing early as was her wont, she slowly descended the wide staircase, pausing for a moment beside a millioned window which looked out over a large shrubbery to where the stables stood some distance away. She had altered a good deal since her marriage; there were sad lines around the sensitive mouth and the large eyes were no longer the clear untroubled ones of her girlhood.

They were beautiful still, but the girl had become a woman, and it was the calm, strong soul, of one who, seeing the darkness of life's road, yet trod it with unwavering

firmness. Mary, whose eyes were now looking down at the long table, saw that the matador was still in the ring.

"What's the matter, darling? What can you see?" she asked anxiously, and her husband's voice was still loud and excited as he answered her.

"That dog! Look at the beast snapping at him behind. Why doesn't somebody—" He paused abruptly, then, with a sudden "Ah!" of satisfaction, yielded to Mary's touch and sank into his seat. "It's gone now," he observed, then, nothing her white face. "Did I startle you, little woman? I'm sorry but it was such a beastly piece of carelessness to let that cur get into the ring."

The great moment came and went. The bull was killed with many flourishes and tricks of swordsmanship, and the matador stood bowing to receive the deafening applause of a delighted audience. Lord Wallace cheered with the rest but his wife was very silent. She was trying to achieve the impossibility—to make

herself believe that there had been a dog in the ring.

It was eighteen months later and the rich tints of early autumn were spread lavishly on the woods and valleys around Hartley Chase. Within the walls of the stately old building lights sparkled on costly plate, and well-trained servants moved noiselessly about their duties. Lord and Lady Wallace were giving a dinner party, the first since the birth and early death of their son and heir. Despite the perfection of the servants, Mary always liked to look at the table decorations herself, and that night, dressing early as was her wont, she slowly descended the wide staircase, pausing for a moment beside a millioned window which looked out over a large shrubbery to where the stables stood some distance away. She had altered a good deal since her marriage; there were sad lines around the sensitive mouth and the large eyes were no longer the clear untroubled ones of her girlhood.

They were beautiful still, but the girl had become a woman, and it was the calm, strong soul, of one who, seeing the darkness of life's road, yet trod it with unwavering

firmness. Mary, whose eyes were now looking down at the long table, saw that the matador was still in the ring.

"What's the matter, darling? What can you see?" she asked anxiously, and her husband's voice was still loud and excited as he answered her.

"That dog! Look at the beast snapping at him behind. Why doesn't somebody—" He paused abruptly, then, with a sudden "Ah!" of satisfaction, yielded to Mary's touch and sank into his seat. "It's gone now," he observed, then, nothing her white face. "Did I startle you, little woman? I'm sorry but it was such a beastly piece of carelessness to let that cur get into the ring."

The great moment came and went. The bull was killed with many flourishes and tricks of swordsmanship, and the matador stood bowing to receive the deafening applause of a delighted audience. Lord Wallace cheered with the rest but his wife was very silent. She was trying to achieve the impossibility—to make

herself believe that there had been a dog in the ring.

It was eighteen months later and the rich tints of early autumn were spread lavishly on the woods and valleys around Hartley Chase. Within the walls of the stately old building lights sparkled on costly plate, and well-trained servants moved noiselessly about their duties. Lord and Lady Wallace were giving a dinner party, the first since the birth and early death of their son and heir. Despite the perfection of the servants, Mary always liked to look at the table decorations herself, and that night, dressing early as was her wont, she slowly descended the wide staircase, pausing for a moment beside a millioned window which looked out over a large shrubbery to where the stables stood some distance away. She had altered a good deal since her marriage; there were sad lines around the sensitive mouth and the large eyes were no longer the clear untroubled ones of her girlhood.

They were beautiful still, but the girl had become a woman, and it was the calm, strong soul, of one who, seeing the darkness of life's road, yet trod it with unwavering

firmness. Mary, whose eyes were now looking down at the long table, saw that the matador was still in the ring.

"What's the matter, darling? What can you see?" she asked anxiously, and her husband's voice was still loud and excited as he answered her.

"That dog! Look at the beast snapping at him behind. Why doesn't somebody—" He paused abruptly, then, with a sudden "Ah!" of satisfaction, yielded to Mary's touch and sank into his seat. "It's gone now," he observed, then, nothing her white face. "Did I startle you, little woman? I'm sorry but it was such a beastly piece of carelessness to let that cur get into the ring."

The great moment came and went. The bull was killed with many flourishes and tricks of swordsmanship, and the matador stood bowing to receive the deafening applause of a delighted audience. Lord Wallace cheered with the rest but his wife was very silent. She was trying to achieve the impossibility—to make

herself believe that there had been a dog in the ring.

Her eyes searched his face anxiously as she spoke, as if she dreaded what she might read there, but he only patted the hand he held gently, and led her to the sofa.

"Sit down," he said quietly. "You don't look fit for much yet."

The room was full of lively things evidences of wealth were on every side. Many photographs of Arthur stood about in silver frames, and in a heart-shaped one on the mantle piece, was the picture of a little baby. It caught the doctor's eye, and he crossed the room to look.

"It must have been a great joy to you to lose this little chap," he said slowly at last.

His eyes were fixed on her face, but she did not look up.

"I—I was glad." The answer came in a hoarse whisper, and Sir Marcus put down the portrait very gently.

"Mary, my child, I knew you when you were a little girl, before your parents died. Can you not trust me with this secret trouble that is weighing away your life?"

She made no reply, only sat clasping and unclasping her slender hands. He turned away to the window with a sigh, and stood looking down the wide drive. He would not try to force a confidence she was unwilling to give.

"Where is your husband this morning?" he asked after a pause. The question was in his usual quiet tones.

Mary looked at him as he stood with his back to her, then rose, and crossing the room, slipped her hand through his arm.

"He went out for a ride just before you came, on a new bicycle he bought the other day," she said. "I'm sorry I couldn't tell you anything just now, Sir Marcus. I love my husband and he is all I have in the world to love me. If I told you what you wished to know, you could do nothing to alter it."

His arm pressed more closely on her hand.

"Perhaps I have a vague idea, Mary."

She looked at him with wild eyes, like one who dreaded to have the secret fears of months confirmed.

"What do you mean?" she gasped.

"I only heard this morning," he answered quietly. "His grandfather was insane—"

The words died away unfinished on his lips as his glance rested on a little group of men coming slowly up the drive, close to the house. They were carrying something that looked like a gate, and a still figure lay upon it, covered with a rough piece of sack-

He turned to Mary. She was the color of ashes, but supernaturally calm.

"It is Arthur," she said in a quivering voice. "Do you see? He is dead!"

The men bore their gruesome burden into the wide hall and laid it down. Save for the blood that soaked his fair hair near the base of the skull Arthur might have been sleeping.

Sir Marcus saw at a glance that death had been instantaneous, and, spreading a sheet that some one had fetched over the quiet form, he gently drew Mary away. She was still calm, with an unnatural composure.

"Ask if any one saw the—the accident," she said to him, "and bring the man to my room."

She went slowly across the hall, amid a subdued murmur of sympathy. One man, who looked like a groom, stepped forward in response to Sir Marcus's inquiry, and followed him to the boudoir. Mary was standing in front of one of Arthur's portraits. She turned as the men entered.

"Will you tell me what happened to my husband?" she said quietly to the man who stood twisting his cap in his hands.

"It was high the bottom of the big hill on the road to Ashley, my lady," he began hesitatingly. "I'd been to one of the cottages, and I see his lordship comin' down the road at a great pace, swervin' to this side and the other, and shoutin' at something to get out of the way. He fair scared, he were that wild and then all of a moment, the machine seemed to catch something and flung him right on the stones that's lyin' beside the fence down there. I went to 'im my lady, I done all I could, but I knew it weren't any use."

Mary's face was set and white still.

"What was it that he wanted to get out of the way," she asked. The man hesitated and looked puzzled.

"I thought it was a dog at first,

## DR. HUMPHREYS' SPECIFICS.

Prescriptions with each Vial in Five Languages. English, German, Spanish, Portuguese and French.

No.	DISEASE	Price
1.	Fever, Chills, Influenza, etc.	25
2.	Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Cough, etc.	25
3.	Colic, Cramping, Stomach Pain, etc.	25
4.	Dysentery, Cholera, Bilious Colic, etc.	25
5.	Croup, Hoarse Cough, Laryngitis, etc.	25
6.	Headache, Sick Headache, Vertigo, etc.	25
7.	Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weak Stomach, etc.	25
8.	Constipation, Piles, Hemorrhoids, etc.	25
9.	Scalds, Burns, Eruptions, Erysipelas, etc.	25
10.	Rheumatism, or Rheumatic Pains, etc.	25
11.	Fever and Ague, Malaria, etc.	25
12.	Piles, Blind or Bleeding, External, Internal, etc.	25
13.	Ophthalmia, Weak or Inflamed Eyes, etc.	25
14.	Catarrh, Inflammation, Cold in Head, etc.	25
15.	Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Cough, etc.	25
16.	Asthma, Oppressed, Difficult Breathing, etc.	25
17.	Kidney Disease, Gravel, Calculi, etc.	25
18.	Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness, etc.	1.00
19.	Sore Throat, Fever Sore or Canker, etc.	25
20.	Urinary Incontinence, Wetting Bed, etc.	25
21.	Sore Throat, Quinsy and Diphtheria, etc.	25
22.	Chronic Congestions, Headaches, etc.	25
23.	Croup, Hoarse Cough, Laryngitis, etc.	25
24.	Croup, Hoarse Cough, Laryngitis, etc.	25
25.	Croup, Hoarse Cough, Laryngitis, etc.	25

A small bottle of Pleasant Pellets, fits the price pocket. Sold by druggists, or sent on receipt of price.

Medical Book sent free. HUMPHREYS' HOME MEDICINE CO., Corner William and John Streets, New York.

my lady. His lordship came white cur, but I couldn't see anything in the road at all myself."

There was a pause, then Mary spoke to the man again:

"Thank you very much for all you have done," she said, and he went quietly from the room.

Sir Marcus took a step forward. "When did you first know?" he asked, and Mary turned away as she answered.

"On our honeymoon. He saw—he thought he saw—it then."

She lifted the heart-shaped silver frame from the mantelpiece, and after a long look pressed the baby face passionately to her lips. She still held the portrait when she turned again to Sir Marcus, and for the first time that day her eyes were wet.

"Unto the third and fourth generation," she murmured sadly, and the man bowed his head before the woman who had lost all.

"I understand," he answered simply.

When a man has his teeth professionally attended to should he debit the cost to incidental expenses?

## HOME COOKING.

### Parsley and Butter Sauce.

Take a piece of good fresh butter, the size of an egg, let it get hot; add to this one tablespoonful of flour well sifted, and brown this nicely in the butter; add a tablespoonful of chopped onions, brown this in butter,

also; now slowly put in a pint of water, stirring all the while till it becomes a brown sauce, then add a teaspoonful of salt and three tablespoonfuls of cleanly washed and chopped parsley, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, stirring continually till done.

### Swedish Stew.

Two one-half pounds chuck rib, cut in small pieces; 1 large onion, 1 large carrot, cut in thin slices; 1 tablespoonful pearl tapioca, 1 of bread crumbs, 1 of salt, 1 of vinegar, 1 teaspoonful of pepper, 1-4 of a grated nutmeg, 1 can peas. Put all in a large bean pot, cover with cold water, and stew in the oven for five hours.

### Rhubarb Marmalade.

Chop fine 1 pineapple and four pounds rhubarb, add 1 small cup water; mix well, then measure, to every three cups fruit add two cup sugar. Mix well and put in a china bowl or crock; cover and let stand all night. Next day boil slowly till thick, stirring it well so it will not burn; and put into jelly tumblers and when cold cover with paraffine.

### Women Who Did Men's Work.

In connection with the passage of the Women's Qualification act in England it is interesting to read in the ancient records of London and other cities of the active part taken in public and other business life by women in old England. An old manuscript in the Guildhall Library, its edges charred in the Great Fire, contains many interesting entries, of which the following is a typical example: "Geoffrey, Mountford, son of John Mountford of Lapworth, co. Warwick, husbandman, apprenticed to Rachel Medcalf, Armorer, Christmas, 36 Hen. VIII." In another Guildhall record, an entry for 1595 attests that "the office of Plumber of London Bridge was granted to the widow Foster."

## Columbia & Montour El. Ry.

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT June 1 1904, and until further notice.

Cars leave Bloom for Esby, Almedia, Lime Ridge, Berwick and intermediate points as follows:

A. M. 5:00, 5:40, 6:20, 7:00, 7:40, 8:20, 9:00, 9:40, 10:20, 11:00, 11:40.

P. M. 12:20, 1:00, 1:40, 2:20, 3:00, 3:40, 4:20, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20, 7:00, 7:40, 8:20, 9:00, 9:40, 10:20, 11:00.

Leaving Bloom for Catawissa A. M. 5:15, 5:55, 6:35, 7:15, 7:55, 8:35, 9:15, 9:55, 10:35, 11:15, 11:55.

P. M. 1:00, 1:40, 2:20, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00, 6:00, 7:00, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00.

Cars returning from Catawissa 20 minutes from time as given above.

First car leaves Market Square for Berwick on Sundays at 7:00 a. m.

First car for Catawissa Sundays 7:00 a. m. First car from Berwick for Bloom Sundays leaves at 8:00 a. m.

First car leaves Catawissa Sundays at 7:30 a. m.

From Power House. \*Saturday night only. †P. R. K. Connection.

WM. TERWILLIGER, Superintendent.

## Bloomsburg & Sullivan Railroad.

Taking Effect Feb'y 1st, 1903, 12:05 a. m.