A Third Generation

By Muriel Wint

I management

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-oyed, and altogether English though he was, yet Arthur had chosen his bride from the land of the Stars 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 accessor; 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 "buffs" 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, th. honeymoon paradise where the skies seem always blue, with the glorious deep tint of the sapphire that the perfumes of the orange groves hangs heavily on the still evening air. They were happy with that complete contentment that falls to the lot of so few mortals, wandering whitner 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 vice home, fate, through the medium of some friends they had met, sugposted that they had not seen a bull On all the earth there is no sight to equal in some respects, the national sport of Spain and Portugal, the picturesque satting, the myriad of different colors clothing the thousands of hysterical spectators, the picadors with their scarlet cloths, the gorgeous dresses of the torredors and finally the "matador," who outrivals the whole a sembly in point of priceless dress and jewels -all these tend to blind one to aught save the becuty 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 han. 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 habt-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!" he shouted loudly "Look at the little bru'e; 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 anxtously, and her husband's voice was still loud and excited as he answered ber:-

"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 new," he observed, then, noticing 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 schieve 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 mer-cury, 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 mullioned 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 line; around the sensitive mouth and the large eyes were no longer the clear untroubled ones of her girthood.

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

Mary, whose estates joined his. Aus shearing to a man sitting near clearly down the long table. He Just then Arthur's voice rang

the meaning of that tense tone. as his eyes strove to read in ners voice stayed the laugh on his lips, something in the deep, passionate "I love him," she answered, and fellow, Mary, he said teasingly. "You evidently look after him well." Your husband looks a fine robust

er extent than men. ly affected by sorrow, to a far greatand wemen, he knew, were physicalrecalled the fact of her child's dearn, took well; but her plain black dress Mary, She, he thought, did not or beloved visuolvdo gaw ban all married. He seemed full of spirtiked the man his little friend bad until that night, and decided that he He had never seen Mary's husband searches had caused much sensation, in Vienna, where his mental reaway from England for three years great dector and his wife, had been of Mary's, Sir Marcus Brent, the Chase, though they were old triends them two who were new to Hartley grace. The guests numbered among the honors with her accustomed with a rope of wonderful pearls, did hostess, a slender figure in black, The dinner was faultless, and the

to the dining room. her lips firmly, went quietly down pulled herself together, and setting thus motionless, then with an effort like grip. For a moment she stood and caught the banus rade in a vise-Mary gave a sharp strangled sob,

about the grounds." hang who it belongs to; I'll have it shoe, I hate the brute growling "I tell you Jenner, I don't care a

distinctly to her. in high-pitched, excited tongs came be in the stable yard, and a sentence of bemees oH .sdurds gainevield to borne on the evening air across the she caught the sound of his voice den nervousness selzed her. Then efter shooting, as a rule, and a suddress. He never :tayed out so late coon, and Arthur had not come in to the guests would be arriving very somely at the feweled watch she wore. the half hour, and she glanced suxment the clock in the hall struck she leaned against the open casesteps, that shone in them now. As

"I say, Henniker, n. just about sick of that dog of yours," he inclared in a rather dictatorial tone. it's forever growling about my place snapping at things. I meet it nearly every time I go out. wish you'd poison the beast."

The man he addressed looked rather mystified.

"You can't have seen my dog, Wallace," he said quietly, "because I don't keep any. My wife can't bear them, and I don't risk frightening her by having one about the place. I wont even let my servants keep

By this time the whole table was listening attentively, and some of them asked what kind of a dog it

"A beastly little white cur-a sort of mongre! otter hound," replied Arthur, who seemed thoroughly annoyed. "I warn you, Henniker," he continued in 'oud rude .cnes, "that I'll have it shot the next time I see

The conversation seemed likely o degenerate into an embarrassing quarrel, and the men looked at their hosts glass. It had not been used at all, so evidently the flush of wine was not answerable to his vehenence. The cool, quiet voice of Sir Marcus Brent, made itself heard. He had noted the ashen line of Mary's face, and was speaking to Arthur.

"It doesn't seem worth so muca annoyance, does it, wallace?" he asked soothingly. "Just a little ownerless cur, surely it can't do muca harm? But if it vorries you, why not shoot it as you suggested? No one seems to mind."

Henniker looked distinctly offended, but he said calmly:

"Shoot it, by all means. Wallaco. It isn' mine, and if it's a stray dog, it must have come a precious long way. This place is iniles from everywhere. "Oh, shoot it old chap," said two

or three of the men. "Shoot the cur and get it off your mind." Arthur's face grew very dark and sullen.

"I've tried," he said. "I can't nit the thing." A great burst of laughter greeted

his words. "The best shot in England can't hit a white dog!" cried several

voices. "Oh, my dear chap, you mu . be-" A sudden exclamation at the foot of the table cut the mirth short.

Lady Wallace had fainted. It was Arthur who hurried to her side, who carried her tenderly from the room and with a face nearly as white is her own, watched in an agony of fear for her to return to consciousness. When she opened her eyes her first thought was of him, her first words, one of regret for his anxiety, and as Sir Marcus watch if them together he felt a sob rise suddenly in his throat, hardened man of science though he was. He went back to the beautiful drawing room later to assure Mary's guests.

Save for a tired look is her eyes, Mary was her own calm self the next morning, and she rose with a smile to meet Sir Marcus Brent as he entered her pretty boudoir.

"This is kind of you," she said. "I'm perfectly well again today, but very glad to see you. I ought to be grateful to my stupid fainting fit, if it served to bring you here this morning."

Her eyes searched his face anxously as she spoke, as if she dreaded what she might reno there, but he oul; patted the hand he held gently, and led her to the sofa.

'Sit down," he said guletiy. you don't look fit for nuch yet.

The room was full of levely 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 man ... piece, was the picture of a little It caught the doctor's eye, and he crossed the room to look.

'It must have been a great ploy 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 answ r came in a hoarse weisper, 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 ma with this secret trouble that is wearing 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 look ing down the wide drive. He wou. not try to force a confidence she was unwilling to give.

"Where is your husband this morning?" he asked after a pauss. 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 .. ride just ocfore 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 jou 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," ae answered quietly. "His grandfather was insa-" The words died away unfinished on his lips as his glance rested on a httl- group of men coming slowly up the drive. close to the house. They were arrying something that looked like 2 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 quee toneless 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 sleep-Sir Marcus saw at a glance that death had been instantaneous, 1 large carrot, cut in thin slices; 1 and, spreading a sheet that some one had fetched over the quiet form, bread crumbs, 1 of salt, 1 of vinehe gently drew Mary away. She was still calm, with an unnatural a grated nutmeg, 1 can peas. Put

cident," she said to him, "and bring five hours. the man to my roon.."

She went slowly across the hall, amid a subdued murmer 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 74.8 standing in front of one of Aruthur's portraits. She turned as the men antered.

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

"It was nigh the bottom of the big hili on the road to Ashley, my lady, he began hesitatingly. 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.

ng	lish, German, Spanish, Portuguese and French	ħ.
O.	POR Pr	ice
	Peyers, Connections, Inflammations	
	Worses, Vascin Fever, or Worm Does.	
	Colic, Crying and Wakefulness of Infantal Diarrhea of Children and Adults	
	Dysentery, Gripings, Billous Colle	
	Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis	
	Toothache, Faceache, Neuralgia	25 0.0
		25

 10. Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weak Stomach.
 25

 13. Croup, Hoarse Cough, Laryngitts.
 25

 14. Sait Rheum, Eruptions, Eryspelas.
 25

 15. Rheumatism, or Rheumatic Pains.
 25

 16. Fever and Agne, Malaria.
 27

 17. Piles, Bilnd or Blooding, External, Internal.
 25

 18. Ophthalmia. Weak or Inflamed Eyes.
 20

 19. Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in Head.
 25

 20. Whenters for a contraction of the contraction.
 25

Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Cough Asthma, Oppressed, Difficult Breathing

Kidney Disease, Gravel, Calcult.
Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness.
Sore Mouth, Fever Sores or Canker.
Urinary Incontinence, Wetting Bed.
Sore Thront, Quinsy and Diphtheria. 28. Nervous Debility, Vital Weaknes
29. Sore Mouth, Fever Seres or Canker
30. Urinary Incontinence. Wetting B
34. Sore Throat, Quinsy and Diphther
35. Chronic Congestions, Headaches 77. Grippe, Hay Fever and Summer Colds ... 25

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

Medical Book sent free, HUMPHREYS' HOMEO, MEDICINE CO., Corner William and John Streets, New York. my lady. His lordsalp cal

white cur, but I couldn't see an thing in the road at all myself. There was a pause, then Mury

spoke to the man again; "Thank you very much for all you you have done," she said, and ne

went quietly from the room. Sir Marcus took . step forward. "When did you first know?" he

asked, and Mar turned away as she answereg. "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 sim-

ply.

Wher a man has his teeth professionally attended to should be debit the cost to inci-dental 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 betomes a brown sauce, then aid 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, tablespoonful pearl tapioca, 1 oi gar, 1 teaspoonful of pepper, 1-4 of all in a large bean pot, cover with Ask if any one saw the-the ac- cold water, and stew in the oven for

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 Eagland. An old manuscript in the Guildhall Library, its edges charred in the Great Fire, conta'ns many intere ting entries, of which the following is a typical example: "Geoffre, Mountford, son of John Mountford of Lapworth, co. Warwick, hasoandman, apprenticed to Rackel 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 J'arthur tice.

Cars leave Bloom for Espy, Almedia, Lime Ridge, Berwick and intermediate points as

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 depart from Berwick one hor from time as given above, commencing . 6:00 a. m.

Leave Bloom for Catawissa A. M. 5:3 . 6:15, 17:00, 18:00, 9:00, 110:00, 111:00.

12:00 P. M. 1:00, †2:00, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00, 6:00, †7:00, 8:00, 9:00, 10:20, *(11:00)

Cars returning depart from Cotawissa 20

minutes from time as given above. First carllenves Market Square for Berwick

on Sundays at 7:00 a. m. First cartlor Catawissa Sundays 7:00 r. m.

First car from Berwick for Bloom Sundays eaves at 8:00 a. m.

First car leaves Catawissa Sundays at 30 a. m.

Trem Power House.

·Soturday night only, tP. R. R. Connection

WM. TERWILLIGER, Superintendent.

Bloomsburg & Sullivan Railroad.

Taking Effect Feb'y 1st, 1908, 12:05 a. m.

NORTHWARD.

A.M. P.M. P.M. A.M

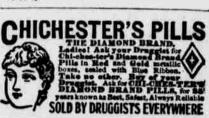
SOUTHWARD,

A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	A.M
t	+	1	0	
5:50	10.48	4 35	7.00	11 30
5.58	10 51	4.88	7.08	11 4
16 01	f11 00	Fu 47	17:12	****
E0 03	f11 02	11 45	J7 13	11 54
16 12	JII (6	14 58	17 22	12 0
f6 14	111 09	14.56	17 24	12 10
6 18	11 12	5.00	7.28	12 35
6.48	11 21	5.08	7.38	12 45
16.85	f11 29	J5 17	17 45	12 58
6.39	11 22	5 21	7 49	1 00
6 50	11 42	5.31	8 00	1 30
7.00	11 50	£ 39		1 45
7.03	11 58	5 42	0.10	1 50
10000	1354555			2 10
7 20	12 10	6 00		2 18
	5 50	5 50 10 48	5 50 10 48 4 35 5 32 10 51 4 88 16 601 111 00 14 47 76 03 711 02 74 48 16 12 711 06 74 58 76 14 111 07 14 56 6 18 11 11 5 00 6 28 11 21 5 08 16 25 11 29 75 17 6 39 11 32 5 21 6 50 11 32 5 21 6 50 11 32 5 21 7 00 11 50 5 39 7 03 11 53 5 42	5 50 10 48 4 35 7 00

Trains No. 4 142 mixed, second class, t Daily excep T. ay. 1 Daily 1 Sunday only, f Flog stop. W. C. SNYDER, Supt.



Scientific American. MUNN & CO. 361 Broadway, New York Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.









If you have Headache Try One

They Relieve Pain Quickly, leaving no bad After-effects

Doses 25 Cents Never Sold in Bulk