## THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE-FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 4, 1897.



PART L

"Men weary of the tale of Troy, but never of the tale of Love." So I pass by Col. Dent, leaning on his sword and talking of his tremendous pilgrimage through battlefields, to tell the story of his daughter Katherine's love affair. When it began they were living at Boroughbridge, in a house exceeding old, even in that ancient town. It was part of an Augustine abbey; and the garden had yet a monkish air of sweet and lonely retirement. In the twilight it. was an eerie place, full of moth-like wings, and the low twitter of sleepy birds.

But Katherine loved the lonely spot, and one sweet June night she lingered there longer than usual. Its old-world memories impregnated her like a perfume, and she was full of vague sympathies, when she passed into the house. A hat and a pair of riding gloves lay on the hall table, but she had no doubt they belonged to Dr. Lowe-the physician who visited her father every night-and there was not the slightest premonition in her heart, as she passed from the dim stairway, into the lighted parlor. Yet when she entered it, a man stood there, who was to influence all her after life.

"My daughter Katherine, Dr. Kens-111." said the colonel, proudly; and Katherine and Dr. Kensall bowed and glanced at each other. That glance was the first sympathetic movement of soul to soul. What he saw was a woman tall and slender, with a beautiful countenance, dreamy eyes, a smiling mouth, and air like some old-fashioned por trait. What she saw was a fair-faced Saxon, with a sensitive blush, large gray eyes, and a curious attitude of resignation, as if he felt life to be a sad business, and the less said about it the better.

After he had gone away the colonel explained the visit. "Dr. Lowe," he said, "has very wisely secured a young assistant. I like him. He is clever, He understands my case. I wish Lowe would send him here always," and the colonel so cleverly translated this wish into actuality, that Dr. Kensall's visits soon became a matter of course.

How does Love grow? Who can tell? At first it was only through the most ordinary courtesies it made a way for itself between the doctor and Katherine; then, one day, there was a meeting of their hands; and the next day, a meeting of their eyes. And can anyone describe what may sometimes be seen in the eyes of a maiden, or the delicious sensation of the man who looks into them to find it there? At first Katherine resolved to think no more of the young doctor, and still she continued thinking; and every day she was more in love with him. The serealty of virginal indifference warmed

increased his anger: so that when Dr. Kensall entered, with the complacent joy of a favored lover on his face, the colonel reached a point beyond all care for offense,

"Dr. Kensall," he said, "understand, that I desire your service no longerthat I do not wish to see you again. Good night, sir!"

His words were javelins in the doctor's heart. There was no answer possible. He bowed, and closed the door behind him with a singular softness. It was as if he had shut it upon some loved thing, dead. And this noiseless exit, though without intention, an-

noyed the old soldier. He had expected some show of fight, and he felt a sense of defeat. And while he stood pondering the situation, Katherine came swiftly into the room. "What have you said?" she cried. 'What have you done? Oh, father!

how could you treat a friend so rudely? What fault has Robert commit-"'Robert!' What fault has he not

committed, when you thus make yourself familiar with his name? He has come into my house, like a thief in the night, to steal from me my most precious treasure. "It has not been stolen from you. I

gave it." "Be maidenly. At the proper time, I would have brought here for you a

proper husband." "And would you have thought it just and kind, to make me accept a hus-

band I did not wish to accept?' "Do you think it just and kind, to force me to accept a son-in-law I do not wish to accept? The cases are identical."

"I love Robert Kensall."

"I hate him; and I have as much right to hate as you have to love. Choose then between Robert Kensall and your father. I am seventy years old. I have no one but you, to comfort my last days, and close my eyes in death. But if you prefer this strange man, I shall not oppose your going to him, whenever you wish; in such case, the sooner the better. I do not care to sit day after day watching my enemy's triumph, and looking at my own sor-Let me meet it at once, and be "I have no wish to leave you, father Robert has yet no home for me." "I understand--"

"No, no; you do not! What shall I say? My dear, dear father-I will never leave you!"

"Let it be so then. I will resign my I can wait." plan of marrying you to my cousin's son, who is also my natural heir; and you must resign your desire to marry Dr. Kensall. It is a mutual, and necessary, concession. And the young man must go away. I shall see to that." She'answered only with a rain of

but help.

offended. She did not wonder he dis liked to write even that "one word" to her father. But doubtless, he had a great surprise in store for her. And thus Love trusted and hoped, and if it grieved it also forgave. When the three years were nearly over the colonel was near unto death.

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But he was quite ready to follow, when beckoned; and, during these last days, he looked keenly and steadily into the darkness he was about to penetrate. "I am going to quit my life, dear Katherine," he said. "I am not ordered out of it. I quit it. I give up my spirit to Him who desires me; or I should not be willing to go to Him. You have been a faithful and loving child, through much sorrow and anxiety. Take what reward God will give you. All I have is ours. I have put on it no restriction

but your own honor." "Dear father, tell me now, if you ever heard from Robert Kensall? "Have you doubted me? My darling daughter, I have never had a single word from him. I should have told you -if I had." With this assertion, a solemn pallor spread over his face; his long earthly march was over; and he-"-stepped out grandly to the Infinite."

PART II. After her father's death, the world

eemed empty to Katherine. There had been a dim belief in her heart that the colonel knew the whereabouts of her lover, and that after three years' probation had been fulfilled, he would tell her. His solemn assurance of ignorance left her without hope. And yet, as the end of the appointed time drew near, she began to expect Robert's return. All her soul was ever at the window, and her ears ached for the footsteps on the flagged walk, that she knew so well. Every morning she rose with a fresh expectation; every night she went to her room despairing. At length the three years had quite gone by; there was no response to her heart's eager hope, and, heavy with sorrowful disappointment, she gave up her dream. A dreary winter followed; but, during its conventional seclusion she fought through the mystery of suffering, to that peace which is the conse cration of life. So with the spring there was a return of hope, and she resolved to seek him, who for some reason dld not return to her. Perhaps he was too poor to come, and too proud to say so. Perhaps he had been told she was unfaithful. Often she had read, and heard, of love slain by such slander. Travel would be good for her, and if by travel she could find the soul she loved the circumference of the world would be but a little way. An eagerness that put rest out of the question, possessed her. Far and wide she wandered; east to the great Indian cities; west, to the Golden Gate, but she found no trace of Robert Kensall. He had disappeared as completely as a stone dropped into mid-ocean. No one she met had ever heard his name; and she came to the conclusion that he had changed it. With this conviction she lost hope, and returned to her home, saying to her heart: "Our meeting, if it is ever to take place, is now in the hands of Des-

tiny-and Destiny is Providence-and Providence loves surprises-what we call accidents are usually God's part in an exent-I will search no more; evrything comes to those who can walt-

It was a blessed thing for Katherine, that she was one of those women who can take advantage of their disadvantages. After her return home, she built out of the ruin of her own love the home of many other loves. It was in his way-something to care for. to

soon learned that, in Katherine Dent's

sympathy, there was not only comfort.

It was a loving kindness that needed

no advertising; one sad woman told

another. It was also one that pro-

vided Katherine with never ceasing

and constantly varying employment.

and she alone attended to their neces-

sities. These were as variable as her

clients, Sometimes pitiful letters took

her on long journeys of help or in-

The Result of Imperfect Digestion of Food.

Every living thing, plant or animal, contains within itself the germs of certain decay and death.

In the human body these germs of dis case and death (called by scientists Pto maines), are usually the results of imper fect digestion of food; the result of indi

gestion or dyspepsia. The stomach, from abuse, weakness loss not promptly and thoroughly diges the food. The result is a heavy, sodde mass which ferments (the first process of decay) poisoning the blood, making it thin, weak, and lacking in red corpuscies; poisoning the brain causing headaches and pain in the eyes.

Bad digestion irritates the heart, caus-

Bad digrestion irritates the heart, caus-ing palpitation and finally bringing on dis-ease of this very important organ. Poor digostion poisons the kidneys, causign Bright's disease and diabetes. And this is so because every organ, ev-ery nerve depends upon the stomach alone for nourishment and renewal, and weak digestion shows itself not only in loss of appetite and flesh, but in weak nerves and muldy complexion.

nerves and muddy complexion. The great English scientist, Huxley, said the best start in life is a sound stomach. Weak stomachs fail to digest food prop-erly, because they lack the proper quanti-ty of digestive acids (lactic and hydrochloric) and peptogenic products; the most sensible remedy in all cases of indithe gestion, is to take after each meals, one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, be-cause they supply in a pleasant, harmless form all the elements that weak stom-

achs hck. The regular use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will cure every form of stomach trouble except cancer of the stomach. They increase flesh, insure pure blood, strong nerves, a bright eye and clear com-

plexion, because all these result only from some food well digested. Nearly all druggists sell Stuart's Dys-

pepsia Tablets at 5<sup>o</sup> cents full sized pack-age or by mail by enclosing price to Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich., but ask your druggist first.

tend to-familiar letters, referring to past troubles, or prospective happiness. In a year her days were so full that she had no time for regrets. And it was all for the sake of Robert Kensall! To the memory of their tender, uphappy affection, she gave her life freely, in a sweet savor of sacrificial remembrance.

One day, six years after her parting with her lover, she received a letter from a girl in Scotland, who was in a sore necessity. It came in the hot days of July, when the thought of the great North Sea and its salt sharp breezes was a delight. Katherine answered the letter in person, and the answer took her to a little village on the coast of Fife. On the night of her arrival she was sitting in the gloaming, on the top of a cliff overhanging the ocean. The highway was a little behind her. She heard the clatter of a galloping horse, and turned her head to look at the rider. It was Robert Kensall, She was sure of it, though he rode swiftly, and the gray light made all outlines indistinct. She leaped to her feet, calling: "Robert! Robert! Robert!" But the wind blew the words backwards, and he heard them not. There was a little lad playing not far away, and she went to him, and asked if he knew "the gentleman who had just passed?" "I do," was the answer, "It would be the doctor himself."

"Ay, just him." "Where does he live?"

"I have brought it back," she said. "He was out last night, and I opened it. I always open his letters. I am his "His wife!"

She had thought of him as sick, as poor, even as angry, but never once had his probable marriage entered her nsciousness. "His wife!" The words fell on her heart like an actual blow. She sat down, saying in a half-conscious way; "His wife!"

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"Well, I have told you so. He married me out of pity, five years ago. ] did not think so then, but I have found it out since."

'You are Robert Kensall's wife?" "I am Robert Kensall's wife. Now, will you go away? Don't let him know that you have been here. It can do you no good. It will make him very miserable. And I should suffer also. I know all about you. I have read it in

his diary.' "How could you be so dishonorable? How could you?"

"Will you go away?" If Robert should ee you, and then look at me, wha

chance have I? Oh, can't you under-

wife.

"I can." "And you will go?"

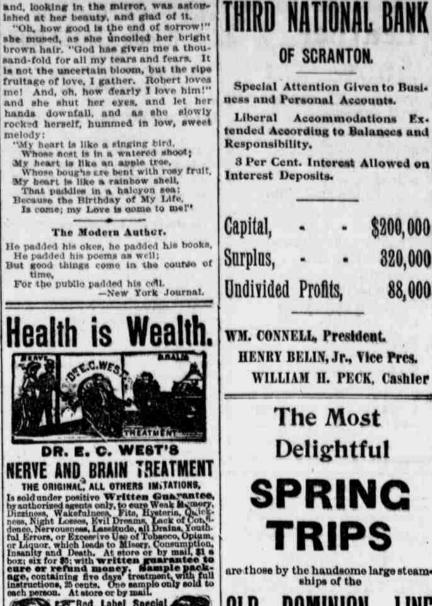
"I will go at once." The poor soul looked at her hand ome rival with wonder, and a little shame. "I am often very ill," she said, softly. "I am ill now;" and she turned away and went toward the door. Katherine followed her, and on the threshold said:

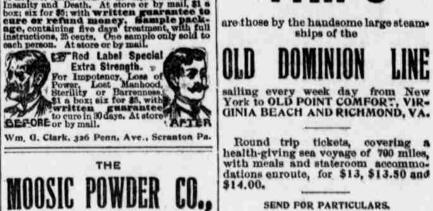
"Let me kiss you once for his sake We have both loved him!" and she tool the woman's hands and kissed her, and then stood watching until she was out of sight.

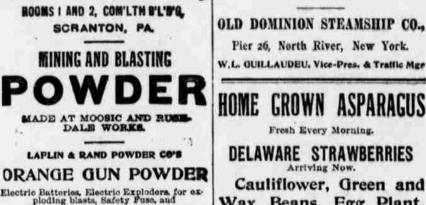
For awhile she sat still with her son row, and tried to face it. To weep now for Robert was a sin; he was the husband of another man. The years of her ignorance must suffice for her love, and her longing, and her first monhion was to ask forgiveness for the wrong, done without intention. Henceforward, utter renouncement was her first duty, and not a moment of the future must be sullied by regret. The advice she had given to others, she must take into her own heart, and learn by experience another lesson in ove's sorrowful book.

So she returned to her home and her work, taking it up in a more healthy and cheerful spirit; and the months and the years went by, and she was not unhappy. All humanity touched her heart; and she traveled to the bounds of the earth, and the seas and the everasting hills. Only that one little town on the Fife coast was blotted from he map of the world. Thither she would not suffer even a thought to stray Every woman, at some time of her life is Eve. The tempting apple is there for her to take, or reject. Katherine would not discuss her right to it; she simply declined to know its existence, and in so doing she was wise beyond words, for the first step toward any wrong is to consider whether it might be possible to do it.

It was on the hight of her thirtieth birthday, that her life turned back to find its age of gold; a lovely night in August, when the trellis in the old garden was all abloom with white and red roses. The full moon cast over them her wondrous glamour; and the nightingale in the boskages of th green palaces above was singing at intervals his song of passionate love. This night, in spite of all her efforts, the thought of Robert Kensall would flash itself into the peace and beauty around, and she suddenly became afraid of the sweet temptation, and turned toward the lighted house. Then, at that moment, Robert Kensall stood be-







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into a sweet womanly interest; and tears. And the colonel saw "to that then, one evening-they knew not how at once. With the celerity and inexorable decision which had marked his -they met in each others' arms. Not military plans, he attended to the mata word was said, and yet everything was confessed and understood; while in a kiss full of mutual rapture each felt all that can only be felt once in a

Words came later, though there was moment. If a man had never seen the sun, he would know the sunshine when he did see it; nor would he be long in finding words to express his joy and admiration. It was thus with Robert Kensall. Love made him eloquent; he found glowing words to tell his love, and to plead for love in return. For a few weeks they were divinely happy; they took no thought for the future, and the joy of the present was all sufficing.

But happiness is surrounded by horns, touch it on what side you will. The colonel began to wonder, and then to suspect. Katherine grew more and more lovely and happy; he grew more and more silent and somber. He would ask no questions, for he feared the answers to them; neither would he watch his daughter, his nature was too hon-orable and soldierly for that. And yet the fear and suspense made him sick, body and soul. He told himself that only Love could have made Katherine's beauty so radiant, and her heart so joyful; and into their secluded life no one but Dr. Kensall had come often enough, and familiarly enough, to win a girl so maidenly and so sensible.

This idea having entered his mind everything confirmed it. Then he began to hate the young man. He was really jealous of him, and jealousy is much the same passion, whether it dwell in the heart of a parent or

lover. His daughter was the apple of his heart; he could not bear to think of life without her. On his return from India, ten years previously, he had taken her from school, and ever since in some sort, he had been deserted. there had been but one thought be- This slight feeling of dissatisfaction tween them. That a nobody like Dr. Kensall should try to slip into the exclusive Druidical circle of his family enraged him, and he was at length hotly impatient to speak his mind about it. He watched the clock for his arrival, but the doctor came not at the usual hour. Then he went to the window and as he stood there he heard a sound of singing in the garden, and saw Katherine and her lover coming hand in hand between the bare shrubbery, a love song warbling in their throats. The sight made him very wroth, and every moment's delay

Blood Humors

hether itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, asted, pimply, or blotchy, whether simple, ofulous, or hereditary, from infancy to age dily cured by warm baths with Coricuna BOAP, gentie anointings with CUTICUBA (ointnent), the great skin cure, and mild doses of COTIOURA REBOLVENT, greatest of blood



ter. There were two interviews between the colonel and the doctor, and one interview between Katherine and her lover. The latter took place-not with the colonel's sanction, but at least no need of them. Love is known in a with is permission-in the lonely desolated walk which skirted the garden. Robert was very wretched, and very quiet. He was worn out with feeling, and Katherine's tears rained upon a heart turned into stone by suffering. For there was to be no comfort of letter writing. When Dr. Kensall had decided, where, in the wide world, he would locate himself, he was to notify the colonel. "One word, the name of the place, will be sufficient," was the form of the curt permission; and the only other concession granted to love was a promise to allow the subject to be reopened, at the end of three years, From these sorrowful texts, what vows and plans were made in that last miserable walk! It was a warm, misty night in November. The leaves were

vestigation; and her household grew gone, and the singing birds, and of all the flowers of June none were left but moment, and ceased to wonder at the a few Michaelmas daisies. Without analyzing their surroundings, they felt the fitness of them; and there was even a touch of sarcasm in Robert's grief, as he recalled the sunshine and music of their bethrothal. "It has turned out with my love, as with all else in my sad life," he said, with a bitter laugh. "Nothing comes to perfection; and this garden has been, to me, a very Vale of Maenalus; where

I pursued a maiden, and clasped a reed lods and men are all deluded thus; It breaks in our bosom, and then we bleed."

Nor did Katherine's tears, and pro estations, and pleas for duty, satisfy him; he could not help but feel that, was evident to the colonel, and he relied upon it. In three years he be lieved it would work the whole edifice of love to ruin. It certainly affected the parting of the lovers, and shadowed hope, though Katherine's last kisses were given with passionate assurances of devotion and loyality. Then she tried to make her life fall back into its old placid groove. She did not wish this irreparable loss which had ruined her own happiness to make others wretched. All the day long, she showed a bright face to her little world; it was the night, which celebrated the resurrection of her love. In the day, that remarkable thing called Respectability forced her to hide whatever feeling was not conventional; but at night, her lovely, tender soul indulged an obstinate longing for that divine something lost out of her life. Yet she did not despair, though not even the "one word" permitted broke the silence which had fallen between her love and herself. "The things of the heart are eternal," she thought; "and tomorrow, perhaps tomorrow! One never knows, what God has reserved for the morrow!" Thus faithfully musing, she would fall into forgetfulness; and, at last, sleep come to emfort her,

To fear, to wait, to doubt, to be gin hoping anew, to say "it is im-possible," to have but one thought, and to turn that thought a thousand ways, to feel disappointment cankering life, and to smile above all her suffering; this was now the story of Katherins's life. The "one word" came not from Robert. She blamed, and then ex-FACE HUMORS Talling Mair and Baby Blem-Was proud, and had good reason to be

"In the big work for, was what she wanted; but struther." the ordinary charities with which she "Has he lived there a long time?" was associated did not satisfy her sym.

"Dr. Kensall?"

"I'm thinking sae. I ken him a' my pathies. It was to the woman forsaken life. or wounded by love that her heart went

"Thank you;" and she dropped a silout. Isolated women, who had never had a lover. Poor women, wearily ver coin into the laddle's hand. Late as it was, she went to Anstruthwaiting until their lovers could make a r, wrote a letter, and sent it by a meshome. Weak and wounded women, who senger to Dr. Kensall. The boy on his had thought love to be a staff, and return said: "The doctor would be found him a barbed lance. Women, defrom home until after midnight." She serted and ill used. Widows, forlorn was too happy to be disappointed. "In and weeping; all women, indeed, sorthe morning!" she said. "In the mornrowful and desolate, whose hearts had ing I shall see him again!" She lay been shipwrecked by their affections, awake until the dawning. She was

sure that Robert was also awake; and she resolved to be dressed very early, so as not to keep him waiting a moment. At eight o'clock she had taken her breakfast; at nine he had not arand patience had been the cause of it rived. But soon after nine, there was a tap at the door, and she rose and went toward it, saying eagerly, as she She, alone was her clients' confidante; did so: "Come in! Come in!" A woman entered-a woman with a pale face and large sunken black eyes. Her clothing was home-made and ill-fitting; her manner embarrassed and yet half-resentful. The impression she accustomed to her going away at any moment, and ceased to wonder at the was disappointed at the intrusion, so

strange, unhappy creatures who found that her manner had not its usual gratheir way into Miss Katherine's secret kindness. Also, out of this labor of leve there grew up an immense cor-duced the letter she had written to Dr. Free respondence, which she only could at- Kensall.

He took her hands, and fore her. looked into her face, and said only: "Katherine! My sweet Katherine!" Then all the debt of happiness the past ten years owed them was fully paid. Robert was now free to tell his ove, and plead his cause, and oh. how easy it was for Katherine to excuse; and where excuse was hard to find.

then to forgive. And what sweetness it was to pardon! What joy to stay with kisses the confession of pride, and poverty, and weakness, which Robert had to make. He told her everything, and she loved and trusted and freely forgave him everything. Had he not also suffered? And she kept the suffering before her consciousness, and refused to see that his own want of faith

For three wonderful hours they wandered, or sat, in the old garden; telling little stories of their love and sorrow, or planning, to the bird's song above them, the joys of the future. And when Robert at last said a reluctant "good night, sweet Katherine! Good night, my dear one!" she ran lightly and happily upstairs to the music of her heart;

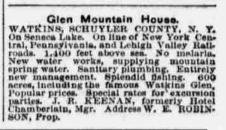
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