

In an Old Picture Gallery

keeper to the fair, girlish bride of the owner of Keithleigh abbey, Dorsetshire, pausing before the

full-length portrait of a young man of apparently some five or six and twenty years of age. "Ah! how oft have I courting Miss Thurlow of the Hall, and how her father, a proud, haughty man, a child had been in the old abbey, and how her father, a proud, haughty man, looked down on him because-" here the old woman stopped, but Muriel Keith, who, in spite of her elated po-sition as wife of the most influential man in the neighborhood, had not yet outgrown her love of a story, said

'Oh, tell it to me, good Mrs. Wynford, please!" and taking a seat where she could have a full view of the pictured face, with its wavy brown hair, deep blue eyes and beautiful features, she waited impatiently for the story. "Well, ma'am," resumed the house-

keeper, "you see, Miss Thurlow was a great belle and had so many rich and noted men after her, and Master Walter was only a third son, with two healthy brothers, so it is scarce to be wondered at that her father refused with scorn when the poor young curate | told him that. of St. Anselm's made bold to ask him for the hand of his only daughter in marriage. In vain Miss Marion wept and pleaded and said that she could never love another; the old man was inexorable, swore loudly, and sent Miss Marion to her room, while as to Master Walter, he drove him from the house, telling him never to dare enter it again. And then went back to his ow the two young hearts he had so well nigh broken.

"My mother was a young woman at that time and she lived to reach her more than three score years and ten, but she often said that she could never forget the face of the curate as he walked into the library on the evening after he had been at the Hall; all the glad light seemed to have faded from moved and spoke as one in a dream.

"About eight months after that there was a wedding in Hanover Square and ney, and Carlo, the walf, the bride was the beautiful daughter "Six years after and Master Carlo \$1. of Sir Spencer Thurlow of the Hail. But, in spite of the grandeur of the nuptials-bright flowers, sweet music, known that her heart was not in it. 'A match forced by her father to save her from forming an alliance with some poor country curate with no expectations, was whispered by the great pectile that thronged to the marriage

feast. 'What a lucky escape!'

Ah! as few men would or could; he the lad, he started for Italy. buried the great sorrow of his life "One day, while at Rome, after leav-deep, deep down, and spent his days in the Vatican, he was stopped in the fully, and there was a rumor that he eyes. had lost largely in speculation, and "Mr. Keith turned on the spot, never soon after a report that he had died, inquiring what the disease (which for a forced marriage!

Sir Spencer started to find his side daughter and fetch her home as goon as he heard of the death of his son-inlittle cottage wher she had spent the last months of her married life he "Was she a widowich." found the heavy wooden shutters fast barred and a look of utter desolation about the whole place. To all his queries the only answer was that after the gentleman died the lady and her maid had gone off suddenly, but where nobody semed to know. The old man employed detectives, spent money, etc., but all to no avail; and at length, disheartened, he returned home, and before another year was over the grass was growing upon his grave and Thurlow Hall went into the hands of a

'About this time I think it was that Master Guy, who was at that time the squire, went for a cruise in his yacht day has word been heard of the crew

One winter evening, after he had her at her last hour."

ND THAT was Master | whispered to Rex, the great blood-Waiter, the good hound, and ran quickly to the door, squire, the flower of The ground was covered with snow, the Keiths," said Mrs. and in the moonlight he saw very Wynford, the house-keeper to the fair, girlish bride of the viclin. At Rex's deep growls the man took to his heels and fied, but the child, too exhausted to move, sank down a helpless mass on the snow.

> it caused great excitement, even though this was only an unknown strolling violin player; servants hur-ried here and there, with hot blank-ets, mulled wine, etc. Truly there was something almost pathetic in the small pale face, with its black eyelashes and curly dark hair. Those who stood by never forgot how the tears came into the squire's eyes when he saw the deep welts that cruelty and hard usage had made on the tender flesh of the boy. One little arm was marked with the letter 'C,' which made all wonder and old Thomas, the butler, whispered to Margaret, the cook: 'Mark my words, there's some mystery about the lad; he doesn't look a bit like an Ital-ian fiddler.'

"His name was Carlo; he did not know how old he was; Marco had never

"The master, the man for whom he played the violin, and by whom he was beaten in return,

"Not his father? "Oh, no, he would not remember his father at all.

"Where was his mother? "He didn't know; sometimes when he was asleep he dreamed that a sweet face smiled upon him and a soft hand pipe and Spectator in cool disregard tenderly smoothed back the curls from his brow, but whether it was his mother, or the picture of one of the saints (that he had seen one day when, unknown to Marco, he had made his way into a chiesa at Rome) come to life, he was never quite sure,"
"Would he like to live with the

squire and be his little boy?" "In answer the child leaned his dark head against the man's shoulder, and his usually bright blue eyes and he from that instant there was a firm, undying affection established between Walter Keith, master of Kelthleigh Ab-

was as bonnie a lad as you'd find of his \$1. age in the United Kingdom. His love for the squire had grown with his etc., to say nothing of the magnificent growth and strengthened with his rent roll of the bridegroom-it was well strength, and Mr. Keith often used to wonder how he had ever gotten along without him.

"In the year that I became housekeeper the squire caught a heavy cold, which settled on his lungs and for a long time threatened to end fatally, so, as soon as he was able to stand it the "And Master Walter, you ask now change of scene. So, accompanied by

Well, the street by a neatly dressed woman, who years flew by: from time to time in face and manner of speech was dewhispers were heard that Miss Thur- cidedly Spanish. 'My mistress is dying. low had not done quite so well after my puir bonnie leddy, an' wad ye na and that Mr. Leonard, her hus- come and say a wee bit prayer after band, treated his young wife shame- she gaes?" she asked, with tears in her

leaving absolutely nothing. So much proved to be the fatal Roman fever) was, and hurried along by the woman's

"Had her mistress been ill long? "Not in this great danger, but she law. But traveling was slow in those had been alling about nine years, ever days, and when he reached the humble since little Carle, her only bairn, was

> "Was she a widow? "Yes, her husband died about three months before the child was born, leaving her without a penny. She was by birth an Englishwoman, and has written again and again to her father, a rich baronet, for help, but has never

received any answer. "Did they ever find the body of the

"No, but they had positive proof of his death. 'For,' said the woman, 'one morning while I was fixing my leddy's hair the wee bit laddy was playing in the garden, and after, when I went to fetch him in, I couldna find the bairn, but what I did find was his tiny cap Here we are at the house now! Will

been squire for some time, he was sit- "With these words she led him up But, Janet, listen well to what I say. ting in his study, trying to fix his a winding stairway into a small, Something tells me that my boy was mind on a sermon for the coming Sun- meanly furnished room, closely fol- not drowned, as we so long supposed, day, when a man's voice, sharp and lowed though unperceived by the boy I have thought not for some discordant, broke in upon the still- Carlo. On the bed the form of a wo- past, and now, I feel sure of it. You'll been telling me such a story of-" here man was lying, her face, which, in knew him, Janet, here her voice rose There, you young cub, take that! spite of its pallor, still had some claim full and clear, by the letter "C" in A bird that can sing and won't must to beauty, was scarcely less white Old English on his left arm.' Here sha afterward turned out to be the son of



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> THIS ENTIRE STOCK OF MERCHANDISE MUST BE TURNED INTO CASH TO SATISFY CREDITORS. Opening Days, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Nov. 16, 17 and 18

> And the entire stock will be closed out at 25 cents on the dollar. \$125,000 worth of Fine Clothing, Millinery, Boots, Shoes, Shirt Waists, Skirts, Furnishing Goods, Hats and Caps, will be placed on sale to be sold at one-quarter their actual price. This tremendous Receiver's Sale will commence Thursday, November 16th, at 9 o'clock a. m., and continue from day to day until the entire stock is sold in the mammoth building, 224 Lackawanna Avenue, Scranton, Pa., by the Receiver of the New York Bankrupt Clothing, Shoe and Hat Company. Goods will be slaughtered, regardless of cost or value at 25 cents on the dollar. No postponement. Doors will open at 9 o'clock sharp, Thursday, November 16th. Nobody allowed in the building before that hour. Look of the extraordinary low prices.

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ternoon, and I heard this of old the ken that one of her ain kirk was with tiful, raised his sweet, clear voice at heat of the day had been borne. the last verse, and then I awakened. be made to sing! Pipe up an' give 'em than the pillow itself.

"Ye Banks and Braes!" Walter

"Ah!" she said in a voice so weak cry, and sank on his knees by the bedkeith, in spite of all his gentlenes, was and low as to be hardly heard. I paused, but Walter Keith gave a deep the woman whom he had wished to no coward. When he heard a cry he have had such a sweet dream, Janet, crept softly up and knelt beside him. "'Sing, my boy; sing the last verse of that hymn of which she has just spoken,' said the squire in an agitated tone. And then rose the voice of the lad in its clear treble:

"Hold Thou Thy cross before my clos-Shine thruogh the gloom and point me to the skies. Heaven's morning breaks and earth's

vain shadows flee, In life, in death, Lord, abide with me.' " 'Cyril, little Cyril,' the dying woman murmured in a tone of such content, but so very faint, and the dampness was fast coming o'er her brow So the squire quickly began the (Commendatory Prayer,' but scarcely had he done so when for the first time since they entered the room she opened her eyes, and soon after with a smile of ineffable love, exclaimed: 'Walter, O my beloved!' in a voice that rang clear and strong, and then died away in the deep, deep slience of death. For a long time the squire knelt by the body of the only woman he had ever loved, with the small brown hand of her son held tightly in his. You have heard the rest, my lady, how he caught the fever, and how on one lovely autumn day the body of the good squire was brought back to Keithleigh, accompanied by the heart-broken little Sir Cy-ril Leonard. They buried him in the

his next brother. Wilfred: that is more my puir mistress' heart broke, and she land, dear old England, once more; est marble with naught carved on it than 30 years ago, but never to this has never been the same woman since, it was vesper time on a Sunday afhundred and thirty-seven, Requiescat or vessel. So after months of anxious ye come in I don't much think she waiting the curate of St. Anselm's will understand ye—she's too far gon: "Abide With Me," and he was by my took his place as squire of Keithleign for that, but I ween she'd he fain to side, and little Cyril, bright and beauther took he was had been here." Here Mrs. Wynford finished her story, but Muriel, who had been intently listening, asked, quickly: "And

what became of the boy' "O, Leonard, dear, Mrs. Wynford has she pointed to the portrait, "and how kind he was to a poor little waif, who marry; you have heard the tale before now, Leonard, but can you tell me aught of the boy, Sir Cyril?"

"Why, yes; Muriel, my darling, the lad became a man, and one of the first things that he did was to buy the old Abbey and to add the name of Keith to his own family name. But if you wish for proof of the truth of her story, mine own sweet wife, look here." With these words he drew up his left sleeve and showed her the letter in ancient English script, plainly visible on the stalwart arm.-New York

HYGIENE OF BARBER SHOPS.

Precautions Necessary to Prevent the Spread of Disease,

From the Medical Journal. It has been abundantly established that disease is not rarely transmitted through the mediation of the barbershop, and the issuance by the Pennsylvania state board of health of a leaflet of "Hygienic Hints for Barbers and Hairdressers" (Circular No. 52) therefore a step in the right direction. The board recommends that no person suffering from any disease of the skin, scalp or hair should act as a barber, nor should any one suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis or any disease commonly known as contagious serve in this capacity. When diphtheria, scarlet fever, smallpox, measles, or old churchyard of St. Aneselm's, and other contagious diseases occur in the

on the Mediterranean, accompanied by floating upon the Tiber. On that day I dreamed that I was back in Eng- raised above his grave a cross of pur- family of a barber, he should not nurse the patients, nor in any way come in contact with them, but he should leave their care to members of the

crupulously clean, as should also the chairs, razors, clippers, brushes, towels, and all other articles or instruments used. Towels should be carefuly washed and then rinsed. Persons suffering from any disease of the skin, scalp, or hair, or from pul-

monary tuberculosis, or convalescent from other contagious diseases, should not visit any barber-shop or parlor but should be attended by the barbe or hairdresser at their own homes. All instruments used on sick patients should be carefully disinfected.

Customers should be encouraged to own their own instruments (razors, soap, brushes, etc.), and in the case of those suffering from diseases of the skin, scalp, or hair, this should be compulsory. For operations on a dead body, the barber should have instruments used only for this purpose, Razors and clippers may be disinfectd by boiling five or ten minutes in soapy water or in water containing

Hair brushes, combs, and strops may se disinfected by placing them in a small closet or case that closes hermetically and in which is kept a sauer constantly filled with a solution of formalin. Brushes and combs will need cleaning with bran or clay in hot water at intervals.

little potassium carbonate,

Shaving brushes may be disinfected by being placed in boiling water for five minutes before using, or, better still, t' ; brush may be entirely dispensed with, and a puff of cotton used, which can be destroyed after one using Before passing from one customer o another, the barber or hairdresser should wash his hands thoroughly. should use warm water and carbolic

or one containing mercuric chlorid. The powder puff so constantly used should be replaced by a ball of wad-

ding, or, better, by a powder blower. away after one using.

The lump of alum used to stop the family who do not enter his shop or flow of blood should be broken into place of business, and he should tem-porarily change his residence. small pieces, and after using one of these on a customer, it should be thrown away and not used a second time. Some prefer the burnt or calcined alum, applied on cotton, which can be thrown away after one using. Only strictly clean linen, towels, wrappers, etc., should be used for each customer. If a freshly laundered wrapper cannot be supplied to each customer, a clean towel should be used

in place of the wrapper. Vaseline and wax should be used carefully, so as not to convey disease from person to person. The hairdress-er should remove vaseline from the vessel containing it with a spatula or spoon, and not by inserting his pos-sibly contaminated fingers into the vessel. Each person should have his

The barber should not employ sponges in his work, nor should they ever be seen in shaving or hairdressing establishments, as they cannot be cleansed as a towel or wash rag may , In their place a towel should be employed.

In order to cleanse the floor of the establishment, it should be sprinkled with dampened sawdust or wet tea leaves, and then carefully swept, in order that as little dust as possible may be raised. The sweepings should be burned every evening.

The shop should be thoroughly ventilated before the day's work is begun and some arrangement for continuous ventilation throughout the day should

These rules are so simple and so practicable that they are capable of and should at once receive universal application. As with other progressive acts, the wonder is that these recommendations have not been made concretely before, and the Pennsylvania board of health deserves credit for having taken the initiative in this

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