

By this time Marie's eyes were full of unshed tears. Stephanie had finished, and rising, she began to busy herself about some household duty, while Marie betook herself to her favorite nook in the garden. The unshed tears still filled her eyes, and now they fell one by one down the rounded cheeks. "Ah," she thought sadly, "it is no wonder papa does not care for me. If it hadn't been for my mother would not have died!"

Advertisement for Dr. J.C. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, highlighting its benefits for various ailments and its long history.

Advertisement for 'LOOK HERE!' featuring 'PEOPLE'S STORE!!' and 'TO MAKE YOUR PURCHASES!!' with details about the store's location and offerings.

Advertisement for 'GIVE US A CALL!' and 'ALBERT TRENT, Manager' for 'WALTER ANDERSON, MERCHANT TAILOR'.

Advertisement for 'SOMERSET COUNTY BANK!' established in 1877, listing Charles J. Harrison as Cashier and Manager.

Advertisement for 'THE NORMAL TERM' at 'MT. PLEASANT INSTITUTE' opening March 22nd, 1882.

Advertisement for 'FOR SALE' of a 'SUGAR GROVE FARM' with details about the property and contact information.

A BOY AGAIN. In the dusky twilight of an ancient room. Whose book-lined walls deepened the sober gloom. A single ray of evening sunlight fell: Glowed on a pile of leaf, with magic spell.

With a fond gesture the young man drew the weeping girl to him. "Oh, Allan!" was all Marie said; but her tears still flowed. It is sweet to weep when sympathetic arms surround one.

Then in an angry tone, turning to Marie: "Is this Stephanie's bringing up? Has she not taught you that, indeed, never allows such familiarities, save from a betrothed lover?"

Marie had been standing where she could hear the conversation, expecting every moment to see her lover dismissed with bitter words, when to her great surprise, she saw her father actually smiling.

"Stephanie, I do wish we were not so poor. Stephanie was knitting, and on a low stool at her feet sat Marie. The room were in was large, with high ceilings—a room in which costly furniture would not have been out of place."

"Oh, never mind—after all, I don't care to go very much. Stephanie tell me a story—tell me about the De Veres, should be kept from all that makes you happy and enjoyable. When is the party to be, dear?"

"Oh, my dear, your father was young and he loved her so that when she was threatened with dishonor it made no difference. He married her despite all efforts to prevent, and brought his bride to England—here to this old home. How happy she was for a year! Then, dear, these faithful arms held the little baby that she might see her own, for she knew she had lost her own, for she knew she was dying. Your father had never been the same since, and that is why I have taught you to be so patient with his peculiarities. I remember

The next day Mr. De Vere returned, and at his request Marie went to him at once into the library. "Child," he said, "how would you like to go to our native France with me?"

Marie looked at him, bewildered. "Yes, I mean it. I have taken passage on the steamer for the fifteenth. You and Stephanie will need to hurry your preparations."

Marie slowly comprehended what he meant. Then the thought of the "deception" she had practiced upon her mother came to her mind. With a cold shiver she went to her room. "My father, the Marquis de Vere, has relented," he explained to his wondering daughter, "and has sent for me, his only son. So, child, you see now why I interfered between you and that young Adams. With your face you may look for a brilliant future."

Then Marie was left by obsequious retainers through stately halls and rooms furnished with princely luxury, to where, upon a couch, an old man awaited their coming. The meeting between father and son, who had parted in anger thirty years before, was very affecting.

"Well, sir, I began this conversation in anger and I end it in friendship. You remind me of my own youth. But my daughter is too young to think of marrying yet. Good morning."

"Your mother told me you were engaged to Miss Ward," Marie replied to his eager words, "and I waited for you, intending to ask you if it were true, you never came, and I thought it was because you were ashamed to see me. Then when my father told me he was going to France, I was glad to go."

"Did he not? Oh, my son is something of a flirt, and he doesn't like to spoil his chances of fun in society. But he is engaged to Miss Ward. They have known each other ever since they were children." If Marie had been more worldly-wise she might have detected the false ring in Mrs. Adams' voice; but, of course, she believed what she heard.

determined in her heart to let bygones be bygones. Disposing of her estate in France, the last of the De Veres returned to England, and there in that noble land in which her fair young mother sleeps beneath the daisied soil, Marie lives, with the husband of her choice, from whom fate came so near parting her.

Mr. Vanderbil's New Home. Mr. Vanderbil's house is the most elegant private residence, inside and outside, in New York city. The building comprises three houses. A central porch divides the building into two sections. The south section is Mr. Vanderbil's own residence. It is 84 feet front by 115 feet deep, and four stories in height. The north section is 74 feet front by 105 feet deep, and is divided into two houses. The one next to Mr. Vanderbil's will be occupied by Mrs. Shephard, daughters of Mr. Vanderbil. Only Mr. Vanderbil's section is at present completed, although all will soon be ready.

The houses are of brownstone, in the style of the Greek renaissance. There is a great wealth of carving at many points, chiefly designs of trailing vines. A broad path leads up to the central corridor. The walls of the corridor are of African marble, and the floor is of mosaic. The doors opening to the left and right are bronze, set with Scriptural medallions. They are copies of the Ghiberti gates at Florence, and they cost \$20,000. They open to the left on a vestibule from which three bronze doors open, one into the main hall, and two into reception rooms at the sides. The hall extends the full height of the house. Eight red marble pillars with bronze capitals support galleries on each floor, which lead to the living rooms. It is lighted by nine large stained-glass windows. The walls are wainscoted with carved English oak twelve feet high, and opposite them is a mantelpiece of red marble and bronze. It reaches to the first gallery, and has on each side two life-size female figures in high relief. The door to the east of the hall opens on the drawing room. The walls are covered with carved wood paneling, and the panels are hung with pale red velvet, on which are embroidered flowers and foliage. At the side of each door are columns of onyx, with bronze capitals, bearing vases of stained glass and clusters of light. In the corners are other clusters, upheld by female figures of solid silver. The ceiling is of blue and gold, but will eventually be covered by paintings by the artist. The floor is of marble, and is 25 by 31 feet. Gilded and carved sliding doors draped with rich curtains give access to the north to the library, and on the south to the Japanese parlor. In the library the book cases, mantels and doors are of rosewood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl and brass. The ceiling is of blue and gold, and the floor is of marble. The ceiling is of blue and gold, and the floor is of marble.

The Japanese parlor is the lower part of the walls are hidden by a fantastic cabinet, with inlaid panels of onyx, shells and cupboards. At various points are bronze panels, picked out in gold and silver. The dimensions are 17 by 26 feet. A door on the west opens on Mr. Vanderbil's private reception room, where the walls are wainscoted with mahogany, and above that covered with stamped leather. In the Japanese parlor the ceiling is of bamboo, pricked out with red, green and lacquer work. A low-toned tapestry of Japanese origin velvet in curious designs covers the walls and the furniture. The lower part of the walls are hidden by a fantastic cabinet, with inlaid panels of onyx, shells and cupboards. At various points are bronze panels, picked out in gold and silver. The dimensions are 17 by 26 feet. A door on the west opens on Mr. Vanderbil's private reception room, where the walls are wainscoted with mahogany, and above that covered with stamped leather.

IX.—Here we have a piece of chewing gum. It is white and smooth, and it is soft and sticky. It is the kind of gum that sticks to the underside of the mantle piece. The hired girl will find it there and chew it awhile herself, and then put it back. In this way one piece of gum will answer for a whole family. When the gum is no good, put it in the rocking chair for the minister or your sister's best to sit on.

It was hard indeed that they should have to think of leaving the place in which their lives had been spent for so many years. He had no choice to offer, for he knew that it was inevitable. The going in the factory in which he was employed sounded its call to work, and dropping a hasty kiss upon his weeping mother's brow Allan strode away. As he walked along he passed the familiar gate which led to the deserted grounds of the house where his never-forgotten Marie had lived. Obeying an uncontrollable impulse he pushed it open and went in.

One voice all over the land goes up from mothers, that says: "My daughters are so feeble and sad, with no strength, all out of breath and life at the last exertion. What can we do for them?" The answer is simple and full of hope. One or two weeks use of Hop Bitters will make them healthy, rosy, brightly and cheerful.

My conversation with the proprietress of the "beautifying establishment" was interrupted by a lady of uncertain age and pimply skin, who, as she passed, said to the proprietress: "I am a woman, and I want to make the most of her looks, she had come to the madame for assistance."

"That's right," said the woman, cheerily, "I can make you so good looking your husband won't know you." The lady's expression grew a trifle dubious at this but the proprietress began: "First, you learn to smile frequently; I notice that your face is naturally grave. There is nothing men like so much as a smile, especially when it comes from a pretty woman, and a mere suspicion of my lip dew will make you as fresh and red, and by rubbing a little extra on the middle of the lip you can obtain a positive voluptuous effect."

"But my complexion?" interrupted the visitor anxiously. "Oh, I can fix all that. Just let me show you," she said, and she seated the lady in front of a mirror, which reflected a piece of chamber glass, and she dabbed it in a creamy liquid and polished off the lady's face; then she powdered it well, rubbed some rouge on the faded cheeks, tinted the lips, penciled the brows and presto! there was another woman.

"On the stage she would have looked very well, but near to the cosmetics could not conceal either themselves, the harsh outlines, the dim eyes, or the lack of youth's roundness. The poor thing hardly knew whether to be delighted or appalled, but when the madame went into an ecstasy and exclaimed: "Beautiful! there could not be a greater success," she concluded to be delighted.

"What do I owe you?" she asked. "Ten dollars for the make-up and materials which I will furnish you," and the woman, meekly as a lamb handed over a gold piece and a handful of sugar in a barrel of water. It is very mysterious, and the crowd doesn't enjoy the climax at all.

Two days' moderate application of the means in question, enabled Mr. Otto Eichhorn, 1413 N. Ninth street, St. Louis, Mo., to thus write us: "I had been a sufferer for the past six weeks with severe pains in the shoulder and spine so that I was unable to do any work. Advised by a friend I used St. Jacobs Oil. With the second application relief was had and a cure effected in two days."

When a man is about to be told a secret he shuts the door. When it is a woman she opens it to be sure no one is listening outside. For headache, sick headache, take Peruna. The wool trade is in a healthy condition.

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