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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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MILLER'S SPRING FOOTWEAR

Strongest, Brightest and Most Stylish Line Ever Shown in Butler.

This to Be Our Banner Year

This will surely be our banner year. All our efforts have been crowned with success. We started a sale in February of our Winter Tans and Box Calf Shoes. The result is they are all gone. We have the money for them and the much-needed room for spring goods, and no back numbers on our hands for next fall.

Pushing Spring Goods.

We are pushing spring goods hard—and not a bit too early, for there is not a man, woman or child in Butler that does not want a nice pair of shoes for Easter. We have been thinking about you, planning for you and studying your wants, and we think we know them. However, we will let you be the judge in this matter when you see our new line for spring.

For the Ladies to Wear.

We feel safe in saying that we have the most complete line of Ladies' Shoes in Butler. The Delsarte Shoes have no equal for style and comfort, and have the largest sale of any advertised shoe in the world. Our cheaper lines are great this year. We are very strong on lines running from 98 cents to $2.00, tan or black.

For Men to Wear.

The expressions we have heard from the young men of the town since we displayed a few of our spring styles in our window gives us the assurance that our judgment has suited the tastes of our many customers who like to wear nice shoes. Quite a number of our spring shoes can be seen on the streets and we feel proud of them, as does the wearers, for they are certainly as the boys say, "very swell." Our spring goods are in all grades of Tan Shoes, Kid and Calf, and Black goods in Patent Leather, Vici Kid, Calf, etc. Prices range from 98c to $5.00.

For Boys and Girls to Wear.

We have not forgotten the boys and girls. We have some very smart things for you, and it is time you was looking around to see where you will buy your Easter shoes. We like to have you look around and compare, for it always results in our favor.

For the Baby to Wear.

Through the baby we reach the whole family. Some dealers look on the baby department as a very small matter. We do not. We know that the lady must and will have nice shoes, and with that uppermost in our minds we bought this line for spring. How well we succeeded can be told by the satisfied buyers.

We Want to Meet You.

Come in and look over our new goods. If you don't need any footwear, now, you may later. We have not mentioned anything about our large line of Slippers, Walking Shoes, Tennis Shoes, etc., but we will at some other time.

See us for Your Spring Shoes.

C. E. Miller

New House. New Furniture

Central Hotel.

MRS. JENNIE NIXON, Proo'r

Opposite Court House. Next Door to Park Theatre

L. C. WICK,
DEALER IN
Rough & Worked Lumber
OF ALL KINDS.
Doors, Sash, Blinds, Mouldings, Shingles and Lath Always in Stock.

LIME, HAIR AND PLASTER
Office opposite P. & W. Depot.
BUTLER, PA.

One Dose

Tells the story. When your heads ache, and you feel bilious, constipated, and out of tune, with your stomach sour and no appetite, just buy a package of

Hood's Pills

And take a dose, from 1 to 4 pills. You will be surprised at how easily they will do their work, cure your headache and biliousness, rouse the liver and make you feel happy again. 25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

Butler Steam Laundry,
220 West Cunningham Street,
J. E. ZICKRICK, Manager.
People's 'Phone, 296.

House Keepers Give Ear

Now is the time you will be buying WALL PAPER.
Have you considered where you are going to buy it?
If you have not yet seen our LARGE STOCK of all the Latest Designs, Colorings, Tapestries, Berlaps, Pressed and Metal Effects, etc. It will pay you to do so at once. Our large stock was never so complete as it is to-day. Don't take our word for it but call and see for yourself and be convinced. We have the goods and it is no trouble to show them. We also carry a large line of ROOM MOULDINGS to match all colors of paper.

Stationery. Window Shades,
Paints, Oils and Varnishes, etc
Picture and Mirror Framing a Specialty.

A large line of unframed pictures. Call and see them.
Contract painting and paper hanging.
We lead and others follow.

Patterson Bros.,

236 North Main Street, Wick Building. Butler, Pa. Peoples' Phone 400.

Spring Goods.

Our Entire Spring Stock Is All In.

Complete stock of the **SOROSIS** Shoes—the new shoe for women. Made of the finest Dongola, Tan and Patent Leather; also complete stock of Baker & Bowman's fine hand turn's and hand welts in Dongola and fine Russett Kid, made on the latest up-to-date lasts.

MEN'S SHOES.

The selection was never better. Very large assortment of Russett, Calf, Vici, Kid, Box Calf and Kangaroo and Patent Calf Shoes made on all the new lasts. We carry these shoes in all sizes and widths.

Our line of Misses Shoes in fine Patent Calf, Dongola and Tan in Leather or cloth tops; also complete line Children's Shoes in the latest styles in all sizes and widths.

BOYS'. SHOES.

Our line of Boys' and Youth's Shoes is very large. Being made on the same style lasts as the Men's Shoes in all the different leathers.

See Our Window Display.

JOHN BICKEL.

128 SOUTH MAIN STREET -:- BUTLER, PA

HE IS A WISE MAN

—WHO SECURES HIS CLOTHING FROM—

J. S. YOUNG,
THE MERCHANT TAILOR,

The goods, style, fit and general make up of his suits

TELL their own STORY

MEN

Won't buy clothing for the purpose of spending money. They desire to get the best possible results for the money expended. Not cheap goods but goods as cheap as can be sold and made up properly. Call and examine my large stock of

SPRING SUITINGS.

Right up to date, the latest styles, shades and colors that could be bought. Call and examine them.

Fits and Workmanship Guaranteed.

G. F. KECK,

142 North Main Street, Butler, Pa.

MRS. J. E. ZIMMERMAN

Ladies' Spring Suits and Separate Skirts.

Ladies' ready-to-wear tailor-made Jacket suits in Covert cloths, plain cloth, Venetian cloth and serges, ranging in price from $5.00, $6.75, $8.50, $10.00, $12.50 to $25.00. These suits in black and all the new spring shades strictly tailored. New Flared Skirts, fly front and tight-fitting Jackets. A full line of Separate Skirts to sell at $1.00 up to $10.00.

SILKS AND DRESS GOODS!

Just opened a complete line of new Spring Silks in plain and fancy. The handsomest line of Silks we have ever shown at attractive prices—50c to $1.50. New Spring Dress Goods in coverts, Venetian cloth, poplin, serges, brilliantees and henriettas. You will have to see these goods to fully appreciate their beauty and value. Our prices are attractive, too.

BLACK DRESS GOODS AND CREPONS!

The dyes are deep and unchangeable and the prices are unmatchable.

Annual Opening Sale of Imported and Domestic Wash Goods.

After many weeks of careful preparation, having been in touch with many of the representative lines of Wash Fabrices made in Europe and America, we are now ready to submit to your inspection THE INITIAL DISPLAY OF THE SEASON OF 1899.

WASH FABRICS.

Fine Ginghams, Zephyrs, Madras Cloth, Chintz and Percales. An elegant line of Welts and Piques. Organdies both in plain, white and fancy colors. Swisses, Lawns and Dimities.

Laces and Embroideries.

Fine Embroidery from 1 cent to 75 cents per yard. This is the handsomest and most complete line ever shown in Butler, consisting of Swiss, Nainsook and Hamburgs lace edge embroidery—all overs—and all the newest effects in Embroideries and Laces for Spring of 1899.
See window display.

MRS. J. E. ZIMMERMAN.

We are now Ready

To show you our new spring line of Men's, Boys' and Children's clothing at entirely new prices.

Also our new spring line of Hats (in all the new shapes), caps and furnishing goods.

We will make you a tailor made suit for $15.00 up to $30.00, and if they do not fit or please you, we do not ask you to take it. Come in and see the samples.

We Have Two Stores and We buy real cheap now.

DOUTHETT & GRAHAM,

BUTLER, PA, THE CLOTHIERS.

That Dizzy Feeling

Indicates that there is something wrong with the system, it is a warning sign and should be heeded, a good tonic is required and neglect may mean something serious.

In our SARSAPARILLA COMPOUND we offer the best tonic and blood purifier in the whole list of remedies, it is carefully prepared of pure drugs and will give tone and vigor to the whole system. It is the Ideal spring medicine.

Redick & Grohman

Prescription Druggists.
109 N. Main St., - - - - Butler, Pa

PAPE'S, JEWELERS.

Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewelery, Silverware, Spectacles, etc.

We have a large and well selected stock.

We Repair all Kinds of Watches.

If you have broken jewelery that you think beyond repairs bring it to us and we will make it as good as new.

We take old gold and silver the same as cash allowing the highest market price.

122 S. Main St., Butler, Pa.

"A FAIR FACE MAY PROVE A DOUBTFUL BARGAIN." MARRY A PLAIN GIRL IF SHE USES

SAPOLIO

MADAM OF THE IVIES.

BY ELIZABETH PHIPPS TRAIN

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SYNOPSIS:

CHAPTER I.—The scene of the story is laid in the village of Eldon, at an old homestead, "The Ivies," about which there is considerable mystery. Dorothy Lothrop, the heroine, applies for the position of companion to Mrs. Eldredge, the mistress of the house. At the station she makes the acquaintance of Dr. Spencer, one of the prominent characters of the story.

CHAPTER II.—Dorothy is engaged by Mrs. Eldridge, who she discovers is blind, and enters at once upon her duties as companion.

She must have been at that time about sixty years of age, although she had the appearance of a greater age. This was due to the absolute whiteness of her still luxuriant hair, which was somewhat hidden from sight by a coiffure of finest black lace, that looked like an enamelled arabesque traced upon silver. Her figure was tall, commanding, and very erect; her face gentle, and filled with the pathos of supreme suffering and self-renunciation; her manner that of a high-bred gentlewoman, into whose mind the reflection that she is a being superior to the meanest of those about her has never obtruded. Her eyes—brown, kindly and wistful—were very beautiful, and touched one's deepest sympathies by the strange look of appeal that lay in their depths.

As the servant pronounced my name she rose from her chair, and extended a cordial hand to me, saying in a slow, gentle voice:

"You are the lady who has volunteered to consider the thought of sharing my solitude? Will you not come close to the fire? You must be chilled from your long ride."

She motioned to a chair directly facing her own, and resumed her seat. I had touched the long fragile fingers with devout reverence, and, still standing before her, made the amende for my presumptuous appearance in her house.

"Madam," I said, "I had the temerity to think I could fulfill your requirements. Pardon me for the audacious thought. I had not at that time seen you, and was unaware how little worthy of you my companionship would be. My discovery has come in good season, however, and I beg you to allow me to withdraw."

SHE WAS SITTING IN A HIGH-BACKED EBONY CHAIR.

There was great regret as well as firm conviction in my voice. My disappointment was as intense as my assurance of disqualification. I longed to be of service to this woman; all my romantic impulses were stirred by sight of her beauty and tragic isolation; and yet I was convinced of my own inadequacy as regarded her needs.

I sighed involuntarily and was about to turn away, but she stretched out a detaining hand, while a little smile of amusement flitted across the gravity of her expression.

"Nay, my child, be not so hasty in your decisions," she returned. "After all, it is I who should be the judge of your capabilities—unless, indeed, you are already discouraged by the loneliness of this place, and use your modesty to conceal the real reason of your flight?"

The words were in the form of an interrogatory, and I hastened to deny their false accusation. I spoke with considerable warmth, and the smile deepened on Madam's face.

"You are quite young," she remarked. "Not more than eighteen or twenty, I should say. That is in itself a strong recommendation to me. I should like something youthful about me in my old age. But my longing is a selfish one. Youth needs youth, and gaiety and bright surroundings. My home is no place for it to shelter in."

She gave a little sigh, as if her thoughts were introspective, and I took advantage of the pause to tell her how little I prized the pleasures which were so dear to most girls of my age, and how devoid of terrors I held solitude.

I think the eagerness in my voice touched and won her, for a slight flush crept into her face as she listened.

"You have probably never dreamt of a household so quiet and monotonous as this," she said. "We are all old people who inhabit it—Franklin, poor Mayberry, and I. And I—I am, in addition blind."

I cried aloud at this, so shocked and startled was I. Blind! those beautiful eyes with their profound depths!

"You are surprised," she exclaimed, while I could have bitten out my tongue in annoyance at my own inadvertence. "Ah! my old eyes are sad hypocrites, my dear, and 'assume a virtue when they have it not.' Now shall I begin my catechism?

There is no need to go into the detail of question and answer by means of which Madam became convinced that my endowments were sufficient for the position I coveted. I had received, at the expense of a well-to-do uncle, an excellent education, and, being naturally of a studious habit of mind, had ranged even beyond the lead of my preceptors into the fields of general knowledge. I could speak with confidence of my lingual familiarity with French, German and Italian, besides being able to claim a tolerably intimate acquaintance with the most celebrated literary productions of each of these nations. Nor had my English acquirements suffered neglect through absenteeism. Well stocked had I been by native harvesting before being allowed to stray afield in search of foreign gleaning.

I had an excellent ear for music, and a fair contralto voice, which had been carefully cultivated, so that my singing really afforded pleasure to even critical listeners; I had a knowledge of bookeeping sufficient to make an exceedingly accurate domestic accountant; I could read aloud for hours without fatigue of my well-trained vocal muscles, and thoughts and ideas were bred rapidly enough in my brain, even if these were at times too odd and original for easy assimilation by those to whom I might chance to utter them, to ensure my being a fairly entertaining and easy conversationalist.

I did not offer Madam this frank inventory of my accomplishments as I offer it to my readers. She was supplied with the opportunity of discovering it for herself which is denied you. I am not egotistical in thus acknowledging my gifts and attainments; they were simply the stock-in-trade by means of which I hoped to secure a living, and it seems necessary to the telling of my tale that I should make mention without mock modesty of the extent to which I was equipped for my career.

The manner of Madam's interrogatory revealed to me her possession of great tact and cleverness. So adroitly she led me on to disclose my abilities that I am sure I revealed my whole scope and character within fifteen minutes of entering her boudoir, while at the time I had almost no suspicion of the probe she was skilfully inserting. It was not until afterwards, when I was alone in my chamber, that I realized how much personal information she had extracted from me.

"My dear," she said finally, "you are very tired. Your voice betrays a certain strain and weariness that will be followed by an exhausting reaction if you do not get immediate rest. If you are satisfied with my terms"—they were very liberal ones—"let Franklin dismiss your carriage, and let us try for a week, by practical experience, the question of our mutual suitability. Will you do so?"

My vanity whispered that beneath the outward calmness of her manner it could detect a strain of suppressed eagerness as to my decision, which flattered me beyond words. I gladly assented to her proposal, and in obedience to her request rang the bell and gave the old butler the order to send off the waiting carriage. Madam further desired him to tell the housekeeper to prepare my room, and as she departed she extended to me her right hand with the gesture of one asking a charity.

"Will you allow me a more personal inquisition my child?" she asked with some hesitation. "Will you mind it very much if I touch your face and read your expression by the only method that remains to me? Perhaps you will even be good enough to color for me the crude sketch which is all my rude fingers are able to form?"

I knelt at her side, and she passed her slender fingers deftly, shrewdly, over my features. I thrilled beneath her gentle touch almost as might a maiden beneath the caress of her lover.

"A goodly growth," she remarked, as her hand dwelt upon the thick masses of my hair. "Its color?"

"Chestnut, my mother calls it, Madam," I replied.

"With golden lights threading it?" she asked a little eagerly.

"It is indeed of changeable shades," I returned modestly, for I well knew that my only patent of beauty was composed of the sun-flecked hair that was my mother's pride, together with the white and perfect teeth that were my own delight.

Madam drew a tiny chain from its seclusion beneath the bosom of her gown, and opened a massive locket, as large as a man's watch, that depended from it. I could tell by its construction that it was divided into four compartments, but only one of these was revealed to my curious gaze. That held the miniature of a radiant, blooming girl, upon whose exquisite brow rested the suggestion of a dawning matronhood which, when it assumes natural and graceful possession of a woman's face, enhances a thousandfold the beauty of immaturity.

It was Madam. No one could for an instant doubt that. But oh!—Madam with hope and joy and anticipation irradiating the features whereon havoc had since marked its course.

"Is it such as this was?" she asked, holding the case towards me.

"Much the same, I think," I replied. "Only yours was doubtless more beautiful, Madam."

She sighed and closed the case. Probably for the sake of one who had admired and loved its beauty, she mourned the fading of her locks.

And so together we painted for her enlightenment a sufficient likeness of my outward aspect.

"Hazel eyes, chestnut hair, perfect health, which implies a fair complexion, good features, and a nobly-shaped and well-set head—you should be something of a beauty, my dear," my appraiser concluded with a humorous little smile.

"And yet, Madam, I am not," I answered truthfully. "My mouth is far too large, my face is too thin, my skin too colorless, and with all I am too tall and lanky to be attractive to lovers of beauty."

CHAPTER III.

It was her pleasure to accompany me to my room, whither I led her according to her direction, her hand resting on my arm. We were nearly of equal height, which made it specially easy for me to become her guide.

She left me after a while, having assured herself that things had been made comfortable for my reception. And, indeed, a far more captious person than I, and one used to far greater luxury, could scarcely have found anything to complain of in the small suite of rooms—chamber, sitting-room and bath—that had been recently appointed, in view of the fact that Madam was about to receive into her house a new inmate.

I made a cursory inspection of my apartments, disposed my belongings for the night, after refreshing myself with the dainty supper which Madam insisted I should take in my own room, being firmly of the opinion that I was too fatigued to dine below stairs, went to the window and stood for some time gazing in dreamy abstraction out into the night.

A small crescent of light hung low in the heavens, and shed the tenderest of possible illuminations over the world. The night was so still that an almost unearthly hush seemed to have fallen from its wings. On the left, winding away into unfathomable distance, was the avenue which had been my way hither, and far below on the right, dimly and partially discernible through the sombre branches of the grim and forbidding poplars, gleamed forth that cold and spectral mass of masonry that formed the house which had attracted my notice as I approached The Ivies.

Almost beneath me it lay, for I was in a wing of the house in close proximity to the cliff that overhung it. Its utter gloom (there were no lights about it) and air of ghostly mystery struck cold and chill upon my fancy. I felt it to be a house with a history, and fell a-wondering what that history might be; whether I should ever learn it; whether it had connection with the tragedy which seemed to stalk nakedly and yet closely masked about the house in which I had elected to take up my abode. Would the time come when the secrets of Madam's life would be matters of familiar detail to me? Would my courage and the support of that inner monitor on which I so largely depended be sufficient to counteract the loneliness and depression of my surroundings?

Brave and possessed of enthusiasm for my mistress though I was, independent of the diversions of youth as I had professed myself, I could not close my eyes to the fact that I had never before been tested by such extreme conditions as these, and I wondered if, after the novelty of the situation had worn off, I should be able to find enough matter of interest in the place to hold at bay a natural and by no means exaggerated yearning for occupation and diversion.

I fell asleep still revolving in my mind the possibilities in the case.

The next morning was as different from the afternoon that preceded it as it is possible for two days at the same season of the year to be. Whereas the evening had been cold, bleak and dreary, suggestive of the desolation and abomination of winter, the dawn was balmy, mild and pleasant, indicative of spring and all things vernal and joyous.

I made a hasty toilet with my window thrown wide open to the pure country air, which was deliciously invigorating to my city-bred lungs. Then I went out into the long corridor on which my rooms opened, and which led to the large upper hall which I have already described. Having gained this, I paused at the balustrade, admiring its carven beauties, and gazing down into the hall beneath, leading my eyes upon the harmonious picture of still-life the splendid apartment presented.

My occupation of it the previous afternoon had been too brief and the light too insufficient for me to discover half its beauties; but now they stood in the brilliant morning sunshine, fully revealed to my admiring eyes. Especially did the sunlight bring into prominence a stained-glass window of enormous proportions, which made a glowing bit of mural decoration of the further end of the hall. It had for subject Christ and the repentant Magdalen, and was a masterpiece of design and effective coloring. About the walls ran low book-cases of dark mahogany, filled to overflowing with books in costly bindings, suggesting the thought that formerly one of the uses of the place had been that of a library. The shelves which topped these cases were covered with beautiful vases, curios, ornaments of modern and antique design; and above these pictures lined the spaces, extending way up the vast stretches of the walls until they mingled with the gallery above.

While I stood thus, enjoying to the full its rare feast of delight, I heard a weak uncertain footstep behind me. It never crossed my mind that it could be Madam. Despite her blindness, there was no faltering or indecision in any of her movements. I turned, therefore, expecting to confront some servant, and such, indeed, proved to be the case. But the servant was of a type far different from any I had ever been acquainted with.

The woman who had approached me so silently that until she stood within arm's length I had been unaware of her presence was of so strange and singular an appearance that involuntarily I shrank from nearer association, with a recoil of my person of which I was at once ashamed. She was a creature so inharmonious of aspect, of such woeful incongruity of design and fulfilment, so evidently an embodiment of a living grief, that one instinctively shunned contact with so unmistaken an abstraction of despair.

Have you ever seen a garden so fair and gracious of appearance that to gaze upon it satisfies every aesthetic craving of your nature; a garden whose form and design seem absolutely perfect, whose flowers are of the rarest species and most exquisite development, in which the sun loves to linger like a lover, and over whose pleasant paths and verdure the blue skies brood tenderly and peacefully? Have you, later, beheld this scene of natural and cultivated lovliness after it has been devastated and laid waste by some monstrous cataclysm, after it has been swept and ravaged by ruthless winds, and all its gentle features have been marred and distorted by stress and storm?

That is the only parallel I can think of to the impression this woman produced upon my mind at first sight. Later I came to pity her, to tolerate her presence without shrinking, to endeavor to cheer and comfort her even, but it took a mighty effort to conquer my natural reluctance to approach within the circumference of that depressing atmosphere which she exhaled. All the buoyancy of my young spirit shrank from the contagion of her misery.

She had been probably in youth somewhat above medium height, but her spare form had so yielded to the crushing weight of adversity that she was bowed and bent almost to deformity. One would have taken her for a dwarf at a casual glance. Her face still preserved traces of a once marvellous comeliness, and this very suggestion of former beauty, disfigured and despoiled as it was, marred her countenance far more deeply than native ugliness would have done. Her features were as small and regular as those of a French doll; her eyes, originally blue, were now, through constant weeping, quite devoid of color. Her cheeks, of ghastly whiteness, had so long been the mere watercourses of her tears that they were ploughed with lines worse than the wrinkles of extreme age. All this was repellent enough, but the most repulsive feature of her personality was the strange incongruity that existed between her scarred and pallid countenance and the glorious mass of golden hair that rippled riotously back from her seamed brow. I have never in my life seen, in color or texture, the like of her hair. It was like a flood of sunshine falling upon a desolate, devastated ruin. There was not a grey thread in it. It had not faded in any degree, nor had it lost any of its rich abundance. On the head of a girl, accompanied by the bloom and freshness of youth, it would have aroused the admiration of the beholder. On the head of this jaded, wan, miserable woman it jarred upon the sight. Its inharmony smote upon one's sensibilities as might the introduction of a waltz motif into a funeral march.

She addressed me as I turned to confront her. I have unconsciously endowed her with a gentle, perhaps plaintive, intonation; instead of which there issued from her drawn lips a harsh, rancous whisper, which increased the repugnance with which she inspired me.

"This is Miss Lothrop?" she asked.

I bowed.

"I am Mrs. Mayberry, Madam's housekeeper," she continued. "Madam tells me you are to become her companion."

Again I bowed assent.

"You will not allow yourself to be discouraged or dissuaded by the dreariness of this place?"

"I think not."

As I uttered this commonplace phrase, imagine my surprise at seeing this curious creature fling herself upon her knees beside me, seize a fold of my gown in her thin, claw-like fingers, and lift a pleading, beseeching face to mine, while she cried, in a very agony of entreaty:

"Ah! do not, do not! I have seen, this morning upon my mistress's face the first ray of brightness that has crossed it since—O God! since when—since when?"

She let go her clutch upon my skirt, and covering her face with her hands, burst into a fit of uncontrollable weeping, cowering like a whipped dog at my feet.

It was evident that she was stirred by some powerful memory, and I felt miserably embarrassed in the presence of this passionate outburst, which I knew not how to comfort or soothe. However, I could reassure her upon the point which had seemed to provoke the attack, the probability of my remaining at The Ivies, and this I proceeded to do.

I was engaged in this attempt when her quick and carefully-trained ears detected a sound that escaped my own, the sound of her mistress's firm and stately tread approaching from her boudoir. She rose at once, and catching my hand to her lips, pressed a tremulous kiss upon it, while she whispered quickly: "My dear, you will be doing missionary work if you remain," and then, gliding noiselessly out of sight, left me to meet Madam and conduct her down the wide staircase to the dainty morning-room in which it was her custom to breakfast.

As far as comfort and luxury were concerned, life at The Ivies was ideal. The staff of domestics was limited in number, but fully adequate in service. It consisted of the housekeeper and butler whom I have named, an old general out-of-door servant, who slept in a room in the stable, and attended to the grounds and to the pair of old coach-horses that alone composed Madam's stud, and a cook and housemaid, middle-aged women, nieces of Franklin, who had occupied the same positions since they were girls. Mayberry also served as Madam's maid, and I soon discovered that she was exceedingly jealous of any attempts to rob her of the performance of her duties in this capacity.

My duties proved to be thoroughly congenial and in no degree onerous. Madam fulfilled my most extravagant anticipations, and charmed and fascinated me by her many gifts and rare intellectuality. The most cultured minds might have found her a congenial companion; to a young, ardent, impressionable girl, such as I then was, she appeared almost divinely endowed and accomplished. She never, after that first mention of it, made allusion to her blindness, but I felt sure it must have been of recent date, for she had made no attempt to train her other senses to the assistance of this defect, as would naturally have been the case if the affliction had been of very long standing.

At the end of the first week she questioned me as to my willingness to remain, and the fervor of my response set that matter for ever at rest between us. From day to day I could see that she grew dependent upon me, and this flattered me and increased my enthusiasm for my work. Work! It was scarcely that, the service which was required of me. It was employment, it is true, but the sort of employment that was dearest to my soul, and which was amusement as well as occupation to one of my tastes.

Old Franklin and Mayberry, grateful to me for the benefit which they insisted I was doing their beloved mistress (I think I was the only being who came in contact with Madam of whom the housekeeper was never jealous), studied my comfort to a degree that led me to remonstrate with them. Under their united efforts my rooms, always attractive and amply supplied, attained such luxurious equipment that I felt constrained to speak of it to Madam, fearing that should she ever discover the numerous additions my apartment was continually receiving she might think me guilty of soliciting them. However, I had scarcely opened the subject than she laid her hand lightly on my lips.

"My little Dorothy," she said, "on one matter Mayberry, Franklin and I are in perfect accord. We all agree in thinking that nothing in this great house can be put to better use than in helping to detain and attract the sunbeam that has strayed through the closed shutters of our lives. Let them have their way, my child. It is a great pleasure to these old people. Do not deprive them of it."

The retirement of our existence was well-nigh complete. Madam received absolutely no one, even the clergyman

"THIS IS MISS LOTHROP? SHE ASKED."

of Eldon parish having abandoned all attempts to penetrate within the walls of the secluded dwelling. Yet, although priestly counsel was not acceptable to her, Madam was not unmindful of the necessities and privations of the poor, and every month a generous check was despatched by me in her name to Mr. Booth, the rector, to be disbursed as he saw fit.

Before long I suggested an amendment to this custom, which, as she was constantly urging upon me the necessity of exercise in the open air, Madam gladly adopted. It was to the effect that, instead of continuing this method of general relief, she should allow me to become her almoner among the poor. It would give aim and object to my walks, and I felt that by its means I could bring outside interest into Madam's life.

I had been with Madam about three months when one day, in the middle of May, I rose in the morning with a tight iron band about my head. The weather for a week had been an almost incessant downpour, so wet that only an amphibious creature could have found it inviting. Madam and I had been deeply interested in a new German work which I had been reading aloud, and either application to its dazzling text, or too close confinement to the house, or perhaps a combination of both causes, had resulted in this acute physical depression. Feeling a longing for fresh air, and believing that a brisk walk would be my best medicine, I obtained Madam's consent to pospone my usual morning duties until later in the day, and started out on an errand that would carry me well into the village, a distance of perhaps four miles.

Although I was a stranger to its people, for I had only recently begun to administer Madam's bounty among the poor, I was by this time fairly familiar with the little hamlet. I had called upon Mr. Booth to acquaint him personally with the change Madam proposed making, and had found him more than pleased to welcome an assistant in his parish work. He was an agreeable man, earnest, sincere, but extremely modest and retiring; a bachelor, living alone, with a maid-of-all-work to minister to his needs. Save the few poor people whom I visited, he was the sole acquaintance I had made in the place.

I had done my errand, not without some physical discomfort, for the living-room of the cottage in which I had been received was close from the fumes of tobacco and strong vegetables and over-heated by a fire burning in the range, and was returning through the village street, when I felt myself overcome by a distressing dizziness. It came upon me suddenly, but not before I had found strength enough to push open a little gate close by me, and stagger up the narrow path which led to the doorstep of a quaint little house which I had frequently noted in my walks.

I remember seeing a lady sewing in the window, but that was my last gleam of consciousness, until I found myself lying on a sofa in a cosy sitting-room, having my brow bathed by a large, comfortable-looking woman, whose head was turned aside to address someone out of my range of vision. She did not observe the unclosing of my eyes, and I hastily shut them again, being so weak and languid of spirit that I had no inclination to meet or respond to interrogatories.

I THINK SHE IS MRS. ELDREDGE'S COMPANION.

"I think—indeed, I am sure—she is Mrs. Eldredge's companion, David," she was saying. "Poor child, she is young to be doomed to live within such shadows!"

"There are worse fates than that, mother. A girl who is forced to earn her own living may consider herself fortunate if shadows are the only evil she has to combat."

I recognized the voice at once. Its cheery tones had comforted me once before.

"She seems a fragile creature to fight her way through life; and, too, she has more beauty than it is altogether safe for a working woman to be adorned with. Look, David, what richness and abundance!"

She laid her hand upon my hair, from which she had drawn the pins that the strain upon my head might be relieved. Its masses overflowed the couch and fell upon the floor. I felt that I had no right to lie there and listen to further flattery, and, suddenly opening my eyes, met her solicitous gaze.

"Ah, that is right, my dear," she said kindly. "You are better? David, she has come to herself.

Dr. Spencer came forward.

"Do not try to exert yourself quite yet," he said, as I made a motion as if to arise. "Please rest as you are until my mother shall have prepared a cup of tea for you. You will be all right then, I think."

I was more than willing to follow his advice, and with a little nod of acquiescence again closed my eyes. My hostess bustled away, and silence took possession of the room. Presently curiosity got the better of my lassitude, and I opened my eyes again to discover what my companion might be about. He was standing at the window with his hands in his pockets, looking out into the street with an expression upon his face which assured me that he had forgotten there was such a person in existence as Dorothy Lothrop, and that his thoughts were far distant from the present scene.

He was a tall man, broad-shouldered and vigorous of frame, with a strong, intelligent face, blue eyes and fair hair. I could not tell his age very exactly, for there was a look of mature gravity and wide experience about the eyes and mouth at variance with the rest of his appearance. He might have been anywhere between thirty-five and forty. I had been prepossessed in his favor from the moment he addressed me on my arrival at the Eldon station, and this second good turn he had done me quite won my heart. It occurred to me that I owed him an acknowledgment of his former kindness and act of self-sacrifice, and I seized the present occasion to make it. Perhaps I was al-

"DR. SPENCER"—I BEGAN.

so urged to break the silence by a less commendable motive, for I do not believe that any woman likes to have her presence in a room ignored by a man, even if she be in a dying condition.

"Dr. Spencer——" I began.

He turned at once with a start. It was proof that he had forgotten me.

"I am much better. I want to thank you now, while I have the opportunity, for your great consideration in giving up your carriage to me the night I arrived at Eldon."

His expression of surprise, as he scrutinised me closely, was most disconcerting to my vanity. It was more than apparent that he had not recognized me. And yet his mother had remarked upon my beauty!

"Oh!" he returned, coming forward, "were you the lady who was stranded that night on our inhospitable shore? Pardon me; I had thought it an older woman."

[CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Smallest Republic.

The smallest republic in the world is the little community of Gaust, comprising 140 souls, who exist on the flat top of a mountain in the Pyrenees. This miniature republic is only one mile in area, has existed since 1648, and is recognized by both France and Spain. It has a council of 12, who elect their president.

A New Industry.

A Georgian woman, thrown upon her own resources, has hit on a novel plan for earning her daily bread. She takes care of graves, assuming the responsibility of keeping cemetery lots in order with well-trimmed grass and walks.

A Powerful Beetle.

The rhinoceros beetle has as tenacious and as powerful a grasp as the most ferocious bulldog. Its head may be two-thirds torn from its body, and it will not loosen its hold. It has real horns and not mandibles, like many of its family.

Good If True.

Frederick Hachman, of Milwaukee, claims to have invented a telegraph instrument that will print messages in typewritten letters without the aid of an operator at the receiving office, which may be hundreds of miles away.

A Remarkable Sun Dial.

A huge sundial made entirely of plants and flowers adorns the South park, Chicago. The standard which casts the shadow is also decked with flowers and is made to resemble a gigantic ear of corn.