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# THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. xxxvi BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1899 No. 16


## A STREAM OF NEWNESS

New goods are coming in daily. The thought and care which were bestow upon their selection are manifest. We've been telling you about Silks and Dre Goods. Other lines deserve mention

**Embroideries and Laces.**

The newest and daintiest productions await you here Beautiful assortments at temptingly little prices.
Cambric, Nainsook and Swiss Embroideries with Inserting and allover to match.
Vals, Torchon, Orientals and a vast assortment of other Laces.
Embroideries are priced like this:

| | |
|---|---|
| ½ to 1 inch wide | 3 to 5c |
| 1 to 2 inch wide | 6 to 10c |
| Finer and wider up to | 75c per yard |
| Laces | 15c per doz yds up to $1.00 per yd |

**Hosiery and Underwear**

The wanted sorts are here in ample variety. Careful selection has brought here the thoroughly good and dependable kinds. An opportunity to buy—and save in the buying— is presented here.

**GLOVE TALK**—Those of you who know our Dollar Kid Glove know that nothing is retailed at the price that equals it for uniformity of skin and perfection of finish and fit.
"ROYALE"—Best Dollar Glove in America.
Black and all shades—Button, Hook or Clasp fastening.

**L. STEIN & SON,**
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## Rockenstein's

**Opening of Spring and Summer Millinery.**

We call your attention to our large and well selected stock of Choice Millinery. We have endeavored to make our stock surpass all previous years in style, desirability, quality and prices. We feel sure we have more than maintained our reputation in the selection of CHOICE MILLINERY GOODS. We can show you an immense variety of Hats, Flowers, Ribbons, Braids and Chiffons and all that goes to make up an UP-TO-DATE MILLINERY STOCK, and at prices that will surprise you. We would call especial attention to our Ladies', Misses' and Children's TRIMMED HATS, in which we have always excelled. You can always get the right goods at the right prices at

**ROCKENSTEIN'S,**
328 South Main St., — — — — — — Butler, Pa

## SPECIAL FROM MILLER'S Shoe House.

**Spring Season Opens With a Rush--People are Buying Early-Prices and Styles are Right, which was the Cause of Our Great Easter Trade.**

The spring trade has opened with a rush. From now on we expect to be busy all the time. We may not be able to give the newspapers the attention we would like to, but always remember this: We are headquarters for Footwear in Butler. Our spring stock is much larger than ever before, and our prices are always the lowest.

**More Business Than Ever.**

We want to do more business than ever this year. We have the goods. We are in shape to make prices, and we start the season with these weapons: GOOD SHOES AND LOW PRICES, and they are winners every time.

**Our Only Weapons:**

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Men's New Tan Shoes | $1 25 | Ladies' Cloth Gaiters | 48 |
| Men's Fine Kid Shoes | 1 25 | Ladies' Strap Sandals | 48 |
| Men's Fine Buff Shoes | 98 | Ladies' Tan Polish | 98 |
| Men's Fine Patent Leather Shoes | 3 00 | Ladies' Kid Button Shoes | 88 |
| Boys' Fine Vici Kid Shoes | 1 48 | Ladies' Kid Polish | 98 |
| Boys' Fine Tan Shoes | 1 25 | Ladies' Cloth Top Polish | $1 25 |
| Youths' Fine Kid Shoes | 1 25 | Ladies' Tan Oxfords | 75 |
| Youths' Fine Tan Shoes | 98 | | |

**Low Shoes and Slippers.**

Our stock of Low Shoes and Slippers is complete. We never showed as many pretty styles as we do now. Slippers range in price from 48c to $1.50, both in Tan and Black.

**Children's Department**

Is meeting the approval of the mothers. The children must have nice shoes, and they are not disappointed when they come to our store.

**Ladies' Fine Shoes.**

Our leader is the Delsarte, and it is meeting with great success. It is the most popular advertised shoe on the market today. Any style, but only one price, $3.50. Our Ladies' Shoes at $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00 are nicer than ever this year. See them.

**Men's Fine shoes**

We don't need to say a word to you about our Men's Fine Shoes if you have seen them; if not, don't fail to see them before you buy.

**Butler's Progressive Shoe House.**

**C. E. Miller**
215 Sout Main Street, Butler, Pa.

## 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

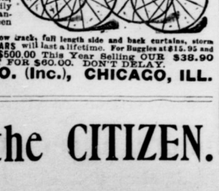
**SPRING SUITINGS.**

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.

**SEND ONE DOLLAR** CUT THIS AD OUT and send to us, and if you live within 700 miles of Chicago, we will send you this TOP BUGGY BY FREIGHT C. O. D. SUBJECT TO EXAMINATION, you can examine it at your freight depot and if found PERFECTLY SATISFACTORY, EXACTLY AS REPRESENTED, EQUAL TO BUGGIES THAT RETAIL AT $60.00 OR $75.00 and THE GRANDEST BARGAIN YOU EVER SAW, pay the freight agent **OUR SPECIAL PRICE $38.90,** and freight charges, less the $1.00 sent with order.
**WE MAKE THIS TOP BUGGY** our own FACTORY IN CHICAGO, from better material than most makers put in $75.00 buggies. **Latest Style For 1899.** Body, 24x54 from the Best Seasoned Wood. Gear, Best That Money Can Build. Bed Springs, as illustrated, or Brewster Side Bar. Wheels, High Grade Screwed Rim Sarven's Patent. Top, 24 ounce, Daily Rubber Heavily Lined, full side and back curtains. Painting, Guaranteed equal to any $150.00 buggy work. Body black, Gear dark green or Red. Upholstering, heavy green Trimmed body cloth or Evan's Leather.
**$38.90 IS OUR SPECIAL PRICE** for top buggy complete, wide or narrow track, full length side and back curtains, storm apron, carpet, wrench, anti-rattlers and shaths. **GUARANTEED TWO YEARS** will last a lifetime. For Buggies at $45.95 and up, WRITE FOR FREE BUGGY CATALOGUE. **YOU CAN MAKE $500.00** This Year Selling OUR $38.90 BUGGIES. ORDER ONE TO-DAY, YOU CAN SELL IT FOR $60.00. DON'T DELAY.
**Address, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.), CHICAGO, ILL.**

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**Ed. Colbert,**
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**Colbert & Dale,**
242 S. Main St. Butler, Pa.

## Butler Savings Bank

Butler, Pa.

| | |
|---|---|
| Capital | $60,000.00 |
| Surplus and Profits | $170,000.00 |

JOS. L. PURVIS ..... President
J. HENRY TROUTMAN ..... Vice-President
WM. CAMPBELL, Jr. ..... Cashier
LOUIS B. STEIN ..... Teller
DIRECTORS—Joseph L. Purvis, J. Henry Troutman, W. D. Brandon, W. A. Stein, J. S. Campbell.

The Butler Savings Bank is the Oldest Banking Institution in Butler County.
General banking business transacted.
We solicit accounts of oil producers, merchants, farmers and others.
All business entrusted to us will receive prompt attention.
Interest paid on time deposits.

## THE Butler County National Bank,

Butler Penn,

| | |
|---|---|
| Capital paid in | $100,000.00 |
| Surplus and Profits | $114,647.87 |

Jos. Hartman, President; J. V. Ritts, Vice President; C. A. Bailey, Cashier; John G. McMarlin, Ass't Cashier.

A general banking business transacted.
Interest paid on time deposits.
Money loaned on approved security.
We invite you to open an account with this bank.
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OF ALL KINDS.
Doors, Sash, Blinds, Mouldings, Shingles and Lath Always in Stock.
**LIME, HAIR AND PLASTER**
Office opposite P. & W. Depot,
**BUTLER, PA.**


Subscribe for the CITIZEN

## 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.

CHAPTER III.—She makes the acquaintance of the housekeeper, Mrs. Mayberry, a curious character who has lived at The Ivies a great many years. On one of Dorothy's visits to the village a sudden illness drives her to the house of Dr. Spencer.

CHAPTER IV.—The doctor and his mother care for her, and the latter is about to divulge some of the secrets relating to The Ivies and its people when she is checked by her son. Dorothy discovers that Mrs. Eldredge has a son, who has been absent from home for years, and is now about to return. She also notes some strange happenings at an abandoned building on the grounds, known as the "Stone House."

CHAPTER V.—Mrs. Mayberry's suspicions are aroused, and she warns Dorothy, who continues her investigations. She communicates with Franklin, an old servant, who absolutely refuses to go near the Stone House. Mrs. Eldredge's son, Darracott Chester, arrives at home.

CHAPTER VI.—On returning from a visit, accompanied by Darracott, Dorothy and he are startled by strange sounds coming from the Stone House, and proceed to investigate.

Finally my companion again broke the silence.

"You say nothing, Miss Lothrop! Apparently I am not a very good special pleader in my own behalf. You cannot yet find it possible to condone my fault."

The moon had come out again and was shining brightly. Glancing up I met his look, and a peculiarity in his gaze made my own eyes fall beneath it.

"Your fault was not committed against me," I murmured weakly.

"But in your presence."

"For that I grant you full pardon. That fact had no part in my resentment."

"It was a large factor in my remorse."

"The actual offence was far more flagrant."

"It had some justification. A mother may not fall utterly in maternal love without reaping some natural consequences."

I shook my head. "She has longed for your return. Her joy at your home-coming is irreconcilable with your insinuation.'

HOW YOUR HAIR SHINES IN THE MOONLIGHT.

"How your hair shines in the moonlight!" he exclaimed, irrelevantly. Your lace scarf has fallen back; may I replace it?"

He dropped the reins into my hands and set about the slight task, taking an unwarrantable time to fulfil it.

"It is almost the exact shade that my mother's was," he remarked very gently. "I always thought my mother's hair the most beautiful in the world. Yours is very like it, Miss Lothrop. When I was a boy I was for ever longing to touch my mother's, but I never dared to. You see I am less in awe of you."

For an instant—for so brief an instant that I could not resent it—his hand rested on my head, gently, tenderly, with a touch that was almost a caress. Before he had time to withdraw it a strange and eerie cry came cleaving the night air, smiting upon our senses with a weird, almost supernatural significance. So ghostly and sudden was the wild appeal that it forced exclamation from us both.

"What was it?" I asked, and it was no coquettish impulse that drew me closer to my companion.

"I have no idea," he replied, and clucked to the horse, plunging an inquiring gaze hither and yon into the shadows which lingered on either side the avenue.

"Oh!" My exclamation was half a cry. Darracott turned quickly.

"What is it?" he asked.

"The Stone House!"

"What of it?"

"I am sure it came from there. There had been such a strange— Oh! look—look!"

In thinking it over afterwards I was moved to deepest shame and mortification by the recollection of my conduct. Abject terror aroused by the vision before me quite overcame all maidenly modesty, and I am afraid I almost threw myself into my companion's arms in my uncontrollable fright. His first impulse apparently was to take advantage of my appeal to his protection, for he started to put his arm about me; but evidently he thought better of this and drew himself somewhat away, with a movement of recoil that brought me to my senses. Yet I was more concerned with terror than with his very apparent reluctance to comfort me by a more unmistakable proof of his near presence.

"What is it?" I gasped in a hoarse whisper.

"I don't know," he said, in a tone of equal uncertainty. Then he added, reassuringly: "You need not be so alarmed. You cannot come to any harm, you know, while I am with you—Good God!"

For again at that moment came thrilling through the night the cry that had first startled us. This time, however, the sound took shape and meaning.

"Help—help—help—!" As it broke upon the horse's ears, the creature shivered and trembled, as they say animals will when conscious of a supernatural presence. We were now just abreast of the Stone House. Mr. Chester turned to me.

"What shall I do?" he asked. "It is for you to say. I must go down and investigate. Are you afraid to sit here and wait for me, or shall I drive you home first and then come back?"

"Neither," I replied, ashamed already of my momentary weakness. "I shall go down there with you. That is the voice of a woman in distress; she may need the assistance of one of her own sex."

CHAPTER VII.

He made no attempt to dissuade me, but helped me down from the dog-cart and tied the horse to one of the poplars. Then, hand in hand, that so he might best support and assist me, we made our way down the embankment slippery wet with moisture that al-

A STRANGE AND GHOSTLY SPECTACLE GREETED US.

ways seemed to ooze from its sides, and soon stood below upon that unknown and mysterious territory which I had so often contemplated, but had never before invaded.

As we approached the house, a strange and ghostly spectacle greeted us. The gaunt, gleaming pile of stone, shining with special lustre in the silvery light, seemed staring blankly into the night through the pale medium of its myriad white shutters. One window alone gleamed with the darkness of an evil eye, and framed the vision that had attracted our startled gaze. A woman, from whose lips doubtless the faint, despairing cry had proceeded stood close pressed against the casement. We could see her form quite distinctly in the bright moonlight, but not until the house was very, very near could we distinguish her features; then I discovered that the figure was that of a girl, apparently not much older than I, and that the face, surrounded by a tangle of fair hair, though distorted by fright and distress, was yet of a startling, wonderful beauty. When she saw us approach she ceased her heart-rending cries, threw her hands above her head, and, clasping them over her disordered hair in an easy, graceful attitude, stood leaning carelessly against the window, while the woful expression of the lovely countenance gave way to one of curiosity.

"What is she?" I panted breathlessly, turning to my escort. But the terrible pallor of his face brought me to an involuntary pause, such a storm of conflicting emotions as it betrayed!—recognition, amazement, pain, and infinite aversion. He seemed irresolute, as if about to turn back from a loathesome object; but even in the midst of this overwhelming discovery I was able to command an answer from him. I saw a shudder convulse him as I repeated my question.

"What is she!" he reiterated, with his eyes still fixed upon what appeared to me a really exquisite picture, one quite devoid of cause for this horror which it seemed to arouse in him. Then suddenly his voice changed from exceeding harshness to a most exquisite gentleness as he transferred his gaze to my awe-struck, wondering face. "I cannot tell you what she is. It is enough for you to know that she is one who is unworthy to touch the hem of your garment. I must go to her, but, God willing, you shall never come in contact with such as she. Turn back, turn back, Miss, Lothrop, I beg of you, and wait for me in the dog-cart."

"I cannot," I replied firmly. "I do not know, nor do I care to know what she is. She is suffering and in distress, and needs at least a woman's sympathy. Mr. Chester, my mind is made up. I shall go with you—come."

He looked at me a moment in a manner that made my eyes fall in confusion, and then, seeing my determination, he took my hand and placing it on his arm, walked swiftly toward the back of the house with a directness and purpose that showed his entire familiarity with the place. As we moved out of sight of the solitary figure at the window her cries recommenced, and there was such a ghostly vibration in the sweet, beseeching tones as they echoed through the dense woods that, as we mounted the cliff leading to the rickety old platform, which Madam had described so lovingly, I trembled and shuddered despite my efforts at self-command.

We reached the rough landing-place, and Mr. Chester tried the door. It was securely fastened. Without further delay he picked up a stone and broke one of the side-lights, thrust in his arm and slid back the bolt which alone locked the entrance. Then, throwing the door quickly open, he drew me within the house. It was dark as midnight. No moonbeams penetrated the obscurity, and it seemed that the shadows were almost palpable. However, Mr. Chester was prepared for the emergency; he had brought with him one of the dog-cart lanterns, and this he proceeded at once to light, for the brightness of the night had rendered this hitherto unnecessary.

As the flame gleamed through the darkness, I discovered that we were standing upon the staircase-landing with which I had become acquainted through Madam's description, while about us gloomed the dismal atmosphere of a deserted, long-disused, damp and dreary dwelling. The scene was chill and depressing beyond description.

However, urged onward by our concern for the girl whose cries had summoned us to her relief, we wasted no time in idle inspection, but pressed hurriedly on up the stairs and along a narrow corridor until we reached the room at whose window had appeared that wild and distraught vision.

A brief but convincing search showed us that the girl was no longer within the apartment. It was quite vacant, barren even of furniture, and so dispiriting was its effect upon me that I was glad when my companion led me hastily from it. We made a rapid investigation of the other apartments upon that floor, but with no better success. Then Mr. Chester hesitated for a moment in the hall, undecided whether to go up or down in furtherance of his purpose.

As we halted there, in the same stern silence which had accompanied our entrance and research up to this instant, a signal came to us through the night, a sad and distressing signal which wrung my heart; although it wrought no softening of the rigid lines in my companion's face. It was the sound of sobbing, hushed and pitiful, like that of a little child who had been forbidden to weep. However bitter a man's feelings towards a woman may be, such sounds impel him to her aid. Darracott turned to me.

"She is below there," he said shortly. "Once more—will you not remain here and avoid meeting her? You shall have the lantern."

His intonation, hurried as it was, indicated what his own wish in the matter was, but I negatived it promptly. All my sympathies were with that desolate creature whose wailing still smote upon the air.

"Go on—hurry!" I cried; and so we passed down the stairs and, still led by the mournful sounds, wound our way in and out of narrow passages, through kitchen and servants' offices, until we came to a sort of a cellar in the back of the house. As the light fell into the place the weeping ceased, and a more terrible picture of misery and despair than that which met our eyes I cannot well imagine.

Two walls of the room were of the rough, unfinished stone of the cliff, on which green, slimy dampness had formed, and down their dark and slippery sides tiny streams of black ooze trickled upon the earthy floor beneath. The roof and the other walls were also covered with the deadly moisture, and thick grey festoons of dusty cobwebs draped the scarcely visible woodwork.

In the most remote corner of this vile and dreadful den was huddled together a shapeless mass, almost covered by a veil of fair hair, thrown forward over the bent figure, evidently for the purpose of concealment. The beautiful mantle, discovered by the lantern, gleamed and shone like a vein of gold in a dark setting of rough ore

IN THE MOST REMOTE CORNER WAS HUDDLED A SHAPELESS MASS.

"Let me speak to her," I said, all fear overcome by pity.

There was no reply from my companion. I glanced at him, and I hope that never again shall I see in a man's face such awful evidence of contending emotions as I read in his. There was more than assent to my proposition in his eyes; there was absolute appeal. He nodded.

"Yes, do, for God's sake!" he muttered. "It is beyond me."

I left him standing in the doorway, and approached the crouching figure.

"Are you ill?" I asked, speaking as gently as possible.

I laid my hand softly upon the shrinking form. The girl, feeling my touch, raised her bowed head and tossed back the weight of lustrous hair, looking at me with two dull, mournful blue eyes, in whose vacancy I read the clue to her strange actions.

"No, I am not ill," she answered, in a soft minor key. "No, not ill, but—oh! so dusty—so, so dusty!" with dainty disgust. "If I could only have a cloth to wipe away the cobwebs! They are choking me, you know! I'd like to wipe my hands, too; they're all wet with dampness—see!"

She held up two tiny palms, and, as I stopped to warm them with my own, I shrank back in horror—they were stained with a deep crimson.

"Mr. Chester!" I cried, forced to the appeal, "come here!" He approached reluctantly. I suspected that he feared recognition, and continued, in an aside: "You need not be afraid; she is quite insane."

I could see that my words were a great shock by the start with which he heard them. Then personal feeling gave way to humane solicitude.

"Alice," he said gravely as he stood beside her, "do you know me?"

"Yes," she replied, nodding and smiling, "of course! How do you do? Once upon a time a spider spun a cobweb and a king watched it—you are the king. Couldn't you give me a duster?"

We saw that any attempt upon her intelligence was useless, but she was amenable to persuasion. She shrank somewhat from Darracott, but had apparently conceived a strong confidence in me. She was very docile with me, and allowed me to coax her into compliance with my suggestion. The first of these regarded her hands, which I at once proceeded to bind comfortably with strips torn from my own handkerchief and that of my companion. The wounds were neither deep nor very painful, rather abrasions than wounds, indeed; caused, I afterwards assured myself, by her own assaults upon the window against which we had seen her leaning.

I was in the midst of this occupation when Darracott, who had been standing by, gloomily regarding the operation, suddenly and roughly interrupted it. With an impulsive movement he deposited the lantern upon the floor and, stooping, laid his hands impetuously upon my own.

"Let me do that!" he ejaculated rudely. "Drop her hands. I cannot bear to see you touch them!"

I looked at him in surprise, and the girl gave a wild cry and crowded up to me as if for protection. My woman's heart was stirred with pity for her, and I drew an arm tenderly about her shoulder. Whatever her offence had been, her malady had wiped it out. She was guiltless in her affliction as a child in its ignorance.

"No!" I returned, warming to my role as I felt the wretched creature nestle confidingly within my embrace. "She is my charge; I will not abandon her."

"You shall!" he exclaimed; and to my surprise I discovered that his eyes were filled with hatred and passionate determination. "You shall not take her in your arms. I will not have it. You do not know what she is!" He placed a hand on the shoulder of each of us, as if by main force he would draw us apart. But I held the trembling girl safe clasped in my arms, and so circumstanced, united by the hands that would have severed us, I looked up and put to him the first question I had ever uttered concerning the mysteries of those lives with which destiny had so closely associated me.

"Then you shall tell me," I cried, "who is she."

A moment he hesitated, glaring fiercely down upon us both; then he gave a short, dreary laugh, as of one sick at heart.

"She is my wife," he said.

At that instant, I am sure the unbalanced mind of the stricken girl temporarily readjusted itself, and she recognised him. Astonishment, and perhaps a more intimate and personal sensation, had caused my clasp somewhat to relax its hold. Before I could recover from the shock of this unexpected intelligence my arms were empty. The girl had bounded to her feet and was speeding to the door. I gave a cry. It was echoed from the threshold. There, barring the deserter's further progress was a figure I knew well—the stunted, dwarfed, drooping, repulsive figure of Mrs. Mayberry!

A ray from the lantern falling upon the heads of the two women disclosed a feature which they possessed in common that seemed to denote the existence of a tie of blood between them. That sunny, rippling cloud of hair that fell like a mantle of cloth-of-gold about the shoulders of the girl was but the counterfeit of the decorously-arranged tresses which crowned the head of the woman. That inherited trait betrayed a near and unmistakable relationship. I looked quickly, interrogatively, at Darracott. He nodded gloomily.

"Her daughter," he muttered. "Yes, my wife and her daughter.'

I transferred my gaze to the door. Mayberry had pushed the girl from her path and had entered the room. Her face was white with horrible fear and miserable uncertainty. She shook like a culprit before a crowded judge; her lips twitched convulsively, and it was obvious that she was wholly possessed by a sense of unpardonable guiltiness. Altogether, she was a wretched, pitiable object, arousing rather the aversion than the sympathy of her beholder. As she advanced into the room she essayed to speak, but several attempts were necessary before her words came freely forth. Then they gushed forth like a torrent.

"Sir, sir, I couldn't help it. I had no where else to hide her. She should have been turned adrift again but for her addiction. Forgive me, Darracott, sir. I had to right. I knew I had erred, but what could I do? I had meant it only to be for a little while. I didn't, oh, Mr. Chester, don't let my mistress know what I have done! I couldn't not bear it, sir. I could not have her turn against me; it would break my heart. Oh, sir, it would, it would." And so on and so forth; a ceaseless, egotistical reiteration of the personal pronoun "I, I." No word of pleading for the hapless girl, who stood surveying the situation with smiling indifference from her vantage post by the door. No selfless entreaty for her pardon, no attempt to implore leniency for her in her affliction, no prayer for forgiveness of that offence which had turned the husband's heart against his wife. Nothing but a thoroughly selfish effort in her own behalf; a voluble outpouring of words with but one object in view, that of self-exculpation. Her eloquence was becoming wearisome. Darracott raised a hand in protest. That stern, uncompromising look had again settled upon his face.

"That will do," he interrupted. "I have nothing to reproach you with. Your position has been a difficult one. I should have preferred complete openness on your part, and so, I believe, would your mistress. Duplicity never avails much. Now let us see what arrangements can be made for your daughter's proper bestowal."

She looked at him with shrinking, terrified eyes. Oh! how despicable a trait is moral cowardice!

"YES, SHE IS MY WIFE."

"May she not stay here, sir?"

"No."

"She cannot go to the village. No one would take in an insane girl."

"I do not mean to ask anyone to do so."

There was an instant's pause. Then, with quavering voice and with all the strength of protestation at her command, the woman burst forth imploringly:

"You would not insult my mistress by bringing the girl beneath her roof! Oh, sir, you would not!"

"It is my roof. Your daughter has a legal claim to its shelter."

For once the woman's resolution proved itself worthy the name. She rose to a momentary pitch of actual heroism in her devotion to her mistress. She regarded the man before her with flaming eyes, and it must be borne in mind that she feared him only in less degree than Madam.

"She shall never seek shelter beneath Madam's roof while I have arms to hold her back," she said doggedly.

Darracott considered her in silence a few moments. Then he appeared to form a sudden resolve.

"We will see," he remarked; and turning to me announced his readiness to depart. "I shall return," he said to the housekeeper, "after I have taken Miss Lothrop home. Remain here with your daughter."

But I would not desert the twain, and fearlessly told him so. He looked tired and spent, and evidently had no heart to seek to combat my decision.

"As you will," he said, and was about to pass from the room when Mayberry threw herself before him.

"You are not going to ask Madam—" she began; but his patience was at an end. He brushed her aside as one does a troublesome fly and strode from the room, taking care to avoid contact with the girl, who still stood at the door, with a childish smile on her face, stretching out a playful hand to him as he passed her.

The offeen or twenty minutes of Darracott's absence (I do not think it could have been more than that) dragged heavily away. The interval was wearisome enough to me, occupied as it was by a ceaseless monologue from Mrs. Mayberry. This was largely composed of self-commiseration and despair, and was accompanied by a continuous flood of tears, caused sometimes by violent outbursts of grief and sometimes by mere whimpering and moaning. She constantly reiterated her conviction that Mr. Chester had gone to secure his mother's consent to his purpose of bringing the stricken girl to The Ivies, and worked herself into paroxysms of alarm and apprehension concerning Madam's resentment of her own conduct when she should hear of her duplicity.

Her behavior, her miserable egotism, which totally excluded her suffering child from her consideration, filled me with disgust. I tried to interrupt the wretched exhibition by seeking to call her attention to her daughter, who was regarding her from a distance with curious and pleased glances; apparently the girl was diverted and amused by the spectacle of her mother's abject loss of self-control, and looked upon it as simply a successful effort on the latter's part to entertain her. At an unusually loud outburst she would clap her hands applaudingly, and give vent to an encouraging and gratified crow.

At last I grew so heartily sick of the business that I dropped all disguise from my feelings, and accosted the qualifying Niobe with actual harshness.

"For Heaven's sake, Mrs. Mayberry," I said, giving free rein to my contempt, "do stop thinking about yourself for a time. What of it if Mr. Chester has gone to ask his mother's permission to take your daughter home; why should it he do so? And how could Madam do less than receive her? Whatever she has done in the past, only a woman bereft of the commonest humanity could visit the result of former iniquities upon her now or hold her responsible in her present condition. And Madam has the soul of an angel. She would not dream of excluding that poor child from her natural asylum."

Mayberry turned her streaming eyes upon me with a look of weak scorn for the opinion of one so ignorant as I.

"You don't know what you are talking about," she cried. "Madam has the soul of an angel, it is true; but an angel would not forgive my wretched girl the misery she has caused. She shall never, never go back to that home she has ruined. She has made her bed; let her lie on it. She has sown a crop of thorns in many lives; let her live as she may upon the fruit they have borne in her own."

The look she turned upon poor Alice was so fierce and resentful that the girl shrank back, and crouched coweringly down against the wall. I was about to interpose between them and confine myself wholly to the daughter when I was restrained by the sound of advancing footsteps, and turning towards the door I discovered, to my infinite relief, that Darracott had returned; nor had he returned alone. Beside him, distinguished from the enshrouding gloom by the rays from a second lantern which he carried aloft in his hand, appeared the stately, companding figure of my dear lady, enveloped in heavy wraps, her unseeing progress being guided by the careful assistance of her son, upon whose arm she leant.

Its habitual expression of calm resignation and gentle endurance had vanished from her face; a look of stern suffering and anguish rigidly suppressed gave to it the semblance of a mask of Nemesis. I could not wonder at the deprecating cry that burst from Mayberry's lips as her eyes rested upon that tragic countenance. But Madam frowned as she heard the sound, and, leaving the support of her son's arm, advanced into the room, with one firm white hand outstretched to guard her person from harm.

"Hush, woman!" she commanded, in tones such as I had never heard issue from her lips. "What words are those you utter? Is it not of your own child you are speaking?"

Mayberry sprang forward and threw herself, in her favorite attitude, before Madam, clutching her skirts with imploring working fingers as she cried out:

"Oh, Madam, Madam! she is no longer my child. Have I not cast her off? Did I not break the tie between us that accursed day when——"

Madam interrupted the wretched creature with magnificent scorn. She drew herself away from the clinging fingers, and her sightless eyes were ablaze with indignation and the fires of passionate, unquenchable retrospection.

"No longer your child!" she repeated. "And how can that be, since you both still exist? Have you not borne her? Have you not suffered for her—nursed, tended, petted and caressed her? Have you not felt her arms about your neck? Have you not rocked her on your bosom, and heard her voice calling you by the dearest name on earth? Have you not longed, as only we mother's can, to hear the sound of that name once more? Have you not hungered and thirsted for it? And now that it has come to you, now that your heart's yearning desire is granted, do you stop to consider her faults and turn away from her in her hour of need? Good God! It is not possible! Why, woman, know that if I could once more hope to hear my lost boy's voice uttering that name, I would go to him, though my road lay through the vilest, most terrible paths that this world can show, assured that my mission would sanctify the way."

[CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

## ROMANCE OF A DIAMOND.

**Slaying of Men Directly Due to the Pope's Precious Gem.**

Pope Leo is the owner of what is believed to be the largest diamond in the world. It has a most romantic history, having been the cause of the assassination of a king, numerous other crimes, and of a small war, in which several thousand men were killed.

Memela, an aged South African negro, has told the secret which links him in history with Pope Leo and President Oom Paul Kruger of the Transvaal.

It was Memela who owned the diamond for many years. As an act of gratitude to Kruger for freeing him, many years ago, from the Boers, who had captured him, he gave him this precious stone, which he had carried concealed on his body through strange and terrible hardships and adventures.

For a century before that it had been a sacred talisman of savage chieftains. It belonged first to Meshesh, the powerful chief of the Basuto nation, who gave it as a friendly offering to the great king of the Zulus, Chaka.

The envy that it excited in his brother led to Chaka's assassination. Then followed a long line of plotting and hideous crimes for its possession among rival chiefs.

White men, seeing it, finally attempted to secure it, but failed. The native chief's suspicions being aroused, a war against the whites was begun, which resulted in the killing of 1,000 Boers, and many times that number of blacks.

When many chiefs were dead Memela came into power and got possession of the wonderful gem.

His capture, slavery and escape, and his gift of the talisman to Kruger in gratitude complete the history of what is believed to be the largest and most precious diamond in the world.

**When to Bow.**

A young lady would be right in bowing to a gentleman by whom she had been taken to dinner.

She should bow to him on meeting him again after an introduction by a mutual friend.

She should not bow if she has merely talked when casually meeting at a friend's house, when no introduction took place.

In England a lady bows first.

Abroad this is reversed, and care should be taken to follow the custom which prevails.

Women generally bow to each other simultaneously, but, as a matter of fact, a married lady should bow first to an unmarried one; and a lady of higher rank should take the initiative.

If a lady bowed to a gentleman of her acquaintance who was accompanied by a friend no acknowledgement need be made to the stranger; though both men would raise their hats.

**Above the Clouds.**

Airships have not yet been invented, yet it is possible to sail for a day and a night in a fairly comfortable steamboat at a height of over two miles above the sea. The water on which you accomplish this remarkable feat is Lake Titicaca, which lies between Peru and Bolivia. It is a huge lake, 120 miles long and nearly 60 wide, and is over 1,000 feet deep. It is away up Nine rivers flow into it, besides a vast amount of snow water, yet it has no visible outlet.

The 600-ton steamers which sail on Lake Titicaca were built in Scotland, carried over the passes in sections, and put together on the spot. The fuel is Australian coal, brought from 7,000 miles away. In the lake are many beautiful islands, and the cliffs which line the shores are magnificently rugged. In no place can a ship anchor. The water, even sixty feet from shore, is hundreds of feet deep. The native boats on Lake Titicaca have straw sails.

**Prussian Girls Not to Be Whipped.**

The teachers whip wil no longer be a source of dread to Prussians girls, for the pedagogues throughout the country have received the following Government edict:

In deference to the sentiment of our time, neither male nor female teachers will be permitted hereafter to inflict bodily chastisement on female pupils. Since girls are possessed of a delicate sense of honor, the extreme punishment for disobedience or lack of diligence in their case should be to be placed on a sort of "bench of penitence" near the teacher's desk.

**A Fellow Feeling.**

Little Edgar, on seeing his mother approaching with a stick in her hand to punish him, immediately crawls under the bed; whereupon his mother informs the father, who gets down on his knees and pokes his head under the bed, saying:

"Are you there, Edgar?"

Edgar—Yes, papa, is she after you.

**His Cruel Retort.**

"Her face," she said, when speaking of her dearest neighbor, "is like an open book."

"Yes," he replied, heartlessly, "I infer from the few remarks her husband let drop that she keeps it open most of the time."

## ODDITIES OF POISONING.

**Some People May Safely Eat Certain Food Which Would Be Poison to Others.**

The constitutional differences and peculiarities which exist among individuals should always be carefully watched and considered. One person can handle poison ivy with impunity while another is poisoned if only in the vicinity of the vine and without contact. Some members of a family residing in a malarial district will suffer regularly with chills and fever, while other members will not be at all affected.

Food that is actually poisonous to some persons, will not so act on others. One person may eat all kinds of green fruit and vegetables with impunity, while another person could do so only at the risk of life. Certain kinds of fish are actually poisonous to some people and perfectly wholesome to others.

It is this peculiar condition of the system which constitutes the danger point in the individual case and should be prudently observed by each one for himself. Intestinal derangements frequently arise from and are aggravated by certain kinds of food. Thus a person affected with kidney or liver trouble should not eat very white bread since the extreme whiteness is often produced by the use of alum with an inferior article of flour, and as alum is known to be poisonous in its effects on a sound constitution, this is why alum baking powder is never used by people of judgment and discretion.

More of earthly happiness depends upon what we eat than many people realize and it is for this reason that the different states are one by one passing pure-food