THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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MEN

Won't buy clothing for the purpose of spending money. They desire to get the best possible results for the money expended. Not heap 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.

A STREAM OF NEWNESS

New goods are coming in daily. The thought and care which were lavished upon their selection are manifest. We've been telling you about Silks and Dress 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.

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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.

SEND ONE DOLLAR CUT THIS AD OUT and send to us, and if you live within 100 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 to $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 IN OUR OWN FACTORY IN CHICAGO, from better material than most makers put in $75.00 buggies. Latest Style For 1899. Body, Side from the Best Seasoned Wood. Gear, Best That Money Can Build. Red Perkins, as illustrated, or Brewster Skein Bar. Wheels, High Grade Screwed Rim Sarven's Patent. Top, 24 ounce, Daisy 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 French 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, nail-rollers and shafts. 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.

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Colbert & Dale,

242 S. Main St., Butler, Pa.

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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.

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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.

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Surplus and Profits	$130,703.95

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Interest paid on time deposits.
Money loaned on approved security.
We invite you to open an account with this bank.

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Office opposite P. & W. Depot.

BUTLER, PA.

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.

CHAPTER VII.—On forcing an entrance to the house they find that Mrs. Mayberry's daughter Alice, who is insane and has been missing for years, is confined there. She turns out to be the wife of Darracott Chester.

CHAPTER VIII.—Alice is removed from the Stone House and taken to The Ivies, where apartments are prepared for her. Owing to her condition she is kept under strict surveillance.

CHAPTER IX.—Dr. Spencer, who has not visited The Ivies for years, owing to a misunderstanding with Darracott, is called to attend Alice. Mrs. Eldredge begins the relation of her life's story to Dorothy.

"Dorothy, my child," she said, breaking an interval of silence, which she had perhaps spent in trying to embolden a reluctant spirit to face the ghosts of bygone events, "if the love and gratitude I feel for you were to be subjected to a great proof none could be selected more distressing to me than this which I do voluntarily imposed upon myself. I am going to rehearse to you pages from one of the saddest records ever written in the heart of a mother, and I cannot perform the task without exposing the fact that I myself am largely responsible for the causes that render the history so tragic a one. My child, I have failed wholly and unpardonably in the noblest mission that God vouchsafes to us women the mission of motherhood. Two opportunities have been afforded me of manifesting my fitness for the divine vocation, and both have I wasted, one through lack, and the other through excess, of ardor. Oh, it is a sad confession for a woman to make, this—that she has been unappreciative of God-given occasions! It is no less sad for her to be forced to acknowledge that she has taken idolatrous advantage of them." She sighed heavily and paused an instant, then, in a firmer tone, continued:

"I must begin far back in the past, at the period of my first marriage. My dear, have you ever, watching in the early dawn, seen the sun rise slowly above the horizon in great splendor, which promised marvellous things for the new day, and, scarcely before its full glory was developed, have you watched it pass into a dark and gloomy cloud that eclipsed its false prophecy, and made of the span of time that followed its dark course a dark and dreary interval, hopeful of recovered brightness only in extinction? Such a transition as that, Dorothy, is typical of my life.

"I was an only child, with every talent cultivated by parents who idolized me to its utmost extent. I was considered to have more than average personal endowments, and was petted and indulged as the only children of the wealthy are wont to be. No suspicion of trouble or disappointment overshadowed my girlhood, and I was even so fortunate as to love passionately the man whom my father selected for my husband. I was married to Frederic Chester on my nineteenth birthday, and as his parents were then living here he had the Stone House redecorated and refitted for our temporary use. The place had always been the abode of misfortune; no tenant had ever occupied it without experiencing some terrible sorrow or calamity while living beneath its roof. This I did not learn until later, though much about the house affected me unpleasantly at first sight. But in the flush and assurance of perfect happiness I was contemptuous of belief that trouble could touch me. And, for a time, it seemed indeed as if I wore an amulet against misfortune. Perhaps the great joy of that year was enough for one lifetime. My husband and I knew no discord; no jarring of tastes and sympathies marred our happiness. We had ample wealth, health and love—what more could we desire?

"On the first anniversary of our wedding-day the blow fell. I was then not strong enough to accompany my husband in his daily rides; but, knowing how much he enjoyed them, I insisted that he should continue them without me. On that day he had set off as usual, and, as the time for his return drew near, I went out upon the balcony to watch for and welcome him. I was standing there on the outlook when I discovered him coming, not up our own drive, but up the poplar avenue. As he perceived me, he stopped to call out that he had a message for his mother, but would come back immediately. I nodded, and crying 'Au revoir!' he rose in his saddle to throw me a kiss, when, suddenly, Franklin's two little children, who had been playing behind the poplars, rushed across the road just in front of the horse. Their light, fluttering dresses frightened the nervous animal, who plunged wildly, and before my husband, taken thus at a disadvantage, could regain his mastery of the terrified creature, it had backed to the edge of the avenue, where, rearing madly on its hind legs, it lost hold of the crumbling earth, and I, helpless to aid, saw both horse and rider fall heavily over the cliff."

Here recollect became too strong for even the actress and she covered her face with her hands as if to shut out the painful scene which memory vividly reproduced before her mental vision. I dared not speak. It seemed as if words of mere human sympathy, heartfelt as they might be, would seem like a casual interruption of sacred reading. Therefore I held my peace, and after a little she regained her composure and proceeded.

CHAPTER X.

"At that time no fence guarded the cliff, and this neglect of a simple precaution against danger was a cause of self-reproach with my poor father-in-law during the remainder of his life. The accident had been immediately fatal to both the animal and its master. No spark of life lingered in either when they were raised from the spot.

"I need not dwell upon the extent of my despair and grief. It is only necessary to say that the shock precipitated an event which was near at hand, and within twenty-four hours I passed from one of the happiest, one of the most joyous and hopeful young creatures upon whom the sun of love and prosperity ever shone into a state of wretched and desperate widow and motherhood which I, so gloomy, even in retrospect, that I cannot bear to recall it.

"Oh my child, I have fallen short of the standard which God required of me! I have failed to fulfil the demands His infinite wisdom has laid upon me. I have erred lamentably, and have been weighed in the balance and found miserably deficient. But a little, a little plea I must offer in extenuation, founded upon the awful agony of that period. Dorothy, it was a sudden and terrible call to arms in a life that had never dreamt of warfare. It found me unfurnished with weapons of defence; ill-equipped, unprepared. I knew not how to meet the emergency. Bred in the lap of peace, sheltered from even a rude breath, ignorant even of the meaning of stress and conflict, how could I be expected to valiantly face and defend myself from the enemy! And, alas! I did not. I proved myself a coward; yes, even more than that—a cruel coward.

"My baby, who should have been welcomed as a solace in the bitter hour of my bereavement became an object of aversion to me. So associated was he with my grief that his presence grew to be insupportable. I delivered him over almost entirely to the care of his grandmother and nurse, and avoided him whenever it was possible for me to do so. It was all but a crime that I committed against my firstborn in my wicked selfishness, and I sometimes think that God has seen fit to punish my sin by laying His chastening Hand, heavy with retribution, upon the heart which coldly neglected one child to make an idol of another.

"I was removed to The Ivies. Here I passed ten quiet, uneventful years beneath the roof of my husband's father and mother. Tenderly they loved me, and no daughter was ever more carefully watched over and administered unto than was their daughter-in-law. During those years my attachment for the child grew no stronger. I could not bring myself (alas! I fear I made slight effort to do so) to overcome my coldness towards him. And yet he was a good little lad and gave me almost no trouble. Through the long perspective of my advanced years I now look back upon the childhood of my son Darracott, and the vision of its loneliness and dreariness fills me with yearning pity and ceaseless remorse. I was oblivious of its pathos then. Thank God, the boy had his grandmother to love and make much of him. Her devotion in some measure repaired my unpardonable fault.

"Finally, the old people died. I found life at The Ivies unbearable without them, and determined upon placing Darracott at school and creating a new existence for myself by a long sojourn abroad. For three years I devoted myself to foreign travel, greatly enjoying the variety and excitement of constant change and movement after the extreme quiet and monotony of my home-life. I was furnished with excellent letters of introduction, and found ample opportunities afforded me for the indulgence of my natural inclination for gaiety, which had long been kept under restraint.

"One evening, at a ball at the British Embassy in Madrid, I met Mr. Eldredge, a man who was many years my senior, but who was a man of finest endowments and most finished culture, and who interested me, extremely by his brilliant conversational abilities. I experienced a keen delight in his society. We met again frequently and saw much of each other; and when, a few months later, he asked me to become his wife, I accepted him. I had never thought to feel again as happy as I did in my marriage with Mr. Eldridge. He was a man of slender means, and had frankly explained to me before asking me to marry him, that he had an income only sufficient for a bachelor's moderate requirements. But I had ample wealth at my command. My widow's jointure was a handsome one, added to which, as guardian of my son's minority, I had control of a very large amount of income from his estate. After a few months more of travel Mr. Eldredge and I returned to Eldon, where, shortly after, my child was born."

BOTH HORSE AND RIDER FELL HEAVILY OVER THE CLIFF.

Her voice fell to a whisper, and the tender stress she laid upon the words "my child" was far more indicative of the depth of her maternal affection than any amount of oft-repeated asseverations would have been. The mere change of formula and intonation suggested, unintentionally, the immeasurable distance between her regard for the elder and the younger son. To the first she had alluded merely as "my son, my first-born, the infant"; to the second she gave a peculiarly tender and distinctive title, implying an especially near relationship—"my child."

"I cannot describe him to you, Dorothy," she went on presently. "I dare not trust myself to speak of his beauty, of his gentle, lovable nature, and of his sweet, winning ways. Everything that Darracott was not Gerald was. Demonstrative, ardent, and impulsive, overflowing with animal spirits, he was a wonderful contrast to his quiet, reserved elder brother. Still, even then I was not blind to the fact that of the two boys Darracott possessed the nobler qualities. A more generous stepson never lived. Mr. Eldredge bestowed upon him in large measure the affection which his own mother withheld, and the two were closely united. Until he died my second husband was always honored with the position of master of The Ivies, and had he been actual owner of the house and estate greater respect and deference could not have been accorded him than that Darracott insisted upon his receiving.

"My oldest son's bosom friend and constant companion was David Spencer, and the two lads, much akin in tastes and interests, were almost inseparable comrades. Just as Gerald was ready to enter college, his father died. Darracott at once took upon his shoulders the burden of management of the estate, and, as my own health was rather delicate, he insisted upon procuring a house-keeper for me.

"What enormous gates turn upon small hinges! The trifling circumstance of my need of assistance opened the door to all my future trouble. Mrs. Mayberry, a widow with one child, a girl of thirteen years, applied for the position and was engaged. She was a very beautiful woman of a weak, blond type, somewhat faded and worn in consequence of a hard struggle with the world. Her child, having been placed at school, did not accompany her hither. Four years passed and Mayberry fulfilled her duties admirably. My eldest son had gone abroad for a long period of foreign travel, and David Spencer had just begun to practice his profession in Eldon, being almost as constant a visitor at The Ivies as when my boys were at home. Gerald's last year at college was almost completed, and, as he was to join Darracott abroad immediately after graduation, he decided to bid me good-bye at the college commencement and not return to Eldon.

"Just before I left to attend his graduation exercises Mayberry asked my permission to bring her daughter Alice home to The Ivies for a visit. Naturally I gave my consent, little dreaming what misery it would entail upon me. On my return, therefore, I found the girl ensconced here, and bestowed upon her a cordial welcome, not only for her mother's sake, but because I was really pleased to have a creature so young and beautiful as she about the house.

"Alice Mayberry was the loveliest being I have ever beheld. You have seen her wreck, imagine, then, what she must have been in the first flush of her dangerous beauty. She charmed everyone with her wonderful fairness and joyous gaiety, and seemed like a butterfly, as graceful, as radiant, as frivolous. I had been home but a few days when I noticed that, although both my sons were absent, David Spencer's visits here were quite as frequent as they had formerly been, and soon I observed that if Alice, of whom I made a great pet, was not with me he appeared restless and discontented. From Mrs. Spencer I learnt that the girl was a constant guest at the cottage, and finally I thought it wise to gently caution Mayberry concerning the intimacy existing between the two young people. She affirmed that there was nothing in it, but I believe that, naturally ambitious for her daughter and anxious concerning the girl's future, she secretly encouraged matters, hoping to secure a good home and husband for Alice. Affairs stood thus when I was one day greatly astonished by receiving a cable from Darracott informing me that he was to sail at once for home, having received advices relating to certain investments that disturbed him. In due time he arrived, and, as the positive date of his coming was uncertain, he gave me a pleasant surprise.

"Alice and I were singing duets together one evening in my boudoir when the door opened softly and my son stood before us. I saw at once what an impression her beauty made upon him; and, as the days passed, his admiration for her became positive infatuation. I use the word advisedly—Darracott's passion for the girl was simply infatuation. I am convinced that never did he experience any deeper emotion towards Alice Mayberry than that. She merely captivated his senses and bereft him of his judgment; although the blow which his cruelty dealt him was as severe in its immediate effect as though she had been the object of a more worthy love.

"David Spencer chanced to be away from home just then in attendance upon a wealthy patient who had taken him South in his professional capacity. When I discovered how things were going with Darracott, I warned him against yielding to Alice's charms, telling him that I believed he would only create unhappiness for himself by so doing, as I thought her already secretly plighted to David. It could scarcely be expected that my influence with him should be very strong; nor was it of much avail. He listened to me with his usual deference and then told me frankly that he should question Alice, and if she denied any such engagement and would accept him, he should marry her at once.

"I had always determined never to interfere in my son's love affairs, believing it folly to do so; still I did urge him to well consider his decision before carrying it out, feeling convinced, though I was fond of Alice, that she was not the woman to satisfy a grave, intellectual man like Darracott. However, he was completely under her spell, and my expostulations went for naught. Finally, he came to me one day and informed me that he was to be married without delay. He had offered himself to the girl, at the same time questioning her closely as to her relations with David. These she assured him were merely of a friendly character, and she accepted my son without hesitation. I was much distressed, for I felt how unwise Darracott's choice was, and I was also firmly persuaded that David looked upon Alice as in some way bound to him. I felt nervous and unhappy about the affair, and in consequence went to Mrs. Spencer before the wedding, and asked her if she knew whether there was any understanding between Alice and her son. She was much disturbed by the suggestion, and I saw that such an idea was most unwelcome to her. The daughter of my housekeeper was not the woman she would wish to see her David marry, and she frankly told me so, affirming at the same time her belief that his interest in the girl had been merely of a volatile nature.

"I returned home and summoned Mayberry. To her I put a similar query. She stoutly maintained that there was nothing between the two. I was not yet convinced, however, and begged Darracott to write at once to David and inform him of his intended marriage. He was not altogether pleased at my insistence, but finally agreed to do as I desired. I know that the letter was written, but I also know that it was never received."

Here Madam paused, and looked at me significantly.

"You think Mayberry withheld it?" I asked.

"I believe so," she replied. "She always took charge of the mail-bag, and I think she was not above duplicity. Her whole heart was set on the marriage. In due time the wedding, very private and quiet, according to Darracott's desire, took place, here at home, and I was left alone while the honeymoon was fulfilled.

"No letter had come from David, and my anxiety in his behalf was still keen and alert. At that time it did not occur to me that a letter might be intercepted by a member of my own household, and I inferred from David's silence either that, as he was traveling from place to place, the letter had not been forwarded, or else that the news it contained was so painful and distressing to him that he found it impossible to send his congratulations on an event which entailed so much suffering upon himself.

"One day, however, about a week after the marriage, I was sitting alone in this room, when David Spencer himself suddenly appeared. I had no idea that his immediate return was expected, and was so taken by surprise at seeing him that I forgot that the events which had intervened since his departure might still be unknown to him.

"Why David, my dear boy!" I cried cordially, for he was a very great favorite of mine, 'when did you return? I am delighted to see you back.'

"'Thank you, Mrs. Eldredge,' he replied brightly. 'Where's Dare?'

"'Still absent,' I returned.

"'Absent!' he echoed. 'Why, my mother wrote me that he had arrived some time ago!'

"Then I remembered all my fears and apprehensions, and began to tremble at the certainty that they were about to be fulfilled.

"'David,' I said very gravely, 'hav'n't you been home yet?'

"He shook his head, and his face was full of perplexity and questioning.

"'No; I was impatient to see Dare and—' He broke off sharply, a sickening heart filled in the remaining name.

"Then, Dorothy, there fell upon me one of the saddest duties I have had to perform—that of crushing hopeful, loyal, unsuspecting love. He had been betrayed and robbed of his dearest anticipations. It was a fearful shock to him, poor fellow; the worst of it all to me was that a former affection for Darracott was by the revelation turned to gall. Nothing could convince him that the girl by with the woman he loved; it was the man who had robbed him, and whom he held responsible, not alone for the theft, but for a deliberately-planned and skillfully-executed purpose of alienating Alice's affection from himself. When he left the house a little later he left a message for Darracott to the effect that it was his desire that they should never again meet; that he neither wished nor would receive explanations or excuses from him; that in future they should be strangers to each other. And my son, proud and confident of his wife's integrity, accepted the message without protest. And so it was that two men, who had from their birth had been united by the closest ties of friendship, fell apart and became enemies. Never, from that day to this, has David Spencer entered my son's home.

"My son and his wife took up their abode here. I offered to move away and live elsewhere; but he, ever kind and considerate, would not listen to this. Mrs. Mayberry continued to administer the household, though no longer receiving a salary for so doing. She was now mother of the mistress of The Ivies, and the position of affairs might have been a little embarrassing had it not been for the delicate tact which kept her almost entirely in her own apartments.

"It was not long before it became apparent that matters were not going quite smoothly with the newly-married couple. She was restless and pined for gaiety; he was grave and studious and absorbed in his duties. In fact, they hadn't a taste or sympathy in common, and the bond of their love was too weak to unite them. He was marvellously patient with her caprices, humoring her whims with wonderful kindness. I have since thought that a swift awakening to the quality of the affection he bore her caused him to exercise this divine forbearance and tolerance towards her childish, silly whims.

"Six months after Darracott's marriage my child came home to celebrate his twenty-first birthday. He had changed and developed into a glorious specimen of manhood. Shall I show him to you, Dorothy?"

She raised her hand to her neck, and drew from its resting-place upon her heart the large oval locket which I had been shown once before. Touching a spring, she opened it, disclosing a most charming face. The eyes were rich, dark and lustrous, like those of Madam, only that they were brimming with fun and mischief; the features were exquisitely chiselled, and the mouth as delicately curved as that of a child; the complexion was a clear olive, glowing with health and with the swift coursing of youthful blood; and on the smooth brow lay a thick, close-cut crop of dark rings. No wonder that such a splendid young Apollo had been the darling of his mother's heart! She held the portrait a moment silently before me that I might fully realize its beauty, then replaced it and continued:

"He was like a ray of sunlight in the house, and from the moment of his entrance within them the walks rang with mirth and laughter. He and Alice were like two children; inseparable, constant comrades, ever planning some frolic or amusement to beguile the hours. Darracott was absent much of the time, and warmly thanked Gerald for so brightening Alice's life. His trust in both was perfect and entire as mine—can I say more? I would have staked my life in my child's honor. There were many hospitalities exchanged between us and our neighbors, and everywhere Gerald and Alice were favorites. But, little by little I saw a change steal over the former; he became irritable and unlike himself, annoyed at trifles, and especially impatient at Darracott, from whom he would bear nothing. Ah, I blame myself, Dorothy, that I didn't forsee what was coming and avert the crime before it was too late! At last, a day arrived, a terrible day, when, Heaven help me! I woke from my careless, happy life to learn that my child, my Gerald had committed the basest breach of honor and fidelity. He and his brother's wife had fled together!

"Now you know it, Dorothy! now the secret of my life is revealed to you! Do you wonder that I seek to hide my shamed and stricken head, and that Darracott Chester became a wanderer on the face of the earth? Do you wonder that the tidings of my child's death, coming to me only a few months after he had committed the fearful act of treachery towards one who had been a constant benefactor to him, were almost welcome news to me, or that in the illness which fell upon me my agony was so intense and dreadful that blindness came to the eyes that shrank from the gaze of all men, and especially from the look of my first-born? Do you think that, after such humiliation, I could bear ever again to look upon the world? For, oh! my boy—my boy! Was I not, through my wretched weakness and partiality, to blame for the fostering of that root of deadly self-indulgence which, springing into vigorous life, cast into the shade all the better impulses of your nature, and allowed vicious tendencies to nest and breed in its branches! Oh, Gerald! my child—my child!"

She was greatly moved. The strong structure which had withstood such awful storms of adversity, now undermined by the constant fretting of harrowing reflections, was shaken to its foundations by the breath of memory. I took both her hands in mine, and laid my cheek caressingly upon them. How much more dreadful was the truth than my wildest surmises had conceived it. How terrible was the work of this girl who was now sheltered beneath the roof she had so disgraced! The ruin of six lives wrought by mere foolish, unchecked vanity!

I TOOK BOTH HER HANDS IN MINE.

"Madam," I cried involuntarily, "dear Madam, how could you have her back? It is too noble—too forgiving! Surely she had no claim on you!"

"No, no claim, Dorothy; but oh, my dear, you cannot dream how I yearn for my child! There is no depth into which I would not sink, no height I would not scale, to see Gerald once again. Yet he was base. Yes, I can bear to say it, great though my love is. He, who had received nothing but kindness and benefits from his brother; he, whose father had, by Darracott's generosity, been invested with the dignity and honors of the first gentleman of the county; he, living beneath his brother's roof and at his expense, had yet betrayed that brother's trust! Could anything be more vile? And yet—and yet, I, his mother, intense as is my abhorrence of his deed, would not see him punished for it. My love, selfish and unjust in its partiality, would yet spare him retribution. And so, as I would not that even the shadow of my anger should touch him, I cannot repulse the woman whom he has loved. I will not speak to her, she has ruined the lives of both of my boys; but yet, in a manner, she is sacred to me."

She paused. The tears were running down my cheeks, and though she could not see them she felt them moistening the beautiful hands against which I had tenderly pressed my face.

"Dear little girl!" she murmured, disengaging one hand and stroking my hair caressingly. "Yours is the first overt manifestation of sympathy I have ever received, Dorothy, and it is welcome to me beyond expression."

For a few moments we remained thus, silent, but linked closely together through the bond of common emotion. Presently she started and drew herself suddenly aloof from me as if ridding herself of a temptation.

"Oh, how selfish I am!" she cried. "How wrapped in my own egotism still, notwithstanding the lesson I have received! It is of myself and my own sorrows and griefs I have been prating this half-hour. It is for my own miserable and justly-inflicted sufferings that I have been seeking to arouse your compassion and pity. It is my own self-abnegation I have permitted you to laud as the means of bringing back that wretched girl to the home of which she was so inconsiderate and careless a mistress! And yet—what am I, what are my anguish and woe, what are my wrongs and wretchedness, what my clemency and mercy, compared with my son Darracott, his heroic endurance and noble forbearance! Oh! little Dorothy, you thought me fulsome in my praise of him that day when I told you he was modelled on heroic lines! I knew you did, and I also divined the disappointment you experienced upon seeing him for the first time. It is true, in appearance he may fall short of a girlish ideal; but live with him, watch his daily life, penetrate beneath the outer crust of reserve and apparent indifference under which extreme sensitiveness seeks to shelter itself, and you will discover a character that cannot fail to arouse the enthusiasm of your earnest nature; and, once comprehending the wonderful depths, the splendid magnanimity, the glorious unselfishness of that character, you'll no longer wonder that, of all the men I have ever known, I hold in highest esteem and profoundest veneration him whose love I would sacrifice my own life to gain, now that to gain it is too late—my noble and dearly-beloved son, Darracott."

She was very greatly moved, and I feared the effect upon her of such serious emotion. Therefore I determined to withdraw, and so allow her to recover her self-control. In most earnest phrases I thanked her for a confidence which had cost her so much, and raised her hand to kiss it, but she forestalled my intention by drawing me down and pressing me closely, affectionately, to her heart, kissing me several times upon lips and cheek and brow. Then, releasing me, she motioned me to leave her, and averting her face, covered it piteously with her slender white hands.

[CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

A Question.

Speech was given unto man
That his thoughts might be imparted;
Why, then, do so many men
Straightway leave off thinking when
Once their tongues are fairly started?

The Power of Imagination.

The fact that the throes of the imagination under great nervous excitement often produce a corresponding physical frenzy was illustrated recently in the case of a man who had gone to sleep with his artificial teeth in his mouth. Waking suddenly with a choking sensation he found his teeth had disappeared. He looked in the glass of water where they were usually deposited, did not see them there, and realized that they must be far down his throat. Choking and struggling, he hammered on the door of a friend sleeping in the house, who, seeing his critical condition, valiantly endeavored to draw the teeth out of the sufferer's throat. He could feel the teeth, but had not the strength to extricate them. He ran for a blacksmith, who lived a few doors away, but the blacksmith's hand was too gig to put into the man's mouth.

A doctor had been sent for, but he was so long in coming that the victim of the accident seemed likely to die of suffocation before the physician arrived. A little girl of ten years was brought, under the impression that her small hand might reach the obstacle and withdraw it, but she got frightened and began to cry. The sufferer became black in the face, his throat swelled out and his friends expected every moment to be his last, when finally the doctor arrived. He heard the history of the case, saw that the teeth were not on the man's jaws nor in their nightly receptacle, felt the throat and chest of the sufferer, and cast his eyes seriously upon the floor. There he saw the whole set of teeth. He adjusted them in the jaws of the patient, told him to breathe freely, and every symptom of suffocation disappeared.

Tiny Pine Tree.

One of the most remarkable features of Japanese gardening is the way in which every plant and tree in a famous garden will be reproduced in miniature, by a system of dwarfing which has been handed down from many generations back. Every characteristic of a large tree will be preserved, the foliage, the color and the texture of the branches, and yet the minature copy will often be not more than from one to three feet high. Professor C. E. Bessey tells of a case in this country in which nature has eclipsed the art of the Japanese. While climbing Green Mountain, near Bowdler, Col., Professor Bessey found growing from a crevice in one of the rocks at the summit a small pine tree, about 5¼ inches high, and barely a quarter of an inch in diameter. It was unbranched and bore a single terminal tuft of leaves. The tiny tree had made a good fight for existence amid the inclemencies of its exposed situation, for when it was carefully examined twenty-five distinct annual rings were discovered. Such a case of natural dwarfing is almost unprecedented.

Profit on a Whale.

The profit of a single whale that is captured is very large. One about fifty feet long weighs 140,000 pounds, and will give 60,000 pounds of blubber, from which 48,000 pounds of train oil can be made and 3,000 pounds of whalebone.

Chinese Babies.

Chinese babies are fed on rice and nothing else after they are a few months old. Cow's milk is never given to them. Chinese houses are never heated. If the baby is cold he is given a sun bath.

London Transit.

There are 256 railway stations within a six-mile radius of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, while, within a twelve-mile radius there are nearly four hundred.

Jerusalem is now nothing but a shadow of the magnificent city of ancient times. It is about three miles in circumference and is situated on a rocky mountain.

THE CHINESE CHOPSTICK.

A Useful Device Which Serves Its Purpose With Great Efficiency.

With the evidence of Asiatic contact supposed to be so strong in Central America, one might have imagined that so useful a device as the simple chopsticks would have secured a footing. These two sticks, held in one hand, and known in