BY MATTY C. NASH.

MARY WINSLOW hurried a little as she climbed into the ten-thirty commodation train from New Rochelle to New York. The accommodation trains were always crowded; and she wanted very much to get a seat on the side of the car from which she ould eatch a glimpse of her house, where her babies were. She had alnost missed the train lingering over good-by kisses and baby love-making.

She was doing a very bold thing. For he first time in the four years of her narried life, she was undertaking something without consulting her husband about it. But it was for his sake-to ave him from terrible anxiety; and to to that she would dare anything.

The tears stood in her eyes at the hought of his shoulders, already stooped under their burden of care, and is face so crossed with lines that told s plainly as did the scantily covered rown from which the curly, boyish rop of brown hair had slipped how ard had been, and was, his fight up the ream of fortune.

And his shabby coat and frayed linen! avid rarely got any new clothes, and hen he did he went to a cheap tailor to did not fit him very well. He was little man. Mary used to think if he ad been a few inches taller he would ave cared more for dress. But she as wrong about that. David was very todest and not wonderfully clever; at he knew it would have to be a coat s beautiful as Joseph's to make him fore respected at his office or more wed at home. All beyond those two taces was nothing to him.

But Mary loved him. She more than ved him. She put him on a pedestal ad erowned him with glory and honr. She broke the alabaster box of her hole being's adoration at his feet; ad she would have died for him gladly. Mary was a large, fair woman, who, chly and fushionably dressed, would ave looked like a duchess. As it was, a her simple, home-made gowns and nodest bonnet, she only looked like a ery beautiful mother, which is more han some duchesses do.

A conventional looking young curate and a handsome, large-featured man of io, with a deep mourning band on his nat, sat in the seat directly in front of Mary. The elder man had his little laughter, dressed in mourning, on his nee, and he and the curate laughed and chatted with the little girl to amuse her.

"There is a newly made widower," thought Mary; "and he doesn't seem to aind much. I wonder if David would she had almost said "will") care so .ittle.

Suddenly the older man turned to the urate, and Mary saw his face drawn

a nn agony of grief. "Did you ever bury anyong you loved desperately?" he asked.

The curate answered with appropriate courtesy: "No, I have been very fortunate. I have always thought, however, that the only wise way to face such a grief would be philosophically, knowing it was God's will that it hould come to all."

You have never buried anyone you loved desperately. When you come to do that you will not be thinking of philosophy," said the other.

And then they spoke of other things. Mary pulled down her vail to hide her

"Poor David! He will mind; he will not forget right away," she thought.

A half-hour later, Mary stood in a clean, bare little room high up on the top floor of a quiet boarding-house on a side street. A young doctor with wide-awake. Intelligent face was talking to her. 'Yes, Mrs. Robinson," he said, grave-

ly, "the operation is imperative; it is the only way to save your life. If it succeeds, you will become a perfectly strong woman; if it fails, you'll be spared the pain of a lingering death, for you'll not survive the operation more than a half hour at the most. I put the case plainly to you. You must know all the circumstances, all the risks, that you may decide wisely."

"I have decided," she answered, steadily.

"Very well, I will have the nurses here in a little while, and the other doctors will meet me here at a quarter before two. I have spoken to them about it. I was only waiting for a final word from you to complete all the arrangements.

He bade Mary "Good morning," and left her alone.

Mary was naturally rather a coward, especially about little things. Spiders, worms and snakes, even very small ones, made her almost faint; and she was afraid to travel alone, or to sleep in a room by herself. But her pulse was very steady now. It seemed to her to

gay: "David, David, David," as it beat. She walked over to the window and looked down at the people coming and going in the street. It seemed to her that she had entirely lost her personality. She had really become this Mrs. Robinson she had told the doctor and the boarding-house keeper she was. the was of vital importance to nobody about her. To the doctor and nurses she vas a "case," and there were many 'cases" like her in the city. The hositals were full of people who were bing to die soon, were dying even now. a she thought of it the black pall of ath seemed to settle over her and all

e saw, and smother her. "My busband-my busband!" she sped; "can I bear it without you?" Presently she sat down at a little table, and wrote a letter to him. She put his full address with careful clearess on the envelope. Then she wrote note to the doctor, inclosing her

usband's letter in it. She had never thought of dyingalone. In the fleeting thoughts she had had of death, David had always been there to hold her hand. But now she was liable, even likely, to die alone. Poor Mary!

'Alone" meant to her "without David." "Mrs. Robinson," said Dr. Ellis, when the assistant surgeons and nurses had come, "I feel it due to myself to ask that you repeat before these gentlemen what you said in regard to your understanding of the risk you run in undergoing this operation.

"I know that I may die, but I wish to undergo the operation."

She spoke slowly, with quiet dignity. "There is no one whom you wish to ee, no one who should be consulted?" "No one."

She drew from under her pillow the letter she had written, and handed it to Dr. Ellis. "When the issue of the operation is quite clear, I wish you to open and read this," she said.

She lay quietly while they put the ether mask over her white face, not struggling against it as some people do. Only once she sat up suddenly and looked about her with wide open eyes, stretching out her arms and saying:

"Oh, if you will only let me lie in my husband's arms I will bear anything!' And then she lost consciousness.

It was half-past three when a breathless messenger, rushing into Mr. Winslow's down-town office, handed him a note from Dr. Ellis:

"Dear Sir: Your wife has just undergone an operation. I have every reason to hope it will be a successful one. The inclosed note from Mrs. Winslow will explain to you why I have but now made you aware of what has been done. Very sincerely yours. J. HOWE ELIJS." The other note read thus:

"Dear Dr. Ellis: I have not told you my real name, for I did not wish my hus-hand to have the pain and anxiety of an-ticipating this operation nor the suffering of seeing me suffer it; and I thought that if you knew I had a husband you would be likely to object to taking so much respon-sibility without having him to share it. If all goes well you need only send him the inclosed note. If I should die-tell him gently.

MARY WINSLOW."

gently. "My Darling Husband: You have been so good, so tender, so true to me, and you have made me so happy always, that I have wanted some way to show you how grateful I am. There has never been any way before, but now there is a way. Thank the dear Pather you have taught me to love and have helped me to try to serve, I have been strong enough to save you a great deal of path. great deal of pain

great deal of pain.

"When you get this, my love, my heart's dear, dear love, I shall be quite through with a very bad operation, which has been hanging over me for months. I knew I must undergo it or die, and yet it was so sweet at home I could not come in here before; but the doctor said I could not wait any longer, so I came in to-day.

"Jane is a good nurse; she will take care of the children while I am away. Aren't they beautiful?

"God bless you, my husband, my love.

"God bless you, my husband, my love. "MARY.

The three doctors stood wiping their gleaming instruments, talking in halfwhispers of the operation. A whitecapped nurse was unpinning the sheets and padding from the operating table.

At the side of the bed where Mary lay, another doctor and another whitecapped nurse stood watching for the irst signs of her returning consciousness. She lay heavily and with muscles relaxed, with closed eyes, breathing laboriously, and white as the linen

David pushed open the door with unsteady hand, and came across the room to the bed. Without a word he dropped on his knees in a grief-stricken heap at the bedside.

Dr. Ellis put his hand on his shoulder, and he looked up, with anguishladen eyes, that pitifully pleaded for a word of hope.

"She will do well," said the doctor, in a cheery whisper. "The operation was a success far beyond our expectations. But it is important for her to come out of the ether quietly. Don't you think, Mr. Winslow, it would be a good plan for you to stand here at the foot of the bed, where she can see you when she first opens her eyes? Then she will forget entirely all the pain of her separation from you, and everything will be quite nice and comfortable."

David rose, dumbly obedient, and stood where the doctor directed, decouring with his eyes the pale, beautiful face lying amid the thick brown

"Now, Mrs. Winslow, is the pillow right?" asked Dr. Ellis, trying to couse her. "Won't you let me try to raise you up a little?"

It seemed hours to David before Mary, with a deep sigh, lifted her heavy white lids. A moment her half-conscious eyes rested on the doctor, who was speaking to her, and then she looked at David. She tried to make the nerveless lips move-failed once, and then slowly, painfully, she said: 'Darling, I love you!"

"She's all right now," said Dr. Ellis, m a tone of relief.

In a few moments all the doctors had gone, leaving David and a nurse to watch Mary.

"She's doing splendidly now, sir," said the nurse, moved by the trouble in David's face to speak to him. "There s not a bit more danger."

But David did not believe that. The shadow of the terrible possibility of his wife's dying had fallen across his heart. and it would take more than words to lift it.

As the doctors went down the steps of the boarding house one said:

"And yet we are taught that women ire not brave."

"Oh, yes, they are brave, or the world would soon be depopulated," said the newly-fledged doctor who had adminstered the other. "But-er-Dr. Ellis, now what do you think of that scheme of mine for removing the vermiform appendix in infants, and doing away orever with chances of appendicitis?"

"Agreat scheme and a great schemer, doctor," answered Ellis, laughing good-naturedly. "When you find a mother with a subject to try, consider me at your service gratis for the opera-

And the doctors went their several vays .- N. Y. Independent.

-The roar of the lion can be heard farther than the sound of any other living

FOUND IN THE STORES.

Shirt-waist jewelry sets in ailver, numel and gold. White violets with immense green

leaves for white hats. Nun's veiling in light colors for semitransparent gowns.

Five-inch widths of taffeta ribbon for belts, collars, sashes, etc.

Black batistes, organdie, lawn, dimity, etc., for mourning wear.

Many silver fastenings designed to keep skirts and belts together. Light pompadour silks for summer

evening and bridesmaids' toilettes. Tiny capes or collets of mousseline plaitings, ribbon and artificial flowers.

Black Amazon shapes severely trimmed with a band of velvet and Veils having a very deep border to

wear with the many designs of walking hats. Inch-wide neck ruchings of lace or

plaited mousseline edged with lace or narrow ribbon. Lawn and China silk dressing sacques

made with bolero effects and valenciennes lace. Natural pongee frocks and those of

plain India silk, the latter soleil plaited, for little girls, Colored pique jacket suits for girls' street wear and white pique frocks for

dressy wear. Crash belts with an enameled buckle and long ends to the skirt edge of satin ribbon No. 60.

Sailor hats very much trimmed, double brimmed and with the odd erown larger at the top .- Dry Goods

FLORAL CULTURE.

Azaleas should be put out-of-doors in a shady, airy place during summer. the pot is never allowed to become

spongy soil of leaf-mould. Change army. them from the sandy soil in which they ire now, and I think you will find an improvement in them.

If neither bignonia, wistaria or honeysuckle flourish with you the failure may be due to unsuitable soil. Give them, if possible, a mixture of loam

The pearl is considered the best variety for general cultivation. I do not think this plant is ever grown from seed, except by way of experiment, Young bulbs are planted. I am told by one of our most extensive dealers in this flower that the best bulbs come from North and South Carolina.

Ten Roses.-For summer use the tens and ever-blooming roses are preferable to hybrid perpetuals, as they come into bloom when small, and flower freely all the season. For permanent beds I would prefer hybrid perpetuals to any other class. Give them a rich soil. Plant them any time after the 1st of

Transplanting roses, peonles and other shrubs and herbaceous plants should be done in spring. Get a catalogue from some dealer in hardy plants, and study it well. From it you will learn what plants do well in shade, and it will also enable you to select plants which bloom at different seasons. It is an easy matter to make a selection which will give flowers from May until October.-Ladies' Home Jour

PICKED IN EUROPE.

Insanity is increasing in Ireland. English statistics say that one serious cause of lunacy is the abuse of tea, another an overindulgence in alcohol, a third the disappointment of having tried emigration and failed.

Political proselytism by theater plays seems to be the fashion now in Paris. A piece glorifying the late Gen. Boulanger, which fell absolutely flat, has been followed by a royalist play, "Ton Droit, ton Rol," at the Noveau theater. It was equally unsuccessful, though it created a row in the audience.

"A. D. Invisible Elevators," by which man might add four inches to his stature, was the means by which a London swindler started in to make his fortune. The elevators were pieces of cork an inch thick put in the heels of shoes, which were bought at 68 cents a dozen pairs and sold for \$1.37 a pair. He had made over \$4,000 when arrested.

Either there has been a great change of manners in Norway during the last 30 years or else Bjornstjerne Bjornson has decided to show that he can out-Ibsen his daughter's father-in-law. In "Magnhild" and "Dust," his latest stories, the unpleasant realism is carried to an extreme, and there is no trace of the idyllic poet who wrote "Arne" and "The Happy Boy."

OFFICIAL SALARIES.

The lord lieutenant of Ireland re ceives \$100,000 a year for his salary and expenses. The prince of Wales gets only \$200,000 a year.

When little Alfonso of Spain comes of age he will be one of the richest monarchs of Europe, as the state allows him \$1,400,000 annually, with an additional \$600,000 for family expenses.

The president of France receives \$240,000 each year for salary and expenses-an enormous sum when it is considered that France has the stupendous national debt of \$6,000,000,000, the largest ever incurred by any nation of

In round numbers the government of Great Britain pays \$3,000,000 annually to the royal family. Of this sum the queen receives nearly \$2,000,000, besides her revenues from the duchy of Laneaster, which amount to a quarter of a million.

Italy pays her king \$2,600,000 each year. The civil list of the German emperor is about \$4,000,000 a year, besides large private revenues from personal estates. The czar of Russia owns in fee vated land and has an income of \$12,-000,000.

LETTERS AND ART.

"Caran d'Ache," the pseudonym of Mr. Emmanuel Poise, the French artist, is Russian for "lead pencil."

Mr. Paul Dunbar, now in England, is writing a novel. An English edition of his "Lyrics of Lowly Life" will be issned shortly.

Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, of Harard, has been made president of the Arts and Crafts society, which was reently organized in Boston.

Mr. Sargent's portrait of "Mrs. Carl Meyer and Her Children" is conceded to be the picture of the year at the Royal academy exhibition, London.

A statue of Queen Victoria, commemorating the sixtieth anniversary of her accession to the throne, is to be erected by the citizens of Belfast at a cost of

Mr. S. R. Crockett, who has not been n very good health, has gone on a walking tour in Pomerania, where the scene of his next novel, "The Red Axe," is to be laid.

It is proposed to create at Harvard a Memorial collection of English literature, in memory of the late Prof. Francis Child. A foundation fund of \$12,000 is being raised for this purpose,

Mr. James Lane Allen's new novel, The Choir Invisible," is said to be the most rapid piece of writing the author has done, being twice as long as any of his other books, yet it was written in about six months.

Dr. Nansen's account of his arctic journey has been required in such numbers that it has been, at times, impossible to meet the demand. In England many religious people are criticising the book because there is no recognition of God in it.

Mrs. Isabel Whiteley, author of the successful novel, "The Falcon of Langene," is a resident of Philadelphia. She Be very careful to see that the soil in is descended in direct line from Thomas Parsons, whose great-grandson was Rev. Jonathan Parsons, the father of Ferns should have a light, fibrous, Maj. Parsons, of the revolutionary

FOR THE HEALTH'S SAKE.

Cold drinks, ice cream and frozen ices do not make people cool. If overheated, cold drinks are most disastrous to the digestion. Hot drinks, rather than cold, are conducive to comfort in hot weather.

If the eyes are much inflamed, bathing them in cold water is sometimes more restful than bathing them in hot water. Never, under any circumstances, apply a warm poultice to the eyes. If they inflame easily, great care should be taken about going out where the winds are boisterous and the dust is flying.

To cure flatulency take ten drops of the tincture of nux vomica in cold water before meals every day for eight weeks; also take the phosphate of sedium, a teaspoonful in a teacupful of water (boiling water to be preferred) upon rising in the morning and upon retiring at night. After meals take a teaspoonful of pure glycerin.

A bed should never be made up under two hours from the time it has been slept in. It should be aired thoroughly and beaten until it is light. Open all the bedroom windows and let the fresh air and sunlight into the room. Hair pillows are much more conducive to healthful sleep than feathers, and light woolen blankets are better than heavy coverings.

Eating between meals, says a wise doctor, is a bad habit for one to acquire. It will certainly injure the digestive process, and soon upsets a natural, healthy appetite for regular meals. It is a very easy habit to get into, and is rather difficult to break up. If any eating is indulged in between meals, perfeetly ripe, fresh fruit is the least harmful kind of refreshment.

FOR THE FARMERS.

The Shropshire has a round, solid mestic use. Its size and the nature of its mutton and wool suit the demand, and it is most often seen at the fairs and in the market.

The roller is indispensable for preparing onion ground either for seed or sets. That with a shallow cultivation to the depth of two inches will make a better seed bed than will deeper tillage. If the soil is made friable deep down the onion may grow large, but it will likely be thick-necked and grow a crop of scullions.

To be effective mineral manures for spring and summer crops must be applied early. They need some of the spring rains to dissolve the fertilizer so that the plant roots can make use of it. Besides; as weather and soil become warm and dry there is less need of the fertilizer, as the soil itself releases more of its own fertility under such condi-

There is no better way to fertilize poor land than to sow it with peas, using phosphate of lime to furnish the mineral fertility that this crop requires to perfect the seed. It is not nitrogen which the pea crop most needs other than what the pea roots supply to disintegrating air in the soil and liberating its nitrogen. But to form the grain both lime and phosphate are required. With these supplied the soil will grow richer

ABOUT AMERICANS.

John D. Rockefeller has presented to Vassar college a library of 2,700 books ourchased in Germany.

President McKinley was given the degree of LL.D. by McKendree university, in Lebanon, Ill., at its eighth commencement recently.

J. Nat Harbin, Senator Hearst's old mining partner of early California days, has been discovered alive in Mexico. He has been thought dead for 15

President McKinley's mail averages from 1,000 to 1,300 letters a day, besides simple 1,000,000 square miles of culti- several large sacks of newspapers. This is the largest mail in the history of the presidential mansion.



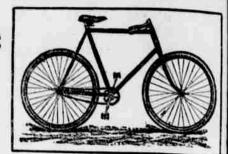
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