on reluctant aboulders, firm The burden laid; lei the merry winds of heaven About it played,

in very costany
It apurned the ground;
borne upon its lifted load,
Glad freedom found.

ortal, shrinking from thy crees, Behold the birds! learn the dearest meaning yet Of those sweet words. Gilbert Ives, in N. Y. Independ

As soon as the weather grew warm, Denton posted off to the mbunizing, and society looked knowing when it was learned that Miss Mariow was also there. At the clubs in town, the gossip was that Denton and Miss Mariow were

He was not long in calling upon Mil-

dred. Mrs. Arnold, whom he met coming out of the house, told him to walk

stole quietly forward and stood in the

doorway. Mildred was there, wearing

the daintiest little appon in the world.

Her head was turned from him, but he

could see the roses on her cheek, and

her hair shone like ebony beneath the light. She was cutting chocolate.

laughed Denton.

from her hand.

was necessary.

"Just in time for the caramels,"

She turned quickly, and the knife fell

"You!" she exclaimed, her face radi-

ant and her eyes scintilating brightly.

He held her hand a trifle longer than

"What a stately little cook you are,

to be sure," he said, surveying her from

head to foot. She withdrew her hand

and stepping back a pace, began to ask

him a score of little feminine questions

-how he came, how he knew she was

there, why she didn't hear him coming

and the like. Then she assigned him to

the task of chopping up the remainder

of the chocolate, while she busied her-

Soon the candy was bubbling thickly

upon the stove. Denton sat down. A

spirit of silence came over him as he

dreamily fixed his eyes upon Mildred.

into the candy.
"Lovely," replied Denton, and Miss

"Danced every night, I suppose?" she

"Yes, indeed-every night," he re-

"And lots and lots of pretty girls?"

She rested the spoon upon the edge

"What's come over you?" she asked.

"I was wondering if there was any

one on earth quite like you," he replied,

The girl's dark lashes fell heavily

Denton was silent for a moment and

"Because you're different from all

that I've ever met; for that very rea-

son I've something to tell you and-

So intent had Mildred been upon Den-

ton's conversation that she had allowed

the candy to boil over. More than that,

it was scorched and a wretched failure.

So also was the remainder of the even-

ing for Denton. The interruption had

He went home soon after without

speaking the words that were on his

Several weeks later his book ap-

peared. At first it made no grest stir, but when the Criterion published a

severe criticism of the work, classing it

with certain French novels and styling

it "a living picture," in an incredibly

short time it ran into its tenth edition.

Denton was taken up and borne alors

upon the shoulders of society, so to

speak. He was wined and dined and

lionized from morning to night, until

Hurrying along the street in the di-

ection of his club one afternoon, he

saw Mildred Arnold about to enter her

As she took her seat her eyes fell upon

Denton, and she motioned the coach-

"I thought I recognized you when I came from the house," she said, giving

Look, the candy!" he suddenly cried.

upon her damask cheeks. She turned

drumming on the edge

"I don't believe you've heard a word

of his chair and raised his head.

aside and resumed the stirring.

"Why?" she asked, archly.

of the pan and glanced quickly at Den-

queried, slowly stirring the candy.

"Did you spend a pleasant summer?"

self among the pots and pans.

Marlow rose before him.

plied, at random.

"Lots of them."

brightly.

I've said."

Danton er

in a low voice.

then quite slowly:

jarred upon him.

IS AMERICAN BEAUTY

By JOHN S. ROGERS.

ENTON first met her at the Marlow's reception. He had just come om the frosty night and was standbetween the portieres, idly sur-ng the throng that filled the rooms. there are several there I've never he was saying to Miss Marlow instance, the tall young lady with hair and brown eyes, over there he cabinet."

h, Mildred Arnold-she is pretty she?" replied Miss Marlow, with uch of condescension in her voice. she led him across the room and

hat night as Denton walked home hought to himself that he had never anyone quite like Mildred Arnold. e was a distinct personality in the of her head, the wave of her hand, bend of her arm; and a certain subuggestion of herself in things about erson. Her fan, for instance-he ld have known it among a hunthough he had never seen it beand the rose that breathed on bosom seemed to take life from Her voice was clear, full-toned low, and her dark eyes reminded

of deep pools reflecting all the e of the moving heavens. n days later Denton called. brought you this," said he, unfold-

an American Beauty rose, "because ve an idea that it is your favorite low very queer. It is my favorite,

ndeed, I have any, for I am dearly of all flowers." Then she took the and, thanking him, laid it against face. "Two of a kind," thought ton. After that he used to think of as his "American Beauty." hey became very good friends after

me-this man of society and the tle-mannered, book-loving homey. Perhaps it was her literary taste attracted Denton, for he himself an author and at that period was ting his "Thirst of Tantalus," which rward threw society into a flutter xcitement. Perhaps the spiritual lities of the man found fellowship he all-pervading presence of the ng woman's deep nature.

hen spring came Denton called first bright day to take her walkin the country. They boarded an tric car and alighted at the further of a pretty little suburban village. efore them stretched a smooth, te road shaded by great, sturdy s. On either side of the highway wild lilacs were blooming and the was filled with the subtle breath of

fter a time they came to a bubbling am winding through a rocky gorge. used to come down here to fish and am, when I was a boy," said Dentaking the path by the side of the m. They walked on some distance Il they came to a ledge of rock at base of a towering bowlder, trellised h budding vines.

What a beautiful spot!" said Mil-

This was one of my favorite ints," said Denton. "Many an aftn I've dreamed away while more ctical people were working and leving something;" and then, quick-"but you do not like practical peodo you?" he added.

That depends," Mildred answered, king brightly into his questioning e. "There are practical people and thly practical people. These latter anot endure."

enton's face lighted up with a peiar interest.

thom do you call 'earthly prac-

1?" be asked.

Money lovers," Mildred replied, "or life—money making. And for this y subvert all their higher faculties, suse their thient and die before their

"And I, too, recognized you half way up the square," said Denton.
"Which way do you go?" she saked, soring one of the horses grow restless.
"Down," said Denton, and the word Then the man who paints a picture writes a book, and in doing so enters the public taste for the sake of netary gain, is 'earthly practical?' 'esd Denton, gathering up a handful nabble.

man to wait.

him her hand.

ife began to be a burden.

school strangely in his heart. "Ah. I'm sorry you're not going in my direction," and then, very softly: "Have you been quite well?"
"Yesy well, thank you." He rested his hand upon the carriage window and

came a little closer, but it seemed to him that a great distance lay between

to tell you the last time I called, but the candy boiled over," he explained, amiling frankly. "This is hardly the place to tell you," he went on, riveting place to tell you," he went on, riveting the result tensel that have ments.

Why, & pourse you in this relies to word, as he pourse you in this relies to the manuscript by shourding abuse too or aftern pages and filling up the gap with newly written matter.

If was govern weeks later that he place with the noted publisher, Lint-

"Then I'm sure I wish you a very, sery happy life," she replied, quite gently. Denton bowed and drew back from the carriage. She smiled down upon him on she held out her hand. The "The great secret of auccess in mod-jorn novel writing," said Linting, so the wine was circling, "can be summed up in one word—risque," Denton went home, sarched through his waste ba-ket, found the discarded pages and again embodied them in his manu-script.

"What will be, will be," he mutupon him as she held out her hand. The color had come back to her cheeks in a great scarlet flood and he thought his had never seen her look more quessly. "Good-by—good-by," she repeated, and the next moment Denton stood

It was a January evening. A sugges-tion of closed doors, closely drawn curtains, and a glowing hearth, permeated the cold, in growing air. Denton but-toned up his top cost and throwing back his shoulders started at a brisk pace down the street. He had returned to the city the day before and was now on his way to see Mildred Arnold. He stopped on his way at a florist's establishment and selected a magnificent American Beauty.

was that Denton and Miss Marlow-were constantly together—new scaling some mountain peak, now taking long walks over the picturesque roads, or sitting out upon the veranda in the moonlight evenings. Be this as it may, Denton must have worked during the summer, for when he returned his pook was finished and in the hands of the publisher. Somehow the house seemed strange as he gained the steps. He rang the bell and stood wondering how she would receive him. What a deep light had always glowed in her brown eyes. heretofore, whenever she came to meet back to the dining room pantry. He him. Would it be the same now? or was he lost in her estimation-one of the "earthly practical?" A trim maid whom he had never seen before opened

> "Is Miss Arnold at home?" he asked, removing his silk hat.

The servant looked puzzled for a moment. "Oh, they've moved," she finally said. "That is," she went on, unconcernedly, "Mrs. Arnold went south, so the girl next door says, right after the young lady died."

Denton started back and the rose fell from his hand. A thousand images of Mildred flashed before him, and the sound of her low voice rang in his cars.

"Here is your rose, sir," said the serv ant. He took the flower. In a dazed manner he turned and went down the steps. It had begun to snow, and the ground was white. Slowly he wandered along the street, his head strangely bent-his breath coming in great gasps. Something touched his elbow. He turned thinking some one was about to wake him from a dream. The dim light from a lamp fell upon the pinched and plaintive face of a little girl, clad in tatters and shivering with cold.

"Please, sir, my mother is very ill and has nothing to eat-I-th-think she asked, dropping a lump of butter she will die."

Denton put his hand in his pocket and gave the waif a roll of bills. As he turned away he recollected the rose he carried. "Stop!" he called to the child. Then he went to her and placed the flower in her arms.

"Tell your mother, child, to take this, if she dies, to her," he said, pointing upwards.

AN UNCANNY STORY.

From a Murderous Club Buried in the Victim's Grave Sprang a Great Tree.

One of the noticeable things to those who enter the Angelica cemetery grounds is an old marble headstone on which is the following inscription: 'Ira Stephens, who died September 20, 1803, aged 43 years."

Exactly in the center of the grave is a huge elm tree 80 feet high and three feet through the trunk, as fine a specimen of its kind as can be found. The roots spread all over the grave and nearly tip the marble slab, green and moldy with age, over on its face. The peculiar position of the tree, right in the center of a grave, causes strangers to wonder how it came there.

Those in charge of the last Allegany county history, before offering it to the publishers, decided to trace if possible from old residents the cause of the tree being in so peculiar a place. They found out and published in their history the following information: "The first death in Angelica was Ira Stephens, who, on the authority of Mr. Gibson, a resident of Angelica, was killed in a quarrel over cards at Joseph Wilson's inn (present sight of Lightfoot block), and he was the first one buried in Angelica cemetery. He was killed by some one unknown with a huge elm club, which was buried with him. Directly over the grave has grown a large elm tree, which superstitious and credulous people say grew from the club with which he was

The reporter talked with an old gentleman 92 years of age, who has been a resident of this place for over to years, and asked him his opinion on the sublect. He said that the tree had been there ever since he had lived there. He elaimed the only peculiarity in the apearance of the tree was the strange blood color of the bark, there being at certain times in the year large blotches of colored bark bearing the appearance of being stained by blood. He is not able to account for the strangeness or the peculiar location of the tree. Buf-fale Times.

The Yesy Sword A Scotchmen on a recent visit to Dub-

lin went to see a private museum which was advertised to contain the oldest and queerest antiquities in the world.

The Irish showman brought out a large award and said:

This is the sword that Balasm slew.

his ass with!"

The Scotchman, being well up in Bluic history, bere interrupted and said:

THEY MARRIED LATE

Guerge Eliot was nearer to than 39 when the magniful for the first time, and store, tagen 60, when her escend marriage leakington in 1266.

Charlette Brunte, though the had several effers, did not make choice of a husband—and even then only after lengthy deliberation—until she was 26. George Sand never seems to have lost her faccination for men, and even as a while-haired grandmother we find among her adoring friends and correspondents such geniuses as Flaubert and Tourguenaff.

Sonia Kovalewsky fall in love for the first time, and died, moreover, of grief and disappointment, when she was not only a widow well in the 80s, but one of the most celebrated women in Europe. Sonia's marriage, when a young girl,

Soule's marriage, when a young girl, was a mere subterfuge on her part, in order to leave Russia and to obtain a serious education in Germany. The affair of the heart which hastened her death occurred in prosale middle age.

SHORT AND SAPIENT.

A girl with a sty in her eye may be happy, but she doesn't look it.

Everybody tries to sneak off the back way when going to a photograph gri-Some people even enjoy telling how

they once had to pay more for a funeral than most people. If you will notice, there are hardly

any carpenters any more. All are "contractors." Authors seem to like their own names

so well that they usually write them out in full. Some people think the way to join church is to give up doing everything

you ever really wanted to do. A man who tries to keep all the tin-

ware about the house in repair, has little time for anything else.-Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

FOREIGN CHAT.

Germany's export trade has increased o per cent. since 1872.

The Spanish communities owe school teachers about \$1,500,000. Mexico exports about 4,000,000 pounds

of chewing gum to this country every The statue of Jules Simon, to be made

by M. Fremirt, will probably be erected in the Place de la Madeleine, in Paris, near which he lived.

In the Diesel gas engine, which is now attracting much attention in Germany, the mixture of air and gas which moves the piston is not suddenly exploded when it takes fire, but burns slowly enough to impart a more gradual impulse to the engine. A 1,000 horse-pow er motor of this type is promised for the Paris exposition of 1900.

Not His Fault.

The dromedary wandered one day beyond his accustomed range.

"In order to prevent a wrong impresden," he said, in a haughty manner to the animals of the plain, as they gathared about to inspect the stranger, "I take occasion to explain that I am not a scorcher. I was born this way."— Chicago Tribune.

nring

It is true wisdom for everybody to take a thorough course of Swift's Specific just at this season of the year. The blood is sluggish and impowerished, and the systemis full of impunities which should be eliminated. In addition to thoroughly cleansing the blood, and toning up the system so as toavoid loss of appetite and a general run-down feeling in the spring, S. S. S. so strengthens and builds up as to fortify against the many forms of dangerous illness that abound during the hot summer season. It is a very small matter to take this pressution but it insures health and strength all summer. Swift's Specific

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