

THE TRANSGRESSION OF PHILIP

By MRS. EDWARDS PAINE.

"Well!" said Natalie Bridwell, as she stood before her pier-glass, putting the finishing touches to her evening toilet. "If I had had the faintest idea that Phil Marston could have acted like that, I should have never wasted the time on him I have. But then," she continued, stepping away from the glass to get a fuller view of herself, "I loved Phil—at least, I thought I did."

Natalie was going to a "swell reception" given by the Apollo club in honor of its new members. After the last remark her bosom heaved a sigh, which set a fluttering of butterfly-bows, perched airily upon her saucy puffs and curls, threatening at the least provocation to take wings and fly away.

Natalie was charming. No observer would have had the audacity to doubt that, as with the soft clinging folds of her evening gown outlining her graceful figure, she viewed herself before the mirror. But if any one had ventured to call her beautiful, she would have resented it; for, she had a grievance sadly at variance with her idea of feminine beauty; namely, a nose strongly inclined to tilt. However, she possessed other charms, not unknown to herself, which lay in the glossy waves of her auburn hair, the lustre of her nut-brown eyes, and the baby-tint of her peach-blossom complexion. Besides these, she was an acknowledged belle in society, and a capital entertainer as well, and when taking all these things into consideration, it was not surprising that the Apollo club, the fashionable club of the city, should select her from a bevy of young ladies to head the long line of its reception committee.

While Natalie was adjusting her butterfly bow to a little securer position, she said—

"I know he'll be there tonight. If he is, what then? I almost wish I hadn't accepted such a prominent position. But then, those boys just would not take for an answer. And I—well, I just didn't have the heart to refuse them, especially after I have been away so long." And then, giving the defenseless bow another nervous twitch, she added, "I guess I don't have to talk to him if I don't want to!"

"It's just a year ago tonight," she continued, "that Alfred Thornhill, with other new members, was introduced to the Apollo club society. Why Phil should have gotten so furiously jealous I can't imagine. The fact of the business is I had never thought of Phil in that light before. If any one had told me he was that kind of a man, I think I should have told him he lied."

"But why should he have forced me into such a position if he didn't expect me to be courteous? Alfred Thornhill would command courtesy under all circumstances. But Phil seemed to object to him particularly because he was made a member while he was gone. As if that made any difference. Suppose he don't live in the East End and belong to 'our set'?"

Does that make him any less a man? I think it horrid to admit him to the club and then snub him socially." And Natalie's tilted nose rose a degree or so in indignation.

Thus Natalie rambled on, and inwardly fretted, while she paced the floor, waiting for the carriage to come to take her to the reception.

On the night referred to, Natalie had defended her position on the subject of class prejudice which certain would-be reformers had managed to stir up in the community.

At that annual function of the Apollo club, many sympathized with Phil Marston in his pronounced opinion on the subject, and Natalie was not slow in recognizing his influence thus brought to bear upon the attentions due to Alfred Thornhill. This aroused her womanly instinct in his defense, and she manifested it by taking the initiative and bestowing upon him all the attention her position would allow. In fact, she overdid the matter, and went so far as to provoke criticism, when one of the chaperones of the evening, in all kindness, undertook to admonish her, when Natalie "flew up" and said—

"I won't be dictated to by anybody! I am responsible for my own acts. If, as you say, 'our set' won't tolerate it, why, so be it. I don't care. Under the circumstances I'm only doing what I believe to be right. If the club didn't want me to treat everybody alike why did they put me on the reception committee?"

So, Natalie carried the matter through the evening with a master hand, and on her return home she felt herself as highly a conqueror as any monarch who ever sat on a throne.

But when it was all over, Phil Marston, a young man of social attainments and financial worth, and Natalie's acknowledged lover, was to be reckoned with. He was bound to have his say. Of course, the long and short of it was, Phil was furiously jealous. No sooner were they seated in the carriage than he began—

"Natalie, you acted outrageously tonight!"

gaged to? If you do, you're mighty mistaken!"

"If Mr. Thornhill's good enough to be admitted to the Apollo club, he's good enough to dance attendance on the girl you are engaged to, or anybody else."

"That's where we differ," replied Phil, sarcastically.

"Then why in the name of wonders did you allow him to enter the club at all?"

"I didn't," exclaimed Phil. "I didn't have a thing to do about it. I was away, and you know it. If I'd been there when his name was proposed I'd have back-balled him sure's guns."

"Doubtless you would," replied Natalie, with a strong emphasis on the personal pronoun. "But, it's my opinion the Apollo club would be a heap better off if it had more men in it like Alfred Thornhill."

"What do you know about Al Thornhill or the men of the Apollo club?" Phil asked with rising fury.

"I know enough," replied Natalie, her indignation rising at the blasphemous words, "and what I don't know I don't want anybody to tell me. But I can tell you, Phil Marston, judging from some shady reports and the experiences I am now having with one of them, if I had to chose a man, for genuine, personal worth from the membership of the Apollo club, I'd take Alfred Thornhill every time."

"Take him then!" exclaimed Phil, in a jealous rage, "I don't care."

"Thank you," said Natalie, ironically "you've conferred upon me a great privilege."

"Marry him if you want to," said Phil, raging beyond the bounds of reason. "It's all the same to me."

"Thank you," again replied Natalie. "Perhaps I may. Time will tell. But it's my opinion Mr. Thornhill is a man of too much character to ask a girl in my position to marry him. He's too proud, and that's why I like him."

This assertion of Natalie's brought out a new phase of the situation, and provoked Phil to silence for the remainder of the way home.

All those incidents were in Natalie's mind while she was restlessly pacing the floor of her own room, creating a sense of unhappiness which she found hard to manage.

For the past year she had neither seen nor heard from Phil. In her heart she had believed she possessed a stronger hold upon him. But the fault was not his. She had yet to learn that when he went to his room that night, he bitterly repented of what he had done. In the light of his conscience he saw that Natalie was right, that he had no reason for forcing her into a position whereby she could not be just to herself. He saw his own folly, and finally became disgusted with himself for the ruthless attack he had made upon the girl he loved.

The next morning he went to call upon her to ask her forgiveness. She had gone! An early train had carried her to New York, where he knew she expected to go through the day. There she was to remain a few days, then sail for Germany to study for at least a year in Berlin.

All through that year the words of that bitter quarrel had rung through Phil's ears. Imagination tortured him into thinking what a worthless fellow Natalie believed him to be. When he realized the possibility of what he had said to her proving true, his feelings would alternate between heat and cold, love and hate. One moment he would love her to distraction and would declare he could not live another moment without her; the next, when he thought of her attitude towards Alfred Thornhill, he would hate her with all the intensity of his soul for the misery she was causing him.

After awhile, however, he settled down into a grim state of endurance. He determined to master the jealous passion that threatened his life—to try to undo his mad act, and make himself worthy of the good opinion and affections of Natalie.

In a tone of resentment he yielded to his last bitter feeling and said—

"I'll show her there's something good left in Phil Marston yet."

In view of all this, it was no more than natural that Natalie should look forward to the evening with feelings of dread. And not only in regard to Phil, for she also dreaded to meet Alfred Thornhill, whom she had not seen, either, since a year ago that very night. After awhile a feeling of defiance took possession of her and she said aloud—

"I don't know but it would be serving Phil right to marry Mr. Thornhill, after all."

But Natalie was proud. Under the circumstances, she didn't want to own even to herself that she had a particle of love left for Phil. She had a conscience, too, which forbade her tampering with the sacredness of human affections. So, between the two, she felt an equal balance. She could neither get away from Phil's love, nor impose upon an innocent party for the sake of punishment.

On this evening she had rejected all escorts and chaperones, choosing rather to be driven to the reception in her father's carriage, that she might return at her pleasure.

When Philip Marston passed the ordeal of the reception line, Natalie set the temperaments of the evening with the tips of her icy fingers and a zero nod, which lowered the mercury in Phil's heart several degrees below the freezing point. During the evening he tried by all manner of means to get a few moments alone with her, but was evaded at every point. His

name failed to appear on her dance program, and it was only in the wait-circle that they finally met, when a stillness crept into Natalie's heart she dare not interpret, while Phil's palpitated with speechless joy.

At last, disheartened with the meagre results of the evening, Phil decided to give up the chase and go home.

A load was on his heart as he slowly, and distractedly ascended the long winding stairs to the hat-room.

"She doesn't love me," he thought, and, all unconsciously wandered aimlessly into the ladies' cloak room, and to his amazement, came face to face with the subject of his thoughts.

"How dare you follow me here?" exclaimed Natalie, her eyes flaming with anger.

But Phil, humbled with his year's experience, and the false position he had accidentally thrust upon himself, said—

"I didn't follow you. It is all a mistake. But, now that I am here, I shall stay, at least long enough to compel you to hear what I have to say."

"Natalie," he continued tenderly, "taking a step toward her, "I have tried this whole evening to have a word with you. You have purposely avoided me. Now I must know, I will know before I leave this room if there is any hope left for me?"

Whether from anger, or the deep sincerity which rang in Phil's voice, she never knew, she was speechless, and he, encouraged by her silence, continued—

"I have not forgotten the manner in which I attacked you a year ago tonight. But I am sorry, for it, and have wanted to tell you ever since. But you did not give me the opportunity, you left so early in the morning. Then I wrote to you, and you returned my letter unopened. Perhaps I deserved it, Natalie, but I have suffered more than I can tell."

"How about Mr. Thornhill?" asked Natalie, with cold security in her voice.

Phil winced, but said—

"I apologized to him long ago. He is a worthy fellow. But Natalie," he continued, "is it possible you have taken the course you have with me simply because I objected to his having been made a member of the Apollo club?"

"No!" replied Natalie, "that was a small matter, compared to the discovery I made. You insulted me with your jealousy. I made up my mind, then and there, I'd never marry any man to have my life perverted by his distorted imagination. Because you didn't like Mr. Thornhill was that any reason why I should insult him? You placed me in a position where I had to be courteous to everybody. If your love wouldn't hold through that, I didn't consider it worthy to be called by that name."

"What you say is true, Natalie. And I am not trying to defend myself. But, now that I am here, I want to make an honest and open confession to you. You will be content with nothing less."

"It wasn't because Thornhill was made a member of the club. It was because I saw you awakening in his heart a feeling stronger than that of admiration. I knew all the time that he was a worthy fellow, and imagined you were comparing us and thought so, too. This aroused my jealousy. The rest you already know. But Natalie," he said, taking a step nearer to her, "is it not my first offence? It was a phase of character as new to me as to you. I hate it more than you possibly can. For, by shaking your confidence in me, it has destroyed my happiness. I determined while you were away I would overcome it. And such a course of training I have put myself through I know you are bound to respect. If this were not so, do you think I could make this humble confession that I do?"

Natalie was silent. Encouraged by this toleration, Phil continued, his voice trembling with emotion—

"Through it all, Natalie, I have loved you, and shall continue to love you as long as I live. The hope of being re-installed in your confidence and love is the guidance of my life. Natalie, it seems years—ages—since we quarreled. Tonight it seems as if I could not live another moment without you."

Still Natalie did not speak. Then Phil came closer, and holding out both hands said—

"Natalie, darling, can you not forgive me?"

Gradually Natalie's assumed dignity began to subside. As Phil proceeded she bent her head low, and still lower. Her eyes seemed closed under the drop of the long lashes. Phil guessed her thoughts. He sprang to her side. She gave a quick start and her butterfly bow, fluttered to the floor. Both stooped to pick it up. Natalie's hand clutched it first, then Phil's strong palm closed firmly over it.

Hurried footsteps and merry voices began ascending the stairs. The music had ceased. The reception was over. Natalie realizing the scarcity of time left her in which to reply to Phil's question, raised her blushing face, and looking her lover in the eyes, solemnly, yet fervently said—

"Yes, Phil, I will!"—Waverley Magazine.

Health on Horseback.

When I first took up horseback riding, some years ago, says a writer in Country Life in America, I remember that one of the first things that impressed me was the number of practicing physicians I met who were regular riders. The inference seemed to be that drugs were good enough for their patients, but when it came to doctoring themselves they were firm believers in the precept that "the best thing for the inside of a man is the outside of a horse."

Simple Fashions

New York City.—Narrow box pleats are much in vogue and are always effective. The novel May Manton blouse illustrated shows them used in groups.



BLOUSE WAIST.

Authorities say that the best preventive of freckles would be an orange colored veil, as the yellow rays are non-actinic. Inasmuch as there are but very few girls who would be willing to wear such a brilliant hued veil, the next best thing would be one of a light tan color. Tan is largely yellow in composition, and it does not allow the freckle making rays to reach the skin. That is why photographers use yellow glass in order to keep out the actinic rays.

Carbocorn Ornaments.

Artistic carbocorns of rhinestone, coral, faceted jet, mock turquoise, crystals, malachite and cut steel, with all manner of oriental semi-precious gems, are an important item in millinery; and a single buckle, well selected, is sufficient to trim a rich fur hat or tope, and far more attractive than a lot of flowers or feathers.

Loosening Robe.

Loosening robes always possess subtle attraction for the truly feminine woman and are looked upon by the wise among the sisterhood as necessary adjuncts to comfort and true economy. The graceful May Manton model shown is both new and desirable and suggests relaxation in its very lines. The model is made of pale blue cashmere, with bandings of Persian colors in the more subdued tones, and is exceedingly dainty and charming.

A Late Design by May Manton.



PRINCESS EFFECTS.

Frocks are more and more fashioned in the princess spirit—that is, looking all in one, though more than likely separable into skirt and bodice all the time; and such frocks are of light fabrics, whether of pale or dark color, consequently the blouse—I mean the dressy type of blouse—has lost much of its value, and is much less in demand than it was—the blouse that cost a good many guineas and which was valued because it brought lightness and loveliness to the upper part of the figure, although the lower might be encased in a quiet dark skirt. The frock entirely formed of thick chiffon or crepe de chine or fine voile has made the dressy and expensive blouse a superfluity, unless one falls upon a plan of buying one in order to get a skirt made of it of its own fabric, thereby creating the frock of princess effect, in which case the blouse ceases to be a blouse and becomes a bodice.—The Gentlewoman.

Veils to Prevent Freckles.

The season of tan and freckles is not so many weeks ahead, and the summer girl is already taking precautions to preserve her fair complexion.



LOUSING ROBE.

wide or six and a half yards forty-four inches wide, with seven and a half yards of banding to trim as illustrated.

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SPORTING BREVITIES.

Champion Jeffries will do two months of training in preparation for his battle with Munroe.

President Pulliam has received the signed contracts of the Chicago team, seventeen in all.

Minnesota, the Western basketball champions, have challenged Columbia to play a series of games at Minneapolis.

S. E. Sears has won the United States revolver championship, while Dr. E. H. Kessler is the new title holder for the pistol.

President Ebbets, of the Brooklyn Club, expresses the belief that the New York Americans will lose \$50,000 the coming season.

H. N. Bain, of Poughkeepsie, contemplates opening four \$1000 early closing events, to be raced at the Dutchess County Fair.

C. L. Lajoie, of the Cleveland team, thinks the American League pennant race will be between Boston Cleveland, New York and Philadelphia.

The prospects for a very strong golf team at Princeton this year are very bright. Only two of the members of last year's team have been lost by graduation.

Jabez White, champion lightweight of England, and who has scored two victories over "Spike" Sullivan, is making arrangements to visit this country and secure matches with some of the best men here.

At a meet at Ann Arbor, Mich., between the University Freshmen and Detroit University School team, Ralph Rose, Michigan's freshman shot-putter, broke the world's record for the twelve-pound shot by sending the ball a distance of fifty-six feet three and a half inches.

Marvin Hart wants to meet Jack Munroe, and has posted \$1000 to bind a match.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Tommaso Salvini will not come to the United States in 1905 as previously announced.

Dr. David Duncan is gathering material to write a biography of the late Herbert Spencer.

The Duke and Duchess of Manchester have left London and will make a tour of Spain in an auto car.

Secretary Cortelyou, of the Bureau of Commerce and Trade, has accepted an invitation to visit Savannah.

A. Canessa, a wealthy art collector of Naples, is in this country. He has excavated \$3,000,000 worth of art in Italy.

Miss Pauline Helm Hardin has been re-elected State Librarian of Kentucky by the Legislature. The term is four years and the salary \$1200.

Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, claims to be the champion golf player in Congress. He is an all-round athlete, and spends most of his leisure time out of doors.

Sir Gilbert Parker was lately elected Chairman of the Imperial South African Association, in place of Alfred Lytton, who resigned the office on his appointment as Colonial Secretary.

Mme. Sara Bernhardt, whenever she had a moment's leisure, has jotted down on scraps of paper happy notes and reflections upon people she has met. These notes she will use in her memoirs.

Dr. Manuel Amador, who was lately inaugurated as the first President of the Republic of Panama, has a son who is a surgeon in the United States Navy, and who was recently stationed at Fort Revere, Boston.

David J. Hill, United States Minister to Switzerland, is in Rome, and has had an audience with the Pope, who congratulated him on his historical researches, for the furtherance of which he will remain in Rome a few weeks.

Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson in a lengthy letter to the London Times ventilates his pet theory that the cause of leprosy is the eating of spoiled fish. Although his views on the subject have long been familiar to the medical profession he regretfully asserts that they have not met with that endorsement which he had anticipated. Hence he appeals to the public, pending a final decision from his scientific brethren.

Steam launches with glass bottoms are now at the service of those who wish to view the marine growth about Catalina Island California.

The New York postoffice last year showed a profit of more than \$8,000,000.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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NEWSY CLEANINGS.

Seattle, Wash., was carried by the Republicans at a recent municipal election.

A report from Denver, Col., said that George J. Gould intended to build a great country seat in the Rockies.

Melancholy because of ill health, Captain O. W. Williams, a war veteran and politician, blew out his brains at Norwalk, O.

The wife of a New York cotton broker was instantly killed by falling from the eighth floor of a Central Park apartment house.

Carp have crowded the river at Hustedford, Wis., in such numbers the last few days that the water wheels have been unable to run.

Large herds of seals are being carried against the northern coast of Newfoundland, enabling the natives to kill them without trouble.

An explosion in a toy pistol manufacturing plant in Chicago, Ill., killed three persons, injured eight others and destroyed the building.

Differences between the Brewery Workers' Union and brewers of Chicago, Ill., and Milwaukee, Wis., have been practically settled.

Alexander F. Moran, formerly a well-known shoe merchant, committed suicide at Washington, D. C., after a vain search for employment.

Fifty Bayonne (N. J.) girls have started to run on the co-operative plan a factory whose former owner has disappeared owing them \$350 wages.

Eighty thousand acres of timber land in Halifax recently changed hands in one transaction. It was bought by Alfred Dickie, the Nova Scotia lumber king, for \$150,000.

By order of the State Department the Clyde Line will ship no more: as to General Jimenez, the San Dominguez Insurgent, Morales being recognized as the President of San Domingo.

Long-Lived Family.

Mrs. Elizabeth Chapman, widow of a doctor well known in Nottinghamshire for 40 years, died at the residence of her son in New Mills, Derbyshire, England, at the advanced age of 91 years, having lived in the reigns of five British monarchs, well remembering the coronation of George IV. She belonged to a family remarkable for the longevity of its members. Her father reached the age of 87, her mother was 86 at the time of her demise, and her father-in-law was 100 years old when he died.