CHAPTER VIII.

Mrs. Westmacott's great meeting for the enfranchisement of woman had passed over, and it had been a triumphant success. All the maids and matrons of the southern suburbs had rallied at her summons; there was an influential platform, with Dr. Balthazar Walker in the chair, and Admiral Hay Denver among his more prominent supporters. One benighted male had come in from the outside darkness and had jeered from the farther end of the hall, but he had been called to order by the chair, petrified by indignant glances from the unenfranchised around him and finally secorted to the door by Charles Westmacott. Fiery resolutions were passed, to be forwarded to a large number of leading statesmen, and the meeting broke up with the conviction that a shrewd blow had been struck for the cause of woman.

But there was one woman at least to whom the meeting and all that was connected with it had brought anything but pleasure. Clara Walker watched with a heavy heart the friendship and close intimacy which had sprung up between her father and the widow. From week to week it had increased until no day ever passed without their being together. The coming meeting had been the excuse for these continual interviews, but now the meeting was over, and still the doctor would refer every point which rose to the judgment of his neighbor. He would talk, too, to his two daughters of her strength of character, her decisive mind, and of the necessity of their cultivating her acquaintance and following her example, until at last it had become his most common topic of-conversation.

All this might have passed as merely the natural pleasure which an elderly man might take in the society of an intelligent and handsome woman, but there were other points which seemed to Clara to give it a deeper meaning. She could not forget that when Charles Westmacott had spoken to her one night he had alluded to be possibility of his aunt marrying again. He must have known or noticed something before he would speak upon such a subject. And then again Mrs. Westacot

"You are looking a little pale, dear," he remarked.

"Oh, no, papa; I am very well."

"All well with Harold?"

"Yes. His partner, Mr. Pearson, is still away, and heis doing all the work."

"Well done. He is sure to succeed. Where is Ida?"

"In her room, I think."

"She was with Charles Westmacott on the lawn not very long ago. He seems very fond of her. He is not very bright, but I think he will make her a good husband." "I am sure of it, papa. He is very anly and reliable."

"I am sure of it, papa. He is very manly and reliable."

"Yes, I should think that he is not the sort of man who goes wrong. There is nothing hidden about him. As to his brightness, it really does not matter, for his annt, Mrs. Westmacott, is very rich—much richer than you would think from her style of living—and she has made him a handsome provision."

"I am glad of that."

"It is between ourselves. I am her trustee, and so I know something of her arrangements. And when are you going to marry, Clara?"

"Oh, papa, not for some time yet. We have not thought of a date."

"Well, really, I don't know that there is any reason for delay. He has a competence, and it increases yearly. As long as you are quite certain that your mind is made up"—

"Oh, papa."

"Well, then, I really do not know why there should be any delay. And Ida, too, must be married within the next why months. Now, what I want to know is what I am to do when my two little companions run away from me." Ho spoke lightly, but his eyes were grave as he looked questioningly at his daughter.
"Dear papa, you shall not be alone. It will be years before Harold and I think of marrying, and when we do you must come and live with us."

"No, no, dear. I know that you mean what you say, but I have seen something of the world, and I know that such arrangements never answer, There cannot be two masters in a house, and yet at my age my freedom is very necessary to me."

"But you would be completely free."

"No, dear, you cannot be that if you

"But you would be completely free."
"No, dear, you cannot be that if you are a guest in another man's house. Can you suggest no other alternative?"
"That we remain with you."
"No, no. That is out of the question. Mrs. Westmacott herself says that a man's first duty is to marry. Marage, however, should be an equal partliership, as she points out. I should wish

you both to marry, but still I should like a suggestion from you. Clara, as to what I should do."

"But there is no hurry, papa. Let us wait. I do not intend to marry yet."
Dr. Walker looked disappointed.

"Well, Clara, if you can suggest nothing, I suppose that I must take the initiative myself," said he.

"Then what do you propose, papa?"
She braced herself as one who sees the blow which is about to fall,
He looked at her and hesitated. "How like your poor dear mother you are, Clara," he cried. "As I looked at you then it was as if she had come back from the grave." He stooped toward her and kissed her. "There, run away to your sister, my dear, and do not trouble your-self about me. Nothing is settled yet, but you will find that all will come right."
Clara went up stairs sad at heart, for she was sure now that what she had feared was indeed about to come to pass, and that her father was going to ask Mrs. Westmacott to be his wife. In her pure and earnest mind her mother's memory was enshrined as that of a saint, and the thought that any one should take her place seemed a terrible desecration. Even worse, however, did this marriage appear when looked at from the point of view of her father's future.

The widow might fascinate him by her knowledge of the world, her dash, her strength, her unconventionality—all these qualities Clara was willing to allow her—but she was convinced that she would be unendurable as a life companion. She had come to an age when habits are not lightly to be changed, nor was she a woman who was at all likely to attempt to change them. How would a sensitive man like her father stand the constant strain of such a wife, a woman who was all decision, with no softness and nothing soothing in her nature?

It passed as a mere eccentricity when they heard of her stout drinking, her icgarette smoking, her occasional whiffs at a long clay pipe, her horsowhipping of adrunken servant and her companionship with the snake Eliza, whom she was in the habit of bearing about in her pooket. All this woul

whom? She seemed to see few friends outside their own little circle. She must have alluded to her father. It was a hateful thought, and yet it must be faced.

One evening the doctor had been rather late at his neighbor's. He used to go into the admiral's after dinner, but now he turned more frequently in the other direction. When he returned, Clara was sitting alone in the drawing room reading a magazine. She sprang up as he entered, pushed forward his chair and ran to fetch his slippers.

"You are looking a little pale, dear, he remarked.
"Oh, no, papa; I am very well."



She pushed forward his chair and ran to fetch his slippers.

"Dear old Clara! Come and sit down here beside me. I have not had a chair for days. But, oh, what a troubled face! What is it then?" She put up her forefinger and smoothed her sister's brow with it.

with it.

Clara pulled up a stool, and sitting down beside her sister passed her arm round her waist. "I am so sorry to trouble you, dear Ida," she said, "but I do not know what to do."

"There's nothing the matter with Harold?"

"There's nothing the matter with Harold?"

"Oh, no, Ida."

"Nor with my Charles?"

"No, no."

Ida gave a sigh of relief. "You quite frightened me, dear," said she. "You can't think how solemn you look. What is it, then?"

"I believe that papa intends to ask Mrs. Westmacott to marry him."

Ida burst out langhing. "What can have put such a notion into your head, Clara?"

"It is only too true, Ida. I suspected it before, and he himself almost told me as much with his own lips tonight. I don't think that it is a laughing matter."

"Really, I could not help it. If you had told me that those two dear old ladies opposite, the Misses Williams, were both engaged you would not have surprised me more. It is really too funny."

"Funny, Ida? Think of any one taking the place of dear mother."

But her sister was of a more practical and less sentimental nature. "I am sure," said she, "that dear mother would like papa to do whatever would make

him most happy. We shall both be away, and why should papa not please himself?"

neip. Besides, what tener pain have you?"

"I have none."

"Yes. Perhaps you are right. Well, we do it for a good motive."

"You will do it?"

"I do not see any other way."

"You dear, good Clara! Now I will show you what you are to do. We must not begin too suddenly. It might excite suspicion."

"What would you do, then?"

aspicton."
"What would you do, then?"
"Tomorrow we must go to Mrs. West-acott and sit at her feet and learn all

"Ioniorrow to the second in the rious."

"What hypocrites we shall feel!"

"We shall be her newest and most enthusiastic converts. Oh, it will be such fun, Clara. Then we shall make our plans and send for what we want and begin our new life."

"I do hope that we shall not have to keep it up long. It seems so cruel to dear papa."

"Cruel! To save him!"

"Cruel! To save him!"

"I wish I was sure that we were doing right. And yet what else can we do? Well, then, Ida, the die is cast, and we will call upon Mrs. Westmacott tomorrow."

[CONTINUED ON THURSDAY.]

More people, adults and children, are troubled with costiveness than with any other ailment. Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters will cure costiveness and prevent the diseases which result from it. Sold by Dr. Schilcher.

from it. Sold by Dr. Schilcher.

The midsummer number of "Tales from Town Topics," including a \$1,000 prize novel, "Six Months in Hades," is out, and is a very lively volume, particularly suited to the season and a very engaging companion.

If you want a happy home get your wife a box of "Orange Blossom." Sold by W. W. Grover.

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nm most happy. We shall both be avery, and why should papa not pless himself?"

"But think how uniappy he will be for the control of the cont

New York Sun.

A Nice Way to Serve Oranges.

There is no doubt that half the pleasant flavor of the orange is destroyed by the difficulty of eating it gracefully, although that is a feat of which, like building an open fire, every one imagines his method is the best. So great a terror does an orange inspire in a woman at luncheon, with the fatal example which has so often been told hanging over her of the man who broke an engagement when he saw his sweetheart hacking at one, that this delightful food is generally taboocd. One feels tempted to follow the example of the dear old lady who was in the habit of retiring to her room with an orange and locking the door after her.

But the mystery was lately solved at a luncheon, and the solution will be hailed with delight by housekeepers. The oranges were peeled and sliced and brought on the table cut up fine in punch glasses, in which there was a great deal of juice. In each glass there was cracked ice and sugar, and this delicious combination, which embodies all the delights of the fruit, with none of its disadvantages, is eaten with a spoon.—Chicago Herald.

Antique Cardeases.

Apropos of the extravagance of the day, some new and exquisite cardeases have recently been shown, which, while they are revivals of an old style, are more beautiful than their models by far. They are in booklet form, with a gold clasp, but the lovely inlaid designs, executed in gold, used in all their materials alike, are the distinctive features. The work is evidently done by artists, and the cases are elegant in the best sense. In price they range from \$50 to \$70.—New York Press.

costumes For Girls, Little and Big.

Miss Terry's Benevolent Scheme.
Ellen Terry has struck on a nevel and ingenious scheme to put to some practical use the importunate and inopportune and incorporation actiograph collector. To every one that writes Miss Terry for her autograph the gifted lady sends a request that a new pence be sent her to endow a bed in a certain hospital that will be known as in "autograph bed."—Philadelphia Muto and Drama.

Script.

Costumes For Girls, Little and Big.
Young and old aim at picturesque gowners and short waisted frocks! There is hardly a shade of difference in sister's wardrobe. She is a full blown rose, but she can wearthe short waist, broad frills, fettively as the little woman still in the nursery.—Buffalo News.

Old Fashions Revived.

There can be no doubt that the prevailing fashions have been greatly influenced by the recent exhibition of the arts de la femme held at the Palais de Irludustrie, Paris, and which has proved such a great attraction to the feminine population.

In all the new "creations" we notice many innovations borrowed from the marvelous retrospective exhibits which have caused quite a revolution in modes of dressing. Even in the wonderful draperies of the Tanagra, dating from before the Christian era, one can find suggestion. The splendid collection of ancient prints, ornaments, paintings, showing all the different styles in toilets, hairdressing, etc., have proved a great boon to all our dressmakers and milliners, who have called forth many an idea for the coming season. And we shall not be far out in saying that the now toilets will bear the impress of bygone days, but with adaptations to date. When in the same day one can wear, without in any way breaking the laws of fashion, a wattenu and Louis XV morning gown, a tailor made dress for shopping or walking, an Anne of Austria skirt for visiting and an empire gown for the evening—when there is a choice between the styles of Louis XIII, Louis XV, 1830, the first and second empires—the most fastidious woman must be satisfied. At last fashion seems to have resolved the difficult problem of pleasing everybody, and having attained this except from any great revolution.—Contouriere.

cellent result must for a time remain exempt from any great revolution.—Contouriere.

Sorosis and Lotta, the Actress.

Lotta was rejected by Sorosis not because she is an actress—Sorosis includes
a number of actresses—but because she
has kicked her way to fame. It is all
along the line of the converted darky's
philosophy, "You may dance, but you
mustn't cross your legs."

The incident is really no one's concern
save that of the ladies involved, for a
club which knows no obligations outside
is free to confine its membership to congenial people. Nevertheless Miss Crabtree is such a respectable, blameless little woman that every one feels for her,
and a great many are asking if all the
members of Sorosis, even those who have
not been forced by circumstances on the
stage, but who may have cut a broad
swath in society and possibly in the
divorce courts, enjoy such universal admiration as does the despised and rejected Lotta.

She can find consolation in the fact
that some very excellent people on both
sides of the water are being shut out
from society walls that shelter many of
their inferiors.—New York Commercial
Advertiser.

Take Along Plenty of Wraps.
Whila sitting in the corner of a hotel

their inferiors.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Take Along Plenty of Wraps.

While sitting in the corner of a hotel parlor the other day I overheard an instructive little lecture which I am going to repeat. It was delivered by a Chicago woman who was advising some friends what to wear in the Windy City.

"You don't need any 'medium' things at all," she declared emphatically, "because we never have any medium weather in Chicago. You want a few thin ones, and all the wraps you own. On a hot day at the fair grounds you will wear as little clothing as conventionality permits. If you mean to get home in the middle of the afternoon, you may trust the weather implicitly. If you are going to be out till 6 o'clock, you want to take your sealskin coat. I have never yet found a wrap that was too heavy when the breeze blew in frem the lake. Get a special pair of soft yellow shoes for the fair and get them at least a size and a half too large. The Chicago foot is a climatic development, from which the longest southern pedigree will not protect you."—Kate Field's Washington.

longest southern pengree will not protect you."—Kate Field's Washington.

Ideas of Several Parls Women.

A fortnight ago the Princess de Leon, noted for her social surprises and departures from the commonplace, invited her friends to a "literary solemnity." When the guests had assembled, none other than the great Bernhardt seated herself before a table whereon stood an antique lamp and entertained the people with such cheerful selections as "Coucher de la Morte," "Funus," "Taplseric."

And a few days earlier another great lady gave a ball costume at which the servants wore costumes of the Venetian renaissance and footmen were fixed up with helmets and halberds. The arrival of the guests was announced by trunpets, and on the buffet, spread beneath a trellis of natural roses and grape clusters, were peacocks served in their feathers with gilded beaks, little pigs buried in flowers and immense pieces of patisserie containing living birds that warbled constantly.—Paris Figaro.

Discussing "Bloomers."

Discussing "Bloomers."

Women of all nationalities and all opinions were at the big congress of representative women. It is pleasant to observe that the first topic discussed was dress. Brains and reform came in their turn, but the congress started off with a philosophical recognition of the innate and unchangeable law of interest in wherewithal she shall be clothed, before women goes forth to conquer whatever province of endeavor she chooses. There is something prophetic in the sweet serenity of spirit with which Lucy Stone discussed the "bloomer" attempt and fallure of 40 years ago. None of the younger women who stood on the table to show their new style reform dresses can equal the grace of Lucy Stone's philosophy. She said: "We thoughtif women saw a sensible dress they would wear it. What fools we were!"—Boston Transcript.

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