

LOVED IN SILENCE.



GUARDIAN-SHIP? Well, it's no new thing for me," added John Steele.

He placed the letter on the table. A packet lay there also. After a moment he took this up and broke the sealing-wax. A package of yellow letters fell into his hand; closely united was also a velvet miniature case and an old-fashioned English locket.

He turned the open face of the locket to the light. It revealed a curious face—an aquiline nose, an artist's eye, the mouth of a ravishing animal, half concealed by a beard of silk. John Steele looked at it long and earnestly. "Poor Bert! He'll do better now that he is out of the body," he said.

He had always been the friend of his old schoolmate, discerning the delicate soul enthralled by the law of a depraved physical nature inherited from a line of debauched men.

"Fortunately, the child is a girl," murmured Steele thoughtfully, taking up the case of purple velvet. It opened softly. The face of an angel smiled upon him.

It was the portrait of Bert Vane's daughter, taken in her seventh year. Her father's brow and eyes in fairy tracery, the dead mother's sweet mouth, the curls of beauty and the smile of innocence.

"We called our child Violet, John," said the letter. "You see she is a delicate thing to be left unsheltered. God forgive me my life—for if I did not tell you, you would know that folly has shortened my days. But I was never fit to be a father."

"Will you take my little girl into your keeping? She is a good child, for the blood that flows in her veins seems to be that of her mother's family, with a little of the best of mine—enough to endear her to you, for you always loved me, believed in me, John, when I did not believe in myself. When we meet again—"

"My daughter has a fortune. I trust you with her and it, as I would trust no other man on earth. John—noble John Steele! My weak hand trembles—my dying, dying sight fails me—"

That letter was Bert Vane's final act, written in the last hour of his life. The child was at school in New England, and, after mature thought, John Steele decided that she had better stay there for the present. He was about to embark for a trip to Europe, and had no person with whom to leave her if he had her brought to Lakehome. But he wrote to the matron of the school, inclosing a kind note for the child, settled the business transactions of the matter and then took passage on board the Europa, with his young brother Herbert, destined for a musical education.

He was absent two years. Leaving his stepbrother in Germany, he returned to Lakehome. For months he was much engrossed by business; then he found a spare opportunity to visit the Western academy.

The matron received him with dignity. But he had not much time to spend on ceremony. The comprehension of a little child, made me love you."

"I am so old and ugly, she does not think that I have a heart," he thought, the blood receding again, and leaving an aching void. "I am her guardian—that is all. I must not forget."

It was decided that she was to go to Lakehome. The inmates of the academy parted from her as if they loved her. But it did not need the beaming looks of teachers or the clinging embraces of the pupils to show John what a treasure she was. He was lost in a kind of maze for days.

She stole quietly as a sunbeam into her place at Lakehome. She brought flowers into the house, she opened the grand piano, she sang to his music the sweetest words. Finding that she had been taught to ride, John gave her the little brown pony, Barley, who had hitherto consumed his useless days in idleness, and every night as he drove out from the city, Barley and his mistress came to meet the buggy. So far the sweet face under the plumed cap, its frank eyes nearly drove wild her guardian. If he but told the truth, he knew that he should acknowledge himself her slave.

ferently—turned away with a white lip and a choking in his throat. The weeks flew by—Christmas came. The house was full of company—smiling maids, gay girls, indulgent papas, favorite sons and brothers. It was a happy time. Alas! alas! that earthly happiness is so short.

It was Christmas eve, and in the midst of the merriest game John Steele had just kissed Violet under the mistletoe, when the door swung open, admitting a new arrival—a young man of one-and-twenty, handsome, healthy, debonaire.

"Brother John!" "Herbert!"

It was the young musician from Germany. Fresh and ardent, he was one of them immediately. In the confusion John did not see that, from the first, he admired Violet.

He had come and seen, and he conquered. John observed, with a sharp surprise, the change in Violet. She was another being to his young brother from what she had been to him. He was incredulous. It could not be—must not be. Then he forced himself to reason calmly.

What right had he to rebel? They were both young and happy. It was fitting. "Only she is all the world to me, and another fair face will please Herbert as well!" his tortured spirit cried. "But 'tis a dangerous thing to play with souls."

He dreamed to interfere—he dared not confess. "Fool! I should only frighten and wound her, my little dove! What am I in her eyes! A dull, plodding gray-beard! Why should I scare her in her happy dream?"

Then a gleam of hope would force its way into the darkness: "But she has been happy with me until that boy came. Might she not be willing, if she knew—ah! if she knew but half my love? Oh! I cannot, cannot lose her!"

And yet, to all observant eyes, he was the grave, reserved, quiet John Steele—courteous with his equals, kind to his inferiors. He was, as ever, the thoughtful host, the indulgent, the steady friend.

The hidden war with himself went on for weeks. At last he made his decision. "When Herbert asks her hand of me I shall know whether or not she truly loves me. If all her heart is not his I will hope—I will offer my love to her. If she confesses to loving him I will be silent forever."

The holidays went by, the house grew quiet—Herbert sought an interview with his elder brother. John listened quietly. "I have expected this, Herbert. I will talk with Violet."

"But you can give me your consent." "I can say nothing now."

With a look of surprise Herbert withdrew—went down the wide oak stair, crossed the terrace, whistling. John rang the study bell. "Ponape, ask Miss Vane to come to me."

He turned faint at the sound of her first step on the velvet of the hall, yet fought off the weakness successfully before she came in. The pain remained, but she saw no sign of it.

She wore a dress of blue, her bronze curls hung about her face, her pet greyhound Caliph followed close at her side. He motioned her gently to a seat.

For a moment he did not speak—he felt tired with suffering. Her dog which he had given her crossed the room, and, laying his slender head upon his knee, looked up wistfully into his face.

"What is all this, Violet?" with a forced smile, a steady voice. "He has told you?" with a swift blush.

"Told me what, Violet? Come closer, little one, and let me look into your face. Why could he tell me?" "That we love each other."

She was on her knees beside his chair, her blushing, bright features hidden in his shoulder. She could not see his face. "No, ah! no!" "My child, have you quite given your heart to this young brother of mine so soon? It is but a little while that you have known him."

THE WOMEN WERE GAME.

Means Adopted by Two Sisters to Stop a Levy on a Steer.

Two miles east of Coosa is a mountain called Judy's mountain, at the foot of which live Betsy and Judith Lewis, generally called Bet and Jude, for short. The Rome (Ga.) Tribune says that a merchant has a small f. fa. against Bet, and told a bailiff to levy on Ball, a large white-faced steer, which had cost Bet about \$150, buying him in a bailiff's sale, besides the original purchase money.

The bailiff declared he wouldn't go unless the merchant went along to point out the property. Then Joe Lewis, a man about town, but not related to Bet, concluded to go along and see the fun.

The three rode up to the Lewis house and called for Ball. Bet said he was down in the field, but no living man could rope him.

The party rode down through the field with Bet and Jude following them, heaping anathemas upon the head of the merchant and swearing he stole the shingles from them that were on his horse.

When the bailiff and Lewis had passed through a gap in the cross fence Bet squared herself in the gap and swore as long as sides and waves were blue. The pesky merchant should not pass through.

The merchant, who was on a very large horse, rode back about fifty yards and charged the gap, thinking Bet would step out of the way, but not a bit did Bet.

She seized the horse by the bridle and set him down on his haunches like a setter dog. The bailiff then held Bet till the merchant passed through, she being too smart to resist an officer.

When they came up with Ball the bailiff threw the line over his horns and Bet jerked it off, which was repeated several times. Finally Bet threw her arms around the steer's horns and blocked the game. When the bailiff told the merchant to hold Bet, she made at him for a fight. He caught her by each arm, and by a superhuman effort held her off at arm's length, while she squirmed and swore she would cut his heart out.

At this juncture Bet's dog, conceiving it was a free-for-all fight, grabbed the steer by the tail, whereupon Ball kicked loose from everything and started off on a dead run.

Excited Citizen—My wife was killed in that smash-up on your road, and I want \$10,000 damages.

Excited Citizen—That's all right, but she had on her new spring bonnet—Truth.

Roberts (extending a cigar)—There is a cigar that I can recommend.

George—Thanks, but I should prefer one that you would care to smoke yourself.—Boston Transcript.

Tommy—Father, what are lords? Father—They are certain persons of the English nobility.

Tommy—And are their children angels?—Puck.

Jack Potts (bitterly)—I wish I had never learned to play poker!

Mrs. Potts (also bitterly)—Are you quite sure you ever did?—Puck.

Too Much for Him.

Some small boys are said to have a great horror of the bathtub, and are disposed to rebel whenever the time comes for them to get into it. These at least will appreciate the following anecdote, which we cut from an English periodical:

"A young Scotchman at Aldershot fell ill, and was sent to the hospital. A bath was ordered. It was brought into the chamber where the invalid lay. He looked at it hard for some time, and then threw up his hands and bawled: 'Oh, doctor! doctor! I canna drink a' that!'"

After the trial. "Did you notice what a lovely complexion Miss McGinnis had at the ball last night?" said a Harlem society man to his chum on the morning after a great social event at the McGinnis mansion.

"I should say so. I found it on the lapel of my coat this morning," was the startling reply. "Her complexion?"

"Certainly. I had a talk with her toward the end of the ball in the conservatory."—Texas Siftings.

Mr. Pessimist—I consider life as one demitition grind.

Mr. Optimist—That's because you're such a crank, old boy.—Town Topics.

For the Boarder. This maddening strife Makes many arms ache; The duller the knife The tougher the steak.

AN EXCEPTIONAL CASE. Excited Citizen—My wife was killed in that smash-up on your road, and I want \$10,000 damages.

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Little Margaret was going to a children's party the other day and her mother was telling her some little politenesses to be observed.

"And when you come away, she said, 'go up to your little hostess and thank her for giving you a pleasant time.'"

MISS LEITER ENGAGED.

the Chicago Heiress to Wed a Well-Known English Politician.

The announcement of the engagement of Miss Mary Leiter, eldest daughter of L. Z. Leiter, of Chicago, to George N. Curzon, M. P., one of the most prominent figures in English political life, has created great interest.

Those familiar with the prospects of the groom-elect presage for the union a future of great brilliancy. Mr. Curzon being one of the rising men in the British house of commons. Though a young man, he has already held office.

As for the prospective bride, Miss Mary Victoria Leiter, it is said that in the way of education and culture she will not have to take lessons of her intended. This captivating young

heirress has spent most of her life in travel and study abroad and will be entirely competent to follow his lordship in any mental flights he may feel disposed to indulge.

In the way of money, too, the Chicago girl will probably not be found wanting, and if the blushing bride is to be endowed at the altar with enough titles to fill a book and more ancestors than pounds sterling, yet the father-in-law, whose fortune was made in trade, is not the man to accept a good thing without paying for it.

The rent roll of a large number of buildings in Chicago will come in quite handy in paying the ordinary bills of the hereditary legislator and his American wife and will not be unwelcome when it comes to renovating the ancestral manors and cutting the park grass. Mr. Leiter is a multi-millionaire.

The early profits of the dry goods business discreetly invested in real estate have set the number of millions up to a figure which is largely speculative.

John Stuart Blackie. He was One of the Few Great Scholars of the Present Generation.

John Stuart Blackie, who died recently at Edinburgh, Scotland, was born in Glasgow in July, 1809. His father was a banker of Aberdeen, and young Blackie received his education at that place and Edinburgh. He was an ardent student in his youth of German, Italian and classical philology. In 1834 he translated metrically Goethe's "Faust."

He studied law and was admitted to practice in Scotland in the year of his translation of "Faust." Seven years later Prof. Blackie was appointed to the chair of Latin literature in Marischal college, Aberdeen. He remained at this post for nearly twelve years. As a lecturer he was recognized as a man of rare ability. His translations and reviews were widely read and admired.

By his efforts Prof. Blackie succeeded in raising \$50,000 for the endowment of a chair of the Celtic language in the university of Edinburgh. For many years he was the professor of Greek at Edinburgh, resigning the position in 1882. After his resignation he published many translations and reviews and lectured at the universities in behalf of the modern Greeks. Prof. Blackie's articles in the Scottish Review and the Nineteenth Century Magazine have been widely read.

Two years ago Prof. and Mrs. Blackie celebrated their golden wedding. Mrs.



Blackie was the daughter of James Wyld, of Giltston. Until shortly before his death Prof. Blackie was a familiar figure on the streets of Edinburgh. His hair was white, but his form was erect and his bearing vigorous, and there was but little to show that he had lived through the greater part of a century.

Mortgages in This Country. There are 12,000,152 families living in the United States, of which 4,707,179 occupy farms and 7,923,973 occupy homes in town. Of the total, 47.8 per cent. own their farms and homes and 52.2 per cent. pay rent. Of the farms or homes, 72.03 per cent. are entirely free from incumbrance and only 27.97 per cent. are mortgaged at all. And the mortgages represent but 37.5 per cent. of the value of the property, the average value of the incumbered farms or homes being \$1,352 and the average amount of the mortgage \$1,357. Mortgages are generally looked upon as evidence of falling fortunes. On the contrary, it is estimated by some they represent enterprise and development. Farms generally are mortgaged for the implements that work them.

Metals of the Sun. The metals which have been proved by astronomical science to exist in the sun are iron, sodium, nickel, copper and uranium.

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LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD. Arrangement of Passenger Trains. NOV. 18, 1894.

LEAVE FREELAND. 6:05, 8:35, 9:35, 10:41 a. m., 1:25, 2:27, 3:40, 4:25, 5:12, 5:58, 8:05, 8:57 p. m. from Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard, Stockton and Hazleton.

ARRIVE AT FREELAND. 7:36, 9:27, 10:56 a. m., 12:58, 2:13, 4:34, 5:33, 6:38, 8:47 p. m. from Hazleton, Stockton, Lumber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton.

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