nins leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry, hicken and Deringer at 5 30 a m, p m, daily pt Sunday; and 7 03 a m, 2 38 p m, Sun-

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HIS CHINESE WALL.

The "Artist's Court" is very far out of the way, on the extreme borders of the Latin Quarter. And if, when you visit Paris, your apartments are on the "Champs," you have probably never dreamed of the existence of such an

other.

In April of '93 Ned Wilkes and his wife, young married people moved into the court. They rented numeral vingt-neuf. It is from them that I had this story.

vingt-neur. It is from the white story.

During the first three days after moving in Mrs. Wilkes made little ruffled curtains for the casement windows. She persuaded Ned to plant their own little parterre in myosotis and pansies. And she took an inventory of the neighborhood.

And she took an inventory of the neighborhood.
"I know the names of everyone in the court, Ned, dear," said Mrs. Wilkes.
"I've spoken with all the women."
"How about the girl in twenty-sky?"
Ned asked, lazily. "I thought you couldn't make her out."

"Oh, I've spoken with her since then. She's very nice. A little queer, but nice. She's from the west at home— Miss Chandler."

Miss Chandler."

"And the fellow in twenty-seven. That odd crow," continued Wilkes. "Do you know who he is?"

"I had forgotten him," she answered; "I don't even know his name. He looks nice, too. Queer, but nice."

"You said that about the girl in twenty-six," said Ned. "It's a bit of a coincidence that the girl in twenty-six and the fellow in twenty-seven should be both queer but nice. They ought to fall in love with each other."

The following morning Mrs. Wilkes' "bonne" went out to the little village of Clamart to attend the funeral of a deceased relative. Wilkes was obliged personally to extract the household water from the court hydrant, a job of which he was not fond. It was in no gentle mood that, having rolled up his sleeves, he took a pail in each hand and tucked a heavy cruche under one arm. The pump stood in the shadow of the schoolhouse wall.

When Wilkes reached the pump he found some one before him—the man from twenty-seven, the odd crow.

His hair, long and black, was blown in all directions about a face at once odd and ugly, beautiful and interesting. He wore loose black trousers and the white blouse of an art-worker. And he stood some six feet in a pair of French house slippers with red-wool linings. He looked up as Wilkes deposited his burden and smiledJ in a friendly manner.

"You've taken number twenty-nine, haven't you?" the stranger said. "We're pretty close neighbors. My name is Penroyd-Waltham B. Penroyd, New York state."

Wilkes exchanged his own name and birthplace, after which Penroyd extended a long white paw, and they shook hands.

"You've got too much to carry," observed the new neighbor, glancing at the various vessels. "Give me that jug; I'll see it home for you."

Wilkes remonstrated, but the neighbor was firm. "Comeahead!" he cried. "Like as not your wife is waiting for the water. I haven't any wife, Wilkes. I wish I had."

He carried the heavy cruche and set it down on the doorstep of number twenty-nine.

"Come in and see us some time," said Ned.

"Thank you," he answered, ea

don't resist it," said Ned, laughing.

He came the following afternoon.
Ned and his wife were sitting as usual upon the stoop. Ned himself was more than half asleep. The kitten, drowsy, too, sprawled across her master's knees in an ecstasy of purring. Suddenly the latch of the gate snapped. Ned drew himself up and passed a hand across his eyes in bewilderment. That stylish-looking fellow could not be Penroyd?

his eyes in bewilderment. That stylish-looking fellow could not be Penroyd?

But Penroyd it was. He had discarded the loose pantaloons and the
blouse of his working hours. He now
blossomed forth in a tasteful, perfectlyfitting suit of dark material. His long
hair had been brushed back within
bounds and the red-lined slippers exchanged for patent-leather boots, with
all the addenda necessary to make a
well-dressed man.

He brought a handful of roses for
Mrs. Wilkes—a rare and beautiful Spanish variety. His most cherished rose
tree, idolized and pampered throughout the winter, had been ruthlessly despoiled to yield then.

"Lucy, dear," said Wilkes to his wife,
"this is Mr. Penroyd. Sit down, Penroyd. Glad to see you."

"You see, I didn't wait for a second
invitation, Wilkes and Mrs. Wilkes," he
said, smiling.
"We wanted to know you," said Mrs.
"We wanted to know you," said Mrs.
"We wanted to know you," said Mrs.

roses.
"Yes," said Ned. "We had caught a glimpse of you here and there—at the pump, in fact—and there was something about you that made us want to speak."

thing about you that made us want to speak."

Penroyd brought his open palm down sharply on the wooden step, so sharply that the sleepy kitten started up and blinked at him inquiringly,

"Why, Wilkes, I must say that the coincidence is remarkable. Now, the first minute that I clapped eyes on you and your wife I wanted to talk with you. Wilkes and Mrs. Wilkes, I am going to come down with the whole truth at once and ask your opinion. To

speak mildly, I'm in the dickens of a mess."

Ned struggled to retain his gravity.
"There's a girl in it, I suppose," he said.

"There is, Wilkes. That is why I am presuming enough to trouble you both with my personal affairs. I said to myself: 'Wilkes there and Mrs. Wilkes have just successfully steered their vessel into the sea of matrimony. They probably found that it wasn't all smooth sailing to get there. Here is Waltham Penroyd struggling in the same direction, with very wind that "There's a girl in it, I suppose," he said.

"There is, Wilkes. That is why I am presuming enough to trouble you both with my personal affairs. I said to myself: Wilkes there and Mrs. Wilkes have just successfully steered their vessel into the sea of matrimony. They probably found that it wasn't all smooth sailing to get there. Here is Waltham Penroyd struggling in the same direction, with every wind that blows blowing in his teeth. Who knows but they will let him benefit by their experience?

"Wilkes and Mrs. Wilkes," he said, "if you permit me, I am going to tell you about this thing from beginning to end. Unfortunately for me, that's a very short distance."

Ned and his wife were most anxious to hear.

"You must, have, noticed", began

to hear.

"You must have noticed," began Penroyd, "that there is a young lady in twenty-six—a very handsome and extraordinavy girl, Miss Chandler. She has a sister—a cripple. They moved into twenty-six just one month yesterday.

has a sister—a cripple. They moved into twenty-six just one month yester-day.

"Wilkes, you know what asses we young fellows are when there's a girl in the question. Well, I heard, of course, that I was to have a young lady neighbor. I was sick almost from curiosity. They came in the evening, and I hadn't a glimpse in the dark even. The following morning about seven o'clock I heard her casement open. Her shutter creaks just as mine does. I sprang to the window, wrapping myself in the curtains to be invisible. And I got my first glimpse of Edith Chandler. That was the glimpse that laid me out, Wilkes and Mrs. Wilkes. I knew in that moment that I could love no girl but that girl. That I should love her for life and death if I never set eyes on her again, I knew as well as if I heard it from a burning bush. I left the window with a cold perspiration on my forchead. I recognized one of those traps of fate in which a man is weaker than a hummingbird in a cat's claw.

"It was fully an hour before she left"

my forchead. I recognized one of those traps of fate in which a man is weaker than a hummingbird in a cat's claw.

"It was fully an hour before she left that window, but I didn't venture another look. I sat there in a stupor with that first image of her burning itself in on my brain, the image of her looking out over those orchis-pots, with that uncarthly sadness in her eyes and the new sunlight on her face."

Penroyd stopped speaking and stroked the kitten's forchead meditatively with his thumb.

"Good heavens, man!" cried Ned. "Are you_desparing of a girl before you have had an introduced, Wilkes. I mean I introduced myself and we have spoken together a little over the gate. In fact, the first day or two I almost began to hope. They were so kind—she and her sister—neighborfashion, you know. But two weeks did for that. I have found out that she avoids me."

"How do you know, in heaven's name?" asked Ned.

"The hydrant unfolds the tale," said Penroyd, dreamily.

Wilkes brushed back the hair from his eyes and looked at his visitor in astonishment.

"What has the court hydrant to de with a search and her say he heaven's the descent of the search had been the sister—in stonishment.

his eyes and looked at his visitor in astonishment.

"What has the court hydrant to do with your case, man?" he demanded.

Penroyd broke into a laugh. "I forgot," he said. "I was pretty obscure, wasn't 1? This is what I meant. At first Miss Chandler used to come at six o'clock to draw water for household purposes—and I got into the habit of drawing mine at six, too. In fact, Wilkes, to tell the truth, I went there every morning to meet her and to carry wilkes, to tell the truth, I went there every morning to meet her and to carry her pails for her. At first she must have thought it coincidence. But she couldn't remain long in ignorance. And the moment that she got on to the idea she stopped coming at six; came at five instead. Now, I leave it to you, Wilkes and Mrs. Wilkes, if that girl comes out an hour earlier of a chilly morning isn't it sign enough that she avoids me?"

On May 8 Miss Wilkes made the following entry in her journal of days; "Ned and I have begun to hope. Mr. Penroyd sat with Miss Chandler all afternoon, from three to six, on her back steps. The slater came over and sat with us. I love them both."

On May 9 Ned wrote in the same volume:

volume:

"Penroyd turned up here this afternoon. Stayed half an hour. Said he had told Miss Chandler that he loved her. She asked him not to tak of such things, to be her friend. P. says his brain is splitting with the agony."

On May 10 Mrs. Wilkes as follows:
"Mr. Penroyd sitting with Miss Chandler again. Three till six. Oh, if she doesn't marry that fellow she's an idlot. He's as good as gold. I like to look at his face. I can't make her out."

On May 11 her husband:
"The plot thickens. Penroyd told Miss "The plot thickens. Penroyd told Miss"

self, for example."

May 13 Mrs. Wilkes as follows:
"Poor Mr. Penroyd. Miss Chandler has refused to speak again on that subject, the only subject that he wants to hear discussed. She asked him to forgive her for foreign the subject of the subject

wines repeated this conversation to his wife.

"Ned, I think something will happen to help them, don't you?"

"I hope so," said Wilkes.

"I think something is going to happen," said Ned's wife.

A young cousin of Mrs. Wilkes returned from a winter in Italy, a boyish young fellow, living from hand to mouth, and speaking half a dozen languages with equal facility.

On the afternoon of the young fellow's arrival Penroyd also called at twenty-nine. He sat on the steps

guages with equal facility.

On the afternoon of the young fellow's arrival Penroyd also called at twenty-nine. He sat on the steps with Mrs. Wilkes and the visitor. Ned himself was sprawling in a hammock swung between the little apple tree and a part of the garden fence. In the midst of talk and sketching the door of twenty-six opened. Miss Chandler stepped out to gather up a basket of needlework standing in the doorway. The young cousin was making a sketch in that direction. He eaught a glimpse of her and sprang up, shading his eyes with one hand.

"Mon Dieu!" he said.

A moment more and the girl had recovered her basket and reentered the house. The young cousin sat down. "Miss Chandler is living here, then?" he observed.

"Yes. Do you know her?" asked Mrs.

"Yes. Do you know her?" asked Mrs. Wilkes, quickly. She looked at Penroyd. He was gently stroking the kitten's head with his thumb. One could not have said that he listened.

"Yes, I know her a little. I know a good deal about her-more than most people. You know she lived in the Rue Racine when I was there. Peor girl, I don't know whether it's the same thing now, but she had a ridiculous mystery hanging over her head—avoided meeting the fellows and all that kind of thing—"
"It is just the same at present "ab

of thing—"
"It is just the same at present," observed Penroyd, calmly.
"Well, unother fellow and myself ferreted out that little mystery. I am
ashamed of the thing now. It seems
such an unmanly business. But we kept
it to ourselves."
"What was the mystery?" asked Penroyd.

royd.
"Her father was in the penitentiary.
He died there."

ipper. Mrs. Wilkes' journal for that day con

tained:

"Went to the opera with Ned and Cousin Dick. 'Lohengrin.' It was sublime, but I didn't enjoy it. I thought every moment of poor Mr. Penroyd. I wonder what he thinks of the discovery—of his Chinese wall, as he calls it, and how he proposed to scale it. She will never marry him if what Cousin D— said is true."

The following morning came Penroyd himself. He found Ned and his wife in the atelier. The young cousin had gone down to Charenton for a day's sketching.

wife in the atelier. The young cousinhad gone down to Charenton for a day's
sketching.
"Now, don't interrupt your work,"
said the visitor. Ned had laid down
his palettte and brushes. "I just
fropped in for a moment. You have
been so good to me, both of you, that
t know you will be anxious to hear the
end of it all. Wilkes and Mrs. Wilkes, it
is finished, and happily. I have cleared
the wall of China."
"How?" cried Ned and his wife, in
one breath.

"It was all that fortunate chance of our cousin. My success has come rought you, Wilkes and Mrs. Wilkes, ut for your cousin's instrumentality should be the inmate of some padded ell. After that discovery, however, nings were easy—as easy as breathing he breath of life. At seven o'clock ist evening I went to call on Miss handler.

Chandler.

"Pdith,' I said, 'I leave to-morrow or Australia or some other deservablee, for any land is a desert away from you. I shall haunt you and dog rour footsteps no longer. But before go let me confess. My dearest one, know your secret. It was that which hade me presumptuous enough to look not your face. I thought: 'She has uffered through her father's troubleshe will be more merciful of mine.' had no right to love you, no right to reathe a word of love into your ears. Not had no right to love you, no right to reathe a word of love into your ears. You had no right to love you, no right to reathe a word of love into your ears. When mow it is a crime. I was tempt does not it is a crime. I was tempt are about to part forever, and I will hake my confession. I am not an honst man, Edith. I served five years of entirentiary myself. My own dearesaber you to forgive me.'

"Dearest,'s hes said, 'if that is true here is no need for us to part. Why awan't we been honest together beone and saved ourselves this misery?" Perroyd finished. He was sitting on couch by the window. He spread out is long, white hands, and mechanically aised each finger in succession. Mrs. Vilkes whied away a couple of tears which were rolling down her cheeks.

"Penroyd, that yarn of yours was a omplete lie, wasn't it?" said Ned.

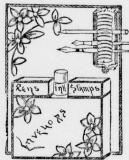
"Yes, it was a complete lie," assented benroyd, smiling.

"How in heaven's name did you inemt it?" 'Edith,' I said, 'I leave to-morro

Penroyd, smiling.

"How in heaven's name did you invent it?"
"Oh, I don't know," was the answer.
"I'd invent a good many things to marry Miss Chandler." — Peterson's Magazine.

—The most generous vine, if not pruned, runs out into many superfluous stems and grows at last weak and fruit-less; so doth the best man if he be got cut short in his desires, and pruned with afflictions.—Bishop Hall. —A soul exasperated by its ills falls out with everything, with its friend and itself.—Addison.



wall pocket for stationers. The de-oration is very simple for anything s-effective, and consists of painting i-the design with Chinese white, shadin the centers of petals with green, an outlining with Japanese gold cor-couched down with yellow silk. It wi-be best to cut a pattern for the differen-parts of stift brown paper, bend ther to the required shape and adjust to pc sition on the back. Now take your Bris tol board—mark with pencil and rul where the sides of compartments shoul with a sharp knife cut navit

The Japanese gold cord and the twis ed gold cord will be found at the fan stores, and the Bristol board at the printer's or stationer's.—Ida D. Be-nett, in Farmer's Review.

Care of Hard-Wood Floors.

A housekeeper who is noted for he, eatness says that a wood floor in the ouse is as much care as a baby. This is no doubt true, and yet a little attenon systematically given the floor each ay is productive of marvelous good results. A flannel bag made to slip over the bristless of a broom makes an excelutant convenient noticity. The wood in the contract of the productive of the productive of the contract of the productive of the pr to avoid the intreathered over the flo To deep-stained or varnished flo light-wipe frequently with a soluti of milk and water.

A Word About Birthdays.

A lonely woman, one who was bearing patiently a great sorrow, surprised a friend one day by saying: "Come with me next Tuesday, it is my birthday, and I want you to help me celebrate it." "Why should she care to celebrate iter birthday?" thought the friend. But the next week she learned, for the sorrowful one went loaded with gifts to an institution in which she took a keen interest. "I want some one to be glad that I was born," said she, and that is the noblest, best and happiest thought that can come to us on our birthdays. It is pleasant to be remembered and to receive presents, but whether surrounded with love or suffering from neglect, which is more often thoughtlessness than intention, we can make some one happier because we were born.

Use of the Lemon in Manleuring.

Use of the Lemon in Manleuring.
Sliced lemon is almost as indispensable an adjunct of the toilet as the tea table. It will, if used with reason, keep the skin white. If rubbed across the fingernails it is almost as effective as ssors in keeping down

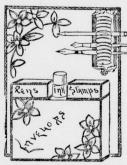
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HANDY LITTLE ARTICLE.

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