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MONTGOMERY WARD & CO. Michigan Ave. and Madison Street CHICAGO

FOLLY OF WOMAN.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

more regard for my appearance." "I never thought about your appearance at all," was the major's blunt answer. "And I suppose it doesn't matter—of course you'll go home now?" "Not at once. I don't want to spoil Walter's evening." The major bent his brows. "Was it for his pleasure you came here to-night?" "Everard brought me to arms."

"For my own, I'm afraid—principally. I love dancing. I'm a perfect child where a ball is in question. By the way, Tom, you undervalue your powers. I'll give you the third and the fifth at Lady Holmwood's to-morrow if you like."

"You mean to go to another dance to-morrow?" "Everard, appalled. "Most certainly, why not?" "Why not?" Everard's tone was more than half angry now. "Because you are totally unfit for this life of hurry and fatigue and excitement. You are not fit—you are ill—we have just had abundant proof of that. If you go on in this fashion, you will do yourself some serious mischief. What has come over you? When you were a young girl at your first season, you could give up parties philosophically enough. And now—now—"

"Now that I am old enough to know better, I will not forget a single evening's amusement, you would say?" "Ever had given very white again; her lips were quivering. "Even so, sage moralizer. You see, I'm painfully conscious that, being what I am, I shall have more opportunities of dancing, and must needs make the most of those that remain."

"Even at the risk of killing yourself?" "Have you never heard of a short life and a merry one? You needn't trouble yourself to assume that disapproving air, sir. I don't mean to sink into an invalid before necessity compels me, just to gratify prudent persons like yourself!"

In such an airy fashion did she bear down his arguments, that the major, for the moment, really gazed at her. "I have never given it any more definite name—told her safely over those terrible blank spaces? She insisted on returning to mingle at once with the crowd; and when Betty, an hour later, ventured a low-voiced remonstrance, grounded on her friend's air of suppressed suffering, she was replied with:

"My dear, it's not civil to tell people they are too ugly to be abroad. If I had a cough which disturbed the company's peace of mind, I would retire at once." "Thank heaven! my ailments have never taken such tangible form!" she thought to herself. "But in this free country I presume a woman may be permitted to look as ill as she likes."

When Major Everard stepped out of his hansom at Lady Holmwood's door the following evening, he felt certain—miserably certain—of finding Betty among her guests. There had been strong and serious purpose underlying his cousin's light speech. Something—very far removed from reckless love of pleasure—was driving her remorselessly upon this course, which he, and every other human being save one, stood powerless to arrest.

Dance music was sounding as he crossed the hall, but just as he reached the foot of the staircase it ceased, sharp, suddenly, in the middle of a bar, and his first sight of the ballroom on the upper floor showed him no array of couples, but a vast, empty space, black-clothed men and bare-headed, jeweled women pressing toward a doorway at the further end, with subdued exclamations of:

"She's dead!" "No, no—it's only a fainting fit!" "Is her husband here?" "Not yet; coming on later." "Someone ought to send for a doctor!" With scant ceremony Tom Everard elbowed his way through the swaying, murmuring throng into the little room, draped and shrouded to a soft gloom for "sitters out" there, on a heap of cushions, Eve Altonby lay white and motionless. An elderly man, a great physician who had brought his daughter to the ball—bent over her, holding her left wrist in his right hand. Lady Holmwood, pale and shivering, was at the head of the couch; at the foot knelt Betty, crying helplessly.

As Everard, walking like a man in a dream, came before the group, on to the Holmwood dance, of course one feels immensely for him; but it's difficult to be very sorry for a woman who deliberately threw away her life—for the sake of a few parties."

This is Mrs. Cotterell's verdict—generally allowed to be just by the majority of Eve Altonby's acquaintance, who, by himself, while mistaking his terribly, cannot altogether shut eyes to the recklessness of the behavior which deprived him of her; in too, a recognition of her folly has something to soften the edge of it. There are, however, a few heartless persons—among them Major Everard and little Betty—who, all day to mourn poor Eve. And these they that "folly" rightly condemned of their less indulgent fellows another and a gentler name.—The Argosy.

"Mr. Higgins, can I get off this afternoon? My grandmother's dead."

"Yes, you may go; but tell your grandmother that she will imperil your financial welfare if she dies any more this summer."—Chicago Record.

"To the pure all things are pure—Ah, this is true no more. For the pure get left as others do. When they take the grocery store."—Chicago Herald.

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S Remedy The one sure cure for The Kidneys, Liver and Blood

STILL WAITING

The Old Lady Had Watched For Him Over a Year.

She sits in the corner by the green stove and waits for him. She has waited over a year, and he has not yet come. A year is as long to old age as it is to childhood. The sun filters green through the geraniums in the window, and roars in the street, but it cannot reach her, says the Westminister Budget. Her bones are cold with the chill of time. On her lap, twined about her knobby hands, lies her rosary of coarse wooden beads strung on a brass chain.

From time to time her fingers move, and her violet lips stir silently. She is praying that he may come. And the spring, with its blossomy plumbeous, and the summer, with its green, purple-globed gloom, slide by. She watches the window and wonders.

Then the cold blue of the square of sky is scratched across by bare black boughs, and autumn is here. They pile the stove full of wood, and the air quivers dizzily about it. The plum tree is streaked with snow, the window shrinks whitely to half its size. It is winter, and still he tarries.

The sweat stands on the faces of her sons as they sit in the light-closed room evenings, but she shivers under the feather bed they have heaped about her. It is cold. The priest comes and shouts at her that God is good, that she must be patient.

Then she answers chatteringly:—"Ja, Ja, Der Heber Gott—der Heber Gott!"—but she has no words for him. She is eighty-three years old. She has lived her life. Is this a prologue? Or an epilogue?

They are kind to her. Her grandsons carry her to and from her room, and one of her granddaughters feeds her and wipes her chin. They do their duty. But Linchen is engaged to the blacksmith's Emil, and they are waiting for him, for his coming. Will he never come? One day she grows impatient. "I want to go," she cried to the priest. "I have waited long enough. God has forgotten me."

"The dear God never forgets." "I am only a poor peasant woman, and he has forgotten me," she insists obstinately in his socket. "Hush!" She pushes away the feather bed and sits up suddenly. "I am an old woman and you are a boy. I tell you, he has forgotten me."

Then she cries bitterly and begs his pardon. He quiets her and goes out into the cold stillness of the December day. He wonders, too. That night she cries out in her sleep. She thinks her baby wants her, and that she cannot go to him. Her baby, a gaunt man of fifty, comes in and sits by her side.

"Na, mutter, set' rubig," he says. Then she cries and explains to him that she can wait no longer. She must go. "Ja, Ja, you shall go. Only a little patience." The next morning she refuses to eat, and prays for the souls of her children who lie in Purgatory. That night the wind comes up and the window rattles in its socket. She does not call any one all night.

In the morning they go in to see her. She is lying with her mouth open, her eyes half closed. The sun falls on her yellow face. Her daughter crosses herself. "Her man—die Mutter," she began. "Pence be to her soul." Then she half closed eyes open. "Morge!" She is still waiting.

No Mistaking the Man. Charles Dickens delighted to tell stories of John Forster, the writer and editor, with whom he was much associated. Mr. Forster had so peremptory and decisive a manner that it impressed all who came in contact with him. His eyes were kept in perfect and almost abject submission to his wishes, and yet he showed many kindnesses to them, and they were greatly attached to him.

The story runs that on one occasion a cabman called at the printing office and was unable to give the name of the person who had ordered him to come at a certain hour, without fail. The office porter asked for a description of his fare, and the cabman stated that he was "a stout gentleman." To this the porter replied that there were several stout gentlemen in the office, and inquired whether this one was tall or short.

"I don't know which you'd call him," returned the cabman. "I didn't take special notice; but there can't be two like him; he's that there harbitary cove!" The porter summoned Mr. Forster without hesitation, and found he had made no mistake. When the story lately was enjoyed by more than the "harbitary cove" himself.—Youths Companion.

Manufacturing a Snowy Road. "I would you paint the snowy road in your picture of Napoleon in 1812?" I asked Meissonier. He picked out from under the table a low platform, about a metre and a half square, and said: "On this I prepared all that was required—snow, mud and ruts. I kneaded the clay and pushed across it this piece of cannon several times, up and down. With a short staff I then pressed the marks of the horses' feet; I strewn flour over it, pushed the cannon across again, and continued to do so until I obtained the semblance of a real road. Then I salted it, and the road was ready."

Taking the Cowtoys' Picture. "Now," said the border photographer, pulling his gun and leveling it across the camera at the man in the chair, "will you have the kindness to look pleasant?" Much amused by the cheek and the cool nerve of the customer, thus conveyed, the bold cowtoys smiled broadly, and at that instant the border photographer pressed the button.

The Deacon—Brother, do you think we ought to accept that gift from Heighway in the matter?" The Pastor—I think we might. We accepted one from a cornet manufacturer, you know.—Indianapolis Journal.

STORY OF OCEAN MARY.

Baby Mascot of the Sea Won the Heart of a Pirate.

In the village burying ground at Honeiker, N. H., may be seen standing among a dozen slabs of like design, a small slate stone, whose inscription, in common with the others, in no manner suggests that the story of the one in whose memory it was set was different from the ordinary affairs of the hillside pioneer.

It is the grave of Ocean Mary. It was years and years ago that the baby mascot of the sea won the heart of a pirate. Previous to 1729, the year in which the principal events of this narrative occurred, many families of Scotch peasantry crossed the North Channel and found for time homes in the larger towns on or near the coast of Ireland. Thus Londonderry became the residence of a large number of Scotch yeomanry.

In those old times of slow ships and many perils of the sea, it was a ferry from Londonderry in Ireland to Scotland and the Emerald Isle had all the principal events of this narrative occurred, many families of Scotch peasantry crossed the North Channel and found for time homes in the larger towns on or near the coast of Ireland. Thus Londonderry became the residence of a large number of Scotch yeomanry.

Among the passengers were James Wilson and his young wife. A year before Wilson married Elizabeth Fulton, and they were on their way to Londonderry, N. H., where land had been laid out to James Wilson as one of the grantees of that town.

One sultry evening the lookout saw on the horizon a faint standing like a gray albatross against the early rising moon. All through the hot summer night the strange craft wore nearer and nearer, and when morning came, the pirate saw that he had a black shadow under her full set of canvas.

The pirate was within gunshot of the emigrant ship. To fight one away was not to be thought of. The slow ship had not a dozen muskets. They simply waited. They had not long to wait, for boats were soon alongside and swarming upon the deck, the robbers fell to work and men who knew how to plunder and kill. Crew and passengers were bound and some were left lying where they were captured, and some rolled into corners, but not a momentary freak of the invader.

None were killed. Valuables were gathered into parcels convenient to be transferred to the pirate ship. The robbers again going back to search the officers' quarters, threw open the after cabin door with a rough hand, but seeing a woman lying in the berth, stopped.

"By are you there?" demanded the ruffian. "See," the terrified woman uncovered a baby's face. Then the pirate drew near. "Is it a boy or a girl?" "A girl." "Have you named it?" "No."

The pirate went to the cabin door and commanded that no man stir until further orders. Then, returning, he went close to the berth where the woman lay, and said gently, "If I may name that baby, that little girl, I will unbind your men and leave your ship unharmed; may I name the girl?" "Yes."

Then the rough old robber came nearer still and took up the tiny, unresisting hand of the baby. "Mary" was the name the woman heard his speak. There were other words, but spoken so low she could not hear. Only his Maker and his own heart knew, but when the child drew its hand away the mother saw a tear on the pink fingers.

There have been other knights than Bayard. Here was one. As good as his word, the pirate captain ordered all captives unbound, and goods and valuables restored to the places from which they had been taken; then with his crew he left the ship and sailed to his own vessel. But the emigrant ship had scarcely got under way when a new alarm came to them. The pirate was returning.

If they were dismayed at his reappearance, they were surprised to see him come on board alone and go directly below to the cabin. There he took from a parcel a piece of broadest silk of marvellous fineness of texture and beauty of design. Seen at a little distance the effect of the pattern is as of a plaid combining in wonderfully harmonized tones nameless hues of red and green, softened with lines of what evidently was once white.

Time has perhaps, somewhat mellowed its color tone, but the richness of its quality is as the richness of pearls. "Let Mary wear this on her wedding day," the pirate said, as he lay the silk on the berth.

Some time early in the year 1732, Thomas Wallace emigrated to America and settled in Londonderry where, on December 18 of the same year, he was married to Ocean Mary by the Rev. Mr. Davidson of that town. Her wedding gown was the pirate's silk.

A granddaughter and a great-granddaughter have also worn the same dress on like occasions.

ERIE RAILROAD

TIME TABLE.

Corrected to Date.

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TRAINS NOW LEAVE PORT JERVIS AS FOLLOWS:

EASTWARD.	
No. 19, Daily Express	3:24 A. M.
No. 10, Daily Express	5:30 " "
No. 8, Daily Express Sunday	6:30 " "
No. 6, Daily Express	7:45 " "
No. 60, Sunday Only	7:45 " "
No. 46, Daily Express Sunday	10:07 " "
No. 4, Daily Way Train	12:15 P. M.
No. 2, Way Express Sunday	1:27 " "
No. 2, Daily Express	4:35 " "
No. 2, Daily Express	4:35 " "
No. 8, Daily Express	5:20 " "
No. 18, Sunday only	5:45 " "
No. 1, Daily Express Sunday	6:45 " "
No. 11, Daily Express	10:00 " "

WESTWARD.

No. 3, Daily Express	12:30 A. M.
No. 17, Daily Express Train	1:30 " "
No. 1, Daily Express	11:30 " "
No. 11, For Hoop's E. P. Sun	12:10 P. M.
No. 8, Local Express Sunday	12:30 " "
No. 27, Daily Express Sunday	12:30 " "
No. 7, Daily Express	10:15 " "

D. L. Roberts, General Passenger Agent, New York.

TIME TABLE

of the P. J., M. & N. Y. R. R.

TRAINS LEAVE PORT JERVIS, ERIE DEPOT FOR MONTICELLO AS FOLLOWS:

No. 6, Daily Express Sun	12:15 P. M.
No. 8, Daily Express Sun	5:30 " "
Train H Sunday Only	6:30 " "

Trains arrive in Monticello as follows:

No. 6, Daily Express Sunday	1:45 P. M.
No. 8, Daily Express Sunday	6:51 " "
Train H Sunday Only	6:51 " "

TRAINS LEAVE MONTICELLO AS FOLLOWS:

No. 1, Daily Express	8:30 A. M.
No. 7, Daily	1:04 P. M.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT PORT JERVIS ERIE DEPOT:

No. 1, Daily Express Sunday	9:50 A. M.
No. 3, Daily	5:05 P. M.

TRAINS LEAVE PORT JERVIS ERIE DEPOT FOR HOOP'S:

No. 2, Daily Express Sunday	8:00 A. M.
No. 1, Daily Express Sunday	3:40 P. M.
Train C Sunday Only	3:40 P. M.

TRAINS LEAVE MONTICELLO FOR PORT JERVIS ERIE DEPOT:

No. 7, Daily Express Sunday	12:35 A. M.
No. 9, Daily Express Sunday	6:18 P. M.
Train H Sunday Only	5:58 P. M.

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