

The True and The False

"Yes, I will do so, but don't trouble yourself about details, dear Augusta, believe me, everything will go on in the best possible order. I came to see if you were awake, and tell you that I shall bring you up some tea and toast and that you must take it."

"Dearest Letty, don't ask me, when I cannot. How is Maud, and where is she?"

"I made her take something and go to rest. She is asleep now."

"God bless her. And now, Letty, bid me good-night, and let me rest; rest is my only medicine."

With a deep sigh Letty stooped down and kissed her sister and once more withdrew from the room.

And still she lay there in that dark room, with her hands locked above her head, listening to the sounds of the household preparing to retire to bed. By midnight the house was perfectly still. The family were all asleep. And she arose and threw on a white dressing gown, and glided softly down the stairs, pausing to listen. She reached the hall of the first floor; all was quiet; no sound was heard but the subdued voices of the watchers in the front chamber.

She went to the door of the back chamber—cautiously opened it and entered. At last—at last she was alone with her dead.

There was a wax taper left burning on the hearth. She took it up and approached the bed, and threw its light over the form extended there. She reverently uncovered the face and gazed upon it—white—cold—motionless—expressionless—dead.

Dead? Perhaps not. Of extreme despair is sometimes born a mad hope—mad from its birth. Perhaps, after all, he might not be dead—who knew? She had heard of people given up for dead lying in a trance and recovering to live many years. Why might it not be so with him? What if after all he were only in a trance?

She sat down her taper and again approached the body. You would have thought her crazed had you seen her at work, with her pale still face, and her gleaming eyes and painfully attentive air, as she ran her hand in his bosom and placed it on his heart, and bent her ear to his closed lips. You might have thought her crazed, but she was not. Too well she knew when the trial was past that the cold, hard form was dead.

She dropped her head upon that bosom, that loved bosom that in life had so tenderly sheltered and cherished her—now unresponsive, silent, senseless. She sank upon the bed and clasped that cold form to her heart and wept. They were blessed tears; they loosened the tight and burning cincture around her brain; they relieved what they exhausted her.

She could weep no more, but she crept closer to that dear form—dearer, oh, yes! far dearer, though the soul had fled, than all the living world beside.

Her daughter! Yes she had loved Maud with all a mother's tenderness. But long years before Maud had lived, ever since her own childhood, all her thoughts and affections had centered upon this being; her life had been identified with the life now fled, and there was nothing in the wide world without so near, so dear, as this cold clay.

She crept closer to that loved form. She laid her face against lips against that dearest face. She drew that stiffening arm over her neck and resigned herself to rest. A feeling of exhaustion, of benign repose and content, was stealing over her senses. She was really cold, prostrated, and breathing fitfully; but she did not know it, for a heavenly dream was brightening round her, the boundaries of the room seemed lost in light, and over her stood a shining form, in whose all-glorious countenance she recognized the familiar face of her beloved. He held out his arms to receive her; she raised herself to meet him, her soul filled with joy.

Early in the morning the upholsterers and undertakers arrived at the Hall. Great preparations were on foot for the funeral. The illustrious statesman might not be laid in his last resting place with the Christian simplicity that attends the burial of other men. The officials commenced operations, and made all arrangements with quietness and celerity. The saloon was speedily prepared and decorated for the solemnity of lying in state. And when all was ready they went in grave procession up the stairs, and preceded by Mr. Lovel and Falconer, entered the room of death.

But there a vision met their eyes that rumbled all the vain show, and touched the human heart in their bosoms! For here, on the bed beside the dead, with

her face hidden on his cold bosom, lay his faithful wife—so still they thought she slept. Mr. Lovel approached in awe to wake her, but paused a moment to contemplate this sorrowful picture of love and death. She lay beside him with her arms around him, one arm under his shoulder, the other over his breast, her head upon his bosom with her face downward, and her rich black hair flowing, scarf-like, across his chest.

Mr. Lovel stopped and gently and respectfully accosted her.

She did not reply.

He spoke again, more earnestly and closer to her ear.

She gave no sign of consciousness.

He then, with reverential tenderness, took her hand, started, looked at her anxiously, raised her hastily, turning that beautiful, pale face up to the light. Augusta was dead! But, oh, her content, how "God-satisfied" in death! The passing spirit had set its seal upon the smooth, serene brow, and the calmly closed lips. The expression of her face was a new revelation of the heavenly rest.

Poor Maud! it seemed a cruel stroke that deprived her of her mother that day. And she knelt and wept by that bed as if her heart must break. Nor could she get out of the room until Mr. Lovel took her up in his arms and carried her, fainting away. She grieved as one who would not be comforted, almost resenting the efforts of her friends to soothe her, crying, distractedly:

"I know what you are going to say—'Death is the common lot—it is the Lord's will—we must submit. It is useless and sinful to repine. They are in heaven.' Oh, I know it all, and I know it is true. Haven't I said the same thing a hundred times to other mourners, and do not I say it now to myself? Only it does not stop my heart from bleeding!"

Mr. Lovel expostulated with her, told her she was rebellious to Heaven, etc.

"Don't lecture me, Uncle Lovel. Our Saviour never did so—Jesus never rebuked Mary and Martha for weeping over their dead brother. No, indeed, he wept with them. The Lord will pity me also. Only leave me alone in peace and I will try to be quiet, and the Lord will help me."

After this, Letty sent everyone away from her room, and took the exclusive care of Maud upon herself. And in another hour of her tempest of grief the poor girl said:

"My tears will force their way, dear Letty—but, oh! don't you know that I feel it is selfish to wish her back to this lonesome world—too lonesome for her who has left it! For, oh! Letty, I know very well that not even I, her only child, could have filled the aching void in her heart and life left by his loss. I know he was her all in all years before I ever saw the light, and years on years after I was born. I know that I was only a brief episode in her life, and he was its whole history. They lived and died together—they are united in the land of the blest. And it seems to me so well—only—I cannot help—"

Her words were arrested by another gush of tears.

As for Letty, she essayed no vain, commonplace words of consolation. She merely held the maiden in her arms and let her sob as much as she pleased upon her sympathizing bosom, undisturbed by anything but a soothing caress. And thus Letty comforted the orphan.

After all, the funeral was a very quiet one. Daniel Hunter and Augusta were interred together in the family burial ground at Howlet Hall. A monument of the simplest form of architecture—an obelisk of white marble—marks their grave.

After the funeral the will of Daniel Hunter was opened and read. It was found that he left the whole of his real estate and personal property to his wife, Augusta, and constituted her the sole executrix of the will. But the widow had survived her husband only a few hours, and had died intestate. Consequently, Maud Hunter, who had, within a few days past, attained her majority, was now the sole heiress and actual mistress of Howlet Hall. Mr. and Mrs. Lovel invited their young relative to return with them and spend a few weeks, for change of air and scene, at the parsonage. But no persuasions could induce the orphan to leave the home rendered so sacred by the recent loss of her parents.

Letty Hunter, therefore, remained to keep her company and to superintend

the rearrangement of the disordered house.

Falconer was summoned to Washington to assist in the setting up of his statue. He took a reluctant leave of his betrothed, and with the approbation of Mr. Lovel, promised to return as soon as his errand was concluded and spend the spring and summer at Howlet Hall.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

And now I have to record one of those unexpected, happy events that seem so much like blind accident.

It was about a month after the death of Daniel Hunter and Augusta. The young spring was smiling over the earth, awakening vegetation. The skies were blue, the breezes soft, the fields and forests clothed with tender verdure, the fruit trees all in blossom, the gardens fragrant with flowers, and groves musical with birds. The sad heart of the orphan felt the influence and trembled with the budding of its own new life and joy. Within the hall all was beautiful order and comfort.

One morning Letty and Maud sat at needle-work in the boudoir of the latter. Falconer, who had returned the day previous, read to them from a volume of Wordsworth. A servant entered with a card on a salver, which he handed to his mistress. Maud examined it with a puzzled look.

"Joseph Barton. Iowa City. I don't know him at all—I never heard of him before, I'm sure."

But Letty jumped from her seat, went red and pale, and sat down again.

"Joseph Barton? Who did he ask for, Thomas?" inquired Maud, still perplexing herself over the card.

"For you, ma'am—for Miss Hunter."

"He must be some old friend of my father's. Thomas, return to the gentleman, and say that I will be down in a few minutes."

"No, no, no, no! It is I that he wants to see!" exclaimed Letty, nervously.

"You! He asked for Miss Hunter," said Maud.

"That is my name also, though I think everybody forgets that I ever had any other than Letty."

"Then this gentleman is really an acquaintance of yours—you know him?"

"Oh! Yes—no—I don't know—that is, I used to know—an old—old acquaintance, as you say," said Letty.

"I never did see her so discomposed," said Maud, as the former left the room. Meanwhile Letty, with her heart throbbing in her throat and depriving her of speech and breath, paused upon the landing, and, leaning against the balustrade, exhorted herself as follows:

"Nervous, Letty Hunter, you poor, miserable, little fool, do you, for heaven's sake, remember yourself, and don't turn a fool at your age—don't—it would be ridiculous. You have led a sensible life, and haven't exposed yourself up to this day. Now take care, Letty, you poor sentimental old maid, you ever saw or read of in all the comedies and satires that ever fell under your notice, and be upon your guard. Lord bless you, Letty, consider—that visitor in the drawing-room is only a middle-aged, prudent, sensible merchant, who is on his way East to purchase goods, and has stopped at the Summit railway station, and just dropped over here to see an old, old acquaintance. Therefore, steady, Letty, steady—and for Heaven's sake, don't let anybody find you out. Now do you think I can trust you?" And she went down and entered the drawing-room.

And sure enough, there, in the middle of the room, stood the merchant, a stout man of forty-five, with thick, curling black hair, and a square, deeply-bronzed face, culminated by a set of very white teeth and a pair of dark, smiling eyes; not looking as if the years of absence had gone very hard with him; the last man in the world, from his appearance, to keep his heart and life sacred to the memory of an early love.

Letty came in formally, freezingly, firmly, preparing to say:

"Mr. Barton, I presume; pray be seated, sir."

But he bent her half way, smiling cordially, confidently holding out his hand, and saying "Letty" in a tone that made her forget her reserve and caution, and meet him as if they had parted but yesterday, except that she exclaimed:

"Oh, Joseph—Joseph Barton, it is really you."

"As sure as my life, it is I, Letty," he said, heartily shaking both her hands at once, laughing to conceal the tears in his eyes, and talking a little incoherently. "Don't you see it is I—don't you know me? I knew you, Letty, I have known you if I'd met you at Nootka Sound, or Cape Coast Colony."

"Should you now—and I so changed?"

"Changed. Why, you're not changed the least in the world. I don't see the slightest change. And as wicked as ever, I'll warrant. Eh, Letty, still death is all sentiment, a corner of all love, a skeptic as to constancy—eh, Letty?" he said, holding her hands tightly and drawing her toward him and trying to look into her dear, familiar eyes, which, half-lauding and half-mortified, she turned away, saying:

"Don't talk nonsense to me at my age."

"There, I knew it—the same scoffer that she ever was, and she pretends she's changed!"

"You know what I meant—faded," faded," said Letty.

"Faded! My dear little witch, that's a good one!"

"True," said Letty. "I never had any bloom to fade. I was a wizen child, a wizen girl, and now, as you say, I'm a wizen old witch."

"I said nothing of the kind, you slanderer. But come and sit down. Ain't you going to let me have a seat?"

Presently they found themselves seated on the sofa. After a little while Joseph Barton said:

"Do you know what brought me on here, Letty?"

"The railway cars, I suppose."

"Really? do you think that? How quick you are at guessing, Letty. But what purpose, dear Letty, brought me hither, think you?"

"I suppose you are going east to purchase your spring goods."

"What in April! My dear Letty, what can you be thinking of! My spring goods were purchased and shipped full two months ago. I was in New York in February for that purpose. I had just returned to Iowa City, and was in the midst of the opening and storing and, dropped the whole business into the hands of my clerks, and packed back as fast as I could come—and here I am. Now, what brought me? Letty, is there nothing in your heart that answers the question?"

Letty shook her head. I know not how it would be with other women of thirty-five. Letty's circumstances, but she knew that she, in the midst of the strongest, the most tenacious and most rational attachment that ever lived in woman's heart, felt thoroughly ashamed of it, and numbered herself among the silly, sentimental old maids and widows whom she had seen shown up in satire. The truth is, Letty had never had a keen sense of the ridiculous. And now that laughing imp in her heart and eye—with its flaming two-edged sword of sarcasm, which had been the terror of all tender-hearted though in others, had, with poetic justice, turned upon herself. So her head and heart were at great variance, and she could have cried now with the discord they made. We are glad, for her sake, that true Joseph Barton had a healthy and harmonious nature, and so far from reproaching, congratulated himself upon the present event.

"And so you cannot imagine what brought me here, Letty?" he said. "Well, dearest Letty, I must tell you; I came expressly from Iowa for no other purpose than to see you, and to have a talk with you."

"Then, why in the world, Joseph, didn't you come to see me during all these long, long years?"

"Did they seem long to you, dear Letty? Did they seem long to me, indeed?"

"Thirteen years is an awful chasm in a human life!"

"Why, so it is, especially when it opens in the most flowery portion of youth. They don't often send felons to the penitentiary so long as that."

"It has ruined our two lives. It were preposterous to ask you, why didn't you come, or why didn't you write?"

"All those blank, dreary years of absence! Why, so it would. Let the dead past bury its dead. Let bygones be bygones. Forgetting those things that are behind, and reaching forth unto those things that are before, let us press toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling."

"Don't be irreverent, Joseph."

"I'm not. I think that text as good for this world as for the next. There, Letty, you faithless one! I have given you the three highest inspired authorities I know of—poets, children and holy writ. Now, no more dismal looking back. Remember Lot's wife!"

"You have not told me why, in all these years, you never wrote to me."

"You see me now, why didn't you ever write and give me leave to come back?"

"Oh, I thought to do so—I was about to say, a hundred thousand times—but something, I know not what, always retarded me from writing."

"And I thought, quite a hundred thousand times, of returning, but something—I knew very well what—restrained me."

"What was it?"

"The impression I had that you were married."

"Oh, Joseph!"

"Yes—and I believed so until last month."

"And how did you find it out at last?"

"By the merest accident, without which I should never have known that you were single, and should not now be here at your side," said Joseph Barton, becoming very grave as he added: "It is connected with the subject of your—shall I say, our—great loss, Letty?"

Her eyes filled at the allusion, and she turned away her head.

"I saw in the newspaper report of the last hours of Daniel Hunter, among the names of those present at his dying bed, that of his sister, Miss Letty Hunter! I set out to seek you, Letty, the very day that I saw that announcement—and here I am."

"Poor Letty! How her indignation had burned against those intrusive reporters, whom she had suspected of noting down everything, from the doctor's prescription to the widow's and orphan's tears. Little had she suspected that they were destined to be the blind instrument in bringing about the denouement of her most private, impracticable romance."

"We must not linger over this reunion. You will have anticipated the result. Joseph Barton was duly presented to the young lady of Howlet Hall, and at her invitation became her guest for several weeks."

And in little more than a year from this time, in the beautiful month of June, two marriages were celebrated, which will require another chapter to describe.

(To be continued.)

RHEUMATISM IN THE BLOOD

Cures it by Enriching the Blood With Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

There is only one way by which rheumatism can be cured. It must be treated through the blood. Liniments and outward applications may give temporary relief, but they can't possibly cure the trouble. And while you are experimenting with liniments, the trouble is every day becoming more firmly rooted in the system, and more difficult to cure. The poisonous acid that causes rheumatism must be driven out of the blood, and you can only do this by making new, rich, red blood through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mr. Charles E. Lumley, of Bickford, Ont., is one of the best known farmers in Lambton County. About three years ago, while Mr. Lumley was engaged in shearing, he became overworked, and this was followed by a severe chill, that started the rheumatic pains. Mr. Lumley says: "I did not think anything of it at the time, as I was accustomed to being exposed to all kinds of weather. As a result I was unable to go about next morning. I had severe pains in my arms and legs, which I treated at first with the usual home remedies. As these did not help me, the family doctor was sent for, but he did not have any better success. He told me I was suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism, and there can be no doubt about it, as I was confined to my home about four months before I was fortunately advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I sent for a supply, and it was not long before I found they were helping me, and by the time I had taken a half dozen boxes the trouble had entirely disappeared. In other respects, the pills also greatly improved my health, and I never felt better in my life than I have since taking them. I therefore most cheerfully recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to other similar sufferers."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make sure of this kind after doctors and common medicines fail, because they actually make new blood. They don't cure the mere symptoms. They go right to the root of the trouble in the blood. That is why this medicine cures anemia, indigestion, neuralgia, palpitation of the heart, and the headaches and backaches brought on by the ailments that fill the lives of so many women with misery. Do not take any pills without the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around the box. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FASCINATION OF STAMPS

And the Held They Take on a Man Once He Begins to Collect Them.

"The rich stamp collector as a rule is the very closest buyer," said a stamp dealer. "This phase of collecting, indeed, forms one of the chief delights of the rich collector."

A millionaire collector of this city will roam about the greater part of a day in order to get a desired stamp at a bargain, and when he succeeds it gives him the greatest satisfaction. Apparently he feels amply compensated for all his trouble.

"But the hobby has its advantages, as it gives invaluable mental relaxation. When the man of business is occupied with his stamps all business problems and worries fly to the winds."

"Some time ago a very prominent lawyer in Chicago was led into the store of a stamp dealer in that city and said: 'I want to see some of your stamps.'"

"The stamp dealer, who knew the lawyer, and was aware that he was an extremely busy and hard-worked man, replied, 'Why, you are joking—you don't want to buy stamps.'"

"No, I do," said the lawyer. "I have done too much work lately, and have had something like a breakdown. My physician suggests that I take up some kind of collecting pursuit that will furnish me with a diversion from my work."

"The collection of stamps possesses a curious fascination. Some years ago a Chicagoan was appointed Consul-General at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. After he had been stationed there for a while his niece, who lived in Chicago, wrote and asked if he would send her some Brazilian stamps."

"The Consul-General told one of the attaches of the office to tear off some stamps from letters which came to hand in the course of ordinary business, and these were forwarded to the Chicago girl."

"Upon receiving the stamps she wrote and thanked her uncle for them, but stated that the stamps he had sent were not the kind she wanted, as plenty of the common and current varieties were easily obtainable in Chicago. What she wanted was the old Brazilian stamps of the obsolete issues."

"The gathering of the latter stamps he found to be a task of considerable difficulty, but he went to work, visited the different local stamp dealers, made inquiries in various directions for the stamps, and in the course of a few months had acquired an expert knowledge of the numerous Brazilian issues."

"Brazil was the second country in the

NO STAGE KISS THIS, But on Public View, Nevertheless, for the Shade Was Up.

(N. Y. Sun.)

Whether it is that persons resident in Harlem are not now accustomed to kiss, on a sort of analogy that the electric car has replaced the bus, or whatever be the reason, the sight of two persons engaged in exercising the art of osculation attracted a great crowd in a Harlem street about 7 o'clock last night. As the persons, male and female, are to be nameless, so as to save the name of the hotel and its exact location, save to remark that it is on 125th street, and so also were the persons at the time of the kiss, and afterward, on the third floor two windows to the south from the avenue corner.

It was a long kiss, this, although no official time was taken. The curtains of the window to this room was up when it began and that is how Harlem became aware that a kiss was in its midst. One by one, as crowds do, a crowd gathered in a street below. Every variety of Harlem wit was ventured as the size and proportions of this kiss became momentarily more of record magnitude. Eventually after the crowd grew to about a hundred or so and the kiss was continuing with no signs of losing strength some one bethought himself letting the hotel office know.

An involved telephone message, with hints of the Soul Kiss, Olga Netherpole and the like not inobvious remarks, puzzled the clerk, who did make out that something was toward on the third floor, but was not as I should be. So up went a hallway down came the shade. Estimated time of kiss, about eighteen minutes.

Some time after the curtain had been pulled down a minister, as he said he was, called on the telephone to the telephone to say that he had been passing at the time the curtain was up and didn't think it at all a nice public exhibition on a Sunday.

An Original Child.

"The late Lord Kelvin," said a Harvard scientist, "had a wonderfully original mind from childhood. One day, as a little boy, as little Willie Thomson, they talk a quantity about him in Glasgow."

"It seems that once he suffered horribly a week with toothache. Finally he had his tooth out. After it was done he rose from the chair, held out his little hand to the surgeon, and said: 'Give it to me.'"

"The surgeon, with an accommodating smile, wrapped the tooth in paper and extended it to the lad."

"But what are you going to do with it, Willie?" he asked.

"I'm going to take it home," was the ready reply, "and cram sugar in it, and see it ache."

The Best Razor Strop.

"The best razor strop I ever had was a piece of glass," said the club barber. "An old barber gave it to me, and I told you it worked fine. Unfortunately I let it fall and it broke, and I have never been able to get one like it."

"There's some kink in the grinding which I can't seem to figure out. In these days a good razor strop is a mighty hard thing to find, and I would give a good deal if I could only get that piece of ground glass back again. It sure did put a cutting edge on the razor."—New York Sun.

Mr. De Koven's Critique.

A story about Reginald De Koven was told the other night at a musical dinner in New York.

"An ardent young admirer of De Koven's," said the narrator, "is spending the winter with a rich aunt in Milwaukee. During his visit he had not thus far, been idle. Last week he finished a symphony, which he sent to the maestro, along with a case of Milwaukee beer."

"De Koven wrote back immediately: 'My Dear Boy,—Many thanks for symphony and beer; the latter excellent.'"

Willing to Help.

Young Mr. Sapley was making a protracted call upon the object of his affections, Miss Evans, who was a pianist of considerable ability.

She had just completed 25 minutes of Bach, in the hope that he would get tired and go home. "Oh, Miss Evans," he exclaimed, "I could just die listening to your playing!"

"Would you like to have me play some more, Mr. Sapley?" asked Miss Evans, innocently.—Youth's Companion.

Many a man's sympathy get no further than the telling.



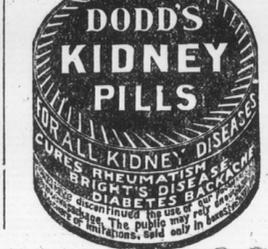
Rapid changes of temperature are hard on the toughest constitution.

The conductor passing from the heated inside of a trolley car to the icy temperature of the platform—the canvasser spending an hour or so in a heated building and then walking against a biting wind—know the difficulty of avoiding cold.

Scott's Emulsion strengthens the body so that it can better withstand the danger of cold from changes of temperature.

It will help you to avoid taking cold.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.



There is no medicine can equal Baby's Own Tablets for the cure of such ills as babyhood and childhood as constipation, indigestion, diarrhoea, colic, simple fever, worms and teething troubles. When you give this medicine to your little ones you have the guarantee of a government analyst that it is perfectly safe. Mrs. Thomas Mills, Ethel, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my little boy and find them just the medicine needed to keep babies healthy. They are easy to take and always do good." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Co., Brockville, Ont.

Big Maine Pine.

There are evidently some big pine trees left up in the northwestern part of the State. Here is a description of one of them sent by C. W. Edgerly, of Old Town, branch at the lumber camp of Flavin Choumond, on the northwest branch of the St. John River.

This pine had three branches and the tree was three feet ten inches through at the butt log. From the tree were taken but two butt logs, each 16 feet long, and four logs 14 feet long were taken from each of the branches. The top log was 13 inches through at the top. All of these logs were sound white pine. Besides these logs one piece 8 feet long at the forks of the branches was left in the wood.

Fourteen logs from one pine is certainly a good record and shows that all the monarchs of the forest from which Maine takes her name of the Pine Tree State are not gone yet.—Bangor Commercial.

ENLIGHTENED.

Politician—I don't think I'll have a bit of trouble getting re-elected. Look how easily I won last year when the people hardly knew me at all.

Miss Sweet—But that's the whole trouble. The people—know you now

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