## THE UNION ADVOCATE WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 14 1903.

## Jndèr a Banner Black

The smile was still lighting her love be returned in the pages of throat trouble. Mrs. Ballington face as she left the room, but it her story-for the sake of making Booth said of it, years ago, that "No

face as she left the 'room, but it died as quickly as she was out of sight. There was one way of granting her mother's 're-quest—one way. She turned on the light in her room, and kneeling down, before her secretary drew from the lower shelves a heavy pile of manuscript. Twelve! The city clocks were striking far and near. One! Two: Still the light shope from one Still the light shope from one

Still the light shone from one plume, to be sure. But there was solitary window along the avenue. Still Enid Byrne sat turning over recognized And no nom be plume Armuse Ave. The breach was too Still End Byrne sat turning over recognized. And no nom be plume Armure Ave. The breach was too the sheets of writing and reading rapidly through the night. It must have been near morning when she lifted her face again and her she lifted her face again and her story for money and for fame? She money. She could ristore of the must have been near morning when she lifted her face again and her eyes had an excited brightness and her cheeks a glow. Yes, it was by far the best thing she had ever written. She was not mistaken in it. Dreamy woodland and hurry-ing city, breath of wild flowers, greeting and patting, death and life, she had woven them all in with a hand that was strong and faltered not. Nothing she had ever with a hand that was strong and faltered not. Nothing she had ever written compared in any way with this. It was the work that would make her name, if published. But for six months she had been secret-tor six ing it under her secretary instead stood fighting the bitterest battle of submitting it to a publisher. of her life. She had let her old friend, the Nay. but

editor of the "Woodruff Magazine, the fight tonight! And she laid her and fro atong the decks. Hus-read the first chapters as she wrote i treasure away with a sigh. read the first chapters as she wrote treasure away with a sigh, them he had asked to see the rest

she said. Perhaps another way Oh, Miss Byrne, you have made may open. I will wait.

your name this time, he had said. I can't praise it enough. You will let me find a publisher for it. Our, columns cannot pay you a just Enid Byrne stood at the same win-ably in the cabin. A man had just price for it. Our columns cannot dow again. Her mother had had left a group and was turning shorepay you a just price. Thank you very, very much, Dr.

of it.

Why, it's positively alve! It's so was aglow tc-night, and the great you again for some time. ruch alive it bleeds when you bell was swing forth its ponderous touch it.

the brighly lighted hall. Suddenly dout the bright light of the ship. The light was the secrect of it. It was the secrect of it. It was her own heart-story. She have the secrect of the same power before. Perhaps she never used to be secrect of the secrect of th would again. But this story was then they passed on out of sight, loose from her moorings. too sacred to sell for money. Be-but not before he had cast a back-So that was to end all.

New. Don't think our Vapo-Cresolene is something

Not

new, for it isn't. For in than twenty years it has been extensively used for all forms of bronchial and

family where there are young child-

stood fighting the bitterest battle of her life. Nay, but she could not finish be just she could not fi bands and wives, mothers and sons -that money and fame were not I will wait just a little longer, said farewell. Children induction in a sacrifice?. said farewell. Children fluttered her motive? Was it possible-such wharf. The Sea girt Isle was A month passed; it was night again, a winter Sunday night. Enid Byrne stood at the same win-ally in the cabin. A man had just another bad spell that day, but had just fallen asleep, and Enid had come to rest awhile after her day farewell was to be out here, then,

Workfield, but I have decided not to publish it at any price. Not publish it: My dear Miss

Not publish it: My dear Miss the street below. The show was Byrne, why such a strange decision? It is not right, not just to the world and yourself to stifle the children of your brain like tha:

Resigned!

Yes, going abread with pouring in at the entrance, and sisters for a couple of years. But End Byrne steadfastly re-fused to publish it. It was so much alive. That was the secrect of it.

Yes, I always read her stories. fallen ill the day before, and until Wonderful gift, basn't she? None; help could be secured Enid was inof your penny-a liner about her. stalled as mistress of the farmhouse. of your penny-a liner about her, stand as institutes of the formation of cookies Let's go down to the fish-pond, 'She put another batch of cookies Mulchray. 'into the oven' any went to the The strang.' door to fan herself again. A man in

The two rose to go. The strang-er was left alone. He reached over immediately and possessed himself of the magazine they had left in hill. There was something about What he read was the story of a moment she was looking away

young writer who had written her toward the morning shadows on

led her as he came around the to her as her own-flesh and blood. I have been reading your last story The man's friendship was killed by | this morning. the blow. The story was beautifully told, a gem from a literary

point of view, but oh the pathos of

I wonder if that is her own story beard a great deal more that

Irwin Chambers had never seen kitchen on a fresh home-made Accident

His own mother was dead now his sisters married, and the past but I can't get up enough energy

came before him with a new force to start. in his loneliness.

Down in the doorway of a farmhouse kitchen a woman stood fann ing herself that hot August morning. A display of fresh baked bread testified to her well-earned rest of a few minutes. But she did not look like a woman accustomed was too erect for one thing. For moth balls. another she surveyed the bread altogether too proudly. Her hair was rich, luxuriant and silvery, but her face was fresh and youthful.

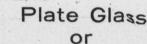
butler English? probably but little past thirty, and she did not look even that. She stood a moment looking over the his clothes is. pasture lands, the sheep in the

shacow of the elms, the sunflowers | LOST HEARING QUICKLY RESTOR, and the blue patches of lupus on the hillsides, and then across her

She-Yes.

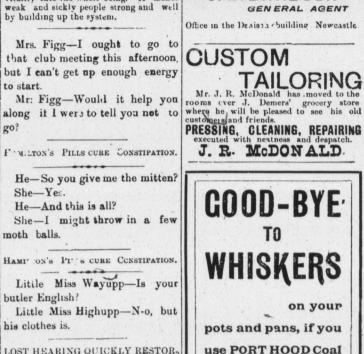
He-And this is all?





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DO YOU USE

A LINIMENT?

ward glance toward her home, She in recognizing some of the characfelt it rather than saw it-that ters. It would recognize herself in look. the girl with the pen. It would recognize

those pages, there were the life-

had breathed all her love for him-

Genuine

Carter's

Must Bear Signature of

Breut Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

CARTER'S FOR HEADACHE.

Very small and as casy

to take as sugar.

TTLE

VER

ABSOLUTE

his bit.erer hours.

the night-editor And what of Irwin Chambers the man himself? Even if the world were blinded there

was no deceiving him. There were occas onally the very words that had fallen from his lips among

dreams and ideals he had confided to her in his botter moments, the sin ism be had given vent to in The heroine couch where she lies. was a young journalist like herself with many of the same ambitions

Would a-a trip to England be-

The very thing. If you could manage it toward the close of the trials and joys that he knew to be hers. Into this woman's heart she spare her to you a few years. aye, a step further, she had let that

So that was to end all.

vision there floated a city dwelling an artictic little nest where she Catarrhozone, which never fails even in A sudden resignation, a parting on the ship's deck, a decision to go lived with her main and tried to the worst cases. The pleasant-scented Then the doctor's carriage stop- abroad, and so life passes. Out in welcome and "mother," in short, thon, prevents and cures the catarha

Then the doctor's carriage stop-ped at her door, and she roused from her reveries. A few minutes later she was de-scending the stairs with the family physician. There is one thing only can save your mother's life. Miss Byrne— that is an entire change of scene She must be roused from that She must be roused from that of her ship was of black-the black star. Wealth had come to her; she banner of a past that was dead.

sat reading on the verandah of a she had lost the love of one, the clean.

Dr. Carson wondered at the morning. A third, a man of instead, and so sne worked cheerily sudden pallor of the girls face as extreme dignity of bearing sat and here seeks had not lost their A Pleasant as well as effective she answered. It shall be managed, down some little distance away. roundness nor her eyes their light. Remedy for Coughs and Colds, Dr. Carson. Three months later the literary world was talking of a

stories in this magazine, said one of the twain. No

Bladder Troubles.

**Kidney Disease** 

had bought a dainty home in the suburbs of New York, and a large

country summer :esort one August love of the many was given her There's another of Enid Barne's ber only remaining relative, a her only remaining wife had Just now she had come to visit Bronchial and Asthmatic Coughs

cousin. Her cousin's wife had

Dunlop

Detachable

Tires

First in 1888-

The more I pull this molasses

and aspiring family had been candy, said the little girl at the Years passed-one, two, three- sheltered gratis beneath her roof in waifs' party, the darker it gets. summer even, I think that would seven of them. Two gentlemen times of stress and storm. And if But my hands is gettin awful

No matter whether of long standing on

The Brird Company's Wine of Tar Honey and Wild Cherry is very agreeable and pleasant to take, it does not disturb the stomach nor cause any unpleasant alter effects and is entirely free from any eleterious ingredients.

Don't worry, Scribbs, you'll awake yet and find yourself famous.

If I could believe that, I'd go to bed and stay there all the time.

Did you hear what Reginald gave Lucretia for a graduation present?

What was it? A commutation ticket on a down town soda fountain.

Doctor-Put out your tongue. Little Tommy-Not on your life! I aid that to the teacher yesterday and got a licking.

D c'ors are prescribing Park's Perfect Emulsion quite freely in their practice. This medicine has special qualities which append strongly to the medical profession.

Then of course you want the best. The best Liniment is the strongest, other things being equal. GATES Acadian Liniment Is certainly the strongest in use. The moral is obvious, GET GATES! A bottle kept constantly on

hand will save many a pain and ache. Lumbermen have found Gates' the best they can get for man and beast.

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new serial in the Woodruff Maga-SECURITY. gine. Who was its author? one knew: the secret had been car fully guarded by both writer and publisher.\* The nom de plume of Cache concealed, indeed, everything that the world might ask. belle ving her style would be recog-nized. She was still a young writer, and this story so far tran-scended anything she had yet done that no one pointed to her Enid Byrne had been mistaken in Little Liver Pills. that no one pointed to her.

> But one-man read her story sitting alone in his editorial chair, and his tips close a little more firmly. His hand trembled slightly as he read. Irwin Chambers pierced the veil as she knew he would. She was to leave for England in a fortnight's time with her mothe , and it was surprising how seldom

story. I anything he was more polite and deferential then us in'. aut with a strange, key distance of

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FOR CONSTIPATION.

FOR THE COMPLEXION

m

FOR SALLOW SKIN.

SACTADIO. Sucorfor

satisfactory results, bringing quick relief and setting these organs in perfect working

she met with her co-worker after that. Naturally she avoided hin, though he did not appear to avoid her, and made no mention of her





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Dr. Chase's with a strange, ley distance of Kidney-Liver Pills