

A RED ROSE.

Mary Clifford, graceful and stately, with a dignity beyond her twenty years her supple, fullness accentuated by a coronet of black hair, and the flowing lines of a severely plain white gown relieved by a red rose in the belt, the glow of a happy emotion shining through her clear brunette skin and out of her well-settled grey eyes—stood, immersed in thought, at one of the drawing-room windows of Dashiell's house, looking out on Dashiell's Common. There was no scene she knew and loved so well, whether in winter, when the north wind swept skirting and whistling over it, lying shrouded in snow, or when, as just now, the summer breeze frolicked over its miles of undulatory velvet turf, set here and there with huge clumps of bracken and bushes of golden gorse—all ablaze in the hot sun-hine.

countered when Aunt Ray should be told of their love for one another seemed but a small thing of a moment, that full, free life of unfettered exercise of every faculty, of peace and perfect sympathy. Strained and cramped, everyone, herself included, uncomfortable, Miss Ray was certain to. For with a last poor opinion of the opposite sex it, general, and a poorer of matrimony from even the one point of view from which she allowed it admissible as an institution—namely, substantial settlements and a handsome establishment—she had for marriage for love's sake alone an unbounded and unmitigated contempt.

IT'S TOO RISKY To undergo an operation for litching. Piles when Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment is a safer, cheaper, easier way to cure. Dr. C. M. Hatten, writing in The American Journal of Health, said: "We know that Dr. Chase's Ointment meets all the conditions of the highest standard of worth, that it will be held in high esteem wherever it is used, and consequently will be the best of all."

gent business, Mr. H. H. Richard, who ever heard of urgent business in August? The truth is, you're bored to death, and you're sure you'll make up your mind to run off all in a hurry, in this shabby manner."

THE MODERN STOVE POLISH ENAMELINE Every Package Guaranteed. PASTE CAKE OR LIQUID. J. L. PRESCOTT & CO., NEW YORK.

would understand the message of a red rose. A few steps more and pushing open the door—she stood before him, face and neck dyed red as the rose she held mutely out to him. "Miss Clifford?" he gasped, hoarsely. "Mary! do you know what this means?"

At 8 o'clock the minute Mr. Gerard, as was his custom in all weather, roth or rain, on getting out of bed, popped his head out of the window to ascertain the direction of the wind. Coming over the little rustic bridge across the loch, evidently returning from an early ramble, he saw Arthur Rickards, a red rose in his coat, and Mary Clifford, a red rose on either cheek.

A GREAT VICTORY After a Short, but Hot and Desperate Contest. The Hon. Dr. G. H. B. Pillsbury Pills for the Kidney, Bladder, and Urinary Tract. They Prove True and Wonderful Results.

AMERICAN CARDINAL IN THE ROMAN CURIA. In referring to an effort in preparation to secure the nomination of an American Cardinal in the Roman Curia, the Rome correspondent of the Standard and Times, Philadelphia, says: "Cardinals Ledochowski and Steinhauser are protectors of German interests; France is negotiating for its Cardinal in Curia; Spain has an Ambassador, Senor Merry del Val, who is as efficient as a Cardinal in Curia, and Portugal possesses warm friends in its ex-Nuncio among the Cardinals, besides having its excellent Ambassador, M. D'Antun, Mgr. del Val is a perfect Englishman, if the son of the Spanish Ambassador and his position at the side of the Pope has made him an adviser in English affairs, while Mgr. Storor, Archbishop of Treviso, occupies a unique position in the Curia. It is evident, therefore, that there are means by which America might be more fully and more directly represented in the Church authorities at home to desire to establish some representation of a quasi-diplomatic or curial kind in the court of Rome."

"Oh, God, how perfectly happy I am!" she said softly, under her thin lip. Meanwhile her heart beat quicker, following her gaze from the common to the square's great groups, and ranks of beech and oak trees, beneath which in another hour or so, she would be once more with the only man at the sound of whose voice, the touch of whose hand, she had ever felt any smallest measure of that subtle, half-painful sub-consciousness of self-assertion and self-subsistence with which, from the garden of Eden down, the pure soul has always recognized its true mate. Her moment of supreme joy, that moment of supreme joy, transmitted its memory of pure joy, transmitted its memory of pure joy, transmitted its memory of pure joy, transmitted its memory of pure joy, transmitted its memory of pure joy.

"Then, Dr. Ford, I gather from you my aunt's malady is fatal?" "Not immediately so, child. By no means—no, no, no! I hope, please God, with you to help me look after her, and her fine constitution to fall back upon, she may live for years to come; and, of course, the painful stage can, to a large extent, be controlled by opiate. Now I must hurry off, for should she come and find me, she'll be putting two and two together, and all the fat'll be in the fire! Good-bye."

"What a household of people you've got, Lady Jermyn. May I sit down? Ah! please; that's very cozy. And now, please, don't let me up to see after her, and all about them. I don't seem to recognise any one except the Darleys and Mrs. Burton and two or three of the men. To begin with, who is that talking to Jermyn?" "Ah, that's John Dane."

propaganda and lower-priced articles. Ask for and obtain only BROWN'S. The Genuine is the Best. Prepared by Wm. Brown, 185 Broadway, New York.