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from drawn to its full height. Not many paces from him was a woman, with a face more lovely than any he had before seen in dream or imagination; a fair, mobile face, the fresh fever-like beauty of which was to haunt him over after.

It was Esther. Instinctively drawing back into the shadow, the sculptor gazed intently into the dark glorious eyes, for a moment uplifted to him; the deep humid, lustrous eyes that were strange to him, telling no tale, bringing no history, save that of a pure unalloyed soul.

Well would it have been if that long lingering look, through which soul mingled with soul, had never been exchanged. Better would it have been if the massive images had fallen from their pedestals, and made a crimson wall between them, so that they met. But why go on?

As if a dim foreboding of what was to come already presented itself to Esther, she unconsciously breathed a sigh and her small gloved hand tightened on her husband's arm as she moved away by his side.

'Looking at those statues reminds me this Dumas promised to introduce me to the young fellow who made himself so famous last year,' Sir Jerome remarked. 'Would it tire you to sit for your bust in a dusty studio for a few days?'

'Not in so doing I should please you.' He smiled at the quiet, simple answer; his love for her, though wild and rugged, was deep felt—almost part of his life.

A short time ago it had been nearly quenched, but a few pleading words had stirred the smouldering fires into a blaze again, and now they burned within him with a steady, calm warmth.

'My darling I' he murmured fervently 'I will go to night, and make arrangements for your first sitting.'

So it happened, one bright sunny morning in the following week he led her into a long, low room, where there were quaint pieces of statuary on broad shelves, with unfinished casts and busts; over the doorway was an ancient oil painting representing Niobe turning into an image.

It was at this Esther was looking, with a half smile curving her full red lips when the door opened and Kenard Gwydir stood before her.

Their eyes met, and with an almost imperceptible start each mutually recognized the other, but as Sir Jerome came forward and formally pronounced their names only a slight bow passed between them.

'I should like to have it finished as soon as possible,' the baronet said, when Esther sat before the sculptor. Don't you think her head would look well thrown back a little?'

Kenard glanced at the perfect little head with its wealth of golden hair gleaming like light above her brow, and smiled grimly. 'I think it will be less trying to Lady Farquhar if she remains as she is.'

'Perhaps so,' and Sir Jerome threw himself languidly back in a chair and became absorbed in a political paper. A long silence followed, broken only by the constant tapping of the mallet.

At length Gwydir laid down his chisel and took a step backwards that he might the better view his work. 'Thank you,' he said gravely, 'I think that will do for today.'

These short frequent visits lasted for a long time, and one day when the work was almost complete, the baronet said: 'I am afraid I shall not be able to stay with you this morning, Esther. I am obliged to meet Dumas on some important business. I would ask Gwydir to let you off if I were not so anxious for the bust to be finished.'

Since their acquaintance with the young sculptor he had dined often with them, met them often in that higher, dawning world known as society, and his grave, earnest manner and deep rich voice had for her a greater charm, a greater fascination, than she herself was aware.

His conversation on these occasions, as on others, was indifferent, sometimes sarcastic; but it was unexpectedly met his gaze there was a strange slumberous fire in his grey eyes that made her own droop, an unfathomable expression that sent a quick, tremulous thrill through her veins, and a sudden warm flush to her face.

She thought of all this now with a dull sickening fear. 'Cannot you stay with me a little while, Jerome?' she asked impulsively, as her husband turned to leave her. 'Not today,' he answered with a short, curt laugh; then, as he saw the dread in her eyes, he bent down and kissed her.

'What a child you are. There, go in now. I shall return, perhaps in an hour.' And for the first time Esther went to meet the man who had this strange power over her, alone.

Any question of missing his wife would have led before died away as she entered the studio. Kenard was already there, bending eagerly over his work. He was covered with fine white dust, and his tanned, manly cheeks looked as though it had been powdered. Yet, as he stepped forward to greet her, with that quiet smile on his lips, she could not but notice how marvellously handsome he was.

'How good you must be of that I' she exclaimed, indicating her own image. 'Will you not let me see what you have done for me?'

'No,' he answered, 'I will show it to you when it is finished. It will seem as though I had lost part of my life.' Neither spoke again for some time. As the bust of Lady Farquhar stood on its pedestal, Esther sat there alone, her white clinging dress of her finer flowing beauty about her, her dark, waving tresses depending to a dusky hue in the soft light, her eyes, filled with dreamy thoughts, fixed on his brow as though he should be read these thoughts passing through his mind.

'You have gone and I she asked at length.

'I thought I did. I was mistaken.' Her dark fringed lids quivered and drooped beneath his glance, and she trembled from head to foot. 'What power has he over me,' she murmured, 'that a few words from him can move me thus?'

She was angry because she had not more control over her feelings. She felt she had humiliated herself by allowing him to see how completely he held her in sway. To her pure instinct, to her innocence reared in simple stern creeds, it seemed that she had debased herself in his eyes and in her own by her unexpressed emotion.

As all these thoughts came drifting across her mind, her cheeks flushed crimson, her bosom heaved painfully, and dropping her face in her hands, she burst into tears.

In a moment Kenard was beside her, his face working with deep passion held hard in curb, yet it wore an expression of great gentleness and tenderness, and his voice was intense in its earnestness when he spoke.

'Lady Farquhar, I fear we have tried your strength in our eagerness to finish this work. I cannot blame myself sufficiently for my indifference.'

'Do not speak to me of my indifference. You have made me despair myself! You have made you hate me by loving you. Yes; although I have struggled to keep that knowledge from you, you know I love you.'

'Why should I be silent?' he demanded recklessly. 'I can tell you that which you have already learned.'

Esther rose to her feet and stood erect, her mouth quivering with swift smothered sighs, half terror, half rapture; her eyes dilated with startled fear. Like a roused fawn's, yet lustrous with an unutterable glory, an unutterable joy that stirs the soul of the woman who loves and is conscious of being loved.

'You must let me speak,' he went on, watching the rapid changes that passed over her countenance, each one making it more lovely than the last. 'What does it matter? We need never meet again.'

Irresistibly he drew nearer to her, and bending down, clasped her hands in the first impulse of passion that had ever captured him.

At that moment Sir Jerome's voice, hoarse with rage, sounded behind his ear. 'Heaven! what is the meaning of this? Back, man; back, I say!'

The two men faced each other; the one colourless calm, intent, with his curved lips pressed close; the other, flushed and heated, the big veins standing out upon his brow like knotted cords.

'Villain, you shall suffer for this!' the baronet hissed through his clenched teeth; and before Gwydir was aware of his intention, he sprang upon him, and seizing him by the throat, hurled him to the ground with brutal force.

'You have dared much!' he exclaimed, his relentless fingers closing tighter and tighter round the sculptor's throat. 'I will dare more.'

A mute, breathless, numbing horror crept over Esther's face and darkened the light in her eyes.

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WIFE TO WAR FOR HER BROTHER.

A German Girl Who Fought in the Army While Her Brother Worked.

Albert Hasser of Germany was a Christian visitor to Allegheny, Pa., to see his sister, Kunigunde Hasser, who thirty years ago served in his stead a term in the army of the Fatherland. For two years and six months she served before it was discovered that she was not her brother, who was the person drafted.

The German lass of 20 years was one of a family of eight children, seven of whom were girls. The mother was an invalid, the father blind and the breadwinner for the family was the only son, Albert Hasser. The Fatherland was engaged in war. Albert Hasser was drafted and starvation stared the family in the face, when Kunigunde announced her intention of going into the army in her brother's place. The family wept, trembling and fearful of discovery, while the brave girl put on her brother's clothes, imitated his appearance in every possible way, and marched away with the others drafted to the war.

Patriotism is strong in the German woman, and it gave to the spirit of Kunigunde Hasser a courage fully equal to that of the man in her company. Her letters home were frequent and they were all signed with her brother's name and addressed to herself. Before many weeks of army life were gone by the girl grew desperately homesick, but that made no difference. She proved herself as good a soldier as the brother whose place she filled could possibly have been. Cheerful letters addressed to himself came to her from Albert and never once did she think of giving up the desperate role she had assumed.

During her term of service she fought in three battles, but was never once wounded. Twice she was made a prisoner. It took quite as much courage to face the rough treatment of the prison life as it did to stand firm to her purpose on the battlefield when the bullets were singing in her ears. They were subject to the greatest hardships and fed on water and hardtack, with barely enough of that to keep them from starvation. After being a prisoner for six weeks Miss Hasser escaped. She cunningly eluded the guards and when the prisoners were next counted one was missing. She was recaptured in a week or two and her second period of imprisonment was three months long. All the suffering that could go with being huddled with a host of other prisoners in a place that was not a decent abode for rats, and never once getting enough of the roughest fare to satisfy hunger, she endured and no one ever suspected her secret.

It was just after her third battle that trouble came in the shape of discovery. There had been great slaughter among the forces. It seemed as if most of the men in her company had been killed. She expected to be killed herself, but a special providence seemed to protect her, for she was not even wounded. The remnant of the company gathered about a campfire, some dropping on the ground, worn out with the strain of the battle, others battling the grime and perspiration from their faces and hands. The woman was among the latter and something aroused the suspicions of a fellow soldier. He watched her for a few moments and then went up to where she stood and asked her name. She gave the name of her brother.

'Are you quite sure you're a man?' asked the comrade dubiously. 'Quite sure,' she responded coolly, but with trembling knees.

He went to the captain of the company and told his suspicions. He called the sergeant and then the woman knew the last hope of remaining undiscovered was gone and she confessed that she had come in her brother's place and told the story of the substitution. She expected to be shot, although the officers assured her that no harm should come to her. On her knees and in tears she begged them to allow her to say a prayer and write a farewell to her mother before they condemned her to death. For some time she could not be made to understand that she was to receive no punishment, other than an honorable discharge for the noble part she had played.

The scene around the camp fire was one that will never be forgotten by those who saw it. The heroic and patriotic part she had played touched the hearts of the toughest of the men, and many a soldier who would not have uttered a groan beneath the surgeon's knife brushed away a tear with the soiled, blood-stained sleeve of his uniform.

George Bidebrand, who now lives in Duquesne street, Allegheny, was in the same company. Her bravely-couraged Adam Kasl, an officer of the company, to fall in love with her. She was sent home at once, and for a long time he lost track of her, but when his term of service in the army expired he sought for her until he found her.

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but she could not be persuaded to become his wife.

Miss Hasser's fear that when the company discovered her deception her brother would be obliged to go and finish out the term of service, of which several months yet remained, was never realized, and he was not only left at home to take care of his parents and sisters, but the family was placed in a position from which not even a far off glimpse of poverty could be had.

Miss Hasser came many years ago to Allegheny, Pa., where a number of her relatives reside, among them her aunt, Mrs. Margret Saenger of Bigelow street. Every year since she left the army her lover, Adam Kasl, pays her a visit, but she still refuses to change her name. He also took up his abode in this county some time ago and lives in New York. This Christmas her brother Albert, in whose stead she went to war, came over from Germany to see her. They have gone to New York now for a few days to visit her relatives. Miss Hasser has in her possession the uniform she wore in the army, her papers of honorable discharge and many other mementoes of her service as a soldier.

A Texas Bull in Spain.

A few years ago a herd of Texas steers was imported from its native fields to Seville, Spain, to give special attractions to a bullfight of more than ordinary importance.

An American, sojourning at Seville at the time, influenced by a desire to see and learn for himself how the fellow creatures would comport themselves under circumstances so unusual, attended the bullfight, and has recorded his experiences in the Chicago Chronicle.

He relates how the first of the intended victims, when confronted in the ring by horse and picador, wholly neglected the horse, but paid instant and undivided attention to the man.

Following as if from sheer delight at the anticipated encounter, he attacked the picador furiously, and pressed him so hard that, defence being useless, he sought safety in inglorious flight by scaling the barrier erected between the audience and the ring as a provision of safety.

He was ardently and efficiently assisted over the barrier by the horns of the steer, and followed so closely that he barely escaped with life by reaching a convenient gallery.

The steer did his best to get at him, but finding it impossible, looked about for other game with which to sport.

The stone seats are ten feet above the ground, and this height has always been an insurmountable barrier for a bull; but this time things were different, for as soon as the Texas steer's eyes fell on the throng above his head he stepped back, and the next instant he was among them.

Before the people could escape he had tossed half a dozen of them into the ring, but they were all rescued by the ring attendants. The stone seats cleared, the steer returned to the ring, and seeing no one else to throw the gage of battle to, took the exact centre of the ring and belovied his defiance to the universe.

In the meantime the management had been busy, and a soldier with a Mauser rifle had been summoned from a near-by barracks. Using the boxrail as a rest he took steady aim, and with the ring of the bullet the steer's life ended; but the Spaniards have not experimented with American steers in Spanish rings since that time, nor are they likely to again.

Neurasthenia, or 'nervous prostration,' has been called the 'American disease,' because we in this country are supposed to be possessed of a restless energy which wears upon the nervous force and finally exhausts it.

Both neurasthenia and hysteria were formerly, and are by many even yet, regarded as trivial affections; and suffered from them were unjustly looked upon with something akin to contempt as creatures of

weak will power, who might be well if they chose.

But neurasthenia is a very real disease and sometimes a terrible one, although the doctors are as yet unable to discover any palpable change in the nervous system to account for the symptoms. It seems to be, as its name implies, a real nervous exhaustion; there is no visible change in the nervous system, but it is simply tired from overuse and unable properly to perform its delicate functions.

The symptoms of neurasthenia vary greatly in character and in degree, yet they are usually quite easily recognizable as being due to nervous exhaustion and not to actual organic disease of any part of the nervous system.

The mind is 'red'; the patient is unable to concentrate his thoughts on his work, and often finds himself sitting doing nothing while matters requiring his immediate attention are accumulating. He takes no pleasure in either work or recreation, and life has lost its charm. The little sleep he gets is disturbed by dreams, and the morning brings no refreshment.

Various wavy sensations, pains, chilly feelings, numbness, and so forth, are complained of in different parts of the body. Dizziness, ringing in the ears, dimness of vision or floating spots before the eyes, headache and pain in the spine are common symptoms. The heart is irritable, very slight causes increasing the rapidity of the pulse.

The neurasthenic is often dyspeptic and usually has a poor appetite.

The treatment is apt to be difficult, for the reason that the patients are hard to manage. The main thing is rest, both mental and physical. Yet the sufferer should not be wholly idle. He should, if possible, leave home for a time and stay in some quiet place where there is enough going on to interest without exciting him.

Long hours of sleep, nourishing food with plenty of cream and butter, moderate daily exercise in the open air, and especially entire freedom from worry, are the main points in the treatment of nervous exhaustion.—Youth's Companion.

'Would you,' he asked, 'be willing to marry a man who smoked cigarettes?'

'Why ask such a question?' she replied, looking at the yellow stains on his fingers. 'You know it would be impossible for me to find one, even if I were so inclined.'

As he was going home half an hour later he murmured to himself:— 'I wonder what that girl meant?'

When the gossip bear a man slam his door violently upon going to work they make up their minds to run over during the day and call on his wife.

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