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### EDNA'S TEMPTATION.

"Yes, it is hard, very hard, my child; but God ruleth."  
Mrs. Fairleigh kissed the pale face of her daughter, Edna, as she stooped to arrange the shawl about her shoulders, and a half suppressed sigh stirred the folds of her mourning wrap per.

"I know, mother; but it is, at times so difficult to realize it. Heaven, and its sweet glory, seem so very far away. But I will hope always for the best. If the worst does come, I think I can manage to keep up comfortably. You know Mr. Jamison gives me a little more for my work, and I could have some shoes to bind from Barley's."

"My poor Edna!"  
"No, mother, am I not happy in toiling for you? It is well to have something for which to labor. And now, good morning; I'll not be gone long; it is so very pleasant I can go across the fields. It lessens the distance full half a mile."

Edna Fairleigh put on her faded shawl, and tied the meagre ribbons of her hat, with a rebellious heart. She could not remember when she had felt so very hard and stubborn. There was no spirit of resignation, no steady faith, no hopeful trust, in the tense lines of the white face that looked at her out of the glass. She scarcely recognized herself.

Life had not been beautiful to her for many years. Do you know what it is to be filled with a fervid appreciation of all the rich, rare loveliness of earth's fair things, to hear continually within the dumb cry of the hungry soul for the tender beauty we know life sometimes holds? To worship all the perfect gorgeousness of the sunset skies, yet never dare to revel in their splendor? To shrink from the melting touch of the south wind, because to drink in its ripe breath might hinder the toil that is necessary to keep life in the pulses of one you love more than your own happiness?

Four years Edna had spent in this way. A daily struggle with the world for bread—bread for herself and her feeble mother. Early and late she toiled at the coarse garments given her to make from the great clothing establishment at the village—poorly recompensed, sometimes scolded for mistakes and errors with which she had nothing to do. But this morning she felt more keenly than usual. And why? The twenty-fourth of June would see the Fairleighs home; and that fateful day was only distant another year! A few words will explain whatever of their little history the reader will care to learn.

Arthur Fairleigh, Edna's father—four years dead—had been a gardener on the estate of Ralph Wilmot, the miserly master at the hall. Fairleigh had once been wealthy himself, but by a series of misfortunes was reduced to penury, and was glad to accept the tolerably decent situation offered him by Mr. Wilmot. Oak Cottage, the present residence of his widow and daughter, was then vacant; and there Mr. Fairleigh took up his abode, with the understanding that it should be his when he had paid the proprietor a certain sum of money agreed upon.

Failing to show receipts for the full amount—so ran the bond of agreement—the estate of Oak Cottage should, on the 24th of June, 18—, belong to Ralph Wilmot, provided he still survived; but in the event of his death before the said 24th the whole property should revert to Arthur Fairleigh and his heirs forever. Mr. Fairleigh had been to make his last payment, when he was seized with paralysis while yet in the presence of Mr. Wilmot; and three days afterward he expired at the hall, remaining speechless and motionless to the last.

After the funeral, obsequies were over, Mrs. Fairleigh, searching among her late husband's papers, found Mr. Wilmot's receipts up to the time of the last payment. The final receipt in full was not among them. She applied for it to Mr. Wilmot, but the miserly man disclaimed all knowledge of the receipt of the money, and could only tell her that he should abide by his agreement. She need expect nothing more at his hands.

Four years longer, Oak Cottage was hers, and the only chance of her seeing justice lay in the very uncertain prospect of Mr. Wilmot's death before the expiration of the time mentioned in the bond. These years had passed now, and with each succeeding week, Mrs. Fairleigh had grown feebler. Upon Edna's labor the existence of the family depended.

As the time drew near which was to turn them out into the world, shelterless, Edna went to plead with Mr. Wilmot for a little extension of the time, that she might look about for lodgings; but was harshly rebuffed. Oak Cottage, he said, was already rented, and the new tenant would arrive on the 25th of June. He did not keep houses to shelter people who could not pay for them.

Edna turned away from his presence full of rage and rebellion. It all looked so cruelly unjust to her. The rich, childless old man refusing them so little out of his great plenty! Refusing them the heritage her father had labored for so faithfully, and for which she knew the last dollar had been paid. It is little wonder that, thinking over their wrongs, she should cry secretly, "O that God's judgment might fall upon him!"

A little afterward, when she had prayed earnestly for strength, she asked for Ralph Wilmot mercy instead of judgment; but for all that, though she forgave him, she could not forget. And this fair June morning she took her way across the blossom-

ing clover fields, to the distant village, with bitterness in her heart. Her pale cheek flushed hectic crimson with the violent haste of her step, and her dark eye burned bright with the smoldering passion within. She could not stop to smell the sweet clover, or listen to the tender voices of the robins in the tall old trees; it would be so much time taken from her work, and she must improve every moment now.

The murmur of running water broke on her ear. She must cross Stony Brook, a wild little stream that divided the meadow land from the high hills on which the village was situated. Absorbed in her own painful reflections, she did not look up until she was close upon the frail bridge spanning the stream at this point. Two old rotten planks only, and the recent heavy rains had swelled the brook to the proportions of a river. It flowed on over the rocks, snow-white, and broken into a thousand spray wreaths, making the fragile bridge tremble and shake like a reed. She looked up just as she was setting foot on the planks, and, simultaneously, a frenzied cry for help rang out on the air.

Edna saw it all—understood it all at a glance. She saw the swift rush of that human figure downward; saw the agonized expression of the wrinkled face, framed in by masses of long, white hair, and pleading for salvation with its flimsy eyes. And looking down to see where the waters had covered it all up from her sight, Edna Fairleigh knew that Ralph Wilmot's life was at her mercy! Her heart stood still. Every faculty was swallowed up in the one fearful thought that swept through her mind! It was the 23d of June, if he died that day, Oak Cottage was theirs!

An old man, unloving, unloved, miserly, cruel, and a curse to the world! There would be none to weep for him, none to sink down stricken at his death! The temptation assailed her with a mighty force—her brain whirled, she tottered, and would have fallen, but for the frantic clutch she made on the stunted willow by her side.

A moment only, and then, with a gigantic effort, she cast out the foul impulse. She would do what she could, God helping her!

The bank was steep and rough, but Edna had been brought up in the country where agility is fostered. She ran fleetly down, and stepped into the water. The strong purpose within hardened her woman's nerves to steel; she put fear away from her, and thought only of saving the man who had so oppressed her family. His snowy hair floated upon the surface, she rushed toward it, swayed almost off her feet by the mad plunging of the current. She caught him by the arm, he felt the touch and grasped her convulsively, clinging to her garments, and drawing her under the water to be dashed fiercely against the sharp rocks. Still, she did not relinquish her hold on him. Suddenly she felt the smart cut of a tree branch against her face, and with a last frantic effort she clutched at it as she was borne along beneath. The strong witch-hazel did not break—it held firmly—and a moment afterward Edna was lying exhausted upon the shore of the stream, with the inanimate form of Ralph Wilmot at her side.

A moment to recover her breath, and then Edna turned her efforts toward the old man's recovery. She labored long and faithfully with the means at her command, and at last she was rewarded by seeing his eyes unclose, and his chest heave with suppressed respiration. He sat upright and looked at her, but there was no trace of grateful feeling on his hard, cold face. He pushed her away roughly.

"There, enough of that. Go about your business."

Edna did as she was bidden, wondering within herself if Ralph Wilmot were human.

The following day the Fairleighs received formal notice to vacate Oak Cottage; and in obedience to the mandate, they removed to meagre lodgings in a crazy old house in the village.

The new tenant took possession of the cottage; and Edna's life of toil grew drearier every day. Her mother's health suffered from the removal to new scenes; the severing of old ties and affections was exceedingly painful to her, and she did not rally from the shock as Edna hoped she would.

One day the intelligence spread abroad that Ralph Wilmot was dead. The servant, on going to call his master to breakfast, had found him seated in his armchair, before the writing-table, dead. His eyes were wide open, one hand in his bosom, and the other covering a massive document, which, on examination, was found to be a will, dated on the 24th of the preceding June, and it was now the middle of October.

The pompous funeral over, the heirs-at-law assembled to listen to the reading of the will, and judge of their astonishment when it was found that the testator's entire possessions, without reserve, save liberal legacies to the servants, were bequeathed to Edna Fairleigh!

"I offer this in token," thus ran the will, "of my gratitude to this woman, who taught me that there is something beside selfishness in humanity. She held my life at her mercy; my death would have been inexplicably benefited her and hers, and yet she took no advantage of her power, but perilled her existence to save mine."

The heirs retired aghast, and in due time Edna took possession of Wilmot Hall.

She did good with the fortune left in her charge. Having known the pangs of poverty herself, she relieved them always in others; and through her gentle ministrations, Philip Wilmot's wealth existed not in vain.



### What Makes Beauty?

Beauty is made or marred by the blood. When the blood is impure, the cheeks grow sallow, the eyes dull, the hair loses its luster. When the blood flows through the veins in a pure, rich current, the eyes sparkle, the skin is clear, the complexion beautiful. Women who use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, find that it is a genuine beautifier. By purifying and enriching the blood it puts a bloom on the cheek and a brightness in the eye, which tell the story of perfect health.

"Having been left weak from fever last October, I was under the doctor's care here," writes Mrs. Alice E. Casbeer of Crawford, Dawson Co., Neb. "I took medicine, but did not seem to gain very much. I was tired all the time, had no appetite, had wandering pains all over me more or less, and was very nervous, as I had been sick all the summer. I was all run-down and didn't know what ailed me. I got advice from Dr. Pierce, telling me my symptoms better than I could describe them myself, and also telling me that I would have to take care of myself, and how to take the medicine. I took four bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and five of 'Favorable Prescription,' and gained strength right along. I took one bottle of the 'Pleasant Pellets,' also. I know that these medicines will do all that they are recommended to do."

Use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets for sluggish liver.

### THE SHAH'S GLOBE

Eastern Monarchs have Peculiar Methods of Studying Geography

A Valuable Object Lesson Studied With Gems of National Importance

Professor Henry Ward, who recently returned from a trip through the orient, visited the palace of the shah of Persia while at Teheran, the Persian capital. In his description of the things he saw he says:

"The object that struck me as being the most remarkable was a globe made for the shah and on which he probably studied geography. It is the most remarkable one in existence."

"As near as I could judge it was three feet in diameter, correctly made, the seas, continents and every part of it composed of gems. My recollection does not serve me exactly, but I remember that Persia was made of turquoises, that being the national gem, so to speak."

"Africa was in rubies, England and France in diamonds, and so on, every portion being covered by beautiful gems and the seas by emeralds. It contained 75 pounds of gold, and there were 51,300 gems in all. I was told that it was worth \$2,750,000 and was a mere bagatelle, from all I could understand, and was made to utilize some of the vast store of gems owned by the shah."—Newcastle Chronicle.

Names of Places Abroad.

"The greatest trouble I had while abroad," said a man that had returned from Europe a few days ago, "was in getting from one place to another. I went to the station to go to Naples, but when I spoke of Naples the station man looked puzzled. He insisted there was no such city. I went into the geographical location of the city, and he looked relieved. 'Oh, you mean Napples,' he said, placing the accent on the first syllable. I went to Napples."

"When I asked to go to Florence, I had the same experience. After going through the same performance I went to Florence, with the accent on the 'ren'."

"I thought I would never get to Brussels, and when I was about ready to give up and go to some other place the station master started me to Brussels."—Indianapolis Press.

A Wait That Failed.

When Joseph Jefferson practiced medicine, his first patient was the child of a well known New Yorker of considerable wealth. It was a scarlet fever case, and Jefferson, being successful, sent in a bill of \$10 for 10 visits. He was told he would be given \$17 down, to which the young doctor replied he would wait for the whole sum.

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