



CHAPTER I.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

The sky was a vault of fleecy blue, the sun a great gleaming sapphire, the air bracing as pure wine, and the rare autumnal day was drawing to a close.

Hopewell was a peaceful hamlet, but beyond its kind in certain one progressive point it had a young ladies' seminary of unusual excellence, and a young man of more than usual acumen was enjoying the beautiful day and taking in the distant turrets and peaks of the institute of learning in question at that eventful hour, for him, when our story opens.

He had the look of an artist, and the equipment of an artist surrounded him. He had chosen the slope of a wooded grove for his camp-stool, and had set his easel facing the village. The flaming leaves of a broad-spreading tree sheltered him. Air, earth and sky were in harmony with the artistic impulse, but just now he seemed in a thoughtful rather than an active mood.

His brush had fallen to his side, and the canvas showed only a few lazy patches of color. It seemed as if he had come out to paint Nature and had been shamed from feeble effort by the glorious brush of Nature itself. The sun, which dashed the white villas with pale gold, made the sumacs a great ensanguined blur of crimson, and mingling with the varicolored tree-tops, produced those exquisite shades and alternations of color and beautiful effects which no pen has ever yet described, no brush ever yet delineated.

"I wish she would come," he murmured. "I wonder if she will come?" His words were a sigh of longing and anxiety, and he continued to gaze at the distant turrets as if "she" was a fairy, with power to fly straight through the air to his side.

There was a rustling among the dry twigs back of him, but he did not heed it. Then there was a quiver of branches overhead, and down came a hundred fluttering leaves.

"Caught in a shower, Mr. Dreamer!" laughed a bright, bell-like voice. "Is this the way you work at the great picture that is to charm the world?"

"Edna!" Over went stool and easel as the young man sprang to his feet, as if from an electric shock. Red as the red, red leaves strewn about him flushed the handsome face, and brighter than the crystal rays of sunshine glowed his proud-looking eyes. In Miss Chandler's eyes brighter yet, while he clasped the hands, both hands, that had shaken the bough overhead, sending eddies of the fluttering messengers of mischief.

"I so wanted to see you!" he breathed, thrilling at the trustful glance of those pure eyes.

"And I so wanted to see you, but—Raymond!" He was a privileged character, this athletic, handsome-faced young fellow, all soul, all art, all love, for they were affianced, yet her tones were a tender reproach, a mild rebuke, for his eager lips came a trifle dangerously near sweeping her velvet cheek. She had managed to shrink back and disengage her hand, and with the tip of one nearly pink finger she pointed back the way she had come.

There was a roguish twinkle in her eye, as Raymond, Marshall stole a quick glance in the direction indicated. He frowned and groaned, dolefully but submissively.

His visitor had not come unattended. Back in the grove, a girl of her own age was toying with the rattling tops of the blanched golden rod.

"Was it necessary," he began, and then he uttered, quite testily: "Always that girl!"

"Raymond! how dare you?" came the spirited interpolation, and Miss Edna Deane showed the fire of her quick nature in a sudden, indignant flash of those captivating eyes. "Beatrice Mercer is my friend."

"I wish she wasn't. Of all our associates I distrust her the most," ventured Raymond Marshall.

"You ought to be ashamed!" commented Miss Tyrant, severely, "and you ought to feel grateful to her, instead of otherwise."

"Grateful?" "Yes; that is if you really care about seeing me. You know the rules of the seminary. No young lady may leave its sacred precincts unless accompanied by one of the faculty. Poor Beatrice has to teach for her tuition, and they invest her with the dignity and judgment of a duenna. So, when I told Miss Chandler, the principal, that I had the headache, that I thought I spied you so lonesome and industrious over here, and felt that the encouragement of my criticism on your beautiful picture might hurry up its completion, she reluctantly admitted that such a proceeding would be quite proper if Beatrice accompanied me."

Raymond Marshall winced at the thrust at his indolence. He brightened up, however, as he said:

care, placed me here for safe keeping, and going out into the world to forget his sorrows or win a fortune, died with the secret of my identity locked in his own throat."

"And now?" murmured Raymond, his loyal heart beating with renewed sympathy for the friendless girl who seemed to deserve all the love and care he had vowed to her.

"Now, Miss Chandler says we must wait. I am virtually her ward. She dare not let me go. I shall write you, and you must be my knight-errant. I hope he does not. Good-by. No! Beatrice is looking this way. Be patient, Raymond, and above all, do make some progress each time, never to be finished picture."

She was gone as she had come, like a flashing, dainty sprite, Raymond Marshall followed her with his eyes, until the bushes shut out the remotest view of her pretty, nodding cap.

"Beatrice!" he murmured, with a sigh, as he peered up stool and easel. "Who could paint with such a face haunting every glance and thought? And she bids me wait! Wait, to be tortured every time I see her in the company of that Beatrice Mercer, or making a confidante of Beatrice Mercer. How I distrust her!"

Yes, Miss Beatrice Mercer was a thorn in the artist's side. Why, he could scarcely explain. She was pretty, but more than once he had caught her eyes fixed on Edna with a latent, baleful light, upon himself with a passionate, pleading expression that mystified, repulsed him, he knew not why.

But all this would soon end; ah, yes! it must. The fresh, pink, rosy face of his fiancée must some time cease to be a mystery. It was not an unusual case. It would probably have a very prosaic conclusion, with the long-lost father returning, and explaining that he had placed her in the hands of Miss Chandler's charge because she was motherless.

Then they would marry, and life would be worth living, and all the distressing trifles of the present would vanish. It must be so. Edna had predicted that she would soon come from her mysterious relative.

Her faith as hopeful as his own, Edna locked her arm through that of her companion, and did most of the chattering the way back to the seminary.

Miss Mercer went straight to her own room. If Edna had seen her as she threw herself on her bed and lay down in a paroxysm of tears, rage, and emotion for an hour, she might not vainly have guessed at the cause of the varying moods of this strange creature.

As to Edna, she studied for an hour and started to find her friend again, thinking of Raymond's handsome face despite herself, and Raymond's anxious wish that the obstacles to their union were removed—that "word would come," and the suspense of waiting be alleviated.

"Oh, Edna! Miss Chandler wishes to see you at once," spoke a fellow-student, as Edna crossed the hall.

"Particularly?" murmured Edna, with a smile.

"Very much so. She sent me for you, and seemed greatly excited. Something has happened; I don't know what, but she acted very much agitated."

Yes, "something" had happened, and Edna Deane knew what, a few minutes later.

Something had happened in a way directly in accordance with her thoughts and Raymond Marshall's impatient desires.

"Word" had come.

CHAPTER II. FROM THE PAST.

Edna Deane's heart quickened its pulsations as she started for the reception room. The message brought her bore a token of excitement. Her mind dictated the word, and she was fair young life she vaguely dreamed of taking the step across the threshold that might portend revelations that would distress her.

A glance through the vestibule doors showed a floor harpings with two reeking horses, a driver on the box. Her unusual spectacle something to do with the summons of the moment?

"You sent for me, Miss Chandler," spoke Edna, inquiringly, as she entered the reception room, and then paused abruptly.

The face of the lady principal was pale, her manner agitated. She half arose, as if moved by a sudden impulse, to greet her favorite warmly, sympathetically. Then, checking herself, she said, in a muffled, indistinct tone of voice:

"Yes, Edna. This gentleman has come for you."

At the gentleman in question the wondering, perturbed Edna was staring. He had a slight resemblance to the principal, but very, but her school days are over.

the betrayal of the least emotion, no answered solemnly, but not unpleasantly. "If no, I am only your father's friend, his servant, his messenger."

"And he has sent for me?" "Every word was a throb of suspense and painful uncertainty. A father! Then she was not utterly friendless? A father! But why had he left her loveless, neglected, all these years?"

"Miss Chandler will tell you," answered the stranger. "She recognizes the authority by which I appear."

"Dear Edna, let it be smiles rather than tears," spoke Miss Chandler, coming to Edna's side and placing a caressing arm about her. "It is all quickly told. You have a father, and he has sent for you."

"But—" "I cannot tell you more. This gentleman not only binds me to secrecy, or, rather, leaves me in complete ignorance of the motive for all this mystery, but insists that you shall leave at once. Of one thing be assured, however, I am satisfied that you are going into kind hands. All will be well. This letter will convince you. It is from your father." And Miss Chandler nodded to the stranger, who handed Edna a sealed missive.

She barely glanced at it through her blinding tears. She read only the first few lines, beginning:

"My child, there have been vital reasons for my seeming neglect of you, there are still vital reasons why suddenly, abruptly, you must sever your connection with your dearest friends and hasten to me. When I explain you will know why my consent must know."

Edna crumpled the unfinished missive into her pocket at this stage, for Miss Chandler was giving her directions to go to her room and pack up hurriedly. In that apartment Beatrice Mercer joined her. With a strange, wondering light in her eyes, Edna's to Edna's story of the sudden summons.

"Oh! I shall surely be allowed to write to you, to explain everything when I find my father," sobbed Edna, as she clung to Beatrice in a fervent embrace.

"Beatrice!" he murmured, with a sigh, as he peered up stool and easel. "Who could paint with such a face haunting every glance and thought? And she bids me wait! Wait, to be tortured every time I see her in the company of that Beatrice Mercer, or making a confidante of Beatrice Mercer. How I distrust her!"

With locked doors and shades drawn, Beatrice Mercer sat at a table in her apartment, poring over a letter, studying it, analyzing it, re-reading it.

It was the crumpled missive, half read by the distressed Edna. How had it come into her possession? By design, the gleaming, calculating eyes told, for those eyes, the mask down now, all alone by herself.

When condensed milk was first introduced, thirty years ago, the idea was laughed at. The inventor carried the entire supply of New York City in a ten-quart pail, delivering it personally to patrons. He died worth \$7,000,000, made out of the business, which has grown to be a gigantic industry. The processes employed are very simple. The fresh milk being put into a great copper tank with a steam jacket. While it is being heated sugar is added, and the mixture is then drawn off into a vacuum tank, where a vacuum is produced by heat. The vacuum tank will hold from five to ten quarts, through which the operator in charge looks from time to time. He can tell by the appearance of the milk when the time has arrived to shut off the steam, and this must be done at just the right moment, else the batch will be spoiled. Next the condensed milk is drawn into forty-quart cans, which are set in very cold spring water, where they are made to revolve rapidly by a mechanical contrivance, in order that their contents may cool evenly.

When the water does not happen to be cold enough, ice is put in to bring it down to the proper temperature. Finally the tin cans, of market size, are filled with the milk by a machine, which pours into each one exactly sixteen ounces automatically, one girl shoving the cans beneath the spout, while another removes them as fast as they are filled. People in cities now always use condensed milk largely in preference to the fresh milk, because of its great desirability, because of the careful supervision maintained by the companies over the dairies from which they get their supplies. For their convenience the product is delivered unopened, but even so, it is not until it is last fresh two or three times as long as the ordinary milk, by reason of the boiling to which it has been subjected. Milk fresh from the cow contains 88 per cent. of water, condensed milk 28 per cent. The latter is fed to a great many babies, partly on account of the difficulty found in obtaining pure milk from the average milkman. It may be as well to mention here that a swindle and a delusion. To supply milk to customers, the milkman takes the same cow is not possible in practice, though, perhaps, it might pay to serve a single family in this way at the rate of 50 cents a quart. Experts assert that mixed milk is more wholesome for the consumer than milk from one cow, inasmuch as the yield of a single beast varies from day to day.

Wire Nails. It was only a few years ago that the first wire nails were used in this country, but now they are used in large proportions. This is well shown by a machine shipped from Greenpoint, N. Y., to Everett, Wash. The machine weighed 12½ tons, and turns out nails—spikes would be a better term—7-16 of an inch in diameter, 12 inches long and weighing just half a pound each. The wire from which they are made passes between a series of rolls which straighten it, and is then grasped by a pair of jaws which pull it forward. The proper distance to make a nail. It is then firmly gripped in another set of jaws and the head is formed by a powerful blow with a die of the proper shape. The headed wire is then pushed along until other dies cut off and shape the point and the finished nail falls from the machine. If any one had prophesied five years ago that the little wire brand then coming into use would be followed in a few years by such spikes, he would have found few believers.

Soloists died of wariness at the vanity of human life.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

What Children Have Done, What They Are Doing, and What They Should Do to Pass Their Childhood Days.

A Frog He Would A-wooloo Go. Sir Frog looked out one summer day. Found the world so bright and himself so gay.

That he said, "A-wooloo I will go. As my grandpa did, long, long ago. It took him a day to change his coat; And the flies he ate to clear his throat; Then away, till Miss Mouse's home he sees, And pretty Miss Mouse a-tasting cheese."



The he sang, "Kerchug, kerchug, kerchug. Which means, pretty Mouse, I love you. But pretty Miss Mouse put up her nose And tipped away on her dainty toes. Then saw Sir Frog in basso relief on 'Kerchug,' things have changed since grandpa's time."—New York World.

Ambitious to Rise. Mrs. Molyneux—Why are you always so naughty?

Courtney—Because papa says that little boys who are so very, very good never amount to anything. And I'm going to amount to something, if I have to be naughty all the time.—Harper's Young People.

A Good Day. Rev. Dr. Primrose—How is it your father always comes home from fishery on a Friday?

Little Johnny—"Cause he's then sure to find a good assortment of fish in the market.—New York Evening Sun.

A Half and a Half. A small pupil in one of our schools stood before his teacher at recess with the half of an apple in each hand.

"Which half is the biggest, Miss H—?"

Her teacher was in a mood to be critical, and answered:

"A half is a half, whether it's half of an apple or half of the world. So, you see, if your apple is cut exactly in halves, one half must be just the size of the other half."

The eyes of the little pupil filled with tears as she heard this scholarly discussion. But she still held out the two "halves" of her apple, although her little hands trembled.

"I didn't mean it that way, teacher," she said, sweetly; "I want you to have the biggest half."

"Thank you, my dear," said the teacher, who suddenly discovered that it took very little learning to be generous and thoughtful.

A Thief in Feathers. Most boys who live in the country have had a tame crow at some stage of their career, and the verdict seems to be that a tame crow is more tame than any other living thing. A gentleman, talking about crows the other day, also said that crows are very brainy animals, and that a bundle of old clothes strung on a stick in a corn field never deceives a veteran crow. He can tell it from a man every time.

Several years ago, this gentleman said, he was keeping a dry-goods store in Nashville, and owned a pet crow. Little articles were often missed, but the shopkeeper could not be detected. "One day," he continued, "a one-hundred-dollar bill disappeared from the cash desk, and I then hired a detective to watch the store. He was not long in spotting the thief. Mr. Crow flew away with a skein of silk thread, and he was followed. He deposited it in the hollow of an oak tree in the rear of the building, and came back for another haul. We cut the tree down and found the bill. It contained more than a bushel basketful of notions of all kinds, fitted from the counters, and in the lot was my one-hundred-dollar bill. He was the most successful shoplifter I ever knew. We impeached a mock court, tried the offender, and passed sentence of death upon him. But it was never executed. Whether he understood the sentence, or simply realized that his occupation was gone, I do not know, but with a loud croak he flew away and we never saw him again."

—Harper's Young People.

A Child's Plea. Like every other decent man, I am fond of children. Their bright, fresh faces, their clear, ringing voices, their thoughtless sayings—all have a charm for me. Were I to live my life over again I would not be the old bachelor I am to-day. Instead of spending so large a part of my years in roaming in foreign lands, I would devote it to making some sweet woman happy. The children I should most admire to lift upon my knee would be the poet says, "who can live youth over?" As we grow, so must we reap. And this reminds me, by a curious sort of mental association, to tell a story about one of the prettiest little Portland girls I know. I will call her Rosie, because that, I think, is a charming name for any little girl.

Last summer Rosie's mother had just put her to bed in her little room up one flight, and heard her repeat her evening prayer when a flash of lightning lit up the partially darkened room, followed by a heavy peal of thunder. Rosie was frightened and wanted to go down stairs. But her mother told her there was no danger. "God is here with you, my child. Nothing can harm you where God is." So she consoled and comforted Rosie, and left the chamber. Hardly had the mother got seated in the sitting-room, where her husband was reading his evening paper, when another terrific crash of thunder rolled over the house. Before the reverberating peal had fairly died away the door of

the sitting-room was opened and in ran little Rosie and threw herself into her father's arms, sobbing out: "Papa, papa, let mamma go up in my room and stay with God, and you let me stay down here with you."—Portland Argus.

How He Judged. While it is true that some of the most precise and accurate writers have been exceedingly slovenly in their personal habits, and while some men who were thoroughly bad in their private lives have certainly acted in their public careers as if impelled by the noblest and loftiest motives, yet it is generally the case that one reveals his true character in the ordinary affairs of life.

A country innkeeper, relying instinctively upon this principle, one day in the last century started a casual guest, who happened to be a gentleman attached to the royal court, by a confident prediction regarding the Archbishop of Toulouse who had just been appointed to one of the great offices of state.

The gentleman, looking over his mail, which he had ordered to be sent to the inn, exclaimed: "There are great changes in the Government! The Archbishop of Toulouse has been chosen Minister."

"Alas for France, if that is true," cried the innkeeper.

"Why so?"

"He will turn the kingdom upside down. He will make no end of trouble," returned the landlord, with an ominous shake of the head.

This was quite possible, and something like it did really happen, but only persons who knew the inner workings of political affairs could have predicted it so positively then, and M. de la Houss wondered what was the source of the innkeeper's information. With judicious urging he induced that sage to give his basis for calculations. It was this: "You will learn, M. de la Houss, that I know whereof I speak. The Archbishop of Toulouse always stops here on his way to Paris, and also on his return. He never fails to turn everything upside down."

"He has that bed carried into another room. He has all the tables and the wash-stand moved. The mirrors that are hung between the windows have to be placed above the mantelpiece. If I took his advice, I should tear this house down and rebuild it bottom side up."

"Depend upon it, he is a dangerous person, and will insist upon changing everything."—Youth's Companion.

Long Hair and Genius. Long hair was in vogue among musicians and artists long after it ceased to be worn by the rest of mankind. The long-haired artist with his velvet coat, his sombrero, and his mysterious cloak, has altogether disappeared, and lengthy locks only linger nowadays, with a few exceptions, on the head of the musician.

Indeed, this luxuriant tangle would appear to exercise a potent influence on auditors, for it is said that, in the agreement of a notable artist about to go on a foreign tour, there was a special clause that he shall not have his hair cut. This possibly is an invention, but it is an extraordinary thing that musicians are well-nigh the only people left who give but limited employment to the shears of the barber.

It is also a fact that their hair flourishes better than most people's. I have recently heard a theory that the great prevalence of baldness in the present day is entirely due to the constant close cropping which has existed for the last five and twenty years. If you look at the portraits of celebrities of thirty or forty years ago, you will be perfectly astonished at the carefully arranged coiffure which meandered over their coat-collars, and you feel inclined to begin singing, "Get yer 'air cut," without further delay. You will also be amazed to learn that most of them retained the extraordinary growth to the end of their days. It is sincerely to be hoped that the theory which has recently been started will not be the means of the introduction of a race of long-haired men.—London Graphic.

A Triumph of Civilization. There is a large farmer near me, a clever and successful man in his way, who married (as men sometimes do) a foolish wife. His daughters are placed at an expensive school in Brighton and are carefully debarred by their mother from all acquaintance not only with farmwork and housework, but with such elementary feminine knowledge as the simplest servant-maid can enjoy. They may not make or mend their own clothes; they may not use the needle. "I am happy to say," their proud mother said lately to a lady; "I am happy to say, ma'am, that my daughters cannot even sew." But they can play the piano—after a fashion; they have a smattering of French; they could and would (if they were asked) go to garden parties in evening dress. So greatly has civilization triumphed in their case.—Notes and Queries.

All Happens in a Second. A second is the smallest division of time in general use, and when we consider that in one year there are about 31,558,000 of these periods it would certainly seem as if it was small enough for all practical purposes. But after all a good deal can happen even in a fraction of a second.

A light wave, for instance, passes through a distance of about 186,000 miles in this length of time. A current of electricity has probably an even greater speed. The earth itself moves in its orbit at a rate of about twenty miles a second, thus far exceeding the fastest railroad trains on its surface.

A tuning fork of the French standard vibrates 870 times per second to produce the note on the treble staff.—Popular Science News.

Echo Cornets. In an operatic performance in Paris the cornets are fitted with a new echo apparatus, which differs from those hitherto devised in not altering the natural tone of the instrument. It is simply a small chamber of silvered copper so constructed as to produce the echo when adjusted to the mouth of the trumpet.

Valuable Postage Stamp. A postage stamp worth \$5,000 has been discovered in New York.

WIPED OUT BY WIND.

AN ILLINOIS TOWN ALMOST DEMOLISHED.

Two Killed, Many Injured—Public Buildings and Residences Levelled to the Ground—The Storm General in Character—Telegraphic Communication Almost Impossible.

Red Bud Shown Aways. The city of Red Bud, Ill., situated thirty miles southeast of St. Louis on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, was visited by a cyclone of wonderful intensity. The day preceding was a delightful autumn day, mild and bright. Toward night, however, the clouds began to gather and the weather indications rather favored rain. Shortly a terrific night a terrific rain, accompanied by violent thunder and lightning, overtook the citizens, and at 3:30 in the morning a cyclone was raging. Eighty-four buildings were demolished, two persons killed, twelve seriously hurt, and many more injured. It is estimated that \$1,000,000 worth of property was destroyed. The dead: Koppe, Willie; Koppe, Mrs. Louis; Crob, Emma; Dose, Peter; Haverman, Margaret; Heitman, Mr.; Kardiell, Mrs. Peter; Mandelfield, Mrs. John; Starr, Alden; Starr, Mrs. Alden; Starr, Charles; Sperr, S. A.; Sperr, Mrs. S. A.

Work of the Wind. Among the buildings blown down were the Catholic Church and parochial school, the German Lutheran Church, the City Hall and prison, the city fire engine house, the German Lutheran school, the high school building, the Continental Hotel, and the residences of the following named: W. Perkins, H. D. Redge, P. R. Droge, John Lang, and others.

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