



WEN I see her pass in her carriage in the park wrapped in her furs, opulent, haughty, cold, invulnerable, beautiful, the woman's history comes back to me over and again, point for point, step for step.

Her brow has the same marble smoothness; her shoulders, when she sits in the blaze of her opera-box, diamonds that would grace a queen shimmering on their whiteness, are as incomparable as ever.

Time and again, her calm, inscrutable eyes meet, with a fleeting glance, her husband's. They quietly, undemonstratively despise each other, these two. But, again, who would know it?

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But that was ten years ago. The outward circumstances were different then. On a moist, foggy afternoon in January, a young man with a keen, set, determined countenance, and eyes brooding, calculating, summing up, combining as he went along the crowded city streets, was accosted by another man of about the same age, who was hastening, though somewhat more leisurely, in the opposite direction.

"Hello, Hammond!"
Hammond half-wheeled round and stopped.

"If you've nothing else on hand, come and make that call with me to-night," said Scarle.

Hammond was conscious of no special eagerness. But Scarle was a rather good friend of his—the best he had. That was, perhaps, not saying much, for Hammond's friends were few. He had come from a rural district to the great city, resolute upon making his way. How he lived he himself best knew for a few years.

There were times when the struggle was fought at such close quarters that his board-bills often remained unpaid. But at the darkest the dogged determination in him never faltered. He used now and then to walk up the fashionable streets at night and loiter a moment lost in the crowd of street Arabs of small and large growth, at the house of a well-known prince of finance, over whose front steps an awning extended to the curb.

The noiselessly opening and shutting door at the head of the steps gave glimpses of an interior of light and warmth. To the curb there drove up a long, slowly moving mass of liveried carriages, disgorging their contents on the carpeted way. Hammond would stand there an instant two, of observant of the scene.

"Some day," a voice within him would say, "I shall open my doors in this fashion, or drive up to this very door as these people do now."

Scarle was but insufficiently cognizant of these characteristics of his friend. He liked him, did him a good turn when he could, and unbosomed himself to him as the more prosperous man will occasionally do to the confidant whose fortunes are not so excellent as his own.

Hammond, had he been asked to give his opinion, would have remarked that to be the manager of a bank, or



THE LADY'S FACE WAS VEILED.
a salary of \$10,000 a year was a beggarly sort of thing, unless a man expected to get up higher.

The call the friends made together that evening was on a young girl and her mother. The mother came second. Scarle had been infatuated for some time. Now they were engaged. The young lady could scarcely be said to be in society; and she was only in moderate circumstances. But Scarle was so happy that he eagerly wished every one of his friends to see Miss Eastlake, and appreciate his good fortune.

Did Hammond think her sufficiently handsome? Scarle, with masculine fatuity, asked himself the question several times in the course of the evening. Hammond's face was, under all circumstances non-committal. But on the other hand, not to acknowledge the beauty of Adrienne Eastlake was impossible.

Hammond, pleading another appointment, left early. Scarle lingered behind half an hour later.

"What do you think of Hammond?" he asked, looking down at the girl as she sat before him in a low chair, her head thrown back.

"I have only seen him once," she said evasively. Her manner to the man she was going to marry was cool, calm, elusive. But, unconsciously, blinded by his own engrossing passion, Scarle invested it with a reflected fervor.

"Oh! Hammond is bound to strike

luck some day. Let me tell you about him."

And Scarle discoursed for some minutes, to which Adrienne listened, intently.

"Egrad!" he cried, with a sudden laugh, "if he had only a start, with a little capital—say \$10,000. Something like the chance one or two fellows I know would have if they were aware of a certain inside fact I could communicate to them!"

Scarle was rather a weak man, and somewhat indiscreet one. When Adrienne, with a new show of interest, asked what was the inside fact, he was not proof against the flattery of her freshly bestowed attention.

"Simply the fact that our bank—"

Then he stopped short.

"Look here," he laughed uneasily. "I ought not to be telling you this! It only shows what confidence I have in you—how I worship you! Heaven! I believe better than any girl was worshiped before."

She laid her cheek against his shoulder. Her caresses at all times had been few. This one fired his blood.

"Tell me—"

He had still presence of mind to ask:

"But why do you want to know?"

"Simply a feminine curiosity! If you don't tell me, I shall know you don't love me."

And Scarle told her.

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The following morning, a slight, girlish figure, with a certain majesty, too, despite its girlishness, was admitted to the small office where Hammond was eagerly scanning some papers.

The lady's face was veiled. When she asked if she might see him alone on an important business, Hammond, with a faintly puzzled brow, led the way to a still smaller inner room. Then she removed her veil.

"Miss Eastlake!"

"Yes; you are surprised, of course. Yet a man such as I take you to be should be surprised at nothing. As a preamble to what I came here to say, however, I am going to tell you that, if you do not know me, I know you, far better than you think possible. Don't misunderstand me."

The girl had seated herself. She spoke in a quiet, collected, level voice:

"I am not in love with you. But, from the things Oscar Scarle has let drop inadvertently about you from time to time I have formed a certain idea of your personality. And that personality interested me because it coincided with my own, with my own temper, with my mode of thought. As soon as I heard you speak last night—I had seen you before and studied your face, for Mr. Scarle pointed you out to me on more than one occasion—I saw that I had not been mistaken in this view I had conceived of the manner of man you were. Well, this being so, I have come to make a bargain. I think it quite to your advantage. I shall state it as briefly as possible. Few words are needed."

She paused and her magnificent eyes were fixed upon him with a piercing keenness in place of their customary nonchalance. Hammond had listened with growing attentiveness.

"Go on," he said.

"I can give you information—inside information—concerning the shares in a large bank, which if you have the daring financial spirit I take you to have, will make your fortune or launch you on the way to permanent and colossal success."

"Ah!—Scarle?"

"Exactly, Scarle. He told me—being infatuated with me, and thinking a woman could make use of no such disclosure. He ought not to have trusted to that, of course. But Mr. Scarle is a fool. You thought I loved him!" She was shrugging her shoulders. "I consented to marry him because his position was, at least, not poverty—gentle poverty—the worst of all. But I want to be rich, I want to be powerful. I want to see the world at my feet."

"Possibly, I think probably, you are the man who could do these things. Therefore, my bargain. I communicate Mr. Scarle's information—which he was a fool to give me—on consideration that you marry me."

The two faced each other a moment. Hammond's brain was working with lightning rapidity.

"Of course, Scarle may be suspected. He will lose his position. This will brand him—ruin his chances forever."

Again Adrienne Eastlake shrugged her shoulders.

"I am sorry—I would not willingly harm him. But in the struggle if life the weak go to the wall. It is the law."

Half an hour longer this man and this woman were closeted. When Hammond walked with his visitor to the door, the information had been given, the bargain struck.

Before him, Hammond's insatiate inner eye saw stretching the feverish vision of success, no longer afar off and dimly, uncertain, but near, close within the grasp of his hand.

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Scarle to-day is a poor man. For ten years past he has been an unsuccessful one. That tide in the affairs of men which, taken at its flood, led Hammond and his beautiful wife on to fortune, has left him stranded. He lost his position in bad odor.

The same unwelcome repute has hung about his name ever since. But Hammond bullies and bears the market. And Adrienne has attained her ends; enjoys the fullest fruition of her ambition.

To the general world she represents triumph incarnate, secure. The few who know see her drive by, as I do, with wonder and a question as to the possible final end of an earthly triumph.

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A GREAT SUFFERER FROM Liver Complaint

Cured by the Use of

AYER'S PILLS

"For several years I was a great sufferer from liver complaint, which caused severe pains under the right side, from the right shoulder-blade, dullness of the skin, loss of spirits, and cramp in the stomach. I am pleased to be able to state that I have been relieved of all these complaints by the use of Ayer's Pills. I find them, also, to be an excellent after-dinner pill."—Mrs. M. A. STAD, Muncy, Pa.

AYER'S PILLS

Received Highest Awards

At THE WORLD'S FAIR

Sam Deadruff of Morocco was in town last Wednesday.

The highest price is paid for cora at the Nowels elevators.

Best galv. barb wire 2½ lb. at J. M. Hufty's, Mt. Ayr, Ind.

Catholic Notes.

The young men of the St. Aloysius Society approached holy communion last Sunday, and after high mass elected officers for the ensuing year. The following young men were elected: President, Joseph Borntrager; secretary, Francis Meyer; treasurer, Thomas Eglesbach; and librarian, Joseph Luers.

The object of the society is the promotion of good morals and the diffusion of general knowledge, particularly in the interest of history, Christian etiquette and literature.

Next Sunday the young ladies of St. Rose Society will receive holy communion at the early mass and after high mass have their meeting for the annual election of officers. All are expected to be present.

St. Valentine.

Valentine was a priest in Rome, who, with St. Marius and his family, assisted the martyrs in the persecution under Claudius II. He was apprehended and sent by the emperor to the prefect of Rome, who, on finding all his promises to make him renounce his faith ineffectual, commanded him to be beaten with clubs, and afterwards to be beheaded, which was executed on the 14th of February, about the year 270. To abolish the heathen's lewd superstitious custom of boys drawing the name of girls in honor of their goddess, Februa Juno, on the 15th of this month the clergy substituted names of saints in billets given on this day, but, although this gave the custom a religious aspect, still they did not succeed in extirpating this pagan practice.

Up to the 15th century this custom prevailed in England, Scotland and many parts of France. On the eve of St. Valentine's day a number of young folks—maids and bachelors—would assemble, and inscribe upon little billets the names on an equal number of maids and bachelors of their acquaintance, throw the whole into a receptacle of some sort and then draw them lottery-wise—care, of course, being taken that each should draw one of the opposite sex. The one thus drawn became ones Valentine. The imaginary engagements, as may readily be supposed, often led to real ones; because one necessary consequence of them was, that after a whole year a bachelor remained bound to the service of his Valentine, somewhat after the fashion of a medieval knight of romance to his lady-love. At one period, it was customary for both sexes to make each other presents, but later on the obligation seems to have been restricted to young men. This practice has ceased since the 15th century to possess the symbolic meaning it then had and had become a considerable nuisance. The approach of the day is now heralded by the appearance in the booksellers' shop windows of vast numbers of missives calculated for use on this occasion, each generally consisting of a single sheet of paper, on the first of which is seen some ridiculous, colored caricature of the male or female figure, with a few burlesque verses below. More rarely, the print is of a sentimental kind, such as a view of Hymen's altar, with a pair undergoing initiation into wedded happiness. Maid-servants and young fellows interchange such epistles with each other on the 14th of February, no doubt conceiving that the joke is amazingly good, whilst in many cases it brings grief to the heart and unfriendly dispositions among associates.

College Notes.

The Rev. Mathew Zumbelte, former pastor of St. Augustine's church, paid a visit to his many friends in Rensselaer and Collegeville last Tuesday. Father M. Zumbelte ingratiated himself with the Catholics of his place by the erection of St. Augustine's church and he is always cordially welcomed by his numerous friends. He is at present in charge of a congregation at Hanover Center near Cedar Lake.

Clothes Notes.

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Clothing.

In ready made clothing we are simply the leaders, both in quality of goods and prices.

Blankets and Underwear.

Blankets and woolen underwear we are selling at cost to close out, to give room for our spring goods. Now is the time for bargains in that line.

Hats, Carpets and Gloves.

We have an especially fine line of hats. It will pay you to see them.

We are closing out our carpets at very low prices, come before they are all gone.

We have a fine line of ladies' and gents' kid gloves.

Gents' neckwear, and handkerchiefs of all kinds at lowest prices.

Shoes, Pants, Etc.

Our ladies' and gents' shoe line is simply elegant. Come in. Seeing them you are sure to buy.

Men's extra quality jeans pants, lined all the up to \$1. All wool pants, very nice \$2.75, generally selling for 25 cents. Address this office.

Clothing.

S. F. Wood, engineer at the electric light plant, was called to Pulaski county Sunday by the sickness of his wife at the home of her father, who died a few days ago. He returned Monday, his wife being some better.

Crevison's market is a desirable place to order that Sunday roast.

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