WAS ALIVE YET DEAD.

Lost Fortune and Mind in a Day.

Ruined by a Panic in Wall Street, a Broker Disappears and for More Than Three Years His Life Was an Utter Blank—Found by His Wife.

There was a panic on Wall street, the worst since "Black Friday." Fortunes acquired by years of patient toil and rigid economy had been swept away in a few hours. Men rated as millionaires yesterday were beggars to-day. But only those who have been in the whirlpool of humanity that surges over the floor of the Stock Exchange can understand the full meaning of the word, "a panic on Wall street." Many of the oldest and strongest houses had gone down in the storm and there was no prospect of early relief. The rate of interest for money had been going higher and higher, until the figures reached were almost ruinous, and then came the terrible announcement that the banks would lend no more. Money could not be obtained, and the few traders who had been holding on in a vain hope of relief from some quarter must now throw their stocks on the market at great loss and send prices down with a rush. Men lived years in a few hours and strong indeed must be the man, in mind and body, who could stand the strain.

Among those who rushed to and fro, as if mad, on the floor of the Exchange, none seemed better fitted to bear the fearful excitement than Philip Dryer, one of the youngest traders on the street. He had been a member of the Exchange less than a year, but in that brief time had established a reputation as a cautious and skillful trader that was valuable. He took few great risks and made money from the start. Dryer was a handsome, manly young fellow and very popular on the street. He was usually cool and collected, carefully calculating the chances of every deal before he closed it, but now he seemed terribly excited. His face was pale, his lips drawn and large drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. Anxiously he watched the quotations on his favorite stock, of which he was carrying a large block. Little by little he saw the price go down and down until the limit of his margins was almost reached. Then, with his breath coming in quick gasps, he gathered up his last batch of securities and hurried away to his bankers to borrow more money.

There was more than the loss of fortune at stake for Philip Dryer that day. Six months before he had married the sweetest and prettiest girl in New York. His bride was the daughter of a wealthy retired merchant and she had always been accustomed to a life of luxury. He had promised her on their wedding day that she should never know a wish ungratified. He had purchased for her a beautiful and costly home and had furnished it with everything that wealth and good taste could suggest. There was a balance due on his home and the place was mortgaged to secure it. The payment would be due in a few days. A few successful deals on the Stock Exchange now and he would have the money. But the tide had set against him, the panic came and all his fortune seemed about to be swept away. If he lost on the present deal he would be penniless, the beautiful home would be sold and his fair young wife turned into the street.

"No more loans to-day," answered the cashier briefly to Philip Dryer's appeal for $50,000 to tide him over the panic.

Mechanically the young broker turned and made his way back to the Exchange. It seemed to him that a dark cloud had suddenly shut off the sunlight, but he would go back; perhaps there had been a turn of the tide. He reached the floor of the Exchange at last, and then, as one hears in a dream, he heard his own failure on contracts announced and saw all his holdings of stock closed out at auction. The hammer fell, the wild shouts of the panic-stricken traders ceased. The business of the day was over, the closing hour had arrived and scores of pale-faced men staggered out into the open air to breathe and think.

Philip Dryer stood in front of the Exchange a few moments and then walked slowly away from the scene of his ruin. All his surroundings seemed so changed he did not realize where he was. As a man in trance might walk he went on, not knowing or caring where his footsteps led. He turned up Wall street toward Trinity. The chimes of the grand old church suddenly pealed forth, but to Philip Dryer they seemed to be the voices of demons shrieking in his ears. He hurried on to the river, and there he saw the tall masts of a ship dimly outlined against the sky. Then he knew no more. A mist was over his eyes—he could not see. Of the past he remembered nothing.

While walking from the Stock Exchange to North River the expression of Philip Dryer's face had so changed that his dearest friend would not have recognized him. He was no longer the same man. In that brief half-hour Philip Dryer had ceased to exist. He was living, yet dead. A new identity lived in his brain and betrayed itself in the changed face. The mental strain he had undergone that day had proved too much for him, and Philip Dryer, the broker, in mind, features and identity passed out of existence. The newspapers of the metropolis devoted many columns to the mysterious disappearance of Philip Dryer. For a time he divided attention with the Wall-street panic. It was a strange case, but the newspapers reasoned that he had committed suicide on account of his failure, and in time the public accepted their conclusion. The Wall-street panic passed into history and the Dryer disappearance gave way to other sensations. The reading public demand frequent changes of mental diet.

In time Philip Dryer, the once popular young broker, was forgotten by all save his wife, who mourned him as dead. She, too, had at last been forced to accept the conclusion of the press, that in a fit of despondency he had taken his own life. For weeks she visited the morgue every time a body was brought from the river, but at last she gave up all hope of seeing the loved face again. Grief will wear itself out in time, and finally Mrs. Dryer put aside her mourning and joined some friends who were going West for a long sojourn in California. Three years had passed since her husband disappeared, and while his body had not been found, she was satisfied that he was dead. In the beautiful city of Pasadena, Cal., Mrs. Dryer and her friends lingered for months. They mingled in the best society, and the beautiful young widow was soon a great favorite. Edward Parker, a young and successful banker, was one of the social leaders of Pasadena. He was a handsome man, but there was something in the expression of his face that made him seem older than he was. It was a look that resembled the trace of a great sorrow, but in the gay manner of the young banker there was nothing to indicate that he had ever looked on any save the bright side of life.

There was something about the face and manner of Edward Parker that interested Mrs. Dryer more than she cared to admit, and he made scarcely an effort to conceal the fact that he had been in love with her from the first time they met. They were together more and more as the stay of the New York party lengthened into months, and when Parker told her of his love Mrs. Dryer could only admit that she was very happy. "Do you know," she said when their troth had been plighted, "that there is something in your face and your voice that interested me the first time I saw you? It is not that you remind me of any one I ever knew, but there is something about you that makes me feel as though we had been friends in the long ago. You have never seemed quite a stranger to me."

"You have made me so happy I cannot find words to tell you all I feel," said Parker, "but I am sure fate brought us together. It was no chance meeting. Long ago I saw in my dreams a face and form divinely fair and fell in love with the vision. In my waking hours I could not recall the face; it passed away with the dreams, but when I met you it came back to me. You are the vision that came to me in those dreams, and before I ever saw you in reality I loved you."

At the earnest request of Parker Mrs. Dryer finally named an early day for the wedding. They would be married in Pasadena and spend their honeymoon in the East. The church where the marriage was to to take place was crowded to its utmost capacity on the evening fixed for the happy event. The bride, more beautiful than ever in her wedding costume and wreaths of orange blossoms, stood at the altar and the happy groom came forward to take her hand. He advanced a few steps, then stopped suddenly. His face turned pale, and then those who stood near saw a change come over it, a change so great that the man standing there to be married was not Edward Parker.

The spectators vaguely realized that something was wrong. There was a murmer of interest and excitement and then the bride glanced up for an instant to the face of the man at her side. For a moment only her glance rested there, then clutching at the railing of the altar for support, she reeled and with a scream fell to the floor in a faint. Only the bride had recognized the changed face of the pale and trembling bridegroom. The man who stood at the altar was not Edward Parker, banker, but Philip Dryer.

The dead lived again.—Chicago Herald.

[For the Record-Union.]

HELP.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."—Psalm cxxi.

A traveler, footsore, weary,
 In life's e'er changeful day,
Through valleys dark and dreary
 I pressed my lonely way.
My heart was sad within me,
 The way seemed long and drear;
O, for a comrade near me,
 Or friendly face to cheer!

Alone I traveled onward,
 The stony pathway o'er,
Through thorn and bramble pressing,
 Past wood and lonely moor.
Mine eyes were dim with straining
 For sight of ought to cheer—
When lo! a voice bespoke me,
 In accents sweet and clear:

"Lift up thine eyes, O pilgrim,
 To heaven's e'er glowing hills;
Thence cometh help and comfort
 That purest joy distills.
Not in the earth beneath thee
 Do grace and wisdom lie,
Thy Father would bequeath thee
 These virtues from on high."

I raise my eyes in wonder—
 O, rapture! bliss divine!
O'er all this way before me
 Doth heaven's own glory shine!
The hills, God's wondrous footstool,
 Give back a radiance bright
That marks my way unbroken
 Through all the darkening night.

* * * * * * * * * * *

A pilgrim still I travel
 Life's weary way along,
But I no long marvel
 At the sweet Psalmist's song.
Mine eyes to thee are lifted,
 O, everlasting hills,
Through clouds thy glory rifted
 And now my pathway fills.

Help from thy strength is given
 Unto my struggling soul,
From thee the steps to heaven
 Before my feet unroll.
 * * * * * *
I know not whence the voice came
 That spake those words to me,
But I shall hear its echo
 Through all eternity.

A. G. G. (Dora Burns).

June 30, 1891.

[For the Record-Union.]

IN MEMORY OF DR. L. C. C.

[By Len.]

Farewell, oh friend, both true and tried,
 A long farewell to thee.
Life's burden's past, its discords changed
 For heaven's true harmony.

The shadows which pursue us all
 Had veiled thy once bright mind,
And Duty's voice seemed faint and low,
 Both Faith and Hope unkind.

Now free from all, thy simple faith
 That led you to be true
To friend and foe wherever met,
 Will answer now for you.

Assured are we that He who fills
 With light forever blest,
Will grant to you, our loved, lost friend,
 Thy soul eternal rest.

Common-Sense Dresses.

"We hear a great deal about common-sense shoes and rational dressing," said a matron as she crowded the last parcel into her traveling-bag and shut the clasp, breathing, as she did so, a little sigh of satisfaction, "but a good deal of what is called rational is but another name for some lady's fads and fancies. To reduce the subject to its simplest terms, such dressing has anything but the elements of comfort which its sponsors claim for it. I know, for I have tried it. In fact, I think I have tried everything that promised ease and restfulness, and nothing pleases me as well as a dress of my own arranging.

"I use nun's serge, and make the skirt just to clear the ground. The waist is a Norfolk blouse, and is belted in. The sleeves are loose enough to be comfortable, and the collar turned back from a rather high linen collar which is worn with it. If I do not care for a collar I wear a mull kerchief inside the waist. Underneath I wear a silk vest, a buttoned waist of coutille, a short skirt of flannel and full trousers of heavy linen, made somewhat in Turkish fashion but fastening just below the knees.

"With long-wristed gloves of heavy leather and a moderately wide-brimmed hat, with long vail of tissue, which can be wrapped around the throat, I am equipped for storm or shine, and can climb, walk, row or travel in comfort and the certainty that my clothes will neither fall to pieces, show the wear and tear of my journey or make me in any way conspicuous."—New York Ledger.

All on one side—the offer that's made by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It's $500 reward for an incurable case of Catarrh, no matter how bad, or of how long standing. They mean what they say; they're responsible, and the offer has been made for years. It's all on *your* side—you lose your catarrh, or you're paid $500 for keeping it. But it's safe for them, too—they know you'll be cured.

Dr. Sage's Remedy produces perfect and permanent cures of Chronic Catarrh in the Head, as thousands can testify. "Cold in the Head" is cured with a few applications. Catarrhal Headache is relieved and cured as if by magic. It removes offensive breath, loss or impairment of the sense of taste, smell or hearing, watering or weak eyes, and impaired memory, when caused by the violence of Catarrh, as they all frequently are. Remedy sold by druggists, 50 cents.

IN RELIGION'S REALM.

Expressions from the Various Religious Newspapers.

The Religious Thought of the Day as Expressed in the Sectarian Press—Some Matters of Interest to Both Ministers and Laymen.

The *Christian Inquirer* (Bapt.) says of Dr. Rainsford's "View of Future Unity" and the depreciatory comment on his own church therein:

"There is sometimes a blind devotion to one's denomination which we cannot admire, but we have little respect for one who remains in a church whose work and policy he seems to despise. To our view Dr. Rainsford has spoken a good deal of truth concerning his church, but his words certainly will not help on 'unity,' either in it or out of it."

The Nashville *Christian Advocate* (Meth.) says: "Will some one please to tell us what is meant by the expression 'two orders, three offices'? Like the inquirer at the circumlocution office, we 'want to know.' What is an order but a permanent office? The supposition that it is anything more than this contradicts all that is said in the New Testament concerning the Christian ministry, and lends effective support to the hieratical notions of the Roman Catholics. It is our fixed belief, frequently expressed in the columns of this paper, that the church in every age is left free to create as many or as few offices as its needs may require, and to arrange and determine their relative positions and functions, always, of course, keeping in view the fundamental principles of the Gospel. Our own church, in the full exercise of this freedom, has from the beginning had Bishops, elders and deacons. These are all orders in the same sense in which they are offices, and offices in the same sense in which they are orders. The 'two orders, three offices' theory has never been sanctioned among us by any competent authority, and, as far as our church is concerned, is not true."

The *Congregationalist* says: "Sabbath reformers in the West do not seem to discriminate wisely between the forces that are undermining that institution. A committee of women of the churches in Minneapolis, appointed to circulate and present petitions against the Sunday theater, reported to their constituency as follows [italic ours]: 'The action of the board [of theatrical managers] was communicated to your Chairman, and published in the newspapers next day *Sunday*. It is unnecessary to refer to the substance or tone of this letter, *as you have all doubtless read it*.' Yet, it is safe to say that if there had been no Sunday newspapers there would not be Sunday theaters."

The *Sacred Heart Review* (R. C.) says: "A prominent Congregational clergyman, Dr. Newman Smyth, in an address delivered last week in Connecticut, said:

"'The problem of religious education of the children is too great for any church to-day. We have secularized the school until there is no place for religion. The Roman Catholic Church has our Protestant Church at a disadvantage here. This makes our American system go on one wheel. There should be a religious trust—a Protestant combination of religious forces to do this work.'

"To this admission and to the proposed change of policy, we invite the attention of those well-meaning Protestants who are so affrighted by the cry of 'Roman Catholic aggression' that they are willing to surrender the education of their children to purely secular and godless hands. A moment's thought should show them the hight of the precipice to the brink of which their prejudices have led them, or rather allowed them to be led."

The *Churchman* says the whole pith and marrow of this pew-rent question lies in the answer to this: "Does it provide for the preaching of the Gospel to the poor?" There is no possible doubt about the answer. The pew system does nothing of the sort. It does precisely the reverse. It has the effect of excluding the poor from the ordinances of the Gospel. And for that reason it is indefensible as a system for the support of Christian worship.

"A parish church is for the common Christian nurture of all the people of the parochial district in which it is situated, and there ought to be nothing in it or its arrangements to exclude or repel any man. A national church ought to have parishes established in every district of the land. A national church made up of a few thousands of congregations occupying private chapels is a contradiction in terms. The pew-rent system may do as an expedient of a missionary period, but only as a temporary expedient. Proprietary chapels have no right to exist to the detriment of true parochial churches, and they have still less right to be permanently substituted for them. Their present position in the American church is only one proof that the church has not yet outgrown the period of missionary exigency. It is to be hoped that she is fast entering on a period of more mature establishments."

The *Evangelist* (Pres.) says: "It does seem to us a great mistake in what we may call theological tactics, that is, in arraying the evidences of our religion against infidelity, to stake the whole fate of Christianity on the ability to support by historical proofs what is, after all, of very inferior importance. This has been a stumbling block in all ages. Old Saint Jerome wrestled over these preplexities, and at last came to a conclusion which may be a lesson to some scholars in our day. The following quotation we find in the *American Ecclesiastical Review* (Roman Catholic) for May, which we translate from the Latin. He was discussing the difficulty caused by disagreements in the Bible chronology, and he throws up the whole matter in despair, and says:

"'For what is the use in bothering with the letter and finding fault with the error of the writer or the chronology, when it is very clearly written, "The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life." Go carefully over all the books of the Old and New Testament, and you will find so much disagreement in the years, and the chronology of the two kingdoms of Judah and Israel so confused, that to devote one's self to questions of this sort does not appear to be the business so much of a student as it is of a man who has nothing important to do. (Ep. ad. Vitalem, Migne Patr. Lat., v. 22, Col. 676.)'"

The *Occident* (Pres.) says: "It has for ten years or more been the lament, in private, of sagacious Presbyterians that a few hot bloods seemed bent on forcing the church to face a whole brood of new theological issues before her scholarship had been able to refine the crude material for the ecclesiastical market, or the mass of the people schooled to appreciate any values which might thus be disclosed. Protests and warnings have not been wanting, but they seem to have been in vain. The pressure has been relentless, until we seem forced already to the verge of a settlement—while yet the church does not know and could not be expected to know just what it is she is to settle. The scholars themselves are not yet out of the early morning fog of their new science. The mist enshrouds us all. It is the part of Christian fidelity to put restraint on the rashness which would force on us the new theological definition under these trying conditions. The time is not ripe. The church refuses to authorize in her professors' chairs the belligerent advocacy of theological novelties that seem to threaten cherished dogmas. She demands that these novelties be sifted before they shall bear her stamp as fit for inculcation among students of theology. Whoever arrays himself against this demand is guilty of folly. Those who give temperate voice to this demand are not necessarily the foes of progress, but they are sagacious exponents of our denominational life and habit. If their critics insist on forcing the issue, the issue may be deplorable, but it can readily be foreseen, and Princeton herself is not strong enough to prevent it. If the 'higher criticism' insists on 'judgment' now, and accepts the Briggs case as the test, rashness will overpower the good sense that would fain have prevented a premature verdict, and our New York friends must bear the blame of their own and the church's calamity. They may fancy they are fighting Princeton, or conservatism, or old-fashioned Calvinism; the fact is that they are fighting the laws of nature; if they don't stop that, all the rest of us cannot prevent their being hurt, no matter how much we wish to; and doubtless in the collision we shall all be wounded more or less, and (what is of vastly more moment) our beloved church will be wounded sorely—all because a few earnest souls in New York insist on courting a contest with the law of ecclesiastical gravitation."

IT DOESN'T COST MONEY.

It doesn't cost money, as many suppose,
 To have a good time on the earth,
The best of its pleasures are free unto those
 Who know how to value their worth.

The sweetest of music the birds to us sing,
 The loveliest flowers grow wild,
The finest of drinks gush out of the spring—
 All free to man, woman and child.

No money can purchase, no artist can paint
 Such pictures as nature supplies
Forever, all over, to sinner and saint
 Who use to advantage their eyes.

Kind words and glad looks and smiles cheery and brave
 Cost nothing—no nothing at all,
And yet all the wealth Monte Cristo could save
 Can make no such pleasures befall.

To bask in the sunshine, to breathe the pure air,
 Honest toil, the enjoyment of health,
Sweet slumber refreshing—the pleasures we share
 Without any portion of wealth.

Communion with friends that are tried, true and strong,
 To love and be loved for love's sake—
In fact, all that makes a life happy and long
 Are free to whoever will take.

It doesn't cost money to have a good time,
 And that is the reason, alas!
Why many who might have enjoyment sublime
 Their lives in such misery pass.

It doesn't cost money to have a good time;
 The world's best enjoyments are free;
But those who find pleasure in folly and crime
 Will not with these true words agree.

HE WAS DELIGHTED.

Here Is a Man Who Was Bound to Be Satisfied.

A man charged with robbing a stage coach, in a remote county of Kentucky, was brought to trial the other day, and although he had numerous friends, was sentenced to the penitentiary for a term of ninety-nine years. Immediately after the sentence had been pronounced the prisoner's face lighted up with an expression of joy; and, moving about the courtroom, he began to shake hands with his friends.

"Why, Bob," said a friend, "you act as if you were glad."

"I am," the prisoner answered.

"Did you expect to be hanged?"

"Oh, no."

"Then how can you be pleased at your sentence?"

"Why, you see, I was only sentenced for ninety-nine years."

"Yes, I understand that."

"But," said the prisoner, smiling broadly, "I was afraid that instead of ninety-nine they might send me up for a hundred. I tell you that to a man who is getting along in life one year makes a good deal of difference."

Death Not the End.

The following beautiful lines, taken from the *Confectioners' Journal*, were recently written by a devout Christian traveling salesman to a friend, also a traveling man, who had not accepted the light of divine revelation which enabled his friend to so beautifully interpret the words, "Death is Not the End":

Life is like a rosebush, its stem our way thro' life—
The branches are the by-ways, that lead to woe and strife—
The roses are the joys we meet, sorrows are the thorns—
The fragrance of the roses fair, the thoughts that life adorns—
The leaves are friends, which turn to us when fortune's sun doth shine,
When clouds of sorrow lower, away from us incline.
And when we reach the end and look, we find the bush all bare,
The joys and friends have left us, though thorns still linger there;
The bush stands bare and withered till springtime comes once more,
When beauteous roses bloom again as fragrant as before.
The gem, or vital spark, but slept, as ours will some day,
To wake us in eternal fields, where roses bloom alway.

BEWARE

of mercury and potash mixtures. They aggravate the disease instead of curing it.

Life A Burden.

"I suffered for five years with mercurial rheumatism, which was the result of potash and mercurial treatment by physicians for constitutional blood poison. They not only failed to cure me, but made me a physical wreck and my life a burden. I then commenced taking Swift's Specific (S.S.S.,) and after taking a few bottles was entirely cured both of the rheumatism and blood poison. I cheerfully commend S. S. S., to any one similarly afflicted.

JOHN H. LYLES, Sorento, Ill.

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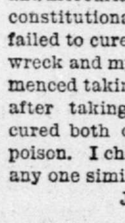

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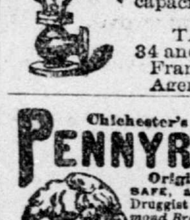

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JOSEPH HAHN & CO., Fifth and J Streets

HIGHTOWERS.

[Written for the Recod-Union by Gale Braith (Alice Robertson)].

" If you're ever going to love me,
 Love me now while I can know
All the sweet and tender feelings
 Which, from real affection, flow.
Love me now while I am with you—
Do not wait till I am gone."

The summer sun was shining bright and warm that afternoon, lighting up the diamond-shaped window panes of Hightowers with million brilliant colors glinting upon the long, low iron railings of the balustrade. The stonewalks and white marble Corinthian columns, which support the portico, are blinding to the eye, so glaring in their whiteness. Away off inthe distance you can see St. Joseph's, with its tall steeple reaching and seeming to pierce far into the sky.

It was very quiet around the tower that afternoon, with an occasional laugh from the distant reapers, or, perhaps, you may hear a bird twitter. Then a chirping and caroling as if the scene wholly and rightfully belonged to themselves. Most surely it was this ceaseless clamoring and singing that deadened the distant echoes of the highways and byways.

To the left slants the wide, green lawn like an enrolled emerald carpet, ending at a thick clump of weeping willows trailing and dipping their slender leaves into the cooling waters of a miniature lake, which bears upon its placid bosom a couple of graceful, snowy swans raising their long necks and sending forth, from their bills, a crescent-shaped silver spray. A light breeze is beginning to rise, and sends a million tiny ripples crumbling toward the edge of the bank, gently rocking Rosamund's little white boat, which is loosely tied to a laurel bush, with its dainty, smoothly-polished oars crossed carelessly in the bottom. The breeze becomes stronger, and a shower of sweet dead leaves flutter from the tree tops.

I will not weary you by conducting you through the more pretentious parts of the interior. From a passing glance you may perceive that there seems to be a decided taste for Oriental things. See, here are a number of Turkish and Persian carpets and rugs. Behold the painted walls, clerstories, ceilings with dark, rich, bold designs. You observe the Oriental hangings. Please note the variety and profusion; almost bewildering, is it not? But come, I will lead you quickly and quietly through the servants' hall where, as we pass, a lady's maid, in coquettish cap and apron, is seated in an old-fashioned oaken chair tilting and balancing herself dangerously far backward, looking up with laughing, saucy eyes at a tall young footman who is lazily leaning across the table and proffering her a glass of ruby wine.

Past these I hurry you until we reach the housekeeper's cosy sitting-room. Comfort is marked upon every article, plain but substantial, as becoming the abode of a long and well-tried servant. The sun is pouring in through the half-drawn crimson curtains, lighting up the little copper kettle singing so merrily upon the hearth; dancing in fitful shadows upon the solid silver spoons and sugar tongs; sparkling upon the long steel knitting needles which slip so quickly through the housekeeper's plump, white hands; caressing her gold-rimmed spectacles; kissing and resting as with a blessing upon her snowy cap and silver hair. One long sunbeam lays across Rosamund's fair hand; a warm, bright strip of sunlight, blue, crimson and gold, which moves, trembles and quivers amongst her shining hair.

Suddenly the girl springs to her feet, letting the book, she had just been reading, fall to the floor.

"Oh, bother the sun, nurse. I cannot see to read another word. My eyes are positively dancing jigs."

She stands and stretches her long arms far above her head. A very lovely girl is Rosamund—lovelier by far than I can describe or you imagine. Tall, remarkably tall, with a firm, straight body modeled like a statue. But it is her face which would be hard to surpass in loveliness. A small, queenly head, around which is twisted numerous strands of golden-bronze hair, falling and rippling away from a low, broad forehead, beneath which shines a pair of dark, gray eyes shadowed by narrow, straight brows and fringed with black, curling lashes, a small Grecian nose and adorable mouth and chin. Yes, a beautiful, thoughtful, though sad face, has Rosamund Hightowers. And the old housekeeper sighs softly as she gazes with admiring eyes upon her beloved young mistress.

"Why do you sigh, nursie?" asked the girl, seating herself at the old woman's feet and gently taking the knitting from her hands.

"Ah, dearie, 'tis for your future I am sighing. Forgive me; but stubbornness never brought happiness yet."

The girl's face flushes faintly.

"Then you think the fault is mine?"

"Not entirely, perhaps; but you, I think, are the most to blame, therefore you should be the first to forgive."

With a sob Rosamund lays her head upon the housekeeper's knee.

"Perhaps it is. But I will never ask forgiveness. My pride will hold me back."

"Pride, my dear, is our worst enemy at times. Will you let me tell you a story?" asked the old woman, smoothing the girl's bright hair with tender, loving fingers. "A story that you have often begged for, but which I never cared to repeat until now."

"You mean my mother?"

She nods assent, and, with interested eyes, Rosamund listens to the nurse's story.

"It was a great many years ago that I first came as nurse to the Towers. That was when Master Bertram, your papa, was a baby; therefore I remember your grandparents distinctly, and I do know your grandfather had a most violent temper. It was he who arranged the marriage between your mother and his son. Your grandma was a delicate, nervous woman, never daring to have an opinion of her own. And when your grandfather announced his intention of making the match between his son and orphan niece, she did not venture a word against it, though she knew full well her son loved, and had long loved, another woman—a beautiful creature who came, no one knew from where, and was living, with her brother, in one of the cottages on the estate. Your mother, Miss Judith, was very handsome and proud, but could not, for a moment, compare with Miss Arbuthnot—that, my dear, was the lady's name. It was no secret that your father, Master Bertram, was quite wild about the woman. It is even said he went to his father, and, upon his knees, begged to be allowed to chose his own wife, but the old man nearly died from rage, and threatened his son with his curse, and disinheritance, and goodness knows what else besides, if he should breath a word to Miss Judith."

The old woman paused and laid a hand upon the knitting which her mistress was unconsciously unraveling.

"Well, after that, Master Bertram went around sad and sullen-like. It would have been strange that Miss Judith—I beg your pardon; I meant to say your mamma, dear—did not notice. But she had been away on a long visit to distant relations, and only returned a few days before the wedding, and she being hurried and flurried with dressmakers and milliners, it is not to be wondered at that she did not notice her future husband's gloom. At any rate, they were married, and went away on a short wedding trip; and shortly after their return your grandfather died, and your grandma soon followed. Then your papa changed from gloom to storm. He would rage and curse the servants up hill and down dale. Your mother was so sad, so dreadfully unhappy, and him, never giving her a pleasant word. In fact, he spent the whole of his time at the Arbuthnot Cottage drinking and carousing, and frequently attending the hunt. Your mother bore her husband's treatment quietly and patiently—bless her. But many's the time I have felt like scratching his face and pulling his hair out, even if I did nurse him at my breast—no disrespect to you, dear."

The girl lifts the plump, white hand and lays it softly against her lips.

"And so things ran from bad to worse; and one evening, a short time before you were born, she took a notion to go and meet him as he was riding through the park. Something had gone wrong in the hunting field, and he swore a great oath, and gave her a stinging lash with his riding whip right across the face. Some of the servants cried 'Shame!' but I walked straight up to him and slapped his face soundly; I did upon my word, and gave him a peace of my mind besides. Your mother said never a word, but her face was like marble, so white and cold it looked, and there was the cruel, big welt across the poor cheek and neck."

The silent tears are running down Rosamund's cheeks, and the housekeeper stops to wipe them tenderly away with her own handkerchief, as she proceeded:

"That night I was aroused out of my sleep by your mamma, who was standing at my bedside, and asked me to come away with her as she was leaving Hightowers forever. I hesitated a moment, not knowing if it was the right thing to do; but the poor young thing seemed so miserable and so firm about it, I could not refuse. So I hurriedly packed together a few clothes and quietly we crept out into the darkness. We were luckily just in time to catch a south-bound train. My mistress had quite a sum of money in her own right, and she straightway bought and furnished a neat cottage, just in the suburbs of London, where she seldom set her foot outdoors, and never mentioned your father's name until one day she showed me a paper, in which there was an advertisement, plainly showing it was meant for herself, and begging her to return to the Towers. I asked her if she intended answering it. She laughed scornful-like and threw it into the fire, but for weeks I noticed the same advertisement, and as the time drew near for us to expect you, I took the liberty of answering it myself, quite unbeknown to my mistress, and begging master to come and find his wife. In a day he was at the door, looking so sad and old I scarcely knew him. He took my hand and shook it almost off. 'Thank you, Burton. May God bless you,' he said; and walked right past me into his wife's sitting-room. I heard a scream, and then your papa's voice, saying: 'Darling, forgive me;' and then I hurried away—not wanting to listen, dear. Then shortly after your papa came out white as death. I was sorry for him, because I knew my mistress was very stubborn, and felt almost sure, from the first, that she would not forgive him very easily. He shook my hand again, though not so hard this time, thank goodness, and said:

"'Take care of her, Burton. She will not forgive me, and I cannot blame her, for I was crazy drunk at the time.'

"A sob was in his throat and tears swimming in his dark eyes—and very handsome eyes they were, too, let me tell you—a shade or two darker than your own.

"'I cannot blame her,' he repeated, and then he was gone. In a few days afterward you were born. I don't know how it is, but it seems to me that when a woman becomes a mother she also becomes more gentle, more noble, kinder and forgiving—at least in most all cases. At any rate that's how it was with my mistress. As soon as she saw your pretty little face she cried softly—the first tears I ever saw her shed—and kissing your wee mouth, said: 'My comfort;' and then turning her eyes to me, 'Burton, dear'—she never called me dear before—'how I wish my husband could see his child.' 'Then why not, pray?' I hastily replied, then hoping to catch her while she was in the notion, 'Let me send him word.' Her face flushed as she gently shook her head. But the next morning she called me to her bedside and said: 'Burton, I can wait no longer—I must see my husband.'

"'Very well, I will write,' said I.

"'No, no,' she replied. 'I could not trust a letter. Why, Burton, it might go estray, be lost or delayed. Do you think I could trust such a precious message through the mails? No, indeed. You shall go and see him, Burton—my good, faithful Burton. I will be quite safe here with the nurse, so give yourself no uneasiness; and, Burton, listen, tell him I am longing for him, night and day. Tell him to come to me. I wish to lay my child in his arms.'

"A great many fond messages she sent which I cannot now remember. And with a light heart I started on my journey, reaching Hightowers early the next morning. When I entered the gates everything around the place seemed strangely sad and quiet. I made my way up to the servants' quarters, and was surprised to find some of the women in tears, and the rest all talking in whispers. And then, after awhile, I learned that your papa was dead. He died very early that same morning of heart disease, and was found, sitting in his study, with your mamma's picture clasped tightly in his hand.

"I don't hardly know now how I got back to my mistress. I cannot tell you. It would break my heart to describe the joyous light which shone in her eyes as I entered the room, expecting to see her husband following me, and the disappointment, as her eyes questioned mine, with such an imploring look of yearning in their depths. I bent and kissed the pale, damp forehead, and still she looked at me without speaking. Oh, such a dumb, beseeching look—it almost maddened me.

"'He cannot come just yet, dear,' I said. 'Have a little patience.' But her eyes never left mine for a moment. They held me as with a spell.

"'Tell me the truth, Burton. Tell me the truth—no matter how bad it is,' she moaned, with her eyes still searching and searching my face; and so I told her how her husband had died with her picture in his hand. She smiled, and, sighing faintly, pressed you tightly in her arms. But your mamma never fully regained her strength, and in the winter she became weaker and weaker day after day, when she, too, passed away, leaving you, a four-months' babe, in my care. And there, dearie, is all that is to be told."

The girl slowly rises to her feet and takes the old woman's face between both her hands and kisses her lips once, twice and thrice, and also the brow three times, and then hurriedly leaves the room.

Like a white dove of peace a snowy letter is flying quickly on its way to far-off India—a sweet, humble little letter—asking in pretty girlish words for forgiveness.

A handsome, sad-faced young officer is seated in camp idly watching a couple of comrades engaged in a lively game of cards. He raises his eyes, without interest, as the mail carrier approaches, and lazily scans the half-dozen letters which fall to his share until, with a gasp of unutterable joy, he seizes a dainty, white missive which has fluttered, from between the others, to the ground. His trembling fingers almost refuse to open it. He rises to his feet, letting the others fall unheeded in a heap on the ground, and walks quickly toward his tent. A few minutes after one of his brother officers approaches his tent, fearing some evil tidings has reached the favorite. He raises the tent flap and sees Tom sitting with the letter pressed to his face.

"Bad news, eh? Cheer up, old chap. You haven't received sentence of death, have you?"

Tom jumps to his feet with a loud laugh.

"No, Ted. I have just received my pardon, and am off by the next steamer."

"A petticoat in the case, I'll bet my best pair of spurs," growls Ted.

The old nurse and housekeeper is sitting in her cosy room knitting the prettiest pair of tiny blue socks imaginable. Beneath the window comes a chorus of childish, happy voices; then a clatter and patter of little feet, two pair of chubby hands are beating loudly upon the door. Smiling, she rises and allows them to enter, to be saluted by cries for a "fairy story." The old woman shakes her head, fondly declaring she knows no stories.

"Yes, yes, you do, nursie. Papa says you can tell wonderful stories."

"Yes," the other tot breaks in breathlessly, "papa says you told mamma a wonderful story once, and it brought him all the way from India."

Miscellaneous.

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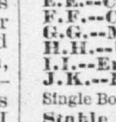

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CERTIFICATE OF PARTNERSHIP.

WE CERTIFY THAT WE CONSTITUTE a partnership transacting business in the City of Sacramento, in this State. Its principal place of business is Sacramento, California. Its name is M. HIRSCH & SON. The full names and respective places of residence of all its members are signed hereto.

Dated Sacramento, Cal., July 2, 1891.

[SEAL.] MARKS HIRSCH, Sacramento, Cal.
 PHILIP HIRSCH, Sacramento, Cal.

State of California, County of Sacramento—ss. On this 2d day of July, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one, before me, Isaac Joseph, a Notary Public, in and for the said County of Sacramento, personally appeared MARKS HIRSCH and PHILIP HIRSCH, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to and who executed the within instrument, and they acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the said County of Sacramento, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

[SEAL.] ISAAC JOSEPH, Notary Public.

Indorsed: Filed July 2, 1891.

[SEAL.] W. W. RHOADS, Clerk.

By J. F. Doody, Deputy. jy4-5tS