THE FORGOTTEN WOMAN.

(CONCLUDED. SEE 1)

She drifted like a ghost into the upper offices of a great exposition.

She was old and wrinkled and shabby. Her rusty cloak was patched in many places and the black straw bonnet, which did duty alike in winter and summer, was tied down by a coarse black veil over the ears, fast closing to all sound. From her arm dangled a quaint black bag, in which she carried her spectacles, some bits of paper and her handkerchief. She was a sorry, pathetic figure, as she deprecatingly picked her way among the handsome and richly-gowned women who were engineering the ladies' department of a great fair, discussing ways and means of alluring the dollars from pockets and incidentally those topics dear to woman's heart—gowns, bonnets, the last smartish, suggestive novel, the new serpentine dance, the delicious scandal in high life.

In one corner sat a bevy of yellow and Titian-haired actresses, resplendent in stunning gowns of extreme cut and noticeable hue. There was the tiny soubrette who had made a hit in

SHE TOOK A SEAT IN AN OBSCURE CORNER.

a new play at a new theater, and whose pretty little head was so awfully swelled that she could scarcely get it through the door of the coupe in which she had driven to her committee meeting. There was a famous and brainy star whose life was always enveloped in a haze of fascinating mystery. There was a radiantly beautiful woman who had left the stage for an ideal domestic life, and there was a quiet, delicate, refined girl who was the most successful delineator of tough characters known to the metropolitan stage. A delightful chatter of silvery voices rippled from this attractive corner.

In another corner was a group of dark-browed and flashing-eyed Cuban beauties. Like gorgeous tropical birds, they moved about, their liquid tones and velvet voices mingling pleasantly with the shrill sweetness of the stage queens' accents.

There was a third group, made up of still another type—women with bright, cynical faces, quick of speech and movement, tailor-made, well-gloved and bonneted, conspicuous by an air of good-fellowship and a certain amount of snap and dash—newspaper women. There was one well-known writer whose pen brought her an income equal to that of a member of congress; there was a girl scarcely out of her teens some of whose "beats" had made the most hardened reporter turn livid with envy; there was another who knew everything about everybody, and could give you points about your dearest friend which would make your hair curl; there were two or three women supporting their families by their space rates, and at least a half-dozen who were living on their nerve—burning the candle of life at both ends and quite enjoying the conflagration.

Into the midst of this strangely assorted medley of living, breathing remembered women came the woman who was forgotten.

She took a seat in an obscure corner and tried to distinguish some words from the Babel about her, but in vain. She strained and blinked her failing eyes, hoping to discover some face she knew, but all were strange. She attracted considerable attention, curiosity and good-natured comment.

"Look at Aunt Jerusha," whispered the little soubrette, giving her Gainsborough hat a quirk over her left eyebrow.

THE SAD FACE BRIGHTENED A LITTLE.

"Who's the old frump?" queried another.

"See what you're coming to, girls," remarked the pert young journalist who knew it all. "That woman was once on the staff of the Daily Cyclone. She was one of the pioneers in our business. Now she is old, sickly, lives on the top floor of a tenement house, and none so poor to do her reverence. We're all likely to be where she is some day."

"I'm going over to speak to her," said one woman; "I can't stand it to see her sitting there all alone and no one noticing her."

"She'll talk you to death," said the other who had vouchsafed the information; "for Heaven's sake don't tell her I'm here."

The old, sad face brightened a trifle as she was kindly addressed. But the busy woman who spoke to her had not much time to listen to the torrent which had been dammed up in the weary old heart, and excused herself as soon as possible.

So the woman who was forgotten was once more left alone and sat trying to listen and to see. Falling in these, she fell to remembering. Back in the past she drifted, back to her days of work and usefulness. Once she was sought and admired. Once her opinions had weight and her counsels were asked. Once she felt she had a place in the world which she had earned by honest endeavor. She had taken great pride in that place. She recalled her first success, the words of praise and encouragement she had heard, the friendships of those who had long been lying in their low, green beds. Old loves, old affections, old comradeships rushed over her once more—something filled the hungry old heart and something sprang to the fading eyes.

There was a stir, a rustle, a frou-frou of silks. The meetings were over, and the gayly-dressed, merry, busy, living women were departing. The ghost—the woman who was forgotten—flitted through the throng, and slowly, painfully took her way to her miserable home. It was a climb to the top floor of that East side tenement, and when she reached it she was very tired.

There was no one to welcome her, no one to take the bonnet and shawl, and brew a cup of tea. No one to say: "I have missed you," and bid her rest. The woman who was forgotten was quite alone.

"I wish I could have heard them talk this afternoon," she murmured, "and I wish there had been some one who was not too busy to have told me who the different ones were. But they were all so busy—I ought not to expect anyone to bother with me. It was foolish of me to have gone. I am too old for service and then, I am forgotten."

It was early springtime. She had opened the window a trifle that the soft air might penetrate the stuffy room. The sun was just going down. The woman who was forgotten leaned one moment from the garret window and looked out over the roofs of the dingy houses, over the masts and spars and sails to the broad river flowing down to the sea. In all the great city below there was no one she could call "friend," none who remembered her.

Twilight deepened into gloom. One by one the stars swung into the sky. The electric lights flared out in the noisy streets. Still the woman who was forgotten sat there by the open window.

Strange fancies fluttered through her brain. The memories roused that

SHE WAS QUITE ALONE.

afternoon beckoned others and a train of recollections swept before her. Some kissed their hands to her; others veiled their faces and wept.

Then sounds, sights and odors of long ago came to her. She heard the soughing of the wind through pines * * * the call of a robin through the twilight * * * the tolling of bells. She smelled again the perfume of violets * * * the strange odor of upturned earth * * * She saw faces * * * smiles * * * tears. She felt kisses on her withered cheeks * * * her lips * * *

In the lonely room, in the stillness of the mysterious night, something swift and terrible and kind touched her.

God had not forgotten her.

EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

THE FOXHOUND'S COURAGE.

Its Endurance Depends Much Upon Companionship.

The foxhound's courage is not shown when in isolation. No hound alone will attack a fox with the determination of a terrier, yet the passive courage of the foxhound is immense. To see lagging hounds come up through a field of horsemen, to watch the pace with which they charge the thickest fences, and the endurance they show during a long run will convince most of this. We heard once a curious instance of combination supplying courage. A pack of English foxhounds were taken to France for wolf-hunting. But when a wolf was roused, each hound, as he caught the scent, dropped his tail between his legs and refused to follow. When, however, some French hounds used to the wolf had been added to the pack, the foxhounds hunted eagerly. But now they ran with their bristles up—to kill, not to eat. The fox they regard as a dinner; not so the wolf.

The large, straight fore legs, deep chest and level back of the foxhound show what he really is—the highest development of united speed, strength and endurance. Ten miles to the meet, five hours' hunting at an average of ten miles an hour, during which two foxes are run down, and ten miles more before supper, is but an ordinary day's work. We do not think we are exaggerating when we say that many a hound could cover one hundred miles in a day without being greatly distressed. But for this he would need companionship. Alone, he would probably tire sooner than a slim pointer or long-legged setter, whose steady gallop over grass or heather is another marvel of animal endurance. But the courage of co-operation is less interesting, even if none the less creditable, than the dash of the greyhound.—Spectator.

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Nothing of original or superior merit but has its imitations and counterfeits, even to imperiling the health of communities. For this reason the proprietors of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters caution their patrons to scrutinize every bottle offered (and it is sold only in bottles) and verify its many marks of genuineness.

A sufficient warning to those meditating fraud can be found in the unbroken line of judicial decisions, exposing and severely punishing every one detected in counterfeiting the Bitters, and the redoubled efforts that are being made to protect the public from the deception of these unprincipled pirates.

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Miss A. Z. Straight, Kendall block, who is conducting a sale, will sell regardless of making up. This ladies' display of costumes for house or street wear is magnificent.

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If Greenly would put down the price of horses low enough; if Belknap, Baker & Co. would chip in a landeau and blanket or two; and Berry-Mills would furnish necessary ornamental clothing for a driver; then about all the clerks in our office would have teams to come from their homes to work and return, and their wives would probably come down with them. At least, this is about the kind of argument that Kate Field is using in the papers with regard to filling up the Fair—and I don't mind giving you a pointer—she is getting paid a big price for the space she is filling with stuff of this kind in a leading Chicago journal. Just like Henry Watterson carried away from here recently two hundred dollars for teaching us for an hour and half the misery that comes from being rich. She thinks that, if the railroads would go into an insolvency as far as their passenger business is concerned, it would help the Fair, but she has not stated how the employes of the railroads would get to see the Fair, when the business would be carried on at such rates that there would be no salaries—and there are about a million of these people working for railroads, and immediately dependent upon them—according to the census—three to five millions others, and dependent upon these stores such as Spring's, Voight, Herpolsheimer & Co., and Mohl's cigar stand. It takes to pay the salaries of the railroad employes four hundred and fifty millions of dollars every year. We don't think it will help the fair to ruin the railroads any more than the failures of the banks are helping money affairs. To be prosperous, all of us; we must all be prosperous. The Fair is all right—the time is coming for crowds to take holidays, and already crowds are on their way. If it has been merely a matter of railway fare, how is it that the Chicago people have not made their visits yet? Their fare is 10 cents the round trip and never will be lower—yet few citizens of that big town have helped than outsiders. The Fair is all right. Don't waste any time on the protestations of these pessimists, but get your little round trip ticket and get over there in good shape on the White City Flyer, which leaves via the West Michigan at 7:15 every morning and stops at the Midway Plaisance.

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"Hear my story and believe.

"I was about dead with womb trouble when I began to take *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.*

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"I am to-day a living witness of the wonderful and almost miraculous effects of that great remedy. Relief came with it at once. My appetite returned. I am now as well as I ever was.

"If you wish for health, have faith in Mrs. Pinkham's treatment and medicine."—Mrs. J. Arthur, Taylor, Texas.

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