

Of Interest to Women.

UNTO THE THIRD GENERATION.

BY CICELY ALLEN.

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Francesca climbed the stairs with dragging steps. Dick caught up with her and supported her elbow with his strong, firm hand. It was good to feel his support, his presence, even though she had grown somewhat accustomed to it, and she turned to him with a wan smile.

Francesca's hands were clasped tightly over her crossed knees. "You can do as you like, I'll never decorate a Federal soldier's grave, Dick Merrill, never! If it hadn't been for that war I'd not be in this dreadful, dreadful city, working—working like a slave for fifteen dollars a week, with girls who don't know how to dress, to talk, to act. My people always had money, but my grandfather was killed in your war; my father could not regain what the war had swept away. He died struggling with the problem, and my mother followed him with a broken heart. I hate the North, even though I had to



"Oh, Dick, have you come back for me?"

come and ask it for bread. And you ask me to decorate the graves of men who devastated my home! "I didn't think, Francesca dear, honestly I didn't. You see we've always kept the day. My folks fought on the other side, and then I guess I'm a bit old-fashioned. It seems natural to go to the cemetery, and I didn't think of how you might feel." "That's it, you didn't think. You'll never understand me," the girl said in low, passionate tones. There's the Mason and Dixon line between us. You Northern men are so different. You're all business and dollars. You get us Southern girls up here and grind our lives out."

Dick looked serious now. But he forced a smile.

"If the North had not claimed your talents, dear, I would never have met," he said, and it was her cue to soften, but she did not take it.

"Oh, I hate it—the air, the noise, the rush. It has no compensations." She did not mean it just that way, but Dick took the words literally. He stood up suddenly and very straight.

"I'm sorry, Francesca, that you think I cannot see you happy." And when she looked up he had left the room, so quietly that she could hardly believe the move had been taken by vigorous, stalwart Dick Merrill.

She did not come down to breakfast the next morning, and when Mrs. Miller appeared at her bedside with a cup of coffee and some golden brown toast, the sound of muffled drums in the distance told her that the parade was in motion.

"Dear me, suz, but the house seems quiet! It's funny how all New York does make the most of a holiday. Mr. Merrill said you weren't feeling well, but I think it would have done you good to go out." Francesca sipped at her coffee without replying. "See, as if I just must go myself, but Lizzie, she was set on taking the day off, and she's such a good help I didn't want to cross her. But I do hate to miss going to the cemetery. Isn't it funny, Mr. Merrill and I coming from the same town? I knew just how he'd feel this morning when he said he'd go out and decorate some graves. We always did it at home, with the G. A. R. at the head of the procession and the children carrying the flowers and wreaths."

"I didn't lose anybody close in the war, as near as I can remember, but it meant a lot to Dick Merrill's folks." Francesca looked up suddenly. "Ain't he ever told you?" Mrs. Miller said in surprise. "Well, mebbe he thought the war was a tender subject with you Southerners. Why, his grandfather enlisted and took his three boys with him. All four of 'em are buried among the unknown dead somewhere south of the Mason and Dixon line. Mary Ann Merrill—that's Dick's mother—she somehow couldn't make things any, and she wound up in the poorfarm. Yes, there were plenty of folks that took to the poorfarms after the war. But Dick, he wasn't the kind to stay there. Blood will tell, and he had more of his father's blood than his mother's in him. When I see him, so straight and good-looking, so well-dressed and carrying himself as if he expected to own New York before he got done, I say that blood will tell every time. There's some folks that even having their whole family wiped out by the war won't down—and that's the sort Dick is. My laws, there's that bell again. Don't you want any more toast? Well, you'd better come down after your coffee, and we'll have a little lunch. None of the boarders will be home before dinner time."

But one of the boarders did come in very soon. He had a florist's box in his hand and he walked quietly into Mrs. Miller's sitting-room, where Francesca, looking a bit pale from her headache, but very sweet and gentle, rose at his entrance.

"Oh, Dick, have you come back for me?" "It's too late to go." "I guess we won't go, Francesca. You see I didn't understand—and these violets are for you, instead." "Oh, but we will go, you and I together, dear. It was I who didn't understand, and we must have common interests, dear heart. We can't afford to let the old feud come between us of the third generation. We'll scatter those violets over the graves of the unknown dead."

And so they went forth into the beautiful spring sunlight, and Mrs. Miller, peeping from behind the curtain of the basement, smiled as if right in the heart had made the whole day glad for her.

Hasty Wedding and Quicker Divorce

Bride Wedded, Married and Separated by Law, All Within the Space of Thirty-Six Hours. SYRACUSE, N. Y., May 29.—Courtship, wooed, wed and separated all within thirty-six hours. Such is the romance in which Miss Edna M. Mosier, one of Cortland's prettiest school girls, and Warren H. Jarvis of Ithaca are the principal actors.

It was all born of the desire of the bride to see the boat races at Ithaca Memorial day. They had met only once or twice until Monday afternoon of this week. When they left each other at 6 o'clock it was agreed that they should meet again at 7:30 o'clock on the normal school grounds.

The appointment was kept and in the shadow of the walls of the school building they made plans for their marriage. After an hour they went to the home of Rev. David W. Keppel, No. 29 Church street, who permitted the marriage ceremony.

Early Wednesday morning the couple went to Ithaca. The bridegroom's mother ordered her son out of the house. The bride's mother soon arrived and as a result of a conference the two mothers, with the young couple, appeared in court here today, where articles were signed annulling the marriage.

TODAY WE HONOR OUR HEROES.

Thousands will seek the hallowed place where sleep our "FALLEN HEROES." Tears and flowers, the tributes of loyal hearts, all this today. Rest, soldier, rest! Thy brave heart is stilled, but the memory of thy noble deeds will live forever.

Rowe & Kelly Co.

GARDNER DAILY STORE NEWS.



STORE CLOSED TODAY.

One Price. J. P. GARDNER, 136-138 Main St. THE QUALITY STORE.

Eloped With Negro and Asks Pardon

Wife of Chicago Lawyer Returns After Her Arrest With Her Former Serving Man.

CHICAGO, May 29.—Bowed with shame Mrs. Frank Mabeel reached Chicago today to beg forgiveness of her heart-broken husband. Penitently she asks to be taken back to her home and to the arms of her little daughter, who has been kept absolutely in ignorance of the almost unbelievable story concerning her mother.

Mrs. Mabeel was released in St. Louis Friday, as was James Prather, the negro waiter who was formerly employed at the Mabeel home, 3918 Lake avenue. The couple were arrested Wednesday night. Prather is out on \$250 bonds.

In all the annals of Chicago's social sensations this case is the most inexplicable. When her husband was informed of the circumstances under which Mrs. Mabeel was arrested he was at first indignant and incredulous. As telegraphic confirmations began to arrive his doubts distressed him so deep that he and his 13-year-old daughter, Emmilinda, went to a downtown hotel. There he secreted himself and the little girl.

Fifty Years the Standard

Dr. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER. Improves the flavor and adds the healthfulness of the food. FRIE BAKING POWDER CO., CHICAGO.

Girl's Lover Chosen by Parents. TORRINGTON, Conn., May 29.—Because her parents expressed a decided preference for Adolf Abrams for a son-in-law, Miss Matilda Schear, a pretty girl of 17, decided yesterday that she would wed him rather than continue to accept the wooing of another, who is dearer to her.

Alive After Seventy-Five-Foot Fall. EVERETT, Wash., May 29.—Patrick Murphy, a logger, was brought to the Everett hospital last night for treatment of injuries resulting from a fall of seventy-five feet off a railroad bridge and exposure in the gulch from Sunday evening till Monday morning.

ESTABLISHED 1864. J. Auerbach & Co. ONE PRICE TO ALL NEVER UNDERSOLD.

STORE CLOSED TODAY DECORATION DAY... If you appreciate chances to save money, it will be worth your while to read this ad, to read the wonderful inducements we offer to bring you to our store tomorrow.

A Race for a Wash Goods Bargain

FOR TUESDAY ONLY! The Finest Imported Wash Fabrics IN BLACK GROUNDS, WITH WHITE EMBROIDERED DESIGNS, AND WHITE GROUNDS WITH BLACK EMBROIDERED DESIGNS.

TUESDAY ONLY! IN OUR LINEN DEPT. 7 1/2c a Yard for Linen Napkin Toweling.

TUESDAY ONLY! In Our White Goods Dept. 39c a Yard White Waistings.

At Barton's Store \$15 SUITS. When you get right down to the facts, we have the best \$15 suits in the city.

BARTON & CO., ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS, 45-47 Main Street.

Fighting for McDonald's Chocolate Foam. A CRISP AND DELICIOUS CONFECTION. Sold in 10c and 25c Packages.

FAKE SALE. I do not run a fake sale or auction, but you can buy from me honest, reliable jewelry, watches, diamonds and clocks cheaper than you can in any other place in the city.



A NOVEL NEGLIGEE. Design by May Manton. Handkerchief Kimona 454.

Handkerchiefs as material for garments of various sorts are continually growing in demand, but are never more attractive than when made up into a kimona such as the one illustrated. Those used for the model are of white Japanese silk with border of blue silk dotted with white, but there are innumerable ones from which a choice can be made.

Send to... Size... Pattern No... As orders are filled from the East, it will require about ten days from receipt of order to receive patterns.