

TO AN ARTIFICIAL FLOWER.

Born in no garden fair—nor Nature's soil, Child of a city worker's cunning toil, Finding no joy in sun, nor breeze, nor rain; Mocking a beauty you can never attain; Yet may your humble lot still happier be Than that of your sweeter sister lives to see. To her, fair daughter of the fertile earth, Come joy and homage at her very birth. The welcome guest of peasant and of king, To her all lovers turn and poets sing. She speaks love's message, though she has no tongue; She sings love's music as no voice has sung. But when her little day has passed away— Her charm and beauty fade, and comes decay— You still are blooming brightly as of yore, Are prized as dearly as you were before. You have not known life's fitful, fevered breath, Nor what it is to pine and droop to death; You never felt the joys of love and life, You have been spared their bitterness and strife. You bring no rapture, but you cause no tears, Wake no sad memories of vanished years, And though all deem you but a soulless thing, Of which no poet should ever deign to sing, Who knows that some poor toiler, tired and sad, Sighing for joys that she has never had, Whose patient fingers fashioned you with care, And made you—though a counterfeit—yet fair, Gave not to you one spark of living fire, Drawn from her own vain dreaming and desire? —Fred V. Fletcher, in N. Y. Sun.



By Will N. Harbo. Copyright, 1900, by A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Co.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

"My God!" he shrieked back as if she had struck him in the face. "Dead? Is she dead?" "Yes, she is dead." "When—how—oh, my God! Was her—was she called Jeanne?" "Yes; that was her name." For a moment he stared. His color had gone, and he looked as if he were about to fall. "Please—please explain." Jeanne complied with his request in a few words. "Then I have been hunting down a dead woman. May God have mercy on me." "Was she a—relative of—" began Blanche. "Your wife!" "Yes; the most misguided woman on earth. My name is Dugdale—Henry Dugdale. She was all I ever had, and she deserted me." He sat down and covered his face with his hands. Blanche softly closed the door and took a seat opposite him. "I see—I begin to comprehend," she said, in a gentle, tentative voice. Dugdale looked up. The impress of his fingers was on his face. "Do you know anything of her past?" he questioned. "Not a thing; she kept it even from her—from Maj. Goddard. I think she refused, for some reason, to reveal her past life to him." "When I met her," began the stranger, with a sigh, "she was the most beautiful woman that I had ever seen. It was in Denver, where we both lived. She was the daughter of a French dancing master. She was courted by every man who met her. She could have married wealth without limit, but she loved me. She left proofs that she loved me when she ran away, leaving our child in a convent. I was away at the time. I met with misfortune. She was ambitious—she had always wanted to lead society; her mother before her had been that way. She left me when I went away to the California gold fields. She had no faith in my venture; but I succeeded. It is a weak thing to confess, but I was searching for her to take the poor woman back to our child and my home. But I am too late, you see; too late!" "Then," said Blanche, "I am the only legal wife my husband has ever had. That is true, is it not?" "Yes, you are right; and I suppose it is only natural for you to want it so. You have been very good to trust me—to listen to me, under the circumstances. I had better go. I think I can get out of the grounds through the wood in the rear without attracting the notice of your footman." "Would you like to meet Maj. Goddard?" ventured Blanche. "No; I don't feel equal to it." "Would you care if I told him what you have told me?" she asked. "No; he ought to know the truth. I am really glad her death did not—that he has you to—." He checked himself. In justice to herself Blanche would have liked to explain even to him that she had possessed the major's love before his meeting with Jeanne, but she refrained from this confidential disclosure. She saw Dugdale turn round the house across the garden in the rear, and disappear in the wood behind the house.

CHAPTER XVIII.

When the major reached Lyndhurst that evening it was six o'clock. Talley met him at the steps of the veranda. "Well," said the young man buoyantly, the semidarkness preventing him from observing the disturbed countenance of his employer; "well, major, have you seen the market reports?" "No; I haven't had time to-day; I—I—where is my wife—where is Blanche?" The young man beamed and rubbed his hands together. "Then you don't know that the G. N. & W. has taken a jump and is now actually worth two for one?" "Is that so? Where did you say she was?" Talley looked up towards the unlighted window of Blanche's room. "I am afraid you don't realize that

you have made a fortune out of this deal, major," said Talley, crestfallen. "Oh, yes; I am glad, of course," said Goddard, absently. "But, impatiently, 'I want to see Blanche at once!'" "She was walking in the garden on the other side of the house a few minutes ago," answered the private secretary. "I beg your pardon; I was so glad to be able to bring you good news, I wanted to ask if you would advise selling now. The prospect is glorious for an additional rise. The stock is on a boom. Even my little investment has turned out more money than I ever hoped to—." But the major was not listening. He turned his tortured face away, and was striding through the dusk towards the garden in the rear. Near the old granite fountain in the center of the garden he saw a tall, darkly-clad figure moving slowly to and fro. It was the object of his quest. Her head was bare, but she wore a fur cape, the high collar of which encompassed her head except a triangular opening where her sweet face appeared. "Oh, it is you," she cried, his hurried step causing her to turn suddenly, and she moved towards him quickly, her gloved hands outstretched. "I have something very important to tell you. I started to drive to the station to meet you." "I have something to say first," he said, taking her hands. "What is it? What is the matter?" She had noticed the strident quality in his voice. He released her hands, his action born in the sudden realization of his unworthiness to treat her with familiarity. He glanced over his shoulder at the house, as if fearing interruption. "Let's walk down towards the wood," he said, "I have an awful confession to make. When you have heard it you will despise me. You will wish you had never seen me. You will think me a devil incarnate." As Blanche moved on by his side she had a suffocating sensation in her throat, and she unbuttoned her cape and threw it further back on her shoulders. She saw something of vast import had happened; she knew that by the awful alteration in his face and manner, he bore every evidence of being utterly crushed. "Mr. Talley said he had gone into speculation," was her first thought, "and he has lost my fortune." "Nothing you can confess could make me love you one jot less, my dear husband," she managed to say. "You have made me so happy that I would thank God for you if I were a beggar." They paused and stood facing each other within ten yards of the edge of the wood, which lay so dense, dark and mysterious along the lower part of the garden. But on consulting him she put her arms round his neck. "I do love you so much—so very much," she murmured. But he took her hands down. "You must listen to me," he said, firmly, his handsome face drawn, as from some great physical pain. "Oh, my God, help me!" The thorns of a spreading rosebush had caught her cape and pulled it from her shoulders. It lay on the turf a few yards away. "Please get it for me," she said. "I am a little cold." He went back for it, and was just stooping to pick it up when he heard the sharp ringing report of a revolver, and saw a flash of light in the edge of the wood. "It's Jeanne!" he thought, and then he heard Blanche scream. "Run, run!" he cried out to her, but she seemed too much startled to stir. She stood staring at the smoke



HE HEARD THE SHARP REPORT OF A REVOLVER.

emerging from the trees as if turned to stone. He ran towards her, but just as he reached her side there was another shot from the dark ambush. A metal comb in the coil of her hair flew tinkling to the asphalt walk. The next instant the major had thrown his body between Blanche and the direction from whence the shots came. "Stand behind me, for God's sake!" he cried out, clasping her slender form in his strong arms. "Don't move for God's sake, she will kill you!" He was trying at once to keep her sheltered behind him and to push her towards the house when there was another shot. "Oh!" he cried out sharply in sudden pain. He started to put his hand to his right side, but he seemed to remember her peril, and with both hands still on her shoulders he continued to push her on. He heard a clatter of feet in the direction of the house. It was James and Talley coming at the top of their speed. "Help! Help!" he cried, and then his head began to lean forward. "Oh, my God, I am shot and can't help you. Oh, darling, run, run!"

He feebly pushed her from him, and as he did so fell face downward on the walk. She stooped over him, hardly knowing what she did, but the movement saved her life, for there was another shot and a ball passed directly over her head. James and Talley were now quite near. Blanche heard retreating steps in the wood, growing fainter and fainter as the assailant escaped, but she was speechless. Goddard raised himself on his elbow and, pointing to the wood, cried, faintly: "Police! Catch her!" Then his head fell backward. He had fainted. Taking him up, James and Talley, aided by the butler, bore him into the drawing-room and laid him on a couch. The staring, bewildered maids came to Blanche's assistance and drew her into the house. She fell on her knees by the major, and remained there while Talley was telephoning for a doctor. His face was colorless, his eyes were closed. She unbuttoned his coat, and then the sight of his bloody waistcoat and shirt turned her sick with despair. She thought he was dead. Her head sank to the edge of the couch. His earnest cry: "Stand behind me!" rang in her ears. She told herself that he had died for her as heroically as man had ever died for woman. But there was nothing to wonder at in his action, for he had always been her hero. For ten minutes he lay motionless. It was the sharp ring of the door bell which seemed to recall him to consciousness. He opened his eyes and recognized her, he put out his hand to her head. For a moment his face worked as if he were trying to understand what had brought him there, then as quick as a flash it all seemed to return to him. "I think I am dying," he said, "and I must tell you what I started—my confession; you must know at once. Send the others from the room. Quick, darling!" "It's Dr. Randall, dear," she said with white lips. "He must see you at once!" "No, not till—till—" But the doctor, a tall, athletic man, full-bearded and gentle-voiced, was bending over him. "I must make an examination, major," he said, quickly. "Everything must give way to me just now. You seem to have been struck in a vital part." "But I must at once make a confidential disclosure to her, doctor," pleaded Goddard, his eyes fixed on Blanche's face. "There is plenty of time for that, major," said Dr. Randall, who was hurriedly unrolling bandages and opening his medicine case. He turned to Blanche, gave her his hands and lifted her up. "I think," he said, gently, "that it would be better—it would excite him less if you would go into the next room. He seems bent on talking to you." Reluctantly Blanche withdrew. Dr. Randall cut away the shirt and underwear from the vicinity of the wound. "Your assailant used a big revolver," he said. "This is an ugly wound, major." "Is it absolutely fatal, doctor?" asked Goddard. "It is impossible to say just now, but I must probe for that big ball; it has lodged somewhere. My instruments will be here in a moment."

CHAPTER XIX.

Seated in the adjacent room, Blanche sat, her face in her hands, an awful fear gripping her heart. She heard Talley, in the library adjoining, giving instructions to the nearest police station. It was like a horrible dream. Out of it all she continued to hear in the voice she loved so well: "Stand behind me!" Half an hour later the doctor came to her. She stood up like one who is about to receive a death-sentence. "I have extracted the ball," announced Dr. Randall. "He is sleeping quietly. He ought not to be disturbed. He seems so anxious to talk to you, but it really would not be advisable. I finally agreed to allow him to telegraph to his friend, Father Surtees!" "Oh!" groaned Blanche, quite misunderstanding him. "Is—is it so—so serious?" "He is in a very critical condition," admitted the doctor. "It is but fair to tell you that, but he wants his friend to talk to you about some trouble that is preying on his mind. I think he may reach Lyndhurst about ten o'clock." "Then," said Blanche, "it is not because—" "Oh, no, it is not that. I assure you," said Dr. Randall, quickly. "It is some private matter concerning your immediate welfare. He thinks Father Surtees may explain something to you that you ought to know at once. I think it will be better for your husband to get this off his mind as soon as possible. He seems utterly hopeless, and hope would be a big help in his case." "And may I go in now?" asked Blanche, in a pleading tone. "I am afraid even your presence would rouse him; it is often so when there is close affinity. Perhaps you had better remain here till the priest comes. You know him, I believe?" "Yes," answered Blanche; "he is our best friend." A little after ten Father Surtees arrived. The doctor met him in the hall, and as the major had just waked the priest was allowed to go in to him. "I am awfully sorry, my dear friend," he said to Goddard. "Jeanne did it, concealed in the wood below the garden," answered the major. "She was shooting at Blanche, and I covered her. I think I saved her life, and I thank God for it. It would be better for me to die, and it looks like a benign dis-

position—to be able to die for her. If only I did not have to leave her with the other stain on her name. I was starting to tell her all when the first shot was fired." "Try to be calm," cautioned the priest, softly. "I want you to break it to her," continued the major. "She's in the next room. You tell her the whole story. I am not strong enough. She will want to leave when she knows—." The major began to cough, and the doctor hastily came into the room. "You'd better stop now," he said. Goddard motioned towards the room where Blanche sat. "Go to her," he repeated, in a low tone.

[To Be Continued.]

AN OLD-TIME SCHOOL.

Account of a Class-Room in New England Seventy Years Ago.

The New England primer remains the monument of the New England school of long ago. It was one of the quaintest centers of learning imaginable. Here is an account of a classroom of 70 years ago, taken from among the recollections of a New England lady, Mrs. Frances A. Breckenridge. The third class having had their spelling lessons in words of two syllables, the little ones were called up to learn their "a b c's." The unlucky infants were kept to their duty by gentle raps on the head with the handle of a penknife used as a pointer, and always kept in readiness for the exigencies of pen mending. A dozen or two of mere babies were thus guided along the row of 26 letters, while the lesson was occasionally broken by such requests as: "Please to get wout to get er drink er water!" (as if there were a choice of drinks!) and "Please to mend my pen!" The statement that "they are a-crowdin' on me" and an occasional howl from some overtired little mortal on the front bench gave variety to the exercises.

It would now be time for the second class to read and spell. A whirl of feet and petticoats landed two rows of boys and girls standing on the floor, facing the teacher, who gave the order: "Manners!" and the jerking of necks and the bobbing of skirts gave evidence that school etiquette was understood. The spelling came first, afterward the reading from the same page. Here are a few specimens: "We burn oil in tin and glass lamps." "We can burn fish oil in lamps." "Watts was a very good poet. He wrote good songs."

POWER OF RANK.

An Amusing Illustration of Its Influence in Russia by an American Lady.

One day, at the Kremlin, in Moscow, Miss Haggood, an American lady, was favored with an amusing manifestation of the all-pervading influence in Russian life of "official" rank, says Youth's Companion. While looking at objects of interest she noticed a large, handsomely bound book, flanked by pen and ink, on a side table. As she opened the book an attendant pounced upon her. "Don't touch that," he said, peremptorily. "Why not? If you do not wish people to look at this collection of ancient documents—I suppose that is what it is—you should lock it up, or label it: 'Hands off!'" retorted the annoyed lady. "It isn't ancient documents, and you are not to touch it," he said, taking the book out of her hands. "It is strictly reserved for the signatures of distinguished visitors—crowned heads, royal princes, ambassadors, and the like." "Then it does not interest me in the least, and if you would label it to that effect no one would care to disturb it," answered the American woman. Soon after she was joined by one of the powerful officials of the Kremlin, who had made an appointment to show the American lady about. As she went from one object to another with the official, the attendants hovered respectfully in the rear, evidently impressed with the friendly tone of the conversation. When the round had been made and the official had departed to his duties, the guardian of the autograph album invited her to add her "illustrious" name to the list. She refused; he entreated, and at last fairly dragged her to the table, and stood guard over her while she wrote her name.

Where Birds Lay Eggs.

A few birds lay their eggs directly on the ground, more numerous are those that deposit their eggs on shelves of seaside cliffs, and still others take deserted nests of other birds, in some cases first driving away the rightful owners. The most curious exception of all is the bird that lays eggs in the nests of another kind of bird, leaving the latter to hatch the eggs and attend to the young. Our cowbird, or cow-bunting, is of this class, choosing such smaller birds as finches and warblers as foster parents for its offspring. The summer yellow bird is also thus tricked, but sometimes turns tables by elevating her nest, building over the unwelcome egg, and thus avoiding adopting a family. — Washington Times.

To Win, Do Your Best Every Day.

It is difficult to determine what is success. A knowledge of the way to attain it is not so difficult. Summed up it is just this: Do your best every day whatever you have in hand. The principal failures in business, so far as our judge, are a lack of definite plan, shiftiness, trying to find some new way to suddenly leap into a high position, instead of patiently plodding along the old roads of industry and integrity. — John W. Wainwright, in Success.

SECRETS OF THE WOODS.

The Forestry Exhibit and What It Will Reveal at Buffalo's Exposition.

Indigenous trees are easily recognized by the observing inhabitants of any locality as belonging to certain general classifications. Pine, oak, elm, maple, chestnut and some others are so common in most temperate climates that they are familiar to every one. That these distinct divisions have been subdivided into hundreds of minor classifications is not so well known.

It will be in the province of the exhibit at the Pan-American exposition to demonstrate in this connection some exceedingly interesting peculiarities or seeming mistakes in nature, writes Herbert Shearer in the exposition bulletin.

The large forest tree commonly known as basswood (Tilia Americana) offers an easy illustration of this phenomenon. The basswood tree of commerce, at its best, produces lumber as white as bleached linen, possessing a soft free grain, the boards of which are pleasant to "work" and do not readily shrink or warp. In the same "bush" are found trees of this family that may produce lumber of any shade of yellow or green. The grain also varies from "free" to what lumbermen have aptly termed "lock stitch," a variety which may be as easily split diagonally as lengthwise. Names, such as white wood, which produces green colored lumber, tulip, linden, pepperidge, cucumber, etc., designating these different grades, are very confusing as they only possess local significance.

White pine (Pinus Strobus), that aristocrat of the pine family 80 years ago, stood in every forest throughout the northern states and Canada. It easily held its lofty top proudly above all other virgin trees, until the white man came. As fast as the settler could accomplish the necessary labor these lordly trees were felled and burned along with their lesser neighbors in the usual process of clearing the land. Settlers were materially assisted in this work of destruction by the sawmill men and the log rafter. So thorough and persistent were these early pioneers that within the allotted span of one lifetime this noble tree disappeared.

As though nature designed that retribution should be low such wanton destruction, she has persistently declined to reproduce this valuable forest tree. Hybrid pines have later stood on the same land, which somewhat resembled white pine, but that peculiar free velvety grain is lacking. These hybrids are called by woodsmen yellow pine (Pinus Palustris). It is but a lumberman's name for what he considers a degenerate white pine. Many men learned in the mysteries of woodcraft have claimed this variety to be the illegitimate progeny of the once famous white pine. If this be true, the scrub pine so common in old slashings must be the third generation. Scrub, or buckwheat pine, as it is contemptuously called by woodsmen, is a small variety, so full of pitch and knots as to be almost worthless for lumber, although some of the best trees are cut into scantling.

Visitors to the exposition will find the forestry exhibit different from anything of the kind so far undertaken. The varied facilities and vast resources to draw from, embracing as they do every American country from the north pole to Cape Horn, present possibilities that has never been equaled.

AMERICANS ARE FAR AHEAD.

Machinists of the United States Have No Equals in Any Other Land.

One of the greatest obstacles to the general introduction of American machine tools into continental Europe is the ignorance of the average European machinist. This is especially true of the higher classes of machine tools. The intelligence which enables an American mechanic to understand and operate a machine seems to be dormant or entirely wanting in his European brother. The American Manufacturer quotes the sales manager of one of the leading manufacturing of machine tools in this country as saying: "Install a fine machine in a shop on the continent, and unless the maker has sent with it from the works an expert to break the dunderheads into the using of it the chances are three to one that the perfect mechanism will be a wreck inside of 48 hours after the power is applied to it. Accustomed to work with tools that are crude and simple, compared with the ingenious and intricate American inventions, the operating machinists of Europe are slow to comprehend the latter and often do them a lot of damage by stupid handling. These facts are so well recognized by our machine tool builders that when giving an estimate on any considerable amount of work care is had to add enough to the price to cover the sending of a man, or men, to install the machines and stay with them until they have proved their merits."

Testing Will Power of Athletes.

Prof. Walter D. Scott, of the psychological department of Northwestern university, is making interesting tests of the will power of the varsity athletes. With apparatus he tests their enduring power, motive power, strength of different muscles, susceptibility to pain, and agility. He intends to test athletes of other universities in the same way, and hopes to get some valuable information as to the will power of athletes compared with that of other people. He may also learn why it is that one man becomes a first-class athlete while another who has had exactly the same training is a failure. — Little Chronicle.

CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RY.

TIME TABLE. IN EFFECT JULY 15, 1900.

Table with columns for East Bound and West Bound, listing stations like Lv Louisville, Ar Lexington, Ar Frankfort, Ar Shelbyville, Ar Louisville and corresponding times.

Trains marked thus run daily except Sunday; other trains run daily.

Through Sleepers between Louisville, Lexington and New York without change. For rates, Sleeping Car reservations or any information call on F. B. CARR, Agent L. & N. R. R., Paris, Ky., or GEORGE W. BARNEY, Div. Pass. Agent, Lexington, Ky.

G. W. DAVIS,

FURNITURE! CARPETS, WALL PAPER, ETC. FUNERAL FURNISHINGS. Calls for Ambulance Attended to Promptly. Day Phone, 137. Night, 100.

SMITH & ARNSPARGER

NON-UNION AGENTS, RELIABLE FIRE INSURANCE AT LOW RATES. 5 BROADWAY, PARIS, KY. (Times 09-15)

A NEW TRAIN WEST

The "St. Louis Limited" VIA

BIG FOUR

TO TEXAS, KANSAS, and MISSOURI

Leave Cincinnati... 12.20 noon. Arrive Indianapolis... 3.25 p. m. Arrive St. Louis... 0.45 p. m.

PARLOR CARS. MODERN COACHES. DINING CARS.

Ask for Tickets via Big Four Route. WARREN J. LYNCH, Genl. Pass. & Tkt. Agt. W. F. DEPPE, A. G. P. & T. Agt. J. E. REEVES, Genl. Southern Agent, Cincinnati, O. C. C. CLARK, T. P. A., Chattanooga.

LIME!

If you want pure white lime leave your orders at my office on Main street. All orders promptly attended to. JACOB SCHWARTZ

New Railroad to San Francisco

Santa Fe Route, by its San Joaquin Valley Extension. The only line with track and trains under one management all the way from Chicago to the Golden Gate. Mountain passes, extinct volcanos, petrified forests, prehistoric ruins, Indian pueblos, Yosemite, Grand Cañon of Arizona, en route. Same high-grade service that has made the Santa Fe the favorite route to Southern California. Fast schedule; Pullman and Tourist sleepers daily; Free reclining chair cars; Harvey meals throughout. General Passenger Office: The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Ry., CHICAGO.