

## A WEDDING TRIP

By SOPHIE HAMMOND.

IT WAS the second day out from Havre. The sea was demonstrating how disagreeable, in a quiet way, it could be; and the deck was emptying rapidly into the staterooms.

Powell, smoking with his back to the rail, was realizing what a bore it was to be crossing with a mob of French people, and not an acquaintance on board. That girl with the wind-blown hair over there was an American; but how the dickens—

The occupant of a steamer chair near him got up suddenly, and the movement made him turn. As his glance fell upon the pallid old lady who had arisen, he smiled quickly.

"Miss Lockhart!" he exclaimed. "Why, I didn't know you were aboard. I'm afraid you're finding this motion unpleasant. Can I get you anything?"

The old lady clutched the rail, turning a shade more livid.

"Thank you, Capt. Powell," she gasped, stiffly, "but my niece will assist me."

The girl had put down her writing and came hastily forward.

"Oh, Aunt Emily, I'm afraid you're not feeling well," she murmured, anxiously. "Let me send for—"

"Help me to my stateroom, Madge," said the old lady with dignity. "I am ill."

When the niece came back to her scattered writing materials an hour later, Powell turned from his contemplation of the sea.

"I hope your aunt is better, Miss Lockhart," he said, with polite solicitude.

The girl raised her eyes, and looked at him curiously for a moment.

"Thank you," she said, formally, dropping them again; "just now she is asleep, but I am afraid she is suffering a great deal."

"Oh, she'll probably be all right by morning," Powell observed, reassuringly. "It's this nasty rocking that knocked her up."

"When Aunt Emily goes below it is long before she reappears," she said. Then she looked at him again. "It was in Florida that you met her, wasn't it?" she asked.

"Yes, last winter. We were both on a search for health. I don't think she remembered me at first."

She had taken up her portfolio and opened it on her knee.

"Oh, she knew you perfectly," she said; and resumed her writing so ostensibly that Powell, after a moment, shrugged his shoulders and walked off.

But there really wasn't another soul on the boat to speak to. He couldn't talk French to the French women; and, looking them over, he decided that he wouldn't if he could.

For awhile he wandered about, bored and aimless. But finally he found himself again by the side of his reserved young countrywoman, doing his usually successful best to make himself entertaining.

And afterward, whenever she was on deck, he was generally to be found beside her.

She was rather unappreciative at first. She didn't laugh whenever she might have been expected to; and she let him do most of the talking. But now and then a subject would come up so particularly interesting that she was drawn into it in spite of herself, and after several such relapses the stiffness couldn't be regained.

He told her stories of the army in the Philippines, and of the adventures, thrilling and ludicrous, of his own regiment; they talked of the old world sights they had both seen; they discussed religion liberally, ethics gingerly, politics warmly. They were both clever; the universe was about them, inviting criticism; they dissected heaven and earth. And if sometimes a trick of her eyelashes, or the sunlight in her hair, got in the way of his logic, he honestly didn't recognize the symptoms.

When they were more than half way across Miss Emily put in a brief appearance on deck. Powell had counted on a good deal of friendliness from her, for she had shown him quite marked attention when his wound had made him something of a lion. But the mal-de-mar seemed to have worked havoc with her disposition, and she responded to all attempts at conversation with a resentful snappiness that was disconcerting. So that the regret caused by her second forced retirement was not unalloyed.

It was the chance remark of a passenger passing him in the moonlight—"Only two more days aboard!"—that brought Powell to a sudden realization of what the fates had been weaving.

He sat up straight and stared out across the ocean.

"I've been forgetting everything," he muttered. "I ought to have told them, of course; but 'pon my word, I didn't think of it. Well, if there's any harm done"—he drew his breath sharply—"it's only to myself."

There was a brushing of skirts past him.

"I can't persuade her to move," said a girl's voice, plaintively, as its owner sank into her steamer chair. "I really believe she is worse now than she was at first. To think of her having come abroad for the sea air, and being forced to stay in that stuffy little purgatory all the way across! And it's been such lovely weather, too!"

"Perfect," Powell acquiesced, glancing up at the brilliant sky. "A contrast to when I crossed in the other

direction a month ago—on my wedding trip."

His companion looked up. "Your wedding trip!" she repeated, with a slightly puzzled smile. "What has happened to the bride?"

"I don't know," said Powell, savagely, "or care!"

The girl laughed. "How ghastly!" she murmured. "Oh, I'm in earnest," said Powell, jerkily. "Didn't you read in the papers about that old millionaire who left half of his money to the son of one friend and half to the daughter of another, on condition that they'd marry each other, and not let any of his accumulations get into the hands of people he didn't know? Well, I'm the man in the story. We'd never set eyes on each other, but we both wanted the money, so we complied with the proviso."

"You—married her?" asked the girl, paling a little.

"Six months ago, in New York. It must have looked a queer affair to outsiders. One doleful morning my lawyer and I drove to the magistrate's office, and as we came in one door, another lawyer, with an old gentleman and lady and three girls, all in short skirts and shirt waists and brown veils, entered by another. We all bowed, and then the magistrate called our names, and I and one of the girls—it might have been any of them, for all I knew—went up to a desk, and answered a few questions, and wrote our names. The lawyers gave us each a deed of separation to go in force at the door. Then we all bowed again, and the family party got into a carriage and drove off, and I—I had a two months' furlough, you know—for the honeymoon—came aboard to get out of the talk."

His listener's color had faded entirely.

"Her name was Margaret Kennedy, wasn't it?" she asked, slowly. "I went to school with her. She—"

"Oh, you needn't hesitate," said Powell, with a short laugh. "I've had several fetching descriptions of her. She's a Jew at a bargain, I know by experience. And her voice, and—er—looks, impressed me even through the veil."

"She wasn't pretty, certainly, or very popular; but she was well born, or course, and thoroughly well bred"—she was speaking with an evident effort now.

"Oh, there is the steward," she said, rising. "I—I must see if he hasn't something I can coax auntie to eat."

Powell gazed after her, his face rather colorless, too.

But in the morning Miss Emily emerged from her seclusion, probably against her will, and the day passed quite unconstrainedly. When the last morning came Powell was silent and stern, and Madge was absorbedly solicitous of her aunt's comfort; but the final parting was conventional enough.

As their cab bore the aunt and niece away from the docks, the girl drew a quick sigh.

"A soldier and a gentleman!" she murmured, with a little laugh; but there was a glow in her face, nevertheless.

The city awoke under the weeping skies. Powell, in his club window, gazed gloomily down on the dripping streets. The disgust that his whole appearance bespoke, however, was not for the dismal prospect, but for the years that were stretching, in his imagination, interestless and wearisome ahead of him. He was sick of the army, he told himself, and, worse, sick of civilization. As for that pile of money in the bank—he loathed the thought of it.

One of the club servants brought him a letter, and he tore it open indifferently; but his face changed as he drew it out.

"I would not write this," he read, "except that you would learn it from some one else. It was your own mistake in the beginning, you will remember, in taking for granted that my name was the same as that of my mother's sister. And, in self-defense, I could not do less than leave you under the delusion, though my aunt strongly disapproved. I am sorry that the only time we are likely to meet, I should seem to have been passing under false colors. But for the future, I beg you will believe, I shall take as good care of your name as you shall yourself. Margaret Kennedy Powell."

"What a fool I must have looked!" he muttered, the dark color rising in his face.

Miss Lockhart was deep in the apprehensive delights of unpacking her bric-a-brac, when a maid, entering, announced:

"A gentleman for Mrs. Powell."

"It's the landlord," said Miss Lockhart, sharply. "I expected him. Mind, Madge, if he asks for another cent, you go!"

Her niece had risen from beside a trunk, with changing color, and put her hand nervously to her hair.

"Very well, auntie," she murmured vaguely, from the door.

In the hall below she paused before the drawing-room portieres; then, parting them, stopped short on the threshold.

"Capt. Powell!" she exclaimed, in a low voice.

He came quickly forward.

"Oh, you knew I would come," he said, smilingly, taking her hands. She laughed.

"You've made a complete fool of me, I know," he said, flushing. "It must have been tremendously amusing. Heaven only knows what I said; but you've paid me out for it in the last two hours. I've been a victim of complications from the first. But—oh, Madge—I needn't begin at the beginning, need I?"

She drew away her hands, and lifted her head in the air.

"Certainly," she said. — National Magazine.



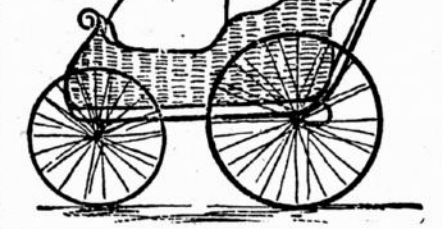
### BABY'S BOTTLE HELD.

Unique Invention Designed to Appeal to Tired Mothers as Well as Hungry Infants.

Now comes a baby carriage to which is attached a simple device for holding a nursing bottle in convenient position.

This is a new invention, and one which will certainly appeal to mothers and infants. Many of the latter like to have their bottles with them in their little carriages, but unfortunately the bottles persistently refuse to remain in the proper position.

Thanks to this new device, their life in this respect will be much happier hereafter, and their weight is also likely to increase in a manner that will delight their parents. The bottle, once placed in this holder, is bound to remain in a position where the child can at any moment reach it with his or her lips.—N. Y. Herald.



NURSING BOTTLE HOLDER.

tion, and the result is that the little one rarely gets a satisfactory drink. Thanks to this new device, their life in this respect will be much happier hereafter, and their weight is also likely to increase in a manner that will delight their parents. The bottle, once placed in this holder, is bound to remain in a position where the child can at any moment reach it with his or her lips.—N. Y. Herald.

### Hints for Popcorn Lovers.

Popcorn is such an invaluable part of various entertainments that directions for popping it may be appreciated. Put the regular quantity—that is, a very small quantity—into the popper, and hold it under the cold-water faucet long enough to thoroughly saturate the kernels. Shake the popper, and place it on the back of the range to allow the corn to dry. Then pop. The kernels will be very large, and there will be no hard center. The red popcorn is thought to be the best.

### Recipe for Cleaning Leather.

An excellent recipe for cleaning leather is to mix well one pound of French yellow ochre and a dessert-spoonful of sweet oil. Then take a pound of pipe clay and a quarter of a pound of starch. Mix with boiling water; when cold, lay on the leather, and when dry rub and brush well.

### Important Health Hint.

Very serious illness may often be traced to sleeping in a damp bed. To test it, lay between the sheets a hand-mirror for five minutes. If it is at all blurred or misty take off the sheets and sleep between the blankets.

## TWO FRENCH EVENING GOWNS



THE first gown is an elaborate gown composed of white valenciennes lace and rose pink panne. The décolleté bolero is of the panne, bordered all round with an applique trimming of leaves and bunches of grapes, the latter of white silk or cotton, stuffed to form a raised embroidery. This bolero opens over a full blouse front of the valenciennes lace, finished at the top with a band of black velvet. The girdle is also of black velvet, embroidered in silver. Bands of velvet covered with chantilly lace separate the puffs of the sleeves. The lower puff is opened on the inside to show the arm, which is covered with a long white lace mitt, finished at the top with a black velvet band.

The skirt is of the valenciennes lace, plaited all round at the top. About knee high is inserted a wide band of the pink panne, bordered with the applique grapes and leaves. Below this band are flounces of the lace, one in front, two in the back, which are bordered with chantilly, edged with the black velvet. The bottom of the skirt is finished with a puff or ruche of white or pink muslin.

The other gown is of plaited straw-colored mousseline de soie, encircled with bands of satin ribbon of the same color, and embroidered with sprays of lilac flowers, with leaves of green panne. The tops of the sleeves and the girdle are of heavy lace or guipure, ornamented with straps of lilac velvet, fastened with little astral buckles. The low neck is also finished with an edge of this lace.—Chic Parisien.

## MRS. ALICE M. RUBLE.

She is a Member of Colorado's Legislature and Making a Mark Among Politicians.

Mrs. Alice M. Ruble, member of the lower house of the Colorado Legislature, who distinguished herself by making the nomination of Henry M. Teller for United States senator, is having her first experience with official life, but she has made herself perfectly familiar with all the duties and opportunities of her office, and it is her intention to in every way possible advance the cause of her sex.

Mrs. Ruble was born in Vermont, and is a member of the old Blush family. Her father was a Kansas pioneer, and some of her relatives are among the first families of Topeka.

She has always been an earnest worker in the state suffrage association, and has taken a keen interest in politics, although it was not until the last campaign that she consented to stand for an office.

A keen politician, Mrs. Ruble is no less a devoted mother, and her home is a model of coziness and comfort. She is idolized by her children, who are always given a large share of her attention, no matter how pressing outside duties may be.

Mrs. Ruble refuses to state what particular work she desires to accom-



MRS. ALICE M. RUBLE.

plish in this legislature, but in a general way she has matters in view relative to the boys and girls' industrial school and child labor.

"I shall support any measure that appeals to me as a woman, or to my sex in general," she said, "and shall be glad to cooperate in any way that I can with those who desire to secure anything along those lines."

The popular picture which many have found of the woman politician is not found in Mrs. Ruble. She strikes even an unobservant person as being a womanly woman before she is anything else.

A favorite gown of hers is of black satin, relieved with white, and there is nearly always a rosebud or a bunch of violets tucked among the laces of her bodice. Her soft gray hair is massed in pompadour fashion over a well-shaped head, and the intelligent expression of her face is enhanced by a pair of beautiful dark eyes.

Many School Children Are Sickly. Mother Gray's Sweet Powder for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, break up Colds, cure Feverishness, Constipation and destroy Worms. All Druggists, 25c. Sainnie FREE. Address: Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, New York.

It is a great misfortune not to have sense enough to speak well and judgment enough to speak little.—Cato.

Bill—"Why do they call it Cripple Creek, do you suppose?" Jill—"Perhaps because the water is limpid."—Yonkers Statesman.

Do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—J. F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

The man with the muck-rake has a large family—mostly rakes.—United Presbyterian.

Truth releases from tyranny.—Ram's Horn.

## PROVE DOAN'S FREE HELP.

Those who doubt, who think because other Kidney Remedies do them no good, who feel discouraged, they profit most by the Free Trial of Doan's Kidney Pills. The wondrous results stamp Doan merit.

Aching backs are eased. Hip, back, and loin pains overcome. Swelling of the limbs and dropsy signs vanish.

They correct urine with brick dust sediment, high colored, excessive, pain in passing, dribbling, frequency, bed wetting. Doan's Kidney Pills dissolve and remove calculi and gravel. Relieve heart palpitation, sleeplessness, headache, nervousness.

SALEM, IND., Feb. 5, 1903.—"I received the trial package of Doan's Kidney Pills and I must confess they did me wonderful good. It seems strange to say that I had tried several kinds of kidney medicines without doing me any good. I had backache, pain in my bladder and scalding urine, and the sample package sent me stopped it all in a few days, and with the package I am now using from our drug store I expect to be cured permanently. It is wonderful, but sure and certain the medicine does its work. I was in constant misery until I commenced the use of Doan's Kidney Pills."—CHAS. R. COOK, P. O. Box 90, Salem, Washington Co., Ill.

South Bartonville, Ill., Feb. 8, 1903.—"I received the trial package of Doan's Kidney Pills and have bought several boxes of my druggist. They have done me much good. I was hardly able to do any work until I began taking them; now I can work all day and my back does not get the least bit tired."—BIRD GRAY.

FREE—TO MAKE YOU A FRIEND.

Doan's Kidney Pills. Please send me by mail, without charge, trial box Doan's Kidney Pills. Name \_\_\_\_\_ Post-office \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ (Cut out coupon on dotted line and mail to Foster-McLure Co., Buffalo, N. Y.) Medical Advice Free—Strictly Confidential.

## LADY ON EDITORIAL STAFF OF LEADING RELIGIOUS WEEKLY

Sends the Following Grand Testimonial to the Merits of Cuticura Remedies in the Treatment of Humours of the Blood, Skin and Scalp.

"I wish to give my testimony to the efficiency of the Cuticura Remedies in what seems to me two somewhat remarkable cases. I had a number of skin tumors—small ones—on my arms which had never given me serious trouble; but about two years ago one came on my throat. At first it was only about as large as a pinhead, but as it was in a position where my collar, if not just right, would irritate it, it soon became very sensitive and began to grow rapidly. Last spring it was as large, if not larger, than a bean. A little unusual irritation of my collar started it to swelling, and in a day or two it was as large as half an orange. I was very much alarmed, and was at a loss to determine whether it was a carbuncle or a malignant tumor.



"My friends tried to persuade me to consult my physician; but dreading that he would insist on using the knife, I would not consent to go. Instead, I got a small bottle of Cuticura Resolvent and a box of Cuticura Ointment. I took the former according to directions, and spread a thick layer of the Ointment on a linen cloth and placed it on the swelling. On renewing it I would bathe my neck in very warm water and Cuticura Soap. In a few days the Cuticura Ointment had drawn the swelling to a head, when it broke. Every morning it was opened with a large sterilized needle, squeezed and bathed, and fresh Ointment put on. Pus and blood, and a yellow, cheesy, tumorous matter came out. In about three or four weeks' time this treatment completely eliminated boil and tumor. The soreness that had ex-

tended down into my chest was all gone, and my neck now seems to be perfectly well.

"About five or six years ago my sister had a similar experience. She had two large lumps come under her right arm, the result of a sprain. They grew rapidly, and our physician wanted to cut them out. I would not listen to it, and she tried the Cuticura Remedies (as I did a few months ago) with magical effect. In six weeks' time the lumps had entirely disappeared, and have never returned.

"I have great faith in the Cuticura Remedies, and I believe they might be as efficacious in similar cases with other people, and thus save much suffering, and perhaps life. I have derived so much benefit from the use of them myself that I am constantly advising others to use them. Recently I recommended them to an office boy for his father, who was disabled with salt rheum. The man's feet were swollen to an enormous size, and he had not worked for six weeks. Two bottles of Cuticura Resolvent and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment worked a perfect cure. You never saw a more grateful man in your life.

"I am very much interested in another case where I have recommended Cuticura just now. My housemaid's mother has a goitre which had reached a very dangerous point. The doctors told her that nothing could be done; that she could live only two or three weeks, and that she would die of strangulation. She was confined to her bed, and was unable to speak, when her daughter, at my suggestion, tried the effect of the Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Resolvent. Strange to say, she was very shortly relieved of the most distressing symptoms. The swelling seemed to be exterminated, and she is now able to be around her house, and can talk as well as ever.

"It seems to me that I have pretty good grounds for believing that Cuticura Remedies will prove successful in the most distressing forms of blood and skin humours, and if you wish to use my testimonial as herein indicated, I am willing that you should do so, with the further privilege of revealing my name and address to such persons as may wish to substantiate the above statements by personal letter to me."

Chicago, Nov. 12, 1902.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold throughout the civilized world. PRICES: Cuticura Resolvent, 50c. per bottle (the form of Chocolate Coated Pills, 25c. per vial of 40); Cuticura Ointment, 50c. per box, and Cuticura Soap 25c. per cake. Send for the great work, "Humours of the Blood, Skin and Scalp, and How to Cure Them," 64 Pages, 50 Diseases, with Illustrations, Testimonials and Directions in all languages, including Japanese and Chinese. British Depot, 21-23 Charterhouse Sq., London, E. C. French Depot, 1, Rue de la Paix, Paris. Australian Depot, R. Towns & Co., Sydney. FOSTER-McLURE AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Sole Proprietors, Boston, U. S. A.

## IT TAKES THE ACHEs

out of muscles and joints. Heals old sores. Takes inflammation out of burns and bruises. Stops any pain that a perfect liniment can stop.

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for injuries or aches of MAN or BEAST.