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"THE QUEEN OF HEARTS."

By Elizabeth Phipps Train.

Author of "A Social Highwayman," "Madam of the Isles," "A Marital Liability," "The Autobiography of a Professional Beauty," etc.

CHAPTER II.

On that spring morning, when Nature's imperious call echoed so loudly through my being, I went lengthwise that I had never gone before. The letting down of my hair was but a preliminary step in the course of transformation I meditated. My wooled gown, coarse affair designed for utility alone, offended my eye as it restricted my motions. In a corner of the little attic loft which, as a theater secure from intrusion, we habitually used for our theatrical performance I remembered to have seen a heap of disused—once white—mosquito netting. I bade the old man remain below until I should call him, sped lightly up the stairs, dropped,

DOG REPARTEE.

Intoxicated, I was assuredly more the type of a wild and lawless Bacchante than of a comely, decorous village maiden, the ward of an orthodox minister of the gospel, as I moved in harmony with the promptings of the old shoemaker's muse.

There were perhaps ten minutes of inexpressible and perfect ecstasy. And then a thing happened—unforeseen, unprecedented, and dreadful. Tragedy, grim and dire, fell upon poor seductive Comedy, and smote her hip and thigh. The attic door suddenly opened, and my guardian stood upon the threshold!

Few acts of self-indulgence bring such dire consequences upon their perpetrators as mine brought upon me. A woman indulges in immoral tendencies, and is ostracized; a man indulges a propensity for unlawful acquisition,

DOG REPARTEE.

and is imprisoned; another indulges a violent temper by taking the life of a neighbor, and is hanged. I set open the flood-gates of an emotional temperament, and let loose the dammed-up waters that had for long years seethed and boiled within me—and for this I was married!

Ostracism, imprisonment, hangings—take these forms of punishment, and add thereto scourging, and the torture rack and thumb-screw, and even then you cannot approximate to so ingenious and intolerable a penalty as that which, from the best of motives, was exacted of me.

A worldling, probably, can in no degree understand the absolute horror with which my guardian's eyes took upon his appearance and occupation, as the attic door opened beneath his hand and revealed me to his shocked and astonished gaze. I was to him at that moment, not a woman, but a creature of horror, a being in a state of complete obsession; one of the swine of the earth, possessed by the devils of intemperance and voluptuousness; a creature of horror, in the most emphatic sense of the word.

Never in my life have I been so affected by word or action as I was in that instant by the glance he cast upon me. It was that of a rigorous, accusing angel, and it shamed my wantonness to the core. I suddenly became a thing of horror to myself, and I felt as if I were confronting him in my half-nakedness and disorder, with my hair streaming wildly over my shoulders, and my arms crossed with the glaucous gesture of a madman, and my face as white as a sheet.

DOG REPARTEE.

Our stage-setting was quite simple and unconventional. The attic was really the unfinished upper story of the little dwelling which Grove had built for his own use, for which the first floor amply sufficed. It was a room perhaps fifteen by twenty-five feet, quite unfurnished, of course. Its sides were bordered with a miscellaneous accumulation of ancient and useless articles—for Grove had a vivid coloring collecting all sorts of discarded rubbish, and was, in a manner, the village scavenger. Broken chairs, lame tables, rickety bureaus, old lamps, worthless covers, androns, valueless pitchers and teapots, china indeed, of all sorts and descriptions—hedged about the square of smooth boarding whereon I danced. Three small and dusty windows let in the daylight through their cobwebby panes, and admitted the fresh air that Grove and I loved in equal measure. The draught from without was often strong enough to set in motion the strings of dried fruits and vegetables which the old man hung on his rafters for his own use, and which I had seen for her health's sake. On her departure Grove had fallen heir to many of her bits of temporary furnishing. Among these had been two sets of oriental portieres, the vivid coloring of which was almost a matter of scandal in the quiet village. They had appealed strongly, however, to the latent aesthetic in my guardian, and he had hung them across one end of the room wherein he humored his musical instinct, that his eye might rest with satisfaction at the same moment with his ear.

Against this background I danced. The old man occupied a broken settle at the far end of the attic. I would sit, rather lie, upon a heap of old woollens piled upon the floor and forming a sort of rude couch. Here I lay and waited, allowing the music to get fairly into the spirit of his exercise; waiting to be filled with salutory affluents; holding back, until they muffled against further repression, my throbbing pulses. Then, at a spring, a burst of exultant joy, and I was on my feet. Scarcely to touch the floor, however, rather to sway in air, suspended above materials of the most flimsy and mere aerial motion; an element, not a body; a zephyr, an involuntary expression of music and motion, a human feather, to be blown hither and yon at the caprice of the master who directed my movements.

I did not wait long that day. Old Grove had drawn few notes from his poor fiddle before I found my self-repression vanquished. I cannot say that he played, and, perhaps, were I to hear it now, the music would scarce excite in me emotion of any sort. That day, however, it was a burning match applied to a ready mass of combustible. From the dingy lair where I crouched ready for a spring I bounded, my whole being responding not by note to the strains from the violin. Never had I known such an impulse of self-assertion as took possession of me. Never had I yielded to the irresistible appeal and prompting of music. Never had my untutored motions been so wanton, my self-possession so invaded and at fault.

I went literally mad with excess of sensibility. The unaccustomed freedom of my body, the rapt admiration of my singular audience, the ecstasy of the season and of my own dawning womanhood, fanned the fire in my veins till it played havoc with all maidenly restraint. Never was I more suggestively than in my dancing that spring morning. The coarse and common drapery that swathed me becoming unloosed as I danced, I used its long ends as a scarf. My flowing chestnut mane floated like a sunny veil about my bare shoulders; my eyes, of a greenish gray, must have glowed, as it has been said they do at such times, like bits of dark hematite ore; my skin, the skin of Hebe, of Hygeia, of fair and healthy youth, glowed and burned, and flushed with the riotous circulation of my eager blood.

Dishevelled, half-dressed and wholly

was a course of district visiting; I read my Bible for the first time with interest. In fact, "got religion" after the most approved fashion.

And one day I had my reward. I was sitting by my guardian's side, reading the gospel, as I moved in harmony with the promptings of the old shoemaker's muse.

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Sheraton, my cage and prison, was a benevolent one for the first time. If, as my husband stooped that I might imprint a chaste salute upon his cheek, there had been one to whisper to me, "This is the last time you ever embrace him," if, as he departed from me, and I watched with careless eyes this retreating figure, I had had the opportunity to say, "I should I lay eyes upon him, would my kiss have gained in warmth and fervor? Would my eyes have grown less clear, and my mind more serene for the knowledge? No," I think not.

Good, admirable, conscientious man that he was, there was nothing in James Mavis to arouse even a shadow of love or personal aversion in a woman's soul. He never called forth a spark of affection from me, nor do I believe that his passion for me was more than a casual, passing fancy, a sign that, improbable as it seemed, he was really built after the fashion of less perfect humanity.

Scruples I have had, many and frequent, bitter and remorseful, concerning the step I took that day; not one of these, however, was instigated by the thought that my desertion personally afflicted the husband I left behind me. Towards my child my conduct was wholly culpable. Excuse for it I have none; it was wicked, abominable, and a girl (for more I was not), with a heart in her breast. But I have made my peace with her. I have sought and obtained pardon for my offense. I feel satisfied that I have made full explanation of my fault toward Lisa. God be thanked she was early saved the perplexities that warped my ideas of right and wrong. Yet, to her gentler, less ardent nature, the test would have been scarcely so severe. The stagnation of her life would not have wrought her to open rebellion as it did me. How little I thought as I kissed her good-bye that day—she struggling the while wearily against the cares and flatterings of the world, that I should one day feel her the crowning joy of my life!

My breakfast was finished by seven o'clock, and by half-past I was on my way to the station, unquiet and fearful still, lest accident mar my progress. A quarter to eight passed, five minutes more and I should have been at the door of the hour, and my escort had not appeared. The train drew into the station, and, as it stopped, I saw the deacon coming down the hill as fast as his burly frame would permit. He was waving aloft a huge red handkerchief, and shouting to the conductor to wait.

"Will you hold the train for him?" I asked once, and my heart throbbed violently between longing and despair. The man nodded, and passed on to speak to the stationmaster.

As she concluded, I hastily decided that I could not afford to neglect any opportunity offered me by this never-to-be-repeated dozen of hours, and so I shook hands with occasion and accepted her invitation.

The company and its manager received me with a cordiality and ease which an immediate effect upon my self-defense. As I look back upon them through the mists of experience, I believe the men and women all to have been rather a sorry lot. But then I was less discriminating, and they seemed to me, each and every one of them, people of a "Faery vision" of gay crea-

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Let me make actual acquaintance with those denizens of the happiest sphere open to mortals! Through accident I was to be permitted a glimpse of that dazzling, brilliant world which had charmed my father back to itself from his allegiance to wife and duty. The Land of Beulah opened before me as she spoke; I had visions of the fair and long-coveted prospect of incident and adventure. As she concluded, I hastily decided that I could not afford to neglect any opportunity offered me by this never-to-be-repeated dozen of hours, and so I shook hands with occasion and accepted her invitation.

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Chick & Co.,

---103 to 107 East Sixth---

..SHOE BARGAINS..

We have always made it MORE profitable for the people to trade here than at ANY OTHER SHOE STORE. A broad statement this, BUT WE HAVE ALWAYS BACKED IT UP WITH THE GOODS. We claim to—and do—give you better goods for the money than you can GET ELSEWHERE.

To-morrow we will place on sale the following Special Shoe Bargains for this week:

Just to start the ball rolling we are going to sell 500 pairs Men's Genuine Russia Calf Shoes, in all the new style toes, tan or oxblood, regular \$5.00 grade, this week for

\$2.90

Men's Chocolate color Russia Calf, bull dog toe, selling this week for

\$2.90

Men's Patent Leather Street Shoes, made up on all the new stylish lasts, regular \$6.00 grade this week.

\$4.25

500 pairs Ladies' Bicycle Knee Boots, Black or Tan, Canvas tops. This sale,

\$2.15

Regular value \$3.50.

260 pairs Ladies' Bicycle Knee Boots, Tan Kid with Tan Covert Cloth top. This week

\$2.35

Ladies' oxblood or chocolate color Kid Lace, made on all the new style coin toe, bargain price this week,

\$2.35.

Worth \$4.00.

Ladies' fine black Vici Kid Lace or Button, made in 10 different styles, all new shapes, this week,

\$3.15.

Worth \$4.50.

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MONKEY HAS THE MEASLES.

Ailment Peculiar to Humanity Attacks a Simian at a Paris Museum

So far as the members of the French Academy of Medicine have been able to ascertain, Cynocephalus is the first monkey that ever had the measles. Zanibar was his birthplace. He was brought to Madagascar, where he was sold to a superior officer in the French army, says the New York Press. As a companion for him, the officer bought another monkey, a vagabond, who had no name, and whose birthplace was unknown. The weather being cold, the two were placed in a warm house. P., a private in the zouaves, who was serving the officer, attended to their wants, and often frolicked with them. One day P. went to the doctor, complaining of an eruption on his body. The doctor saw at once that he had the measles and hurried him off to bed.

X., another soldier, was put in charge of the officer's garden and monkeys. Four days later he noticed that Cynocephalus kept to the corner of his cage and refused to eat. The same doctor who treated the zouave was called in. An examination showed an eruption on Cynocephalus' body and all the other symptoms of measles. The same treatment was given to him as to the zouave.

The other monkey was in no wise affected. To begin with, it is reported, he was not so intelligent as his companion Cynocephalus, who seems to have lived up to his fine name and his place in the Zanzibar peirage, and then the two were of different tribes. "That one contracted the disease, while the other didn't," say the academicians, "is not at all remarkable, for of two persons exposed in the same way it often happens that one escapes and the other does not."

He Spoke Peckingly.

Small Sam—Ma, what's Mormons? Mother—U'm—men who have a good many wives.

"Yes; thirty or forty, sometimes."

"Oo! That's awful!"

"Just awful! I wouldn't like to have thirty or forty mammas to spank me!"—New York Weekly.

She Saw That Way.

The Astec Child—I wonder why the two-headed girl won't play whilst any more with the 'Correct' and the superintendent. The Fat Lady—They had a row last night, and he accused her of double dealing.—New York Press.

The Voice of Experience.

"Describe briefly the way a woman gets out of a street car," said the superintendent to the applicant for a position as conductor.

"The wrong way," was the answer.

"Correct," said the superintendent, and the applicant was straightway engaged.—Chicago Post.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED.

By local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

3—And what do you think of this?

4—Fido—I think it's fine.