

Shell Wilden.

A ROMANCE

CHAPTER II.

"Now, VI," says Ruby a few evenings later, seeking her cousin's room, and speaking to her in a tone of confidence, "I want you to do me a favor this evening."

"All right, dear," answers Violet, colling up the long plaits of her flaxen hair with artistic precision. "How can I oblige you?"

"Well, as you know, the Champleys are coming in this evening for some music, and I want you to prevent Shell from putting herself forward in any way and talking to them. She has such a strange blunt way with strangers that I am always afraid of her doing or saying something outrageous."

"I'm sure you needn't be," responds VI, looking rather astonished. "She was well named 'Pearl,' for she hides herself in her shell as persistently as her namesake. He who finds out her true value will have to be a very persistent man."

"Oh, she is a good deal sharper than you think," says Ruby, with a little sneer; "and at the same time she is so extremely odd that I never feel safe as to what she might say! I actually heard her confiding to the rector's wife the other day that our stair-carpet had been turned four times."

"Well, and if she did, there was no harm in it," declares Violet, who is far more attached to Shell than to the brilliant Ruby.

"Of course you don't care, because it is not your own home—you are only staying here," retorts Ruby bitterly—"but for my own part I think there is no need that our poverty should be exposed to strangers. If she gets into conversation with either of the Champleys, I shouldn't in the least wonder at her telling them that our dinner is always badly cooked because we can't afford a new kitchen range."

"I don't think she would," laughed Violet. "She is quite capable of it—she is so eccentric. What other girl would insist upon being called 'Shell,' when she has such a pretty name? Nothing could be sweeter than Pearl; and yet if one dares to call her by her right name she flies into one of her tantrums."

"She is of a practical turn of mind," laughs VI; "she thinks Pearl too fanciful a name for a workaday mortal. I wonder what induced aunt to name you three girls after precious stones?"

"I really can't say," returns Ruby rather coldly; "perhaps the same reason that induced your mother to name you Violet."

"Oh, I was called Violet because my surname is Flower!" explains VI, a shadow stealing over her face as her thoughts fly back to her lost mother. "It used to be a joke of papa's that even when I married I should not cease to be a flower."

"You are a flower of which I should be uncommonly afraid if you were not engaged," laughs Ruby.

"Afraid—why?" asks Violet, opening wide her blue eyes.

"Because you are so terribly pretty," answers Ruby truthfully.

Violet knows full well that she is pretty—her mirror tells her so, morning, noon and night—yet she likes to hear it again, even if only from Ruby. So she waxes amiable, and gives her cousin a faithful promise that any show of forwardness on Shell's part shall be instantly suppressed.

As Violet foresees, however, there is little cause to fear any attempt at familiarity on Shell's part. The girl has gleaned from Ruby's constant allusions to the Champleys since their return home that her elder sister contemplates with hopeful confidence the possibility of becoming mistress of Champley House. So disgusted does Shell feel at her sister's scarcely concealed scheme that she firmly resolves to adopt a line of conduct so totally at variance to that of Ruby that even the most obtuse man on earth must see at least that she has no desire to steal from him his freedom. Even when she hears that Ted Champley, the boy with whom she used to go blackberrying and nutting, is coming down with Robert, she makes up her sensible little mind to be civil to him—nothing more.

So, as the evening wears away, both brothers, after ineffectual attempts to hit on a congenial topic of conversation, come to the conclusion that the younger daughter of the house is either somewhat deficient in intellect or has developed such an alarming spirit of contradiction that she is decidedly a young woman to be avoided.

Ruby's amiable manner and social sympathy stand out in startling contrast to Shell's almost rough brusqueness of manner. Violet too does her utmost to render the evening a pleasant one for the brothers, whilst Mrs. Wilden backs them both up, as far as her natural want of energy will allow. "Do you remember those jolly times we used to have out blackberrying, and what particularly delicious blackberry-jam your cook used to make?" asks the younger brother, taking a seat beside Shell toward the end of the evening.

Edward Champley is a true Englishman, and, although three times already he has abandoned that seat in despair, he is still unwilling to acknowledge himself beaten.

She does not reply for a moment; she is in the act of picking out a knot

in the silk she is using, and till she has fully accomplished that intricate feat she ignores the fact even that she has been spoken to; then, turning upon him with keen eyes, which look almost piercingly dark in the lamp-light, she says quietly—

"I beg your pardon."

Ted Champley feels taken back; his remark—which savors in his own mind slightly of the sentimental, and indeed was made in somewhat sentimental tone—cannot be repeated in face of that stolid air of indifference on Shell's part; so he changes his former conversation for another.

"You seem to have become wonderfully industrious since I saw you last," he says, glancing anything but admiringly at the pretty garland of flowers that is growing under her white fingers.

"Yes; I am very fond of work. When you saw me last I was a child; and children are so stupid—they never think of anything but play," returns Shell scornfully, pursuing her occupation as though her living depended upon it.

"Upon my word," laughs Ted, "it is my belief that a good many children are wiser than their elders—so observant, you know, and all that kind of thing. I really don't think you would class all children together again as being 'stupid,' if you only knew those little kids of Robert's; they are awful little sharpers."

"I suppose their father takes quite an interest in them?" remarks Shell in a bored tone.

Her companion stares at her for some moments in amazement, then breaks into a rather mocking laugh.

"Well, yes—Robert does take a decided interest in Bob and Meg. Seeing that they are his own children, perhaps it is not to be wondered at."

"No, of course—that would account for it," responds Shell quietly, and ignoring the ring of sarcasm in Ted's voice.

"I don't see how any one could help liking them—poor little beggars!" continues the young man blunty, and in a voice that speaks volumes of wonder at his companion's heartlessness.

Shell breaks into rather an affected little laugh.

"Dear me," she says wonderingly—"have I shocked you? If so, you must please forgive me; for I don't like children."

Ted makes no remark for a few moments, but sits watching her with keen scrutinizing eyes, expecting every instant that some relenting dimple round her lips would belie her words; but no—Shell works on in serene unconcern, with her well-poised head a little on one side, and all her attention apparently fixed upon her work.

"Is there anything under the sun that you do like?" asks Ted at last, in a tone of desperation.

"Oh, yes, several things," answers Shell briskly. "Let me see—reflectively—I like work, and reading, and I am awfully fond of gooseberry-tart."

Ted bursts into such a hearty peal of laughter that Ruby—who is engaged in singing a trio with VI and Robert Champley—give utterance to a false note. Shell, after a futile effort to control her trembling lips, joins in his merriment.

"No; but, seriously," he says, when they have both done laughing, "you must have, I know, a few artistic tastes. I remember you used to play some very jolly pieces, so you must be fond of music."

Shell shakes her head in a despondent manner.

"No," she answers carelessly, "I have no talent for anything in particular. Of course I play a little and I sketch a little; but I do nothing well enough for it to be pleasing to anybody but myself."

"How do you know that if you never give your friends the chance of judging?" asks Ted, still trying to strike some spark of emotion out of this stolid maiden.

"Oh, they are quite at liberty to judge for themselves if they like, only nobody wants to hear me play twice!" answers Shell, in a tone of friendly warning.

"Will you let me hear you play once?" asks Ted eagerly.

"Oh, certainly, if you wish; only won't it be rather cruel infliction for everybody else?" says Shell naively.

"No, I am sure it won't," answers her companion, in a voice of such utter confidence that puckers of amusement gather around Shell's lips after the most wicked fashion.

Great is Ruby's consternation and annoyance when she leaves the piano to see Shell down on her knees beside the music-stand, turning over the loose music in the drawer.

"Surely you are not going to play?" she exclaims, in a tone of mingled disapproval and annoyance, for Ruby's music is her one strong point, and she hates to be cast into the shade by her younger sister. As a rule, Shell is wont to hide her light under a bushel, and it is provoking, to say the least, that she should depart from her usual course on the present occasion.

"Oh, yes, I am going to play—I have been asked!" responds Shell innocently.

With a shrug of her shoulders Ruby

passes on, whilst Shell, selecting from the long disused contents of the drawer a dreary sing-song air, sits down at the piano and commences to wade laboriously and in a very mechanical way through its twelve variations. It is a piece that requires practice and very quick playing to render it even bearable—as Shell had never had patience to read it quite through until this evening her performance is anything but a brilliant one.

CHAPTER III.

Edward Champley, who has taken up his stand beside the piano in expectation of a musical treat, does his best to look cheerful under the infliction; but his most determined efforts at politeness cannot prevent a faint gleam of hope stealing into his eyes at the end of each variation. Even once he ventures on a rapturous "Thanks!"—it is when, to his horror, he sees a minor key arrangement of the air looming up before him; but Shell only glances up for a moment, and says quietly—

"Oh, I haven't half finished yet!" Whereupon her victim offers an apology and smiles a sickly smile, as he vainly tries to count how many more pages there are to get through.

And, whilst Edward is enduring his self-inflicted martyrdom at one end of the room, his brother Robert is being flattered, petted and a little bit lectured at the other end by Ruby.

"It was really too bad of you to stop away from Champley House so long!" she says reproachfully.

Robert Champley looks at her for a few moments before making any answer. Unfortunately for Ruby's scheme, he is a man who generally stops to think before he speaks, even on trivial subjects.

"I shouldn't have come back now if it hadn't been for the children," he says at length, with a sigh.

Ruby catches the echo of that sigh and is all sympathy.

"No one knows better than I how very painful your return home must have been to you," she remarks, in a low and almost faltering tone, whilst her white eyelids veil her eyes in seemingly sad retrospect.

Again he looks at her; then somewhat coldly gives utterance to the one word, "Thanks!" as if she had made him a speech which, though distasteful, must be responded to in some way or other.

"I hope you found the dear children all that you pictured them?" pursues Ruby softly.

"Yes—oh, yes; they are merry little crickets, and seem just about as happy as the day is long!" answers Mr. Champley, whilst a softening smile relaxes his somewhat stern mouth.

"It is a terrible charge for you," observes Ruby, her tone and looks full of the most profound pity.

"How so?" asks her companion, in evident surprise.

Ruby feels somewhat taken aback.

"Oh, it always seems to me such an impossible thing for a man to know about children's wants or ways!" she replies, with a little head-shake.

Robert Champley gives a slight laugh.

"I assure you, both Bob and Meg have neither of them any scruples about expressing their wants," he says gaily; "and, as you know, I am very fortunate in my old housekeeper, Mrs. Tolley—she is a perfect mother to the whole lot of us. The babies have a treasure of a nurse, too—a sensible middle-aged woman; so on the whole I dare say we shall rub along very well."

"I don't believe in any servants being treasures," remarks Ruby skeptically; "and, besides, your children must be too old now to be left entirely to the charge of servants."

"Do you think so?" asks Mr. Champley in a pondering tone. "That is what I have been rather afraid of myself. Bob is just seven, and poor little Meg five."

(To be Continued.)

NEVER GIVES UP ITS DEAD.

Lake Superior Keeps Its Victims in the Depths of Its Waters.

From the Minneapolis Tribune: Lake Superior never gives up its dead. Whoever encounters terrible disaster—happily infrequent in the tourist season—and goes down in the angry, beautiful blue waters, never comes up again.

From those earliest days when the daring French voyagers in their trim birch bark canoes skirted the picturesque shores of this noble but relentless lake down to the present moment, those who have met their deaths in mid-Superior still lie at the stone-paved bottom. It may be that, so very cold is the water, some of their bodies may have been preserved through the centuries. Sometimes, not far from shore, the bodies of people who have been wrecked from fishing smacks or from pleasure boats overtaken by a cruel squall have been recovered, but only after the most heroic efforts with drag net or by the diver. Once on a trip down the lakes I met a clergyman who, as we passed a point of land some miles before entering the narrowing of the lake at the Soo, pointed out the place where the ill-fated Algoma went down on the reef some eight years ago, and as he looked he said, slowly, "I was at the funeral of one man who went down with her, and the only reason his body is not at the bottom today with the other 23 that were lost is because it was caught in the timbers of the vessel and could not sink."

He: "I beg your pardon, but weren't you once engaged to be married?" She: "It's quite likely. I thought just now when I saw you that your face looked familiar!"—Unsere Gesellschaft.

INDIANA REPUBLICANS.

Convention at Indianapolis Nominates a State Ticket.

The Indiana republican convention nominated the following ticket: Secretary of state, Union B. Ham; auditor, William H. Hart; treasurer, Leopold Levy; attorney general, W. L. Taylor; supreme court clerk, Robert H. Brown; superintendent of public instruction, F. L. Jones; statistician, John B. Connor; geologist, Willis S. Bithsley; judges of the supreme court, first district, Robert Dowling; third district, J. V. Hadley; fifth district, Francis E. Baker.

The platform indorses the gold standard.

TO REOPEN INDIAN MINTS.

Effort Will Be Made to Change the Ratio to 22 to 1.

Information has been received from London to the effect that the Indian mints are to be reopened to free coinage and the assertion is made that this will occur at an unexpectedly early date. There is a strong effort to have the ratio changed from 16 to 1 to 22 to 1, and it is asserted that a willingness to assent to this change has been evinced by both the United States and France.

Can Raise the Cristobal Colon.

Lieut. Hobson expresses his belief that he will succeed in raising the Spanish cruiser Cristobal Colon by means of air bags and pontoons.

Aguainaldo More Friendly.

Reports from Manila state that Aguinaldo is showing a more friendly spirit and hope is entertained that trouble with him may be avoided.

Wants to Get Out of Cuba.

Col. Turner has appealed to Gov. Tanner to aid in getting the First Illinois out of Cuba to save the men from the peril of fever.

Miners Issue an Appeal.

The Pittsburg district miners have appealed to the miners of competitive fields to contribute to a fund to assist the striking miners of Pittsburg.

Our Policy Suits the Japanese.

It is officially declared that the Japanese people are not interested in and will not interfere with our policy toward the Philippines.

Reports Little Yellow Fever.

Mrs. Clara Barton reports that there is very little yellow fever at Santiago and that the troops suffered chiefly from malarial fever.

To Bring the Bodies Home.

Secretary Alger will have the bodies of the soldiers killed or who died of disease at Santiago brought to the United States.

Review of the Troops.

Orders were given to Gen. Breckinridge for a review by brigades and divisions of the 44,000 soldiers at Camp Thomas.

Will Not Be Mustered Out.

None of the volunteer regiments will be mustered out before winter. A liberal policy in regard to furloughs will be observed.

Secretary Day to Retire.

Secretary Day will at an early date retire from the office of secretary of state and resume the practice of law in Canton.

Will Retain Island of Luzon.

The United States, it is declared, has decided to retain the entire island of Luzon of the Philippine group.

Ohio Man for President.

The League of American Municipalities elected Mayor Black of Columbus president. Syracuse, N. Y., was chosen as next year's convention city.

Will Make a Fight at Havana.

The Spanish strongholds on the north coast of Cuba have been stripped of their artillery and fighting men to make the capital impregnable.

Texas Democrats Nominated.

The Texas state democratic convention nominated Joseph D. Sayers. The platform indorses the Chicago platform in its entirety.

Michigan Bank Robbed.

At the village of Richland, Mich., armed men forced an entrance to the Union savings bank, blew open the safe and stole \$10,000.

May Court-Martial Officers.

American officers who made public the terrible condition of the soldiers at Santiago are threatened with court-martial.

Prominent Man Commits Suicide.

J. H. Banks, postmaster and ex-mayor of Willow Springs, Ill., committed suicide at Chicago.

War Supplies for Carlists.

An English firm has booked an order for 25,000 rifles and 2,000,000 cartridges to be delivered to the Carlists.

Spain Taxes Imported Wheat.

The Spanish cabinet has decided to raise the tax on imported wheat, and this may cause serious trouble.

American Flag Raised.

Cape Juan, Porto Rico, was captured without opposition and the American flag raised.

Fifth Illinois for Porto Rico.

The Fifth Illinois regiment has gone to Porto Rico, giving Illinois a larger representation at the front than any other state.

McKinley Cannot Attend.

President McKinley can not be present at the national encampment of the Union Veterans' union at Rock Island, Ill.

Curzon to the Vicerey of India.

George N. Curzon, British parliamentary secretary for the foreign office, will be vicerey of India.

The Place for Your Daughters.

St. Mary's Academy at Notre Dame, Ind., ranks first among the educational institutions for girls. Young women from all parts of America and Europe are found in its classes. The faculty have just issued a catalog, that contains much valuable data. Parents desirous of sending their daughters to the best institution should send for this catalog before deciding on sending them elsewhere. It is under the supervision of the Sisters of the Holy Cross and is located at Notre Dame, far from the excitement of even village life, and right among the beautiful scenes of the Creator's handiwork.

The up-to-date bartender is an artist when it comes to designing interior decorations.

Shake Into Your Shoes.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, nervous, aching feet. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

He who establishes his argument by noise and command, shows that his reason is weak.

Wheat 40 Cents a Bushel.

How to grow wheat with big profit at 40 cents and samples of Salzer's Red Cross (50 Bushels per acre) Winter Wheat, Rye, Oats, Clovers, etc., with Farm Seed Catalogue for 4 cents postage. JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., La Crosse, Wis. w.u.n.

Gratitude is in inverse proportion to the benefit—hence our ingratitude to God.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c. or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Kennedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Our ideal moments are our best ones; our practical moments are risky.

Dropsy treated free by Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, of Atlanta, Ga. The greatest dropsy specialists in the world. Read their advertisement in another column of this paper.

Nature is formless and valueless until reflected in the soul of man.

Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

God teaches us all; man elects to study individualism at his peril.

FITS Permanently Cured. No Stomach or Nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$1.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 311 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

It is hard to be imagined how simultaneously we can love and hate.

Educate Your Bowels with Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. No. 25c. If C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Children are naturally ungrateful—God's children especially.

A bath with COSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP, exquisitely scented, is soothing and beneficial. Sold every where.

The experienced handle life cautiously—they dread its fangs.

Dr. Carter's E. & B. Tea does what other medicines do not do. It regulates the four important organs of the body—the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels. The package

Temptation is a spy upon our virtue, to be shot at sight.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents bottle.

Heaven trusts us with intellect but puts iron on our will.

Cook's Cough Balsam Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

We suffer more from the devil within than without.

I believe Piso's Cure is the only medicine that will cure constipation. Anna M. Ross, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 12, 1893.

All dread the hand-to-hand conflict with gladiatorial life.

"Summer Complaint" was a terror to children until Brown's Teething Cordial was found to cure it.

War is organized murder; death is its proper penalty.

We are never so ridiculous by the qualities we have, as by those we affect to have.

DOWN ON THE FARM.

Tillers of the Soil Appreciate the Little Wonder-Worker.

Near the little town of Woods Corners, about six miles from Ionia, resides R. L. Pierson, Mr. Pierson, a farmer by occupation, and like all hard working tillers of the soil he has found the burdens the back must bear no light load to carry. Few people who never lived on the farm appreciate what it means to follow the plow from sunrise to sunset, but if the public in general don't know how hard such work is, the kidneys do. Long hours of work of any kind means long hours for the kidneys, and they can't stand it without rebelling. When the farmer comes home tired out at night, if he only realized that the tired feelings mostly always came from tired kidneys, and that the little wonder-workers, Doan's Kidney Pills, would right the wrong brought on by over-work, life would be easier for him. Read what Mr. Pierson says about his experience:

"I noticed when I stooped, lifted or changed my position suddenly, early in the fall of 1897, that I was always rewarded with sharp pains across the small of my back, and in the morning I was so lame and sore that I could scarcely get out of bed. The too frequent action of the kidney secretions, especially annoying at night, plainly indicated that my kidneys were the cause of the trouble. I had often heard Doan's Kidney Pills spoken of by my neighbors, and as it was the first time I required such a preparation, I procured a box. I noticed their beneficial effects in a day or two and I continued the treatment until my backache was cured and the other weakness was thoroughly relieved. I make no mistake when I say that Doan's Kidney Pills cure backache and kidney complaint."

Doan's Kidney Pills are sold by all dealers. Price 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name "Doan's" and take no substitute.

TO MRS. PINKHAM.

From Mrs. Walter E. Budd, of Patuxent, New York.

Mrs. Budd, in the following letter, tells a familiar story of weakness and suffering, and thanks Mrs. Pinkham for complete relief:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I think it is my duty to write to you and tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I feel like another woman. I had such dreadful headaches through my temples and on top of my head, that I nearly went crazy; was also troubled with chills, was very weak; my left side from my shoulders to my waist pained me terribly. I could not sleep for the pain. Plasters would help for a while, but as soon as taken off, the pain would be just as bad as ever. Doctors prescribed medicine, but it gave me no relief."

"Now I feel so well and strong, have no more headaches, and no pain in side, and it is all owing to your Compound. I cannot praise it enough. It is a wonderful medicine. I recommend it to every woman I know."