

BRIGHTER THAN STARS OF NIGHT.

BY MRS. NAPOLEON B. MORANGE.
What need to ask was her heart my own,
The very breeze in its undertone
Whispered; she loves but you;

The world embraced by a summer night
Lay half asleep in the tender light,
As together we walked alone;

What were the million stars of night?
Would they make my future pathway bright
With their pale and far endeavor?

With eyes immortal; note the days
Devoted to ungodly ways
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patient, and suddenly remembering the
dismal life Ethel Neveggail was leading,
he resolved to divide them with her.

Driving them first to his own home
before seeking the Hall, he selected the
most beautiful, and forming them into a
graceful bouquet, drove into the ramble
with them in his hand.

Belle was in the drawing-room, and
saw him leap from the gig, with his floral
prize, so stepped quickly from the win-
dow that reached to the floor, in order to
attract his attention, supposing, in her
extreme vanity, that he would instantly
present them to herself.

But, to her deep chagrin, he merely
made a few passing observations, and
walked on, carrying the coveted flowers
with him.

Biting her lips in keen vexation, she
muttered as she retreated to the room
she had left:

"I will stay here and watch for his re-
turn. Something seems to tell me that
those flowers are for that odious Ethel
Neveggail. If they are—"

She did not finish her sentence audibly,
but the ominous look in her eyes told of
bitter feelings that would seek some
poetic revenge.

Ethel was passing through the upper
hall to her room, when Dr. Elfenstein
ran lightly up, and as he pronounced her
name to detain her she carried until he
reached her side.

"Miss Neveggail, I do not know whether
you are as fond of flowers as I am, but
I have brought you a few, hoping they
may cheer you in your lonely duties."

"Oh, thank you, Doctor! They will,
indeed, as I love them dearly. These
are perfect beauties and I shall prize
them highly."

"That rose, I think, will adorn your
hair to perfection. Allow to fasten it
there. May I send the young girl
with a pleased blush the young girl
bent her head, and with skillful fingers
Earle placed it just above her small,
white ear, where it nestled lovingly, add-
ing a new charm to her bright young
face.

Just as he was finishing, a step ap-
proached, and Belle, who could not re-
strain her curiosity another moment, as
she had heard him pause on the floor
above, and then make some remark in a
low tone, came upon the scene.

Just in time to see his hand leave the
rose, and to see Ethel turn toward her
own room, and disappear with the bou-
quet in her hand and a gratified smile
hovering around her lips.

Waiting until she had seen the Doctor
leave the premises, and Ethel again re-
pair to Sir Reginald's side, the malicious
girl proceeded directly to that room
where she found the flowers carefully
bestowed in a fancy vase upon the dress-
ing-case.

Seizing them without a moment's hesi-
tation, she turned directly to the baron-
et's room.

Ethel sat by the bed, and at his re-
quest was striving to cool his heated
brow by gently moving a fan. Raising
her eyes, to her astonishment she recog-
nized her flowers, but before she could
blame them Belle's angry voice arrested
her attention.

"Sir Reginald," she exclaimed, "I think
it my duty to inform you that Miss
Neveggail seems to have forgotten her
position as your assistant nurse and paid
dependant, and seizes every opportunity
that offers to carry on sly flirtations
with gentlemen. I just surprised Dr.
Elfenstein placing that rose in her hair
outside your door, while at the same
time he gave her those flowers. Do you
approve of such behavior?"

"Approve? No; of course not!" he re-
turned, flying into a passion at once, as
she well knew he was sure to do. "Miss
Neveggail, what business have you to
conduct yourself in that style? Did I
bring you here to form intrigues with
gentlemen?"

"You certainly did not," was the calm
reply, "nor have I done so. Dr. Elfen-
stein is an old friend, and as such he
presented me with the flowers Miss Glen-
denning has taken from my room. Be-
ing my own property now, I will thank
her for their restoration." So saying,
she reached forth her hand for them.

But Belle drew back and scornfully re-
plied:

"You shall never have them again, I
assure you, as I shall instantly see that
every stem, leaf and bud is destroyed.
If you do not know your place better in
this house than to put yourself on an
equality with its visitors, you must be
taught. Do you not think so, Sir Re-
ginald?" she added, appealing to him.

"Certainly. Just take the trash away
and one that is destroyed. I shall my-
self inform Dr. Elfenstein."

"You will not do that, surely, uncle.
He would then be vexed with me," Belle
hastily exclaimed. "I will destroy them,
since you wish it also, but not until you
promise to say nothing to him about it."

"Well, have it your own way; but if I
do not, perhaps Miss Neveggail will."

as a handsome, wealthy, and popular
young man.

That decided repulse of every overture
that he had made served but to enforce
the desire he felt to subdue her pride and
turn her feelings into fawning admiration.

Robert Glendenning was not, as Ethel
had supposed, a dissipated and depraved
man, but owing to the strange influences
of his childhood he was a vain, reckless
and utterly selfish one, having a strong
will of his own, together with a teasing,
mischievous temperament. Under proper
government while young he might have
made a noble man, but neglected ex-
amples of both his uncle by marriage and
his spoiled sister, he had allowed his
nature to become perverted, and drifted
into the weak character we now find
him.

Immediately after his last adventure
with Ethel, while yet chafed and sore on
account of it, his sister gave him a
graphic account of the presentation of
the flowers by Dr. Elfenstein, and her own
bold destruction of them, then concluded
by saying:

"She's a proud, stuck-up thing, and I
do delight in humiliating her. Jolly
feelings. I intend to do all I can to
bring her from the high pedestal on
which she has perched, and if I can
only induce Sir Reginald against her,
so that he will send her away, I shall
be delighted. Bob, I wish you would
help me."

"I will do all I can to reduce her abomi-
nable pride. I assure you, though I do
not care to have her sent away. She
shall, however, repent snubbing me as
she did yesterday."

"Snubbing you? What do you mean?
Did she really dare to do that?"

"She did, indeed," returned Belle,
"and that is the object of my discussion."

"The idea! She does not deserve your
further notice! However, if I see a
change to lower her in Sir Reginald's es-
teem, I shall do it. If useful, I shall
call on you for assistance."

"That afternoon the wished-for oppor-
tunity arrived.

Belle happened to be in her uncle's
room a few moments, when she heard
the following conversation take place,
which gave her a plan upon which to
work.

Sir Reginald had received a note from
a neighbor in reference to some very im-
portant private business, which he found
necessary to attend to immediately.
Wishing some intelligent person to see
to the matter, he had explained his
views to Ethel before Belle had entered,
and was just saying:

"Do you think you could find Mr. Per-
kins for me and attend to this important
work, Miss Neveggail?"

"I do. I understand your wishes per-
fectly now; so if you can direct me there,
I will go at once."

"You had better not go around the
road, as the walk would be full a mile
and a half, but go from the rear of the
Hall and take a short cut through the
fields. There will only be a couple of
bars to lower, and the path is direct and
plain."

"Then I will start at once."

"It will only take you until about 5
o'clock to go and return. Please be as
quick as possible in getting back, as I
shall need you by that time. You un-
derstand, I wish you to hurry. I never
like a person to loiter when I send them
upon an errand."

"I will certainly return as quickly as
possible," returned Ethel, as she left the
room to prepare for her walk.

This, as I said, was Belle's opportunity.
Seeking Robert at once, therefore, she
informed him of the errand Ethel had to
transact for Sir Reginald, and his strict
injunction that she should hasten back
to his side.

"He told her the whole work could be
accomplished by five o'clock. Now,
Robert, I think it would provoke him
greatly if she were detained until seven.
Can you not intercept her on her return,
and manage to keep her away?"

"Yes, indeed. It will be splendid fun,
I will do it. If I cannot keep her in any
other way I will force her into a phaeton
and take her off upon a ride."

"Do then I will inform his lordship
that, she was seen riding with some
strange young man."

"Ha, ha! good; and if she says it was
this chap, I will deny it in full."

"And I will come in to prove an alibi.
Where will you meet her?"

chagrin. Robert Glendenning stepped
directly in her path.

"My dear Miss Neveggail, this is a de-
lightful meeting in a delightful place.
Where may your curiosity have taken
you to?"

"My curiosity, Mr. Glendenning, took
me nowhere. I have merely been to
transact a matter of business for Sir
Reginald, and am now on my way home.
Being in a hurry, I would be glad to
pass on."

"Not so fast, not so fast, my pretty
girl (don't shudder so—you know you are
pretty); surely you will linger a while in
this romantic place, now that you have
some one to enjoy the beauties of the
wood with you?"

"No, Mr. Glendenning," was the digni-
fied reply; "I cannot linger a moment.
Sir Reginald desired my immediate re-
turn, and I cannot keep him waiting."

"Nevertheless, my sweet creature, he
will wait; for you cannot return just
now, as I intend for once to fully enjoy
your society."

So saying, the bold young man at-
tempted to take her hand, to draw it
under his arm.

Snatching it instantly away, Ethel
fixed on him a stern look, and ordered
him to stand aside.

Not heeding her in the least, he impu-
dently slipped his arm around her waist,
exclaiming:

"Perhaps you would like this way of
walking better. It makes no difference
to me."

"Shaking off his arm, Ethel pushed him
aside indignantly, then with rapid steps
pressed onward."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A BIKE FOR LOVERS.

The Machine May Be Ridden by One
or by Two Persons.

The great objection to the tandem
bicycle is the difficulty of carrying on
conversation. The one seated in the
rear cannot hear very well the remarks
of the person in front, and as the per-
son in front is usually the young man
it may be guessed that a great many
remarks have thus been wasted on
the desert air. With a view of con-
quering this obstacle to free conversa-
tion while two persons are riding one
machine, a bicycle has been invented
which, among a certain class of riders,
promises to become extremely popular.
It is called the "companion side-seated
bicycle" and the manner of its con-
struction is very well shown by the
picture.

In this bicycle the two riders are
seated side by side, as in the old fash-
ioned "sociable" tricycle. In many
points the machine resembles this old
style tricycle, the chief difference be-
ing that the third wheel is abandoned.
The long axle of the rear wheel en-
ables the use of two sprockets at its
extremities, so far apart as to admit
of each one being acted upon through
a separate pair of sprockets, each act-
uated by a separate rider. There is a
triple head and double frame, the lat-
ter carrying two saddles placed side
by side at a proper distance apart for
two riders to work pedals freely.

It is said that a difference of 100
pounds weight in the riders is not no-
ticeable, and that a person who is ig-
norant of riding can be taken out on
this wheel with perfect safety. The
system of mounting is peculiar and

THE NEWEST BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO.

somewhat complicated. For the first
one who mounts the wheel is inclined
to one side, and the rider takes his or
her place on the lower saddle. The
machine is then brought again to an
upright position and the second rider
mounts by means of the pedal, and so
the start is made. The dismounting
is made in the same way, reversing, of
course, the operations.

Live to 100.
Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson still
gives it his fixed opinion that every
man and every woman should attain the
age of 100. According to Sir Benjamin,
the would-be centenarian must have a
blonde complexion, with hazel eyes,
light brown hair and reddish cheeks.
He must never smoke nor drink, must
eat very little meat and he must not
work by artificial light.—London Globe.

Mrs. Wickwire—You don't know
what a grief it is to have a husband
who thinks he is funny. Mrs. Watts—
What is the trouble dear? "I asked him
last evening to bring home some good
up-to-date literature, and he brought
a bundle of almanacs."—Indianapolis
Journal.

Androns With a History.
F. C. M. Boggess, of Fort Oglethorpe,
has a pair of androns that have a
marvelous history. In 1841 a
Russian ship was wrecked near the
mouth of the Altamaha, and the crew
of the boats that "wrecked" the
ship.

The Russian captain told
Fred Dexter that the andron he had
from Moscow; that he had
boarded for years, that they were
never made any tea before, and
cooked the tea as green.

Ned Dexter made Mrs. Boggess
out of them in 1897. They are
time their history. They are
2 1/2 feet high, 3 feet long, and
wrought iron.

DOGS TRANSMIT DISEASE.

Many Cases of Mysterious Disease
Solely Due to Canine Pets.

A French doctor of repute admits
the theory that disease can be trans-
mitted from a dog to a human being.
He claims that many diseases are
attributed to other causes are
contracted in this manner. Colum-
bian is cited as an ailment to which
this theory is particularly applicable,
as well as diphtheria, typhus fever,
and cancer.

Dr. Glover, the veterinarian of
Westminster Kennel Club, said that
contagion from a dog was said to
be by no means impossible. If
easiest diseases to contract in this
manner were the itch and ringworm,
knows of at least two cases where
mange had been transmitted.

The same sort of disease in a dog will
be, but the affection will not spread
to man. Wherever the dog's skin comes in
contact with human flesh an intense
itching will ensue. Little vesicles
form where the parasite burrows
and produces the itching sensation.
The disease is, of course, only con-
tracted when all the circumstances
are favorable. It will not attack
hands, because the skin is too hard
to be penetrated by the parasite.

It is not definitely known why
cancer is contagious or not, but
malignant growth in a dog is as
common as in a human being, and there
is reason to believe that contagion is
possible.

Dogs are not sensitive to contagion
and very rarely have been fed on
culous meat for months without
perceiving any ill effects. The dog
however, sometimes effect a lodg-
ing and always kills the animal. So-
me dogs are known to be carriers of
the disease in this country where consump-
tion has been contracted from a dog.

Dr. Sherwood says dogs also
contract rheumatism, pneumonia, jaundice,
but, of course, none of these are
contagious. The old idea that a dog
draws the rheumatism from the
is entirely erroneous. The animal
draws the rheumatism from the
soil, but the dog will temporarily benefit
from the affliction. It is a dis-
ease caused by an excess of uric acid
in the blood, and cannot be transmitted
to man.

Doctors and veterinary surgeons
agree that ringworm can be and
is caught from a dog. It is appar-
ently the same parasite which causes
the same disease in man. Dogs and
contract it from rats and mice,
they kill, and children in turn con-
tract it from them very easily.

One fact, however, is beyond
doubt. More dogs catch diseases
than human beings than human beings
from dogs. As a rule, a dog is
thinner than the average man, and
consequently, resist disease better.

REPAIRING WOMEN.
There are few things about the hu-
man frame that a Viennese surgeon
does not know. If a man had not been
born a woman, he would have been
eventually made by a Viennese
surgeon. The faculty in the Austrian
capital is in deference only to the feeling
of her countrymen.—New York Jour-
nal.

Three running frills are
fashionable.

New blouses with lovely
and silk-trimmed
ported that on delicate
golden olive.

The beau-
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ALL ABOUT SHIRT WAISTS.
A number
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FOR THE FAIR SEX.

OF INTEREST ON THE
FASHIONS.

Bonnets—A Week—Feminine
Shipments—A Woman Patriot—Re-
pairing Women.

MILLION BONNETS A WEEK.
A million bonnets were sold in one
day in London. This conveys the as-
surance that a million women had new
bonnets. Man's view of woman's hap-
piness is expressed in a new bonnet. If
this view be correct these figures repre-
sent a lump sum of woman's happiness
worthful to contemplate.

FEMININE HARDSHIPS.
The wives of men who sail with their
bands have their own trials and tribu-
lations, but there is one in which they
have the full sympathy of their
husbands on shore. A recent instance of
this particular trouble comes up
just now to light. A few days
ago the bark Hattie G. Dixon arrived
from Baltimore from China, and Captain
Dixon's wife was compelled to de-
cline an invitation to dine ashore be-
cause she had been at sea for seven
months, and was afraid that her gown
trains were all out of fashion.

A WOMAN PATRIOT.
The resolutions have also their heroines.
"Lady Patriot" is the name given
to a woman whose advanced
views prevent her from taking an
active part in the present revolution-
ary movement. She is seventy years
old, and has been in the great
city which extended from 1868 to
1870, and is even now eager to enter the
field. She has had thrilling experi-
ences and narrow escapes. In spite of
her age she is as vigorous as a woman
of thirty, and insists only from active
participation in the cause of her
countrymen.—New York Jour-
nal.

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