

# Sweet Norine

"Yes," assented Norine, never dream-  
ing what her unfortunate answer would  
lead to.

Her companion had learned all he  
could to know. He had intended linger-  
ing by Norine's side until he was oblig-  
ed by the lateness of the hour to tear  
himself away from her delightful pres-  
ence; suddenly he changed his mind.

"It is too cold to permit you to re-  
main longer with me, great as the joy  
of being near you is to me, little girl,"  
he murmured. "Say that you will meet  
me here to-morrow at the same hour,  
Norine."

"I am very much afraid I shall not  
be able to come to-morrow," she answer-  
ed. "For to-morrow is grandma's birth-  
day, and all the neighbors will be com-  
ing to the cottage all day long to see  
her. For that reason it would be diffi-  
cult to get away."

"Even for a few moments?" he asked,  
holding the little hands closer and draw-  
ing the slender, girlish form nearer to  
him.

Norine shook her golden curls.  
"It is best not to make a promise,  
and then be obliged to break it," she  
said, thinking to herself he little knew  
what a hardship it would be to her to  
let a whole day pass without seeing him.

"Then I shall surely see you the day  
after, Norine?" he questioned.

"Yes," she replied, "I will be here."

Clifford Carlisle suddenly bent down  
and touched the lips that had never  
known a lover's kiss before; and that  
kiss burned Norine's lips long after she  
had left him.

"Cold," she murmured. "How could  
any one think it cold? Why, my heart  
and every nerve in my body are on fire,  
throbbing as though the blood in my  
veins were suddenly turned to hot,  
strong wine."

Meanwhile Clifford Carlisle had walk-  
ed rapidly in the direction of the Barri-  
son home.

"Thirty thousand in cash!" he mut-  
tered. "Now who will not say that the  
devil does not help his own?"

Miss Austin was passing through the  
corridor as he entered.

"Mrs. Barrison was just asking for  
you," she remarked. "I was about to  
send up to your room for you, thinking  
you were there."

He did not look any too pleased at  
the intelligence.  
Clifford Carlisle had not been under  
that roof a week as yet, still he had told  
himself long since that the hardest work  
he had ever done was to dance attend-  
ance on this querulous old woman. He  
could not endure it much longer, even  
with the Barrison millions in sight.

## CHAPTER VIII

"Have you any what, Mrs. Barri-  
son wants of me?" asked Carlisle,  
throwing off his gasconade coat, im-  
patiently. "That is what I hear every hour  
in the day, it seems to me."

Miss Austin laughed a sweet little  
musical laugh.

"I should not wonder if it was to  
show you her new backgammon set that  
arrived an hour since. I—I may as well  
tell you a little tiny secret—the dear  
old lady is intensely fond of the game.  
In playing backgammon she never real-  
izes the flight of time. She would play  
from now until midnight, ceaselessly,  
even forgetting that there is such a thing  
as meal time for herself or any one else."

Carlisle groaned.  
"I see my finish if she were ever to  
find out that I understood the game,  
which, by the way, I have a great horror  
of," he declared, adding, eagerly: "Will  
you not come to my rescue in this affair,  
my dear Miss Austin? Say that I have  
gone to my room with a raging head-  
ache. Indeed, that would not be an un-  
truth, you know, for the very thought  
of spending better by all means, for this  
evening, at least, and I shall appre-  
ciate it, I assure you."

"If I play on the guitar for her that  
will cause her to drop to sleep at once,  
and that would deprive you of her so-  
ciety the entire evening," she murmured,  
artfully.

"Never mind me; do not consider me  
in the matter, I beg of you," he an-  
swered quickly. "To my mind, sleep is  
better than medicine for the indisposed.  
Play your guitar by all means, for this  
evening, at least, and I shall appre-  
ciate it, I assure you."

Miss Austin blushed deeply.  
He had not said it in so many words,  
but she understood from his remarks  
that he hoped old Mrs. Barrison would  
fall asleep that they might have a quiet  
evening to themselves in the parlor.

It is strange on what a light remark,  
falling from a man's lips, a woman who  
is desperately in love with him will  
build her hopes.

"I will try to have it as you desire,"  
murmured Florine, and her heart beat  
with feverish triumph.

She told herself that the hour was not  
far distant when he would declare him-  
self.

Already she could see herself in fancy  
the wife of this handsome, debonaire  
young man, the heir of the vast Barrison  
wealth.

In Clifford Carlisle she had met her  
match—the one man on earth whom she

could have loved madly, passionately,  
for himself, if he had not had a dollar  
on earth—and while he seemed to admire  
her as all other men whom she had met  
did, he seemed in no great hurry to make  
love to her; and this annoyed her visibly.

"They dined together, alone in the big,  
black dining-room, as they had been  
accustomed to do.

But instead of Clifford Carlisle saun-  
tering to Mrs. Barrison's boudoir, im-  
molating himself upon the altar of duty  
by passing the evening there, he went in-  
stead quickly to his own apartment.

Miss Austin lost no time in gathering her  
music together; not bright, tuneful, in-  
spiring music, but instead drowsy,  
dragging melodies, that would have the  
soporific effect of putting a person to  
sleep if anything could.

But for the first time since the young  
girl had been beneath that roof the old  
lady proved perverse.

"Put down your guitar and talk to  
me, Florine," she exclaimed, petulantly.  
"I am not in the mood for music to-  
night."

Miss Austin bit her lip, and a strange,  
angry gleam came into her sharp, green-  
blue eyes that the long yellow lashes  
had shaded so well.

"Shall I read the latest magazine to  
you, or would you prefer that I  
should sing for Mr. Carlisle?"

"Don't trouble yourself to do so just  
yet; he will come to me directly. You  
may read until he comes."

Miss Austin read until her throat  
ached. Mrs. Barrison was slightly deaf,  
and she had to pitch her voice in a very  
loud key. "Read more distinctly, so that  
I can understand you. You mumble your  
words all together. I want particularly  
to hear that review on Dewey's work at  
Manila. Commence that page over again,  
and read slowly and very distinctly,  
please."

Another page with quite the same re-  
sult. How could she read the tiresome  
old reviews calmly, with her thoughts  
elsewhere?

"You may as well stop right where  
you are," exclaimed Mrs. Barrison an-  
grily. "You murder the king's English in  
a most shocking manner to-night. Are  
you tired?"

"No, Mrs. Barrison," she murmured,  
"but to tell the truth, I have a very  
annoying headache. I had hoped it would  
pass away, but I find I am doomed to  
disappointment."

"You had better lay down your book  
and rest a while," said Mrs. Barrison.  
"If Clifford does not come to me soon,  
you may ring for Esther to summon him  
here."

Again Miss Austin's heart beat with  
silent rage. That meant that the quiet  
evening she had promised herself with  
Clifford Carlisle would begin and end in  
her devastated hopes.

A sudden thought came to her. She  
would force this tantalizing old woman  
to go to sleep, whether she would or not.

She wondered that this way out of  
her difficulty had not occurred to her an  
hour before.

Of course Clifford Carlisle was wait-  
ing for her down in the parlor, wonder-  
ing with all a man's impatience why  
she did not put in an appearance.

With the noiseless, gliding motion  
peculiar to her, Miss Austin crossed over  
to the cabinet at the other end of the  
room where the medicines and liquors  
were kept.

"Let me pour you out a glass of wine,  
my dear Mrs. Barrison," she murmured.  
"The night is so cold, it is even per-  
ceptible in this warm room; I think it will  
do you good."

"As you will, my dear Florine," replied  
the old lady; "I think myself something  
stimulating would not come amiss."

"Perhaps I had better give you a lit-  
tle brandy," suggested Miss Austin.

"No, the wine will do. The brandy  
might make me drowsy, and I do not  
wish to sleep; I have so much to talk  
with Clifford about."

"You shall sleep, and that speedily,  
too, if I can have my way about it,"  
muttered Miss Austin, between her  
tightly shut teeth.

She poured out the wine and the wa-  
ter at the other end of the room did  
not see her add a few drops of dark,  
greenish liquid to it; but she did not  
notice as she raised it to her lips that it  
had a very bitter, brackish taste to it.

"That is only your fancy, my dear  
Mrs. Barrison," murmured Florine. "The  
taste is in your mouth after the bit of  
bird you have just eaten."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the other,  
sharply. "I say it is the wine. Please do  
not suggest that I could make a mis-  
take about liquors."

"Certainly not. I hope you will par-  
don me for intimating such a possi-  
bility," but old Esther, who happened  
to enter at that moment, detected un-  
derneath her words a covert sneer.

"I think I will take advantage of  
Esther's presence to retire to my room  
to rest a little while, as you advised a  
few moments ago, dear Mrs. Barrison,"  
she said, gliding toward the door.

Esther did not tell her mistress that  
instead of going to her room, she had  
distinctly heard Miss Austin going down

## CORNS CURED PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR

the stairs, for they creaked audibly even  
under her cat-like tread.

A moment later she heard her turn  
the knob of the parlor door.

"A liar is the last person on earth  
to be trusted," thought old Esther, who  
by this time had a most cordial dislike  
for the strange young woman, who  
seemed to do pretty much as she liked  
with her mistress.

"What brings you here at this hour,  
Esther?" asked Mrs. Barrison, wonder-  
ingly, for the methodical old servant's ha-  
bits were like clockwork. She had never  
been known to finish her supper dishes  
thus early and repair to her room.

"I thought perhaps you saw the fire,  
and would like to know about it," she  
replied.

"There has been many a fire in Had-  
ley during the last twenty years, and  
have I ever had enough interest in them  
to inquire about them?" she asked.

"No, ma'am—no," responded Esther,  
"but I happened to see this one as I  
was returning from the post-office with  
the mail."

Old Mrs. Barrison saw at once that  
Esther wished to talk with her of the  
conflagration. Perhaps it was the wine  
she had just drunk, which prompted her  
to humor the old servant.

"Was it much of a fire?" she asked,  
"and what was it, a house, or a shop?"

"It was the pretty little cottage that  
you always admire so much from your  
window. The house where the young man  
lived who was teaching her little  
baby to walk."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Barrison, her  
curiosity getting the better of her deep  
resolve not to allow any of the village  
happenings to interest her, "the mother  
and infant escaped of course?"

"Their lives were saved by almost a  
miracle, ma'am," Esther, solemnly.  
"It appears that the young mother  
was subject to fainting spells. One of  
these spells came on suddenly as she  
was putting logs on the kitchen fire and  
she fell unconscious, with the dear little  
baby in her arms. Her clothing caught  
fire and—the place would have  
been burned to the ground, and she in  
it with the baby, if the dense smoke  
had not been noticed by a gi—person  
who chanced to be passing; and at the  
risk of this person's life, the entrance  
made through the kitchen smoke,  
and the poor young mother and little in-  
fant dragged out in the nick of time."

"I happened along just then and stood  
guard over the two while this person  
went into the burning building and ex-  
tinguished the flames by numerous pails  
of water, though I called loudly upon  
the person to come out."

"That was indeed heroism!" exclaim-  
ed Mrs. Barrison, greatly excited over  
old Esther's graphic account of the  
occurrence. "You must find out who  
the man was. I have no notion to re-  
ward such bravery. If I was burning in  
this room, Esther, who on earth would risk  
his life to save me?"

"This same person would, if—if the  
person knew who you were."

"Who is this, of whom you speak so  
mysteriously as that person?"

"May I dare to tell you, ma'am?" cried  
the old servant, trembling with excite-  
ment.

"Certainly, Esther, speak right out;  
I am anxious to hear."

"This person was your discarded  
granddaughter, Norine, ma'am," whis-  
pered Esther.

## CHAPTER IX

For a moment Mrs. Barrison stood  
fairly petrified.

"Have I done wrong in telling you  
ma'am, when you expressly forbade me  
long years ago to never mention the  
girl's name in your presence?" asked  
Esther.

"I had forgotten her very existence  
until a few days ago when you were  
spoken in my presence. Since that  
hour, do what I would, I have not been  
able to banish her from my thoughts.  
The girl's face—as I imagine it must look  
—haunts me, Esther."

"God knows it should," thought Es-  
ther, but she dared not give vent to  
this thought in words, but said in-  
stead:

"I know it is an impossibility, but  
oh, how I wish you could see the young  
girl, ma'am! it would do your heart  
good. The lady is so blithe and bonny;  
she looks the picture of you when you  
were a lass. I remember you well; your  
hair was as bright as gold then, and your  
cheeks red as my rose."

"Hush!" cut in her mistress, sharply.  
"I cannot, I will not, listen to another  
word on this forbidden subject. How  
dare you make so bold as to pursue it?"

"I had hoped time might have soften-  
ed your heart, ma'am," replied old  
Esther, sadly, "when you came to re-  
member in your lonely moments that  
the girl, Norine, is the only human tie  
you have on earth—I must have my  
say out, even though you turn me from  
your door this day for uttering it. You  
must care a snap of their fingers for you,  
and are but too anxious for you to die  
to see what you have left them; and  
this young girl, your own flesh and  
blood, who should love you if anybody  
on earth would, has never been allowed  
to darken your door. I say it is a burn-  
ing shame, ma'am, and you ought to  
realize it."

"Now I have said all that has been  
on my mind to say this many a year,  
and you can do with me as you like. A  
woman who would turn her own child  
and her helpless little baby out into the  
hardships of a bitter cold night to live  
or die as God saw fit, could have little  
compassion for an old servant like me."

"Stop, Esther, stop. I cannot hear  
not another word. Leave me. I would be  
alone. I—I am not angry with you for  
uttering the convictions of an honest  
heart. I will ring for you if I want you.  
But stay, pour me out another glass of  
wine ere you leave me; my head throbs  
strangely, as—as does my heart."

Esther did as she was bidden; poured  
out the wine, but the moment her mis-  
tress put it to her lips she set it down  
quickly again, muttering: "This does not  
taste like the last. I knew there was  
something the matter with that last  
glass of wine, and I told Florine so. Es-  
ther," she added sharply, "I have taken

something that does not agree with me.  
Give me an antidote, quickly."

Old Esther hastened to obey.  
Her prompt action saved her mistress.  
She called no one to her aid, though  
Mrs. Barrison grew strangely ill dur-  
ing the next few minutes, but in half  
an hour's time she was so relieved that  
she was her old self again.

"Leave me now, Esther," she com-  
manded again. "I want to think. As  
you pass Miss Austin's door, and that  
refused for the night and do not wish  
to be disturbed."

Esther never knew what prompted her  
to pause on the threshold and look back  
at her mistress; and as she saw her  
then, she remembered her all the after  
years of her life.

Mrs. Barrison had seated herself in  
an armchair by the fire, and was lean-  
ing her head dejectedly on her hands,  
gazing abstractedly into the glowing sea  
coal fire.

"Good-night, and may God bless you,  
ma'am," murmured Esther below her  
breath. "You have your faults, but be-  
neath it all you have a tender heart."

"I am sure."

Long after the door had closed upon  
old Esther's bent, retreating form, Mrs.  
Barrison sat in the same position, gaz-  
ing into the fire—gazing fixedly, with-  
out seeing.

"It is eighteen years ago to-night,"  
she muttered. "I—I would give every  
drop of my heart's blood to turn time  
back to that never-to-be-forgotten night  
and live that one hour (which darkened  
all my after life) over again. I was mad.  
Yes, mad!"

"I have ever since hated even the me-  
mory of the man who took my treasure  
from me. It did not occur to me until  
old Esther spoke so plainly to-night that  
I should not have let my hatred descend  
to the child, who was not responsible for  
what occurred."

"I was the last, but for my child, of  
a proud old race, who valued blue blood  
above gold; and when she, my idol, for-  
got the pride of her forefathers so en-  
tirely as to wed the village blacksmith,  
no wonder I almost lost my reason."

"But years mellow all griefs, level all  
pride. What good are the ancestry to  
me now, of whom I was so proud. None  
whatever. If I sent for the girl whom  
I have neglected so long, they would  
not let her come to me. Indeed, she  
would not wish to come. What interest  
can she have in an aged grandmother  
who can hold herself aloof from her all  
these years, though in the same village?"

"No, they would not let Norine cross  
my threshold. It is too late to make  
overtures of friendship now. But there  
is one way that I could retrieve the er-  
ror of the past, and that is by changing  
my will—leaving half my fortune to  
Clifford, and the other half to the neg-  
lected Norine."

Rising suddenly to her feet, Mrs. Barri-  
son crossed quickly to her writing  
desk, and drawing a long, thin key from  
her bosom, fitted it to the compartment  
that was scarcely discernible to even a  
scrutinizing, searching gaze, this time  
revealing, as it opened to her touch,  
a small secret drawer, in which lay a  
folded paper, upon which was printed,  
"The last will and testament of Frances  
Barrison."

"Here it has lain for nearly eighteen  
years," she muttered, "all duly signed  
and witnessed—made out to my child or  
her heir; that would mean this Norine.  
How strange it is that all these long  
years I have never had the courage to  
destroy this document, strong as my in-  
clination was to do so."

Taking it over by the fire, she sat  
down in her rocker and read it over  
slowly, carefully, twice—ay, and a third  
time—to fully refresh her memory as to  
its contents.

"The will I made yesterday, leaving  
everything to dear Clifford, would make  
this one null and void," she ruminated.  
"All that it needs is the signature of  
the lawyer and witnesses. It is not too  
late to give half of my fortune in the  
last will to the child my daughter left.  
Ah! if I could but see this brave little  
Norine. My heart cries out so yearn-  
ingly to look upon her face that I cannot  
still its pleadings. I must, I will, gratify  
it. Ay, and this very night."

(To be continued.)

WORK IN NATIONAL FORESTS.  
Roads, Trails and Telephones Open-  
ing Up These Wildernesses.

During the present fiscal year \$800,000  
will be spent for the construction of  
roads, trails, telephone lines and other  
permanent improvements on the national  
forests. Congress has appropriated the  
same amount for this purpose for the  
fiscal year of 1900-10.

Trails are being constructed along  
routes which give the best control of the  
areas. In many districts telephone lines  
have been built between the supervisor's  
office and ranger headquarters and other  
prominent peaks which are used for look-  
out stations to observe fire. These  
telephone lines and trail systems are of  
vital importance, resulting in the re-  
markably small area burned over since  
forests have been under Government  
supervision.

Other necessary improvements pro-  
vided for and taken up by the forest  
service says the Square Deal, are the  
construction of drift fences for stock  
protection, the improving of springs and  
watering places, the fencing of bog or  
mire holes and the fencing of poisonous  
plant areas.

The forest service also co-operates with  
the States, counties and communities  
in the construction of wagon roads,  
trails and bridges, making accessible  
bodies of mature timber. The new Boise-  
Atlanta ninety-six mile wagon road is  
an example of this useful co-operation.

The former road follows over high  
mountains and is snowed in during six  
or seven months of the year. Atlanta,  
Idaho, is ninety miles from a railroad.  
The new road will be snowed in for only  
two or three months of the year. The  
scenery along this road rivals that of  
many of the scenic highways. It opens  
up a large area of national forest heret-  
ofore inaccessible.—New York Sun.

## ADAM'S EXCUSE.

His Wife.—This paper says that a  
man's hair turns gray five years ear-  
lier than a woman's does.

Her husband.—If it does I'll bet a  
woman is the cause of it.

Hoe your own row, but don't forget  
your boundary lines.—Florida Times-  
Union.

It is better to talk in your sleep, no  
doubt than to talk to some one else till  
they go to sleep.

## Influence of Thought Emotions Important as Cause of Ner- vous Diseases.

The rush and bustle of life—its tele-  
phones, automobiles, social obligations,  
constant nerve strain—all impose a tre-  
mendous drain upon the resources of the  
human body.

Compare to-day with thirty years ago.  
Life is a whole lot different.  
The thoughts and emotions that crowd  
through your brain so fast are bound  
to exert an enormous influence on sleep  
—nerves—nutrition—stomach and brain.

The mad rush of our time makes such  
an influence upon the vital functions of  
the body as to wreck the health of thou-  
sands before they attain the age of  
thirty.

An important electric engineer of  
Buffalo, Mr. Karl Steiner, gives a clear  
view of the influence that shattered his  
once strong nerves. "It is one of the  
remarkable features of electrical con-  
struction, the frightful haste that is de-  
manded. It involves mental reflection  
of great concentration, and the speed at  
which we work, wears the mind and  
body almost like fire. When I was only  
thirty I was useless—brain weary—  
anemic—nervous and sleepless. Dige-  
tion was so poor, food did me little  
good. A short vacation at Toronto  
brought 'FERROZONE' to my notice.

I can say it is a marvelous remedy for  
such nerve waste and mental exhaus-  
tion as bothered me. The effect of Fer-  
rozone upon my system was like sun-  
shine to the flowers in spring. Ferro-  
zone built me up, has given me real  
health."

You are sure to be lifted from ill-  
health and weariness, certain to be  
brought back to joyous health by Ferro-  
zone; try one or two Ferrozone tablets  
with meals. All dealers or The Ca-  
tarhoseone Coy., Kingston, Canada.

## ROQUEFORT CHEESE.

Methods of Transforming Sheep's Milk  
Into an Export Product.

The care necessary to secure a good  
product is astonishing to those who have  
never been to Roquefort to visit the  
various factories. This industry con-  
sumes annually about 92,450 gallons of  
sheep's milk, from which is produced  
about 3,797 metric tons of cheese (me-  
tric ton, 2,204.6 pounds). This amount  
of milk is handled in some 360 dairies  
in the Aveyron and adjoining depart-  
ments and the herds of sheep from  
which the supply is obtained are esti-  
mated at 600,000.

The milk must be pure unskimmed  
sheep's milk, unadulterated with water  
or with any other milk. Inspectors are  
employed and instruments used to de-  
tect fraud. The green hills of the Avey-  
ron, which furnish fine pastures for feed-  
ing the sheep, play no small part in the  
quality of the milk and the celebrity of  
Roquefort cheese.

An average of 100 liters (1 liter, 1.0567  
quarts) of sheep's milk will produce  
about 24 kilos (kilo, 2.2 pounds) of fresh  
cheese, whereas in the departments of  
the Rhone, the Puy-de-Dome and the  
cantal it requires 100 liters of cow's  
milk to make 15 kilos of imitation  
Roquefort cheese. These imitations com-  
prise the Forme de Cantal, Bleu d'Au-  
vergne, Bleu de Gex, etc. Roquefort  
cheese has a more delicate taste and  
rich butter color, while the imitations  
have a bitter taste, soon become a deep  
yellow after cutting, and when exposed  
to heat turn nearly black. Roquefort  
cheese can be exported to torrid coun-  
tries, while it is said that cheese man-  
ufactured partly with cow's milk could  
not withstand the transportation and the  
temperature.