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TOVE LISH

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Sweet Norine

"Oh, grandma, you are hard and cruel | cause love outweighed the power of in your judgment of my lover," sobbed the girl, great tears starting to her eyes and rolling down her cheeks.

"Stop!" thundered her grandfather, excited as she had never seen him before. "She is right in her opinion of this fellow. I have seen him, and I can judge him carefully and well, with the ripe judgment of my seventy odd years, and I repeat, he is a rascal! His every feature proclaims that, and nature makes no mistake in her handwriting upon a human face.

"You did wrong in meeting this stranger again and again without our knowledge, Norine, but you sinned in ignorance; romance clouded the right from the wrong from your young, inexperienced, girlish mind. The villainy of it lies at his door. He knew better. Tell me, Norine!" he cried, "think well, and answer me truthfully: When he spoke to you of love, did he ever men-tion marriage?"

CHAPTER XIX.

Yes, it was the first time that Norine, the darling of their hearts, the child who was the solace of theri old age, had ever left them in anger.

Quite as soon as the door had closed upon her, poor old Grandma Gordon broke into a passion of tears, a sight which moved old Daniel to the heart's

"Ah, husband, you were hard with the lass," she sobbed, rocking herself to and fro. "She cannot help loving, no one can help loving the one God sends to her to love."

"It was never God, it was the devil who sent him, Betsey," exclaimed the old man, rising hastily and pacing the narrow little kitchen to and fro. "You do not know what you say; your woman's heart has got the better of your judgment. He is not a man worthy of any pure young girl's love."
"Hush, hush, Daniel!" cried his old

wife. "You have no warrant to say anything like that." "But I have!" exclaimed the old black-

smith fiercely. "Every one in the vil-lage is talking about the scamp—how he gambles and makes love to every pretty lass he meets. Ay, and even the comely young wives come in for a share of his admiration. Only to-day I heard this tale, Betsey. One of the clerks in the village stores parted from his young wife because of him and his attentions to her. The wife openly declared her infatuation for the handsome stranger, Clifford Carlisle, and defied her frantic husband to do anything about it. The result of the matter was, the distracted fellow shot himself at her feet.

"The villagers were so incensed over the matter that they would have raised a mob to rid the place of this rascally fellow had it not been for the excitement over the grave difficulty hovering over the village in the expected swooping down of the Indians upon Hadley. Now that I have told you the man's character, do you say, Betsey, that we her anxiety was, for she saw that he was should give our beautiful, innocent Nor- laboring under great excitement. Inine to him, even though he wanted to deed, she never remembered having seen marry her? which I doubt from the him in such a state before, and she realbottom of my soul; for such a man never knows love's refining influence in his heart. If he is in love with any one, it is himself, and no one else."

The poor old wife was fairly stricken from his ashen lips. dumb by this intelligence. She knew not what answer to make.

"I am going to prove this fellow's socalled love for little Norine for her satisfaction and yours," exclaimed Daniel Gordon, reaching for his hat and coat. "What would you do?" cried Betsey,

springing to her feet and laying a detaining hand on his arm as she looked up anxiously into his weather-beaten

"I am going to se ethis Clifford Carlisle within the hour and test for myself beyond all question of doubt how strong and deep his love is for that innocent girl upstairs."

But how?" murmured his wife, anxiously, eagerly.

"I am going to see this Clifford Car-truth, unfold to him the secret that we have kept even from Norine all these years that she is Mrs. Barrison's granddaughter, the last and only living relative the woman has on earth, and as such is entitled to the great fortune left by the woman. If he is truly in love with Norine, as the child devoutly believes him to be, he will relinquish every penny of that money which was left to him by her will, giving it to Norine, the rightful owner. That will be a crucial test. Yes, that will be the crucial test. Do you not agree with me,

"It is hard to weigh love against money, Daniel," she responded, her lips quivering, her wrinkled old hands trem-

"It is the greatest test in the world," he repeated, adding in a quivering, husky

"Did not Norine's mother leave all the

"Did not Norme's mount. Barrison wealth to marry our boy, be-

MADE IN CANADA PERFUMED E. W. GILLETT CO., LTD.

gold? Ay, ay, and it always will.
"I shall find out if this man truly loves Norine. If I find that he does. bitterly as I detest him, I shall offer no opposition if our little girl chooses to wed him and follow his fortunes, even though it takes her from us. leaves us desolate in our old age. There were never truer words than the poet uttered when he said:

Thus it is our children leave us-Those we love and those who love us: Just when they have learned to help us When we are old and lean upon them, Comes a youth with flaunting feathers With his pipe of reeds, a stranger, Wanders singing through the village, Beckons to the fairest maiden, And she follows where he leads her,

Leaving all things for the stranger!" "You are right. Daniel," she answered, slowly. "If this stranger loves Norine, he will give up to her—her own." She followed him to the door and

kissed him good-by, as she had been wont to do during all the long years in which they had toiled through life's pathway together. She had a great norror of the handsome stranger, if his reputation was as black as it was paintd, and her heart grew heavy at the thought of little Norine's great love for

She would not go to bed. She could content herself nowhere save by the kitchen fire, saying to herself that she would watch and wait there, alone, until Daniel returned to her. She had a faint notion that perhaps the handsome young stranger might return with

An hour passed, two, three, and then she heard Daniel's crunching footsteps on the hard snow outside.

"He is alone," she murmured to herself, as she made haste to open the door for him, and she added below her breath: "I shall know when I look into his face if he is satisfied with his mission, and if this stranger loves Norine." She did not wait for him to reach forth for the latch, but flung open the door quickly.

The moment she saw her husband's face she cried out in the wildest alarm. It was as pale as it would ever be in

"Daniel!" she cried, a great fear coming over her as he staggered into the room, sinking down into the nearest chair. "What has happened?"

"Let me help you off with your coat and hat, and then you shall tell me. I will sit patiently by and ask no questions until you are ready to speak. Indeed it seemed to her that he would

never speak again, he was so agitated. Little by little he recovered himself and then turning suddenly to his old wife, he cried impatiently and vehemen-

"It was as I foretold, Betsey. The villain who has robbed Norine of her innocent heart does not love her, as I will prove to you, and to her."

Betsey did not intersupt him, great as ized something quite terrible must have occurred.

It was some moments ere he spoke, and then a bitter imprecation burst

"The fellow is as I thought—a scoundrel of the deepest dye," he cried. "But to my story. Let me tell it to you, Betsey, while I can command my self to do so, for each moment my rage

seems to grow more furious against him. "I-I went to Barrison Hall, Betsey, and asked the young woman who res ponded to my knock, and whom I had had never seen before, for an audience with Mr. Clifford Carlisle.

"'My business with him is of the ut most importance,' I said, 'or I should not have ventured hither on a night like this, and at such an unseasonable hour.' "I do not believe he will see you, she answered, pertly, 'for he has just sat down over his wine and cigars. He

will not care to be disturbed." "'Say to him that I, Daniel Gordon, must see him,' I answered. 'He will recognize in the name the grandfather of

"'And pray who is Norine?' queried the young woman, eying me curiously.
"The girl whom Mr. Clifford Carlisle has been making love to,' I answered, taking much care not to utter the words rudely, or with anger.

"An exclamation which I could not quite catch broke from her lips, the color rose quickly into her face, and a sudden ugly expression sprang into her eyes, making them hard and cold as blue, polished steel.

"She repeated my words as though to make sure that she had heard aright. For an instant she hesitated as though uncertain as to what course she should

pursue; then said, sharply: "'Mr. Clifford Carlisle shall see you.

Step this way.'
"I followed her across the threshold of that house, that I had sworn never to enter, asking the Lord to forgive me as I did so, for breaking my vow. At the end of the corridor she threw open a door, and the sight that met my gaze will be burned into my brain forever-

"In a red velvet armchair before the blazing grate sat the man whom I had come there to see. On the table before him stood a decanter half filled with what seemed more like strong brandy than wine, and his face was but barely visible through a blue cloud of smoke. "The young woman pushed me forward into the room, screening herself, as it appeared to me, behind me. When the young man caught sight of me standing there he sprang to his feet with

a fierce oath. "Who are you, and what do you want in this house?" he cried. But as he uttered the words he recognized me, ejaculating: 'The old village black-smith!' and almost under his breath, though my quick ears caught it: 'Norine Gordon's grandfather! What in world brings him here?"

CHAPTER XX.

"Yes, I am the grandfather of Nor-ine Gordon,' I exclaimed, stepping for-

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ward toward him, 'and it is in her interest that I am here to-night. Rest assured, nothing else in the whole world would have tempted me to leave the warmth of my own fireside on a night like this.'

"He sprang to his feet, flushed and angry, his black eyes blazing furiously. 'I have no wish to see you, sir,' he cried. How dare the servant disobey my orders so explicitly given, to admit no one, no matter what his business with me might be. It's a pretty thing when a man cannot have his instructions obeyed in his own house. I refuse to see you sir. Kindly oblige me by at jonce taking leave from the house into which you have intruded.' "'Not so, my fine Mr. Clifford Car-

lisle,' I cried, losing at last my temper, which I had tried so hard to control. 'I am here for a talk with you, and you will hear me whether you will or no."
"You are insolent!" cried the young man, raising his arm as though to fell me to the floor, his features fairly quivering with convulsed passion.

"Attempt to strike me at your peril, you scoundrel!' I cried, giving my fury oose rein, 'and you shall see that this strong right arm of mine has not swung a sledge hammer these forty years or more for nothing. I am an old man in years compared to you, but Daniel Gordon will take an insult from

no man!" "And as I muttered the words out flew my strong right arm, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the handsome villain measured his full length at my feet. He picked himself up with alacrity, and whirling about, faced me squarely, and if ever a hundred devile ooked out of a man's eyes, they looked out of his. But in that instant he seemed to think better of having

hand-to-hand conflict with me. "I cannot resent the insult just giv n me, because you are a man so many years older than myself,' he said enceringly, and therefore shall be compelled to listen to what you have come here to say to me. But I warn you to be brief. Proceed!

"I stood quite silent for the moment it a loss for words concerning what I had come there to say. Our darling's happiness lay in this man's hands. must not wreck it by any word or action of mine.

"I-I am sorry that I was so hasty. Mr. Clifford Carlisle,' I muttered, humbly. 'I meant to have a peaceable conversation with you. I did not think to be aroused to anger as I have been.' 'Your business with me, sir!' he de manded, harshly. 'Go to it at once.'

"'It is concerning Norine,' I muttered, huskily. I would know your-your intentions regarding her, sir.' "He laughed the loudest, harshest nost mocking, blood-curdling laugh that

ever fell from a man's lips. A laugh that cut me through the heart worse "So that is what brings you to Barrison Hall on this terrible night, and at this unseemly hour?" he cried, again giving vent to laughter as mocking as it was harsh.

Yes,' I answered, controlling rage by a most mighty effort. 'I know what your intentions to my little Norine mean. You have spoken of love to her; now I ask the question, man to man, do you intend to make the girl your wife?'

"The question was almost life or death for me, for I knew but too well that the happiness of our darling hung upon his answer for all time to come. He looked into my face and burst into such a loud, brutal, tantalizing laugh that the blood fairly boiled in my veins.

"Can a man not admire a pretty girl without being supposed to be on marriage intent?' he answered, coolly, sarcastically, adding: So little Norine bas peached on me, it appears, despite her protestations to the contrary. I gave her credit for a little sense.'

"'Do I understand you to say you do not love the girl, and do not intend to make her your wife?' I cried, hearsely. "That is precisely what I would have you infer. I am sorry that you have

come so far in the cold to hear it.' "Then you have deceived the girl!' I cried, hotly, scarcely able to control myself, 'and we men out here in Washington punish such treachery with death. Softly, softly, my good man,' he retorted, adding, more insolently still, 'let me advise you that it is unwise to

threaten a man in his own domicile.' "I could endure no more. I sprang at him with all the pent-up rage of a jungle tiger, clutching his arm in a steellike grasp that made him wince with pain, though I must add that he had too much grit to ery out.

"'You are wrong there, Clifford Carlisle,' I cried, hoarsely. 'This place is not yours, nor is the wealth of the Barrisons.

"'A madman as wel las a fool!' "'I am neither a madman nor a fool, I retorted. 'I am sane enough, as you shall soon see, and I know what I am saying, and shall force you to know it. You cannot, you shall not, inherit the than the thrust of a dagger.

Barrison wealth, for there is a living heiress, a blood tie, which cuts off the bold attempts of a stranger to usurp her rights. The heiress of this fortune, and the only living descendant of Fran-

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we will give you your choice of one of those beantiful rings, guaranteed 14 karata solid gold shell, plain, engraved, or set with elegant simulated jewels, for the sale of 4 boxes only, at 25s. a box, of Dr. Meturia's Famous Vegetable Pills. They are the greatest remedy for indignation, constipation, rheumatism, weak or impure blood, catarrh, tion, rheumatism, weak or impure blood, catarrh, diseases of the liver and kidneys. When you have sold those 4 berse of pills, send us the money \$1 and the size of the ring desired and we will send you, your choice of one of those handsome Rings, plain en-th precious stones. Send

ces Barrison, is my granddaughter, Nor-

A low, mellow, tantalizing laugh answered me, though I could see beneath his sir of bravado his haughty face turn "Ah, I see, you have been imbibing

this house to tell me this fairy story?

"Without noticing the sneering inter-

ruption I told the story of Norine's mo-

ther, and her child's birth, and how the

daughter of the wealthy woman had

been disinherited because she preferred

love to wealth; of the young mother's

death, and how Norine had been reared

without the knowledge that the wealthy

old recluse was her grandmother, who

must one day make the girl her heiress,

as she was in duty bound to do. I noticed, although the sneering smile never

for an instant left his kips, that he did

not interrupt me. Indeed, he seemed anxious to hear all I had to say, and by

degrees the ugly light left his eves, leav-

ing in its place a scared one.
"He seemed to look appealingly toward

the door. I turned and glanced in that direction, too, and beheld standing on

"How long she had been standing there, or if it had been the entire time

"I felt, even though she had closed the

door after her, that she was listening at

the keyhole, and I knew that my com-

parsion was of the same opinion from

the nervoueness of his manner and the

furtive giance he cast in that direction.

"As he made no attempt to answer

me, I went on: "Though Frances Ber-

rison left all the wills in Christendom. I

shall be heiress to the Barrison millions,

or my name is not Daniel Gordon, That

at her because her heart had gone out

to you? A man who would marry a

girl without loving her is a dastardly

scoundrel, a rascal of the deepest dve.

night, Mr. Daniel Gordon, blacksmith of

Hadley village. I wish you a very good-

evening. Kindly consider our interview

"I do not know how I got out of the

(To be continued.)

QUICKEST WITH SAFETY

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THE BEST WEDKINE FOR OUGHS 4 GLDS

For the baby often means rest for

both mother and child. Little ones

like it too—it's so palatable to take.

All Druggists, 25 cents

with this understanding they packed

While it wasn't her night to wash dish-

Free from opiates.

Jonses, and said:

just like play."

journeved away.

the distance appeared.

the table was cleared.

"a few things."

far from a treat,

the street.

Now the Joneses and Browns are at

Jones when they happen to pass on

his own bed.

at an end.'

she had heard all.

is all there is about it.'

and caught me by the arm."

the matter to your satisfaction?

into Clifford Carlisle's presence.

in the flowing bowl on this bitter cold night, he axelaimed, tauntingly. 'And did your wild flight of imagination also

Cause, Rush of Blood, Ful.

IRCS, Dizziriess.

J. T. Chethand, the well-known rational control of the composition of the company of the control of the contr the threshold the young woman who had admitted me, and had ushered me

that I had been within that room, I had no means of knowing; but as I turned and saw her, he made a sign to her to leave us, and she quickly vanished from

shall see that Norine has her due. She

"He leaned toward me breathlessly "Suppose I marry Norine," he whispered, shrilly. 'Would not that settle "By thunder, no!' I shouted, almost heside myself with anger. 'I would not give her to you now. I would rather a thousand times see her lying dead at my feet. You would marry her for her money, eh, after acknowledging that you did not love her, after fairly sneering

"'As you please,' he retorted, scornfully, adding: 'But wrest from me the Barrison millions you cannot. Despite all you can do, all the kinfolk that might come forward, the Barrison will will stand good. Every dollar is be-queathed to me. Help yourself or your Norine if you can I defy you. Good-

Charleston. It is the sole basis of social

house and got home, Betsey, and now the question is, how shall we tell Norgressions. In South Carolina every one There was little need. A slim figure. with a death-white face, had crept quiknows every one else in the State who belongs to one of the best families.
The St. Cecilia Society is the most

tocratic society in the State, but it is not so exclusive as is generally suppos-ed by strangers. The society came into existence as early as 1737, but it was not organized until 1802. It was at first a musical club and gave amateur concerts form time to time. but having on its membership roll so many young men fond of dancing and desirous that balls should be given the concerts were given up, and since then three times a year dances have been given, which are the most important social events in the

Three black balls are sufficient to ex clude a man from membership. A lady's name when once put on the invitation list usually stays there as long as she lives in the city. Actresses, Jewesses and divorced women are barred from attend-

South Carolina enjoys the distinction of being the only State in the Union THE JOYS OF A SUMMER VACATION where it is impossible to get a divorce They rented a cottage together, the except by appeal to the Legislature, an Browns and their neighbors, the impossibility which society upholds by refusing to countenance divorced women. We'll share in the cost and divide up Though there were no laws enacted on the subject until 1895, divorce has never the work, and each one shall make been granted in the State except once, 'Twill be easy to do, and I'm sure we just after the civil war. will find that housework will seem

RUN OF THE SILK SPECIAL. up their "junk" and together they A Freight Train With the Right of Way Over Everything.

When the fast mail steamer from Yoko-For a while things went smoothly, a hams. Shanghai or Canton, the great silk week or two passed, then clouds in orts of the Orient, docks at Vancouver, Tacoma, Seattle or San Francisco, a special Mrs. Jones told her hubby that mean trata stands ready on the pier awaiting her Mrs. Brown up and "sneaked" when

It is not the private conveyance of some While it wasn't her night to wash dishes, of course, she might have helped out them away.

As she did whenever 'twas Mrs. Brown's turn, a fact she could truthfully say.

Then Mrs. Jones said she was sick of her job, because Mrs. Brown seemed to think

It is not the private conveyance of some transportation king of multimilionaire or of any of the passengers who throng the decks; nor does it tarry for the sacks or letters from the Far East. Its coaches do not shine with the refulgence of varnish and plate class. Their paint is duil and they are windowless, like express cars. The side doors toward the ship are open.

This special, says a writer in Harper's Weekly is the emperor of trains. It is reserved for the costliest of all freight, raw silk. When it starts eastward its lading will be worth a fortune, a million and a half, per-

to think

She had nothing to do but look pretty while she slaved the summer away at the sink;

And Jones disliked Brown because he declined to help clean the fish that they caught,

While Brown had a notion that Jones didn't go for the water as oft as he ought.

When a month had gone by Mrs. Jones started in to "hand" Mrs. Brown "a few things."

When it starts eastward its lading will be worth a fortune, a million and a half, perhaps two million dollars.

All the way across the Pacific these skeins of precious thread packed tightly in bales of a little more than a hundred-weight each, carefully wrapped in heavy waterproof coverings, have been locked in the steamer's steel walled treasure room.

As the great ship's mooring hawsens strain and settle into place and the gangplanks are being lowered the purser breaks the seals, which he has inspected many times a day throughout the 7,000 mile voyage. As the first pasengers hasten ashore half a hundred laborers mass themselves and stand ready to one eliding down to the pler from the deck above.

above.
The customs officers are hardly through examining the first of the voyagers' bagwage before the cars are jammed with their costly freight. The silk must be landed in New York in five days. Even the United States mails will not travel faster across the continent. Day and night the silk train rushes eastward, never stopping except to change engines. And Mrs. Brown, also, unburdened her mind of a few little neighborly home once again, their vacation was

And good Mrs. Brown doesn't see Mrs. change engines.

The silk train is run as a special. If a The silk train is run as a special. If a limited loses time and gets in the way the limited has to fret on a sidng while the silk train roars by. The silk special runs on no schedule except that of the greatest speed consistent with safety. The chief despatcher of each division listens watchfully to the news (Pittsburg Times.)

Lottie—Do you have fine sunsets at your country place?

Hattie—Oh, glorious! Last night there was a regular Tiffany setting!

of each division listens watchfully to the news of its progress coming in over the wires from one signal tower and station after another. While the silk train is yet a thousand miles away it is being prepared for.

Scmetimes there is a race over a 3,000 male course. It hapens now and then that the check to land in front of ma."

The South is very conservative, and Charleston most of all. says The Rosary Magazine. Family portraits are a cherished part of their possessions. Mary is pronounced "Mairy." A dress waist is called a body, and the man that waits on table a butler. His other duties may include milking and cooking. Still he is the butler.

By people of the old school—and there are many in Charleston—a married wo man is spoken of and to as "Mistress' So-and-So. Many members of the aristo cracy live in the country on large estates with high-sounding names. They

cracy live in the country on large estates with high-sounding names. They employ governesses and tutors, ride on horseback, have house parties and go long distances to attend balls.

Hedges are in general favor. Around the old churches are burial grounds or churchyards, but as a rule burial in them is no longer permitted.

Ancestry is of much consequence in Charleston. It is the sole basis of social Charleston. It is the sole basis of social distinction. No college of heraldry is necessary; the memory is an infallible repository.

Even the point of a story is sometimes lost sight of in genealogical distinction. They are under the private cars of great railroad executives. A continuous run of \$5000 miles is a hard test, and a broken flange would mean the possible loss of thousands of doluments.

> LIFE'S OUTLOOK FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

Nature Makes Demands Upon Them Which Only Such a Tonic as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Can Supply.

The girl of to-day is the woman of o-morrow, and until that to-morrow oft-times she suffers a wearines sand loss of strength and brightness. These woes, with pallid cheeks, shortness of breath and persistent headaches, tell plainer than words that she needs assistance in the form of new, rich red blood.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are just the medicine growing girls need. Every dose helps to make new, rich blood, thus helping languid despondent girls on to the full bloom of womanhood, making them robust, cheerful and attractive. Mrs. Albert Putman, Port Robinson, Ont., says: "A couple of years ago my daughter Hattie, now fifteen, was in declining health. She complained of severe headaches, had no appetite, was very pale, and exhausted at the least exertion. As time passed on she was hardly able to drag herself about, notwithstanding that she was under medical treatment and continuously taking medicine. At this juncture a neighbor strongly advised me to give Hattie Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to do so. After she had taken three boxes some improvement was noticed; the headaches were not so frequent, nor so severe, and her appetite was much improved. This was indeed cheering and she continued taking the Pills until she had used some eight boxes, when she was as well as ever she had been in her life, and since that time she has been as robust as any girl could wish to be. I would strongly urge all mothers of growing girls to keep their health fortified through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Dr. Williams' Tink Pills can be had from any medicine dealer or by mail

from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. LAST WORD FOR MOTHER.

'Now, I suppose," remarked Mrs. Snags, "that the surgeons of the army are attached to the Medical Corps." "Your supposition does you great credit," replied Mr. Snaggs, sarcastically. It's a wonder you didn't imagine that doctors joined the army for the purpose of building bridges or going up in a bal-

loon. Where should army surgeons be except in the Medical Corps?" "Well, I thought that they might possibly belong to the Lancers."

AN EASY MARK. (Chicago Journal.) "Because I'm so fat."

"Think drinking increases your

"No, but I occupied so much space at the bar that the check always seemed

"Why did you quit drinking?"

(Montreal Herald.)