

A SIREN'S VICTIMS

By Frances Warner Walker.

CHAPTER I.

"Harry!"
Only a word—only a name, yet its bare utterance held an unwritten story—a story of hope deferred, of weary waiting, of sudden, unexpected gladness, suspense ended and crowned by happiness, unlooked-for and complete. It was even more than this. It was a little pean of praise. It burst, too, from young, red lips, half-parted in a smile. It sent its light into two dark-shadowed, azure eyes, and flamed its signal into two rounded, dimpled cheeks, as eager, expectant Grace Hawthorne sprang from the great arm chair in whose recesses she had been idly dreaming, and stood confronting the owner of the name, whose presence on the threshold of the room had thus interrupted her reverie.

A lovely picture she would have made to most men's eyes at any time; but with this light and gladness in her young, fair face, more than lovely, one would think, to him who had inspired it.

Yet, if so, Harry Reynolds gave of his admiring thought no sign, as, leisurely advancing toward her, he outstretched his hand in quiet greeting.

"Grace, I am glad to see you first," was all he said.

And, stooping, let his lips an instant rest on the little chestnut-crowned head, then sank, with a sigh of utter weariness, in the chair from which she had sprung to meet him.

Some of the gladness died out of her own face, and a tiny frown of anxiety puckered her brow, as she drew a footstool beside him and seated herself at his knee.

Twelve years before our story opens Grace Hawthorne, at her father's death (which made her an orphan—her mother dying at her birth) had been brought to her guardian's home. Shy and fearful among strange faces, all sought in vain to comfort her, until Harry, then a tall, handsome boy of thirteen, came whistling into the house, and stopped short, amazed at sight of the dainty little doll, whose sobs he had heard as he was ascending the stairs.

They hushed at his entrance, and the child, giving one scrutinizing glance from beneath the long, wet lashes, ran toward him and slipped her tiny fingers into his.

From that moment the two were sworn friends. She was his pet, his plaything. He her hero. Time had wrought in neither no change.

To-day, spite of her seventeen years, she was pet and plaything still. Had any one termed her woman he would have laughed the idea to scorn. And he, at twenty-five, was still the hero of her dreams.

Nor was he an unlikely hero, in his young strength and vigorous manhood; but the child's eyes noted that his cheek is paler than its wont, and shadows of pain darken the clear, brown eyes which seem to look beyond the familiar objects which fill the room—beyond the graceful, girlish figure at his feet—beyond this calm and peace, into a troubled sea, whose waters have so lashed him that he yet feels the movement born of their fury.

It is the first time in three months he, Harry Reynolds, has entered his father's house. Three months before there had been, in the library, a short and stormy scene, but the cause of the dissension between father and son was known only to themselves.

"Two paths open before you," had been his father's last words. "Choose one, and I disinherit you forever. Follow the other, and your old place and welcome await you. Only, in the former case, never let me see your face again."

The young man had listened silently to the stern fiat and silently had gone from the presence of him who uttered it.

From that hour to the present naught was known concerning him. His return argued obedience to his father's wishes, but how brought about remained locked a secret in his own breast.

Half-absently he rested his hand on the girl's bright hair, while she, through some mute chord of sympathy, divined some cloud had fallen athwart his pathway.

It seemed to darken the sunlight of her own, and strike a sudden chill into her heart.

"Harry," she said, glancing up into his face with anxious eyes, "you are in trouble? What is it, dear—money? You know—"

She could not finish the sentence. He stooped and laid his hand across her lips.

"Hush, my child! I know what you would say. No, no, little Grace! Money, this time, is all powerless to serve me. Besides, dear, father is rich. Why should you imagine that could trouble me?"

"I thought, perhaps, you and uncle"—so Grace called her guardian, though connected by no tie of blood—"had been angry. I knew once he was angry, Harry, about some of your college debts, and that you would not want to ask him for anything; and I have so much money, Harry, and every year it grows more and more, until it frightens me to think how much I ought to do with it. I often wish there was some way of dividing my fortune with you—of giving you one-half. When I am of age, and it is mine to do as I please with, that is what I intend to do."

She spoke as a generous child; but there was a glimmer of moisture in Harry Reynolds' eyes as he looked tenderly down upon her.

"You love me so well, little one?" he said. "Ah, Grace, it is something to men who have lost their mothers to know that there are women true and pure in the world—women whose lips have not learned to lie—the breath of whose kisses is not tainted by the poison of falseness."

A strange bitterness had crept into his tone. His hand, still resting on her hair, unconsciously clenched. A light, half anger, half pain, shone in his eyes.

"Harry!" she exclaimed.

The question in her voice restored his composure.

He laughed, but it was not the old, mirthful laugh which had ever been as sweet music to her ear. There was a hard, discordant note which jarred upon her.

"So you would give me half your fortune, Grace?" he said. "A quixotic generosity worthy of you, little one; but men cannot accept such gifts, my child. Wait, Grace. One of these days your fortune and your heart will go together, and I will convert myself into a whole orchestra—concealed from view, by the way, by a screen of smiles (isn't that the proper place for orchestras, as per latest fashionable intelligence?)—and strike up, 'Lo! the conquering hero comes!'"

Strange! For the first and only time in her life, Harry's jests hurt her.

He refused her gift, and talked lightly of her loving and leaving him.

"I shall never marry—never!" she exclaimed, vehemently. "Are you and uncle tired of me, Harry, that you want me to leave you?"

"Tired of you, Pussie?" and again something sad and pathetic stole into his tone. "Why, all the sunshine would go out of the old house, dear, if you should run away from it. I can't even picture it without you; I don't think I ever have been able to picture it without you since that long-ago day when your little baby hand locked itself in mine, and your baby voice whispered, 'I like you!' Grace, last night, dear, as I lay awake in my boat, listening down on the river, its waters silenced into glorious beauty by the moonbeams, I thought of you, and a strange longing came over me to look into your eyes and feel again the touch of your hand. It seemed to me that you were the one thing true—the one heart loyal—in all this great, bitter world. O, Grace, you could not curse a man's life—tell me you could not?"

His voice died in a groan.

But the girl, listening, felt a new strange thrill of rapture, which ended in pain for the suffering, ere she had paused to question whence and how it came.

Yet her woman's intuition taught her that words could bring no healing to this wound, and so, only lifting her hand to slip it into his, she leaned her head against his knee, in silent sympathy with this unknown grief.

One by one the minutes slipped away, until a step, heard in the outside corridor, startled them both.

A moment later, Edgar Reynolds entered the room.

He was a man not yet sixty years of age, but his hair was already white, though his form was still erect and vigorous.

Between father and son a strong likeness was apparent, as their eyes met.

Grace did not stir, but her hold unconsciously tightened on Harry's hand. A momentary gleam of surprise shone in the elder man's eyes; then he came forward, outstretching his hand.

"Harry, my boy, welcome back again!"

"Thanks, father!" the young man replied, now rising from his seat and accepting the proffered hand-clasp.

Then he resumed his old position, and in a few minutes all were talking about trivial matters, as though but yesterday they had parted. It was a meeting characteristic of both men. Had the months been years, it would equally have lacked outward demonstration. But that night, when Grace had left them, Edgar Reynolds summoned his son into the library.

"One question, my boy," he said, after carefully closing the door, "and then the matter never shall be opened between us. You've given—a man's pause—'her'—strange, bitter emphasis on the pronoun—'up forever'—"

A harsh, discordant laugh broke from Harry Reynolds' lips.

"She's given me up, father," he answered. "Yes; she whom you termed adventures and schemer has thrown me over for a penniless lieutenant. You see how you have wronged her, father, when you imagined my money, or yours, her aim. It was her heart led her astray—her heart! Oh, God! that the pulses of life should beat in such a stone!"

"You will live to thank her for your deliverance, my son. I, too, owe her a debt of gratitude, that I am almost tempted to forgive her the misery that she has brought upon us both. Harry, it was but an infatuation—a dream! You will waken to look shudderingly back upon it, as one recalls a nightmare! Ah, my boy, the confession of your deliverance lifts a stone from my heart, and gives me courage to point out to you a true path to happiness! Harry, all my life I have dreamed a dream. Must I put it into words to make it clear to you? It is that you should make Grace in very truth, as she is in heart—my daughter!"

The young man gave a visible start, and his face paled.

"Marry Grace! Why, father, she is but a child, and always I have looked upon her as a sister."

"No tie of blood unites you, and Grace has already passed the threshold of womanhood. If I mistake not, unsuspected even by herself, her heart is already yours. If not, a little struggle, and you can win the prize. Harry, my boy, for more reasons than you dream of, it were well that the engagement be made early and consummated. I am growing an old man. Give me this happiness before I die!"

A negative answer seemed trembling on young Reynolds' lips, but ere it escaped them, he sprang from his chair and paced up and down the length of the room. Suddenly he paused before the pictured laughing face of a beautiful child, whose clear, blue eyes seemed gazing from the portrait into his eyes, in whose depths was neither shadow nor taint of guile. Some quick revulsion appeared to take place in the young man's soul. He crossed the floor once more, and, standing before his father, he held out his hand.

"I will see Grace to-morrow, father," he said. "It seems almost sacrilege, but if it is true that she loves me, I—I consent!"

And even as he spoke the words, a moonbeam came stealing in through one of the upper windows, touching with its caress the half-parted lips of a slumbering child—a child who slept and dreamed, and mingled with her dreams came a melody half-musical, half-discordant—a melody played upon by an unseen orchestra, their theme, "Lo, the conquering hero comes!"

CHAPTER II.

Both men were already seated next morning at the breakfast table when Grace entered the room. The windows were wide open, and through them the soft haze of early May came stealing in; but the girl herself seemed fairer promise of the coming summer than the zephyrs which were its chosen messengers.

She was dressed in white, a bunch of creamy roses at her waist, about which was tied a wide white sash. Her hands, too, were filled with flowers, while on her head was tied a broad-brimmed hat, thus evidencing that, although the last to appear upon the scene, she had not been sleeping away the early morning hours of this most exquisite day.

"Good-morning!" she called, in happy tones, and then, as if following out a custom long established, she lifted first to one and then the other, stooping to imprint upon each brow a kiss of greeting.

A flush rose to Harry Reynolds' cheek as he felt the pressure of the young, fragrant lips. But no added flush was on her own.

He had said truly. She was but a child. The lovely bloom was on the peach. Once brushed away, not time nor eternity could restore it.

"Lazy boy," she continued, laughingly. "An hour ago, and you sleep so long on such a day as this? It is fitting punishment that Peter should have had to pour coffee in my place."

"Really, my dear, I find no perceptible difference in the flavor of the coffee," replied her guardian, mischievously. "However," he continued, "you are just in time to give me a second cup. Perhaps I can judge better then."

"Shame, uncle!" If I knew how to put I would at once inflict you with my ill-humor. As it is, have you no vote of thanks to offer me for these?"

And she placed on the center of the table the glass dish which her deft fingers had been busy filling with the early roses, whose hues she had blended with the true artist's skill. Then, taking her place behind the urn, she filled the cup Peter handed her, and smilingly awaited Mr. Reynolds' decision concerning it. But when it was rendered, abounding in praise, she made a little move of pretended scorn, and turned to Harry.

"You've been down in your tent, Harry, you told me, did you not? That means the boat is ready for the summer campaign. When am I to be invited to take a row?"

"I have lived in my boat for the last month," the young man answered. "It seems to me the spring never opened earlier and the river never looked more beautiful than this year. Dear old Pottomac! I seem to know its every light and shadow—to love every tree along its banks! The happiest hours of my life have been spent in my tent. I can lie in my cot and look right on its broad surface; and whether silvered by the moon or glistening in the sun's rays, or black with the fury of the storm, it seems to whisper to me something of peace and quiet rest. I hate our Washington winters, with their influx of strangers, and the great war yearly enacted of political strife! I think we each have personal cause for gratitude when the season is short, and the politicians make an early flight."

"Listen, uncle!" cried Grace. "Did you ever hear Harry so eloquent? He rates our Washington winters, indeed? He, who for two years has led all the gossams, and given himself up to the giddy whirl of society. But it was as a martyr—a helpless victim, only, and we never suspected his sufferings! This means that next winter, when I make my debut, he is to be exempt from escort duty. Is that to be permitted, Uncle Edgar? Or is it another way of refusing to answer my self-invitation to be taken on the river?"

Both men laughed.

"Not the latter, certainly, Pussie," answered Harry, using the pet name he so often gave her; "and, in proof of this, I will invite you for a row this very evening at sundown. Does your ladyship consent?"

"Oh, Harry!" she cried, clapping her hands, "there is nothing I should love so well!"

"We will dine first, then, and make the return trip by moonlight. What say you, my little one?"

"It will be charming!" she replied. "Such happiness as finds its expression in silence rather than words stole over Grace Hawthorne's spirit, as, in obedience to the programme of the morning, she leaned back in the cushioned seat of the boat, which bore her name painted upon its stern, and as it sped through the water, propelled by Harry's strong arms, she dipped her fingers into the cool current, and dreamily watched the tiny wake thus left glimmering on the distance.

"Now and then only she, Harry spoke, but at last, after many miles had been traversed, and the moon in all its perfect beauty was sailing through a vault seemingly no less blue than the bosom of the river, Harry drew in his oars and let the boat drift with the tide, which quietly bore them homeward.

"For or against the tide," he said, after a longer silence than yet had fallen between them. "Is it no so with all things in life, whether great or small? Surely it is better to let it drift us whether it will, than wear out our lives in fighting our way against it."

"But we should then, Harry, be idlers and dreamers, only. Besides, how often it would carry us into shoals or quicksands, or, still worse, dash us, a hopeless wreck, against the rocks! That speech is unlike you, Harry—unworthy of you."

"Ah, child, who can read a man's heart and gauge its worthiness? Do

you fancy your pure eyes can penetrate it! Yet, your rebuke was fitting. Grace, I sometimes think I should be a better man did I oftener listen to your voice—oftener let your little hand guide me. I wonder, dear, if you would smile if I told you a story—not long enough to tire you in the telling—and asked you to give me a language you might not understand, to interpret it according to the dictates of your heart? It is only the story of a man into whose life there crept, as creeps once into every life, a new, delicious fragrance. It instilled itself into every nerve. It intoxicated him more than any wine. He looked about him to see from whence it came, and lo, in his very pathway hung a rare and beautiful rose—so rare, so beautiful, that all other flowers paled in its sight.

Here lay the crown of possession. It seemed to glow in his touch. Its very perfume held a sigh of longing. The dewdrop glistening on its heart was a tear of desire. He was young; his heart was true; his faith was strong; and he said: "The rose shall be my own, and so tenderly will I cherish it shall never drop nor die!"

"And, lo, he outstretched his hand to pluck it, and beneath the green, velvety leaves were sharp thorns, which pierced him until the blood flowed, and out from the flower's heart, there crept a worm, and the perfume held a poison, to breathe which was to breathe destruction to faith and truth—yes, even honor!"

"And the man turned away, but he had left behind him his youth, and all the world seemed to him suddenly barren. And then, Grace, he returned to his own home, and sad, and desolate and weary, he bent over the rosebush in his own garden, and lo! a perfume, less enervating but none the less sweet, stole about his tired senses.

"He touched and caressed it, but no thorn wounded him. He inhaled its exquisite fragrance, but it was as the breath of a higher life. Its core held no worm, and the dewdrop was the essence of the flower's own purity. And a great remorse stole into his heart, and he said: 'I have deserved my retribution. I dare not woo the flower I vainly would wear.'"

"Grace," he continued, his voice low and suppressed with feeling, while, stretching out his arms, he caught her hand in both his, "my story is ended. Can you read its meaning? My pure white rose, will you indeed let me gather and wear you in my heart forever?"

The girl had listened as in a dream. His words, indeed, had been to her an allegory; but, suddenly, a thousand birds seemed waking the silent echoes of her heart with glad and joyous song. Even into the tears which unconsciously had welled into her eyes shone the prismatic hues of the rainbow, blinding her with its sudden brilliance; the silver river seemed to fall from one of heaven's portals, which the angels held ajar that her mortal gaze might momentarily wander through it.

What mattered it, this former love of which Harry had spoken, since he, her hero, loved her now? For to doubt that he loved her entered not an instant in her thought. It was strange; it was wonderful; it was a revelation to her own soul; but she knew that this night on the river had brought to her the one crowning joy and glory of her life.

She had loved him always—always; but, so subtle had been the transformation from the love of the child to the worship of the woman, that it was all unsuspected by herself.

She uplifted the long lashes, wet with shimmering tears, and looked into his face.

"God make me worthy, dear love!" she said.

And then he bent his head and kissed her on the lips; but his kiss was free from passion as her own.

CHAPTER III.

Through the quiet, moonlit night Harry Reynolds retraced his steps toward his tent upon the river's bank. He and Grace had walked home almost in silence. His happiness was too new and great for words, and in his own soul dwelt a weary calm.

His father's blessing, as he led Grace into his presence, and asked him to receive her as a daughter, still lingered in his ear. He still felt the warm grasp of his father's hand.

From the older man a shadow seemed to have fallen, a great weight to have been uplifted, and Harry wondered why it should be so.

That the momentous words had actually been spoken—that Grace actually was his betrothed wife, seemed to him unreal, intangible. None of a lover's joy was his; no lover's anticipations held seed in his soul.

His tent reached, he stood in its doorway, lit a fresh cigar, and watched the light smoke curling upward.

"Poor child!" he said, aloud, when half an hour had passed—"poor child!" And as he spoke he sighed a weary sigh.

Was it only the night wind which, as it rustled past him, bore to his excited fancy that low-voiced murmur of his name? Only his name! Yet he started and turned deathly white—a whiteness which deepened into an awful pallor, as out from the shadows close at hand there crept, with stealthy, graceful movement, a woman's form.

She was shrouded in black lace from head to foot—even her face was concealed; but, as she drew nearer him she threw back her veil and let the moonlight stream upon the flawless beauty of her face.

"Harry," she cried, "forgive my coming like this! But I had to see you once more—just once more—and you were so hard, so cruel, I knew that this was the only way!"

She stretched out both hands toward him supplicatingly.

Into her voice had crept the sounds of tears, though her eyes were dry, and the color had deserted neither cheek nor lips.

"You honor me too highly, Mrs. Wisdom," answered the young man. Almost roughly, as her voice died away, "and I think, in running this risk, you have taken scarce sufficient thought to your reputation. Your motive I am at a loss to conceive; but as the curtain has rung down on the short farce enacted between us, do not, I pray you, cause it to rise again upon either tragedy or melodrama."

"Hush!" she entreated. "Oh, God, that you could speak to me like this!

I had been waiting here an hour before you came. I feared you would not come at all; and when, at last, I heard your footsteps, my courage forsook me. I dared not approach you, until, a moment ago, the sound of your voice reached me. You spoke aloud, and you spoke in tender pity. 'Poor child!' you said; and I thought, maybe—maybe you thought of me, and so, before my new-born courage fled, I made my presence known to you. Oh, Harry, look at me only once—speak to me kindly, if but one word, and tell me, in that moment, you were thinking of me!"

She stretched forth one little hand, white as marble and of velvet softness, and laid it on his sleeve.

Her touch thrilled through every pulse and sent the momentary color coursing through his pale cheeks; but he shook it off, without attempt at softening or gallantry.

"For the first time, madam, in many weeks, you were apart from my thoughts. Aye, I have thought of you, if your vanity needs such knowledge for its food—thought of you as the man must think of one who for the moment converts even truth's purity into a foul and black lie! I have thought of you and cursed you! Tonight I lift my curse—to-night another entered into my thoughts. You two could not dwell there together. Day and night cannot enter into a dual existence. Go your way, madam, in peace; let me go mine!"

Bitter and scathing as were his words in their cutting scorn, they aroused no anger, though a momentary flash of jealous light gleamed in the wonderful eyes—eyes which in color were golden, though hair and lashes were black as midnight.

"Harry!" she cried again—and now, unmindful of the damp ground, she sank on her knees at his feet and clasped both hands imploringly upon his—"listen to me! You shall listen, you shall hear! Only tell me, first, that you said what you did just now to pain and wound me only—that it was not, could not, be true! You have not so soon forgotten me; for you did love me! You could not so soon have given that love to another."

(To Be Continued.)

BUYING BEER IN VERMONT.

Troubles of a Doctor Who Wanted to Celebrate Victory of Santiago.

"I shall always remember with peculiar interest our naval victory at Santiago," said a physician, recently, "chiefly because of the difficulty I had in getting the means for a fitting celebration of the affair. When I heard the news I was up in Vermont, on a vacation, with a friend. Naturally, we were very much excited, and, after cooling down a bit, we thought it would be a grand idea to open a bottle to the success of the American arms. Now, it happens that in Vermont they have the kind of prohibition that prohibits. After we found that out we went to a drug store and gave the clerk a wink and the 'high sign.' He looked puzzled, and we asked him, in plain English, for half a dozen bottles of beer, but he was cautious and refused, point blank, to sell us a drop unless we presented a prescription signed and certified by a physician to the effect that the beer was absolutely necessary to our well being. This was a poser, but my friend suggested that now was the time for me to show the advantages of my medical training. I thought so, too, and I started to write a prescription of my own, but, for the life of me, I could not think of the proper term for beer. After working over the prescription for a quarter of an hour, and, meantime, growing thirstier and thirstier, I handed the clerk a slip which read as follows: 'Six pints of the liquid extract of malt. Dose: a tumblerful at intervals of ten minutes.' The clerk grinned, but he filled the prescription, and we did our whole duty by the American sailor."

Straw and Its Uses.

Straw is put to strange uses in January. Most of the horses are shod with straw. Even the clumsiest of men wear straw shoes. In their case the shoes are tied around the ankles with straw rope, and are made of the ordinary rice straw, braided so that they form a sole for the foot about half an inch thick. These soles cost about a half-penny a pair, and when they are worn out they are thrown away. Every cart has a stock of fresh shoes tied to the horse, or to the front of the cart, and in Japan it was formerly the custom to measure distances largely by the number of horsehoes it took to cover the distance. So many horse-shoes made a day's journey, and the average shoe lasted for about eight miles of travel.

Resenting a Bribe.

A grumbler has kept on denouncing prosperity because his salary was not raised. About a week ago his salary was raised 15 per cent. But he isn't satisfied. In referring to the matter, he said:

"Of course! The campaign's about to open. They see they've got to do something to try to make their side good. But they're not going to bribe me! This is nothing more nor less than a villainous attempt to get my vote by paying for it in an underhanded way. It's an outrageous assault on my manhood, and I'm going to resent it at the polls."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Couldn't Fool Campbell.

An autograph hunter, who was very anxious to obtain the signature of the poet Campbell, adopted the familiar stratagem. Having come across a line in one of his poems, the meaning of which appeared to be obscure, he wrote a short note to the author, asking him to interpret the words in question. He received the following laconic reply: "Sir—In reply to your note, I send you my autograph."—Thomas Campbell.

The Exception.

"I s'pose these folks know what is 'an' what ain't when dey talks 'bout de survival of de fittest," said Uncle Eben, "but I mus' say I has my faith in dat theory shock, when I strike a chicken coop dat de yuthuf folks done selected over befo' I arrived."—Washington Star.

Economical Reform.

Wiggles—I understand that Hicks has sworn off smoking. Waggles—Yes, that is to say, he doesn't smoke now except when somebody gives him a cigar.—Somerville Journal.

Contradictions.
"Well, Digby, I'm surprised! You're getting gray!"
"Yes—yes; I've lots of gray hairs and precious few of them."—Detroit Free Press.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES produce the fastest and brightest colors of any known dye stuff.

Children behave when out as they behave when at home.

No fewer than thirty-three generals are serving in South Africa.

W.L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO.
BOSTON, U.S.A.
WE ARE THE LARGEST MAKERS of Men's \$3 and \$3.50 shoes in the world. We sell \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes that are better than any other two manufacturers in the U.S.
The reason more W.L. Douglas \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes are sold than any other brand is because they are the best in the world.
A \$4.00 Shoe for \$3.00.
A \$5 Shoe for \$3.50.
Over 1,000,000 Worn.

EDUCATIONAL.
THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.
Classics, Letters, Economics and History, Journalism, Art, Science, Pharmacy, Law, Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, Architecture.
Thorough Preparatory and Commercial Courses. Ecclesiastical students at special rates. Rooms Free. Junior or Senior Year, Collegiate Courses. Rooms to Rent, moderate charges. St. Edward's Hall, boys under 18. The 57th Year will open September 4th, 1900. Catalogues Free. Address REV. A. MORRISSEY, C. S. C., President.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY
NOTRE DAME, INDIANA
Conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Cross. Chartered 1855. Thorough English and Classical education. Regular Collegiate Degrees.
In Preparatory Department students carefully prepared for Collegiate course. Physical and Chemical Laboratories well equipped. Conservatory of Music and School of Art. Gymnasium under direction of graduate of Boston Normal School of Gymnastics. Catalogue free. The 40th year opens Sept. 4, 1900. Address: DIRECTRESS OF THE ACADEMY, St. Mary's Academy, - Notre Dame, Indiana.

SACRED HEART COLLEGE, WATERTOWN, WISCONSIN.
Branch of Notre Dame University, Indiana.
Thorough Classical, English, Commercial and Preparatory Courses. Terms Moderate. Buildings heated by steam. Home comforts. For further information and catalogues, apply to REV. J. O'Rourke, C. S. C., President.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND POMMEL SLICKER
The Best Saddle Coat.
Keeps both rider and saddle perfectly dry in the hardest storms. Substitutes with disappointment. Ask for Tower's Fish Brand Pommel Slicker—it is entirely new, is not for sale in your town, write for catalogue to A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

DO NOT BUY WELL DRILLING MACHINERY until you see our new Catalogue No. 22. We will furnish it to you FREE. Write to our address, either Harvey, Ill., Chicago, Ill., or Dallas, Texas.
F. C. AUSTIN MFG. CO., Factories at Harvey, Ill.

LADIES! When doctors and others fail to relieve you, try N. F. M. It never fails.
TOE-GUM Cures Corns 15c; all Druggists (If it falls—it is free.)
Admitted with Thompson's Eye Water.
When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.

PISCO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time.
Warranted Pure.