

# A SIREN'S VICTIMS

By Frances Warner Walker.

## CHAPTER VII. (Continued.)

"Stay, Harvey!" she cried, also rising, and again resting her hand lightly on his sleeve. "Let me think—help me to think. I will do anything—anything to serve you. Oh, does it need words to tell you, to assure you of this? But, don't forget, Harvey, that you helped to deceive me as to the fortune of my husband. It was you who told me that he had a fortune in his own right. Did you not know that it was false? The sum you want is nearly all of his entire fortune."

"But his father is rich?"  
"That is the world's error. It is Grace Hawthorne's money which keeps up this house—Grace Hawthorne's money which wards off ruin from Edgar Reynolds!—I cannot explain it now. It is too long a story. Oh, Harvey, sometimes I think all I have gained does not repay me for what I have lost!"

"Never mind the past, Helen. We must deal now with the future—with the present. It is cold and stern, and dark enough, God knows! Can you not get this money from Miss Hawthorne? There can be no mistake about her fortune?"

"No! She is rich—so rich that had we you and I, Harvey—but the fittest part of her money, we might have been happy to-day."

An exultant gleam glistened in Harvey Barclay's eyes, but Helen detected it not. She was lost in her own thought.  
"You shall have this money, Harvey," she said, at last. "Come to-morrow at this hour, and I will have it ready for you. No, don't thank me! Or, stay, Harvey—you may thank me in one way. Promise me that you will never again take such desperate risks. Another time I might be powerless to serve you."

"I promise, Helen," he answered, kissing her hands to his lips.  
And, as if overwhelmed by a sudden afterthought—

"You do not wholly despise me, Helen?"

"Despise you!" she echoed, now lifting her eyes to his face, with such a look in their depths as Harry Reynolds had never seen there—a look which would have been a revelation to him concerning the woman who for six months had been his wife. "Despise you? I have read of women, Harvey, who, beaten to death by brutal husbands, had dragged themselves, dying to the murderer's feet to kiss the hands which had wrought the injury. Do you know, I can fancy myself just such a woman!"

"God bless you, Helen!" he murmured, fervently, and one instant he held her stained to his heart.

But, once outside the door, the look of tenderness died. His features grew hard and stern.  
"I must strike soon!" he muttered. "This money will stave off the inevitable ruin staring me in the face but a little while. And how Helen will act when she learns my purpose? Ah! I have not so much to fear from her. A ghost or two resurrected from the past will keep her silent. And she loves me! But the girl! Already the motes flutter around the flame. I must strike."

And once with Grace Hawthorne, I think we can put your money to better use than in supporting a household not your own. Midnight had struck, when at Grace Hawthorne's door sounded a gentle knock.

The girl, who had gone to her room but half an hour before, rose and opened it. To her surprise, Harry's wife stood upon the threshold. The beautiful face looked pale, and a veil of trouble seemed to have darkened the golden-brown eyes.

"May I come in?" she asked, and her voice held the piteous pleading of a little child.

A touch of pity smote Grace. In that minute she thought perhaps she had been too hard on the young wife, had not tried to love her, and could not have called in the attempt.

She stretched out her hand with a smile, and laid it on the little fingers, whose touch felt cold, and which she felt tremble in her clasp.

"Indeed, you may come in," she answered. "Is Harry asleep, that you thus play truant?"

"Yes, he is asleep. But I—I could not sleep. Oh, Grace, it's for Harry's sake I am here," and, instead of taking the chair toward which Grace motioned her, she fell upon her knees beside her, and buried her face in the folds of her dress.

"Helen, what has happened?" questioned Grace, with trembling voice.

"For a little while she could gain no reply, but at last the young wife lifted her head.

"I have a sad story to tell you, Grace—a story I think you have never suspected—I have had to bear my burden quite alone. I do not know why I come to you to-night, except that I am desperate. Grace, did you ever know—did you ever suspect that Harry—"

"Gambled? Harry?"

"The two words were all the girl could force her white lips to utter.

Helen bowed her head assentingly.  
"Before I go further," she said, speaking with evident effort, and as though each word brought physical pain. "I must extort from you a pledge of silence. You must promise—you must swear—never to betray my confidence—never, under any circumstances. Will you promise me, Grace?"

"Yes, I promise," she replied.

"But her lips were dry, and her voice held a sound of harshness.

"I—I think," continued Helen, "that the beginning of this trouble with Harry was the realization of the loss of his father's fortune. He had always been taught to believe himself a rich man's son, and the thought that part of your fortune had also been entailed, fairly maddened him. He seemed to imagine he could regain it all. Oh, Grace, don't make me go over the story. I can't. It chokes me. Only he played and lost—played and lost—until he

lost all—until debt and ruin stared him in the face. I besought him to go to his father—to you. He said that he would rather die than have you know the truth. I will die, rather than she shall know it," he declared, and oh—Grace, have I done wrong to come to you?"

"Wrong?" echoed the girl, and, stooping, she pressed her cold lips on the drooping head.

"God reward you, Helen, for your confidence in me. Oh, thank God! that you came to me. How much do you need, Helen? Don't hesitate! Tell me the sum!"

"Five thousand dollars," she answered, slowly.

Grace drew a breath, almost of relief. The amount appeared small to what her fear had conjured up.

"You are sure—sure this is enough?" she questioned, her brain wearied and bewildered with the effort to reconcile the story she had heard with her knowledge of him who had been her hero always. Harry disgraced through his own act. Harry—a gambler. Harry hesitating to come to her.

"Yes, I am sure," Helen was answering, and she heard the voice, as from a distance. "And you will never let him suspect, Grace—ever by your manner—that you know? He will never do it again—I am confident of that; and now that the burden is lifted, doubtless he will be himself again. Good-night, dear, and God bless you!"

Mechanically Grace Hawthorne met and returned the kiss—mechanically followed her to the door and locked and bolted it behind her.

Then she walked slowly back, and sank into the chair from which she had risen.

She was no longer alone.  
Around her, on every side, were strewn the pieces of her fallen idol, shattered and dishonored in its fall!

## CHAPTER VIII.

"What is wrong, Pussie?" asked Harry Reynolds, entering the library, whose sole occupant was the girl whom he had thus addressed.

She was sitting, half-lost, in the depths of a great arm-chair, wholly lost in the reverie from which his voice aroused her.

She glanced up, her face flushing scarlet, as though fearful he might read her thoughts.

His eyes met hers, frankly and fearlessly. In vain she sought to find any trace of the burden which must so recently have oppressed him; in vain she tried to read in his face a single line of the pitiful story to which she had listened the previous evening, and which had since rung in her ears with pitiless insistence, banishing sleep and rest alike from heart and brain.

The money was nothing. All that she had would gladly have laid at his feet, could he but have stooped to reclaim it without dishonor. Not an hour since had she put the required sum into Helen's hands.

She had herself drawn it from the bank, not allowing her check, as usual, to pass through her guardian's hands.

She wondered how Helen would account to her husband for the possession of such a sum; but she was too crushed to put her wonderment into words.

Poor Helen! How she must suffer! thought the girl; and her heart hardened toward the smiling cause of all this heavy trouble.

"What is wrong, Pussie?" he repeated, as now, having reached her chair, he bent over her and gently stroked the hair back from her low, white brow.

It was an old habit of his, this tender, mute caress; but to-day she shrank from his touch as if it hurt her.

He withdrew his hand, and a much-surprised look swept over his face.

She felt the hot tears well up to her eyes, and, compelling his glances fully and frankly to meet hers, ask him to tell her of his temptation—beg him to point it to her in colors so strong, so vivid, that it would make atonement for his fault, and once more she could feel her faith and her respect restored.

But her promise to his wife kept her silent.

"Have I offended you, Grace?" Low and very sweet was the earnest voice in which he put the question.

"No, no!" she said at last, answering him. "The world is out of gear to-day. One of my illusions has been dispelled. It reminds me that I am growing old."

He laughed. A careless, almost boyish laugh it was, in its freedom from all trace of care.

"You are growing old, Grace? The world, indeed, must be out of gear if you can dim our sunbeams, for you are the sunbeam of the old house, dear. I think you scarcely can fail to recognize it. How we shall hate the man who steals you from us!"

"Don't!" she cried, springing to her feet and walking hastily toward the window, where she stood looking out, as she continued speaking. "I shall never marry, if that is what you mean. There is no man, not one, whom I would trust."

His face was very grave now, and all the brightness had fled from it, as, following her, he laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"Grace, something very serious has occurred to make you talk like this. Perhaps you will say I have not the right to say that there are men worthy of trust; and yet I think we have both forgotten that there ever was an episode in our lives which might lead you to distrust me. At least, dear, you never have doubted my love for you, though it was the pure, unselfish love I would have given a sister, had Heaven vouchsafed me such a blessing. I have never known my loss of one since you came to me. Sometimes, Grace, I think my feeling for you is the truest and purest of my life. Don't give me

your confidence, dear, unless you wish to do so; but you will pardon me if I ask you one question?"

"Ask what you will," she answered. "The fact of my having Barclay you were thinking when I entered?"

"Of Mr. Barclay?" Simple amazement emphasized her repetition of his question. "Why should I think of him?" she asked, haughtily. "No; it was not he who occupied my thoughts, though perhaps they were engrossed with one less worthy."

"Forgive me, Grace! I forget, perhaps, that I arrogate a right I do not possess in thus questioning you; but it was not idle curiosity which prompted me, you will believe that. Let me be frank with you, dear. You will at least respect my confidence. When Harry Barclay first entered this house, I had already conceived against him a most bitter prejudice. I had seen him among women, and I fancied that he considered them but playthings, for the amusement merely of the passing hour. Afterwards I was led to believe that I had done him an injustice; that I had viewed him through the medium of jealous eyes; that his manner to women was naturally tender, almost vouchsafed, but that no ardent person could suspect his gallantry. Had I not thought this I would have asked you not to receive him. But lately his visits have been growing so much more frequent, that I have watched him more closely, and I fear, Grace, the old prejudice is returning. Certainly none of the old jealousy was revived, for Helen, I think, rather has avoided him than otherwise. Dear girl! how sorely I once misjudged her! How good and true she is! Oh, Grace, because my married life is so happy, I never wish yours, child, to be less a dream of bliss! And I could not help thinking, Pussie, that Harry Barclay might be one of the aspirants to your hand. He has been so flattered and spoiled by women that he fancies his attractions irresistible, and certainly his manner, both to men and women, is wonderfully winning. But, Grace, rumors have lately reached me which point to graver, more serious faults—rumors of large amounts lost and won at play—of alternate spells of profligacy and ruin—of debts of honor unpaid—of dishonorable devices to raise money. Grace, I will cease to be a dream of bliss, and I will discontinue his visits here?"

A minute before, and the girl had listened, softened, and touched, and comforted by the consciousness that Harry's love and protection still were hers, as in the old days—a minute before, and the shadow of his dishonor had been hidden by the sunlight of his presence; but now—now, when he dared arraign another at the tribunal before which he himself should stand—when he, who so sadly needed mercy, dared the mercy which he could assume the role of hypocrite and lawyer in one—her soul sickened and recoiled.

"Who are you, that you dare judge him?" she asked, and he shrank from the cold, harsh sternness of her tone. "Perhaps he needs your sympathy, your friendship, to save him from the rock on which you say his honor is fast going to pieces? Other men have been saved by women—why not he? Besides, what you know is rumor. Or, perhaps, you have been an eye-witness of his folly? You have seen him win and lose large sums of money at the gaming table? How came you to be present at such a place?"

Her blue eyes fairly blazed as she fastened them upon his face. They were no longer softened by moisture, but the lines about her mouth were stern and unyielding as his own.

A great fear oppressed him. To him there was but one solution of her anger. His worst fears were confirmed. She loved Harry Barclay!

Well, there was but one way. He must find out more about him, and the next time confront her with facts, not suspicions. She could not then refuse to listen and to heed.

"I am sorry, Grace, if I offended you," he answered, quietly.

"How often, as a child, had that same quiet tone calmed and comforted her! In the old, childish days she had only to carry any trouble to Harry to have it scattered like the mist the sun dispels; and now—and now, the present was too bitter.

She bent her head upon her hands, and burst into sobs.

"My child! Pussie!" he exclaimed, while he drew her to his breast. "Forgive me! I little dreamed I was touching so sore a wound!"

But she made no reply, and, releasing herself from his embrace, she darted from the room, and up the stairs to her own chamber, whose walls echoed for hours to the sobs which escaped from her bursting heart, and so at last restored her to calmness.

## CHAPTER IX.

"A dangerous accomplishment—eh, Pussie?" called Harry Reynolds, one afternoon, a few weeks later, as he handed across to Grace a slip of paper, on which was written her own name—more than that, her own autograph.

Since the morning of her memorable talk in the library she had desperately struggled to forget his fault, and to this his own manner had greatly helped her.

He had seemed so unconscious of any wrong; had been so gentle, so strong, so tender; had so evidently taught himself to forget that shadow resting on his path, that she recalled it now more as a dream than as a reality.

Doubtless some strong, some terrible temptation had assailed him. She, knowing all, would pity, rather than blame him. She doubted not, and so her heart grew tender again.

Only in these latter days Harvey Barclay's hopes rose higher. Somehow there was a change toward him in Miss Hawthorne's manner. She welcomed him most kindly, she urged his oftener coming.

"Here, at least, he is free from temptation," she argued to herself, "if Harry's suspicions concerning him are true."

And so she fought against a half-instinctive distrust which had hitherto marked her manner with a tinge of coldness not all his winning warmth could ever overcome.

Harry was seated now beside her when she spoke.

Latterly, she fancied, Harry, too, had been more cordial with him.

On the other side of the room sat Helen, toying with a little boy.

Barclay leaned forward and took the paper from Grace's hand.

"The exact counterpart of your own signature, Miss Hawthorne," he said, wonderingly, "and it is not a hand so ready to be counterfeited."

"It's an old accomplishment of Harry's. He can copy anything that he sees. The counterfeiters missed a valuable acquisition to their number when he was born an honest man."

"When I get hard up, Pussie, I'll put that name on the bottom of a check. You'll honor it when it comes in, won't you? Even if you recognize the difference, you won't give me up to the 'lutches of the law'?"

A strange ecstacy this idle, careless, laughing speech made on the little girl.

Helen, if she had even heard, made no movement, but went on playing with the tiny boy. A dark-red flush verspread Harvey Barclay's face, so dark, so red, that he bent his head to hide it. A singular, almost lurid light sparkled in his eyes; his mouth quivered nervously, his hand instinctively clenched. From Grace's face the smile fled. A momentary shock showed itself on her features, and then she answered, half-laughingly, half-seriously:

"I think, Harry," she said, "you would only have to ask for me to sign my own name to the renunciation of my entire fortune if you needed it. No, I would not give you up to the law."

Afterwards she remembered question and answer, the scene, the time, the place, until it seemed as if that moment had forever indelibly impressed itself upon her memory.

Reaching over, Harry took the paper Mr. Barclay had restored to her, and tore it into fragments.

"So I renounce my fortune," he said still laughing, and then the conversation changed to other themes.

A few moments later, and only one of them remembered that it had ever taken place, and little he recked who so unwittingly had sown the seed, the bitter harvest it should reap for him.

One of the most brilliant parties of the season was to take place that night. It was given by the wife of the secretary of state, and the cards had been out more than a fortnight.

Peerlessly, regally beautiful looked Helen Reynolds, as she turned from the pier glass to meet her husband's fond, admiring glance.

She wore a gown (one of Worth's creations) which had been Grace's gift to her. It revealed the faultless perfection of her form, and disdained to conceal the snowy neck and arms.

"My beautiful darling!" exclaimed the young husband, rapturously; "you grow more beautiful every day!"

"In your eyes, Harry," she answered, sweetly.

And just then a knock sounded on the door, and to the summons to enter, Grace advanced into the room. Harry's eyes darted on her wonderingly. She seemed to him the butterfly blown from the chrysalis in an hour. Even beside Helen's brilliant loveliness, hers demanded equal right of recognition. She was a fairer, less brilliant type. Her skin was colorless as a lily's—colorless as the dress she wore of crepe, which glistened over satin, likewise of ivory whiteness; her eyes were blue as the heart of the iris; the light glimmered on the red gold of her hair; but there was a change beyond all this, in which there was no change—the beautiful child he had ever thought her had gone to-night—forever vanished! In her stead a beautiful woman stood. Long months ago, through bitter throes, her soul had awakened; but only to-night it burst upon him like a revelation of the moment.

A little murmur ran through the already crowded rooms, as Harry Reynolds entered them with his wife and father's ward. Instantly they were surrounded by a little host of applicants for coveted positions on their cards. On Helen's, Harvey Barclay wrote his name twice; then he took that of Grace from her hand.

"Only one little place vacant?" he said, reproachfully, "and that not a waltz!"

"I am sorry," she answered. "You see, it is my loss missing so good a partner as Mr. Barclay; but, really, I have had very little to say about the matter."

He wrote his name upon the vacant space.

"At least it will give me an opportunity for a few words," he murmured, in a low, impressive tone; "and there is something, Miss Hawthorne, I must say to-night—"

The girl glanced up with startled eyes, and half-parted her lips to speak. In that moment she remembered Harry's warning to her, and part of the meaning which had escaped her now returned to her; and her impulse died a hasty death, as the band, from its hidden recess, clashed forth the summons to another dance, and its fortunate possessor approached to assert his claim.

"And what is it you have to say to Grace to-night?" whispered a voice in his ear.

He turned—Helen, standing directly behind them, had heard all. Without answering, he slipped her hand within his arm, and led her through the brilliantly-lighted rooms, across the brilliant halls, through the apartments opposite, until they reached the conservatory, whose cool shadow already appeared a relief—no weary dancers having yet found their way there. For the moment it was as deserted as some tropical isle. The sound of the music was borne but faintly to their ears. Amid the green leaves of the rustling plants "plashed falling waters. One golden-throated bird sang softly far above their heads. It was like a scene from fairyland, into which two mortals had wandered.

"What does all this mean, Harvey?" she said, breaking the moment's silence.

He slipped her gloved hand from his arm, and with folded arms across his breast, stood facing her.

"It means that I am a desperate man, Helen; it means that I am no longer to be toyed with; it means that the effort you once made to save me failed to arrest the tide that is bearing me on its swift current to ruin; it means that I see but one plank to cling to, and that plank is marriage."

"Harvey!" she exclaimed, and in her voice rang honest suffering—"you are deceiving me! You love Grace Hawthorne. You have made me but your dupe. Your visits have been to her, and I—I have been so blind that I have lured to sleep my first suspicions and let you play your love farce before my

very eyes. But it shall not be—you hear me?—it shall not be!"

He smiled bitterly.

"Hush, Helen!" he said; "some one will hear you. And listen before you utterly condemn me. I love but you. And as he spoke the words his voice sank to infinite tenderness. How could this child attract me when you were near—you who need fear no rival? But when I said, just now that, I was desperate I used no stage phrase. I spoke the wretched, miserable truth—how wretched, how miserable, your imagination cannot conceive. I must have money, Helen, before another thirty days has passed over my head, and that, too, in no small amount. I need not marry this girl; I do not care to tie myself up in any matrimonial knot; but once it is raised abroad that I am engaged to her, I can, without difficulty raise the amount necessary to me. Help me, Helen!"

"I confessed to you, Harvey, the desperate means I had to use before to give you the money of which you speak in need. You know the risk I ran. You know whether I am hesitating in assuming them. But that was a different sort of help. I don't love this girl, heaven knows! but I do not hate her sufficiently to wish her such a fate as to link her life with yours. No—don't interrupt me; I know what you would say—that I would once have married you. You are right. I would marry you now—to-day—this hour; but I know you, for all that—that know how weak, how selfish you are, and how I love you, love you only the better for the knowledge! But do not fancy me posing in the attitude of a good woman. With you I will at least not play so easily-detected a role. It is not for Grace Hawthorne's sake, but I swear you and Grace Hawthorne shall not marry; neither is it for your sake, but for my own. Ask me of any sacrifice, Harvey, and I will make it; but her feet shall never tread on my naked heart; she shall never fill the place I once hoped to make you my own."

"Congratulations yourself, rather, make to the good fortune which has destined you to a happier fate. Your lines have fallen in pleasant places. Why begrudge me a similar apportionment? Don't let us waste time in sentimentalities, Helen, he added, with a touch of hardness, almost brutality, in his manner. "When I said, a moment ago, I will marry the girl, what matters all its length and breadth and death. You must help me, or I must do without your help; only, in the latter case, I will marry the girl. What matters it, after all? Can I not see you often? Why should you care?"

(To Be Continued.)

## Jim Jeffries' Strong Arm.

Maj. Hughes' admiration for the once-mighty John L. Sullivan is so well known in sporting circles that it no longer excites curiosity or comment. The major does not regard the present-day champion as being in the same class as the once-great fighter, and his contempt sometimes leads him astray. He and Jeffries recently met in the same city, and, of course, the conversation drifted around to the prize ring and the pugilists.

"Why," exclaimed the major, "you fellows were not in it with Sullivan. You should have seen him in his prime. He had the toughest arm that I ever saw. The muscles were like iron, and it was impossible to indent the flesh."

"Why, Sullivan, in his palmist days, never had an arm such as mine," replied the champion.

"Why, that's ridiculous," retorted the major.

"Well, feel this arm, then," and Jeffries held out his left.

The major felt the arm and found it as hard as steel. Then he thumped it, with no better result. He might as well have struck a brick wall for all the impression that he made. He tried hard and long; then, turning to the champion, he said:

"Well, I never expected to see an arm like that. I must admit that you have Sullivan beat a block, and I take off my hat to you."

The crowd laughed, and the major felt uncomfortable.

"Well, it's on you, major, said one of the sports. "You were feeling Jeffries' game arm. It's done up in a pair of Paris cast."

The major treated.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Berthold Tree's Othello.

Berthold Tree will not, in his make-up for Othello, affect the negro visage of most of his predecessors, but will present the Moor as of a copper complexion, dressing the part in all the barbaric splendor of the Oriental. Macready made up quite black, and in this he was followed by Henry Irving and Wilson Barrett. Salvini, however, will be more the model of Mr. Tree. The Italian actor got his ideas thus, as related in his autobiography:

"At Gibraltar I spent my time studying the Moors. I was most struck by one very fine figure, majestic in walk and Roman in face, except for a straight projection of the lower lip. The man's color was between copper and coffee, not very dark, and he had a slender mustache and scanty curly hair on his chin. Up to that time I had always made up Othello simply with my mustache, but, after seeing that superb Moor, I added the hair on the chin and sought to copy his gestures, movements and carriage."

## Coffee Intoxication.

A visitor recently returned from Brazil says that the whole country is perpetually intoxicated by coffee. It is brought to the bedside the moment one awakes, and just before he drops to sleep, at meals and between meals, on going out and coming in. Men, women and children drink it with the same liberality, and it is fed to babies in arms. The effect is apparent in trembling hands, twitching eyelids, yellow, dry skin and a chronic excitability, worse than that produced by whisky.

## A Slight Confusion of Terms.

At a prayer meeting in London, at which people of various sects took part, one of the speakers thus tersely expressed himself: "What I mean to say, gentlemen, is this: If a man's heart is in the right place, it don't matter what sex he belongs to."—London Truth.

You cannot make a little money go a long way by taking a trip to Paris with it.

In driving a nail, a woman either drives it crooked or hits her finger.

**Our Leisure Class Titles.**  
Lord Sayvan-De Livrus—Ah! but your leisure class in this country have no titles.

Miss Sharpe—Nonsense! What's the matter with "Hobo," "Weary Willie," "Dusty Roads," and so on?—Philadelphia Press.

**Russia's New Calendar.**  
It is said that Russia is about to adopt a new calendar. Each year contains 13 months of twenty-eight days each. The main feature is its apparent stability, and in this it resembles the sovereign remedy, Hysteria's Stomach Bitters. Try it for dyspepsia, constipation, nervousness or insomnia. Be sure you get the genuine.

**The Calamity Disseminator.**  
"David won't come to breakfast until he has read the morning paper."  
"Is he so eager for news?"  
"No; but he likes to find something dismal to talk about while we are eating."—Indianapolis Journal.

**Best for the Bowels.**  
No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCARETS help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

**Prosaic Reasons.**  
"So she has gone home to her mother, has she? Don't you know, it's the saddest thing on earth to think of a trusting, fond woman awakening to find her ideals have been shattered; that she loves him no longer; that her idol has lost his clay?"  
"Oh, there was nothing of that sort in it. She loves him as well as ever, but she went back to her ma because she was hungry."—Indianapolis Press.

**Hall's Catarrh Cure**  
Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

**As It Seemed.**  
"What did you find to be the most entertaining exhibit at the Paris exposition?"  
"My husband's exhibit of American French seemed to entertain everybody the most."—Chicago Tribune.

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

**The Growth of an Authoress.**  
Exhibit A—"The Doings of Doris" by Mrs. George Prunes.  
Exhibit B—"The Story of Gladys," by Mrs. Henrietta L. Prunes, author of "The Doings of Doris."  
Exhibit C—"Just Two In All the World," by Henrietta Lemon Prunes, author of "The Doings of Doris," etc.  
Exhibit D—"A Woman of Resource," by Henrietta Lemon, author of "The Doings of Doris," "The Story of Gladys," "Just Two In All the World," etc.

Poor George!—Indianapolis Press.

**PATENTS.**  
List of Patents Issued Last Week to Northwestern Inventors:  
Hans A. Alm, Thomson N. D., penumulation lock; Thomas T. Brown, Angus, Minn., fire escape; William P. Brown, Jr., Minneapolis, Minn., grain car door; Thomas M. Crepar, Swan River, Minn., lantern attachment; Alexander Generous, Princeton, Minn., trap-setting device; David Perry, St. Paul, Minn., dental root canal driver; Joseph Posch, St. Paul, Minn., filter; William S. Sherd, Belview, Minn., twine tension device; John C. Corcoran, St. Paul, Minn., bottle stopper.  
Marvin Lethrop & Johnson, Patent Attorneys, 911 and 912 Pioneer Press Bldg., St. Paul.

**What Was in the Bottle, Joe?**  
Joe—it was mean in that winning cyclist to