

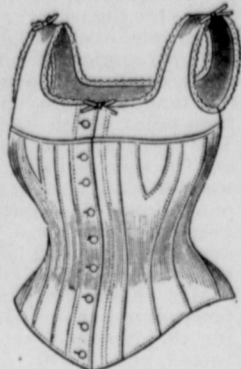
IN THE GOLD ROOM.

Her ivory hands on the ivory keys strayed in a fitful fantasy, Like the silver gleam when the poplar trees Rustle their pale leaves listlessly, Or the drifting foam of a restless sea When the waves show their teeth in the flying breeze.

Her gold hair fell on the wall of gold Like the delicate gossamer spangles spun On the burnished disk of the marigold, Or the sunflower turning to meet the sun When the gloom of the jealous night is done, And the spear of the lily is aureoled.

And her sweet red lips on these lips of mine Burned like the ruby fire set In the swinging lamps of a crimson shrine, Or the bleeding wounds of the pomegranate, Or the heart of the lilies drenched and wet With the spill-out blood of the rose-red wine.

THE JENNESS MILLER Model Bodice!



Style 710. Retail Price, \$2.50. White Fine Jean, Pearl Buttons.

THIS garment has been designed by Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller, to meet the wants of those who desire something in a boned waist to take the place of a corset. It is modelled on lines that give a most graceful figure; at the same time is exceedingly comfortable, and affords a perfect support to the bosom.

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old man, living or dead, after his trying not only to rob but murder him.

"He is the Devil's own," said the old fisherman, "and his master will have him all in good time. I would not have thought that there could have been such wickedness in his heart. But old Amos must have a pretty sum laid by for Nell, and I suppose the villain wanted it."

Dick set down the lamp and they resumed their seats. "Yes, a pretty sum, I have no doubt," she answered, with set eyes staring at the flickering flames. "I don't know how much there is, but it is all in yellow gold, and in that iron box of his on the table there. He would have me fetch it from the trap, where he had hidden it in the bottom of the cupboard. Then he would lay and look at it, and more than once he said he had saved it all for Nell. How he does like that child! He wanted her with him all the time, I am sure; but then he would send her off to school, so that she might be a great lady when she grew up. He always thought a great deal of her mother, too. She was his youngest sister, and not a bit like Earle's mother, who was always going to the bad. The youngster come rightly enough by the deviltry that is in him. He takes it from both sides."

"They are both dead now, aint they, Hitty?" "Yes, and I wish their offspring was along with them. But all in good time he will be hanged or drowned. He's sure of one or the other, to my mind."

"They were silent now for a little time, and all the motion they made was to turn their faces now and then towards the bed. At length Dick pulled from his pocket his great open-faced watch and holding it out so that the firelight flashed upon it, noted the position of the hands.

"The tide has turned," he said. "It is running out. Something may happen now, and he gave a significant look up into his companion's face.

A sound came from the direction of the bed. It startled them although it was what they had been expecting. "That is the death rattle! He's going," cried Dick.

Both rose at the same moment, but before the bedside was reached another sound startled them and arrested their footsteps. It was a loud knocking outside the door, as though some one was demanding admittance.

"It must be the doctor," said Hitty, recovering her composure. "But I don't see how he made his way up over the cliffs in such a gale as this. Open the door, Dick."

Dick took a step in its direction, but before he could lay his hand upon the latch, it was thrown open and a man and a fierce gust of wind entered at the same moment. The light on the table went out, and the fire on the hearth came near following its example. For a moment, almost total darkness reigned in the room. Then the door was slammed to with a loud bang, while an oath fell from the lips of the new-comer at the same time. Then the fire on the hearth flashed up brighter than it had done, as if to make amends for its partial extinguishment, and then the half-dazed old couple saw a stout, rough-looking young man standing before them with rain dripping from his garments.

"Earle Maxwell!" they both ejaculated in unison. "Who else should it be?" demanded the new-comer with a scowl on his not very prepossessing face. "I jest heard you to the tavern that it was thought that old Amos Harlow was not live the night out, and so I breasted the storm up here and Satan's own time I've had of it. I knew that he would want to see his nephew before he went under even if he never had much love for him. How is the old chap? Still hanging on to life, I suppose?"

"Get out of the house, Earle Maxwell, if you can't speak like a human being," cried old Hitty in a shrill key. "I wonder how you dared to come here at all, after the way you have used him. Your uncle is dying now, and I hope it is spared him to know that you are here."

"Who has a better right, I wonder? Not that little whelp of a Nell? If I had found her here, I should have been more than half tempted to have thrown her over the cliffs."

"It is a pity you had not been at the Shakespeare will please excuse us if we modify him thus: Thrice is he clad who hath his system strengthened with Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and he but naked, though arrayed in furs, whose blood is poor or with disease corrupted. An incomparable medicine!—Advt.

bottom of the sea long ago!" cried Dick in a rage. "But I suppose you have been saved for the halter which will be yours, all in due time. But how dared you show yourself here? If I were you I should have been afraid that the Almighty would have struck me down at the door before I could have set a foot inside."

Hitty had given a glance towards the bed and a cry of affright at that moment fell from her lips. The others turned, and were struck dumb by the sight they beheld before them.

The man who for days had hardly moved a limb without help, was sitting up in bed with his wide-open, glassy eyes fixed upon the intruder. His lips were moving as though he was trying to speak, and mingled with the look of death was one of utter loathing of the man before him. It was as though one from the dead was trying to pronounce a curse upon him.

"Don't, mate! Don't, Amos!" cried Dick, springing to the support of the dying man. "He shall go away. I will send him off, mate?"

But he was too late. Before he could reach out his arms for his support, old Amos fell back without a word. Hitty, who had hastily reighted a lamp, held it above the bed. It needed but one glance to tell them that all was over. Amos Harlow lay dead with that terrible look still upon his face.

"Well, he's gone," said the intruder, in an unconcerned manner. "But he need not have given me that look he did. It is plain that I was not a welcome caller, but I got here just in the nick of time."

"It would have been better if you had not come at all," cried Hitty, "but you can do him no harm now," thank God?"

He made no answer but stepped up to the bed as though he would get a closer look at the dead man. But this was not his object. Quick as a flash he caught the iron box from off the table, darted to the door, and the next moment he was gone out into the blackness of the night. The act was performed so swiftly that Dick and Hitty had no chance to prevent it had they by main strength attempted it. They would have stood but a little show with a strong man like him, and his errand so desperate.

"Follow him, Dick. Don't let him rob little Nell!" cried Hitty, as her companion went to the door. But he only closed it after the fleeing villain and came back.

"It is no use, Hitty. You can't see a rod before your face outside. But we will have him yet. You and me see him take the box, and I will follow him to the end of the earth but what I will have it back and punish him. Just now we've got sad work to do here, Hitty."

"You are right, Dick. I had almost forgotten the deed," she said.

They at once set about the sad task, and in due time all was done for the dead man that was possible then. This completed, they resumed their seats on the hearth with a fresh supply of wood heaped upon the fire, and watched and waited for the morning to come. It did at length, and with the light the storm cleared away. As soon as he could see, Dick left Hitty alone with the dead and went down to the village to tell his neighbors that old Amos had gone out with the ebb of the tide at midnight on his long, last trip. He inquired for Earl Maxwell, but no one had seen him since the evening before. To those whom he could trust, he told the story of the night and search was quietly made about the village for him. But he was not to be found and they said that one of two things must have happened. He had either fallen over the cliffs in the darkness and been dashed to death, or he had fled away with his ill-gotten treasure to hide himself from pursuit and the faces of those who knew not only of this crime but of an attempted slain his uncle. It was in this way only that he could enjoy the fruit of his theft and most thought this accounted for his absence.

But search was made, and before noon that day the truth was known. They found his body lying on the sands at the foot of a cliff, with the iron box clutched tightly in his dead hands. In the darkness he had missed his way and fallen into the water, but the waves would not retain him. They cast him from their embrace with his ill-gotten treasure, whose hold upon he would not loose even in death, as though he was too wise a thing for them to give an ocean burial. And so, thanks to them, little Nell had her own at last; and they seem ever telling to old Amos, in his grave on the headland the story of the part they took in affairs the night he died.—Ex.

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