

"ONLY PAULINE."

The day was a cheerless one even for November. Perhaps it was for that very reason that the shabby little sitting-room looked so cosy. There was a bright wood fire in the grate diffusing a genial warmth and light. Katherine loved warmth and light. She loved roses, too; not the sweet, wan, fragile kind that overran the old garden in summer, but heavy, rich-scented crimson roses, such as Jack Donelson sent in great handfuls daily. There was a bowl of them now on the piano, making a blot of vivid color against the sombre background.

But it was not Katherine who stood on the hearth rug with fingers interlaced staring moodily into the fire. It was 'only' Pauline. The warm glow lent a faint color to her olive cheeks and brought out a certain lustre in her hair that was not there excepting in a strong light. Too, it revealed a lurking bitterness about her mouth and in her eyes. Pauline's thoughts were not pleasant ones. She was feeling at odds with herself and all the world—that disagreeably antagonistic feeling that sets one's moral teeth so sharply on edge.

'Only Pauline!' Long ago—so long ago that it seemed to her sometimes to her sometimes as it could never have been otherwise—she had become reconciled to the fact that Katherine and Katherine's wishes must always receive first consideration. But then Katherine was so beautiful that the best of everything seemed hers by right. It was not hard to yield to her as to a plainer person or one less charming. Beside, Pauline was not beautiful. Indeed, no one had ever gone so far as to call her good looking. Viewed in the light of Katherine's exceeding loveliness, she was plain even to insignificance. Pretty, vain Mrs. Ward had never been quite able to understand why her two daughters were so unlike.

'Katherine is all Morton,' she was wont to say, 'but Pauline—'

The sigh and deprecating little shrug were no more effective than any mere words could have been in the completion of her meaning.

Pauline had heard the above remark times without number, and had given little heed. But when, one day, her mother made it in the presence of Wilton Eliot, she felt a sudden rush of rebellious feeling that brought tears to her eyes and a choking sensation into her throat. Did it need her unattractiveness? Surely he could see it without. For the first time in her young life the girl felt that she had not been treated fairly by her mother and Katherine.

It was the thought of this, and not the sunless, chill November day that gave to her face its touch of gloom. So absorbed in reflection was she that she did not hear when the door behind her opened softly and some one came into the room.

'Pauline!'

She turned to confront the slight boyish looking young fellow who had just pronounced her name.

'Oh, it's you, Jack!' she said smilingly a little. 'I did not hear you come in.'

'Your mother said I should find you here. What a nice fire!' He came and stood before her on the hearth rug.

'Katherine—is she not at home?' he asked, unhesitatingly.

'No, she has gone to make some calls with Mrs. Westford.'

He drew a deep quivering breath, at which the girl looked sharply up at him.

'I'm afraid you think I'm not very hospitable, Jack. Won't you have a chair?'

'No, thank you. I can't stay long enough for that. Katherine promised to go driving with me this afternoon, but I suppose she forgot,' he added bitterly.

'I suppose so,' Pauline answered, slowly.

Her eyes fell beneath his questioning gaze.

'Pauline, tell me!' he cried out suddenly.

'Does that man still come here?'

'Do you mean Mr. Eliot? Yes, he still comes here.'

A quiver swept his face.

'Will she—do you think—oh, Pauline, is she likely to marry him?'

The girl's hand hanging among the folds of her gown, was clinched until the knuckles stood out whitely.

'How can I tell?' she answered wearily.

'You ought to know Katherine well enough by this time to understand that she will do exactly what she pleases.'

'But if she pleases to marry him! I could not bear it—oh, I could not bear it!'

The anguish in the young voice stirred Pauline strangely. She turned and laid her hands upon his shoulders.

'Oh, yes, you could,' she said. 'It would be hard but you could.'

'Do you think to comfort me by telling me that?' he said bitterly.

'You are very good Pauline, but you don't understand these things.'

He drew her hands from his shoulders and clasped them tightly together.

'No, I suppose I don't—as you understand them,' she said, with a touch of sarcasm.

He looked at her in surprise.

'Why, I believe you are out of spirits, too, Pauline! Can it be the weather, do you think?'

'Oh, it must be. The weather is always to blame for everything, isn't it?'

'I think a drive would do us both good. Won't you take pity on me since Katherine has left me in the lurch?'

At any other time Pauline would have been only too glad to enjoy the delightful privilege of a drive behind Jack's handsome bays, but today she felt that even in so slight a thing as this she could not bear voluntarily to make herself second to Katherine.

'Thank you, Jack,' she answered, gently. 'But I'm afraid I'm too dull to make an agreeable companion. I think I'll practise for an hour or so, and see if I can't get into a more comfortable state of mind.'

'Well, I won't urge you, Pauline. How dark it has grown within the last hour! There isn't an inch of blue sky to be seen anywhere,' he added, glancing from the window as he turned to go.

Pauline accompanied him as far as the door, then came back and seated herself at the piano. She was still there, running over scales with feverish velocity when Katherine came in, flushed and a little tired from walking.

'For goodness' sake, Pauline, do stop that dreadful banging! It is enough to drive one wild! I wonder mamma has patience to endure it,' she exclaimed, fretfully.

She went over to the fire, and sinking into a low chair began impatiently to remove her long gloves. Pauline left the piano at once, and came and stood beside her sister.

'Did you not have a pleasant time, Katherine?' she asked.

'No—yes! Has any one been in this afternoon?'

'Jack has.'

'Oh, Jack!' Katherine said a little contemptuously. 'Any one else?'

'No one.'

'Hasn't Mr. Eliot—'

'Why can't you understand, Katherine, Pauline interrupted, sharply, 'that 'no one' includes Mr. Eliot the same as every one else?'

Katherine looked up at her tall, young sister, half startled. Pauline was not wont to speak thus to her.

'I think, Katherine,' Pauline went swiftly one, 'that you ought to feel ashamed to treat Jack Donelson as you do. He is entitled to a little consideration, at least, and when you promise to drive with him of an afternoon and then go deliberately off without a word to make some unnecessary calls, it is not considerate, to say nothing of its being downright rude.'

A slow angry flush rose in Katherine's beautiful face.

'Dear me, Pauline,' she cried, scornfully, 'you are really quite dramatic! Would you mind saying that again a little more slowly? I'm afraid I did not fully understand it.'

It was Pauline's turn to blush.

'Be as scornful as you please, Katherine,' she said, 'but it's true, and you know perfectly well that it isn't so! Wilton Eliot's money you would never give him a second thought. Why, even Jack would be preferable in that case.'

With that she went swiftly out of the room, too angry to trust herself further with words.

The atmosphere of the house seemed to stiffen her. She felt that she must get into the open air. To think, with Pauline was to act always. Five minutes later found her walking rapidly in the direction of the river.

It was a dark swollen flood that crept along between the shelving banks on either side. By-and-by when the ice had formed on its surface, it would be the scene of many a gay skating frolic. But now, as Pauline stood beside it, watching absently a few fluttering snowflakes fall one by one into the sluggish current, the river seemed to typify her own dark mood.

A step sounded behind her, and she turned to meet the grave, questioning gaze with which Wilton Eliot was regarding her.

'Miss Ward,' he began.

'Only Pauline,' she corrected smiling a little bitterly.

'I beg your pardon for having startled you, but I was taking the short cut to the station, and seeing you in the distance, I thought I would stop and say good-by.'

'Are you going away then?' Pauline asked in surprise.

'Yes. I find my affairs have been getting into some confusion through my absence or my neglect, and demand my immediate attention. It may be many months before I am in Sterling again.'

He scanned her face eagerly.

'I am sure—we all shall miss you,' she said, trying to make the words contain the proper amount of polite regret and feeling that she had failed miserably.

'All!' he said. 'You?'

'I, of course, Mr. Eliot.'

Pauline was getting more and more uncomfortable every instant under that keen gaze. She wished he would go away, and yet—

'But you avoid me on every possible occasion. I never see you when I call. What can I have done, Miss Pauline, to merit your disapproval?'

'You have done nothing, and indeed, Mr. Eliot, I do not avoid you,' Pauline said, very earnestly.

'Then it must have been my fancy. Since you have nothing against me, Miss Pauline, you will surely shake hands with me and wish me good luck at the end of my journey?'

He held out his hand, and Pauline could not choose but put hers into it.

Far down the river a trailing line of smoke marked the approach of the train.

'You'll have to hurry,' she exclaimed.

'How anxious you are to be rid of me. Well, I shall come again, remember, little Pauline.' He looked down into her face with a curious smile. 'And now, good-by.'

He lifted her hand to his lips, then dropped it and hurried away.

Katherine wondered not a little at her sister's subdued and preoccupied manner that evening. She wondered, too, that Wilton Eliot should have gone away without so much as bidding her good-by, for Pauline had given a matter-of-fact account of her chance meeting with him by the river. But she had no mind to make herself unhappy over it, especially as she had just received a letter from the aunt whose namesake she was which enclosed a generous check and the request to use it in the replenishing of her wardrobe. Katherine's elasticity of temperament was one of the most delightful facts about her.

A week later Sterling, the social portion of it, at least, was startled by the news that William Eliot had lost all his fortune through an unwise speculation. It was Mrs. Westford who brought the news to the Wards. Pauline, who had been for a walk, came in to find her mother and Katherine still in the first bewilderment of their surprise.

'Oh, Pauline, what do you think has happened to Mr. Eliot?' was the exclamation that greeted her as she entered the parlor.

Pauline turned perfectly white, but managed to control herself sufficiently to ask—

'What has happened to him, mamma?'

'He has lost all his money. Did you ever hear of anything so dreadful?' and Mrs. Ward drew a little fluttering sigh of sympathy and condolence. Her relief was so genuine that Pauline felt she must either cry or laugh outright. She chose the latter alternative as being the safest.

'Oh is that all?' she said.

'Why, you ridiculous child!' screamed Katherine. 'What more did you expect? For my part, I can't possibly imagine a worse disaster to befall a man like Wilton Eliot.'

'I can—several,' said Pauline, who had grown suddenly grave.

'What?' demanded Katherine.

But her sister slipped out of the room without replying.

For several days thereafter Wilton Eliot's misfortune was the theme of conversation in the Ward household—with Katherine and her mother, that is for Pauline made no mention of the affair and did not care to hear it discussed.

Then the nine days' wonder ceased to be a wonder, and Wilton Eliot dropped out of the minds of everybody apparently.

So a few months glided by. One morning Pauline had been sitting at the piano a long time, playing mechanically, for her thoughts were not on the music before her. Suddenly her hands fell from the keys into her lap and a tear rolled down her cheek, splashing upon her blue gown. At that moment two hands were laid upon her shoulders, and Jack Donelson's voice, vibrating with happiness, sounded in her ear.

'Pauline—Pauline, guess what Katherine has just been saying to me! Katherine, my Katherine now, for she has promised at last to be my wife.'

Pauline sprang up with a little joyful cry.

'Oh, Jack, has she really? Oh, I am so glad! Dear, dear Jack, you cannot know how glad I am!'

'Oh, yes, I can,' the young fellow said, laughing and coloring, 'for I am so glad myself. Then for the first time he noticed Pauline's tear-wet lashes. 'Not crying, Pauline—surely not crying?'

Pauline laughed nervously.

'I don't know but I shall—for joy. Let me go, Jack; I want to find Katherine.'

And she rushed out of the room in search of her sister.

Katherine was in the parlor, gazing abstractedly out of the window at the snow-filled street. She turned about as Pauline entered.

'Oh, Katherine, Jack has just told me! He is so happy. Are you?'

Pauline threw her arms about her sister, and looked affectionately into her face.

'Of course I am, silly pate! Jack is a dear boy, and with money enough to make one very comfortable. After all, that is the chief consideration.'

Pauline's arms fell heavily to her sides.

'O Katherine!' she said.

'There, you needn't look so woebegone. Of course I'm fond of Jack, and I do not doubt we shall make a most devoted couple. And Katherine bent with a softened look in her beautiful eyes to kiss the grave young face.

So it had all come about as Pauline once thought it never could. Jack's happiness—I will not say Katherine's—revealed to her the sad longing of her own heart.

Whether Wilton Eliot loved her for not she loved him with all the strength of her nature. As the winter wore into spring she wondered vaguely if his promise to come again would ever be fulfilled, or if in the great crisis through which he had passed he had lost all thought of it and her. She was glad the preparations for Katherine's wedding in June took so much of her time, and worked feverishly until even Katherine was compelled to bid her take a rest lest she fall ill. And then came the first sweet month of spring—March, not cold and stormy as was its wont, but warm and bright.

Daily Pauline stole away to walk by the river, where the brown sedge grasses were changing to palest green and there one sunny morning Wilton Eliot found her.

'You see I have not forgotten my promise,' he said, as he took both her hands in his, and looked anxiously down into her suddenly pale face. 'What! Not a word of welcome for me? Only tears? Why, Pauline—Pauline!'

Nevertheless he understood her silence better than words. Presently, when he had soothed her into something like composure he asked—

'Shall you mind marrying a poor man, dear? I am rich no longer except as being rich in your love. Tell me, Pauline!'

'Shall I mind?' she said. 'I who have been used to being poor all my life? Then she laughed her bright, sweet laugh. 'It is you who ought to mind marrying so insignificant a person as myself, Mr. Eliot, for to the end of the chapter I shall be 'only Pauline.'—Waverley Magazine.

The Old-Fashioned Soldier.

The day of the dashing old soldier, who did amusingly cool and brilliant things, seems to have gone by. Cool the soldier is still expected to be, but the chance of doing brilliant things is reduced to a minimum. To illustrate the ways of the old-fashioned soldier, an English exchange tells of an exploit of Private O'Shaughnessy, who was in the Indian mutiny.

Shaugh, as they called him, was one of the foremost in an attack on a temple or a palace, or some other gorgeous building, and had not got far into it before he came in front of a great mirror. Instantly he stopped before it, and though the bullets were whistling past him began to admire himself and twirl his mustache.

'Be-lad, Shaugh,' he said to himself, with a grin, 'ye're a fine figure of a man.'

TIED? OH, No.

This soap



greatly lessens the work
It's pure soap, lathers freely,
rubbing easy does the work.
The clothes come out sweet
and white without injury to the fabrics

SURPRISE is economical, it wears well.

Just then a bullet crashed into the mirror, breaking the glass into a thousand pieces, and obliterating the reflection of Shaugh's features.

'Arrah, there,!' he called angrily, turning back, 'ye've spoiled the fine view that I had of meself.'

THRILLING RESCUE

A YOUNG LIFE SAVED IN A REMARKABLE MANNER.

Florence Sturdivant, of Grindstone Island, Saved From an Untimely Death—Her Parents Saw her Dangerous Predicament, but Were Helpless to aid her—How She was Rescued.

Among the Thousand Islands is one called Grindstone. It is seven miles long and three wide. The inhabitants of this island are a well informed class of people who devote their energies to farming and quarrying for a livelihood. In the home of one of these islanders resides Florence J. Sturdivant, the four-year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Sturdivant. In February, 1896, she was taken with scarlet fever, and after the usual run of the fever she was left with a weak back and gradually began to lose strength, until finally despite the best efforts of physicians her life hung in the balance. It was at this crisis, when all seemed darkest, that an angel of health appeared on the scene and released little Florence from pain and suffering and restored her to strength and health. This remarkable occurrence is best told in the words of the father.



FLORENCE J. STURDIVANT.

Mr. Sturdivant said: "Florence was taken sick with scarlet fever and we immediately called a physician. He prescribed for her and we followed his directions closely, giving our little patient the best of care. After two weeks the fever subsided, but Florence was left with a very weak back. Severe pains were constantly in the back and stomach. We did all that possibly could be done to relieve our little sufferer, but to no avail. The difficulty seemed to baffle the efforts of the physician.

"Finally at the end of four months of treatment, we found our patient completely prostrated. At this time we called another physician, who agreed with the diagnosis of our own doctor, and said that the trouble resulted from the scarlet fever. He prescribed a course of treatment and we followed it faithfully for three months, but instead of improving, Florence failed.

"Mrs. Sturdivant and myself were completely discouraged. A brother of my wife who was visiting us, advised us to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I purchased a box of the pills and began to give them to Florence. This was in October, 1896. After using the pills a short time we could see an improvement. Her strength began to return and she would sit up in bed. Her appetite was restored and she ate heartily. We also noticed a gradual brightness in her eyes.

"We eagerly purchased a further supply of pills and watched with delight the change for the better that was being wrought daily. From sitting up in bed at times during the day and at times standing on her feet, Florence finally became strong enough to walk a little. She gained in flesh and strength rapidly and the pains gradually left her. In a month's time she had recovered her health and strength.

"We cannot prize too highly the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I am positive that without their use our child would have been to-day in the same condition of her early sickness—a confirmed invalid—if indeed she had had the strength to withstand so long the ills of her affliction.

(Signed) WILLIAM H. STURDIVANT.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this sixth day of April, 1897.
H. W. MORSE, Notary Public.

SAVED BY GEN. BOURBAKI.

An American Correspondent Who Was Sentenced to be Shot as a Spy.

Alvan S. Southworth of New York read of the death of Gen. Bourbaki with an unusual thrill of interest, because it was only the Frenchman's intervention that saved him from being shot as a spy during the Franco-Prussian war twenty-seven years ago.

'While I was at Lille, in the north of France, as a newspaper correspondent, said Mr. Southworth, 'I was seized as a spy, tried by drumhead court-martial, and condemned to die. I shivered a little when I heard the edict, but I took courage from the fact that the sentence must receive the approval of Bourbaki, then in command of the Department of the North. He was noted as a man of chivalry. Yet when I was informed that he had already settled my fate, life began to ooze out at every pore.

'It so happened that one of those noble women, a Sister of the Order of St. Vincent de Paul, visited the bastion where I was confined, offering fruit and religious consolation. I told her that it was all a monumental mistake, and that if I could see him I could convince Gen. Bourbaki that he was not only about to commit an act of silly barbarity, but also that it would be widely noted and promptly avenged. I asked her to have me brought before the General at the earliest moment, as the execution was fixed for the morning at daybreak. Could she do it? I think the Sister—her name was Sister Augustine—felt that the charge was preposterous, and she said, 'Immédiate! Immédiate! monsieur!' She flew from the bastion, and within half an hour I was before Bourbaki, who was nervously pacing up and down on the parade ground.

'This good sister has asked that I see you,' he said, in a distasteful way. 'Que voulez vous dire?'

'I am simply an American newspaper correspondent,' I replied, 'and was inspecting the fortifications in pursuit of my profession; that is all—nothing antagonistic to the French—no treason. My full credentials are at the Hotel de l'Europe.'

'The General sent an orderly for my luggage, which was light, and being more than satisfied that I was not a dangerous enemy of France, I received my freedom over cognac and cigars.'

A SKUNK IN THE HOT-AIR PIPES.

The Noise It Made all Over the House at Night was Attributed to Spooks.

About two weeks ago strange noises were heard in the large and handsome residence of Mrs. Charles Alexander of Walton. At first they seemed to come from the cellar, but later were heard in different parts of the house. The noise was attributed to all sorts of things, such as rats and cats, but as they increased in violence it was concluded that something unusual was causing the din. For several nights the family were kept awake, and a search to find the cause of the disturbance failed. On Sunday last the noise was louder than usual. First it would be heard in one room, then another, and the family were beginning to think that spooks were really responsible for the trouble.

William Coons, a neighbor, was persuaded to spend a night in the house alone and see if the spook wouldn't make its appearance. He was armed with a double barreled shotgun and a revolver, and purposed to shoot the thing on sight. Early in the morning the noise began, and Coons followed it from one room to another, carrying his gun at full cock so as to be ready for any emergency. He went to the cellar and found that the sounds emanated from the hot-air pipe. He knocked on the pipe with a stick, and there was a scattering all through the rooms in the pipe. Then he took down a section of the pipe in the cellar and out dropped a large skunk, which was despatched with the butt of the gun. The animal had got into the furnace through the cold air box, and being unable to get back, had run through the furnace pipes throughout the house. Mr. Coons was compelled to bury his clothes, and the cellar had to be thoroughly fumigated before the place was fit to live in.

Not Qualified to say.

Wilton—Do you agree with David, that all men are liars?

Wilby—How can I tell? Just think of the number of men that I never saw!