

Love or Lucre.

"Of course I have not married him because I was in love with him," said May Harriott with a light laugh.

She was sitting in a gold-and-dun-colored boudoir, hung with silken fluted draperies, and carpeted in pale gray Aubusson, bordered with scarlet. The windows were filled with flowering-plants, an exquisite statue of Hebe occupied a marble pedestal in the middle of the room, and the panels of the walls, filled with mirrors, reflected the young bride's every motion a score of times.

Mrs. Harriott was dressed in a wattle wrapper of rose-colored silk, which fell around her in pink clouds, pale Neapolitan corals, carved so delicately that a magnifying-glass would not have put them to the blush, hung from her delicate ears, and clasped the folds of tulle at her throat, diamonds glittered on her fingers, and the tiny handkerchief peeping from her pocket was edged with lace that would have made a princess' ransom! And May's face, all lilies and roses, with the glory of gold hair floating away from it, was a jewel well worth all this expensive setting.

Flora Field, her old schoolmate, sat opposite to her, secretly envious of all this splendor, and wondering that May Haven, who had taught in the same district school as herself, was not more elated by this sudden promotion.

"Well, then," said she, "why did you marry him?"

"Because I was poor and he was rich. Because I was tired of teaching, and he offered me all this!"

And May glanced around upon the luxuries that surrounded her.

"Nobody could be foolish enough to suppose it was a love match," said she. "He's ever so much older than I am, and not at all my ideal! But I couldn't dudge on forever at my profession, and I think I've made a lucky exchange."

"May, you are a heartless coquette!" cried out Flora Field.

"No, I am not," said May, with a shake of the lovely golden curls. "You would do just the same thing yourself, Flora Field, if you had the chance; you know you would."

And as May laughed out a sweet, defiant chime, she did not know that her silly words had had another audi or than Flora Field—that the door leading into the rich banker's study was ajar, and that he had heard every syllable she spoke.

It was quite true that Frederick Harriott was not a young man. He had passed the Rubicon of middle age before he had allowed himself to fall in love and marry—and the flame burned all the deeper and more tender, in that the word was mellowed by age! He had looked upon May Haven as little less than an angel, and now—

"I should have known this before," he said to himself, with a sh-n pale face and trembling limbs. "I should have divined that spring and autumn were unsuited. So—she married me for my money?"

"May," he said that evening, "I have tickets for the opera tonight. Would you like to go?"

"No, I don't think I care about it," said May, listlessly.

"Then we will remain at home and I read you that new poem," suggested the husband.

"I am tired of poetry," pettishly retorted May. "I do wish you would leave me to enjoy myself in my own way once in a while!"

"Do I bore you, May?" Frederick Harriott asked with an inexplicable quiver in his voice.

"Awfully! I am just in the midst of this delightful story, and I can't bear to be interrupted."

"Very well. The offense shall not be repeated," said Mr. Harriott, quietly.

After that a subtle and sudden change came over his whole life. He was as courteous and attentive to his young wife as ever, but May felt that all the heart and soul were gone out of the little courtesies, the scrupulously-rendered attentions.

For a while she rather liked it. It was a relief to feel that his eye was not always on her, his thoughts followed her. She could go where she pleased now, and be asked no questions. She could employ her time to suit herself, and he had neither criticism nor comment to offer. But gradually she began to realize that she had lost something which was not easily to be replaced.

May Harriott had regarded her husband's love as one of the fixed polar facts of her existence, and a cool chill crept over her heart when she fully perceived that it was somehow slipping away from her.

"Frederick," she said one evening, sitting opposite to her husband, "have I offended you?"

He glanced carelessly up from his book. "Offended me, May? Why, what a ridiculous idea! Of course you haven't offended me."

"I—I thought your manner somewhat different of late," faltered the young wife, bending her head closer over her embroidery.

"One can't keep on the honeymoon gloss forever," said the banker, indifferently.

Life is full of antitheses; and love is the strangest complexity in life. For, as May Harriott grew strengthened in the idea that her husband was ceasing to adore her after the old idolatrous fashion, she began to fall in love with the one she had married for money.

Frederick Harriott was not young, but he was in the prime of middle age. He was not boyishly handsome like the wax heads May had seen in the barbers' shop windows, but he had the port and mien of a prince. All women are prone to hero worship, and our little May was no exception to the ordinary rule. For the first time in her life she was falling in love—and with her own husband.

A few weeks only elapsed when a crisis in the banking business rendered it imperatively necessary that Mr. Harriott should go to Vienna for two or three months. Poor May looked aghast as her husband mentioned his intentions to her in the same cool, matter-of-fact way in which he might have criticized the weather.

Going to Vienna! she gasped. "Oh, Frederick!"

"My dear child it is a mere bagatelle of a journey! One doesn't mind travel nowadays. I shall not be later than November in returning."

"But—I may go with you!"

"You? My dear, don't think of it. My travel will necessarily be too rapid to think of encumbering myself with a companion. I must go and come with the greatest speed!"

May said nothing more, but there was a blur before her eyes, a sickening sensation of despair at her heart. He cared no more for the society which had been dear to him once. Oh, what had she done to forfeit the love that had once been poured out so fondly on her life?

It was a rainy June twilight when the banker, wrapped in a deadweight coat, and with his traveling-cap pulled down over his eyes, paced up and down the deck of the steamer Galatea, heedless of all the tumult of weighing anchors. Through the misty dusk he tried vainly to catch the ghostly outlines of the city spires—the city that held his young wife.

"She will be happy enough without me," he told himself, bitterly. "She has her mother and sister with her. She bade me adieu without a tear, and it may be that my continued absence will teach her to think less of me. Dear little May—sweet spring blossom—my prayers may reach you, if my love cannot!"

And, as the steamer plowed her way onward and the darkness deepened, Frederick Harriott went below.

To his infinite surprise, the stateroom he had engaged for his own behalf and use was not empty. A lady sat there, with veiled face and drooping head, Frederick Harriott paused in surprise—the figure rose up, and, throwing aside its veil, revealed the blue, starry eyes and pale cheeks of May herself!

"Oh, Frederick pardon me!" she sobbed, throwing herself into his arms; "but I could not let you go alone! I love you, Frederick. I cannot live without you!"

When I thought of you being alone, perhaps ill, in a strange land, I thought I should lose my senses. Dear husband, tell me you are not angry with me?"

And she burst into a flood of tears.

"My own May—my wife—my love! Close close to my heart for evermore!"

And that was all he said.

May Haven had married for money; May Harriott had learned the secret of love.

MORIN'S WINE

Creso-Phates.

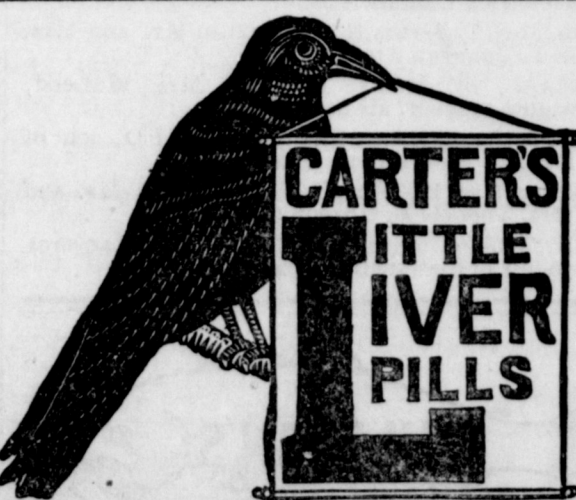
Recommended by a physician.

For the last two years, I have been using Morin's Creso Phates Wine in my surgery for troubles of the respiratory tubes, Cough, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, and the Tuberculosis. The results obtained, with the patients whom I treated with the above remedy, were surprising. I still prescribe it every day to anyone suffering with the above-mentioned troubles and even during the first period of convalescence.

A. WATTER M. D. L. Quebec.

A Marvelous Machine.

A machine has been invented which is composed of exquisitely graduated wheels, running a tiny diamond point at the end of an almost equally tiny arm, whereby one is able to write upon glass the whole of the Lord's prayer within a space which measured the 294th part of an inch in length by the 440th part of an inch in breadth, or about the measurement of the dot over the letter "i" in common print, says the Philadelphia Record. With this machine any one who understood operating it could



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Send for postal "How to Dye well" and Sample Card, to 481 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

Toads in a Solid Wood Cavity.

A Providence (R. I.) man who was visiting Norwood the other day, brought to the Journal office three toads that were found in a cavity of the trunk of a tree entirely surrounded by solid wood. He said that the tree was being split by a couple of wood-choppers, and as they cut it open the toads fell out. All three were in an apparently lifeless condition, but one that was smaller than the other two showed some signs of life later in the day.—Providence Journal.

CATARH CAN BE CURED.

Dr. Henry G. Carroll, M. P., Kamouraska, Que., is one of Fifty Members of Parliament Who Have Successfully Used and Endorsed Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Medical etiquette and conservatism makes members of the profession shy in bearing testimony to the efficacy of a proprietary medicine. Medicines that the doctors do endorse you may be sure are good. Dr. Henry G. Carroll M. P., of Kamouraska Que., tells over his own signature of the good qualities of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, not alone from personal use but as a medical man. Upwards of fifty members of Parliament, who have suffered from catarrh, have used this medicine with success.

Deafness Cured by Telephone.

N. Strin of Columbia, whose hearing has been affected for a number of years, was using the telephone during a heavy thunder storm. Hereceived a shock over the wire, causing intense pain in his ear. When the pain ceased he was surprised to find that his hearing had been entirely restored. It has always been claimed by physicians that deafness is one of the most obstinate afflictions to treat successfully, and here may be a practical suggestion.

'Prom tion of General Happiness'

Is secured by Nerviline—the great nerve-pain cure. The highly penetrating properties of Nerviline make it never failing in all cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, cramps, pains in the back and sides, lumbago, &c. We heartily commend it.

Home, Sweet Home.

"My brain is on fire! tragically exclaimed Mrs. Bobkins as she threw herself down upon the sofa.

"Why don't you blow it out?" absent-mindedly replied Bobkins, deeply absorbed in the evening paper.

And then he dodged a flying hair-brush.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart.

Is a heaven-sent boon to sufferers from heart disease. No matter how long-standing it will effect a radical cure. Don't postpone treatment if you suspect heart-weakness of any sort. This great remedy has been tested and proved the quickest and safest of cures. Eminent physicians are using it in their daily practice.

A Two-Bushel Sack of Silver Dollars.

The very unusual scene of a man walking through the street with a two bushel meal sack chok'd full of silver dollars was witnessed here yesterday afternoon. Just before the closing of banking hours two men apparently good old farmers, walked into Phoenix National Bank, one of them carrying the sack. The told Cashier Walter Rhodes that they wished to make a deposit, which he, knowing the men to be citizens of this county, near Jack's Creek accepted. They untied the bag and counted out a sum which looked to be about \$3,000, every piece of which was a shining silver 'plunk.' A part of the money was carefully wrapped in paper packages, \$20 in each. The scent of these packages clearly indicated that the money had been buried beneath the earth. Louisville Post.

'Rescue on the Brain.

A story about a dog, told in an English sporting book. 'The Man on the March,' brings out the fact that too much praise may be as injurious as too much fault-finding. A half-bred retriever pulled a girl out of the river near her home. Of course the dog was much praised and petted, and this brought on what the author calls an attack of 'rescue on the brain.' No man, no feather-dipped, no quidrunner was allowed to go into the river without being pulled out by the dog. Cows were not allowed to drink; ducks and geese were not allowed to swim, and if an angler attempted to wade, he was 'rescued' against his will.

NOW WE HAVE IT!

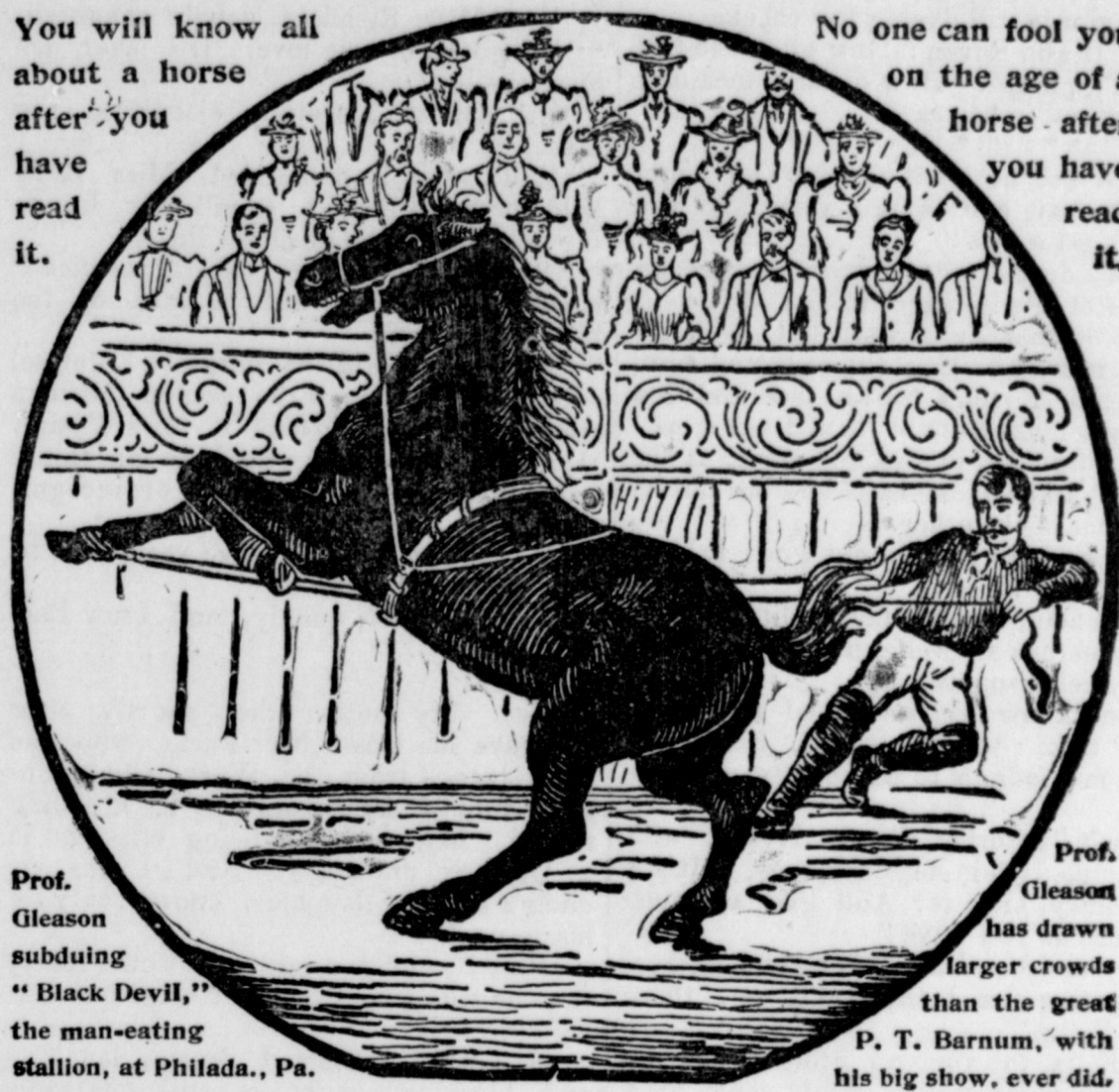
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WON A WIFE WITH AN EGG.

Oklahoma Farmer Made Happy by a Random Love Message.

Ross Williams of Enid, O. T., wrote a love message on an egg ready for shipment several weeks ago, and as a result he won himself a bride.

"On a farm in the Cherokee strip I sit a sad and lonely bachelor, thinking sadly over my fate and would love to come off the nest and join my life with that of some comely young lady of not too many summers grow h. Should the message on this egg meet with the eye of a fair one who is matrimonially inclined on short acquaintance, and who thinks she could enjoy a prairie life with a student of nature's beauty, address Ross Williams, Enid, O."

In due course of time this reply came: "Dear Mr. Williams—From the quiet precincts of my boudoir I write thee. I am lonely, too, and have often longed to quit city life and go west, where the tall, wild grass sways in the wind as it lies to the sweet songs of the cinch bugs.

After chopping wood to kindle the kitchen fire and after the fire was ready for business and the pan was sizzling in the sparkling fat, I was about to break an egg into the pan, when behold! your message meets my gaze. It seemed like a dream of a loss, unknown love. I am comely, but not fair. Age twenty three, no money, but plenty of grit. Let us exchange photographs. It may all end in another American union, to go to be preserved. M. thinks I know you now. BESSIE CARROLL, "Chicago Ill."

Further correspondence resulted, and a few days later the young people were married. New York Herald.

Your druggist cannot find a substitute for Dr. Harvey's Southern Kidney Pills—The Cough Cure.

BOUGHT HIMSELF TWICE.

Strange History of a Slave Revealed in a Law Court.

The will of Nathan Springfield, when on trial in the Supreme Court, brought to light incidents in a career that was remarkable. Nathan Springfield was born in Virginia in 1812, a slave. On Dec. 16, 1896, when nearly eighty-five years of age, he died, leaving property valued at between \$30,000 and \$40,000.

In his youth Nathan acquired the trade of a blacksmith. He was owned by a Methodist minister. After attaining his majority Nathan bargained with his master to buy his own freedom for \$800. The pledge was given, and the youth went to work with a will. The young slave accumulated the sum and gave it to his master as a ransom for his freedom.

The clergyman took the money, but failed to keep his agreement. Nathan remained a slave. Later his master sold him to a wealthy planter. Still nourishing a desire to be liberated, Nathan made a bargain with his second master, this time offering \$400 as a ransom. Consent was given, and the young man, after much labor, procured the money. But he was again destined to disappointment. The second master also kept both money and slave. Exasperated by this treatment, Nathan discarded arbitration and resolved to gain his freedom by flight.

At the age of thirty five an opportunity was afforded, and he made his escape, coming to Boston. He left a wife behind him, but the wife of the second master, knowing of the previous negotiations, induced her husband to release the lonely wife, who soon after rejoined her husband in Boston.

Nathan worked at blacksmithing in and about Boston for a time and later started peddling straw. He was industrious and saving, his business grew rapidly and within a comparatively short time he was the proprietor of a large and profitable hay, grain, straw and coal business. At his death he owned real estate in the West End, Cambridge and other places, and had large deposits in various Boston banks.—Boston Journal.



You need it to bear the daily burdens of life. If your back's weak—Doan's Kidney Pills will strengthen it. If it pains and aches—Doan's Kidney Pills will cure it. No experiment in taking Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured hundreds of weak, aching backs long before other kidney pills were dreamed of.

Mr. JAMES ROW, Belleville, Ont., suffered for nine years with terrible pain in the back, rheumatic pains, and pains in the bladder. He spent \$300 doctoring, but got little relief. Doan's Kidney Pills have completely cured him, banished the back pains, and all the other pains and aches.