

## AGATHA'S WEDDING.

The day that Agatha's engagement was announced Mrs. Pennington's school was in a turmoil of excitement. Melicent was in charge, for Agatha was at the dressmaker's and Mrs. Pennington had put on her best black bonnet and hastened out to tell the news to her relatives and friends. Intelligence of this sort is best made public at once.

"I'm so glad to hear Agatha is to be married," said Judge Bryson's daughter, a red faced girl who was always saying the wrong things. "I wish I might hear of your engagement, Miss Pennington."

Melicent Pennington flushed angrily, and threw back her thin shoulders. There was a compressed look about her lips.

"Do not concern yourself, my dear," she said. "I could have been married long before I was your age."

Everybody who knew the Penningtons had heard of Melicent's proposal of marriage. It was her first and her last. She was traveling in Europe, and in a Paris pension she met a German count who proposed to her, after a frenzied courtship of two weeks. Melicent was then but sixteen years old. Mrs. Pennington was fond of saying: "Melicent had such a carriage. She looked as though she were twenty."

The head of the house of Pennington—Pater, the daughters called him—set his foot down squarely. No child of his should marry a titled foreigner; the count was a mere fortune hunter, Pater had no fortune worth speaking of, but that made no difference. What Pater said was right, and Melicent sent the young member of the nobility away.

"It's just as well," she often said. "I find my ideals are changing as I grow older, I shall never marry until I meet a man as good as Pater."

Melicent waited fourteen long years, but the paragon never came. Her cheeks were not as plump as they had been, and her features were becoming angular.

Pater fell down the steps of his house one night, six years before, and a few days later died from the effects of the shock.

"He was a good fellow," the world said. "He was kind to his family, anyway."

Affairs had not gone well with the Penningtons since then. Barring a law library, a few outstanding claims, and a house with a mortgage on it, the father left little. The house—and the unsatisfied mortgage—were about all that remained after the debts were paid.

"Think how much worse it might have been, Mater dear," said Melicent to her mother, after it was all over. "So long as Aggie doesn't feel how hard it is, I shall be satisfied."

Mrs. Pennington and Melicent believed that young girls lacked the power to think, to observe, and to study, and they issued their theories in the form of a four page pamphlet, which they mailed to the families whom they had known in the days of their prosperity and to most of the pewholders of St. Sebastian's. And thus it was that the Pennington School of Observation for Young Girls was established.

This institution occupied the parlour and the second floor of the mortgaged house. The house was in a Harlem street, lined by two brownstone shells pierced with holes. Some of the holes had glass over them, and the others had dco's, behind which gleamed rows of brass letter boxes. Before the era of flat building came, houses surrounded by lawns filled the street, but the homes of the Harlem cliff dwellers crowded out the old mansions. Pater bought the house years before, but in a time of financial stress—his money affairs nearly always went wrong—he sold the land on either side. In the deed it was mentioned that only private houses were to be erected there; but as soon as Pater was gone the insidious work of the flat builder began, and the Pennington house was shut in on both sides. It was useless to lament over the loss of light from their side windows. The house, wedged in between huge structures of brick and mortar, was the only private dwelling which remained in all that street.

Mrs. Pennington taught sciences, languages, and the art of thinking; Melicent inculcated the principles of mathematics and music; and Agatha, a red faced, freckled girl of twenty, who went to the art school, was instructress in free hand drawing.

"Agatha is so different from Melicent," everybody said. "She never will have the carriage her sister has."

The younger woman came home one day with her face beaming.

"Mr. de Vere will call tomorrow evening," she said. "I suppose you have no objection, Mater?"

"When I was your age," began Melicent—and then she stopped. "I—I know several artists," she concluded lamely.

"I'm aware of what you were about to say," Agatha retorted. "Well, he may not have long mustaches like your German count, but at all events, he's not after Pater's money."

"Forgive me, Agatha," said Melicent. "I spoke before I thought."

Having nothing to forgive, Agatha was magnanimous. She even asked Melicent to lend her her silk dress, to wear on the following evening.

"I am so glad," said Melicent, when Agatha came into her room one night, several months later, and told how 'he' had proposed at last. "I know you will be very happy."

"Thank you," remarked Agatha. Melicent told Mater the next morning at the breakfast table. She did not wish to disturb her rest with such startling intelligence.

"I do so want Agatha to have a beautiful wedding," said Melicent.

"I don't know," Mrs. Pennington rejoined, reaching for the patent malt preparation, which seemed to serve her in place

of food—"I don't know where the money's coming from, Mellie."

Agatha who always rose an hour later than the rest of the household, was asleep up stairs.

"But we must make the child happy," insisted Melicent.

Then came days of scrimping and saving.

The two youngsters whose parents had sent them from the West to become boarding pupils of the School of Observation looked dolefully at each other across the morning repast. The soupman of the day before had been converted into hash. The coffee seemed principally grounds. The oranges were small and shriveled. One of the youngsters had the temerity to ask for a poached egg one morning, and the injured air with which Melicent refused it still lingers in her memory. Melicent and her mother partook of the same frugal fare; but there always was a bit of steak or a nice chop for Agatha.

"Mater," said Melicent, one evening. "We might sell that ormolu clock uncle gave me."

The ormolu timepiece went to a dealer in antiques, and several heirlooms of guinea gold found their way to a smelting shop down town.

Packages of all kinds were being delivered at the Pennington house now; but the neighbors did not notice that almost as many packages left that house as came into it. Harlem cliff dwellers are not very curious.

"What are you going to do with that mahogany table?" asked the Bryson girl who was always about at the wrong time. "It is to be repolished," replied Melicent calmly.

The School of Observation for Young Girls began to show alarming symptoms of disintegration. The girl with the red hair suddenly announced that her parents had decided to send her to a seminary in Fifth Avenue. Melicent held up her hands;

"It is not likely that I shall need it, Mater," she said simply, as she handed over the flimsy fabric to her mother.

"When your great aunt gave it to you, Mellie," exclaimed Mrs. Pennington, "she said that it was to be worn on your wedding day!"

Melicent walked over to the window—darkened by the dreary wall of the adjoining flat.

"I shall give it to Agatha," she said. Then she turned and went hastily from the room. Agatha, who met her on the stairs, noticed that she was weeping.

The wedding invitations followed as closely as possible upon the heels of the announcement. Four months is considered a short time. They seemed a century to Agatha; but to Mater and Melicent they were an age. The proprietors of the Pennington School of Observation for Young Girls missed the tuition fee of the youngsters from the West, and they felt the loss of the board money most keenly. Many a time they wished that the red haired girl would come back. The interest on the mortgage stared them in the face.

"I often wish," remarked Agatha, after a family council, "that Pater had been more of a financier."

"His was a lovely character," Melicent rejoined. "I wish every day that I were more like him."

Heralded by paragraphs in the society columns of the Sunday newspapers, by bits of pasteboard engraved at Tiffany's and by the gossip of St. Sebastian's, the wedding came at last. It was in June, but shortly after the Commencement of the School of Observation for Young Girls.

The Commencement that year was a meager affair. It was also the last. There were two graduates, and the little room in the building of the Young Men's Christian Association was barely filled. Two or three vestrymen from St. Sebastian's, and several of the eminent profes-

The Best and Purest Tea.

# MONSOON

Indo-Ceylon Tea

Is the Result of Study and Care.

25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, and 60c per lb. All grocers keep it.

Black and Mixed.

"It's worth about three sticks," remarked the man with the tweeds, afterwards. "Connected with swell people, you know. Poor as church mice themselves, though."

"House is nicely decorated," remarked he in the gray suit. "I suppose some of their rich relatives must have attended to that."

The young woman from another paper, who came later, described the whole affair as 'a beautiful home wedding'—a phrase which had been used before. In this case it was a felicitous one.

The old parlors looked like a garden and the stairway was a veritable path of flowers. The musicians were concealed behind a thicket of palms. The woman reporter did not forget to mention that there were rare exotics banked with flowers.

The clock pointed to high noon, and the musicians played the wedding march. A rustle of silks and satins was heard upon the stairs. The house was darkened, and jets of gas took the place of the midday sun.

hand tenderly upon the older woman's shoulder.

## A LEAGUE OF LIFE

To be Formed by the Residents of Bruce County.

Thousands of Lives Saved by Mr. Davidson's Rescuer—Society to Protect Life by Means of Dodd's Kidney Pills, Earth's Greatest Medicine.

WINGHAM, Jan. 24.—Particulars of the marvellous escape of Mr. A. T. Davidson, of Lucknow, have been read with intense interest by our citizens. Mr. Davidson is well-known here, and his score of friends are heartily congratulating him on his narrow escape. His story, as published a few days ago, is startling in the extreme, and has been the cause of a movement to protect our citizens from dangers such as threatened him.

There are a good many people in Wingham who have been rescued from similar dangers and they are the warmest supporters of the movement. Statistics have been compiled showing that of every ten deaths, in this country, nine are caused by some form of Kidney Disease. This is all to be changed.

Since the discovery of the famous cure for Kidney Diseases the number of deaths from these causes has been greatly reduced. This cure—Dodd's Kidney Pills—is being used with the most wonderful success throughout Canada. It has the record of never having failed.

The movement spoken of, is to form a society to make known to victims of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, and all other forms of Kidney Disease, that there is a positive, infallible cure for them in Dodd's Kidney Pills. A meeting is to be held shortly, when plans for working will be formulated.

It is not to be wondered at that Dodd's Kidney Pills are exciting such intense interest. They are the greatest medicine on earth, beyond a doubt. They are the only remedy that has ever cured Diabetes and Bright's Disease. They have never once failed to cure Rheumatism, Lumbago, Dropsy, Heart Disease, Paralysis, Bladder Troubles, Blood Impurities, and Female Weakness.

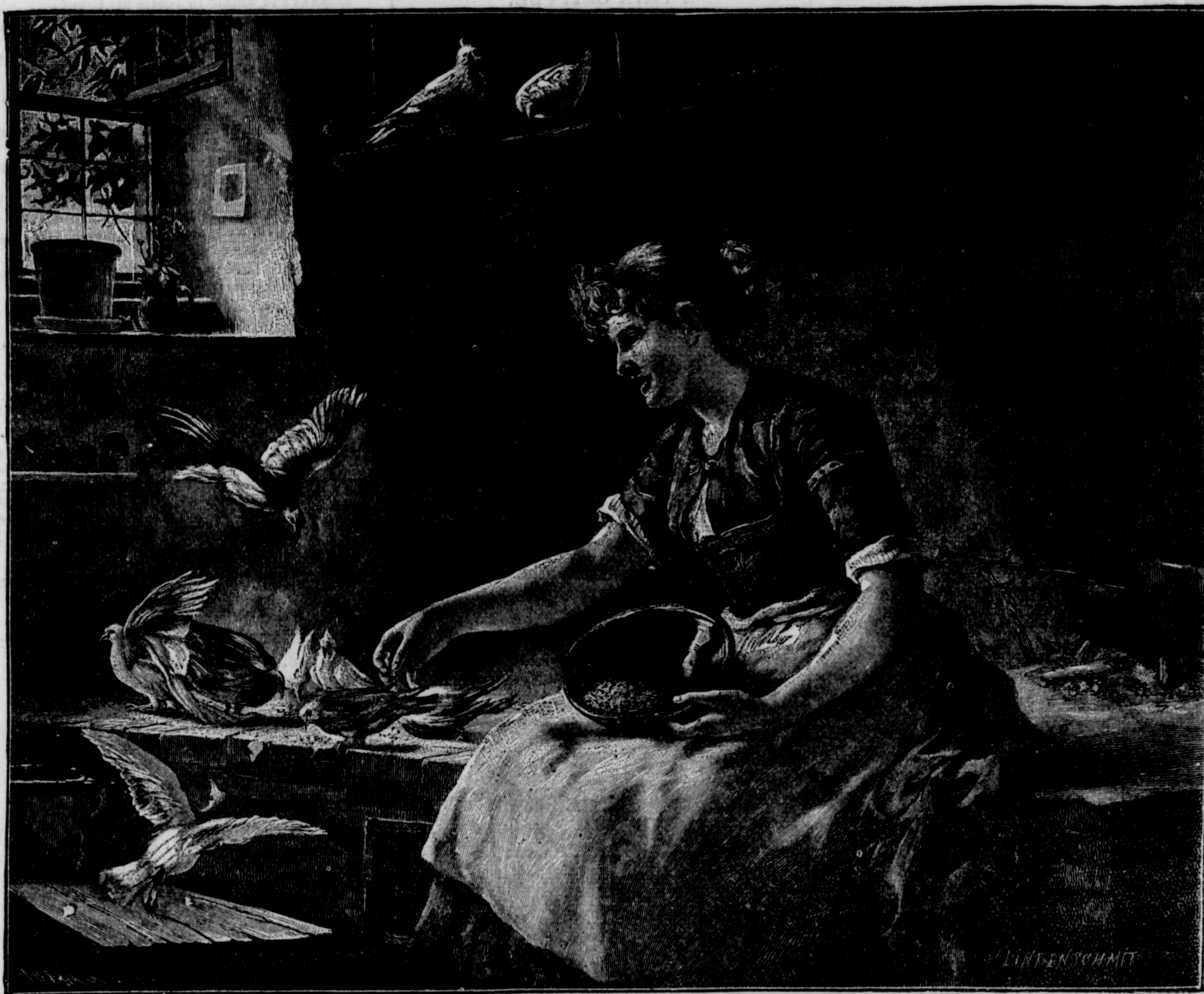
Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists, at fifty cents a box, six boxes \$2.50, or will be sent on receipt of price by The Dadds Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.

### Plenty Of Frost.

A gentleman from Montgomery, Alabama, was in Atlanta, says the Constitution anxiously waiting for the yellow fever quarantine to be raised, so that he could return to his family and his business. Of course he was hobnobbing and praying for a frost, and one day he said to the negro of the hotel:

"Jim, the first time you see frost in Atlanta come to my room and wake me up, and I'll give you a dollar."

Several days passed. Then, early one morning the porter rapped at the Montgomery man's door. "Git up, boss!" he shouted; "dar's been two frosts dis mawnin'—one dollar apiece."



A WINTER MORNING'S BREAKFAST.

to observe, to think to study, with no higher ideals before her than French lessons, deportment, and dancing? The backward child, who never could get her lessons, went home crying one day, because Melicent had grown impatient when she translated volkuer as a bird, and she did not return.

"It seems to me, Mellie," said Agatha, several days later, "you and Mater are neglecting the school dreadfully. You seem to think that Mr. de Vere is going to marry the whole family. Please don't get that impression, or the first thing we know he'll break off the engagement."

Melicent bent over the wedding dress she was making for Agatha, and said not a word.

"That wasn't exactly a pleasant thing to talk about," Agatha, told herself, after she had left the room; "but Richard insisted on the matter being definitely understood."

In the weeks which followed, Melicent worked bravely to keep that handful of pupils together. She spent the greater part of the night in toiling upon Agatha's wedding gown.

"It's a labor of love," she said "I am afraid I was getting a little."

While the cliff dwellers on either side of the Pennington house were asleep, the little, old fashioned sewing machine buzzed until long after midnight. By the light of a kerosene lamp—for gas was considered too expensive—Melicent toiled and toiled over the white satin and the ornaments of pearl. Her eyes were red and swollen when she finally ceased work and crept up to her little room under the roof.

Week in and week out Mater and Melicent labored upon that wonderful trousseau: that is, Melicent did the actual work and Mrs. Pennington directed matters. Then, one morning, Melicent came down bearing in her hands yards and yards of creamy Spanish lace.

sional men to whom Mrs. Pennington had referred in her circular 'by permission,' occupied places of honor.

Several English sparrows, as though to hail the bridal day with a matin song, perched upon the area rail of the Pennington house on the morning of June 10, in the year of our Lord eighteen ninety five.

The doors of the basement and the lower hall of the old house were wide open. The florists hurried in and out. The caterers' assistants busied themselves in the kitchen. Delivery wagons were driven hastily up to the curb and as hastily driven away again. The women cliff dwellers looked in astonishment at the sight. Some of them remembered that day, perhaps only the year before when their father's house presented such a scene and the great doors were opened wide.

Two society reporters—society reporters always seem to go in pairs—came up the stoop, and for fifteen minutes held an animated conversation with Melicent. They gathered all the details of the ceremony, the names of the prominent guests, the manner in which the bride was dressed, and a description of the decorations.

"Isn't she lovely?" simpered the girl in lavender. Under the spell of satin, of old lace, and of orange blossoms, Agatha Pennington seemed almost beautiful. There was an air of womanliness and sweetness about her which they of St. Sebastian's had never noticed before. The tall tortoiseshell comb which her great grandmother had worn upon her bridal day was upon the bride's head, and a string of pearls, brought from Florence two generations before, encircled her neck. Young De Vere seemed dazed.

First of the bridesmaids was Melicent Pennington, in plain white, with a brooch of old gold at her throat.

"Poor Mellie's beginning to fade," whispered the girl in lavender to the tall young man at her side.

"She's a good woman," the man answered; "he could think of nothing else more gallant to say."

And when all was over and the guests had gone, when caterer, florist, and orchestra leader had been paid, Mater and Melicent sat together in the front parlor among the flowers.

"That offer of a position in the conservatory of music came none too soon," said Melicent. "It means twelve hundred dollars a year."

"Yes," replied the mother, "it is fortunate indeed. The house will have to go, but perhaps we may be able to save a little from the wreck. If the school had only been a success!"

"I know of the loveliest flat," Melicent said—"only eighteen dollars a month! With what furniture we have left, we can fit it up beautifully. And then, there is my salary!"

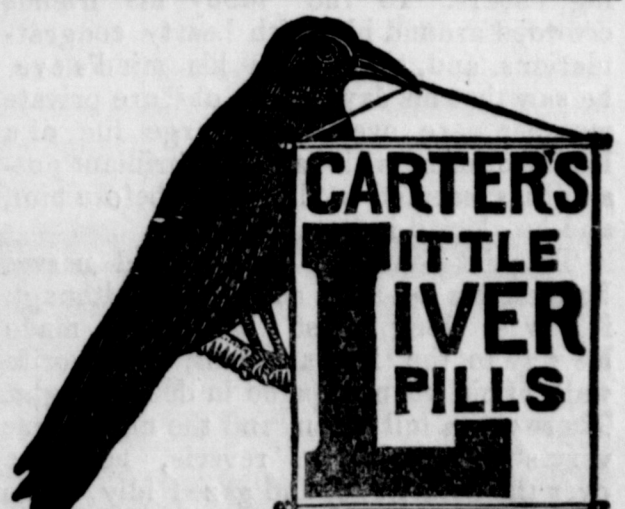
"It has been an awful expense," sighed Mrs. Pennington, as she looked about her. "How did we ever manage to meet it?"

"But wasn't it a beautiful wedding?" asked Melicent, as she arose and laid her

## Constipation

Causes fully half the sickness in the world. It retains the digested food too long in the bowels and produces biliousness, torpid liver, indigestion, bad taste, coated tongue, sick headache, insomnia, etc. Hood's Pills cure constipation and all its results, easily and thoroughly. 25c. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

## Hood's Pills



## SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution

the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,

Ask for Carter's,

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.