

POETRY.

A THOUGHT.

God knows success is sweet. And yet he thought Not best to give the long-for boon to all, His desire to win it had been small, And His most wise design been set at naught.

SELECT STORY.

THE SILVER SHOON.

CHAPTER IV.

Looking at her as she sat opposite him, Roger was forced to own that her beauty gained an added charm in the morning light. The exquisite beauty of her skin, and the violet tints in her eyes were more noticeable than at night.

"I wonder where our Aunt Liza picked her up! She might be a princess or a fairy queen fallen from her airy home to our dull earth. I don't wonder Hetty raved about her!" he mused; then aloud he added, "Do you like Valston—do you content to live here?"

"Yes," Nora answered shyly, lifting her eyes to gaze fully at him. "I love this dear old place now, especially the rivers. In summer I almost live upon one or other of them."

"I am glad of that. It is my favorite amusement to idle away the time on the water. I suppose young Lisle rowed you about?"

"Yes," it was nearly always Mr. Lisle, though sometimes Omond and I went alone."

"And who is Omond?" "Lady Randall's little boy. We are great friends, he and I," Nora said smilingly.

Happy days succeeded each other, and if Hetty sometimes and herself deserted for Nora she bore the desertion bravely seeking consolation in her big boy as she called Dunstan. There was no need of petty jealousies now; since Roger's coming the mutual esteem between him and Nora seemed to entertain for one another dispelled any tiny suspicion that might have lurked in Hetty's mind regarding her own lover's faith.

And over the keen-eyed student—whose only thought had been of fame, whose only love had been for the masses, whose volumes of which he never seemed to tire—a strange subtle change had come; his heart had awakened as it were to the knowledge that there was something sweeter in life even in fame—and that was love!

Still he was too shy to own it, and but for the tender speaking look in his eyes and the many thoughtful attentions with which he surrounded her, Nora would never have gained his secret.

Christmas time drew near—the time for gaiety and happy festivities—and Nora, by Mrs. Clare's express wish, cast aside her black garments for brighter ones.

At Winderfeld not one room was left unoccupied, and it seemed almost impossible sometimes that Lady Randall could entertain so many guests unaided. Early in the new year her first great ball was given—a ball to which all the best people were summoned, including the Clares.

"What shall you wear?" was Hetty's constant query, as she danced about from room to room.

"I do not know yet," Nora answered. "But have you any dresses fit to appear in? Had not mamma better order you some with mine?"

Nora shook her dainty head and pointed to an immense iron bound trunk standing in the corner of her dressing-room.

"I think I can find a dress amongst those in that trunk; they belonged to my mother."

"Your mother! You mean A. Elizabeth!" Hetty said quickly.

A shade of sadness crossed Nora's face. "No; to my own poor mother. You know she was carried dead into the cottage where the first years of my life were passed. Two or three boxes also remained in Patience's charge, and those contained my mother's clothes and some of my own. Those which could be cut up and used, Patience made into garments for me. That trunk holds nothing but rich dresses Miss Clare thought I might like to keep. It seems almost a sacrilege to wear them, yet I feel as if some day I might be recognized by a dress or jewel of hers."

Roger's arm. Roger glanced across the room, then he turned once more to her. "He is near the door, talking to Dunstan Lisle."

Nora gave a little start of surprise, and an expression of disappointment crossed her face. "He is very handsome," she murmured quietly, "but I thought he was younger."

"No, he is much older than his wife as far as I can remember. Omond Randall must be forty."

Nora looked again at the handsome face of her host; and chancing to glance up at that moment he chanced to meet her gaze.

What was it that made his cheeks grow pale and his breath come in short quick gasps? He staggered a little and caught suddenly at the heavy velvet portiere.

"Tell me—you seem to know everyone—who is that young girl with Roger?" he said huskily.

"An adopted cousin, Miss Nora Clare," he answered. "Shall I introduce you?"

"No, thank you, not now—presently, when I am less occupied," Lord Randall answered, and with a brief apology he hastened away.

"By Jove! I believe he has fallen in love at first sight with our fair lily," Dunstan muttered, laughing, as he forced a way through the crowd to where Hetty stood. "I wonder what Lady Randall would say to that? I think she could be very passionate if he roused her jealousy."

"I thought you were never coming to speak to me," Hetty said reproachfully. Dunstan looked down at her tenderly; the girl was so sweetly pretty, so infinitely graceful in her dainty robes, that even he was struck afresh by her beauty.

"And now I have come, I do not intend leaving you in a hurry, he whispered softly. "No one else is to dance with you, you are to belong wholly to me for this one evening."

"Indeed?" Hetty replied, smilingly. "And suppose I do not agree to that?"

"But you will agree—will you not?" "No; I will dance with you but some of the dances are already promised. You hardly deserve to get any, considering how long you were coming to demand them."

"It was not my fault. Lord Randall wanted to tell me about the new estate he has been buying; I could not escape from him without appearing rude."

"No, of course not," Hetty answered brightly; and she placed her programme in his hands, more than Hetty had at first intended giving him, but she did not make any demur.

"Where is Nora?" "I am somewhere—somewhere. He has promised to show her the beautiful picture Lord Randall collected abroad. The gallery has been closed during his absence."

Drawing her hand through his arm Dunstan led her across the room; and they eventually reached a cool recess where they could sit down in comfort.

"It is delicious here, and we can see without being crushed in the crowd," Dunstan said, and with a happy sigh Hetty sank upon a low velvet couch, leaning her graceful head against the crimson cushions.

"Yes, it will be nice enough until my partner comes to claim me."

"Then you must send him off. Say you are engaged to me—not only for to-night but forever," he whispered, audaciously.

"No, that would not be true."

"You could make it so," Dunstan went on earnestly. "You know I love you, Hetty, and I have sometimes thought I was not quite indifferent to you."

"No, you are not indifferent," Hetty murmured.

"Do you love me, darling? Won't you tell me the truth?"

his arm about her slender waist, whirling her round and round until they reached the curtained door. Another instant and they had both disappeared.

Across the marble hall with its profusion of lovely fragrant blossoms, up the oaken staircase, and presently Roger lifted the blue velvet portiere which hung before the gallery door.

Within bright lights burned clearly, quivering over the carved gilt frames and the handsome paintings that covered every inch of the dark panelled walls.

"How lovely!" Nora exclaimed. "What an artist Lord Randall must be! Not many men would have arranged everything with such exquisite taste."

To read from the long galleries, admiring everything and unheeding the passing time the two young people walked seemingly too wrapt in the beautiful place and in each other's society to start.

Presently Roger gave a violent start and a hot flush rose to his brow. "What a discourteous wretch she will think me. I had forgotten I had engaged Miss Sinton for this dance. What shall I do?"

"Go now, as quickly as you can and then return to me. The next dance is ours."

"But will you care to remain here alone?" "Of what should I be afraid?" Nora asked laughingly. "No, this place is charming, and I should like to remain here for the rest of the ball. I shall wait and you will come for me directly the dance is over."

"Very well," Roger assented, but he looked at her rather anxiously as she went; she seemed such a little fragile thing alone in that dim solitary gallery. Nora sank down on one of the low lounges resting her draped chin on her white hand; her eyes wandered to and fro from the old family portraits that smiled or frowned down upon her to the beautiful works of art Lord Randall had collected during his long years of travel.

She was too absorbed in her attentive examination to heed the slight noise which broke the dreamy silence; someone entered the massive door and walked slowly towards her, unnoticed by her and without the new comer being aware of her presence, and his foot struck against the bronze pedestal of a statue, making a sharp noise which vibrated through the room. Nora gave a low cry and started erect. It was Lord Randall who first broke the silence.

"How is it you are here alone, Miss Clare?" he enquired. "I have been to the gallery to see the new pictures," Nora briefly told him.

"You are fond of art, then?" he said. "Oh, yes! I love it dearly—dearly!" Lord Randall started at those vehement words escaped her; her voice had been lowered almost to a whisper before, now it rang with strange distinctness on the quiet air.

His face grew white. The girl looked so lovely standing there—like some pure white robed angel; her golden hair was slightly bent forward. Lord Randall noticed the gleam of precious pearls clasped about her snowy throat.

Instinctively his hand was stretched out as if to snatch it from her, but he curbed that passionate impulse immediately. His voice was hoarse, however, when he next spoke.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Clare, but would you tell me where you found that necklace? I have never seen any pearls so equal them—but once."

"They were my mother's," Nora answered softly, touching them with reverent fingers. "I believe they are of great value."

"Your mother is dead is she not?" Lord Randall questioned.

"Yes; she is dead—she died years and years ago—I cannot remember her."

"And your father?" "For one moment Nora hesitated, then raised her head proudly, bravely.

"Why should I hide it from you?—all the world must know some day. I do not know whether he is alive or dead—probably dead, as more than sixteen years have passed since he left me a wee baby to the mercy of strangers."

Lord Randall laid a tight grasp on her arm drawing her nearer to him.

"And these people—who brought you up—were they not good to you?" "Yes; they were the best and kindest of friends; but they also died, and had it not been for Miss Clare, my dear adopted mother, I do not know what would have become of me!"

"And you say you have heard nothing of your father?" "Nothing."

"Then he must be dead as you surmise."

"Perhaps I cannot tell."

"Do you not even remember your name?" "Only one—the one he gave me. I am called Lenore after my poor mother."

"Thank you."

Nora glanced up in some surprise as Lord Randall spoke; his voice was strangely that she felt half frightened. She shrank back a little, trying to loosen his arm from his hold, but he tightened his grasp.

"Lenore! Lenore!" he murmured. "Do not be afraid, my child."

He winced as she struggled to escape, but he would not let her go; he caught both her trembling hands in his and bent to gaze earnestly into her pale scared face.

"So like! it almost seems as if she stood before me," he said low in his breath. "I had forgotten the child—her child!"

"Let me go, please let me go," Nora said angrily, and that moment the curtains shading the door were flung aside and Roger hastily entered.

His face was grave and his eyes full of fire as he advanced.

"Did you not hear what this young lady said?" he demanded sternly. "Release her or by heaven I will make you!"

Stung by Roger's look more than his passionate words, Lord Randall suddenly freed the girl's hands and strode rapidly away.

"My poor darling! you are trembling still, and yet I do not think he meant to scare you; he is generally the soul of honor!" Roger whispered, drawing her closely to him.

Nora rested quietly in his embrace, her white fingers caressingly smoothing out the drooping petals of a flower he had fastened in his coat.

"Had we better not go?" she questioned shyly.

"No, Nora, dearest, not yet; I must speak to you first. When I came in just against him, but he gently turned it, clinging to me as if you were sure of being safe. Is it so, sweetheart?—have you such faith in me?"

"The greatest faith," Nora whispered, nestling closer to him.

"Will that faith last through life?" "Through life—till eternity!"

Roger was satisfied with that answer; he neither said he loved her nor asked her love; it was enough for him that she had faith—besides her eyes spoke so much more eloquently than her lips.

He took her hands and clasped them about his neck; her fair head still lay against him, but he gently turned it until he could touch her lips with his.

"My own love! my sweet darling?" Roger whispered, and his eyes shone

with a light such as had never been seen in them before.

But they could not remain longer in the silent gallery; however, reluctantly, they were forced to awaken from their glad dreams and descend to the ball-room.

It was almost deserted when they entered; nearly every one had retired to the huge dining hall where supper had been laid.

"Would you like anything? Come and see if we can find places?"

Nora put her hand on his arm, and they crossed the wide hall together.

Lord Randall was standing by his wife, who was sitting at a little table round which clustered a merry group, and as they approached he lifted a pallid face and looked strangely at Nora; she returned his glance coldly, and without a word he moved away, leaving her so abruptly that she gazed after him in surprise, wondering at his sudden silence and expressions of profound gloom.

"He finds the heat of the rooms oppressive," Lady Randall thought, concerned at her husband's manner.

CHAPTER VI. The days following the ball were far from tranquil ones to Lady Randall. First of all there were many visits to receive and others to return; then when they thought at last a little rest had come an unexpected visitor in the shape of Dr. Ramon de Loyola arrived from abroad.

Ines welcomed her cousin graciously; this was the first time he had visited her English home, and for her father's sake she tried to make his stay pleasant.

"Could you not induce papa to accompany you?" she asked, the evening after his arrival.

"No; he told me to tell you he might come later on."

"Then I hope papa will not forget. How do you think my boy is looking? Is he not grown?" Ines questioned with all a mother's fond pride in her only child.

"Yes, he is a fine little fellow; takes more after you than his father, though."

"You ought to have been here the time of our ball; it was splendid."

"You can give me nothing to do for me," she said, the evening after her arrival.

"I have many neighbors—do you know everyone about here?"

"Almost everyone. The Clares are my special friends; they live in that pretty house you can see from the window."

"I have heard you are delightful!" Ines went on eagerly. "But you will be able to judge for yourself to-night; we have accepted an invitation to dine there."

"Am I to go, also?" "Of course. I sent word this morning that you had arrived, and they assured me any friend of mine was welcome."

There were many people assembled in the big dining hall at Claremont when they entered; Mrs. Clare came forward with a beaming smile to greet them.

"I am glad to see you, Don Ramon," she said quietly.

"We have heard you are here," she said so often that Lady Randall thought you do not seem like a stranger."

Ramon replied in a short well chosen speech which made Mrs. Clare move away with strong admiration in her heart for this handsome Spaniard.

"My dear, he is simply delightful," she whispered to Nora as she passed the girl.

"Take care you don't lose your heart to him."

Nora smiled, conscious that it was not hers; neither Mr. Clare or his wife knew of the engagement existing between Roger and her adopted niece as yet, for Roger preferred keeping the secret until the last year of study was at an end.

It fell to the lot of Ramon to take Nora into dinner, and even he was struck by her beauty.

"She is lovely; Ines must find her a formidable rival—rival I say—in at least not in her husband's heart," he thought, and a grin curved his lips.

"Did you ever visited Spain?" he asked her presently.

"No, never. I should like to go dearly. You must be very fond of your picturesque country."

Colored Philosophy.—Why, Sam, how do you expect to get that mule along with only one side? Well, boss, if I gets dat side up, ain't de udder one bound to keep up?"

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Rewarding Her.—Mistress—I have written out a good character for you, though you have given me but little ground for satisfaction. Departing Cook.—Well, ma'am, as you are so kind, I ought to do something in return, and so I may tell you that the key to the kitchen file the pantry door as well.

NATURE HAS PROVIDED A remedy for every ache and pain, and science through ceaseless activity and experiment is constantly wresting the secrets of her domain. A new and wonderful discovery has recently been made by means of which tens of thousands will be freed from pain. Nerviline, or nerve pain cure, represents in very concentrated form the most potent pain relieving substitutes known to medicine, science, and strange to say, it is composed of substances wholly vegetable in origin. Polson's Nerviline is the most prompt, certain, and pleasant pain remedy in the world. Try Nerviline for toothache, neuralgia, cramps, etc., always safe and efficient.

Aunt Jane.—Is the water where you live soft or hard? We Niece—I guess it's pretty hard. The girl splattered some on the lamp chimney the other night, and it broke all to pieces.

Itch, mange and scratches of every kind, on human or animals, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

Miss Whirlaway.—Your shoes are very pretty, dear. How much were they? Miss Van Pelt.—Only \$6. But they are more expensive in the larger sizes.

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Lady.—Is Mrs. Binks at home? Servant.—No'm. Lady.—Can you tell me when she will be at home? Servant.—As soon as she gets the parlor dusted, mum, an she's nearly finished now.

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He Found It.—The Policeman.—This is one of the smartest thieves known to the police, your honor. The Judge.—Indeed? The Policeman.—Yes, your honor. He actually found this woman's pocket and picked it.

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With my experience of twenty-one years in the Drug Business and being manager of the business of the late firm for thirteen years, I feel with every confidence that I can fully meet the requirements of my friends and the public generally.

Yours Respectfully, ALONZO STAPLES, April 29, 1893. Executor's Notice. NOTICE is hereby given that I, the undersigned, All have been appointed Executor of the last will and testament of the late John A. Morrison. All persons indebted to such Estate will please arrange with me at once, and all persons having claims against such Estate will be required to hand the same to me daily attended to within three months from the date hereof, to-wit: the 1st day of June, 1893. F. W. L. MORRISON, Executor of last will of late John A. Morrison, June 10, 1893.

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