

One good dead lying tongueless slange... a thousand waiting upon that.

Made Miserable for Life.

This you may partly feel you fall to... the food which is the attendance and... of nervousness, this every subject...

By showing fragility we reap liberality, a golden harvest.

THE BROWN BEAST

Thrives on good food and... with plenty of exercise in the open air. Her form glows with health and her face blooms with its beauty.

It is the only medicine that... the cleaning action of a laxative remedy, she sees the gentle and pleasant liquid laxative Syrup of Figs.

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THE OLD LOVE SONG.

Play it slowly, sing it slowly, Old familiar tune!

Once it was in dance and throng, Like a brook in June

Now it flows along the measure With a sound of tears.

Dear old tunes, come through it, Vanished with the years.

Ripple, ripple goes the love song Till, in flowing time,

Early sweetens grows completeness, Floods its every rhyme.

When together learn the music, Life and death unfold.

Know that love is but beguiling, 'Till love is old.

Play it slowly, it is holy As an evening hymn!

Morning gladness hushed to sadness, Pile it to the hymn.

Memories come with the music, Stealer through the bars,

Thoughts within its quiet spaces, Rise and set the stars.

—The Campus.

IN IVORY AND BLACK.

"Gracious me, Edal how came you with Polly Mitchenson's fan?"

"A question so unexpected, so surprising, that Eda Norris could not answer it. She had been displaying her birthday gifts to an old school friend, reserving till the last the present received from her betrothed, when Mamie's sharp black eyes had fallen upon it, and a brief, very brief scrutiny evoked the above exclamation."

"I do not know what you mean," said Eda, a little stiffly, when the inquiry was repeated. "I have not seen Miss Mitchenson half-a-dozen times since I left school; my mother did not wish me to keep up the acquaintance."

"And no wonder, for Polly is an awful flirt; makes herself notorious with the number of her lovers. But she is an attractive little thing, no one can help liking her; and she was always fond of you, Eda; that's why she remembered your birthday."

"But she did not remember it," was the response. "Nor should I have accepted a present from her, if she had. This fan you are looking at was given to me by Laurie. It is very pretty, is it not?"

"Very," said Mamie, picking it up and laying it down again, with such a peculiar smile upon her face, that provoked Eda to ask the cause.

"Why do you look at me so oddly? And what made you think this fan had ever belonged to Polly Mitchenson? Laurie bought it for me at Blank's, in Regent street; you can see their name upon the box."

"Oh, yes, I know it came from Blank's," replied her friend, in the same curt manner, and then she would have launched into raptures over a dainty little lady's companion, if annoyed Eda had not prevented it.

"I wish you would speak out plainly, Mamie. What is it you know, or fancy you know, about this fan?"

"My dear, I would not, for worlds, make mischief between two fond lovers, so don't touch me. I wish I had not recognized the thing. And, after all, what matters? It is Laurie's, but it is yours; and it proves that she is not so unscrupulous as she is represented."

"Explain yourself. I am as much in the dark as ever," cried Eda, now growing red and angry. What was Polly Mitchenson to her, or rather, to her intended husband, the clever rising young fellow, of whose abilities and affections she was so proud?

"Nonsense, Eda, you know, and everyone knows, it is reported that she accepts everything that is offered at her shrine, and never returns the gifts of her votaries. A foolish cousin of mine, who fancied she meant to marry him, presented her with a very valuable ring, she almost broke his heart, and he went abroad, but she still wears the ring. Don't it hearten her?"

"And do you mean," to imply that the fan was originally given to her by Laurence Hayward? Returned to him, and then presented to me?" queried Eda, very slowly.

Mamie hummed, hesitated, and finally said:

"Well, really, dear, it looks like it, doesn't it?"

"Not" was the passionate response. "It is false! It is a cruel slander! Laurie is incapable of such meanness. What! deliberately offer to me, his promised wife, a gift that had been bestowed on such a girl as Polly Mitchenson? I never, never will believe it."

Eda burst into angry tears, and Mamie ran for water and salts, and did her best to soothe the weeper.

"Pray drink this, dear, and think no more about my foolish revelations. How could I be so silly! Mother often says I talk too fast, and so I do; but indeed and indeed I hadn't a thought of making mischief, and I couldn't help recognizing the fan, could I? You see it was always in Polly's hands at one time, and she never would say who gave it to her, though I was very curious to know, because she made such a mystery of it."

Eda sat for some minutes with her face buried in her handkerchief, then started up and dashed away her tears.

"You are a goose, Mamie, and I am a greater one for listening to you. Of course you are deceived by a fancied resemblance. There are plenty of ivory and black ostrich feather fans imported from China and Japan every year, and the one you saw at that girl's possession was, I fancy, broken and spoiled long ago."

"Polly did break one of the sticks," Mamie admitted, "but she took it to Blank's, and they mended it so neatly, that it was only by the most careful examination that you could detect the fact."

"Then here," cried Eda, snatching up the pretty toy and examining it— "You say Laurie is a cunning old fellow, and you say you are a greater one for listening to you. Of course you are deceived by a fancied resemblance. There are plenty of ivory and black ostrich feather fans imported from China and Japan every year, and the one you saw at that girl's possession was, I fancy, broken and spoiled long ago."

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led into a ghastly white, and her trembling fingers relaxed their hold of the fan; for Mamie had singled out one of the slender and delicately carved blades of ivory, and was pointing to it. Carefully though the damage had been repaired, it was but too visible to the eyes now riveted upon it.

"I'm most awfully sorry that this should have happened, and that I should have had anything to do with it grieves me still more," Mamie protested. "And I'm sure I couldn't have credited that Mr. Hayward—I'll never call him Laurie again, or be more than commonly civil to him—that Mr. Hayward was so deceitful, so dishonorable, so—"

An imploring cry silenced her. "Pray don't say any more—I can't bear it just yet. I'd rather be left to myself."

"And so you shall, poor dear, and if you think it would be too much for your nerves to see Laurie—Mr. Hayward—I don't mind writing to him for you, and you may depend on my giving him the scolding he deserves."

But Eda would neither be helped nor consoled—no fact, the presence of Mamie with her gift chattered out made the wound more painful. No, one else should be allowed to see how much she was suffering, though enough of her old faith in her sweet heart still lingered to make her cherish a faint hope that he would have some explanation or at least some excuse to offer for what he had done.

They met that evening, but it was in the presence of others, and it was not till Laurence Hayward contrived to draw his betrothed aside to bid her a more particular adieu, that she was able to wing a shaft at him.

"Am I expected to thank you for the lovely fan you sent me yesterday?"

"Not here," he laughed. "If I am to take my thanks from your lips—"

An imperative "Hush!" broke upon the sentence.

"I did not know till to-day that you had been numbered amongst the admirers of Miss Mitchenson."

"I have always thought her a very pretty girl," Laurie admitted, his color rising a little under the scrutinizing gaze Eda fixed on him.

"And you have made her presents?"

"Have I? I do not remember anything more than a—"

But he was not allowed to finish. By this half-confession, he had confirmed Mamie's tale, and Eda, wrenching her hand out of his, went home to make a packet of his gifts and letters, and then cry herself into a state of exhaustion.

With swollen eyes and aching head her mother found her in the morning, and in his arms with many sighs and sobs, Eda related the story of the fan.

"Do not tell me I have acted too hastily—do not plead for him," she sobbed. "Perhaps I have loved him too well and felt too firm in my honor, but how could I—"

or love him now as devotedly as a wife ought to do? I know she have not been first in his affection, and that he has stooped to an act that even you who make allowances for everyone must condemn."

Now Mrs. Norris never soiled or argued and contented herself with bawling her daughter's burning temples and making her swallow five drops of a simple sedative. When this and her mother's sympathetic caresses had had a soothing effect, she was induced to dress and exchange the chamber that was too near the nursery for the drawing-room, where darkened windows and comparative quiet lulled her at last into sleep.

When she awoke it was not her mother who was watching beside her, but Laurence Hayward.

"Why am I here?" he asked, as she raised herself and indignantly scooted him. "because your dear mother, Eda, had that faith in me which with you seems to have failed all too quickly. She has given me what you denied—a chance of explaining myself, of declaring to you, on my sacred honor, that I never saw this fan until half an hour ago."

"Oh, Laurie, dare I believe it?" she exclaimed, alternating between hope and fear.

"As you please, Eda," he retorted. "I should have thought you had always found me as worthy a credence as the gossiping girl who has told you these abominable falsehoods. I could find it in my heart to be very angry with you for listening to her, if you did not look so ill and miserable."

"But Mamie believed it herself, she was certain that this fan is the one you gave to Polly Mitchenson."

"The fan may be hers, but I never was mine. The only gift I ever wasted on that arrant little coquette, was a reading lamp, at the time that I, with many others, was led to think she was on the point of marriage with my old chum, Mamie's cousin."

And it was for his sake, not for hers, that I bought it."

"But I am assured that this fan was Polly's, and yet it came from you as a birthday gift."

"Not this one," answered Laurie, now examining it with interest. "The fan I selected at Blank's was made of the delicate gray and rose-colored leathers of some rare bird only found in Ava, and I had the three letters that form your name engraved on the lay cheap of the golden rod attached to it. Now and when the exchange was made, I knew not, but I set out to find out as soon as you feel equal to a drive with me to Regent street."

Laurie threw his arms around her neck, crying, remorsefully:

"Oh, Laurie, if I have wronged you!"

"If! Do you, then, still suspect me?"

But he was soon appeased, and the visit paid to Messrs. Banks' emporium of foreign curiosities.

On reference to the books of the firm, an entry was found of the purchase of the gray fan; but how the other had been substituted for it, and whether it had vanished, would have remained a mystery, if a shopman had not recognized Polly Mitchenson's as having been entrusted for repairs on two occasions.

The first Mamie had advertised to, the second, by some odd chance occurred on the day Laurence Hayward visited the shop to select his birthday gift for his bride-elect. The conclusion of the story may soon be told; in the hurry of packing up these two fans to send them home, they were dropped into the wrong boxes.

And Polly Mitchenson—had she not discovered the error?

"Oh, yes," she replied, when the question was put to her. "I knew of no good creature had sent me a fan, I was getting tired, and I guess that someone had misheard. But I, oh, I had the advantage, and if I am lost by the transaction, I am spoiled it would be Banks', who can't very well afford it."

"The loss might have fallen upon a poor shopman," she was reminded, and might have cost him his place."

"But it didn't, so what signifies?" said Polly, with her careless laugh.

"Of no consequence," thought one of her indignant hearers, "when it might have served two young lives!"