LUT ME MELLEVEL

Lot me believe you, love, or let me diel If an your faith I may not rest secure, Beyond all chance of peradventure sure. Trusting your half arowals aweet and shy. As trusts the lark the pallid, lawn-lit sky. Then would I rather in some grave obscure Repose forloro, than living en, endure a guestion each dear transport to belie. It is a pain to shirst and do without. A pain to suffer what we deem unjust. To win a joy and lay it in the dust: But there's a flercer phin-the pain of doubt From other griefs death sets the spirit free Doubt steals the light from immortality? -Florence E. Coates.

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UGLY LUCETTE: A TALE OF MODERN LIFE AND NOT OF

FAIRYLAND.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAW.

Chapter L.

Scarcely a turnout of any distinction in New York but was to be seen in the park one afternoon toward the close of a beautiful autumn day; and amid the glitter and dash, very much out of place, appeared a dusty country vehicle, with a top projecting like the roof of a Dutch porch. It was drawn by two fat horses, of different sizes and color, who moved along so slowly that even their driver seemed ashamed of them. He was a respectable looking farmer, dressed in his homespun best, which was poor enough, and he had entered the park at the northern end and was caught in the tide of fashionable travel almost before he was aware of st. He kept sturdily on his way, however, occasionally whipping up his lazy steeds, until he passed out of the park at the Fifth avenue entrance, and slowly made his way to Madison avenue, where he stopped hefore an imposing house, in the windows of which stood two very pretty little girls " Mercy!" exclaimed the elder, throw-

ing up her hands; "here, mamma, is a market wagon stopping before our door. "It can't be a market wagon, Victor-

ine," said the other, "for there are people inside of it. But what a funny looking rig! And see the horses, a big gray and a litlto brown one."

'And there's a woman getting out,' exclaimed Victorine, "and such a queer looking little girl. Look at her gown, and such shoes! She must be from the country."

"Oh, what country bumpkins!" laughed the elder, in merry glee.

"Hush, Clara-come from the window, Victorine, " said their mother, appearing through the portierre. "It is probably your sister Lucette. I wrote to have her brought home, but scarcely supposed the good country people who have had charge of her would adopt so primitive a method of carrying out my orders."

"That our sister!" murmured Victor-

nume. Mr. Horton is not your uncla-your can call him farmer Horton, if you will." Lucette was quite subdued by the kind and dignified manner of her stately mother. She hushed her sobs, and was soon led away by a maid to be given her supper and shown to a room that was in strauge contrast to the little chamber sho had occupied ever since she could remember. Mrs. De Ford was the widow of a

French importing merchant, who had left her wealthy. She was a woman of fashionable ambition and tastes, and took pleasure in being called Madame De Ford. Her husband had been French, herservants were French, and she kept French furniture, wore French dresses, and tolerated only French cookery, and altogether she tried to hide as much as possible her American ancestry. She was a handsome woman, still young looking. and ambitious to make a distinguished match, and she had felt some concern that the time was approaching when she would have to chaperon three daughters. The beauty of the elder in some measure reconciled her to the prospect-they would be some credit to her-but the third, who had just arrived from the country, seemed so hopelessly plain that she was filled with the deepest anxiety to to the proper course to pursue with her. Lucette was now 13 years old. She had been a puny, sickly little thing from birth, and never a joy to her proud mother; but, as her father had possessed much parental feeling, all that was possible had been done to build up her weakly little frame. A home had been selected for her in the country, not far from the city, with a worthy couple named Horton, who had no children of their own, and here, while her father lived, she had received several visits a year from him. Her mother came far less frequently, and, since her husband's death, had found so many engagements that she had not seen the little exile in 18 months. But it was time now that hereducation should begin, so that Lucette had been unwillingly sent for, and her appearance had only increased the dismay with which her mother regarded

Chapter III. Lucette, in the morning, was fitted out

her.

with the most presentable wardrobe possible, and was taken in state to pay her respects to her Aunt Bently.

leman, who had possessed an abounding Aunt Bently was a distinguished guest taste for aboriculture. He had grown aged of the DeFord household She was and feeble, however, and leased the place wealthy, and had seen much of the world. to a new comer, a worthy German phy-She was in her second widowhood-a sician, known as Dr. Wykoff. stern, sharp, but very stately woman, considerably advanced in years, but evidently still considering herself a beauty and dressing with fashionable elegance. Mrs. Bently was treated by her niece and by society in general with great deference. She was an authority in social rich parents whose children suffered matters. She raised a monacle to her evens Lucette approached and gazed at her so keenly that the poor child colored and dropped her eyes to the floor. "Why, it is even worse than you told me, Harriet, " she said after finishing her inspection; "who under the sun does she take after?" "She doesn't take after me, I am sure." said Mrs. DeFord, replying to the question that had been asked: "and her father, you know, was a fine looking **ma**n. "

no car for massio, and no skill for piano said she with her voice softened and or harp, and, although she had a sweet sweetened by companion, "you are in voice, it was soon seen to be hopeless to the smooth, open road, and you have attempt to outlivate it. As for dancing, nothing to fear." her ungainly efforts nearly drove the old ! "You are a good little girl." said the

French dancing master wild. boy, appreciating her tones, and laying The truth was, the poor girl was 50 his hand on her head to judy browbeaten and humiliated, so im- height; "what is you name?" his hand on her head to judge of herpressed with an overshadowing sense of "Lucette De Ford." her inferiority to her beautiful sisters. "I shall remember your voice if I hear and her incapacity to meet the wishes of it again, and let me feel your face, that I

may know it too, "but Lucette drew back her mother, that even her natural gifts were turned against her. The discusand refused. sions she was hourly subjected to, and "Why won't you ?-- I would just souch the efforts she was constantly required it geratly. "

til her health began again to fail.

in theory to care for good looks."

Ler go back to the country."

good friends, the Hortons.

"Of course not," assented Aunt Bent

The advice was taken. Lucette was

Chapter IV.

belonged to a wealthy and eccentric gen-

lv. "A brunze statue could see that. Lo

pricked hera little.

let her go."

to make, rendered her life a torture, "Because, "she returned, articlely, "you and she pined after her country home unmight laugh at me, and, like the other boys, call me 'ugly Lucette.'"

"It is no use, "said her mother, finally, "I don't know what it is to be ugly." to Aunt Bently. "Sliedocen't gain a bit, said the boy; "and I would rather call and the effort only worries her. She is you "good Lucatte," for you perhaps saved such a good little thing, too; so sweet my life," and, as she did not again oband submissive, and so free from envy ject, be moved his fingers slowly over her and jealousy of her sisters, that I can't Teaturnes.

help pitying her. She wants to go back "But, can you see nothing at all?" to the country. Perhaps I had better saked the little girl, her ouriosity rising as her first surprise abated.

"Yes, yes, asserted Aunt Bently, "she "I know light from darkness, and oan is getting thin and pale, and will soon be tell if people move before me. That's quite hideous. Send her back to the all." He was interrupted by a voice fafarm, by all means, I chear they is a millar to Lucette, and Doctor Wykoff good school in Mt. Vernon. Let her emerged from a thicket near them, with cultivate the graces of the mind. I etc. a couple of mineralogical specimens in she has a taste for Literature. She reads his hand. all she can. I always detested a blue.

"Ach, meine kleine Lucette !" he exbut I believe she is cut out by nature for claimed. "But how is this? Did I not one. Let her learn everything she can at think to keep you apart? This, Lucette, all events. When she grows up, she may is my new pupil. He sees not, yet he at least have a chance of making a match sees many things. * with some widowed professor or scien-

"I did not see the danger ahead." said titic crank, or some oneelse, too absorbed the boy, "and was near tumbling down the sliff, when Lucette warned me back. "Really, she will not be happy here," She saved my life, I think." said Mrs. De Ford, whose conscience

The good doctor was soon given to understand what had happened. He gently chided his sightless pupil for his carelessness, and he placed his hand approving-Ly on Lucette's head.

"Ach!" he said, "it was well. It was got ready, and was soon again an inmate "Ach!" he said, "it was well. It was of the humble but pleasant home of her good conduct-what you call the presence of mind-and you are but a little girl. It is better to do such a dead than it is to be beautiful or famous. Two or three furloup from the pretty You have perhaps saved the life of my village of Mt. Vernon, and adjoining the young friend. I shall reward you, Lufarm of Mr. Horton, was a small estate, Oette. I have longed to have you my abounding in trees and shrubbery, and pupil. Now I shall insist. I will write known as "The Gardens." It had formerly your mother. You shall not enter the seminary. No, I shall teach you the beauty of knowledge. You will con-

> mont?." "Oh, I shall be so glad 1" answered Lucette.

And so it was soon arranged that Lucette-ugly Lucette-should be the pupil The good doctor was a man of varied of learned Dr. Wykoff, who loved and apattainments and active philanthropy. He precisted her, and a companion of the had occupied "The Gardens" in order to gentle youth who had no sight to apy found a sort of genteel retreat, of an educational and medical character comher plainness, but saw clearly the beauty bined, for the reception of the sons of and grace of her character.

from physical defect or mental neglect. Chamter W. The days now passed happily for Lascette. She was the life of the Horton household, and, under the kindly freedom allowed her, bloomed into new charms of character each day. She lectual aptitude and graces, and he was daily spint three or tour hours at Dr. Wykoff's, and she and Ernest, as follow pupils, were gently led by him, through the difficult mazes that mirround the grove of knowledge, and into the broad misles where the feet could securely tread,



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ine, as the two girls withdrew from the window. "Why, Clars, what can we do? Why did mamma send for her? How can we own her?"

The mother had gone forward into the vestibule as the party from the carriage was ushered in, the farmer leading the abashed little girl and presenting her to the stately matron with awkward cordiality.

"How d'y'do, Mrs. De Ford? You see I have brought home your daughter, safe and sound.'

"Thank you," said Mrs. De Ford, civilly. "Ah, Mrs, Horton, I am pleased to see you. Come right in; and Lucette, my child, come and speak to me and your sisters."

Long absence and country life had rendered Lucette an example of shyness and awkwardness. She came forward timidly, and held out her reddish brown hand to her mother and sisters in turn, whereupon the latter curtised politely and then giggled at the awkward little figure.

"I did not think you would be here so soon after receiving my letter, Mr Horton, " said Mrs. De Ford, "and I thought you would take the cars."

"Well, ma'am, it was a good distance to drive, but Mrs. Horton wanted to come along and do some shopping, and, as we weren't very busy, it seemed the cheapest way was the best.

"I would have paid the expenses without question," said Mrs. DeFord, smiling, as if rather amused: "but as you have done what you thought best. I have no objection. You may follow the servant into the dining room, and I will come in and settle with you for the child's board and expenses. It is not necessary to figure up the matter, I will allow you liberally enough to cover all ious to expedite the matter, as she did not particularly fancy the clumsy vehicle standing longer than necessary before her door.

Chapter IL.

Lucette had returned to her beautiful city home-ugly Lucettel

That was a name she was to become very familiar with in the life before her. Meantime the child clung to the kindhearted country woman, who had for nearly three years filled all of a mother's place in her heart. The good Mrs. Horton was distressed at parting with her.

"Don't cry, Lucette," she whispered, while the tears coursed down her own cheeks. "Remember the prayers I have taught you. Do not let anything grieve or frst you. Be good and kind, and everybody will love you, and that will make you happy."

She could say no more, but burst into tears, and Lucette clung sobbing to her neck.

Mr. Horton now came out, folding the money he had received from Mrs. Do Ford and placing it in his fat wallet. "Come, mother," he said, "we must be

going."

Then he stooped and lifted up the weeping child. "God bless my little washes by professional beautifiers, but, Lucette!" was all he could say, and, unout with his wife.

ber face in her hands.

must only speak of Mrs. Horton as your

"Where in the world did she get those ever?" exclaimed Aunt Bently ; "perfect ; gooseberries."

"If they only had better lashes their color and dullness would not be so perceptible," sighed the mother; "but, as it is, there is nothing to relieve them."

"And such a nose!---so nondescript! her father's. I believe, was inclined to be Roman.'

"And mine is pure Grecian. Clara and Victoria have my nose."

"And was there ever such hair?---thin and straight, and several colors all mixed: upon my word, some locks are white, some yellow, and some inclined to lead color. I wonder if we can't get some preparation to improve them?" and Aunt Bently knitted her brows, in blissful ignorance of the fact that sunshine and outdoor life have a decided influence in bleaching and dulling the beauty of the h**s**ir.

"I would not mind the hair so much," said Mrs. DeFord, "for that might improve; but the complexion is so dull in comparison with it and so deplorably freckled, Lucette, child, did not Mrs. Horton know enough to make you wear your bonnet, to keep you from getting so much freckled?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the abashed child; "I always wore my bonnet, and possible expenses," she added, being anx- she washed my face every day with buttermilk, but the freckles would come." "Well," said Aunt Bently, decisively,

"something must be done. The child will never do to grow up as she is. She would shame your position in society, Harriet. If you keep her with you, you will spoil your own market. No man would want to marry a woman who had been so unfortunate as to have such a child. You must certainly do

something." Mrs. De Ford sighed. There was little comfort in the remark. She turned to look at her other children, then renewed her study of Lucette and sighed again. "We must try what artificial means will do, " she said at last. "Her sisters have natural beauty to insure their fortunes. and they have received every advantage to improve their graces and charms. I never saw anyone more sylphlike than Clara when she dances. and Victorine, when she sits at her harp, can only be compared to a scraph. It is unfortunate that they should have so complete a foil in Lucette. I will certainly, as you say, have to do something."

Two or three weeks were devoted to remodelling Lucette, but without any encouraging effect. She was bathed and manicured and treated with secret

as Aunt Bently remarked, "it only willing to prolong the scene, he hurried seemed to set the freckles." Dressmakers grew despairing in their efforts to fit her "Oh, my dear, dear Aunty! my dear, out so that she would appear more gracegood Uncle Horton!" cobbed Lucette, ful. Hairdressers alipped and pruned her throwing berself on a rug and burying varigated locks, and fitted false additions "Hush, hush, my deart" said Mrs. De She was equally intrastable to efforts

Ford. "It is not proper to cry, and you to add to her socomplishments. She had

Lucette had soon made the acquaintance of the genial physician. Next to her foster parents, he was the kindest friend she had. He had quickly discovered that she was a child of rare intelaccustomed to looking for the manifesta-

tions of precocious intellect. "Ach, mein Fraulein," he would say in his quaint way, "you have the eye to seo nature. You are consecrated to knowledge. I admire and adore you." "I love flowers and trees," replied Luce te, "but who would not, where all is

co beautiful?" You shall love them." said Dr. Wykoff. "I teach all my little friends to love the beauties of nature. You shall come and I will teach you botany." Lucette did come, and many a long walk she had with the good old mentor, seeking specimens, and alterward analyzing them under his instruction in his

quiet library. One of the favorite haunts of our heroine. in her idle hours, was along a pretty stream which on one side bounded both the farm and the doctor's little domain. Its banks, for some distance, were composed of precipitous rocks, overgrown with trees, and here and there draped with heavy vines of the wild grane and of the graceful clematis. Among these rocks Lucette could always find a sheltered nook, where seated at her case, she would listen to the gurgling water, watch the play of nature's children about her. or. undisturbed, enjoy some favorite

author. On one occasion Luccette was esconced in a favoritenook, enjoying a book leaned by her friend Dr. Wykoff, when a stone falling in the water interrupted her reading. Looking up, she saw a slightly formed, haudsomely dressed youth, apparently some two or three years older than herself, advancing toward the stream and approaching the very edge of the rocky cliff. His face was upturned to the trees, as if listening to the birds singing in their branches, and he seemed

entirely unconscious of any danger. Lucette perceived at a glance that he was a stranger, and called out loudly, "Go back, go back! If you fall over into the water you'll never get out sgain. This is the deepest place in all the creek. Go back!"

her voice, and carefully reaching out a stick he held in his hand, he passed it along the edge of the precipice. "Are into her fathionable home. you a little girl?" he asked, bending in the direction whence the warning proceeded.

"Yes, don't you see me ?--down here by the water, just at the foot of the I am happy." rock."

"No, I can't see you-but won't you come up here?"

Wondering what he wanted with her, Lucette ran some distance back, and mounted the rock. "Give me your hand, said he, as she approached him; "I can't at, her happy home with the Hortons, and see, and, as you tell me the place is dan- this went to the village every day to regerous, I am afraid to move. You'll lead [ceive the instructions of the two some me away, won't you?"

"Why can't you see?" said Lucette, looking into the full, soft blue eyes which seemed fixed upon her.

boy. Lucette had heard of blindness, but she treated, but where his eyes were not only to be had never before met any afflicted with finishing touches to his education. that terrible privation, and, with a feel. Good bie " he sald spain to Later ing of swe, as took his hand and led "I will return. You will see him to some distance away. "Now," again."

. So passed three happy years. Lucette was not ourious. She had never sought to know the history or family connect tions of her young companion, and the good Doctor never enlightened her. They had studied together under the eye of their friend and teacher, and a friendship had been formed, so sweet and unselfish that it scarcely had an atom of earthigen in it.

But now came a cloud. Ernest Oline was summoned away-away to join his perents in their home on the Pacific coast. His parents had sont a measurger to accompany him back.

The parting of the two young people was a sad one. They had grown into young manhood and womanhood to gether, and an affection had grown up between them as pure and shoerens ever characterized the relations of brother and sisten .

The heavy tears dropped, from the sightless eyes of Ernest upon the face of Lucette as he took his leave.

"Lahall have a lonely time without you, dear Lucette," he said. "But I shall see you again. I am going to be taken to Europe after I have visited my home, to have my eyes treated, although I have no liope that it will do any good, or that I shall ever see your dear face, or that of my other friends. I will come back, though. You are my dearest friend. I will never forget you."

Mrs. De Ford now thought it proper to make her daughter a visit, to decide upon what should be done for the fulure. She found her much grown, and enjoying at last perfect health. She noted with some pleasure that she had a better complexion, and beautiful toeth, as sound and white as mature's denti-try could produce. Her manners were better; her intelligence seemed really. The boy halted instantly on hearing pirenomienal to the failionable woman; yet she was still "ugly Lucette," whom it would be as impolitic as ever to take

"What shall I do with you, Lucetter" she asked. "Leave me here." answered the girl,

pathetically; "only leave me here where "But you must have some finishing.

You have learned much, I can see that I must see about the seminary. I hear there is an excellent one in the village. You could attend that and still live here." So it was arranged. Inteste was loft

what ancient maidens who conducted the young indice' seminary.

After a few weeks, Ernest was brought back from California, and, accompanied "Because I am blind," answered the by Dr. Wykoff, went on his trip to Ea

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