hears his comforting words, both to her
self and his broken-hearted sister; sees her
handsome face and many form, and with a
sigh, she says, "Tootie; it can never be."
But she is running in with a let-
ter from Myrtle.
"Read it quick, Ida, and tell me what
she says; I don't want the slap of
paper falls into her lap—a newspaper
clipper. Rose catches it and reads.
"Cards are out amonging the mar-
ing in the far city, Miss Elyetta,
lady Catharine, to take place September
30th, etc."
Ida said no more, though Rose read
it through. She set, prettily to read
her letter, but the lines ran zigzag every
way before her eyes.
"Why don't you tell me what Myrtle
says, "asked Rose.
"She has not come," answered
Ida, handing Rose the letter.
"Think so," said Ida, as she arose
and went to her room. She could think of
nothing but how Robert had, Robert, to
marry another? All night she wrestled with
her heart. Next night she had known
what love was. When morning came
her mind was fully made up: she would
answer Myrtle's letter in person. So
a few days after we find her at forest
Home, the guest of Robert and Myrtle.
Little Irving is wild with delight, for
"Aunt Ida has come."
Myrtle and Ida are so happy to be together once more,
and have so much to talk about, and
Robert is so reserved and so polite.
Nothing is said of the approaching
marriage, and Ida does not mention it.
Time seems to be hanging a race, for
the days fly on eagle's pinions, and
Ida will not allow herself to think
of the time when she must leave them.
She had taken a book, this afternoon,
and told Myrtle she was going out for a
stroll. Robert was in town, and with
Myrtle with Irving. The air being
sultry, she returned, after a short walk,
and then Ichabod, so kind, sat in front
of the window of the library, the heavy
curtains shutting it from the main room.
A gentle breeze came through the open
windows, and the lazy hum of insects
called to her to and fro, but she was not
how long she had slept. When she was
awakened by the voices of Robert and
Myrtle she was startled.
"Oh, Robert, I can't think of Ida's
leaving us," said Myrtle, pleadingly.
"If you only loved each other, and you
would keep her with us always I would
be so happy. How can you keep from
loving her, Robert?"
Ida held her breath for his answer.
"Can it be possible, sister, that you
don't know my secret? Have you never
guessed? Have I grailed it so well
that you have never suspected that I love
Ida Vane more than life? She is the
only woman I ever loved. And the only
woman in earth I ever want to call by
the sacred name of wife."
"Tell her, Robert," pleaded Myrtle.
"Keep her, Robert, or I'll die."
"No, I will never tell her, Myrtle; my
secret would be revealed. I can be
dependent on Ida Vane. Once she rejected
her. So I am free."
I am free from all my troubles. In all my
sorrows, Ida Vane's face has been ever
been before me. And now, since she has
come, I have found in my world a struggle
that I cannot bear. You don't
know the weight of it."
I have always been afraid, even in the
past, but now I know that she has re-
jected Ric Garnett.
"I do not," she answered, and hope
leaped into his eyes. "How long since?"
"She told me that it had been almost
a year," Myrtle replied. "Now won't
you try your fate for my sake, Robert?"
"No, Myrtle, not for your sake, nor
to carry the memory of Ida Vane dearer
to me than life itself. My sacred promise
to her shall be between God and I."
"I will not trespass. I have not—I will
not."
Strange words, Ida thought, for
a bridegroom so tender. She had
ever seen her how she found
her way out of the hay window, and
knock at Robert's feet.
"I love you," she cried. "Will you
force me to propose? Unmindfully as
it seems to you, yet, after what I have
heard, I could not let you go without another
without first telling what is in my own
heart.""
"Weel another?" Robert asked in sur-
prise. "Can it be that you did not know
I had a cousin Robert, and it was a no-
thing of his wedding. Myrtle sent you?"
She saw the happiness that lit up his
face, and taking her hands, he drew her
to his side as he said:
"Is this darling, do you mean it? Can so
much happiness be for me? Do you love
me, precious Ida?"
"Yes," Myrtle asked, so

THE ILLUSTRATED KENTUCKIAN.

COMMONPLACE SKETCHES.

by Anne E. McRead.

Mrs. W. was away last week, but I don't know if the children were so happy or not. I hope so, for I miss my sister, who is the family musician, throw down her parlor knife, danced and sang, and made the house ring even when the children might remain and make noise. They pressed into the music room, a merry trio.

The children had arrived early that afternoon with their father, a common forbear, in a notice of this region among the early days of the Kentucky mountains where the native people are, as a rule, simple, sincere, and hospitable and kind. The very ignorant and uneducated few are not to be found by energetic work, who find the climate life-giving and the soil soil unusually fertile.

This man's kindly life was glorified by a passionate love for his two pretty children. The young mother had died several years before, leaving them alone in a log cabin.

I had remonstrated upon the sandy porch, picking the golden glories from the woods, as the voices of the music room came out through the open doors.

"Oh, good Lord!" I heard the ecstasy.

"I am singing a happy song."

"What can you sing?" quickly asked the astonished child.

"Oh, mine own Irish potlatch. Hit goes this way, with the hands together and swinging in a child's cadence, sopranos, Irish potlatch tops, all, like the song and not like the song."

"Oh, and Miss B. play an song. She don't want to sing "sight klosh," Miss B. don't want to sing, she just wants to touch it, and her voice flutted out in one of some sweetest Sunday School hymns.

"I am singing a happy song."

She played and sung it several times, and then her children went outside and I with her, in this, their favorite verse.

"Little children, little children."

"Are your jewels, precious jewels."

"Come, tell me all about your jewels."

A little later the wind blew a gale, warning as it was of an approaching thunderstorm. I closed the shutters and the children, finding my voice expressed, "I'll just look how God is rocking God, taking up the dust to make more children.

A few days later we heard that the little maiden was ill. "Not much," her father explained, "but she has a cold, so she's not right." I told of simple remedies they were using and told that she thought she would be all right.

"Oh, don't you wish you could go to bed sick, but set here by me," she said that night when he was preparing to retire early, and got up just a little early to escape the quick alarm looking at the poor little finches face and soหมด. "Oh, you sick at all," I said with every sort of sympathy.

"Oh, there's the house at last and he closed his eyes, and when he opened them, and the child left me, I felt much sicker, I said, hardly having done so. I could not bear to go to bed and leave me by myself.

"He tenderly adjusted the scarf and made the little one close her eyes and set down by the bedside. As he took the little child out of the boy's arms, he suddenly closed her eyes and seemed to fall asleep.

"He said he was a long and white, and thought how much she was growing like her mother. As soon as morning dawned, he went off to the store with the children while he went to town for a doctor. Could there be any possibility of her falling away before his eyes like the sweet mother she had done? He could not understand why her mother had to die in such a beautiful young womanhood. People had told him she was "pretty as a picture." He could not see why it was the best for the children to have to die at all. "I will never have need of such things," it was all a hard mystery. He was very weary from his day's work and by his head sank heavily upon the bedside and he was in a deep sleep.

It was after midnight when he was aroused by convulsive movements from the little children, who were insensible variations of a falling asleep. He was told that he had not gone to bed for three days, too, and by his head sunk heavily upon the bedside and he was in a deep sleep.

"Oh, God! Oh, God! I don't know me," he moaned, "on I'm not, you go somewhere else and get some help to wash us, feed us, my little child, up to the fact that his house was inhabited by the sweetest baby, and was vaginal, and the winds seemed to whisper, "Brother and his own."

Elizabeth Knox Tahkington.

Writer, Danville, Ky.

A Touching Incident Connected

With the Louisville Cyclone.

NOW well I recall the night of Mar. 27, 1893, when the city of Louisville, Kentucky, was visited by a terrible cyclone. I cannot say that I was in the storm storm, for it will never fade from my memory, and as each anniversary approaches, the recollection of the terrific destruction, horror seem to take a fresh lease, as it were, on my imaginations.

The air was oppressive all day, the sky overcast with heavy clouds, a dull, foreboding feeling seemed to take possession of every one, as if the elements were trying to warn us of the impending danger, so surely coming. At night fell the clouds, almost touching the earth, covered the terrors of rain and hail. The air was full of virility, lightning, the wind, first sighing, for the breeze to come, then trying its strength on the beautiful trees, for which this city is so justly adorned, hastening the tallest until they touched the earth, in obedience to its supreme power.

A fearful storm raged for some time before the cyclone burst over the city, and all its terrific force, tossing, tearing, and breaking off the massive buildings, that had withstood for a century, many of the thin trees, and carrying up and carrying off large forest trees, leaving iron posts, as if to show it could crush the strength and colonize the earth.

The path of the cyclone was narrow, it was of short duration, and we, who were actual eye witnesses of the terrible storm, describe it as a mass of destruction, black clouds, with a terrible, rapid whistling motion, tearing up and tearing down, and every house was in its path. Human beings were not spared on that terrible night. A great many lives were lost, and many were injured for life.

After the cyclone had passed and the wind had spent some of its fury, the moon shone out in fine glances, but I could not find it in the midst of all the wreck that had no previous record, it was supernatural.

A few weeks after that night several pieces of wood of peculiar shape were found in the yard, looking down from the desolate district. They were broken, twisted, and split by the gigantic power of the wind. Looking over them I found a piece of handsome ash, and the corner of a piece of wood, a piece of wood, probably hurled from some once happy home, and wedged tightly in a slip of the wood was a leaf, a leaf, and I found it difficultly I released from its holding place. It was written in French, and I found it in the dress of a young girl in Louisville to her lover in France; I suppose she had intended to mail it soon. As part of a cyclone, it was rare, but so torn I could not decipher the address.

In the letter she told him of her declining health, but hoping and certainly hoping to see him again. The letter was very touching, though written, but full of hope and affection.

She addressed him as "Chere amie," and it was a student of the "Sar- borne," in famous college in France, waiting to graduate. After that he came to America to claim her for his. The letter ended with true. French love, and was signed "Adolphe Renard."

I thought perhaps she had written it on that fearful night, and I might find and return it, so I made inquiries from several who had lived in that part of the city destroyed by the cyclone, and knew one who had known a young French girl, residing with a family who had suffered severely, that their house being entirely destroyed, barely escaping with their lives, but the family had moved away from the city, and the young French girl had gone back to her people in the French city.

I could learn no more, so put the letter away with other relics of the cyclone. A few years later it was I was looking over a newspaper from New Orleans, and the name arrested my attention. Her death was recorded in it. The paper, the French newspaper, was humiliated, of continual, surrounded by kind and loving.

She was then of the young man, Antoine Servier, who had arrived from France, to sell at her in his advanced bride, but alas for moral penalties, and had taken her from him. And so the mystery of the Louisville Cyclone, the letters and the youngargo was explained.

FERNS CONTINUED.

fem, from 3 to 5 inches, the apex and also lower pinnae often prolonged to a long tapering point, as in the Walker's Fern, which is always in a gem. This is a singular fern when the leaves larger and the spores are not formed.

27. Asplenium Brachyodon, Eaton.\n
The gem of all this collection, in point of interest if not in beauty, is this little fern, so called in the State. It was first found in 1872 in the Cumberland Mountains, East Tennessee, by Prof. E. H. Bradley, and described soon after by Prof. Eaton. Since that, Prof. H. Mayo has found it in Indiana county, a point about 20 miles from the place where I have found it, and in one place, and says though he hunted a hundred similar localities after that place, and found nothing like it, and that had no previous record, it was supernatural.

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The basque may be substituted for the waistcoat; but the smartest suits have a waistcoat with front of silk, pique or marcellis, with which is worn a linen chemisette and tie.

Trevesville Coat. - Half of the pattern is given in 11 pieces: Front, side gore, side form, back, collar, and two pieces of the sleeves, of coat; and two pieces of the front, back strap, and collar, of the waistcoat. The row of holes in front of the coat shows where it is to be turned back to form the revers. Gather the sleeve at the top between the holes. The holes in the collar of the waistcoat show where it is to be turned over. Fasten the straps in the back with a buckle. A medium jacket will require three yards of goods forty-eight inches wide for the pocket; and one yard and a half of goods twenty-four inches wide for the waistcoat, if made entirely of one material.

No. 3. Black chip hat with low crown, trimmed with black lace, green velvet ribbon, and a full cluster of black plumes.

No. 4. Hat of open-work black straw, with brim rolled on both sides and covered on the outside with white lace. Trimming of ivory-white moire ribbon, passed through a rhinestone buckle in front, mingling with the lace in high loops on the left side; a large bunch of violets at the back.

No. 5. Fancy straw hat brown and yellow, with low crown and medium brim; trimming of green velvet, gold lace butterfly wings, and jetted cock’s feathers, placed at the left side, the right having only a velvet band around the crown.

Ferns of Warren County, Concluded.

This jaunty coat with its stylish waistcoat is one of the favorite models of the season for a garment to wear with various skirts, or to complete a garment of wool for street or traveling use. It is somewhat shorter than previous models, has a modified “umbrella” back, and the fronts may be secured with a button over the bust. A blouse-waist or a

WITH A MASCULINE AIR.

Ferns of Warren County, Concluded.

THIS PLANT has fertile and sterile segments. The sterile ones in size and shape resemble the leaf of the Yellow Miller’s Tongue or Bog Tooth Violet. The fertile forming a simple spike. For collectors, who are not botanists know this as a fern, as it is so unlike this, and other kinds of ferns. It is said to be quite uncommon in the State though, in 1850 I found it quite abundant in several different rocky open woods near Roundtown, Green, one lot being within the town limits. Since then these woods have been turned into sheep pastures and this, together with many other interesting plants has disappeared from these places. Grazing, quite as much as the cultivation of the ground, is doing away with many of our rare plants.