

Hadley's horse was stopping slowly down the country road, with an overalonal toes of his high bred head when ever a familiar fly alighted on his glossy coat. The reins may inertify in the young doctor's hands, for his mind was far afield. After a long silence he turned to the girl beside him and asked in a voice that he could not keep quite steady:

"Your answer is final, then? You won't marry me? And you-you don't Note me?" he added, with a helpless movement of his head, "Why, Eliza-beth, I can't realize it; I really can-not." And the blue eyes he turned on

her were full of tears. "I-Edward," she began, "Edward, 1 can't bear to hurt you, but"- And her voice lost itself in a quick sob. The young man put a quivering hand over the ones she had locked in her

ever the ones are not not seen in a said inp. "Don't cry, little Bess," he said huskily. "It hurts me terribly to see you. If you can't love me, you can't, I suppose, and I'll have to bear it like many another man. But I-well, I loved you so much that it didn't seem would be to use that it didn't seem

loved you so much that it dhin't seem possible that you could holp liking me --just a little." That this humble, suffering man could be the same cold, unmoved per-son who had, only a short time since, with such reluctance and ill concealed impatience, left her for the bediskle of a dying old woman seemed incredible to Elizabeth. But she clung to her de-cision to give him up, a course of ac-tion made imperative by the dictates of her reason, so she answered hoei-tatingly:

They rode along in silence, the thor-oughbred moving with nearly noiseless steps, and as they were turning an abrupt bend in the road half a mile



MAISHD HIM WITH A GENTLEMESS OF MOVE MENT WHICH WAS A HEVELATION.

farther down a thin groan struck up from the tail wayside weeds. Hadley brought his horse to a standstill by a violent jerk.

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olant jerk. "What's that?" he asked sharply. "Listen!"

Again the sound was repeated—a faint, pitcous note of pain, "It's a baby," declared Elizabeth, trembling, "and it's hurt."

Hadley was already polsed between the wheels of the runabout and in an instant was striding through the long matinit was stricing circola car long grass, which he suddenly stooped to part. After an appreciable space he straightened up and held out a hand to Elizabeth, who had followed him, and the girl's fingers closed tighty over it as she leaned forward to peer into the grass.

"Oh, Ned, a puppy!" she exclaimed, relief and fresh pity blending in her voice, for at their feet hay a poor little morsel of a dog. His little black nose

so cruel?" As she turned her head sorrowfully away her glance fell upon a small boy standing by the roadside. "Littic boy," she called, stopping the horse, "do you know whose dog this

borse, "do you know whose dog this lar"
A pair of stolid eyes were obediently focused upon the puppy.
"Yep," he announced after a mey ment's survey: "that's sammy Casey's Patsy Doodle. No; you can't find Sammy. Him an' his maw moved to Platts Ville day 'for' yest'alay. She's a widow woman. Course they didn't take him-drough to cart along 'thou't Patsy Doodle. Why, they had three' - But her interest in the Caseys' movements having been satisfied. Elizabeth suddem at '' she asked kindly.
"Acb, it is not much," the woman said, a refractory tear starting flown is that america so strange iss-and the city-4 the cows miss-and the garden and have acceedingly was deposited upon the table and his

cursive urchin for behind. Once in Hadley's office the little dog was deposited upon the table and his broken leg bound up with deft and broken leg bound up with deft and butter-yes.", And her oxceedingly tender fingers. With the intelligence offen rouchsafed his kind, Patsy Doodle scemed content to le quite still and relaxed in the atmosphere of sym-athy. Doodle scenned content to lie quite still and relaxed in the atmosphere of sym that they thought he was sleeping, but when Elizabeth withdrew her hand that they thought he was sleeping, but when Elizabeth withdrew her hand they uppy lifted his drooping ensith quiringly.
 "See, Bess; he misses your touch." "See, Bess; he misses your touch." With a marmur of tenderness, Eliza-beth slipped her hand under the soft liftle head, and after a snuggling move ment of the nose, which was becoming molat again, Patsy Doodle gave a liftly breathing of content and, closing his benutiful eyes, fell asleep, like a tredi.
 When the office had been restored to child.

with such reductance and ill concealed impatience, left her for the bediske of a dying old woman seemed incredible to Elizabeth. But she clung to her de-cision to give him up, a course of ac-tion made imperative by the dictates of her reason, so she answered hesi-tatingly: "I am so sorry, Edward, but I They rode slong in silman the due ing himself on a corner of the table

For a moment neither spoke; then the girl lifted her face and said in a tone that thrilled her companion: "Ned, dear, I've done you a horrible Injustice."

injustice." Hadley leaned forward suddenly. "How it he saked, with eager eyes. Elizabeth caught a fluttering broath. "You remember the night they brought you the measage that that old indy was dying and how you hated to got Well. I thought your profession had made you cold and hard and unfeeling, as it has so many men, and after you had gone I—I decided that I couldn't love a man like that".— Her volce

as it has so many men, and after you had gone I--I decided that I couldn't love a man like that''- Her voice trailed off uncertainly. The doctor's eyes darkened. "That's another and the worst of the tricks that missenble old woman has played me!" he declared holty. "Sweetheart" -bis eyes claimed her attention-"I knew there wasn't a thing on earth the matter with her when they sent for me. Some member of her family had probably got up sufficient nerve to put into excention a long cherished plan or something of that sort. She'd been dying regularly for the last two years whenever things didn't go to suit her. And to think she came so near separating us!" He slipped his hand under the one in which the little dog's head lay. "I owe everything to the intervention of Sammy Casey's Patay Doodle."

"Our Patsy Doodle," gently correct-ed Elisabeth.

A Difficult Matter.

There was strong family feeling in

There was strong family feeling in Brookby whenever any question affect-ing a member of the little community arcse. The matter of Abel Wood's ar-rest illustrated the state of affairs. "You see, we all knew he'd been dis-honest in his dealings and that he'd ought to be put away for a spell, and the warrant was issued," said Mr. Hall, explaining to a visitor what seemed like an unecessary delay in a simple

explaining to a visitor what seemed like an unsceedary delay in a simple process of the law, "but 'twas kind of hard for us to settle on the best place to arrest him. "You see, it had got to be done either at his mother's-that's the only good woman for extry scrubbing is the place -or else at his uncle's-that's the ex-mess agent and use to collights even press agent, and none too obliging ever when he's feeling piensant—or else at his brother-in-law's—that's the only man in town that's got a fust class

carpenter's set-out, monkey wrench and all. Anyway, the sheriff, being his fust cousin, made it kind of awkward. You see, I'm able to stand your Latin "Seems to me we did pretty well to quite determine from your accent." now I tell you. get him arrested inside of a week, con-sidering what drawbacks we had to contend with." John Burden pulled the horses up under the shade of an elm near the

Mail

"I'M JOHN BURDEN," HE SAID SIMPLY. dered a whole list of things, then cli-

maxed with 'one wife for a widower of thirty-five.' " of there, "" Mrs. Johnson's eyes were wide with unbellef. "Charley Johnson, you cer-tainly are joking! The man couldn't have been so foolish as to be in car-neet?" "It wasn't for himself; it was for a

country customer-a young widower with a dairy-farm on his hands that has been going to rack and ruin since his wife died." Mrs. Johnson was evidently struck

yellow haired perfection metJohanna I am afraid I would have an order from every farmer in North Carolina and would be forced to open a matrimonial bureau."

"Do you know anything about the widower?" Mrs. Johnson asked at length.

"Yes; Hayes wrote me'a letter and ave a pen picture of his life from the cradle to the grave-his wife's grave," he added, with a grin appreciative of his wit; "says he will absolutely vouch his wit; "says ne will absolutely vouch for him and that if I can find a woman who is suited to the man he described it will be a good thing for her. By Jove, I believe Johanna is the ne plus ultra—If she'll go. Pity she can't talk better English." "Oh, her little foreign talk won't make any difference. He can stand it

door of the ladies' walting room and

ordered by statistics a fellow in a novel, I never

He kept on the lookout for a woman wearing a dark blue dress and carry-ling a suit case marked Johanna Gersler. Mr. Johnson had written that he woold see that the name was printed in large letturs and that there would probably be no trouble as to identify in a town where the incoming travelers were few. Johanna stepped from the train, her blue eyes looking as wondering and as childish as they did when she landed in America six months before. She paused holplessly, and just then Bur-den saw the name on the sait case. He looked at the woman's face-tis blond fairness an unusual style in a southern town-and the thermometer seeined to jump several degrees up-He kept on the lookout for a woman

seemed to jump several degrees up ward. "She looks like-like-an angel!" he

muttered. "She will be disappointed in me," and he went to her antiously and dfilldently.

"I'm John Burden," he said simply. "You-you did want me to come?" Her volce trembled and he saw tears "Want you? Want you?" His tone

"What you?" What you?" His tone gained assurance, "Anybody with an ounce of sense would want you to come —and to stay," he suid, his face radiant as he took the suit case from her. Aftor the dinner with Hayes at the hotel and the quick marriage ceremony in the botel parlor they drove the five miles to Burken's farm and reached there that at the heatmank of the long there just at the beginning of the long

summer twilight. The climbing rose was in full bloom over the veranda, and a flock of white

over the versada, and a fock of white genes were vendering through the gate toward the barnyard. "To you like it?" he asked, his voice almost a whisper. "It is so much home," she gasped in her heiting English, "even the cows that in the farmyard stand." He led her into the house and paused before a sweet, clean room whose mus-lin curtains blew in and out the open windows. windows.

In cortains new in and out the open windows. "This is your room," he said simply. "Mine is across the hall, where I can hear if you got afraid and call me." His honest sunburned face was full of kludness, and although her compre-hension of Engtish was limited, she caught a glimpse of his soul in a lan-grage that is universal. "Tuke off your hat, little woman. I hear old Jenny putting supper on the table." He konked at the pale gold of her hair where her hat had pressed it tightly against her moist forchead, and he hestfattagly touched it with his hand and freed it from her temples. "I hope you'll feel homelike and will grow to love the farm-and maybe some time-me," he added thindly. "I like it all-and you," she answered

"I like it all-and you," she answere

A Secret Sign Given Those Who Can-not Write Their Names. The banks give secret passwords to depositors who cannot read or write. When one of these depositors goes to draw out money the cashier leans for-ward and whispers:

"What's your password?" The depositor whispers an answer, and if the correct password is given the money is paid out. In a bank the other day a negro wo-

ing intense application of mind. The cashier noddel toward her and said:

"She's forgotten her password and is trying to think of it. She came to the window awhile ago and wanted to get some money. She only wanted a small amount. But she can't write. She's one of quite a number of our depositors who are given passwords when they open an account. When she came in 1 asked her to give her name and ad-dress. She answered right up. 'What's

your password? I asked her. "'M-m,' she exclaimed, pursing her lips, 'let me see. Ain't dat peculiah' Hit done 'scaped mah mind now.'

Hit done 'scaped mah mind now.' "'Can't you think of it? I said. 'You know I can't pay the money until you give me the password?' "'Lord, honey.' she exclaimed, 'Ah's mighty high dat money! But Ah jee' can't 'member hit now.' "'Well, sit down and think it over,' I suggested to her. 'It may come to you.'"

you.'

In a few minutes the old woman arose with a happy look upon her face and went up to the cashier's window. She put her face as far inside the narrow window as she could and

pered: "Abraham Linkun."



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hrs. Johnson was evidently struck with an inspiration. "Oh, Charley, how- would Johanna do?" able suggested enthusiastically. "I think she would do finely-just fill the bill-if she would go," Mr. Johnson finished dubiously. "But if I sent down a piece of pink and white yellow heired usfactionChapman.

was dry and bleached with pain, and the soft curly white of his hair, through which the skin showed faintly pink, was solled by blood and dirt, and, mddest of all, one tiny hind leg lay

shattered and limp in a pool of blood. "Some brute has run over him and chucked him in the gutter to die," Endley said between his teeth. "1

Eadley said between his testh. "I only wish I knew who it was." In a moment he stooped and, slipping his hands under the little creature, raised him with a gentlenoss of moveent which was a revelation to Eliza-th and which filled her eyes with beth and wi

"I'll have to ask you to drive," said the doctor as he got in the runabout after her: "It would hurt croelly to put him down." And then as he saw the him down." And then as he saw the anxious questioning of her eyes he an-sweered: "I think I can fix him up all right. The lag is badly broken, but he's so young I think it will mend quickly." He fell to watching the quirering heart beet against the tiny ribs. The tip of a pake little tongue fust showed in the dry mouth, and a great brown ear fringed with black drooped hereasly against the white ed listlessly against the white

"Isn't be benutiful?" sighed the girl. "How like a little hurt child he looks! What does make people so careless and

Martyrdom, "Sympathetic people have a hard time in this world." "In what way?" "They have to listen to other peo

plo's troubles and never get a chance to tell their own."

The most valuable book in the British museum is the "Codex Alexandrinus," said to be worth £300,000,

EYSHONEYANDIAR

To Run the Gantlet. "To run the gantlet" originated in Germany and traveled thence to Eng

door of the indices waiting room and handed the reins to his companion, with a sheepish smile, "Hold on to these, Mr. Hayes. You got me into this business, and you must help see me through. Do I look much like a fool?" Morth Hayes dealer in general merland, finally becoming domesticated in America. In both the German and English armies and navics about the time of the settlement of America run-

Martin Hayes, dealer in general mer-chandise, chuckled as he took the reins. "No, sir. You are the personification of the gay and festive hridegroomtime of the settlement of America run-ning the gnalite was a punishment for misdemeanor, the soldiers of a com-pany or regiment being placed in two lines facing each other, each man arm-ed with a switch. The culprit ran be-tween the two files and received upon his bare back the switches of his com-rades. An officer stood by to see that the ambianant was unspecify an forced not an unnecessary sign of foollainess abont you. Of course, the new suit and the rosebud in your buttonhole are allowable as befitting the occasion. Nicest suit I had in stock, old boy. Hope she'll like it."

rades. An officer stood by to see that the pumbahanent was properly enforced, and any soldier who failed to do his duty was himself liable to make the journey between the two files. The In-dians along the coast of Virginia are said to have observed this punishment indicted upon some sailors of an Eng-lish man-of-war and immediately adopt-of the lides for torburns their small. Burden arranged his necktle with clumsy fingers. "Glad all this internal quaking don't show on the outside. There's the train in sight. Geel Don't believe there's over a day made as hot as this." He made his way through the errored

He made his way through the crowd ed the ides for torturing their ene-mice; hence came the belief that the punishment or torture was peculiar to the aborigines of North America. around the depot and stationed himself where he could get a good view of the passengers alighting from the train. "Two been staid and have travoled

Subscribe for THE MAIL.

Nome Means Home. It is said that the name of Nome was the result of an error made by some Englishman in writing a letter. He evidently intended to write the word "home," but the makers of the maps read it Nome, and thus the name Nome belongs to history and the great district of Alaska. Some authorities claim that the word Nome is a corrup-tion of the Indian phrase or word Knoma, meaning something like "I know it."-National Magazine. Se Different. "Women all have the same fault They can't pass a shop that has bon nets in the window without looking in." "So different from men! They can't pass a shop that has bottles in the without going in."-Lilustrated Bits

Beware of worrying about little things. It is the malady of happy people.

It is more heroic to live on one's grief than to die of it.

Correct," answered the cashier, and he paid her the money she was after. "Ab jes' couldn't place dat man's name at first," she said as she went out-Kansas City Star.

Over Eight Feet Tall.

Over Eight Feet Tall. King James I. had a gigantic porter eight feet six inches in height, but he was not perfect, being round shoul-dered, knock kneed and lame in one foot. Of a similar height was Charles Munster, a yeoman of the Hanoverian guard who died in 1676, and seven years hefore there was being exhibited guard who died in 1076, and seven years before there was being exhibited in Loudon a Durchman eight feet nine inches high anent whom in Pepys' diary we find the following entry on Aug. 1K 1000: "Went to Charing Cross to see the great Dutchman. I dif walk under his arm with my hat on and could not reach his chin with the time of my fingers." tips of my fingers."

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

An oupre of assistance is worth a pound of advice.

Count your foys and you will dis-count your sorrows.

Hard labor is a plaster that alleviates he pains of the mind. the

Part of the art of doing things is to attempt but little at a time. Some people seem to think that loud

alk makes a sound argument.

If you have a cross to bear, bear in like a man and don't place it on exhibition.

When the opposing attorney offers t ompromise it means that you have good case.

Many a man is credited with being patient when in reality he is too lazy to register a kick.

Many a fool has acquired a reputa tion for wisdom by accidentally doing the right thing at the right time.-Exchange.

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