

man games

ELDA DAMERON, an idyl of the Ohio Valley, a natural but entrancing romance, real as life. This is the truly charming serial which is now presented.

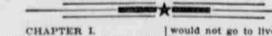
When you read this sterling story you from the brick walls and the green of will be delighted at its brisk, fresh tone of the blinds had faded to a dull nondemodern town life. The characters are genuine flesh and blood men and women. The trusteeship," he said.

heroine is a girl who has seen travel abroad and society at home. Zelda Dameron is the typical American girl of the hour. She is something more-a dutiful daughter who sinks all her own individuality in protecting and elevating a miserly, and later a speculating father, whom she wins to the higher life of true manhood by her noble self-sacrifice.

There is a war flavor to this charming story, a college tinge, and Western-Southern characteristics that will fascinate the reader. The hero is a type of the ambitious young man of the day, an aspiring lawyer, chivalrous and honorable in his dealings with all mankind.

This story is a series of vivid life pictures. You will find no unnatural coloring to its settings, no actors in the Ezra Dameron was wondering just rapid life drama that you will not recognize as strikingly natural.

"Zelda Dameron" is sure to meet your approbation as a bright, wholesome story of to-day, full of sparkling incident and a coherent progressive plot that will interest all readers.



would not go to live with her father-"She's like Margaret; she's really that Mrs. Forrest and Rodney Merone of us," remarked Mrs. Forrest to riam would save her from that; but "She carries herself as Zelda was already domiciled in her brother. her Margaret did in her girlhood, and she's father's house Mrs. Forrest led her brother to an dark, as we all are."

"I hope she's escaped the Dameron alcove of Mrs. Carr's library, and sent traits; they're unattractive," said Rodhim to bring a cup of tea to her there. She was afraid to wait for a better ney Merriam.

Mrs. Forrest and Zelda Dameron, her opportunity; she must take advantage of his first impression at once. He brought what was offered at the buffet plece, who were just home from a five years' absence abroad, had, so to speak, stepped directly from the train into Mrs. Carr's drawing-room. The place in the dining-room, and gave her his serious attention.

was full of women, old and young, "This isn't quite the place I should have chosen for a reunion after three years," he began. "Where was it I and their animated talk blended. Mrs. Carr was forcing the season trifle-it was near the end of Septem-Geneva? I believe it aw you last? was. The girl is very handsome. per-but the dean of a famous college for women had come to town unexsuppose you found your house in good order. And Zee went with you with-out any trouble. That's as it should pectedly, and it was not Mrs. Carr's way to let heat or cold interfere with her social inclinations. Mrs. Forrest

her brother had ceased talking to "But, Rodney, she isn't with watch their niece. The girl's profile She has gone to her father; she was turned to them, and the old genvouldn't have it any other way." "Oh! I'll fix that, I'll get her away

tleman noted the good points of her face and figure. She was talking to from him. Now that you've given her to him, I suppose I'll have to take a hand," said Merriam, with frank disseveral other girls, and it seemed to him that they showed her a deference companions "Til have to renew my ac-Zelda turned from her pleasure. suddenly. She crossed swiftly to her quaintance with that blackguard. 1 uncle with a happy exclamation; really suppose I'll have to call on him. Be

This is indeed an occasion! or I might meet him accidentally, in

house her mother was born in. cot course any little changes that want to make will be all right; but ou must practice economy. They were studying each other with

shrewd sophistication on the facher's side; with anxious wonder on the part of the girl. She knew little of her father. Even the memory of her moth-er had grown indistinct. The thing that had always impressed her about her father was his seeming age; she remembered him from her childhood as an old man, who came and went on errands which had seemed unrelat-ed to her own life. The house had stood in a large tract when Zelda went away, but this had shrunk gradually as Ezra Dameron divided the original

Merriam acres and sold off the lots The front of the homestead was now only a few feet from the new cement walk on what was called Merriam street, in honor of Zelda's grandfather. Sun and wind had peeled the paint

"Your aunt probably told you some thing of your business affairs-of the

Aunt Julia never discuss-Oh, no! ed it; but I remember that she told me once I had some property. I knew nothing more-except that there is a

trusteeship-whatever that is!" And she laughed. "Yes; it was a very wise idea of rour mother's in providing for you. She always maintained her separate estate. She inherited some property from her father. I never touched your nother's property at all; never a cent, the old man went on. He did not know what Mrs. Forrest might have told He was dropping down his Zelda. plummet to measure her ignorance Zelda knew nothing; and she cared very little. Her wants had always very little. been provided for without any trouble

on her part. Mrs. Forrest indulged herself, and she had indulged Zelda. rest would expect him to do for the girl. His position as her father had His position as her father had anomalous ever since his wife died, ten years ago. The Merriams had taken his daughter away from him at once and then they had sent her out of the country, and now that they

had brought her back he was not without curiosity as to what their attitude toward him would be. "The trusteeship will not be term! nated for a year-on your 21st birthday, unless you should marry before the end of that time. This is always an emergency to look forward to; t trust you will be in no hurry to leave

Zelda laughed abruptly. "It's funny, isn't it ?- the getting married. I honestly hadn't thought of

I don't know any young before. men. We didn't meet any men abroad except very old ones. Aunt Julia was afraid the young men weren't respectable! "There's nothing like being careful where young men are concerned. There are many bad ones about these days. The temptations of modern life are in-

creasing fast. A young girl can have no idea of ther (To be continued.)

TRACING A LOST DOG.

He was, first of all, a lovable puppy, and second, he had a fine pedigree. Either reason was enough for consternation to spread throughout the house when it appeared that he was gone. The last person who had seen him, the



"This is to you, Julia or Rodney,

belongs to her safely.

long time.

CHAPTER II .- (Continued.) times in tissue paper and were swee "Who's afraid ?" she said, and laugh with lavender. id again. "I'll be back in a moment," he said.

and he went up stairs, returning presently, carrying a small basket filled small address book, bound in red leathwith keys. er; and Zelda ran the leaves through her fingers, noting the names of per-"These are yours, my daughter," h

said, and waved his hand with a little ons who ich of manner. 'Margaret Dameron" was written on "Oh, so many!" She poured the keys

There were half the table. hundred of them, of many kinds and sizes; and they were all tagged with fe; little bits of ivory, on which their several uses were written clearly in ink. "Your mother was very methodicalvery painstaking-

He shook his head and turned to the ried the book close to the shrouded fire, as though to hide anw shor of table where her candles stood and feeling. opened It.

Zelda was turning the keys over in her hand, and she did not look at him. A mist had come into her eyes. She membered the dark woman who had een so gentle and patient with her childhood. They used to walk together in the old pasture; and they carried their books to a seat that had been built under a great beech where her mother read the quaint tales and old ballads that were her delight. These were the only happy memories she had kent of her mother-the times under the beech, with which her father was not associated.

"I'm sure it's your time to go to bed. You mustn't let me break in father. on your ways." Zelda walked over to him and put her hands on his shoulwant to be very good to you, her what you would have done for me father; and I know we'll live here very Do not let him kill the sweetness and happily. You won't mind me muchwhen you get used to me!" She touched his forehead with her lips.

"Thank you, thank you"-and there for the property I have to leave was a helpless note in his voice. She turned away from him quickly, restored the keys to the basket and ran with it to her room.

The next morning she was down to his 7 o'clock breakfast in the cold, forbidding dining-room. She was very gay and made him talk a great deal to

few pages of this appeal, but He had been up for an hour at words sank into her consciousness with the weight of lead. She was to work in the barn, where he cared for his own horse. He carried the mornhis own horse. He carried the morn-ing newspaper to the table, as he had by her sunt and uncle; but she must e for years. not know what this dead woman, her

"This will never do, father! You mother, had suffered at his hands ust talk to me and help me to learn There was the heart ache of years i the American breakfast habit. I'll be the lines; they had not been written accome if you read at the table." her, but fate had brought them under His thoughts seemed far away; he her eyes. She closed the book, clasp-

had long been out of practice in the ing it in her hands, and stared into the amenities and graces, and the morning dark area beyond the candlelight. Her had brought him once more face to mind was busily reconstructing the life face with this change in his life. The of her mother, of whom she knew so of her mother, of whom she knew so

place across the table had been empty little. The book that she held, with for so many years that he resented the its pitiful plea for her own security appearance there of this slender dark and happiness, opened a new world to girl, pouring his coffee with an ease her; her mother's words brought the that puzzled and even touched him. past before her vividly and sent her There had been another girl like her, thoughts into the future with a fleres in the long ago, and this was her haste of transition.

what

Zelda read on.

child. The resemblance between moth-This was her home-coming and this er and daughter was so marked that was home! She forgot for the moment he grew uneasy as he pondered it; he that she had friends anywhere; she made a pretense of holding up his feit herself a stranger in her native newspaper to shut out the girl, and when he dropped it Zelda was waiting Her heart went out to her city, in the house where she was born mother, for him, her elbows on the table, her across a distance that was vaster than ds clasped under her chin. any gulf of time, for there was

was too indoient by nature to have ich curiosity: she was not a woman who spent all her rainy days poring over lavender-scented trifles and weeping over old letters. She was born this old house, and she had played as girl in the wooded pasture that once lay east of it. Her father's fields were now forty-foot lots, through which streets had been cut, and the houses that had been built up thickly all about were of a formal urban type. The Merriam homestead was to Julia Forrest merely an old, shabby and uncomfortable house, whose plumbing was doubtless highly unsanitary. She had been married there; her father

and mother had died there; but the One flat packet had place meant nothing to her beyond the een crowded into the top, and the lid fact that it was now her niece's honin had crushed it, so that the paper wrapping had fallen aside. It held a It occurred to her that she ought to see Zelda's room, to be sure the girl was comfortable; but Zelda did not invite her in when they reached the secnd floor.

were her mother's friends. "The letters were beautiful; thay wrote lovely letters in those days,' ne of the fly leaves. The book had persisted ironically: Zelda "I wish een intended as a register of visits, sould have some half as nice. begun at the threshold of her married "Do get your things, Zee; it's fine but, from appearances, it had utdoors and the outing will do been abandoned soon as an address

rood.' book. At the back, where the ink was "I'm very sorry, but I can't go this resher and of a different kind, some norning. I have a lot to do. I'll be of the pages were filled. The girl carfreer after a little.

"You're foolish, very foolish. When shall I see you, then?'

"I'll be along late in the afterno ome time. "And then stop to dinner-

They have told me to-day that I am "Very sorry; but father will expect going to die; but I have known it for The end is nearer than It doesn't seem quite kind to forne. they think it is; and I am going to set sake him-when he's so nice to me. down here an appeal that I can not "I suppose not, but bring him along bring myself to make to either of you We're all an unsociable lot. They say directly. It is about Zelda. I think the Marriams and their connectio are queer-I don't like the word. Your she will be like us. God grant it may uncle and I want you to raise the falbe so. I know what I hope her future may be; but I dare not plan it. My own-you know that I planned my own. Save her, as you tried en reputation of the family. Do be conventional, whatever you do."

"Oh. I shall be that-commonplac to save me from myself, if it should be necessary. She is very dear and "Don't come down in those clothes

drs. Forrest was descending the stairs. gentle; but she has our pride. I can see it growing day by day. They may "All right, Aunt Julia. Good-by!" that we Merriams are hard and proud When the front door had closed, Zelbut she will never be hard. Do for a sat down on the stairs and laughed oftly to herself.

"Oh, Polly," she called.

woman shuffled slowly ingentleness in her. Keep her away The black from him if you can; but do not let to the hall and looked up gravely at her know what I have suffered from the girl.

"Polly, I wish to see the footman him. I have arranged for him to car the moment he returns to the house. so that she may never feel that I did And the butler's work is very unsatisnot trust him. He will surely guard factory; I shall have to let him go. And please say to the cook that there Perhaps I was unjust to him; it may will be ple for dinner until further nohave been my fault; but if she can re ice-apple-pie with cheese. And the peasants-they will be received by My spect or love him I wish it to be so. There were only a Majesty on the lawn at 5 as usual, and largess will be distributed. Will you th execute these commissions at Polly? Stand not on the order of your She laughed down at the roingmased colored woman and then ran

swiftly up stairs. She did not pause until she reached candle-lighted table in the garret and knelt before it, with her face against her mother's little book, and obbed as though her heart would break.

(To be continued.)

A PROBLEM IN FINANCE.

Mrs. Compton set a large, 'nobby package on the library table, and fell nto the easy chair which was drawn up to the fire opposite her husband's. 'I am almost worn out!" she gasped. "I just wish you'd lift that bundle, Henry, and tell me how much it weighs."

IN HOURS OF PLAY

ANIMALS MAKE GOOD USE OF THEIR LEISURE TIME.

Authenticated Cases Which Prove the Brute Species Are Aware of the Value of Relaxation-Merry Antics of Monkeys.

All animals, from ants up to whales and elephants, play together in youth, and some are fond of taking such di versions at intervals through life One might search the world over and not find more playful creatures than pupples and kittens, but there are oth er dumb animals which not only frisk about, but actually descend to practical jokes.

A Brazilian parrot once succeeded in making a railway party bellev that they had run over a child. Sudden cries, followed by a low moaning. rang out from beneath the wheels. The train was stopped, and the employees nervously searched the track, but no child was to be seen. No clus to the situation was to be found until a large green parrot, swinging in his

cage, uttered a mocking laugh.

A monkey on shipboard used to amuse himself in the cook's abasace by turning the water-cocks in order to enjoy that worthy's surprise when he returned and found the water running over the floor; and there are scores of authenticated instances of actual deception practised by animals to gain some desired end.

A certain Skye terrier used to attempt deceiving its master by going through the action of killing a fly, and then assuming an air of success. One day, however, when proof was given him that his hypocrisy was detected, he slunk under the furniture, evident ly quite ashamed

The merry antics of monkeys are many and diverting. Humboldt was acquainted with a monkey in India which took delight in riding a pig-Every morning the creature caught one, leaped astride his back, and clinging there with great firmness, took his fill of riding.

Another monkey, domenticated by a missionary, used to put the family cat, a strong, good-natured animal, to the same use.

The favorite game of others seems. to be that of sliding down hill. They climb to the top of a high snow-ridge, He flat upon the stomach, with the fore-feet bent backward, and giving themselves an impulse with the hindlegs, glide down the hill head fore-In summer they select a slomost. ping river bank, which has clayey soll, and where the water at its base is of considerable depth. Climbing this bank, they start from the top, slip swiftly over the sloping ground, and plunge into the water.

The gamboling of whales is often witnessed by satiors, and Paley says that any observer of fish must acknowledge that "they are so happy they know not what to do with themselves. Their attitudes and frolics are simply the effect of an excess of spirita."

Tricks of the Compass.

Experts say that the steel hull of a

hold my long-lost uncle! the street, or at the bank. I might make a study of his habits and then lie his hands eagerly. "And you are Zelda-our little Zee! in wait. I should like to give an acci-

"Quite that! We must be acquaint dental air to the meeting, to save my ed! Perhaps we shall be friends, who olf-respect as far as possible." knows? Aunt Julia promised to ar-range it-and I'm not used to being "I suppose I might give a reconciliation dinner," she said. "We might as disappointed." well go into it deep while we are about

Zelda was a name that had been adopted in the Merriam family long Merriam shrugged his shoulders ago. A great many people had never known that old Roger Merriam's 'Don't push too fast. I don't remembe Ezra as a good dinner man.'

wife's name was Zelda, so generally "Til take you home if you're ready." was Zee applied to her even in her said Mrs. Forrest, when, after some further talk, they returned to the Margaret Dameron's child old age. been called Little Zee while her drawing-room. "Zelda's father is comgrandmother lived, and until her aunt ing for her."

had taken her away; and now, on her "Thanks; but I'm going to wall reappearance in Mariona, she was quite down with Leighton, if I can find him." naturally spoken of at Zee Damron It was nearly 6 o'clock, and a pro There was a wistfulness in the girl's seasion of women was coming down

eyes that touched Rodney Merriam by the stairs to Mrs. Carr's front door as Rodney Merriam and Morris Leighthe suggestion of her dead mother, the sister that had been the pride of the Merriams. Mrs. Forrest watched her ton left the house with Mrs. Forrest and Zelda. The waiting carriages made a long line in the street.

brother curiously. She had speculat-ed much about this meeting. Rodney Merriam was away from home a great "How gay it looks! The old town really has a matropolitan air at last deal. He had reached Mariona at noon from a trip into Canada, and had gone A tea-with men present-it's almost beyond belief!"

to Mrs. Carr's in pursuit of his sister. "The town's not so bad, Julia; and Mrs. Forrest understood perfectly that her brother had come to Mrs. Carr's it's a nice comfortable place for one's old age. You'd better get reconciled. tea chiefly that he might casually, and Mrs. Forrest's carriage had drawn without apparent interest, inspect his up to the curb and Leighton shut her Rodney Merriam was wary of nlece. nto it. entanglements with his relatives. He

"Be sure to come to my house to and Mrs. Forrest were, it was said in morrow, Zee," she called to the girl. "Miss Dameron's carriage!" Mariona, the only Merriams who could

Shall I say home?" Morris asked.

"You needn't trouble yourself." said

Was

the driver, sharply. He was muffled in

warm, and as the carriage door closed,

CHAPTER IL

"The cost of living is high, very

"Yes, father; I know that things

ants are ruinous. And I'm not

have me do, in everything. It

Ears Dameron looked quickly at his

a heavy cost, though the air

drove rapidly away.

toward the city.

ost, of course.

odney."

safely be asked to the same table, or A shabby vehicle emerged from the who were not likely to cause embar line and came forward. Zelda and rassment if they met anywhere. He had not spoken to Esra Dameron, Zel-Leighton were talking animatedly; and Merriam watched the approaching da's father, for ten years, and the name carriage with interest, standing back Dameron was an offense in his nosfrom the curb. It was a box-like, closed carriage of an old pattern, trils; but the girl was clearly a Merriam; she was the child of his favor-ite sister, and he hoped it would be drawn by one horse, with the driver nounted on a low seat in front. Leigh possible to like her. ton opened the door.

"Yes, we shall be friends-much more than friends," he said, kindly. as the girl gathered up her skirts and "You must come and see me; Aunt Julia has graduated me, and I'm back stepped in.

on my native heath to stay." 'Come and tell me what you have learned in distant lands-and I'll tell you what to forget! Here's Morris Leighton; I want you to know him, said Rodney Merriam.

Merriam moved away through the srowd, followed by his sister.

"You know Uncle Rodney very well, don't you?" said Zelda to Leighton. 'He was slways my hero. When I wa little girl I used to sit on a trunk In his garret and watch him fence with

s German fencing master. It was "I sometimes fence with Mr. Mer-

riam myself. I assure you that his hand and eye have not lost their cun-

Morris Leighton's social adventures had not lacked variety. He knew a good deal about girls, and while a young man is still under 30 the delusion serves all the purposes of actual knowledge. Rodney Merriam had often spoken to Leighton of Zelda Dameron's home-coming.

Zelda Dameron's return to Mariona tax on you." was more of an event than she herself understood. The Merriams were an daughter. understood. "Yes, to be sure, Zes, to be sure. Mariona is a simple place and your sojourn abroad has hardly fitted you interesting family; they were, indeed, one of the first families. There were Merriams about whom people laughed cynically; but Mrs. Forrest did not beong to this faction, nor did Rodney Merriam, of whom most people stood There had been much sp ecuin awe. There not of Zelda's coming. find the house quite contait was your lation, in advance of Zelda's coming. find the house quite contait was your as to her probable course when she a little eld-fashioned, but it was your should return to Mariona with her grandfather's, and it rarely happens should return to Mariona with her grandfather's, and it rarely happens Many had predicted that the nowadays that a girl lives in the s

nurse-maid, said that he was playing down the street with that big dog next ing hastily. door. At any rate, he was lost, and it

was necessary to search. A writer in the Galveston News relates the story. Under the house, just before we got well started, we found the feathers of a chicken we had long believed safely interred. Fragments of a napkin that arm's length.

had blown from the clothes-line showed that the puppy had been there or this?" thereabouts, but the pup himself was not in sight.

Out in the alley we found where, in his innocent play, he had carried the cook's best apron and made strings of it. Poor little dog! He had to have something to amuse himself with.

Our neighbor, Mr. Burns, came to the back fence and rested his coatless to make trifling repairs, you know. arms on it. "Have you seen our dog?" we asked him. Mr. Burns considered.

"What sort o' dog was he?" he asked. "A little, flea-bit mongrel with stub tall?"

We indignantly replied that he was fox terrier with a pedigree as long throat, but Zelda took it from him and We indignantly replied that he was as the laws of the Medes and the Perslans.

"I saw him," said Mr. Burns. "He chased two of my settin' hens off th' nest and busted half the eggs. If ever I ketch-

"Which way did he go?" we asked Mr. Burns smiled grimly. "Last I see of him," he said, "he was travelin' due west, an' half a brick was him on the check.

follerin' him pooty clost." They had seen him at the drug store. He had managed to get his head caught in a jar, and had frightened an old woman so badly that the doctor the boss. I'm sure she's been abusing had to be called just because the dog approached her without removing the

"Have you seen our little dog?" we asked the grocer down the street. "If he was yourn," said the grocer. you owe me for a whole cheese. Some for me!"

he struck his horse with the reins and little snub-tailed beast ate the wood off a new cheese and got into it before your own way, father." There was a note of disappointment in her voico, "Sorry I made a mistake," said Leighton to Merriam, as they turned "That wasn't our dog," we assured him. "Our dog hates cheese-won't "It was her father." said Merriam.

stay in the house with it, in fact. But which way did that dog go?" Following his directions and follow ed by his suspicious glances, we went down the street again. Far down the

street we beheld a small and hilarious "I have lived on very little while yo crowd. were away, Zee. With one servant it's possible to keep down expenses. Ser-Approaching, we saw the cause. little stump-tailed fox-terrier, painfulrich Zee, like your Aunt Julia and Uncle

down a string of shoes that were on and brought several old candlesticks from the parfor. The attic was a great "I want to do just what you would was exhibit outside. kind and generous of you to let me stay away so long. I know my ex-penses abroad must have been a great These he was doing his utmost to destroy, manifesting the liveliest satisfaction at the progress made.

At our approach he fied, and had to pass the druggist's and the grocer's and our neighbor's home we were one does not like to claim even a dog

for our homely ways. You'll find that things are done very differently here. of pedigree, and this was one of them. But of course you will accommodate yourself to the conditions. And you'll Good sense is not a merely intelled tual attribute; it is rather the result of a just equilibrium of all our faculties .- Bulwer Lytton.

"Oh, pardon me!" he exclaimed, ris As she helped him into his overcoat her hand touched a hammer he car

day. ried in his pocket with a miscellaneous Her fingers came upon the broken assortment of nails, for use in repair rapper that had failen from the lit ing the small properties he owned in le book. She lifted it to the light and many parts of town, and she drew the readt

implement forth and inspected it at sister Julia." Why, father! What on earth is

The nails jingled, and she made dive into the pocket and drew forth

The front door-bell rang-it was an old-fushioned contrivance, on a wire and pealed censoriously-and handful. "Why, you've forgotten to empty thrust the book back into the trunk

your pockets! You mustn't go about and ran to the second-floor landing to with this hardware in your clothes." listen. Polly, the colored maid-of-allwork, admitted Mrs. Forrest warily. He reached for the things, a little

"Good morning, Aunt Julia! shamefacedly. "You don't understand. I need them come to your ancestral home! Come on up!" Zelda called from the top o He smiled, and she put the things back the stairs.

into his pockets, still laughing at him. "I must go about with you. I can "What on earth are you doing, Zee? demanded Mrs. Forrest, gathering up carry the hammer. Maybe you will let her skirts and beginning the ascent. me drive a nall once in a while, if I "I'm cleaning house a little."

am good." 'My dear Zee, this will never do He drew out a faded silk handker-And Mrs. Forrest, having reached th second floor, surveyed her nlece with disapproval.

adjusted it carefully under his coat collar; and she brushed his old brown Zelda, putting her hand to her turban derby hat with a whisk broom that "I flattered myself that I looked rath lay on the hall table. er well. I'm exploring the garret. I'm

He suffered her ministrations with not really doing anything but his patient smile, into which he tried about; and it's great fun, raking in to throw something of a look of pride; the dust of the past-a very remote and when she had set the hat squarepast, too!" "This is a horrible hole, Zee, ly on his head, she drew back and re-

garded him critically and then kissed was staring about frowningly. "Now be sure to come home to

luncheon always. You didn't come yesterday and it was lonely. I must get Polly to show me the way to the grocery. I don't intend to let her be papers and letters, and Zelda flun up the lid to pique her aunt's curiosity "You must burn all these old things Your grandfather never destroyed any thing, and your mother kept all he left you all these years." "Oh, in time you will come to it. Old letters ought never to be kept

Polly will do very well, and you they're dangerous. I'm about settled oughtn't to be bothered with such myself. I came in to see how you're things. I-I usually buy the groceries getting on, Zee." myself. One of my tenants is a grothis old furniture."

cer and-and-he does a little better "You'd better buy what you need "Oh, to be sure. You must do it in new. I never had any patience with this idea of gathering up old rublish just because it's old. And then there's and he would have liked to the microbe theory; it sounds reason concede something to her, but he did not know able and there's probably a good dea

in it. how. She roamed idly about the house going finally to the kitchen, where the full. Perhaps there are some in those colored woman told her that orders ove-letters." Zelda laughed; for the remaining meals of the day had been given by her father. Polly viewed Zelda with admiration, but she did not ask advice, and Zenda contin-

ued her wanderings, going finally the attic with the key-basket.

The place was pitch dark when she ly like our own lost pet, had paused threw open the door, and as there was at a second-hand store and pulled no way of lighting it, she went down

> low room extending over the whole eon. of the house. It was unplastered. Box-

es and barrels abounded. Bunches of herbs, long dried, and garden tools At our approach he field, and we hung here and there; in a corner an knew whose dog he was. But as we old saddle was suspended by one stirrup. Pieces of furniture covered with cloths were distributed under the could be so nice." not sorry, for there are times when eaves, their draperies heavy with dust, and the light of the candles gave them

a spectral appearance.

There were several trunks of her mother's clothing and Zelda peered in-to these bravely. Her mother had arthing else. Julia Forrest was a wom an without sentiment, for there are ranged them thus shortly" before her such in the world. The lumber-room death. The girl was touched by their did not interest her, and she was anxorder; they were folded many lous to get out into the sunlight. She

the greater vold that sympathy "About eleven pounds and a half, at love would have biled if mother and a rough guess," said her husband. child might have touched hands to-What in the world is it?" "It isn't it, it's them," said Mrs.

CHAPTER III.

Compton, with a fine contempt for grammar. "It is two jars of marmalade, and a pound of fudge, and two work-aprons, and three wooden ani-"Private. For brother Rodney mals, and a raffia handbag, and a glass hatpin holder, and-oh, yes, and half a dozen duaters and a dusting cap."

"What do you want of all that truck?" demanded Mr. Compton. Zelds "I don't want any of it," and his wife turned her head wearly from side to side; "but then, I suppose they didn't want my illuminated book marks, and they'd all bought them. "You see, all of us, the members of the Ladies' Aid Society, decided not to have a fair this year and get all tired out, as we have other years, but each one raise what money she could by individual work.

"So I made a lot of those pretty book-marks--of course nobody really uses them, but you put them in some book nobody reads, and they look atyou mean the clothes?" asked tractive. I cut them, and Edith drew the designs, and Mildred colored them, so we felt we must ask seventy-five cents spiece for then .- three persons' poss work like that!

"Well, yesterday I took a box of them and went to see all the other women-it poured so they were all at must go right down." Mrs. Porrest nome-and persuaded nearly every one to take two, and I came home with A trunk stood within the arc of the eighteen dollars for the mission fund."

candle's flame. It was filled with old "Good work!" said Mr. Compton. "Wait!" in a tragic tone, "This afternoon Mrs. Leigh telephoned, early, for me to go over there to an in promptu sewing-bee, and all the other members of the society were therecourse I had to take something from each one of them, since they'd bought "I'm going to see what I can do with of me."

"Oh, yes, I suppose so," said Mr. Compton, taking out a long pocketbook

"And I've reckoned it up coming nome," said the plaintive voice, "and I've spent-or at least I owe-eighteen dollars and twenty-five cents. But "Horrors! The garret's probably then Mrs. Leigh says she's lost two dollars and a quarter on her work.

And we've all tried so hard to help!" "Yes, I saw Leigh this afternoon, said Mr. Compton. "We decided 'twas about time for the associate members of the Ladies' Aid Society to get in their work. How does that ten-dollar oill strike you?"

times of financial stress associate members are allowed to step forward and hand out helpful sums, but I have always understood the real workings

of the society were kept from them. I shall have to be excused from offering any opinion."-Youth's Companion.

George Reucker, who worked his Bronkensen, German'

vessel is rendered magnetic during construction by the hammering of the metal and that every steel vessel has

to have its compass corrected to counteract its own magnetic lines of force. The magnetic influence is further complicated by the load carried by the vessel, if this load is magnetic or capable of being magnetized. The orecarrying vessels of the great lakes experience great difficulty on this account and the United States hydrographic bureau is endeavoring to teach pilots and captains of vessels plying in this trade how to check their course by means of the pelorus. The pelorus is an instrument similar to the sun dial, being provided with a gnomon and a graduated are on which a shadow of the gnomon is cast. The instrument is set in a north and south direction, as indicated by the compass.

By noting the shadow on the gradu ated are it is possible to tell by comparison with tables furnished by the government just how far from the north and south position the gnomon really lies, thus showing the compass error.

Were Glad to End Season.

A New Yorker who has just returned from London gives one explanation of the promptness with which Englishmen closed their town houses after the death of the king and so readily consented to give up all entertainments for the rest of the present neason.

"Londoners were in many instances very much relieved to shirk a season of expenditure," he said, "because this has not been a good year financially for them. They were not anxious to with their things to sell-and of spend any more money than necessary, and when court mourning gave them a dignified opportunity to close up their houses and skip a season they were very well satisfied that they could do this without having to have undertaken anything so unconventional on their own responsibility. So nobody need think that English houses in London will be opened later in the season or that there will be anything like the usual entertaining

Typewritten Signatures.

there."

"I had a letter from a friend today," ald a literary man, "giving me a wigging for signing my typewritten letter to him with the typewriter, and I notified him at once that he didn't know what he was talking about.] told him I had written the letter with my own hand on the machine and it was proper to sign it in type. If I had written the letter with a pen, I told him, the signature with the pen would have been all right, and a pen was just as much an implement of writing as a typewriter was. Therefore my signature in type was quite proper, though I admitted it would not pass as a legal signature. Howover, I was not writing a legal docuway to America as a coal shifter and ment and a signature in the text of accumulated a large fortune in the ho- the letter was perfectly good form. tel business in Brooklyn, died at his That is my contention now and if beautiful villa, in his native place, anybody can prove that I am wrong I'd like to hear his argument."

"O Henry!" cried his wife. "Butbut where do you suppose the money has gone, when we're all in debt?" "My dear," said Mr. Compton, "in

"He's perfectly splendid! He's just as kind and thoughtful as can be. I didn't know that anybody's father

Mrs. Forrest rose and swept the garret disapprovingly with her lorgnette and there may have been an excess of

disapproval that was meant for some

mirth was seemingly spontaneous, and pubbled up irrelevantly. "If there's anything of mine up her-

afterward." "I'd like to, Aunt Julia, but I really mustn't. Father comes home to lunch-

shock wouldn't kill him."

"Oh, he does, does he? Well, he had a good many meals alone and the

And come home to luncheon with me

for heaven's sake burn it right away And now clean yourself up and comout with ms. You must show yourself or people won't know you're in town