BY BOOTH TARKINTON

(Copyright, by McClure, Phillips & Co.) SYNOPSIS.

ingular chain of circumsta Carewe has come to confuse Tom Vaneity Caretwe has come to confuse from Van-vai and Cralley Gray, believing each to be is other. Miss Betty is the reigning belie I Rousen, Ind., in the days just preceding Mexican War. Tom Vanrevel is a young wyer of Rouen, and her father's mortal foe. he two men have gunreied over politics and so on a personal matter, and old Carewo as threatened to shoot Tom should he ever al him on Carewe's property. Tom has fai-d despectably in love with Miss Betty at first find him on Carews's property. Tom has fal-len desperatoly in love with Miss Betty at first sight. Crailey Gray, lazy, generous, popular, talented, good-for-nothing, and peet, is Tom's law partner, and is engaged to Mise Fanchon Enremud, but it is becoming evident that be. t is becoming evident that he, m, has fallen upder the spell

CHAPTER IV.

"But Spare Your Country's Flag."

F IT be true that love is the great incentive to the useless arts, the num-ber of gentlemen who became poets for the sake of Miss Betty Carewe need not be considered extraordinary. Of all written of her dancing, Tom Vanrevel's lines "I Danced With Her Beneath the Lights" (which he certainly had not done, when he wrote them) were, perdistrict not done.when he wrote them) were, per-hups, next to Cralley Gray's in merit, though Tom burned his rhymes after reading them to Cralley. Other trouba-dours were not so modest, and the Rouen Journal found no lack of tuneful offerings that Spring, generously printing all of it, even at the period when it became, epieven at the period when it became epi-demic. The public had little difficulty in recognizing the work of Mr. Francis enoweth in an anonymous "Sonnet" (of \$3 lines) which appeared in the issue following Miss Carewe's debut. Mr. Chenoweth wrote that while dancing the maurka with a Lovely Being, the sweetest colings of his soul, in a celestial stream, bore him away beyond control, in a sehic dream; and he untruthfully stated that at the same time he saw her wipe the allent tear, omitting, however, to ven ture any explanation of the cause of her Old General Trumble boldly emotion. signed his poem in full. It was called "An Ode Upon Miss C-'s Waltring." and it began;

When hetina found fair Rouen's shore, And her aged father to us hore Her from the closeter next, Eas waitzed upon the baliroom floor, And lightly twirled upon her feet.

Mr. Carowe was rightfully indignant, and refused to acknowledge the General's calutation at their next meeting; Trumble

was 15 years older than he. As Cralley Gray never danced with Miss Carewe, it is somewhat singular that she should have been the inspiration of his swinging verses in waltz measure, "Heart Strings on a Violin," the sense of which was that when a violin had played for dancing, the instrument should be hattered as wine-glasses are after a great toast. However, no one, except the author himself, knew that Betty was the subject; for Crailey certainly did not m it to Miss Bareaud, nor to his est friend, Vanrevel. It was to some degree a strange com

as reckless as Cralley, and often the lat-ter's companion and assistant in dissipa-tion. Young Francis Chenowch never failed to follow both into whatever they eship between these two young men; their tastes led them so often in opposite planned; he was short and pink, and the They had rooms together over offices in the "Madrillon Block" street, and the lights shone I untilt of his nose was coherent with the appealing carnestness which was habitual with him. Eugene Madrillon was the sixth of these Intimates: a dark man, whose Latin eyes and color advertised his from their windows every night in the Sometimes that would mean only that the two friends were talking, for they never reached a silent intimacy, but, whose Latin eyes and color invertised his French uncestry as plainly as his emo-tionless mouth and lack of gesture be-trayed the mingling of another strain. All these, and others of the town, were wont to "talk politics" a great deal at the even after several years of companion were rarely seen together when not in interested, often eager, conversation, to that people wondered what in the world little club on Main street, and all were apt to fall foul of Tom Vanrevel or Cralley Gray before the end of any disthey still found to say to each other. But a night the late-shining lamp meant that Tom sat alone, with a brief or a book, or wooed the lorn hours with his magical guitar. For he never went to bed cussion. they twisted the Lion's tail in vehement and bitter earnest; when the screamed in mixed figures; when few until the other came home. And if daycame without Cralley, Vanrevel out, yawning mightily, to look knew how to talk, and many orated;

he had drowsed through a question. More-over, no one ever heard him speak a sul-ien word, nor saw him wear a brow of de-pression. The single creed to which he was constant was that of good cheer; he was the very anothe of gavety presching the very anothe of gavety presching tes Miss len word, nor saw him wear a brow of deit, became, all at once, little better than a corner-loafer. His favorite lounging-place was a small drug store where Ca-rewe street debouched upon Main; never-theles, so adhesive is a reputation once was the very apostle of gayety, preaching it in parlor and bar; and made merry friends with bettered tramps and homeless

dogs in the streets at night. Now and then he would spend several days in the offices of Gray & Vanrevel, atfastened. He air of being there upon busi-ness decrived everyone except Mr. Gray. Miss Bareaud was even happier than she was astonished (and she was mighttorneys and counsellors at law, wearing an air of unassaliable virtue; though he did not far overstate the case when he said: "Tom does all the work and gives me all the money not to bother him when ly astonished) to find her betrothed de-Ty astonaded to him her octrothed de-veloping a taste for her society alone. Formerly, she had counted upon the gayeties of her home to keep Cralley near her; now, however, he told her tenderly he wished to have her all to himself.

me all the money not to bother him when he's getting up a case." The working member of the firm got up cases to notable effect, and few lawyers in the state enjoyed having Tom Vanrevel on the other side. There was nothing about him of the floridity prevalent at that time; he withered "oratory" before the court; he was the foe of jury pathos; and, despising noise and the habitual volce-dip at the end of a sentence, was, nevertheises, at times an almost fearfully effective orator. So, by degrees the firm of Gray & Vanrevel, young as it was, and in spite of the idle apprentice, had grown to be the most prosperous in the This was not like him, but Fanchon did not question; and it was very sweet to her that he began to make it his custom her that he began to make it his custom to come in by a side gate and meet her under an apple tree in the dusk, where they would sit quietly together through the evening, listening to the noise and laughter from the lighted house. That house was the most hospitable in grown to be the most prosperous in the

Rouen. Always cheerfully "fully of com-pany," as they said, it was the sort of house where a carpet-dance could be arranged in half an hour; a house with a sideboard like the widow's cruse; the young men always found more. Mrs. Bareaud, a Southerner, lowing to per-suade the visitor that her home was his, suade the visitor that her home was his, not hers, living only for her art, which was that of the table. Evil cooks, tak-ing service with her, became virtuous, dealt with nectar and ambrosia, and grew fit to pander to Olympus, learning of their mistress secrets to make the ili-disposed as genial gods ere they departed. Mr. Bareaud at 50 had lived so well that he gave up walking, which did not trou-ble him; but at 65 he gave up dancing, which did trouble him. His only hope. worked, only Clancy thew. The acceleration of the second s his creed) respected, at least, so far that there was no longer danger of mob vio-lence for an Abolitionist in Rosen. He was a cool-headed young man ordinarily, which did trouble him. His only hope he declared, was in Crailey Gray's prop-ise to invent for him a concave partner. and possessed of an elusive forcefulness not to be trifled with, though he was a quiet man, and had what they called a "fine manner." And, not in the latter, There was a thin, quirzing shank of a son, Jefferson, who lived upon quinine, ague and deviltry; and there were two daughters, Fanchon and Virginia. The latter was three years older than Fanbut in his dress, there was an echo of the beau, which afforded Mr. Gray a point of attack for sallies of wit: there was a touch of the dandy about Vanrevel; be had a large and versatile wardrobe, and chon, as dark as Fanchon was fair, though not nearly so pretty; a small, good-natured, romping sprite of a girl, who had handed down the heart and his clothes always fitted him not only in line but in color; even women saw how nobly they were fashioned. These two young men were members of a cheerful bund, who feasted, laughed.

hand of Cralley Gray to her sister with the best grace in the world. For she had been the heroine of one of Mr. Gray's had-dozen or so most serious affairs, and, after a furious rivalry with Mr. Carewe, wrangied over politics, danced, made love, and aang terrible chords on Summer even-ings, together, as young men will. Will Cummings, editor of the Rouen Journal. the victory was generally conceded to Crailey. His triumph had been of about a fortnight's duration when Fanchon re-turned from St. Mary's; and, with the was one of these; a tall, sallow man, very thin, very awkward and very gentle. Mr. Cummings proved himself always ready with a loud and friendly laugh for the advent of the younger sister, the elder, who had decided that Cralley was the incomparable she had dreamed of since infancy, was generously allowed to dispoorest joke in the world, his countenance shining with such kindness that no one ever had the heart to repreach him with the evils of his journalistic performances. cover that he was not that vision-that she had fallen in love with her own idea of him; whereas Fanchon cared only that he be Cralley Gray, whatever kind of or for the things he brake when he danced vision that was. And Fanchon discovered Another was Tappingham Marsh, an ex-ceedingly handsome person, somewhat lan-guid in appearance, dainty in manner with women, offhand with men; almost

vision that was. And Fanchon discovered that it was a great many kinds. The transfer was made comfortably, with nice judgment of a respectable in-terregnum, and to the greater happiness of each of the three younger people; no objection ensuing from the easy-going parents, who were devoutedly fond of Crailey, while the town isughed and said it was only that absurd Crailes Greav it was only that absurd Crailey Gray again. He and Virginia were the best of friends, and accepted their new relation with a preposterous labk of embarrass-

To be in love with Cralley became Fanchon's vocation; she spent all her time at it, and produced a blurred effect upon The only man with whom she trangers.

trangers. The only man with whom she carewe's warehouse," were running comed quite alive was Vanrevel; a little down the street. From the stable, old because Tom talked of Crailey, and a great deal because she could talk of Crailey to Tom; could tell him freely, as in the doorway, cried out in a quavering

OLD MAN HOGAN ON THE PRESIDENT'S TOUR

BY HENRY M. HYDE

she could' tell no one else, how wonderful Crailey was, and explain to him her lov-er's vagaries on the ground that it was a necessity of geniuses to be unlike the less gifted. Nor was she alone in suspecting Mr. Gray of genius; in the first place, he was so odd. In the second bits norms

TWO VANREVELS.

MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE AND THE GENTLEMAN TROM INDIANA ...

was so odd; in the second, his poems were "already attracting more than local attention." as the Journal remarked gen-erously, for Cralley had ceased to present his rhymes to that valuable paper, Ay! his rhymes to that valuable paper. Ay' Boston, no less, was his mart. He was rather radical in his literary preferences, and hurt the elder Cheno-weth's feelings by laughing heartly at some poems of the late Lord Byron; of-fended many people by disliking the style of Sir Edward Bulwer, and even retured to admit that James Fenimore Cooper was the greatest novelist that ever lived. But these things were as nothing commared these things were as nothing compared with his unpatriotic defense of Charles with his unpatriotic defense of Charles Dickens. Many Americans had fallen Into a great rage over the vivacious assault upon the United States in "Martin Chus-selewit": nevertheless, Crailey still boldly halled his (as every one had heretofore agreed) the most notable humorist of any day. Of course the Englishman had not visited and thoroughly studied such a city as Bouse. Crailey confessed twinklingiv: as Rouse, Cralley confassed, twinklingly; but, after all, wasn't there some truth in "Martin Churalewit?" Mr. Dickens might have been far from a clear understanding of our people; but didn't it argue a pretty ticklish vanity in ourselves that we were so fiercely resentful of satire; and was not this very heat over "Mariin Chumle-wit" a confirmation of one of the points the book had presented against us? Gen-eral Trumble replied to this suggestion

eral Trumble replied to this suggestion with a personal one to the effect that a man capable of saying a good word for so monstrous a slander, that a man, sir, capable of declaring his native country to be vain or sensitive, ought to be horse-whipped, and at this Crailey laughed con-sumedly. Trumble retorted with the names of Benedict Arnold and Asron Burr. "And if it comes to a war with these Greasif it comes to a war with these Greas-

If it comes to a war with these Greas-ers." he solutiered apopletically, "and it is coming, mighty soon, we'll find Mr. Gray down in Mexico, throwing mud on the Stars and Stripes and cheering for that one-legged horsethief, Santa Anna! Anything to zeek out something foolish amongst your own people!" "Don't have to seek far, sometimes, General." murmed Calley from the

General," murmured Cralley, from the depihs of the best chair in the club, where-upon Trumble, not trusting himself to an-swor, went out to the street.

And yet, before that same evening was over, the General had abed honest tears of admiration and pity for Cralley Gray; and Miss Betty saw her incroyable again, for that night (the second after the Carewe dance) Rouen beheld the great warehouse fire.

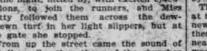
CHAPTER V.

Nero Not the Last Violinist of His Kind.

Miss Carewe was at her desk, writing to Sister Cecilia, whom she most loved of all the world, when the bells startled her with their sudden clangor. The quill dropped from her hand; she started to her feet, wide-eyed, not understanding; while the whole town, drowsing peace-fully a moment ago, resounded immedi-ately with a joud confusion. She ran to the front door and looked out, her heart beating wildly. The western sky was touched with a

and rose-color, which quickly became a warm glow, fluctuated, and in the in-stant, shot up like the coming of a full Aurora. Then through the broken foll-age of the tree-tops could be seen the openeor guide of flames. three quinties of

orange curls of flames, three quarters of a mile away though they were People, calling loudly that "it was Carewe's warehouse," were running



T goin' tell yo' pa, Miss Betty: he in de kentry on lan' business. Go back in de house, Missy!" The other servants, like ragget sketches in the night, flitted by, with excited ejscu-lations, to yoin the runners, and Miss Betty followed them across the dew-strewn turf in her light slippers, but at the gate she stopped. From up the street came the sound of a bell amalier than those of the churches and court-house, yet one that outdid all others in the madness of its appeal to clear the way. It was borne along by what seemed at first an indefinite black mass, but which—as the Aurora grew keener, producing even here, a faint, yel low twilight—resolved itself into a mob of hoarse-shouting men and boys, which drew along three extraordinary vehicles. They came rapidly down the street and passed Miss Betty, with a hubbub and din beyordi all understanding. One line of waron. One man was riding, a tail, straight gentleman in evening clothes and without a hat, who stood precariously in the bosecart; a second line with the hadde-waron. One man was riding, a tail, straight gentleman in evening clothes and without a hat who store it was he who in the packet; Tennesse cotton, on its way to Massachusetts and Rhode Island spindles, lay there beside hug mounds of far-sway tropics; clars from the Antiles; the house filten, and she thought that if she had been Fanchon Bareau, she must have sgreamed a warning, for his hust have sgreamed a warning, for his recognized nim at once, it was he who caught her kitten; and she thought that if she had been Fanchon Bareaud, she must have screamed a warning, for his balance appeared a thing of mere luck, and, if he fell, would be trampled under foot, and probably run over by the en-gine. But, happily (she remembered), she was not Fanchon Bareaud. Before, behind, and beside the depart-

ment, raced a throng of boys, wild with the joy experienced by their species when property is being handsomely destroyed; after them came panting women, holding their sides and gasping with the effort to keep up with the flying procession.

Miss Betty trembled, for she had never seen the like in her life; she stood close to the hedge and let them go by: then she turned in after them and ran like a fleet burning so handsomely. Nor was he the only one among the firemen who ground his teeth over the folly of the uniforms; for now they could plainly see the ruin being wrought, the devastation threat-ened. The two upper stories of the south-ernmost warehouse had swathed them-selves in one great flame; the building next on the north, also a frame, was smalling headily and them one young deer. She was going to the fire. Over all the uproar could be heard the anery voice through the trumpet, calling the turns of the street to the men in the

van, upbraiding them and those of the other two companies impartially; and few of his hearers denied the chief his right to express some chagrin, since the de-partment (organized a half-year, hard-drilled, and this its first fire worth the smoking heavily, and there was a wind from the southwest, which, continuing with the fire unchecked, threatened the town itself. There was work for the They came down Main strest with a rush, the figure of the chief swaying over them on his high perch, while their shout-ing was drowned in the louder roar of

name) was late on account of the refusal of the members to move until they had donned their new uniforms; for the uni-forms had arrived from Philadelphia two

forms had arrived from Philadelphia two months ago, and tonight offered the first opportunity to display them in public. "Hail Vangyel." panted Tappingham Marsh to Eugene Madrillon, as the two running in the van of the "Hose com-pany." splattered through a mudpudde. "You'd think he was Carewe's only son and heir instead of his worst enemy. Hark to the man!"

norous and reverburating crash. The "engine company" ran the force-pump out to the end of one of the lower wharves; two lines of pipe were at-"I'd let it burn, if I were the," returned

"It was all Cralley's fault," said Tap pingham, swinging an arm free to wipe the spattered mud from his face. "He swore he wouldn't budge without his uniform, and the rest only backed him up; that was all. Crailey said Carewe could better afford to lose his shantles than the overworked department its first chance to look beautiful and earnest. Tom asked im why he didn't send for a fiddle," farsh finished with a chuckle. "Carewe might afford to lose a little,

simultaneously endeavor to repair the de-fect; therefore ensued upon the spot a species of riot which put the engine out of its sphere of usefulness. even a warehouse or two, if only out of what he's taken from Crailey and the rest

of us, these three years!" who ran with the machines, but who "Taken from Vanrevel, you mean. Who had no place in their operation, being the

voice, without checking his steed: "I goin' tell yo' pa, Miss Betty: he in de kentry on lan' bus'ness. Go back in de house, Missy!" de house, Missy!"

bucket brigade, had formed a line and were throwing large pails of water in the general direction of the southernmost warehouse, which it wits now impossible to save; while the gentlemen of the

wagons, and armed with axes, herolcally assaulted the big door of the granary, the second building, whence they were driven by the examperated chief, who informed them that the only way to save the whent was to save the building. Crailey Gray, one of the berated axmen, remained by the shattered door after the others had

the anatterior door hater the others had gone, and, struck by a sudden thought, set his hand upon the iron latch and opened the door by this simple process. It was not locked. Crailey leaned against the casement and laughed with his whole Meanwhile, by dint of shouting in men's ears when near them, through the trumpet when distant, tearing axes from their hands, imperiously gesticulating to sub-ordinate commanders, and ingering in no one spot for more than a second, Mr. Vanrevel reduced his forces to a sem blance of order in a remarkably short time, considering the confusion into which they had fallen. The space between the burning ware-house and that next it was not more

most precious of all, the most precious of all, the at home; and all the rich stores and the houses that held them, as well as the houses that held them, as well as the but the chief had decided that the sparks and firebrane. But the chief had decided that the sparks and firebrane. But the chief had decided that the must be occupied, and, more, must be fense for the second warehouse. The roof of this building would burn, which would mean the destruction of the warehouse, unless it could be mounted, because the streams of water could not play upon it from the ground, nor, from the ladders the solution of the server the solution of the solution of the server the solution of the solution of the solution o than 50 feet in width, but 50 feet so hot than 50 feet in width, but 50 feet so hot no one took thought of entering there; an area as discomfiting in appearance as it was beautiful with the thick rain of sparks and frebrands that fell upon it. But the chief had decided that this space must be occupied, and, more, must be held, since it was the only point of de-fense for the second wardbouce. The root

terest in the spectacle. Very apposite sen-sations animated the breast of the man with the trumpet, who was more acutely connectous than any other that these were Babast Connectors do much more than wet the projecting eaves. It was a gable roof, the eaves 20 feet lower on the south side than on the north, where the ladders could not Robert Carewe's possessions which were burning so handsomely. Nor was he the hope to reach them. Vanrevel swung bis line of bucketeers round to throw water not upon the flames, but upon the ladder men.

Miss Carewe stood in the crowd upor the opposite side of the broad street. Even there her checks were uncomfort-ably hot, and sometimes she had to brush a spark from her shoulder, though she was too much excited to mind this. She was watching the beautiful flery between the north wall of the warehouse and the south wall warehouse and the south wall of its neighbor, the 50 feet brilliant and misty with vaporous rose-color, dotted with my-riad red stars, her eyes shining with the reflection of their fierce beauty. She saw how the vapors moved there, like men walking in fire, and she was vaguely ely reing was drowned in the louder roar of greeting from the crowd into which they plunged as a diver into the water, swiris and eddies of people marking the wake. A moment later a section of the roof of the burning warehouse fell in, with a go-norous and reverberating crash. The "engine company" ran the force-pump out to the end of one of the lower wharves: two lines af nine were at-

tached; two rows of men mounted the planks for the pumpers, and, at the word of command, began the up-and-down of the hand-machine with admirable vim. Nothing happened; the water did not come; something appeared to be wrong with the mechanism. As every one felt the crucial need of haste, nothing could have been more natural than that all the members of the "engine company" should by the bucketeers, clung to them, steam-ing. As the second figure mounted, a third appeared; but this was the last, for the ladder was frall, and sagged toward the In the meantime, 50 or 60 men and boys smoking wall with the weight of the three men.



him, and when there

for him, for would come back, see, in the patroner of things surely in the day's work. Cralley was called "peculiar"; and he mathema and black invective; and hrave explained, with a kind of jovial help-lessness, that he was always prepared for the unexpected in himself, nor did such a the unexpected in himself, nor did such a the unexpected in himself, nor did such a the unexpected in himself, though it was be indeed, who dared to him that his some two or three particular virtues, and that the first step toward obtaining them would be to help it to realize their them. view detract from his picturesqueness to his own perusal of himself; though it was not only to himself that he was interest-ing. To the vision of the lookers-on in absence. This latter point of view was that of the firm of Gray & Vanrevel, which was a unit in such matters. Crailey did most of the talking-quite beautifully, too-and both had to stand against olds in many a sour argument, for they were not only Abolitionists, but opposed the atilude of their country in its difficulty with Mexico; and the common with other men of the uen, quiet souls who hovered along the walls at merry-makings and cheerfully counted themselves spectators at the play. Cralley Gray held the center of the stage and was the chief comedian of the place. Wil, poet, and scapegrace, the small soci-ety sometimes seemed the mere back-ground set for his performances, spectaand, in common with other men of the time who took their stands, they had to grow accustomed to being called disloyal traitors, foreign tosalles, malignatus and cles which he, also, enjoyed, and from the best seat in the house; for he was not content as the actor, but must be the Prince in the box as well. His friendship for Tom Vanrevel was,

in a measure, that of the vine for the oak. He was full of levities at Tom's expense, which the other bore with a grin of sympathetic comprehension, or, at long intervals, returned upon Crailey with devsatating effect. Vancevel was the one steadying thing in his life, and, at the same time, the only one of the young men upon whom he did not have an almost mesmetic influence. In good truth, Crai-ley was the ringleader in all the deviltries of the town. Many a youth swore to avoid the roisierer's company for all time, and within two hours of the vow, found himself, flagon in hand, engaged in a bout that would last the night, with Mr. Gray out-humpering the hardlest, at the head of the table. And, the next morning, the fevered, scarlet-eyed perjurer might creep shaking to his wretched tasks, only to behold the cause of his folly and headache tripping merrily along the street, smillag, clean-shaven, and fresh as a dew-born primrose, with, perchance, two or three of the prettiest girls in town at his elbow to greet his sallies with approving laughter

Crailey had been so long in the habit of owing every impulse, no matter how d, that he enjoyed an almost perfol man, that we enjoyed an almost per-fect immunity from condemnation, and, whatever his deeds, Rouen had learned to say, with a chuckle, that it was "only Cralley Gray again." But his followers were not so privileged. Thus, when Mr. were not so privileged. Thus, when Mr. Gray, who in his libations sometimes de-veloped the burnor of an urchin, went to the Pound at 3 in the morning of New Year's day, hung sielgb-bells about the necks of the cattle and drove them up and down the streets, himself hideously blow. Ing a brass horn from the back of a big brown steer, those roused from slumber consed to take and necested the exclusion up one forefinger to Madrillon as he saw the young man turning in at the club. Eu-gene noddéd gravely, and, as he went in, discovering March, the General and oth-ers listening to Mr. Gray's explanation of ceased to rage, and accepted the exploit as a rare joke, on learning that it was "only Cralley Gray", but the unfortunate young Chenoweth was heavily frowned his return from the river with no fish, stealthily held up one finger in his turn. Trumble replied with a wink, Tappingham upon and properly upbraided because he find followed in the wake of the hovine procession, mildly attempting to play upon a flageolet.

Cralley never denied a folly nor defended an escapade. The latter was niways done for him, because he talked of his "araceless misdoings" (so he was wont, ed an escapade. The latter was always done for him, because he taiked of his "graceless misioings" (so he was wont, smilingly, to call them), over cups of tea in the afternoon with old ladies, lament-ing in his musical voice the lack of female relatives to guide him. He was charming-relatives to guide him. He was charming-the inter by his sudden devolion to her-self. In a breath, he became almost a do-nestic character. No mare did he spen-nestic character. No mare did he spen-tis afternoons between the club and the so often seen stamping down the ground about Mrs. McDougal's hitching-post while McDougal was out on the prairie

intolerance was called the "pure fire of patriotiam"; when criticism of the exist-ing order of things surely incurred flery anathems and black invective; and brave

For those were the days when

th' United States has jist got back from a 14,000 mile round-up av th' North American continent in th' upper story av a sleepin' car an' is tryin' to take a tin-minute nap baylore he begins th' juties av th' day. "All he's goin' to do bayfore dinner is

engle

to clane out th' postoffice daypartmint, sittle th' Chinese question, box twinty sountry.

"Be th' day afther tomorrow he explicits to be up to a full day's wor-r-rk.

"Th' Prisidint rayports that he injoyed th' trip immensely. Though he was timpttraducers of the flag. Tom had long been used to epithets of this sort, suffering their sting in quiet, and was giad when he could keep Cralley out of worse em-ployment than standing firm for an uned greatly be college professors, Western Governors, mountain lions, cowboys and other wild animals, he kilt nothin' while he was away. 'Th' nearest he come to it



was to scare Uncle Mark Hanna almost to

death be sendin' him a tilligram suggisting that he wouldn't objict to th' Ohio convintion indorsin' him for a second term. "Durin' his absince th' Prisidint consumed forty-sivin banquets, eighteen state luncheons an' a dozen breakfasts, besides some food which he et on th' dinin' ca-ar. nodded, but, Cralley slightly shook his head, Marsh and the General started with surprise, and started incredulously. That Cralley should shake his head! If the signal had been for a church meeting they might have understood nine thousan' and sixteen little girls, clum

HIST! Be quiet. Speak softly an' lay your big stick behint th' kitchen dure. The Prisidint av alted States has jist got back from a nile round-up av th' North American th' whole counthry was kept in great suspinse, but whin th' pa-pars come out th nixt mornin' it was relieved to find that while sliver was still speakin' over at Lincoln, Nehraskay, silince was as golden as it always has been. "Th' thrain wint so fast at some places

slitic in Chinese question, box twinty rounds with Gin'ral Wood, whrite a short bistory av th' Mexican war in t'ree vol-umes, an' ride thirty-sivin miles across pulled into Kansas City, Mo., four hundurd miles away, an' at sivral large cities in California th' people on the outskirts av th' crowd are still fightin' desperately for a chance to git to th' center an' shake Rosyfelt be th' hand.

"But 'twas a great thrip. All over th' country wist av th' Mississippi River th' Prisidint seen th' wonders av irrigation an' listened to th' still greater wonders av exaggeration. Out in th' State¹ av Washington he seen th' place where th' accommodating salmon leap over th' dams into th' inds av long tin spouts an' come out at th' other ind neatly done up in pound cans, with rid labels pasted on thim. In Kansas he visited th' place where whiskers grow so luxuriously that wan promi-nint cilizen, comin' home late at night, got lost in his own beard an' starved to death bayfore he could be foun' an' res-cued, though ivrybody in th' country turned out an looked for him for two weeks. His feet trod th' sites av no less than four hundurd future metroplises av th' world an' he seen a dozen thrivin' com-munities where if you don't get into th' cyclone cillar in time to avoid throuble ou'll be taken in, against your will, be a seller av long distance town lots. "He come home full av enthusiasm an"

only regrettin' that things had not been a little livelier an' more excitin' while he was away.

'All along th' route av th' prisidintial train from Chicago to Kokomo, Injinay, on th' rayturn thrip, th' right av way is marked be breathliss and gaspin newspaper min an' politicians. Th' whole West is out av breath. But 'twill raycover' in plinty av time to holler 'Hurrahl' be th' time av th' nixt national servintion. "From Germany comes word that th'

From Germany comes word that th' Kaiser is ready to dayclare war on th' United States on th' ground that th' Prisidint is infringin' on his copyright. "Afther spendin' some fiftgen years in workin' up me reputation as th' most strenuous man in th' workd,' says Wil-belm. "I am not prepared to att sthill

stremuous man in th' world,' says Wil-heim. 'I am not prepared to alt sthill an' watch this upstart av a Rosyfelt beat me record. What good did it do me to whrite an opry with me lift hand while I shook th' malled fist av me right mitt in th' face av th' solar systim, if he is goin' to sthart out on a special train an' do stunts that make me look like a cast iron statoot av a linth sin-tury Hohensollen? It is un to me to like a cast iron statoot av a finth sin-tury Hohensollern? It is up to me to make good so look out for little Willie! On the first av th' month I shall start turnin' a series av back handsprings over th' map of Europe, windin' up with a double somerssult which'll land me on top av th' tower av London. As' if that don't hold him I'll shoot over to America on an air-ship, throw a bunch av cat-fits at th' St. Looy exposition, an' thin run for orisidint on th' Dinmycrat ticket, with Uncle George Dewey as me candidate for Vice-Prisidint.'' (Copyright, 1901)

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colunteer brigade that night.

Every season has its own diseases, but Rheumatism belongs to all, for when it gets well intrenched in the system, and joints and muscles are saturated with the poison, the aches and pains are coming and going all the time, and it becomes an all-the-yearround disease; an attack coming as quickly from sudden chilling of the body when overheated, a fit of indigestion or exposure to the damp, Easterly winds of Summer as from the keen, cutting winds, freezing atmosphere and bitter cold of Winter.

Rheumatism never comes by accident. It is in the blood and system before a pain is felt. Some

inherit a strong predisposition or tendency; it is born in them; but whether heredity is back of it or it comes from imprudent and careless ways of living, it is the same always and at all seasons. The real cause of Rheumatism is a polluted, sour and acid condition of the blood, and as it flows through the body deposits a gritty, irritating substance or sediment in the muscles, joints and nerves, and it is these that produce the terrible pains, inflammation and swelling and the misery and torture of Rheumatism. No other disease causes such pain, such wide-spread HIS WIFE A GREAT SUFFERER.

suffering. It deforms and cripples its thousands, leaving them helpless invalids and nervous wrecks.

When neglected or improperly treated, Rheumatism becomes chronic, the pains are wandering or shifting from one place to another, sometimes sharp

and cutting, again dull and aggravating. The mus-cles of the neck, shoulders and back, the joints of the knees," ankles and wrists, are most often the seat of pain. Countless liniments and plasters are applied to get relief, but such things do not reach the poisoned blood; their effect is only temporary; they are neither curative nor preventive. The blood must be purified, and all irritating matter removed from the circulation before permanent relief and a thorough cure is effected, and no remedy does this so certainly and so quickly as S. S. S. It contains not only purifying and tonic properties, but solvent qualities as well, all these being necessary in eradicating the poison and making a complete and lasting cure of Rheumatism. S. S. S. cleanses the



blood of all irritating matter and the acid particles are dissolved and filtered out of the system, thus relieving the muscles and joints and removing all danger of future attacks. Under its tonic effect the nervous system regains its normal tone and the appetite and digestion improve, resulting in the upbuilding of the general health. S. S. S. contains no Potash or minerals of any description, but is guaranteed purely vegetable. Old people

will find it not only the best blood purifier, but a most invigorating tonic-just such a remedy as they need to enrich the blood and quicken the circulation.

Whether you have Rheumatism in the acute or chronic stage, the treatment must be internal, deep and thorough in order to be lasting. Never be satisfied with anything less than an absolutely perfect cure. This you can get by the use of S. S. S., the oldest

and best purifier and greatest of all tonics. Write us fully and freely about your case, and medical advice will be given without charge, and our special book on Rheumatism will be mailed free to all desiring it.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.



My wife had been troubled with Rheumstism for some time when she heard of S S S, which she tried and which oured her completely, as she has not suffered since. I recommend 8 8 8 as a good medicine. J. E. REEDER. Okolona, Miss.