## Poor Mrs. Dolby

By M. QUAD

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When Mr. Dolby ant down for the tuce and Mrs. Dolby was singing "Hock of Ages" and clearing away the supper table. He had been reading for a quarter of an hour when she quietly entered and ant down and said

"Samuel, I don't want to disturb you nor make you feel bad, but I feel obliged to ask you a few questions. Last night at midnight Mrs. Watkins saw a light movin' around in our tack and bobbed down and designed this way gave a great wink and a splutter. It what they call a ghost lantern Samuel, and R meant that there would It'll be my death, of course. I've go twenty seven different allments, with beart disease throwed in, while you are as bealthful as a corndeld. it'll be me, but I'm not weepin' over it. I'm sittin' right here as caim as catalp, but I want to know some few

Mr. Dolby must have known of be presence, but he was too deeply inter ested in his paper to recognize it. He apider could be boiled in water for four hours and then come out with hiambitton undaunted.

"I shall go to heaven when I die, o course," continued Mrs. Dolby, as her voice broke a little. "I orter go there Any woman who has whitewashed the cellar every spring for twenty seven years, besides makin' soft soap, cuttin carpet rags, dyein' over old clothe teen years, will go to beaven. What bothers me, bowever, is how I'm goin to act arter 1 git there. You know how company allus flustrates me If three or four of the neighbors come is I'm almost sure to fall off my cheer o knock over sunthin. How's it goin' to te when I git up there and meet a buil stillions of 'em, Samuel."
She paused to wipe the tears from

her eyes with the paim of her hand but as she had asked no direct ques tion Mr. Dotby finished the bog article and turned to one on the care of

"I don't want to be looked at an p'inted out and made fun of up there. said Mrs. Dolby, as she sat with he

"I may git up to beaven in the night when all the angels are asleep, and so I'll allp in all right. I hope that'll be the way, because it'll give me a chance to kind o' git used to the place before daylight. Do you think they have any breakfast up there? Mrs. Watkins says they don't, but I don't really see how they git along without it."

Mr. Dolby beaved a long sigh and seemed about to speak, but no words lines and struck an article about the reasoning powers of the cow, and the most direct question from Mrs. Dolby would have passed unbeeded. Her tears fell for two or three minutes, and

"And how about the beds up there You know we've slept on a feather bed ever since we were married, and I've allus bin particular to smooth it down from head to foot. I've got used to feathers, and if I changed off I'd less lay there and kick around all night long. Do they hev beds, Samuel, or de they keep on flyin' around all night long and singin'? Seems to me that dyfn' and singin' all day would be enough unless I feel stronger than I do now. You orter tell me so I'll know what to depend on. If one of my head aches comes on unexpectedly I want to know that I kin her a cup of ten Mrs. Wathine says they don't drint ten in heaven, but I don't see how she

Mr. Dolby was not directly appealed to, and as he was reading that a cow had been known to feign death to avoid having a crowber thrown at her

he made no cign.
"Want, I've made up my mind to a
few things," said Mrs. Dolby as the stience grew painful. "I'm goin' up to heaven to do the best I kin. I'll be nayburly with all the angels I meet nayburly with all the angels I meet and let 'em understand that I don't want no more'n my share of harps and wings and things. If I don't find any thing to eat or any beds to sleep on I shan't raise no fusa nor go into hysterics. Yes, I'll put up with things as I find 'em and make the best of it, and I won't be jealous if a few of 'em hev better clothes on or kin sing better'n me. That's how I'll act, Samuel, and then if they pick on me they'll git as good as they give. I kin be asseed good as they give. I kin be assed and picked on jest so fur. but arter that they want to look out. Would it put you out any, Samuel, if I died at night instead of in the daytime? As I enid, if I died at night I could slip into

enid, if I died at night I could slip into beaven without any fusa, but if it's goin' to make any extra trouble I'll perish by daylight. What will be the most convenient hour fur you?'

There was deep slience. Mrs. Dolby's tears made no thud as they fell upon the carpet, and Mr. Dolby was reading with bated breath that an on trich covers thirteen feet of ground at trich covers thirteen feet of ground at every stride when in full flight. The clock ticked, the silence grew deeper, and the cricket on the hearth fell into a dose. Then Mr. Doiby suddenly laid aside his paper, stretched his arms and legs. with a "Hohum!" and looked around to find Mrs. Dolby saleep in her chair. She hadn't gone to join the an-

A coddsh breakfast and a rubber cont will keep a man dry all day.-Lip-

"Huppose you had framed up a He tell if a certain contingency aross."

"And fully intended to tell that lie."

Not Counsel by the Hat.

"Why, to tell the truth," replied her learest friend frankly, "I don't like the effect very well. It seems to me it gives you a rather cross look." "Ob, that iso't the bat," she respond-

ed cheerfully.

"Oh, not at all. That comes entirely from the fact that I have just seen my husband and he had just seen the bill."-Chicago Post.

## A Fortunate Meeting

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

Half a dozen youngsters ran to th porte-cochere of Mr. Sanford's boarding chool to see the new pupil. He jump ed out of the carriage, and when he had done so stood stock still, staring at ore of the boys who had come to cook him over, all the others staring at

"Why, he's Bob Archer!" was the exclamation of several of the self con stituted reception committee.

"Are you Bob Archer?" asked th newcomer of the boy who was gaping at bim.

"Yes."

"Then you're my twin brother." "Reckon you're right."

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Archer eigh years before this meeting had separated, having made an arrangement that the father should have one of their twin boys, aged four, and the mother should have the other. Thomas had gone with his father, Robert with his mother. From the time of the separation these two divisions of the family had never met. Their parents unknown to each other, had sent them to the same school.

The affection twins have for each sther is accounted for physiologically. You and Bob Archer from the time they met at the Sanford school were inseparable.

"Hob," said Tom one day, "do you emember father?"

"No. Do you remember mother?" "Just a little."

"What do you suppose was the ma ter between them?" "Don't know. I don't think fathers

and mothers have a right to quarrel do you? It's mighty hard on the kids. "No. I don't. When vacation comes suppose we've got to separate again." "I move we don't." "What can we do?"

"I'll write father that I'm going to spend my vacation with you somewhere, and you write mother you're going to spend yours with me." "It would knock mother out not to

have me with ber." "Humph! I don't think it would trot ble father so much to part with me

but it might. Fathers don't show what they feel so much as mothers." "Where can we go for our vacation?"

The upshot of this conspiracy was that the boys wrote to their respective homes that they would not be separated and were going to spend their sum mer vacation together on a farm. This struck each parent with consternation.

must come home; if he remained away no remittance would be sent him. The boys, who had come to their resolution to stay together some time before the and of the term, had saved up the mon-sy sent them from home for spending. and each had enough to pay \$2 a week board for eight weeks. So they wrote that they could get on without remit-

There was a farm a few mlles from the school that they had often visited, and there they made arrangements to pny \$2 a week each for board and do \$2 work a week, which consisted principally of milking. On leaving school they went to this farm, and since the work was a novelty to them they quite enjoyed it.

Mrs. Archer endured her son's absence as long as possible, then gave way to a desire to see both her children together. So, filling her purse with money and her suit case with good things for them, she went to see them. Putting an arm around each of them she sat weeping that she could not have both of them with her always. She remained with them two days, when, fearing that her husband might hear of her presence there, she bade the boys goodby, intending to go home. She was embracing both at once, tears streaming down her cheeks, when the door opened and there stood her hus-

with her husband had yielded to irritation and when he said disagreeable things to her had hurled them back in seeing her embracing their boys, weeping, began to weep himself. Tears,
like laughter, are contagious, and, seeing their parents weeping, the boys
followed suit. The father approached
his sons to embrace them, shedding a
few tears over Bob, whom he had not seen for years, and thus got mixed up with Tom and the wife and mother.

romiscuously.
"Belle," said Mr. Archer, "these boys have got ahead of us. We can't coning to them. In separating from each other we separate ourselves from them. If you'll come home and bring them with you you'll be welcome."

"Do it, mother," pleaded both the That was the end of the separation in the Archer family. Both father and in the Archer family. Both father and mother placed a guard over themselves, for they knew that as soon as they parted the boys would pare from both of them. But time had changed them, and loneliness had taught them that scrapping is the result of nervousness and, after all, doesn't mean much.

## On a Mississippi Steamboat

By F. A. MITCHEL

When the stagecoach and the steam bont passed out as the ordinary means of travel a certain social status passed out with them. Both these methods of transportation fostered something that no longer exists—the society of travel A number of persons would start on a journey in a stagecoach, and the fact that they were fellow travelers made them at once acquaintances, often friends and in certain instances lovers. As to the steambont, while the greater number on one of them prevented this automatic sociability, it was a unique institution.

In the front part of the main saloon f a Mississtppi steambont was a little boxlike structure, in which liquors were served. Passing aft, one would see numerous tables, some of which were occupied by card players with stacks of chips or coins before them. At meaitimes these tables were placed together, forming one long table, and hortly before a meal was appounced male passengers would line them waiting to secure seats. In the stern of the boat was the ladjes' cabin. When dinner was ready the captain went into this cabin, bowed ceremoniously to the ladies, offered his arm to one. escorted her to a seat at the table, followed by the other ladies and the men traveling with them. When they were sented a colored man swung a buge brass bell, and the first stroke of the clapper was a signal for every man who had been waiting to plunge into a

sent. One day a gentleman in a variegated waistcoat worn by men of that day and a long skirted coat with a large rolling velvet collar stood among the men waiting for the signal to be seated. A moment before it came be turned and stepped into his stateroom to leave his hat there. As he emerged the bell rang, and a man dropped into his sent. The act was a flagrant breach of courtesy, for the gentleman ad been waiting some time behind the chair, and the other must certainly

have been aware of the fact. Conscious of some one standing be hind him, the seat stealer turned and looked up into a severe countenance bending over him. But there was emething more severe than the faceglittering bowie knife, whose blade ras pointed down at a small bald spot on top of the interloper's head. The fellow dived under the table and effected an exit on the other side.

After dinner a young man about twenty-one years of age approached the man who had poised the bowle knife and said:

"Colonel Sinciair, I believe? "At yo' service, suh."

"I was especially gratified at your ecovery of your sent at table. man who proposed to dispossess you took \$10,000 out of me at cards this

"I was looking ovah the game, suh."

"One of the worst. He is a diagrace to his calling. I observed his manipu-lations of the cyn'ds, and I must confess that they were such as no respect-able gambler would use." "My name is Hartleigh, str. I am

Mrs. Archer wrote her husband to on my way to New Orleans to be marknow if he had any objection to her ried. I shall leave the boat at the first spending July and August with the stop and return to my home in spending July and August with the stop and return to my home in spending July and August with the stop and return to my home in spending July and August with the stop and return to my home in spending the stop and return to my home in spending the stop and return to my home in spending the stop and return to my home in section to

must now break my engagement."
"I would not do that, sub," replied the colonel, thoughtfully feeling his chin. Then, pulling a roll of bills from his pocket, he added: "Ask him fo' yo' revenge, suh. I will observe the game and will engage that he plays falah." Hartleigh accepted the offer, and during the afternoon he and the gambler took possession of a table and were soon absorbed in a game. Presently Colonel Sinclair approached the table and stood opposite the latter, looking down upon him with a cold have interpreted as an order not only rictim won back the money be had ost in the morning. At any rate, be made very large bets on very small hands, by which he lost money stead lly, and did not seem a bit reluctant nt seeing his funds passing into Hart-

leigh's possession.

All-the while Colonel Sinciair stood smoking a cigar, poising himself first on one leg, then on the other. After his first look at the gambler he seemed to be only interested in the game, but occasionally the gambler would dart glance up at his imperturbable countenance and after doing so would make another big bet on a small hand.

Finally young Hartleigh counted the plie of bills and coin before him, shoved over a small sum and said: "We're quits. I'm even and with

draw from the 'game." The gambler cast a timid glance at the colonel as if for instruction, then put the amount returned in his pocket. Hartleigh and the colonel strolled out on to the guard. When they were un-observed Hartleigh seized his benefactor's band.

"Colonel," he said, "you must attend my wedding."

"I shall be very happy, sub, to a tend the ceremony. I live in New Or-

Then Hartleigh returned the money advanced as a stake and the two went to the little box in the bow and, standing before it. Hartleigh raised a glass and said: "My gratitude, colonel."

"Don't mention it, sub."

OUR LIFE.

Our life is like the life of a tree again and again stripped of every sign of life that it has put forth and yet which still has gathered all those apparent failures into the success

"What's the best way to come to ont?" "Get good backing."—Be ore American.

A Big Difference. "I notice a great change in your little

"As to how?"

"He used to dawdle and ing when you sent him in the morning to the store. Now he's off like the wind."

"He's a boy scout now, with a meseage to Rain in the Face, the grocer."-Louisville Courier-Journal

Darwinian. "I'm looking up my family tree." What are the monkeys doing?"-Ex-

THE PUBLIC

DEFENDER

By F. A. MITCHEL

In a western community into which the people were introducing courts of law John Bradshow, a man to whom every one looked up as a very wise man, suggested that together with a public prosecutor they have a public defender. Mike Conover replied to the

sugrestion. "It seems to me," he said, "that it's hard enough to get at the truth with prosecutor to muddle the jury. If we eve a defender to throw up the same mount of dust who's going to see

But Mike had no standing with the mmunity beside Bradshaw, who was large man with an impressive deennor and seldom spoke, but when he did his words seemed to weigh a ton. The public defender was appointed, and the citizens congratulated themselves that justice thereafter would be provided for accused persons as well a for the state.

The first person to come before the court was Mike Conover himself. A obbery had been committed in the own involving the loss of a watch and about \$10 in currency. It had ocurred about 12 o'clock at night. Joel Harkness had been walking home when some one came un behind him. put his arms around him, and a scuttle and ensued. The street was not lighted, and Harkness did not see his nosutlant, who soon released his hold. When Harkness arrived at home be ound that he had been relieved of a sold watch and chain and the money which be had carried in his vest pocket. He reported the matter to the police. who advised him to say nothing about he matter for the present. They were engaged in ferreting out other crimiunlities, and it would aid them if the eriminal supposed that Harkness had pocketed his loss without reporting it.

A few days after this Mary Doolan went to see Mrs. Conover, but, not inding her at home, sat down in the living room. Mary had very keen ears and, hearing a ticking, wondered where it came from, Making a search, she found a gold watch and chain in a bu-

Mike being a poor laborer, Mary knew that he could not afford any such timepiece and talked about ber find to ber neighbors. The incident reached the ears of the police. A the watch found. Harkness without besitation identified it as his property. The bills he had lost were not found, but they could not have been identified if they had been found.

Mike was arrested, and the public defender called upon him to hear what he had to say and prepare his defense. The lawyer was a young man full of the dignity of the law. He was amhitious to take a prominent part in politics and hoped to make capital for himself out of this his first case as public defender. Mike assured him that he was perfectly innocent. He had gone out to work very early one morning and came upon a gold watch and chain lying on the sidewalk. He picked them up and took them home after his day's work, showing them to his wife and asking her what to do about it. Bridget said that the owner of the watch had doubtless dropped it nnawares and would advertise it in a oss notice tacked to a tree or in the town paper, which would be issued in few days. He had better be on the lookout for such notice. But nothing appeared on the trees or in the paper and Bridget told Mike when he went to work on the day of his arrest that she would try to find the owner,

The public defender listened to this statement with supreme contempt. In the first place he did not believe it, in the second he could not prove it, and in the third he proposed to show his ingenuity in getting his client off. He asked Mike how much money be had, and Mike said that Bridget was his banker and he believed she had something like \$200 in a stocking. The defender told him to bring it to him 'Mike," he said, "your story would never go down with a jury. We mus prove an alibi." Mike didn't know what an allbi was, but he produced

the \$200. At the trial the prisoner was aston ished to learn that on the night of the robbery he was in a town fifty miles distant and at midnight was drinking in the Alhambra saloon with several witnesses who swore to the statement. The defendant made a strong case, and the prosecutor was much trot to disprove the alibi. He talked all day to gain time and during the night paid one of the defendant's witnesses \$10 to swear that he had been mistaken in the man. This broke down the statements of the other witnesses for the defense, and the facts were so conclusive against the prisoner that he was convicted without the jurors leaving their seats.

"Michael Conover, stand up." said the judge. "Have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon you?"
"I have," said a voice, and a m

in clerical garb came forward and asked to be sworn. Then he said: "Bridget Conover, the prisoner's wife came to me recently to be confessed. She told me that her bushand bad

found a watch and chain am, asked me what he should do to find the owner." Here was explence that even the public presecutor did not think of rebutting. Mike received a new trial and was acquitted by the Jury that had convicted him and west forth a free Under Fire

By WILLIAM CHANDLER

At twenty minutes past 8 o'clock 1 the morning, when the people in the town of Yarmouth, on the east count of England, were wrapped in stember, there sounded on the still sir the stroke of a bell. Hundreds, themands of persons started up and listened. Within a few seconds there was another and another stroke, until it was evident that not the hour was being struck, but an alarm. Then on the streets were heard sounds of men running, followed by a cry.

Then a boom, and in a few se

deafening explosion.

The colonel of the woman's regime

jumped out of hed and into her unifumped out of test and into her uni-form, descended to her headquarters on the floor below, where members of her staff were dressing, and cooling that there was delay said sharply; "Come, get a move on! Never mind

that switch, Captain Blain. Say, you, there! Miss Brewster! What are you looking for a bracelet? Never mind ornaments. The enemy is upon us, and there's no time to lose. Genevieve Mainwaring, put down that hand gines, turn out and help call the regiment to

ished her tollet, dashed out and away. Meanwhile members of the force came hurrying in, some jabbing pine into their alpine hats, some buttoning their jackets, some pressing their hands upon their back hair to make sure that it was fast. As they arrived the companies fell in under their sergeants, and soon a line consisting of fully half the rooter was drawn up in the street. Then the colonel, standing before the colors, gave the order to break into column, and placing berself at the bead cried in a loud mezzo soprano

Meanwhile a number of shells from German war vessel were bursting here and there, some of them doing serious damage. The woman's regiment was marched to the street frouting on th water and came to a rest. During the march it was joined by members who had not arrived at the armory in time to join at the departure of the corps. Some of these ladies were buckling on their accounterments, others adjusting their hastily donned clothing. A lady had come forth in slippers, one of which she lost and was endeavoring to regain. Another as she ran was followed by her poodle who barked as be galloped after har, evidently thinking his mistress was oing it all for his sport.

When the regiment was drawn up in line it was quite light. In the offing o German cruiser was steaming slowly past the town. The soldiers did not recognize her as a ship of war, and recognize her as a ship of war, and since she was not firing there was a ripple of chat along the line:

You're pointing that gun right in my face." "Inn't it borrid of the Gormans to wake us up at this time of the morning?" "What's it all about? I don't see anything of an enemy. They

must have gone home."

Suddenly there was a flash on the cruiser, followed by a report, and a shell came shricking over the water. It struck a house back of the regiment, exploded, and the detonation was fellowed by failing brick and mortar. Conversation stopped at once. The babel of voices was hushed as if it had been shut off by lightning. But not for

"My goodness gracious!" "Isn't that awfull" "The horrid things?" "Oh, land, that noise must have wakened

my baby!" Another shot came, struck the gre sloping to the sea a hundred yards be-fore the line, and there was a rain of fragments. But fortunately the shell had struck too far in advance. T part of the line before which it fell broke away, but was quickly railied by

The ladies stood their ground like heroines the the shooting beautiful the cruiser, turning her low shows. steamed away. Then it seemed to bedlam had broken loose all along line. The color bearer fainted, the colors were picked up by a won of sterner stuff and held in their for position. A few shricks arose from different parts of the line, but the principal din was composed of ex-clamations, shouts, cries of horror or victory mingled with maledictions on the Germans. Strange to say, there

the Germans. Strange to say, there was much more fear now that they were steaming away than when they were sending "those horrid shella."

While the cruiser was growing less in the distance the colonel rode along the line and stopping in the center halted and made a short speech congratulating the women on their splendid behavior under fire. Then she gave the order bringing the regiment into column of piatoons and started them for the armory.

for the armory.

All would have gone well for the eclat of the women's behavior had it not been for some boys whom even German shells could not turn from their prants. The boys tied together mouse colored rags which they attached to strings, then hid themselves along the street marched over by the women. At a given signal each boy pulled what was apparently a rodent through the ranks.

Every company through which the bundles were pulled broke and ran on to the stoops of the houses on the line of march.

The Economy.
"Some people hold that a wife ought to receive a regular enlary for he work in the home." "Then it would be just an cheap to hire a housekeeper."—Baltimore Amer-

lean. Tonsorial Artist-And what will you

CHARACTER.

A good character is every thing.
A good heart, benevolent feelings,
and a balanced mind lie at the foun-dation of character. Other things
may be deemed fortuitous; they may come and go; but character is that which lives and abides.—John

The Remaker. Friend-Whose make is your manine? Autoist-The repairer's, most y.- Boston Transcript.

A TRIFLING **MISTAKE** 

By THOMAS R. DUNN

I was dressing for dinner one even ing when the telephone bell rang Stepping to the instrument, I heard a

very sweet feminine voice say: "Is that you, Mr. Pemberton?" "Yes, I'm Pemberton."

You're to be at the corner of Eighth and Walnut this evening at 9. Take the cab you will find there and""Who are you?" I asked, not under

anding all this talk.
"I'm Effe Strong. You will be drivea to the park entrance. Go to the fountain, where you will find Edith. Carry a rose in—Oh, heavens, some one is coming?"

ed of these remarkable instructions. I was evident that there had been a call for some one bearing my name, and the telephone girl or the person

take advantage of such a blunder to gratify curiosity, pry into other peo-ple's affairs or for any other purpose. But I felt it incumbent on me to cor-rect the error if possible. This other mberton would not get the message landed for him, the driver of the b might wait all night on his box, and Effe might grow so desperate as to drown herself in the fountain. It ved me to set matters right.

I called up the telephone office and saked who had given me the last call. I might as well have asked the oprator to tell me how many grains here are on an ear of corn. I lookd in the directory for the name Pemerton, but mine was the only one

uld go to the corner of Eighth and Walnut streets, take the cab, proceed needn't wait any longer because the real-her real-Pemberton had not seen informed of the meeting.

I confess I was somewhat curious to know why a conveyance had been prorided and what was to be the upshot of the business. But I resolved simto state that a mistake had been de and ask no questions. I thought it necessary to carry a rose in order that I should be recognized for the other fellow or I might as well stay

"I have come to tell you." I said, raising my hat, "that there has been a

"Good gracious! What's gone wrong?

on. But she was as pretty as a his presence. It read: peach, and if she wouldn't give me a chance it seemed to me that I was a child, like my child who me accumable for letting her have her way. Putting her arm through mise, she hurried me to the cab. We got in, and the cabman drove away without any instructions. I presumed be had turned to the girl with work been given them before.

When Marmaduke read the turned to the girl with work eyes and said:

"Now I'll explain," said my kidnaper. "You see Mand Farnsworth and
Ned Bigtes have been dead in love
with each other for a long while.

"Rejoice, little one, for your well this letter and any other of your may have as to your them?" Maud's perents think they know better whom Mand wants to marry than she does herself. She and Ned are to be married secretly, and you and I are to be the witnesses." "Oh! Thet's all?"

That's all! Why, isn't that a good "But please tell me what I have to do with it."

"Why, Mand has made all the ar ald like to take me to the parsonage, and I said it didn't matter to me; she might find some one berself. She said she would and made all the arrange

I leaned back on the cushion and buckled. "What amuses you?" saked my com

nanton.

"I tried to tell you that a mistake has been made, but you wouldn't listen to me. I am p'ensed to fear that no harm has been done. On the contrary, I have made a very pleasant a quaintaure"

A Letter That Can a Day Too Late

By MAY C. ETHEREDCE

Edwin Marmaduke at his de large estate. He was a W with no children, at least no at home. But no one seemed to much about him, and, being a m

Marmaduke had lived alone in a bir house which he had occupied when wife was living. When he died a ne ew who had an eye to his estate week to his house and looked for a will. He found none. This gave the inheritance to the heirs at law. The nephew, Jet Williams, hunted up these persons a found a large number of them. But they were all descendants of the de-ceased's brothers and sisters, need of whom could claim descent from him

Williams called a meeting of binema-duke's relatives and told them that im-less they took concerted action in the matter the estate was liable to be wasted in chancery. A great man claims might be made by persons wi would try to prove fairely that the were related to the deceased. Some money might be wasted by the co disproving others. Of course th ter of the distribution was in the courts, but the heirs would facilitate matters and save wastage by ac tribution of the property.

Among those who attended the me

ing was a young girl of stateen. She took a back seat and listened to who was said without remark, being only one present who mid no She was very poorly dressed and had a hungry look. When those present a hungry look. When those present were requested to step forward and put their names on paper, giving their relationship to the deceased, this girl hung back. Williams, seeing her, asked her if she had any claim on the Marmaduke estate. In reply she said that she had recently arrived in the city from Canada, where she had been discharged from a foundling asylum. At leaving she had been given the buby clothes she had on when laft as the asylum and a letter addre Edwin Marmaduke. She had been given money by a director of the letter. arriving she had inquired where Rd-win Marmaduke lived and on mach-ing the house had found crape on the door. Persons to whom she had told her story informed her of the s of the beirs-at-law to Mr. Mar estate and suggested that s find out somethis

sion from some of them.
Williams asked the girl why not open the letter, and she that it was stated on the envel

duke and by no other person A young man who signed his Steven Marmaduke and cla where I should meet the carriage I a grand-nephew of the deceased not stopped at a flower shop and bought ed the girl and pitted her. She has the cab was in position and signed as a signed with the cab was in position and signed as a signed with the cab was in position. stopped at a flower shop and bought one. The cab was in position, and I opened the door. The driver asked if I was Mr. Pemberton, and I told him that I was. Then he drove me to the park. I alighted and went up the walk to the fountain.

Two girls were standing looking at the dripping water, and one of them on seeing the rose in my hand left ber friend and made straight for me.

"I have come to tell you." I said rate.

"I have come to tell you." I said rate.

said she had no name. At the sings home she had been given her the distinguish her from the other on Staven Marmaduke was mac pressed by the story of the girl with been born into the world under the story of the girl with the story of th "Certainly you don't know her. You are not expected to know her."

"You see, I'm not—that is, there's only one person of my name in the telephone book"—

"Tou're Mr. Pendleton, aren't you?"

"Certainly I'm Pendleton. There's ne doubt about that, but"—

"Come! Let us hurry. We'll be too hat. Mand told me that if I failed her had wrapped the latter in the clothes, and there it had remained ever since. On the envelope was written "To be delivered when the child is old enough to act for herself."

Steven Marmaduke advised the girl to open the letter, and she did so in his presence. It read:

"Rejoice, little one, for you An investigation proved that the was Alice Marmaduke Spensel, mother had married in expection her father's express command, and had never forgiven her. Poverty sickness had come to her and her band, and just before her death had sent her child to the found

Learning of his daughter's des and her child, but had falled. He never made a will, hopis granddaughter might be f had come too late to give

Willing to Admir "Young man, is there," your family?" "William crany about your family