## By BARCLAY NORTH.

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\*Fact. A very bad one. I began life that way, but discovered in time that I had not the qualities requisite for success, and so after two seasons of starvation I abandoned the sock and buskin and eventually drifted into journalism That is my vocation." He looked at his programme.

'Yes, I thought so," he continued. "you will see on the stage to-night a girl I was once engaged to."

You cut her when you cut the profession?

"No, she cut me-for a pair of dismond earrings. I think that fact had quite as much as anything else to do with the realizing sense of my dramatic deficiencies. Ah, but that was in the

The first act then demanded their attention, and at its close Tom looked about the house

He directed the attention of Holbrook to one of the buxes. "Is that not Flora Ashgrove?"

Holbrook leveled his opera glasses at

the box pointed out. "Yes. No doubt of it, though her back is turned to us. Who are the others in

"Let me have the glasses," said Tom, "I can not make them out. Three men and another woman. They sit in the shadow. Stop, there is some one coming from the box. Oh, it's Dick Witherspoon, her cousin. That's all right, he'll come

back; he is going out for a clove." "Somewhat strange to see 'the handsome Flora' at a theatre at this time of the year," commented Holbrook. "Yes, one would suppose she was at

"She has been there, and came in on some business with her uncle. The busipess must have detained her."

"So it seems." "She must have been in the city at the time of the funeral."

"Whoser" "Templeton's."

"Well, what of it?" "What of it? Why, she didn't attend "I shouldn't suppose she would."

"You forget. I told you that she said she was a relative-a remote relative, of Templeton.'

"True, so you did It is strange, isn't By this time the curtain went up on

the second act, and attention was again side and offered his arm. She took it. concentrated on the stage. At its con- and they walked toward the front on clusion the lady in the box changed her the Broadway side and sat down out of seat so that she could look over the view. house. In time, as her eves roamed over the orchestra circle, they encountered those of Holbrook. She recognized him and bowed-somewhat coldly, Holbrook thought. "Shall you go and speak to her?"

"No," said Holbrook. "I don't know what people I may meet there." The fact was, while hardly conscious of it, ever since his interview he had regarded her with a sort of repugnance.

"I think you make a mistake." "Perhaps, but I sha'n't go, all the

"You mustn't drop her acquaintance." "That may be, but I don't think her recognition was particularly encourag-Have you noticed that she has no looked our way once since?"

Tom was not satisfied. Just what Holbrook was to do when he did see her, be could not have suggested. When Holbrook added that in a small box, with several about in close proximity, she was not likely to engage in a confidential conversation, he was compelled to acquiesce. Still he thought Holbrook should call on her.

Finally he said: "See here. Holbrook. You've seen this opera before, and only care for the music. Well, let us go upstairs. Undoubtedly that party will go on the roof after the performance. We can go up there and hear the music as well as here I would like to get a nearer view of the people with her." "To what purpose?"

"Oh, who can tell? I haven't any reason or purpose. Instinct tells me to do something. "Very well; we'll go."

They left their seats, and Holbrook was conscious that Flora watched them steadily as they went up the aisle. He made sure of it at the door, when he could do so without being observed. Once upstairs they seated themselves

so that they could watch the elevator without being seen. "I do not know what you are up to,"

complained Holbrook. "Neither do I," replied Tom with a laugh. "But the story of your interview

short time, and said: "Come with me to with 'the handsome Flora' has made a the elevator." deep impression. I want to become familiar with those about her. .That's They lit eigars, smoked and listened to the music until the curtain finally fell. small eyes.

"Now, then," said Tom, "in a few minutes we'll know whether we have deprived ourselves of comfortable sents during the third act for nothing." Holbrook, who was in a bad hume replied:

'I'm sure we did. She won't go up there; she would think it bad form."

"Bah! it's bad form, so her set would say, to be seen at a theatre at this time of year, especially in the city." "Hush," he continued, "there she goes

now," as the brightly lighted elevator glided up. "Come, let us go up. No wait until they have had time to be seated."

They waited a moment or two, and then ascended the stairs to the roof. At first they did not see the party, but carefully proceeding they came upon them partially hid behind a large fir tree planted in a tub. They came upon them

## R. J. C. GRAY, DENTIST.

FFICE OVER GRANGE STORE. ALL work warranted, aughing gas administered for painless ex-stion of teeth.

old Witherspoon, his daughter and son, the 'handsome Flora' and an old file-

probably another relative." Holbrook nodded, and after having given his order arose and crossed to the Darty on the ether side

Saluting them, he addressed himself to

refreshments.

first lawyers.

your relative."

"I am surprised to find you in the city Miss Ashgrove."

"You find me disgusted," she replied Uncle is a tyrant about this business but we return to-morrow.

recognize in the gentleman Tom had de

scribed as "an old file," one of New York's

By no means pleased with Flora's re-

"I did not see you at the funeral of

'Who?' she said, with lazy surprise.

"Oh, did I say he was a remote rela-

"Templeton-your remote relative."

not unmixed with contempt, as she lan-

guidly fanned herself. She did not deign

Holbrook found himself growing red

and angry, when to his surprise he saw

Flora straighten up quickly, while an

anxious, even frightened, expression

He turned and saw a gentleman fash-

He turned to Flora. She was engine

at mim (Holbrook) fixedly; there was a

worried, inquiring expression in her

eyes; her color was coming and going

and her chest heaving, her mouth slight

Apparently she paid little or no atten-

Holbrook noticed the change in her de-

meanor and was surprised; so much so

that he said bluntly and awkwardly: "I

bid you good night, Miss Ashgrove," and

"What passed between you?" asked

"Nothing of any moment. She treated

He then gave Tom a literal statement

He was abstracted, and did not hear

what Tom was saying, but stealthily

watched the group. He could not fail

to notice the extreme nervousness in

Flora's manner, and that she was urging

their departure. It was quite evident

themselves and not disposed to leave.

"By Jove, Tom, I've an idea."

enterprise we have entered upon."

"Ah, that is valuable, especially in the

"Yes, by Jove-tall-slim-dark hair-

complexion-handsome profile-straight

"Yes, handsome fellow. Who is he?"

"I have a suspicion he is the mur-

"Ah, a nice distinction. What makes

"On intimate terms with the family,

"That accounts for her curious manner

Holbrook described how Flora con-

"Thunder, the suspicion takes form.

"That is easy: wait for me a minute.

Tom hastily disappeared in the direc-

tion of the elevator. Holbrook leaned

back, smoked his cigar, and pondered

on the situation. Tom joined him in a

They went off together, and then a

He was a medium sized, thin man

cheaply clad, with sharp features and

"This is my friend Mr. Holbrook. He

will point out a man to you. We want

to know who he is, his name, residence

haunts, business-all that you can find

The two entered and seated themselves

at a point where they could observe the

Witherspoon group without being seen

when Flora and the man in whom they

were so much interested joined her

They had hardly seated themselves

That is the man," said Holbrook

The one who has that handsome lady

"Miss Ashgrove," said the man.

"Oh, let us go to Mr. Bryan, then.

They went out without being observed.

for Flora's back was turned to them.

They found Tom at the elevator and went

"He knows him," said Holbrook to

"Fashicnable young man-member of

"That I don't know. I've told you all

"Then find out everything you can

about him. I sha'n't want to see you wently wer bring me the information."

fom when they were on the pavement.

"Mr. Fountain-Harry Fountain."

"Yes, you know her, I see,"

"Yes, and the man too."

"Who is he?" asked Tom.

"Where does he live?"

"Very well," said the man

"Follow Holbrook."

friends again.

n his arm."

down stairs

"What is he?"

Union club."

I do know."

It is something to work upon.'

man stepped up to them.

"We must learn who he is."

when he joined them," said Holbrook

valuable."

about?"

derer.

with Floras

"The devil!"

you suspect?"

dark complexioned."

him when he came up?"

"Very well."

scription.

then.

musingly.

"What is that?"

ducted herself.

"No, the murderer."

"What makes you think so?"

"I don't think: I suspect."

"It's a suspicion."

nose. By Jove!"

of what had passed, save her curious

manner toward him at the end.

bowing to the others returned to Tom.

tion to the new comer, who was greeting

lonably clad. He did not know him.

swept over her face. She looked in-

to explain why she was absent.

tently behind him.

the others of the group.

me outrageously."

ly open.

a rap before parting from her.

Lowering his tone he said:

"Come, Holbrook, let's go," said Tom Who is that man?" asked Holbrook "My shadow." "What do you mean by that?" Her manner was cold, even repellant "Exactly what I say. I employ him as a shadow. To find out things—to fol Twas summer. and did not offer encouragement. He ras somewhat embarrassed, and would

low men-a spy, if you will." ave felt awkward, if Mr. Witherspoon "What do you do that for?" had not asked him to join them in their \*You are not up to the new dodges of modern journalism. He is always in In declining on the score of having a

"It will be a short job.

"Good-night, gentlemen."

'Good-night.

"So much the better," said Tom.

my employ." friend from whom he had parted only to 'The deuce! that's pleasant to hear pay his respects to them, he was enabled flow did you happen to find him se not only to regain self possession, but to quickly when you wanted him?"

"I whistled for him." "Pshaw!" 'That's what I did. When we direct

at Del's he was somewhere outside; when ception of him, he determined to give her we were in the theatre he was somewhere outside, and had I not sent him off now he would have been somewhere outside wherever I was until I went to bed. At any time I had only to give the whistle understood between us, and he would

have appeared." "So that's modern journalism, is it?" tive?" This was said with a haughtiness 'Oh no, only one of the recent up growths: I invented it."

"Well, come down to the hotel and

take a nightcap."
No. I'm for bed, and my room is not far from here. I've a big day before me to-morrow. I may call upon you in the morning. Good-night." "Do: good-night."

CHAPTER XL

A NIGHT EXPERIENCE ON BROADWAY



OLBROOL walked dow; Broadway to wear off the excitement unde which he felt b was laboring. "Man-buntin is as fascinatin

a sport as tiges hunting," he sai to himself. "No that I know any thing of tigo hunting, but as suppose it is. wonder if w have struck the right track.

23 years.

counselor as well

all events it is beginning and something definite t work upon. How grateful Annie Tem pleton would be if we were to be success ful! What a pretty sight her face would present-an incentive for any man to

the rest were comfortably enjoying Thus musing he strode along at a rapigait, feeling positive pleasure in the ex-Finally Flora said something to the ercise. By and by he became consciou newcomer and he arose, stepped to her that some one was following him. He crossed the street to determine this: the person he suspected crossed also. He slackened his pace, a tall, slim figure passed him, and he thought he was Holbrook followed them with his eyes. mistaken as he saw it disappear in the Suddenly he slapped his hand on his darkness. So he forged ahead Shortly he foun

the person was behind him again. "Jot it down, my boy," said the im-He was now approaching a fashionable perturbable Tom; "sometimes they are drinking saloon, and he determined to stop there and see what his follower would do

> He did so, and met an acquaintance with whom he went to the bar. Immediately the door opened and tall, slim man entered. It was the per

son who had followed him "What the deuce are you muttering Holbrook observed him closely through the glass behind the bar, while chatting with his acquaintance. "Did you see that man who joined the Witherspoon group while I was talking

The tall, slim man was by no meanevidently 60 or 65 years of aghis hair was white, his face well seame with wrinkles. He was clad in respect able black and was upright in carriage Bollrook thought be might have been the man Fountain discaised to follow him, and then dismissed the idea as at absurdity and attributed it to his heated imagination.

A glance at the hand the person fair "You recollect that in my interview on the bar, which Holbrook could regard with Flora she inquired particularly at short range without turning, such was about the man I saw running away, askhis position, confirmed his idea of its abing me whether he was tall, slim and surdity It was unmistakably the hand of an aged person; there could be no 'make up" in that

"Well, this fellow answers to the de Presently the old man dropped a piece of money on the floor. As he stooped to pick it up he struck Holbrook in the "So he does. How did they address "I only heard them call him 'Harry." Convinced as he was that he had been

touched purposely, from an impulse is could not restrain be turned The old man apologized in most cour

teous terms. His voice was pleasant, but Holbrook felt that the dark eyes of the old man most keenly and rapidly scru tinized his features.

However, he courteously responded to his apologies and the old man passed on into the street. "That was done on purpose," said the

consintance "I thought so too," replied Holbrook The burkeeper, who had overheard this

xchange, said "He asked me who you were, sir.

'What did you tell him?' 'That I didn't know which was the truth.

Holbrook went out. The old man stood in the sludow of an adjoining door Hollsrook leaped into a cab and tole the man to drive to the Hoffman house and then watched from the window i see if he was followed

The old man remained where Holbroo had last seen him. "I've spent a dollar and a half to

nothing," he said "The probability that he mistook me for some one elsand discovered his error in the drinking placer" so he went on to his own hotel When he arrived there he went to the esh for letters and cards that mig ave been left him, he was told by t lerk that a gentleman had entied up-

on during the evening, but had reles

all either his name or leave a re-

aying that he was unknown to Mr. Ho! brook, and would visit him at his office some time during the following day. inquiring what the man looked like e was given a description which tailied ith that of the old man whom he had ncountered on Broadway but an hour

To say he was alarmed would be to ay what was not true, but there is no mestion but that it made him uneasy He began to doubt the advisability of he campaign upon which he had enter. d, and into which he had been irresist

[TO BE CONTINUED] Costomer on restaurant)-Here, waiter, there's a hair in this soup!
Waiter—Yes, sah, I heerd de cook say only

dis mawnin', dat it do bent all, how her ha's

am comin' out.-The Epoch.

I sorrowed that the golden day was dead. Its light no more the country side advenings. But whilst I grieved, behold the cast grew red With accuring.

I mourned because the daffodlls were killed

Half broken hearted I bewailed the end

But whilst I wept I found a newer friend

Only that something better may be given Until at last we find this earth exchanged

. For beaven.

there is to see here."
"We ain't fashionable, Jack."

No, father, America first, say I.

that flash beneath his tawny mustache.

he took to boating, and is now not only

his father's secretary and partner, but his

tions, and every species of entertainmen

au revoir uttered these solemn words:

that passed merrily on their way.

the book should remain unwritten.

IL

Jack Wellden was no mere tyro as a

gymnasium, and in the Westchester Pe

and back within a given and what seemed

with several minutes to spare.

stowed away.

ind be's eligible, you know,

Jack bowed to Addie, and after a com

undefined expression of love and undefined

languor. Wishing both ladies in Jericho,

gave no quarter to plebeian blood.

the unwilling Wellden submitted to his

Jack has never cared for female society.

heartily ashamed of myself when that nice young follow, Sir Henry Harden, asked my opinion about the distances in

Of friendships than which none had once seen

And thus I learned old pleasures are estranged

-Ellen Thorneycroft Fewler in Good Words

THE LOVE OF A DAY.

LOSS AND GAIN

debutantes? Come now, Addie, why don't you cross examine Mr. Wellden?" Addie gazed into his eyes, and poor I signed that merry spring was forced to go,
And doff the wreaths that did so well become Jack, who was not accustomed to such manœuvering, blushed up to and inside the roots of his hair.

in that line at all.

"I assure you," be stammered, "I really don't go in for indies society, and," he gallantly added, "I admire them all so By burning skies that scorched my early posies: But whilst for these I placed my hands were filled nuch that I could not possibly make a 'I like that," laughed Addie, her eyes

plunged into his. "He should see Miss Winthrop, mamma, should be not?" "Well, I don't know that she is so very

much," responded Mrs. De Smythe. "She is immensely admired by the gentlemen, mainma." Her-money, my dear child. They say she has \$100,000 a year." When Jack Wellden was allowed to re-

tire into a corner of the plazza to smoke his beloved pipe, he muttered, half aloud: "How dreadfully tiresome some people of lean't stand them. I will do the Giant's Toe to morrow, and go out into "Well, Jack," observed Mr. Mortimore the woods on Thursday 111.

Wellden, as he found himself on the stoop of his charming country residence upon the Hudson, "where are you going It was after the biggest morning's work of his life, in the way of climbing, that to spend your holidays? Europe, I guess?
"Not a bit of it, father. I want to do
my own dear land first. Just think of all Jack Wellden found himself once more in the region of the woods. The road was scarcely worthy of the name. It was more a sheep track through a tree shaded "If you go that, sir, all the English swells consider it correct form, as they call it, to run over here. I tell you I was

line, the grass resembling green velvet.

"What would I give for a hunch of bread and a glass of beer?" he thought, as he trudged along. "Perhaps this path will bring me to a farm house where I can buy something to eat and drink." A turn in the lane showed him a quaint little wooden gate, and beyond the gate

the Yellowstone Park. I was nearly sneak enough to pretend to know, although was never within 2,000 miles of the place the red roof of a house, a nest hidden away in tufted foliage, away out of the world-just the corner of the earth for a "Spoken like a young American eagle," laughed the elder man, with a sparkle in man dead in love, or a writer of romantic his eye that indicated the pride that every As Jack pushed back the gate the sound true son of the Stars and Stripes fondles

in his heart's core.

Mr. Mortimore Wellden is a banker. of a girl's voice singing came to him through the green leaves and scented and a very wealthy one. His word is his bond, and his dieta among moneyed men soms, and summer day hum. It was a deliciously sweet young voice—a voice for a ballad, not for scene from opera, are regarded as law His wife is one of and he stopped to listen. The song was "Some Day." When she had concluded, those bustling women who "toil, and spin, and scold the maids," as did her he obeyed an imperative impulse, and grandmother, a Randolph of Virginia, a hundred years ago
There are two children, a daughter, crying "Brava" strode into her presence. On a rude stone scat beneath overhanging Mildred, aged 17, who is to come out at the first Patriarch's ball of next senson. oaken boughs, and close to an open door revealing a kitchen such as Cinderella might have prepared for the amorons and Jack, a partner in the bank, aged prince, 'sat a girl with hair of the purest gold, with which a stray sun-beam was mercilessly coquetting. She was petite, but exquisitely molded, and Jack graduated at Harvard, and was stroke in the University race. He is a trifle over six feet, built in proportion. was not beautiful by any means. Her bluish gray eyes were half concealed be-neath black lashes that swept down her and the owner of a pair of laughing blue eyes, and thirty two magnificent teeth cheek, and in the glorious expression of those eyes lay the charm that recognizes Instead of dreading the "dreary drudg-ery of the desk sdead wood," Jack plunged no limit. Her nose was inclined to what into banking with the arder with which Tennyson terms tip tilted, and if her teeth were dazzling white, one or two were deliciously irregular, while the rich red lips, if a trifle too full, were absolutely young, and fresh, and charming.

He of course attended balls and recep-She was attired in a lilac and white striped, short skirted that fashionable society exults in, but he the muslin, crisp prefers his book and his pipe, his dog and while a snowy waist of white, with a rollhis gun, and his spoilt sister to all the giddy dissipations of the "madding ing collar gathered together by a lilae bow, completed a simple yet most becom-ing tollette. Her little feet were en-It was a broiling July day of last year shrined in low shoes, lilac and white striped stockings showing over them.

that this conversation between father and son took place, and two weeks later found Instead of being abashed at the unex-pected appearance of a stranger entering Jack Wellden at the Profile house in the White mountains, on a tramp after the after so brusque a fashion, and in such a remote corner, this rustic maiden, who most approved fashion. He were a dust colored check knickerbocker suit, with remote corner, this rustic maiden, who was by the way engaged in the very useful if not romantic task of hulling peas, preserved so dignified a self possession as to thoroughly abash the intruder, who blurted out: "I—ah—beg your pardon—I—ah—that is"——then he stopped short.

The rustic lass, while continuing the bulling of the year, and who seemed big galters and a deerstalker's cap. His impedimenta, or baggage, consisted of a knapsack and alpenstock and a field glass of great power. He was alone, and least Ionely when most alone.

A valise lader with conventional garments awaited him at such hotels along his route as pleased his imperial majesty hulling of the peas, and who seemed amused at his embarrassment, demurely

to regard in the light of temporary head quarters, for his mother on kissing him "Are you looking for Mr. Stephen?" "No, no. The fact is I have been to "Jack, never, never be without your Jack had made the Profile house his

claimed the girl, gazing up at the peak which towered above them in peerless majesty. Why that has never been headquarters for a week, debouching from it to various romantie passes and notches only accessible to those lithe of limb and brawny of muscle. Instead of joining in done but twice. "Thrice." the lawn tennis or the hops he used to sit "Twice, they say here."
"Twice, I now say," he laughed. "I make a bad third. I am shamefully hungry and thirsty, and I thought I for hours on the plazza, his pipe in his mouth, watching the comers and goera the tourists of all sorts and conditions

might get a crust and a glass of beer. It must be told, but in the strictest She looked at him in a quiet, searching confidence, that Jack meditated a book and he had even chuckled over the title, "You can have both." "Jack Minus Jill," but fate willed that

"I am intensely obliged; but pray, de not disturb yourself. P— She had disappeared into the kitchen ere he had finished what he wanted to walker. A member of the Athletic club say, reappearing with wondrous celerity, of New York, he was a fancy man in the carrying a wooden platter containing broad and butter, and, rapture! a quaint destrian ciub second to none. For a wager earthen flagon, with a metal top, conhe walked from Highbridge to Yonkers taining a goodly measure of beer. thirst got the better of his manners, and an impossible time, yet he scored a victory almost without thanking the fair waitess, he put the flagon to his mouth and

Mountain climbing was his delight, and fairly drained it. to be out in the early dawn, up in the "You were thirsty," laughed the girl. silver mists that crown the summit of in "Wasn't I, though!" accessible crags, to the youthful banker was nearer heaven than anything that "Would you like some more?"

"Not just yet, thank you. May I sit earth could give him.

The notches around the Profile mount-She motioned with her golden head to ain are as numerous as they are inaccessible. No mere two weeks boliday young a pile of wood that lay close at hand against an upright wooden post, and Jack man need attempt them; they mean collar work from the word "go," and take more "May I smoke?"

out of a man than an ascent of the Mat-The girl nodded. After he had lighted terhorn or Mont Blanc. Jack found the e gravely asked him: hotel crowded from cellar to garret, but What brought you here to this place?" having had his baggage sent on in ad-"Accident, pure and simple." vance, the clerk, on account of the expen-"Did you hear of it?"

sive appearance of the solid leather, nickel plated vallee, discovered that one "Of what?" "Of this cottage?" room still remained open to the owner, "Not a word. I came from New York. I am a bank clerk out for a holiday." As and young Wellden was comfortably se afterward said, "I did not want to His appearance in the dining room eredazzle a girl in her position with my part ated a tremor in the heart of one young lady's mamma, a certain Mrs. Pomroy De nership and prospects!" "I think you are telling me the truth,"

Smythe, halling from the classic regions she said. of Back Bay Boston.
"Addie," she whispered to her daugh-Very close to it," he chimed in, with hearty laugh, adding: "You live here ter, "sit up straight, love, bite your lips all the year?" a little, put on an English stare, for I see young Wellden, the banker, has arrived. Nearly-at least as much as I can."

And as if wishing to change the subject: "Do you get a long holiday?" Miss De Smythe most willingly executed "Not very."
"It seems a nice way of spending it, the commands of the general, her mother, and as Jack was passing the old lady then. Better, I mean, than lounging on hotel plazzas.

threw out her grappling irons, "Mr. Weilden, who would have imagined "Oh, I detest them," and the young that you would be found in this out of fellow, without being aware of it, spread the way place? Addie, darling, don't you see Mr. Wellden? That dear child is such out his idea to the sun. The girl listened with evident pleasure

"Can't I help you to hull those peas? I ought to do something for my bread," he monplace remark was for passing down to an unoccupied table in a remote corner There was so much of the genial of the room, but Mrs. Pomroy De Smythe courtesy and youthful frankness in the insisted upon his taking a seat at the way he made the offer that the girl extable facing Addie, and as a consequence a pair of very dreamy eyes and a general "I think you had better. I shall never

have them done in time. Jack proved himself an expert, and was very, very sorry when his task was ended.
"Good day to you," said the girl, gathering up her dish of peas. IV.

"It will be only for a couple of days," he said to himself; "and I need not be at Mrs. Pomroy De Smythe was acquainted Upon the following noon, Jack Wellden, with a very handsome photograph album, presented himself at the little with Jack's mother. Mrs. De Smythe was Vane, one of the Mayflower Vanes, and gate, and, strange to relate, his enraptured ear was greeted by the delicious voice of the hostess of the day before. On that There is an awful mixture of people here, Mr. Wellden," she said. "Your dear mother couldn't, wouldn't stand it. occasion, however, she was not engaged in bulling peas, but in spinning at a quaint There are only two parties we can know, old spinning wheel, such as might have been the valued property of her greatone of them only in a hotel way. How are all the rosebuds of New York? I pre-How sume you have committed and havor this grandmother.

"Yes, I thought you would like some "Not I." said Jack, honestly, "s am not photos of the Giant's Toe, so I brought them for you.

"Did you not admire some one of the "They are beautiful," she exclaimed as she glanced over them, "but you did

"I am very sorry." el'li take one

"That's for the bread, and another for the beer," laughed Jack. These two young people got on se well ogether, that the time slipped past, and

the spinning wheel was woefully neg This will never do," suddenly cried the girl, leaping to her feet. "Here I have been wasting my time with an unknown

"But me no buts, sir, but go!" pointing

dramatically to the gate.

"I'll be honged if I do!" said Jack, resolutely. "At least," he added, "until I say what I have to say, and what I thought I would never say." And then, almost unwould never say." And then, almost un-consciously, and obeying an emotion he was utterly unable to control, Jack Well den laid his throbbing heart, with all its hopes and fears, at the dainty feet of this dainty little mail. You are mad!" was all that she said,

as she rushed from him into the house. When Jack arrived at the gate upon the following day, a strange man asked him feelings, calmly replied:

"I have none."
As he wandered aimlessly through the woods, his resolve shaped itself thus. "That girl shall be my wife. What if she be penniless, and lowly born, a violet is born very close to the earth."

Seated upon the piazza of the Profile

Scatcal upon the second of the tide, he smoked his beloved pipe, gazing up at the moon, as is the wont of happy and unhappy lovers, A soft voice behind him: "Mr. Wellden?"

Where have you been hiding yourself on the top notches or in the depths of the woods? I want you to come over to yonder group. Miss Winthrop, our Bos-

ton beauty and great catch, is with us. 1 wish to present you to her on your dear mother's account." This was cruel. Jack loved to be alone.

youth. "I am very sorry; get some camphor ated oil; put"— And the good lady, after prescribing for him, left him to his

An hour later he felt that a five mile stroll would be better than nothing; and as he descended the steps the full glare of the electric light fell upon the face and form of a young girl whom Mrs.

Pomroy De Smythe was courteously assisting into a phaeton. Jack started as if
he had been shot. His heart gave a wild leap backward.

"If you had been here a second sooner, exclaimed Mrs. De Smythe, "I would have presented you to Muriel Winthrop." The presentation took place in due form

a day later. Miss Winthrop, preferring the seclusion of the perfumed woods to the publicity of a hotel, had secluded her self with her chaperon at the cozy nest in which Jack Weliden had surprised her. Sick to the death of the steel lined con ventionalities surrounding her and her enormous fortune, the girl lived her own life in this charming nook, and was ai the healthler and the happier.

Of course, they are engaged. How could it be otherwise? They are to be married next month, and the honeymoon is to be spent in that out of the way spot where Jack Wellden discovered Muriel Winthrop occupied in hulling peas.— Francis Lee in Once a Week.

Theodore Thomas as a Leader. Mr. Milward Adams, the manager of rubbed with a dry cloth when it becomes the summer nights' concerts, knows a unpresentable. The Jews of Morocco ed deal about Mr. I will call upon him," said Mr. Adams, "as you would on any neighbor or citizen, you would find him abreast of the times on all that interests the public. He is suave and consequently obliging. He is at home in literature and art and all that tends to finish a man in this generation. But if you talk music to him he will most likely withdraw in a manner which will cause i

change of the topic. Any one who has watched Mr. Thomas at one of his concerts need not be told that he is the master and that the members of his orchestra know that and ac accordingly. The moment he raises his baton that moment every man before him has one eye on him and the other on the score. Everybody is drawn at a precise angle. Every instrument is placed where the master has indicated that it should be placed. When the programme is finished the man who arranged it steps from his pedestal and disappears. He does not turn around and bow to his audience. He has presumed upon their intelligence to the extent that they know when the programme is finished. The have listened to it. He has done his dut and he has no more to do. He is on his way home before the lights have been turned out. He has not lingered to receive any encomiums. He has nothing to do with the claque. His home is not at the hotel where he would appear to be on dress parade. It is in the quiet retreat of a private residence and there he resta When his business affairs of the day are over he may take a walk or a drive .-Chicago Times.

Every morning there comes to the house in which I live a fine, bale old man, with the fresh scent of country lanes about him, who brings an abundant supply of egetables, of a quality one can only find in the most expensive green groceries and fruit stores. He makes a business of serving the products of his little market garden across the North river to a choice list of customers in certain apartment houses of the better order. He sells all that he can deliver, and the prices gets, while reasonable enough to satisfy his patrons, are sufficiently liberal to compensate him handsomely. There are other men, I notice, who make a specialty of milk, eggs, and other fresh table com modities, which they deliver after the same fashion directly from their farms or same fashion directly from their farms of poultry yards. They pay no tribute to a middleman, nor are they under any expense for a city shop. They begin by drumming up custom in good houses, and, as they serve the best of material, are not long in establishing a profitable connection. After this it is plain sailing with them

The business of putting up preserves and jellies seems also to be extensively followed by rural housewives, who seek their industry in much the same Some of them advertise in the family pa The majority employ a drum to beat up custom in town. they can afford the expense of advertise ment or the salary of an agent, and still make a greater profit than if they sold their products to the shops, may serve as a slight hint of the proportions of gain that fall to the middle man or retailer A man in Fordham who has quite an ex tensive fruit farm, which, thanks to his passion for improving varieties, produces some of the finest fruit in the country. informs me that he now gets nearly thre times as much for the product of his or did when he sold it to a fruiterer And still his customers get it chesper than they did from the fruit shop.—Alfred Trumble in New York News. THE JEWS OF MCROCCO

MOST INTERESTING AND MOST TRYING RACE OF PEOPLE

Despises by the Moor and Subjected to Every Imaginable Degradation-The Terrible Poulshments Sometimes Inflicted on the Hebrews-The Jews' Onarters.

The Jews of Morocco are to my mind at once the most interesting and the most trying race of people I ever met. Subject to restrictions in their life and business which would exterminate an ordinary race of people in two generations, they have grown, prospered and in many places are manters of their masters

No one knows just where the Moorish Jews came from but of course they have been connected with the lost tribes and been connected with the lost tribes and all that. The map facts are, they are in Morocco without knowing themselves just how they got there. Among the anomalies connected with them is that they are hated and despised by the Moors, subject to every insult and degradation that can be imagined, yet they are recognized as such necessary members of society that there is a law, which is actively enforced, forbidding, laws to leave the country forbidding Jews to leave the country his business. Stung to the quick—love is under any circumstances. The Jews. out always sensitive—Jack, crushing down all side of one or two coast towns, are treated worse than the meanest and lowest arimals, and, whether in the way of retaliation of the means which in the fi at place secured them this brutal treatment I am not competent to say, they in return treat the Moors with fairly devillish cruelty when they get them in their power, as they often do through money transactions, for, as in other lands, the superior cunning of the Jews makes them the bankers of the country, and with a debtors law which allows the imprisonment of a man until his debt is discharged, there are ample opportunities for the Jews to act as fiends He turned It is Mrs. Pomroy De incarnate. KILLING A JEW.

In return for this a Moor thinks no more of killing a Jew, if he can do it quietly, than of killing a rat, and as for dishonoring the family of a Jew, it is looked upon as the natural course of events, and truth compels me to say that the husband and father looks on the trans-This was cruel. Jack loved to be alone, and alone he intended to remain.

"I am awfully sorry," he said, "but"—and he placed his jaw in the hollow of his hand.

"A toothache?"

"Oh, oh!" greaned the hypocritical covering outside of their own quarter, where they are berded together like animals, their dress being regulated and re-stricted so they may always be known from the believers at a glance, and they are forbidden to build any places of worship or to hold religious services of any kind, which command is religiously disregarded. services being held regularly in their houses with in some cities, a guard posted to inform of the approach of strangers If there is any nasty work to be done, as for instance the embalming of the heads of executed rebels so that they may hang the longer at the traitor's gate, the Jews are pressed into the service. If the sultan or one of his officers wishes a few thousand dollars to meet a sudden demand, some wealthy Jew, who has paid the least for protection, is seized without notice and thrown into a dungeon until he has been squeezed out of a proper sum.

If a Jew meets a Moor, no matter how low the position of the latter, he is obliged to step barefooted into the fifth of the middle of the street so as not to touch the garments of a follower of the prophet, and he is not allowed under any circumstances to enter the street upon which a mosque is situated. The punishment for the disregard of any of these laws is simply terrific, ranging from burning to death to bastingdoing

THE BATH UNKNOWN. The use of the bath either for the face or the body is totally unknown among the Jews, except the hand bath before eating, at other times the face being simply but from my own observations I think I had rather be a Jew than a Moor as far as persecution is concerned, for his deadly hatred of the Moor, coupled with his own superior cunning, gives him in the course or his lifetime a chance to return oppres-sion for oppression, and to my certain knowledge the dungeons of Morocco are filled with Moors rotting to death in pay-ment of debts dwed to this same perse-

Of the Jews' quarter in Alcazar much cannot be said, except that it is something dirtier than the rest of the city, and the inhabitants decidedly hospitable. For some reason all white skinned people are looked upon by the Jews as their friends, consequently there is no limit to a Jew's hospitality, or to his requests for political favors after you have received it. As the most interesting event that could be shown, it was at once suggested that I attend a Jewish wedding then taking place; and while I feared to offend the proprieties by coming into the pres-ence of the timid bride in top boots and a flamed shirt, Jacob insisted that she would not mind if I had no boots at all on, or wore them around my neck. was a little afraid we would arrive late until I learned that it was the playfu custom of the Jews to keep the poor bridegroom in suspense by stringing the ceremony out for a week, and that this wedding had already reached its third day.—Morocco Cor. Boston Transcript.

Methods of the Plano Clab.

The latest thing is a piane club, which is far better than the watch club. Two of them have been formed here lately, and it strikes me as the best way to get a plane, as the purchase is taken out of the dealers' hands and an association some thing like abuilding association is formed This is the idea. A good piano costs \$400. Now, if 350 persons will agree to purchase 350 planes from a manufacturer be will 350 planos from a manufacturer he will give them a discount of \$50 on each plano and time to boot. Hence a club of \$50 people are formed, and each contributes \$1 a week, so that each week a plano is paid for. A drawing takes place, the lucky number taking the plano, but still contributing a dollar a week for the instrument until his \$350 is paid. When everybody has a plano in this way the club dissolves. club dissolves.

You may say it is hard on the one who draws last, as he must wait 350 weeks for his piano. No, he would scarcely miss the dollar a week, as anybody can afford that sum. Moreover, many pay the total sum after contributing for a time, or an arrangement is made by which a plano can be had immediately by doubling the weekly contribution. Thus the rent which would otherwise be paid for a plane it contributed toward its purchase. A very large number of planes in the city are rented, and such a system tends to sup-plant renting.—"H B." in Globe Demo-

The Same Old Conceit. He--Ah, Mins Filbert, I have just com-She-Indeed, Mr. Peanut? How charts

ing! What is the subject?
He (hopelessly)—The same old concelt, Miss Filbert, the same old conceit. She (sweetly)—Ah, an autobicgraphy, Mr. Peanut - Washington Critic.

Gave Her a Chill. Madam (to servant)—What is Miss Clara doing in her room, Mariel Servant-She is realing a love story by

Howells, mum. Madam-And what did she ring fort Servant-She wants more coal on the fire, mum.-New York Suc.

--- easin!" she laughed.