

CHAPTER XL

There was no one at the station to meet the disgraced one, news of the disaster at Beersheba being as yet only on the way. Thomas Jefferson was rather glad of it; especially glad that there was no one from Woodlawn-this was the name of the new home-to recognize him and ask discomforting questions. But Ardea was expected, and the Dabney carriage, with old Scipio on the box, was drawn up beside the platform. Tom put Ardea into the carriage and was giving her hand luggage to Scipio when she called to him.

"Isn't there any one here to meet you, Tom?"

"They don't know I'm coming," he explained. Whereupon she quickly made room for him, holding the door open. But he hung back.

"I reckon I'd better ride on the box with Unc' Scipio," he suggested. "I am sure I don't know why you

should," she objected. He told her straight; or at least gave

her his own view of it.

"By to-morrow morning everybody in Gordonia and Paradise Valley will know that I'm home in disgrace. It won't hurt Unc' Scipio any if I'm seen riding with him."

It was the first time that he had been given to see the Dabney imperiousness shining star-like in Miss Ardea's slate-blue eyes.

"I wish you to get your hang-bag and ride in here with me," she said, with the air of one whose wish was law. But when he was sitting opposite and the carriage door was shut, she smiled companionably across at him and added: "You foolish boy!"

When he reached the house there was an ominous air of quiet about it, and a horse and buggy, with a black boy holding the reins, stood before the Tom's heart came into his de br. mowh. The turnout was Doctor Willinma:

"Who's sick?" he asked of the boy who was holding the doctor's horse, and his tongue was thick with a nameless fear.

The black boy did not know; and Tom crept up the steps and let himself in as one enters a house of mourning, breaking down completely when he saw his father sitting bowed on the hall seat.

"You, Buddy ?--I'm mighty glad," said the man; and when he held out his arms the boy flung himself on his knees beside the seat and buried his face in the cushions.

"She is just the same; lying there so still that you have to look close to see whether she is breathing. The doctor says that if there isn't a change pretty soon, she'll die." "O Tom!"

He looked up at her with the old boyish frown pulling his eyebrows together. "She's been good to God all her life;

what do you reckon He's letting her die this way for?"

It was a terrible question, made more terrible by the savage hardlhood that lay behind it. Ardea could not reason with him; and she felt intuitively that at this crisis only reason would appeal to him. Yet she could not turn him away empty-handed in his hour of need.

"How can we tell?" she said, and there were tears in her voice. "We only know that He does everything for the best"

"I wish you'd ask Him to let my mother live!" he said, brokenly. "Tve tried and tried, and the words just die in my mouth."

There is a Mother of Sorrows in every womanly heart, to whom the appeal of the stricken is never made in vain. Ardea saw only a boy-brother crying out in his pain, and she dropped on her knees and put her arms around his neck and wept over him in a pure transport of sisterly sympathy.

"Indeed and indeed I will help, Tom! And you mustn't let it drive you out into the dark. You poor boy! I know just how it hurts, and I'm so sorry for you!"

He freed himself gently from the comforting arms, got up rather unsteadily, and lifted her to her feet. Then the manly bigness of him sent the hot blood to her cheeks and she was ashamed.

"O Tom!" she faltered; "what must you think of me!"

"I think God made you-and that was one time when His hand didn't tremble," he said, gravely.

They had picked their way down the leaf-slippery mountain side and he was giving her the bunch of holly at the Dabney orchard gate before he spoke again. But at the moment of

leave-taking he said: "How did you know what I needed more than anything else in all tho world. Ardea?"

She blushed painfully and the blue eves were downcast.

"You must never speak of that again. I didn't stop to think. It's a Dabney

failing, I'm afraid-to do things first and consider them afterward. It was as if we were little again, and you had fallen down and hurt yourself.' "I know," he acquiesced, with the same manly gentleness that had made her ashamed. "I won't speak of it any more-and I'll never forget it the longest day I live. Good-by.' And he went the back way to his own orchard gate, plunging through the leaf beds with his head down and his hands in his pockets, struggling as he could to stem the swift current which was whirling him out beyond all the old landmarks. For now he was made to know that boyhood was gone, and youth was going, and for one intoxicating moment he had looked over the mountain top into the Promised Land of manhood.

"I positively must go back. We have DRINKS IN HISTORY HOME OF ANDRE AT BATH company, and I ran away without haying a word."

"Anybody I know ?" inquired Tom. Three somebodies whom you know. IMPORTANT PARTS PLAYED BY or ought to know, very well: Mr. Duxbury Farley, Mr. Vincent Farley, Miss Eva Farley."

"I'd like to know how under the sun they managed to get on your grandfather's good side!" he grumbled.

"Why do you say that?" she retort ed. "Eva was my classmate for ytars at Miss De Valle's."

He made a boyish face of disapproval, saying bluntly: "I don't care if she was. You shouldn't make friends of them. They are not fit for you to wipe your shoes on."

"You ought to be ashamed of your-self, Tom Gordon! Less than an hour ago, we were speaking of you, and of what happened at Beersheba. Mr. Farley and his son both stood up for you. "And you took the other side, I reckon," he broke out, quite unreasonably. It had not as yet come to blows be tween him and his father's business associates, but it made him immeasurably dissatisfied to find them on social terms at Deer Trace Manor.

"Perhaps I did, and perhaps I did not," she answered, matching his tartness.

"Well, you can tell them both that I'm much obliged to them for nothing," he said, rising and going to the door with her. "They would be mighty glad to see it patched up again and me back in the Beersheba school." "Of course they would; so would all

of your friends." "But they are not my friends. They

have fooled my father, and they'll fool your grandfather, if he doesn't watch out. But they can't fool me."

"That is the first downright coward ly thing I have ever known you to say!" she declared. "And I wish you to know, Mr. Thomas Jefferson Gordon, that Mr. Duxbury Farley and Mr. Vincent Farley and Miss Eva Farley are my guests and my friends!" And with that for her leave-taking, she turned her back on him and went swiftly across the two lawns to the great gray house on the opposite knoll.

For the first fortnight of his mother's convalescence Tom slept badly, and his days were as the days of the accused whose sentence has been suspended. The time drew near when his continued stay at home must be explained to his mother.

Ardea had gone back to Carroll the Saturday before New Year's and there was no one to talk to. But for that matter, he had cut himself out of her confidence by his assault on the Farleys. Every morning for a week after the Christmas-day clash, Scipio came over with the compliments of "Mawsteh Majah," Miss Euphrasia, and Miss Dabney, and kindly inquiries touching the progress of the invalid. But after New Year's Tom remarked that there were only the Major and Miss Euphrasia to send compliments, and despair set in. For out of his boyhood he had brought up undiminished the longing for sympathy, or rather for a burdenbearer on whom he might unload his troubles, and Ardea had begun to promise well.

(To be continued.)

Planet Problems, "The amount of ignorance not yet GOBLETS OF LIQUOR.

Sir Philip Sidney and the Dying Soldier-Tragic Part of Cup of Wine in Murder of Edward the Martyr.

The proposal of the Dutch to erect at Zutphen a statue to Sir Philip Sidney recalls to a London writer the world-famed episode of the dying soldier, with which his death is inseparably connected. It occurred when that Paladin, on September 22, 1586, received his death wound before the walls of Zutphen. Parched with thirst, he called for a drink. As he was putting the bottle to his mouth his eyes fell upon a desperately wounded soldier, who, as he was being carried past, threw him longing glances, "which Sir Philip perceived, took the bottle from his lips before be drank, and delivered to the poor man with these words: "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.'"

In the murder of Edward the Martyr, in 979, a cup of wine played a tragic part. Wearied with his hunting the young monarch was persuaded to seek refreshment at Corfe castle, in Dorsetshire, the abode of his stepmother, the widowed Queen Elfrida. Circus. Upon his entrance she greeted him with a kiss, and then, as he resisted her invitation to dismount, brought house, from the castle a goblet of wine. Even as the king raised his goblet one of with fatal effect, plunged it into his neck.

goblet, out of which he drank to his walks the halls at midnight wringing crew, "willing the gunners stand by her hands. their ordinance like men." Scarce had he finished the draught and held the cup aside when it was struck by a ball from one of the Spaniards' ships and

carried away. Every June the quaint old town of Rothenburg celebrates by a costume St. Chad's Well, once a famous Chalyfestival, which goes by the name of beate spring in King's Cross. In the "Meister-Drank," the mighty feat of a eighteenth century people came here former town councillor who, in 1631, to drink the waters, which were supsaved the town from destruction. In posed to be especially useful in cases that year Rothenburg fell before the of dropsy, scrofula and liver comarms of the savage Tilly, who at the plaints. Gradually, like all fashionhead of his forces entered the vanquished town, where at the town hall and residential houses, then warehe gave orders for the execution of the civic magistrates. Before, how- well. ever, the doomed men were led forth ing the foundations for a new strucever, the doomed men were to the scaffold, the Burgomaster's ture in Gray's Inn road discovered an daughter presented herself, bearing an arch some 20 feet underground, and this has been identified as forming the conqueror drank and passed it round to his officers. All quenched their thirst, and yet the flagon was only but half empty. cinal properties. It has been ascer-Seeing this the fair Hebe remarked that one of the councillors present was able to empty the stoup at a draught. "If such be the case," cried whether it still retains its pristine Tilly, turning to the condemned magistrates, "I will pardon you all for the drinker's sake. Fill the flagon to the

Historical Personage's House is Still Standing, and Oddly Enough It is No. 23.

Bath, England, is a city of ancient mansions, so Major Andre's house is still standing in the Circus, which consists of three blocks, in which every house has at some time been occupied by some historical personage. Oddly enough Andre's house is No. 23. It is exactly like all the other houses in the Circus, where every building is the exact duplicate of the other, red brick, with weather-stained white cornices, dilapi inted window boxes filled with sickly geraniums that rarely show a blossom, and the inev-Itable ivy trained over the front. An air of profound melancholy and musty gentility broods over these crumbling mansions, each one of which can tell a tragic story of fallen greatness. They are tenanted by people in a state of decayed gentility, mostly retired army and navy officers, or their

widows, with a sprinkling of professors, doctors and music teachers. At the end of the Circus and facing

up the street is the house occupied by Napoleon III. through part of his exile. The interior is partly burned out and full of rates. Louis XVIII. resided near, in a house afterward the abode of Lady Hamilton, and said to be haunted by her ghost. Nelson and Charles X. of France also lived in the

Just at the gates of Lord Dudley's park, near by, is another haunted It was owned by the first earl's brother, a fighting, drinking, swashbuckling guardsman, who when her retainers drew his dagger and, in his cups and hard up for money to pay his gambling debts, sold his beautiful young wife to the earl. The

During the naval engagement at San house is a fine old red brick structure Juan the Jesus, which was under the veiled in ivy. The guardsman's unholy command of Sir John Hawkins, was revels are said to be repeated there attacked by almost overwhelming nightly, and carriages are heard odds. Both by word and deed did the rolling in and out of the weedy old admiral encourage his men, and once garden until the "wee sma' hours." when their spirits seemed to flag, he Andre's house also is reputed to be bade his page fetch him a cup of beer, haunted, not by the British officer, but This was brought to him in a silver by a veiled woman in white, who

St. Chad's Well Rediscovered.

Another interesting link with the past is brought to light by the recent discovery of the exact spot where lies houses, were erected on the site of the

A few days ago the builders in lay-

A New York shop exhibits a m

A short course of the Bitters will quickly correct tone and sweeten any cas of "bad stomach," is a proven fact. Try bottle and see for yourself It is for Indigestion, Dypepsia and Malaria.

THE KEYSTONE

TO HEALTH

IS

STOMACH

BITTERS

HOSTETTERS

Valuable Assistance.

Children always love to have "finger in the pie" and to help with whatever is going on. When more or nurse does everything for the they are deprived of a great deal of pleasure and will not be so well say to struggle for themselves when the time comes as they would have be if they had been accustomed to a things for themselves. They she be encouraged to be useful and to a sist with any preparations that no be going on.

Mary's Hevenge.

Mary was a little girl who did m like to wait, but one day her mother having several guests, Mary va made to wait anyway, so just the the time dinner was under good had way, she poked her little curly be in at the dining room door and and "I don't care if I do have to vat that was an old sick turkey, anyhor -Norman E. Mack's National Ments 17.

Complainers.

What is odious but noise, and per ple who scream and bewall! Pega whose vane points always cast vis live to dine, who send for the dots who coddle themselves, who ind their fect on the register, who issue to secure a padded chair and a come out of the draught. Suffer then on to begin the enumeration of theirb firmities, and the sun will go down on the unfinished tolo_Presso.

Humor in Signs,

warning everybody against unscrap lous persons "who infringe our th to deceive the public." The show does not quite say what he man iny more than the proprietor a eating house, on the door of whit may be read the following anothe ment, conveying fearful intelligent to the gallant tars who frequest put "Sailors' vitals cooked here."

"Is she-is she going to die?" he asked, when the dreadful words could be found and spoken.

"We're hoping for the best, Buddy, son. It's some sort of a stroke, the doctor says; it took her yesterday morning, and she hasn't been herself Did somebody telegraph to since. you?"

Tom rocked his head on the cushion. How could he add to the blackness of darkness by telling his miserable story of disgrace? Yet it had to be done, and surely no hapless penitent in the confessional ever emptied his soul with more heartfelt contrition or more bitter remorse.

Caleb Gordon listened, with what 'nward condemnings one could only guess from his silence. It was terrible! If his father would strike him, curse him, drive him out of the house, it would be easier to bear than the stifling silence. But when the words came finally they were as balm poured into an angry wound.

"There, there, Buddy; don't take on You're might' nigh a man, now, 80. and the sun's still risin' and settin' just the same as it did before you tripped up and fell down. And it'll go on risin' and settin', too, long after you and me and all of us have quit goin' to bed and gettin' up by it. If it wasn't for your poor mammy-

"That's it-that's just it," groaned Tom. "It would kill her, even if she was well."

"Nev' mind; you're here now, and I reckon that's the main thing. If she gets up again, of course she'll have to know; but we won't cross that bridge till we come to it. And Buddy, son, whatever happens, your old pappy ain't goin' to believe that you'll be the first Gordon to die in the gutter. You've got better blood in you than what that calls for."

Tom felt the lightening of his burden to some extent; but beyond was the alternative of suffering, or causing suffering. He had never realized until now how much he loved his mother; how large a place she had filled in his life, and what a vast void there would be when she was gone. He was yet too young and too self-centered to know that this is the mother-cross: to live for love and to be crowned and enthroned oftenest in memory.

The fifth day after his home-coming was Christmas Eve. Late in the afternoon, when the doctor had made his second visit and had gone away, leaving no word of encouragement for the watchers, Tom left the house and took the path that led up through the young orchard to the foot of Lebanon.

He was deep within the winter-stripped forest on the mountain side, plunging upward through the beds of dry leaves in the little hollows, when he met Ardea. She was coming down with her arms full of holly, and for the moment he forgot his troubles in the keen pleasure of looking at her. None the less, his greeting was a brotherly reproof.

"I'd like to know what you're thinking of, tramping around on the mountain alone," he said, frowning at her. "I have been thinking of you, most

of the time, and wishing you could be with me," she answered, so artlessly as to mollify him instantly. "Is your mother any better this afternoon ?

CHAPTER XIL

It was until late in the afternoon of Christmas Day that Ardea was able to slip away from her guests long enough to run over to apprise herself of the condition of things at the Gordon house.

Tom opened the door for her, and he made her come to the fire before he would answer her questions. Even then he sat glowering at the cheerful blaze as if he had forgotten her presence; and she was womanly enough, or amiable enough, to let him take his own time. When he began, it was seemingly at a great distance from matters present and pressing.

"Say, Ardea; do you believe in miracles?" he asked abruptly. "How do you account for them. Did God make His laws so that they could be taken apart and put together again when some little human ant loses its way on a grass stalk or drops its grain of sugar?"

"I don't know," she confessed, frankly. "I am not sure that I ever tried to account for them; I suppose I have swallowed them whole, as you say I have swallowed my religion."

"Well, you believe in them, anyway," he said, "and that makes it easier to hit what I'm aiming at. Do you reckon they stopped short in the Apostles' time?

"You are the queerest boy," she commented. "I ran over here just for a minute to ask how your mother is, and you won't tell me."

"I'm coming to that," he rejoined. gravely. "But I wanted to get this other thing straightened out first. Now tell me this: did you pray for my mother last night, like you said you would?"

"You can be so barbarously personal when you try, Tom," she protested. And then she added: "But I did."

"Well, the miracle was brought. Early this morning mother came to herself and asked for something to eat. Doctor Williams has been here, and now he tells us all the things he wouldn't tell us before. It was some little clot in one of the veins or arteries of the brain, and nine times out of ten there is no hope."

"O Tom!-and she will get well again?"

"She has more chances to-day of getting well than she had last night of dying-so the doctor mays. But it's a miracle, just the same."

"I'm so glad! And now I really must go home."

"What's your rush? I'm not trying to get rid of you now."

removed concerning the planets is very great," writes E. S. Grew. "We

do not know, for example, whether the planet Venus rotates. If it does it may possibly have a life and a vegetation like our own, though we suspect that it is clothed in eternal cloud. Of Saturn's rings we cannot say whether they consist of millions of tiny moons like brickbats or whether they may be even smaller still-a veil

of shining dust. Of Jupiter we can brim." only say that it is covered with clouds, though of their substance we know nothing, and, according to Professor Lowell and Sir William Huggins, some of the bands we see on it may be rifts in the clouds revealing the body of the planet. Little lines crisscross these bands. Photographs of Jupiter taken at Flagstaff observa-

tory seem to indicate that these lines too, are the upper clouds of Jupiter. ."But whenever we see a planet we see it badly. Even Mars, the most

clearly revealed of them all, is constantly obscured by a refracting haze, so that even the famous 'canals,' though nearly 500 in number, only a few are perceptible at a time, and an unskilled observer would probably not make them out at all. Sandstorms, sometimes snowstorms, sweep the surface of the planet, and because the winds of Mars are very gentle and slow moving these occurrences take a long time to pass by."-London Family Herald.

English Names for Towns.

Many names of towns in England have been appropriated for a similar use in this country. These names frequently indicate in themselves the origin of the towns. For instance, na ves ending in "chester" or "cester" or "caster," such as Dorchester, Worcester and Lancaster, undoubtedly apply to sites of old military settlements or camps, and the termination is derived attended to, that it could be depended backs seemed almost wedged together from "castra," the Latin word for camp. If the name of a place ends in "coln," like Lincoln, then it, too, is of up. Not all the wood pulp is consum-Roman origin, because the Latin word for colony is colonia. When the syllable "by" ends the word, like Rugby, we then know that the Danes are responsible for the name, for the Danisb word for town is by.

Family Joys.

"When you were courting me," said his wife, "you declared there wasn't another woman in the world like me." "Yes," replied her husband, "and I'm glad of it-for the sake of other men.'

All the Same to Him.

Wife-John, there's a burglar going through your pockets. John-All right! You two fight it out between yourselves.

To test the speed of projectlies driven by modern high power explosives British scientists have perfected a chronoscope which measures time to the millionth of a second

This was done, and then one of the city's magistrates, stepping forward, Carlisle Cove, about six miles southseized the vessel, raised it to his llps, east of the city, when his attention and neither drew breath nor set it down until he had quaffed its contents which it is said one never mistakes to the last drop. Then only did he for anything but the music of the ratreverse the flagon in proof that the tler, event though one may sometimes feat had been accomplished. Tilly mistake the song of the dryfly and kept his word, and every year, in com- other sounds for the rattle of a snake. memoration of their deliverance, do

Oblivion is Right on the Job.

history.

Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee has experienced woe in a library. Writes he: when I had slipped into the Forbes stood there just where the echo is, Asheville Citizen. by the door, of what it all meant. I thought of a Springfield Republican 4,000 years old. I was oppressed. For-

mer ages may not have been clever, but they did manage in one way and another to have fair and reasonable cerning Abraham which will be new conveniences for forgetting. . . And I thought of my own innocent while at Edessa, the traditional Ur woolly-lamb works, of the people ten of the Chaldees. She was shown there years away, perchance, who would be struggling with them, and it came to me mercifully that oblivion would be face of the water that their fins and

So it came, and Mr. Lee may cheer of silvery life."

ed as breakfast food. Most of it goes to make paper. Owing to its extreme jump high to catch it, a great living lack of durability, it may be said to pyramid, of which those who jump the promise oblivion by the carload, ex. highest form the pinnacle. The tradipressage paid. Don't write for pos- tion is that Abraham, as a child, fishterity. Wood pulp paper won't last, ed in the tank. Hence the fish were Imitate Charles Lamb, who said, considered sacred. No single one has "Hang the age- I'll write for antiquity!"-Boston Transcript.

season, and the students of Professor Blank's class, well aware that their lesson had been neglected, were prepared for reproof, but not for just the way in which it came, At the end of the hour he slammed down his book on the desk and ex-

claimed: "Well, that's the worst recitation

I ever listened to! Why, Fve actually done nine-tenths of it myself!"

part of the old well. From the arch to a spot 30 yards away stretched the waters once famous for their meditained that the spring still exists, and it would be decidedly worth while to

have the water analyzed and find virtues .- London Daily News.

Stonped Rattlers' Battle,

H. E. Jones was walking through was attracted by the peculiar rattle

He looked-it may be said that he the citizens of Rothenburg enact over lost no time in looking-and there, again this famous event in their town's very close to the path, were two large rattlesnakes, with heads and tails raised, evidently angry with each other and only waiting until they finished their defiant war songs to engage in deadly conflict.

Mr. Jones did not wait for this con-"I fell to thinking the other day, flict to take place. He unmercifully slew them. One was a black rattler Library, that all the documents that with 17 rattles, showing him to be 17 we produce nowadays are being saved years old. The other was yellow and as they never have been saved before, had 13 rattles. Then Mr. Jones skin-I fell to thinking for a second, as I ned them and took off the rattles .-

Where Abraham Fished.

Mrs. Victoria de Bunsen in "The

Soul of a Turk" relates a legend conto many readers. She learned of it a large oblong tank of water so filled with fishes resting just below the surso as to form "an almost solid layer

"The guardian of the mosque throws some meal into the water and the fish even been caught or killed to this day. Indeed, death would overtake the man who transgressed this law."

A Nickel, Turn which way one will, the five-

cent piece bobs up at every turn as the most necessary coin of the realm. Its discontinuance would inevitably increase the cost of a thousand things of every-day life, which no dealer now has the daring to change because of riveted custom. There is no likelihood that the government will soon consider the elimination of this coin, as such action would result in a howl of disapproval, nation-wide

Our War,

The war we wage must be wa against misconduct, against va doing wherever it is found; and a must stand heartily for the right a every decent man, whether he le man of great wealth or a man will earns a livelihood as a wage with or a tiller of the soll .- Theodore Base velt.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Som Byrup the best remedy to use for their day during the teething period.

The Great American Ple.

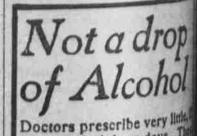
Steak, salad, fish, potatoes it forms, may be thrown into the farm in a huddle, but when the close of a repast approaches, when the pie is is about to strike, it is the duy every true American to reflect The he should attack the pie firmly reverently, never in the spirit of a

who runs a race.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease Mit Write Allen S. Oimsted, Le Boy, S. La free sample of Allen's Foot-East in sweating, hot swollen, aching feet, in new or fight shoes easy. A certain art corns, ingrowing nails and bunions, alle gists sell it. 25c. Don't accept any sus

Peculiar Excuse.

A teacher in a girls' school rect had the following excuse for abin handed her by one of her pupils: gives me much pleasure to still you because I have a worryment a you should please excuse my An who does not come by you be she has to go to the hospital t her sister's sore oyes."



any, alcohol these days. prefer strong tonics and align tives. This is all in keeps with modern medical scie It explains why Ayer's St saparilla is now made coll free from alcohol. Ast F doctor. Pollow his advict.



Unless there is dally a els, poisonous prov causing headeshe, bi dyapopeta. We wish dyspep

The Reproof. It was in the midst of the football

upon sometime."