CHAPTER XIII .- (Continued.) The mile walk down the pike, lying white and ghostly under the starlight. was paced in silence, man and boy striding side by side and each busy with his own thoughts. As they were passing the Deer Trace gates a loose jointed figure loomed black against the palings, and the voice of Japheth Pettigrass said:

Why, howdy, Brother Stlas! Thought ye'd gone back to South Tredegar. When are ye comin' out to Little Zoar ag'in to give us another o' them old-fashloned, spiritual times o' refreshin' from the presence of the Lord?

"Why do you ask that, Japheth Pettigrass? The Lord will deal with you, one day."

"Yes, I reckon so; that's what makes me say what I does. There's a heap of sinners left round here, yit, Brother Silas. There's the Major, for one, and I know you're always countin' me in for another. I dunno but you might snatch me as a brand from the burnin', if you could make out to try it one more lap around the cou'se. I been thinkin' right p'intedly about-"

But the preacher had cut in with a "Good-night," and was gone, with his broad-shouldered nephew at his heels; and the horse-trader went on, with the stars for his audience.

Pettigrass was groping for the gate latch when a hand fell on his shoulder, and a clutch that was more than half a blow twirled him about to face the roadway. He was doubling his fists for defense when he saw who his assailant was.

"Why, Tom-Jeff! what's allin' ye?" he began; but Tom broke in with gaspings of rage.

Japhe Pettigrass, what did you think you saw last Wednesday forenoon up yonder at Big Rock Spring on the mountain? Tell it straight, this time, or I'll dig the truth out of you with my bare hands!"

"Sho, now, Tom-Jeff: don't you git so servigrous over nothin'. I didn't see nothin' but a couple o' young flyaways playin' possum in a hole in the big rock: And I'll leave it to you if I didn't call Caesar off and go my ways, jes' like I'd like to be done by."

Yes; and then you came straight down here and told my uncle!" The hand he had been holding behind him came to the front, clutching a stone snatched up from the metaling of the pike as he ran. "If I should break your face in with this, Japhe Pettigrass, it idn't be any more than you've earned!"

"I tell Brother Silas on you, Tom-Jeff? You show me the man 'at says I done any such low-down thing as that, and I'll frazzle a fifty-dollar hawsswhip out on his ornery hide-I will, so. Say, boy; you don't certain'y

believe that o' me, do ye?" "I don't want to believe it of you, Japhe," quavered Tom, as near to tears as the pride of his eighteen years would sanction. "But somebody saw and told, and made it a heap worse

than it was." "Who do you reckon it was told on you? Was there anybody else in the

big woods that mornin'?" Yes; there were three men testing the pipe-line. We both saw them, and Nan was scared stiff at sight of one of them; that's why I put her up in that hole."

"When you find out who that feller is that Nan's skeered of, you can lay your hand on the man that told Brother Silas on you. But I wouldn't trouble about it none, if I was you."

The dinner at Woodlawn that night was a stiff and comfortless meal, as it had come to be with the taking on of four-tined forks and the other conventions for which an oak-paneled dining-room in an ornate brick mansion sets the pace. Caleb Gordon was fathoms deep in the mechanical problems of the day's work, as was his wont. Silas Crafts was abstracted and silent. Tom's food chaked him, as it had need under the sharp stress of things; and the convalescent housemother remained at table only long enough to pour the coffee.

Tom excused himself a few minutes later, and followed his mother to her room, climbing the stair to her door, leaden-footed and with his heart ready

"Is that you, Thomas?" said the gentle voice within, answering his tap on the ponel. "Come in, son; come in and sit by my fire. It's right chilly tonight."

Thomas Jefferson entered and placed his chair so that she could not see him without turning, and for many minutes the slience was unbroken. Then he began, as begin he must, some time and in some way.

"Mammy," he said, feeling unconsciously for the childish phrase, "mammy, has Uncle Silas been telling you anything about me?"

Something, Thomas, but not a great deal. You have had some trouble with Doctor Tollivar."

"Yes." "I have known that for some little time. Your uncle might have told me but I wouldn't let him. There has never been anything between us to break confidence, Tom. I knew you would tell me yourself, when the time

"I have come to tell you to-night, mammy. You must hear it all, from beginning to end. It goes back a long way-back to the time when you used to let me kneel with my head in your tap to say my prayers; when you used to think I was good. * * *"

The fire had died down to a few lowing masses of coke on the grate pars when he had finished the story of his wanderings in the valley of dry Through it all, Martha Gordon had sat silent and rigid, her thin hands have gained thereby a speaking ac-

lying ciasped in her lap, and her low willow rocking-chair barely moving at the touch of her foot on the fender.

But when it was over; when Tom, his voice breaking in spite of his efforts to control it, told her that he could walk in the way she had chosen for him only at the price a conscious hypocrite must pay, she reached up quickly and took him in her arms and wept over him as those who sorrow without hope, crying again and again, O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

CHAPTER XIV.

Once in a lifetime for every youngling climbing the facile or difficult slope of the years there comes a day of realization, of a sudden extension of vision, of Rubicon-crossing from the hither shore of joyous and irresponsible adolescence to that further one of conscious grapplings with the adult fact.

For Thomas Jefferson, grinding tenaciously in the Boston technical school, whither he had gone late in the winter of Beersheban discontent, the stream-crossing fell in the spring of the panic year 1893, what time he was 21, a quarter-back on his college eleven, fit, hardy, studious and athletic: a pace-setter for his fellows and the pride of the faculty, but still little more than an overgrown, care-free boy in his outlook on life. Glimpses there had been over into the Promised Land of manhood, but the crimming cup of college work and play quaffed in healthgiving heartlness is the elixir of youth. The speculative habit of the boy slept in the college undergraduate. The days were full, each of the things of itself and if Tom looked forward to the workaday future-as he did by timesthe boyish impatience to be at it was gone. Chiawassee Consolidated was moderately prosperous; the home letters were mere chronicles of sleeps Paradise. The skies were clear, and the present was acutely present. Tom studied hard and played hard; ate like an ogre and slept like a log. And when he finally awoke to find himself stumbling bewildered on the bank of the epoch-making Rublcon, he was over and across before he could realize how so narrow a stream should fill so vast a chasm.

Tom received a letter from his father telling of the financial crisis, his fear for the Chiawasse Consolidated, and asking his advice.

Tom found this letter in his mailin the laboratory; and that night he sat up with the corpse of his later boyhood, though he was far enough from putting it that way. His father was in trouble, and the letter was a call for help. It seemed vastly incredible. Thomas Jefferson's ideal of steady courage, of invincible human pulssance, was formed on the model of the stout-hearted old soldier who had fought under Stonewall Jackson. What a trumpet blast of alarm must have sounded to make such a man turn to a raw recruit for help!

"It's up to me," he mused, "and I'd like to know what I've been thinking of all this time. Why, pappy's old! was 40 before I was born. And I've been here taking it easy and having all sorts of a good time, while he's been playing Sindbad to Duxbury Parley's Old Man of the Sea. Coming, pappy!" he shouted; and forthwith flung himself down at the table to write a letter that was to put new life into a weary old man who was fighting against odds in the far-away South-

land. The lone soldier was to take heart of grace, remembering that he had a son; remembering also that the son was now a man grown, stout of arm, steady of head, and otherwise fightingnt. If the storm should come, the watchword must be to hold on all, keeping steerage-way on the Chiawassee Consolidated craft at all hazards The June examinations were not far off, and these disposed of, the manson would be ready to lay hold. Meanwhile, let Caleb Gordon, in his capacity of principal minor stockholder, insist on a full and exact statement of the company's affairs, and-here the new manhood asserted itself boldly-let that statement, or a copy of it, come to Boston by the first mail.

To this letter there was a grateful reply in which Tom read with a smile his father's half-bewildered attempt to get over to the new point of view. began, "Dear Buddy," and ended, "Your affectionate pappy," but there was man-to-man matter between the salutation and the signature. The inquiry into the affairs of Chiawassee Consolldated had revealed little or nothing more than the general manager already knew. The president had turned the inquiring stock-holder over to Dyckman, the bookkeeper, with instructions to give Mr. Gordon the fuilest possible information, and:

"Dyckman slid out of it, smooth and easy-like," Calem's letter went on. "He allowed he was mighty busy, right about then. Wouldn't I just make myself at home and examine the books for myself? I reckon that was about what Farley wanted him to do. I'm no book expert, and I couldn't make head or tail out of Dyckman's spider tracks. Looks to me like all the books are good for is to keep people from finding where the company is at. What little I found out, young Norman told me. He says we're in a hole, and the first wagon-load of dirt that comes along

will bury us out of sight" Tom, driven now with the closing work of the college year, yet took time to write another heartening letter to the hard-pressed old soldier. It had been his good fortune to win the Clarkson prize for crucible tests, and to days."-Louisville Courier-Journal.

guaintance with the multimillienatre coming of a sudden guest FASHION HINTS iron king who had founded it. Mr. Clarkson did not believe that the financial storm would grow to panic size. As for himself, Tom thought the hazard was less in the times than in the Farleys. Father Caleb was to keep his finger on the pulse of the main office, wiring Boston at the first sign of its weakening.

The junior metallurgical was in the thick of the June examinations when the catastrophe befell. The brief story of it came to Tom in the first dictated ing letter he had ever received from his father, and the tremulous shakiness of the signature pointed eloquently to the reason. Chiawassee Consolidated was out of blast-"temporarily suspended," in the pleasant euphemism of the elder Farley; the force, cierical and manual, was discharged, with only Dyckman left in the deserted South Tredegar offices to answer questions; and the three Farleys, with Major Dabney, Ardea and Miss Euphrasia, were to spend the summer in Europe.

Caleb wrote in some bitterness spirit. Though the Gordon holdings in the company, increased from time to time as the iron-master had prospered, amounted to a little more than a third of the capital stock, everything had been done secretly. The general manager's own notice of the shut-down had come in the posted "Notice to Employes." When the Farleys should leave, he would be utterly helpless; on their return they could repudiate ev- croustades. erything he might do in their absence Meantime, ruin was imminent. The affairs of the company were in the utmost confusion; the treasury was empty, and there were no apparent assets apart from the idle plant. Creditors were pressing; the discharged workmen, led by the white coal-miners. were on the verge of riot; and Major Dabney's royalties on the coal lands add a little cheese or a spoonful of were many months in arrears.

Tom rose promptly to the occasion, and in all the stress of things found space to wonder how it chanced that he knew instinctively what to do and how to go about it. Before his information was an hour old a rush telegram had gone to his father, asking from what port and by what steamer the Farleys would sail; asking also that certain documents be sent to a

given New York address by first mail. taste of the distinguished visitor than This done, he laid the exigencies frankly before the examiners in tha technical school, praying for such leniency as might be extended under the circumstances. Since all things are possible for an honor-man, beloved of those whose mission it is to grind the human weapon to its edge, the difficulties in this field vanished. Mr. Gordon could go on with his examinations until his presence was needed elsewhere; piquant flavor was immediately detectand after the stressful moment was passed he could return and finish.

The return telegram from Gordonia was a day late. Knowing diplomacy only by name, Caleb Gordon had gone directly to Dyckman for information regarding the Farleys' movements. Dyckman was polite to the general manager, but unhappily he knew nothing of Mr. Farley's plans. Caleb tried elsewhere, and the little mystery thickened. At his club, Mr. Farley had spoken of taking a Cunarder from Boston; to a friend in the South Tredegar Manufacturers' Association he had conided his intention of sailing from Philadelphia. But at the railway ticket office he had engaged Pullman reservations for six persons to New York.

This last was conclusive, as far as it went; and Japheth Pettigrass supplied the missing item. The Dabneys and the Farleys made one party, and Japheth knew the steamer and the sailing date.

"Party will sail by White Star Line Baltic, New York, to-morrow, New York address, Fifth Avenue Hotel. Papers to your care 271 Broadway by mail yesterday," was the message which was signed for by the doorkeeper at the mines and metallurgy examination room in Boston, late in the forenoon of the second day; and in a layer of macaroni, then one of Tom looked at the clock. Nothing would be gained by taking a train which would land him in New York late in the evening; so he plunged again into the examination pool and thought no more of Chiawassee Consolidated until his paper on qualitative analysis had been neatly folded, docketed and handed to the examiner.

(To be continued.)

Beating the Postoffice. Here is a curious process by which the French postoffice was beaten. A wealthy merchant who refused to pay an excess fee was sued by the postal authorities and lost the suit. He retaliated by building a shanty in a remote district of the Hautes-Alpes, about twenty miles from any postoffice, and installing therein a shepherd, in whose name he subscribed to the daily Petit Journal. According to the terms would have been necessary to engage a postman solely for the delivery of about \$240 a year, consented to forego about one-fourth of an inch. the 10 centimes (2 cents) in dispute, pay the detendant's costs and compendaily paper.

Embarrassing Question. Police Justice-Have you any way of making a living? Vagrant-I hev, y'r honor. I kin

make brooms. Police Justice-You can? did you learn that trade? Vagrant-I decline to answer, your

honor.-Home Herald. Ambiguous. "I wonder what the teacher meant about the singing of my two daugh-

ters. "What did he say?" "He said that Mamie's voice was good, but Maud's was better still,"-Cleveland Leader.

In the Midst of It. "Did you find that local atmosphre you were looking for?" "It found me," responded the novelist. "I got mixed up with a cyclone

Not Feared by the Woman Who Can Seize the Every-day Larder's Possibilities.

The housekeeper who is quick to seize the possibilities of the every-day larder, with its collections of odds and ends and its plainer viands, need fear no sudden guest, however impos-

For instance, that half cup of boiled rice that was left over can be converted into a very dainty accompaniment to the meat or fish by stirring It in a cream sauce until heated through, and then grating a little good dairy cheese over the top. Serve with toast fingers.

Or try this plan. Have the rice rather wet, and smooth it out in a baking dish with layers of cheese sliced very, very thin at intervals and a dusting of salt and pepper. Some think a few drops of onlon juice dropped on each layer an improvement. Bake until it browns, with cheese and a little bread crumbs on top and serve hot.

When other things fail at the crucial moment the chances are that there will be fresh eggs in the house, and these can be transformed into a very acceptable luncheon dainty as egg

To prepare them cut a square loaf of bread into slices two inches thick, and scoop out the center of each square, after trimming away any thick crust, of course, so as to form a little box. Fry a nice brown in deep fat, put a raw egg in the middle of each, season and put in a hot oven till set, white sauce to each. This may figure as the entree.

One housekeeper who recently re ceived a guest of epicurean habits rather unexpectedly found herself with nothing more special than a broiled beefsteak as the main course of her meal.

As it proved, however, no elaborate compound could better have met the the steak as served to him.

It was, of course, delicately broiled and just before serving was sprinkled, after seasoning with salt and pepper, with a tablespoonful each of chopped chives and parsley, and was then rubbed over quickly with a tablespoonful of butter creamed with the same quantity of lemon juice. The unusual, ed and commented upon.

The psychic moment for serving is when the butter in the sauce has melted over the meat.

PIE A L'ITALIENNE

Elaborate and Tempting Recipe for Making This Palatable and Widely Popular Dish.

One pound of cooked beef, six ounces of boiled macaroni, one pound of peeled tomatoes, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one chopped shallot, one tablespoonful of butter, one cupful of stock, one tablespoonful of flour, one tablespoonful of oWrcester shire sauce, salt and pepper. The macaroni must be boiled till quite tender in boiling salted water, having been broken in inch lengths before being put into the water. Melt the butter in a saucepan, put in the chop per shallot and flour, and brown them carefully. Add the stock and stir un til bolling, then add the Worcestershire sauce and seasoning. Slice the meat thinly. Butter a casserole, put meat; sprinkle over a little parsley, and continue these layers till the dish is full. Let the last layer be of macaroni, as this protects the meat from too great heat. Pour in enough of the sauce to about half fill the dish.

Halve and lay the tomatoes all over the top-of the pie, and place a piece of butter on the top of this half. Bake the ple till it is very hot and the tomatoes soft, and serve at once.

Split Biscult.

These are made for supper when bread has been baked in the morning: Use one pint of dough, risen over night, of the bread; take one pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, four of sugar, one teaspoonful salt and two well beaten eggs. Mix all ingredients in a bowl, cutting the dough of the postal monopoly in France, the with a knife. After the mixing, add department is bound to provide a daily a generous quart of sifted flour, knead service wherever required, and it the dough well and let it stand in a warm place for six hours, when it should be a perfect sponge; work it this newspaper, as no other house is down well at the end of that time. to be found within a radius of about Sprinkle the molding board well with eight miles. The postoffice, sooner flour, turn the dough upon the board than embark on an expenditure of and roll it down to the thickness of

Dip the biscuit cutter in flour, cut up the dough with it, place half of sate the shepherd for the loss of his the cake in a buttered pan, spread a little soft butter on it, take fresh cake from board and put on the top of those already in the pan. Cover with clean towels and set away in rather cold place, about 65 degrees; let biscults rise until they are about double their original size; it will take about two hours. Bake in rather het oven for one-half hour. Two good-sized pans of biscuits may be made with ingredients mentioned.

> Dainty Napkin Rings. A white linen napkin ring is

dainty affair, and makes an unusual gift. To make it, cut a narrow piece of linen the required length, and scallop and buttonhole the edge, finishing the end in a point. Any design may be embroidered on it with the owner's monogram or initials. Fasten by means of a tiny button and buttonholed loop at the end opposite the before I had been fooling around two

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Just a suspicion of the hobbled skirt is shown in this afternoon dress of chiffon voile. It is made over a pompadour silk, a little of which shows unveiled at the upper part of the waist.

WISE USE OF BY-PRODUCTS.

Has Brought Wealth to Thousands Engaged in Different Industries.

Not so long ago many things which are now bringing wealth to those who handle them went to waste. One-half of the beet sugar industry went to waste. Now, through the latest scientific processes, fully 90 per cent of the sugar can be obtained, writes Madison C. Peters. A few years ago fully one-half of the slaughter house trade ens eyes of the old, tonic far represented waste, only the principal strain, weak and watery eye parts of the carcass being sent to marpharts of the carcass being sent to mark the ket. Now all of the by-products are put to some use. The blood is used for dyeing industries, while from the muscular tissue we get beef extract, from the hide shoes, from the hair and bristles brushes, from hoofs and horns in Westminster Abbey. Change gelatine and horn utensils, from entrails and refuse fats for soaps, from the bones phosphorus for fertilizer.

Skim milk used to be almost valueless until chemistry found a way of extracting the casein from it, and of this good buttons are now made, and it is used also medicinally for numerous remedies. Whey, or what is left, subscribers the dean of Westall when the curd is taken off, was once Dr. Ireland, declined to give pe worthless waste. Now they are making lactose, or sugar of milk, from it. and owing to this difficulty, a Recent industries have turned this proved insurmountable, for R rubbish into coatings and sizings for land's successor was of the most paper, waterproof glues for wood ve- ion, it remained for upward of the ncers, substitutes for hens' eggs, hard years in the customs house rubber lactic acid and other useful (1846) it was removed to the ! commodities.

The world of mining has been revolutionized in the past few years. The culm that used to be piled up at the mouth of the coal mines, and which fragment of a column. In his nobody would carry away, is now almost as valuable as the unbroken coal. Artificial diamonds, rubies and sap Harold." He is dressed in phires are produced from it. The tailings of coal mines had the mineral in left is a skull, above which it such minute particles that it could Athenian owl. The likeness not be extracted. Some one discovered course, posthumous. Thorwalds that gold was soluble in a weak solu- born Nevember 19, 1779, and the tion of potassium cyanide; the discov- March 24, 1844. ery was applied in practice, every particle was recovered and seemingly worthless ores produced millions of dollars. The loss also in silver mines was enormous until a method was iny suit found of freeing the mineral from the

Much of the enormous wealth amassed by the Standard Oil Company has come from wise use of the by-products. Paraffin, to cite just one instance, which has proved so immensely profitable to the concern, is made from a the figure of 52,000. This is a disagreeable substance once thrown the population of each of such into the river, until the authorities as Springfield, Mass., Hobots. got after the company because of the pollution it produced. To burn it made an unbearable stench, and in despair the company appealed to the chemists how to get rid of the nuisance, when a process was discovered didn't have a cent and be sent to convert it into paraffin.

Preparing to Look His Best

Success Magazine.

A certain jourist was an enthusiastic golfer. Once he had occasion to interrogate, in a criminal suit, a boy witness from Bala. "Now, my lad," he said, "are you

acquainted with the nature and significance of an oath?" -The boy, raising his brows in sur-

prise, answered: "Of course I am, sir. Don't I caddy

for you at the Country club?"

Ambition. Ambition causes a fool to jump to the moon and fall in the mud.-Chicago News.

Defined. Willie—Pa, what are "conversational of the crust will not be broken powers?" Pa-South American republica.-Puck.

Heredity. "Do you believe in heredity?" "Certainly. I know a barber wh has three little shavers."

Blood Humo

Commonly cause pimples, bolk by cozema or salt rheum, or some form of eruption; but sometime exist in the system, indicated by ings of weakness, languor, loss of petite, or general debility, we causing any breaking out.

They are expelled and the whole tern is renovated, strengthens

Hood's Sarsaparil Get it today in usual liquid to chocolated tablets called Sarray

A Doubtful Member,

In Miss Wood's kindergarten there were eight pupils, four site four boys. One of the boys, ber had not yet reached the estate of not to mention trousers, According when little Susan Pholps was at a visitor to tell how many ben how many girls there were her fused reasoning went as follows

"There's eight, one, two, three five, six, seven, eight, Miss Eller replied. "And if he's a mire pointed at one who were draw stead of manly garb-"shy, a five girls, and one, two, three But if she's a boy, there's one three, four girls, and one, two She's really a boy, you h boys. Miss Elliot," she confided in sion.-Youth's Companion.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winstown & Syrup the best remedy to use for their a luring the teething period.

Certainly Annoying, The Circle Railroad in Losia scribes a circle whose diameter about 10 miles. In the car was me and very obese lady, who supp the utmost solicitude lest she has ried past her station. A passenger sured her that her station was her hour away, and that he would be when they reached it, "Thank you very much, the

the old lady, "but whenever I out, bein' as 'ow I'm so 'eavy, Ih out; an' I ain't more than 'ar out afore along comes a gurd 'e says, 'Look lively there, mun's he, 'look lively, an' 'e pushes ma in again, an' I've been round to cle three times this morning!"

Worth Its Weight in Gold. It's PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, strep

A Byron Statue.

Many years ago some admire Lord Byron raised a subscripting a monument to the poet to be pi requested to execute it, but an count of the smallness of the subscribed he declined, and Then sen was then applied to and cher

undertook the work. In about 1838 the finished a arrived at the customs house h don, but to the astoniahment of sion to have it set up in the

of Trinity College, Cambridge The poet is represented in tatue of the size of life, sested ruin, with his left foot resting at hand he holds a style up to his in his left a book, inscribed coat and cloak. Beside him a

To Break in New Short Always shake in Allen's Foot Ess, and to cures hot, awaiting, aching, and Jures corns, Ingrowing nails and the all droggists and aloe stores, Ec. Resistany substitute. Sample mailed FREE to Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

New York's Night Workers It is generally supposed that night workers are few in but careful canvass shows the total number of persons who after sundown in New York m Savannah, Ga., Utica, N. 1. Elizabeth, N. J.

Tattered Terry-There goes ! man. The last time I west to he-had.

Weary Walter-What was the Tattered Terry-Thirty dars

"I have suffered with piles in One year ago gan taking Cascarets for co he course of a week I no began to disappear and at the sweeks they did not trouble at Cascareta have done wonder its am entirely cured and feel

Baves Edge of Pis. A wire contrivance, patents Illinois man to lift a ple from is designed to operate so that i