

LBUR, has your father known that you were making my little girl love you and that you intended

asking my consent to marry her?"
"No, General Kingston, Ethel only gave me her promise today and I have me to you at once to ask you to make

me the happiest man in the world."
"Unless your father has told you of your grandsire's death, Wilbur, he has done both you and Ethel an irreparable wrong, for even though it should break your heart and here she can never marry the grandson of John Strong. There has never been a drop of tainted blood in the Kingston family, and it shall not

your heart and here she can never marry
the grandson of John Strong. There
has never been a drop of tainted blood
in the Kingston family, and it shall not
come through my child."

"What do you mean, sir?" asked Wilbur, angered by the insinuation. "No
man in the state stands higher than
my father, and my mother's family are
social leaders. Why am I, their son,
not a fitting mate for your daughter?
I have a right to demand an answer,
General Kingston!"

"Your father, not I, should tell you
the story, but because I am fond of
you and have not one personal thing to
say against you, I will tell you why I
cannot give you my child in marriage.
Your grandfather was diagraced before the whole regiment and in spite
of his almost convincing protest of his
innocence, was shot like a dog for
treachery and desertion. Your young and innocence, was shot like a dog for treachery and desertion. Your young and beautiful grandmother never spoke after that fatal day until the birth of your father, when on her deathbed she gave him to a Virginia friend, who promised to tell him when of age how cruelly wronged his father had been, and urge him to use his little fortune to clear the name he bore. That your father him to use his little fortune to clear the name he bore. That your father has never done so is evident, and I am sorry for you, my boy, that this must be visited upon your innocent head, but I am sure you can understand how absolutely impossible it is that

Ethel could bear your name. I shall trust to your honor that you will not again speak of love to her." "I do not, will not believe that my grandfather did this awful thing. He declared his innocence, and I shall prove it," said Wilbur, raising his head proudly and turning to leave the room. There was the frou frou of silken skirts, an impulsive err. "Wilbur! Wilbur! an impulsive erg, "Wilbur! Wilbur! you shall not leave me. I will marry you so matter what your grandfather has done. You shall not send him away, papa. If you do I'll run away and marry him the minute I'm of age," said the impulsive sir! defiantly.

marry him the minute I'm of age." said the impulsive girl defiantly.

She made a strikingly pretty picture as she stood by her lover, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks flushed with excitement, and lips quivering, all showed how she would fight for him. Her love was part of herself; she would not give him up.

As if unconscious of the presence of

was part of herself; she would not give him up.

As if unconscious of the presence of the father, who was beginning to look very formidable, Wilbur took his sweetheart in his arms and kissing her, as one who has a right to the privilege, he said gravely: "Ethel, my brave, loyel darling. I have given my word that I shall clear the name I have offered you before I claim your promise, and I know that I will succeed. Goodbye, my darling. God help us. we cannot fail!" With a half defiant, though respectful bow to the general. Wilbur Strong passed through the door and left the home of his sweetheart, bent on a quest that was almost hopeless.

About the hour of midnight, May 15, 190—, Wilbur Strong, crossing from

Although the place was lighted, the electric lamps did not seem to be sufficient, so handing Mr. Strong a small torch and taking one himself, the man led the way to investigate the whereabouts of a spirit who had thus dared to interfere with the city's great piece of work

led the way to investigate the whereabouts of a spir't who had thus dared to interfere with the city's great plece of work.

"You see, sir, when we got about six feet below the surface we began to find odd bits of coffin, wood and bones. We're close to the old churchyard, an' one day we struck a coffin which had not rotted because it was mostly metal, an' no matter how often we put that coffin back, it came out again every time there was a blast anywhere in the place. It seemed possessed to bother us, an' tonight the lid fell off. I was at another side of the work, but the dagoes said there was a woman in the box, an' they ran away. Here we are, sir."

Wilbur Strong looked about the place curiously. Lights placed here and there at intervals along the line of work had grown dim, and the torches carried by himself and his guide served to produce fantastic shadows on the unfinished walls which were enough to make less ignorant minds than those of the poor Italians imagine they saw all sorts of hobsobilins in the broken coffin which rested lightly on a projecting stone. Naturally the young man would not have even acknowledged that he was superstitious or believed in such an impossible thing as a ghostly visitant in the subway, nevertheless he felt the cold chills creek down his spine as he, looking intently through the sperture in the coffin ild, saw, or imagined he saw, the face of a woman with wide opened eyes looking intently at him. His kneess weakened and his heart beat so loudly he was afraid his companion would detect his cowardice, as he mentally called it, Just at this moment, while he was trying to pull himself together and joke about "the old girl's trying to see what was going on in the twentieth century." a distant blast shook the earth about them and the old coffin slipped from its resting place with a thud causing the lid to fall off and the shastly occupant to assume a the home of his sweetheart, bent on a guest that was almost hoppless.

About the hour of midnight, May 15, 180—, Wilbur Strong, crossing from Jersey City to New York for the Tirst lime, landed at South Ferry.

Everything conspired against his reserving a favorable impression of this the place of his birth. The incessant folling of bells at each landing and the mournful walls of distant fog horns made the night hideous. Through the heavy mist the lights in Broadway twinkled half heartedly, affording scant lighting for the belated pecketrians who were hastening to get under shelter, east the cold dampness freeze the marrow in their bones.

Wilbur had heard much of the unseasing traffic day and night in Broadway, yet upon this night the thorough are seemed almost deserted. There was not even a car in sight, and the policenan informed him "that there had been a breakdown uptown a wars, so the cars serve not making time, and if he wanted to go uptown he'd better take the 'L' out if he was looking for a hotel, the slid Astor house was a coas place to top, and it wasn't much of a walk from the Battery."

Thanking his informant Wilbur buttoned his coat more closely around his shest and started for a brisk walk to the hotel. The slience of the night was copressive, and he began to feel innovant at the sounds for all the world as if some one were him that they such shoot needs on the lighting of the began to feel innovant at the silence of the night was was not a fancy of the brain, yet there were not the light world his for a brisk walk to the hotel. The slience of the night was son to a farm for the war come things hard to explain, even to himself.

Leaving the scene of this wonderful adventure, Mr. Strong found his frighten out if he world as if some one were the serve than let his men know that he could his man and the man of the serve of this won hoot needs on the lighting of his own hoot needs on the li

papers in his pocket.

When fully awake, Wilbur reached out lazily for his coat and, securing the packet, broke the seal as soon as he had read the almost illegible address.

It contained two important documents, one addressed to General George Washington," the other to "The Son of John Strong, Lieutenant in the — Under General Anthony Wayne." As he read, the young man pinched himself, as if to make sure that it were really himself awake in the flesh, for it all semed incredible. Nevertheless, it all semed incredible. Nevertheless, it was true, and hereby hangs the tale of "The Hands of the Clock."

all semed incredible. Nevertheless, it was true, and hereby hangs the tale of "The Hands of the Clock."

Carefully rereading the paper that had come into his hands as if by a miracle. Wilbur Strong sprang from the bed and hastily donnig his clothes, he ate a light breakfast and was not long in reaching the station, where he took the first train for Richmond, having had no thought of sightseeing in the "Great Metropolis." His quest was over, and through him joy was coming into the saddened life of her father, who had tried and failed to lift the burden of shame left to him to bear. Then there was his own joy, for Ethel could be proud of the name he would give her. Wilbur was a man, yet boyish enough to give vent to his happiness, and he fairly hugged the old musty papers which lay close to his heart in an inner pocket so that no danger of loss could reach them. Reaching home he went directly to his father's room, and for the first time since he was a lad in knee breeches put his arm around the father, whom he had never seen Isugh or smile. He kissed him, first on one cheek and then the other.

"Why, my hoy, what has come over you?" said Mr. Strong, looking at the handsome young fellow of whom he was so proud.

"Father, can you hear great good news; the very best you could have?"

"Is it that you are to marry?" A look of pallor crept over his face as he thought of what he must tell his son before he could give her his name.

"No, father, it is not that, although I am going to claim Ethel now. It means greater joy for you than that. Here it is; read it, and never look sad again."

Taking the papers from his son's

Taking the papers from his son's hand, Mr. Strong read them through with no sign of the tumult of feeling that filled his heart until he had finthat filled his heart until he had fin-ished, when standing erect with his head thrown back, he exclaimed: "Thank God!" then without warning sank lifeless to the floor. The joy had come suddenly, and for the first time in his life Mr. Strong had fainted. But joy never kills, and after hearing Wil-bur's story he accompanied him to the home of his old friend. Ethel, who had caught a glimpse of her lover's face through the window, knew that he had good news to tell, yet could not see how, it was possible so soon. She met them in the hall, her blue eyes looking questioningly into his brown ones so full of joyful anticipation. It was tan-talising.

full of joyful anticipation.

"Take us to your father, my dear," said Mr. Strong, leying his hand on the young girl's head, and actually smiling, as she turned a surprised face to his as if unable to understand the change in him. "What is it, Wilbur? she whis-

following him closely. As he passed there, having failen to pieces with the clock struck one, and tunnile it Bad, they wint odiside to very construction, and the constantity is the passed tunnile it Bad, they wint odiside to very construction, and the constantity is the passed tunnile it Bad, they wint odiside to very construction, and the constantity is the passed tunnile it Bad, they wint odiside to very construction of the construction of ticed to the dining room, I turned the hands of the clock back again, and

SOME RECENT RESULTS OF INVENTIVE GENIUS

POISON INDICATOR

No Chance of Anyone Mistaking A Novel Pump Which Discriminates Handlers Attached to Sides of Cook- Another Amusement Feature Verging Contents of the Bottle.

The old story of the unfortunate who drank the contents of a bottle containing a deadly poison in mistake for another medicine is almost a daily news item in the newspapers. In fact, an economical editor once suggested that the item be kept standing in type, the only necessary change from day to day



INDICATES POISONOUS CONTENTS

lessen the number of mistakes of this suitable time until the cream has hind a southern inventor has devised the "polson indicator" shown in the accompanying illustration. Undoubtedly it would prove effective wherever used. It is made entirely separate from the cork, and can readily be transferred from an unused bottle to another. The skull and crossbones would be sufficient indication of the contents in the day-time, while its peculiar shape would serve the same purpose at high. At the bottom of the indicator is a pin by which it is held in place in the cork.

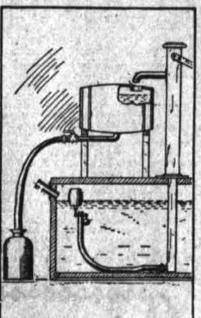
CARS SWING IN THE AIR.

CARS SWING IN THE AIR.

"round-about." In the center is a frame fore are unacquainted with the facts. This is why a Minnesota woman has suggested the attachment of handles to all cooking pans, bringing them up to date. These handles are very simple in the tower. Suspended from the reservoir. Attached to the reservoir. Attached to the pump handle are not provided the stributed to cans. When the same unused bottle to another. The skull and crossbones would be sufficient indication of the contents in the day-time, while its peculiar shape would serve the same purpose at high. At the bottom of the indicator is a pin by which it is held in place in the cork. being that of the victim. In order to

COLLECTS SKIMMED MILK Between Cream and Milk.

The apparent case in separating cream from the remaining skimmed milk is well illustrated in an apparatus recently patented by a Wisconsin dairy-man. Expensive machinery and steam power are not necessary by this method. instead he uses a suitable reservoir in which the milk is allowed to settle



SEPARATES MILK AND CREAM.

FRUITS AND JARS

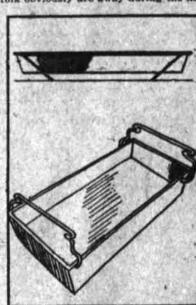
FRUITS AND JARS

In my destination of proper methods of cookins and treating dried and evaporated
fruits at some of the food exhibitions
surkance and freight. Deliveries are
sur

NO BURNT FINGERS

ing and Baking Pans.

Naturally women know more about cooking appurtenances than men. And they also know that the industrious housewife and others who do the daily cooking and baking are continually burning and scorching their fingers in "handleless" cooking utensils. The men folk obviously are away during the hour

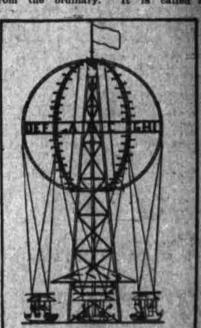


PREVENTS BURNT FINGERS.

ROUND-ABOUT

on the Sensational.

Still another amusement feature been brought forth, this time by a New York city inventor. It verges on the sensational and there is no doubt that it will give pleasure-seekers who rids therein an exhibitantion far removed from the ordinary. It is called a



CARS SWING IN THE AIR.