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Mra. Ellery's mos. Antened momentarily with surprise, has swiftly transformed to ecctasy. "dith, you darling girl, you don't mean to tell me"—

"No, I don't," she replied, with teasing anonchalance, "but I think I may before long." Florence the day following at 4 p. m.

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the girl murmured absently, her gaze Florence and Head of Tide.

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ace falling disapper adly. le if I will be." of your

you dear, queer thing''—
"After you had invited me over and On the 1st, 10th and 20th of each month.

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After you had invited me over and over again I confess I cannot see so much occasion for wonder if I finally came," the girl interrupted, with some genuine pique. "Mrs. Hallet was returning home to Denver, too, and urging me to come with her. Really my mind was almost made no to come before was almost made up to come before-

this—happened."
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"You will approve, I think. It is Marshall Woodbury."
"Marshall Woodbury—of all men!" her face expressing glowing appreciation of the advantages of such a union. "You are to be congratulated if ever a girl was. But why did you hesitate, you perverse child?" "The woman who hesitates is lost,"

following the line of the creek. "I feel rather lost when I think of it, Nel-"It was not my way," pursued the her reminiscently. "When I fell in other reminiscently. "When I fell in love with Hugh—ah, me, what a goose I was!—I could hardly eat or sleep until I was sure of him, while you' - pausing tentatively and studying the girl's calm face with a sort of puzzled won-

"My appetite continues good, thank heaven," laughing unconcernedly.
"And unless I dissipate with coffee at unseemly hours I still enjoy the sleep of You don't appear to have it in you

to make a goose of yourself in that way like the rest of us," Nelsine protested, a touch of reproach is the tone. "You have flirted too much. It has spoiled you."
"I have — experimented a little," smiling demurely. "Be just

"I don't know what you expected." "I expected a miracle to happen, and it did not. I asked that the water be turned to wine, but"-"You asked too much. Men are none of them perfect."

"But one must-experiment to find

that out, don't you think? One must be educated up to the point of compro-"Oh, I don't understand you at all, you trying creature! Here you ought to be the happiest girl in the world, with such a chance before you—everything that you could ask To be sure, there may be a slight disparity in point of years; but," she added, with naive ingenuousness, bethinking herself, "there

is every compensating advantage." "To be sure. Let us never forget the compensating advantages," cried the girl, with something of sardonic mirth. "And I suppose you really do care for him a little, or you would not even

think of it." "I care for him a great deal," she admitted quite calmly. "If I am ever to marry at all, I am sure I could scarcely do better. He is really very nice."

"You 'damn him with faint praise, as somebody says," Nelsine declared. smiling faintly, with a baffled air. "The question is not as to the depths of his affection, I take it. He is madly in love with you, of course. "Oh, as to that, I might say, in the

words of the good book: 'He is of age.

Ask him.'" A hint of sarcasm lay in her rather mirthless laugh. "To tell the truth, he appears quite-rational. I even think it is not altogether flattering to my self love, but I are ather persuaded that the principally won me ROUTE favor in his eyes, and he is kind enough to feel that I may be safely intrusted with the care of the children. He is a widower, you know. And when affections are served up warmed over, who is it says of second love that it is merely a flower laid on the grave of the

"Oh, yes. The adaptability of a lob- cause we kept the breakfast waiting that ster in the matter of its claws. We have she was in such a temper, do you heard the comparison so often, and we think?" know it must be true. Only if one were

"Ah, that is it! I understand at

other first. You really do care for him

berg. 'Do you really think so?" Her smile was half sad, half whimsical, but there after all. was no smallest blush of girlish consciousness. "Well, do you know, I tell myself that a hundred times a day, but ejaculated the unhappy nousewile, a somehow every morning I have to begin spairingly washing her hands of the whole business. "But heaven forbid!" Edith ope's needlework. Only I don't undo

look so discouraged. I am not yet wearied with well doing. Perhaps with two months more of repetition the statement

CHAPTER III. A fortnight later, and the reign of repose had passed away. "The place where nothing ever happened," as Nel-sine liked so well to describe her home to remote correspondents, was now a scene of restless stir and activity which filled every working hour of the day with fresh interest, for Paul Brown had come, and the whole ranch was given

over to the business of horse breaking. The hurrying hoofs of the horse herd coming in from outside pastures were now the family reveille, several times tempting them out in the fresh, dew washed morning air to watch the opening performance of the day. This, the cutting out from the herd of some 18 or 20 head for the day's work, involving much expert "throwing of the twine, in cowboy phrase, was a scene of much excitement, as at the first fall of the lariat the animal that had never yet known the touch of human hand was always driven mad with terror, fighting for freedom in a frenzy which not infor freedom in a frenzy which not infrequently carried the captor captive, with no little rude jostling, around the corral before the rope could be safely brought around the stout ambbing post in the center of the ground. If the colt happened to be especially victous, he was forced into the secure pen of slabs known as the chute or thrown to the ground and hobbled until the hackamore halter of rope could be slipped in place, and it was at this point that Paul and it was at this point that Paul Brown's marvelous influence became apparent. Once the hackamore was adjusted he would begin murmuring in a soothing monotone, as though quieting a fractious child, expostulating, reason-ing, as though the animal could understand, a curious tenderness as well as an inflexible purpose in the tone, which seemed almost to hypnotize the unhap-py animal, which presently, to its own surprise, as it seemed, would be led about the corral as though helpless to resist that subtle charm of voice and

"It is the iron hand in the velvet glove," Mrs. Ellery remarked as they

stood looking on over the fence. "But the horse will be avenged eventually," observed Hugh comfortably between the puffs of his cigar. "The average life of these fellows is but seven years after they start in on that sort of work. For awhile they go on conquering and to conquer, so to speak, but sooner or later each meets his little Waterloo. He gets a tumble that injures him internally, he develops a kidney trouble or something in that line, and next thing he rides a horse of another color

'over the range.' "
"It is dreadful," murmured Edith, whether referring to fate of man or horse was not clear, as she watched with a sort of unwilling admiration the stalwart figure that with the magnifiod was combating the struggles of a colt bent on refusing the torture of the "bitting rig." She had her camera with her and had been that morning photographing the horse, and inciden tally the horse trainer, in all possible poses. "But it is magnificent." cheeks glowing, her breath coming fast-"But it is magnificent!" her er, as she pressed the button for one last

snap shot. They stopped to order the breakfast served as they passed the pantry win-dow, on the other side of which Artalissa was molding bread. "And can you see the circus from here?" Mrs. Ellery asked, disposed to wheedling gracious-ness in view of the fact that they had kept the meal waiting.

"I've got too much to do to be watch in a lot of fool colts, let alone makin that man Brown more conceity and stuck up than ever." She sullenly beat at the white mound of dough while she shot one swift glance at Miss Ellery's dainty, lace trimmed gown, with its that low archway of the fallen tree, flutter of pale blue ribbons. "He thinks as if the horse had cleverly considered enough of himself now, goodness knows, though that's generally the way with these good lookin fellows," muttering the last as though somewhat repenting

her first petulance "He is good looking, is he not?" returned Mrs. Ellery snavely, glancing back at the corral with a charming air

her head with elaborate indifference. "Do you think so? Then I hope you will whisper it to Jim, Artalissa, for, do you know, I fear the poor fellow sadly needs some sort of consolation." Artalissa simpered and bridled. Well, I'm sure he's got no business thinkin anything, so far as I'm con-

Well, were he such a freak as that I should certainly hope not," cried Mrs. Ellery laughing amusedly as they walked away. "But what a touchy "Oh, don't! How can you? When it creature she is!" she observed, with is such utter nonsense too. The adapta-bility of men's hearts"— some anxiety, when they were beyond range of the open window. "Was it be-

There was a curious expression about a shudder, pale to the lips. "Why do disposed to be exacting, unreasonably the lines of Edith's mouth, a hot flush critical in selecting one's lobster, the upon her cheeks. "I wonder you can first growth of claws might seem rather endure the girl!" she exclaimed vehepreferable on the whole, don't you mently. "To me she is simply detesta-

last," cried Nelsine triumphantly. a day," the other protested in a tone of 'You are jealous that he cared for an- good humored compromise. "Of course you observe that your down in your heart more than you are prediction is fulfilled? She is in love willing to admit, you proud little ice. with your horse trainer.' "Oh, do you think so?" faltered Nel-

sine, as if loath to credit the statement

'Ah, but if she gives us three meals

"I am sure of it." "Then I suppose she will marry him," "Oh. heaven never forbids!" Edith as occurring on her pretty lawn, and

rejoined, with a sarcastic fittle laugh.
"Heaven is given over to the making of marriages, don't you know!" It was Brown's custom to ride each horse himself until its spirit was sufficiently subdued, when it was turned over to one of the boys to be handled under his direction, and thus at intervals all day long a straggling procession, exhibiting every degree of equine perversity, was charging by devious ways about the place. Ill advised hens, bent upon feeding about the confines of the corral, contributed regularly to the excitement as they scattered with cackling protest before each fresh onslaught on their peace, while the little boys,

like a Greek chorus, aided the proceed-

announcing each change in the programme over and over until nobody could be left in ignorance of all that was going on. Edith was out on the lawn one morning, assuming to read, although the book had dropped forgotten to her lap while her eyes were dreamily fixed upon camera that you have not liked being one moving spot on the gray green plain across the creek-a growing object which she recognized as Paul Brownreturning from a mad dash across the ountry on the back of an animal which

However bravely he rode today, it seemed to her but as a losing race with He saw her as he crossed the bridge, raising his hat with that graceful air of deference which more than any other thing about him seemed to betray unmistakably the training of a gentleman. Perhaps it was this movement that startled the colt; perhaps the vicious brute had been summoning strength merely for a fresh coup. However it was, suddenly leaping across the little bridge and swerving violently to the left as he struck the ground, the maddened creature made straight up the rise of lawn toward the trees where Edith was standing, glued to the spot with terror. Just beyond her, nearer the creek, a tree had fallen in one of the spring storms, the top still alive and clothed in a mass of greenery closely interlaced with the branches of the brace of cottonwoods against which it was leaning. There was just time to see that Brown was



Brown was pulling Aercely at the bit. pose, although blood was dripping from the tortured mouth, when, with the speed of the wind, horse and rider had passed her by, dashing directly toward this means of delivery from the hated incubus upon his back. For an instant Edith closed her eyes, feeling as if Azrael, the angel of death, stood beside her, but the man's cool presence of mind

saved him. As they neared the menacing branches, when it seemed inevitable that he should be dashed senseless to the "H'm! I've seen some enough sight ground from the blow so swiftly aphandsomer," the girl exclaimed, tossing proaching, he loosened his feet from the stirrups, and when the horse plunged viciously under the low trunk Brown's hands grasped a limb of the tree above, swinging him clear from the saddle whence he coolly dropped to the ground a moment later. The colt, blindly miscalculating the height of the opening, had become tightly wedged under the cerned, Mis' Ellery. I wouldn't have leaning trunk, securely held by the sadhim if he was made of gold from head dle, from which plight he was released leaning trunk, securely held by the sadto foot and was as big as an elephant to by a couple of the boys, who came running down from the barn, and presently was led away, a sadder and it is to be

hoped a wiser animal.

When this task was accomplished. Paul Brown walked over to where Edith was still standing. "I hope you were not frightened?" he said, the question rather ridiculous, he felt, in view of her evident terror.

"It was horrible! I never saw anything more dreadful!" she cried, with you do it?'s
"Oh, I did not do it, Miss Ellery," he protested, with a broad smile, showing all his strong, white teeth. "Don't blame me, please. It was all the doing

"But the danger of such a life!" she

urged excitedly. "It is scarcely less than suicide. Why will you take such "As to that," he answered, with a eral downward trend, the poor and careless shrug, "men must work, and needy are driven lower still, and this in in my case there are no women to weep. If I had got my head knocked off-well, it would have been only another horse trainer dropped out of the race. A little

of the colt, I assure you."

"Well, and as for me"-she said as

he hesitated, regarding him with a certain air of defiance. "You, Miss Ellery? Why, it would have given you another subject for your camera," he said, with a short, sardonic laugh. "I thought of that as I hung there like a jumping jack waiting to be cut down off a Christmas tree. I wondered if you were taking a snap shot at me to add to your collection."

Already shaken and unnerved, the girl's anger flamed up instantly. "You are perfectly brutal!" she exclaimed, her eyes flashing fire. "Am I?" he replied, looking at her

curiously. "I did not intend it so. Let me apologize for that unlucky speech as ings to the best of their ability by shrilly well as for giving you such a scare. We will try and not let either offense occur again," raising his hat as he turned to "Stop!" she cried out peremptorily,

photographed so often; that you feel

that I have taken unwarrantable liber-

ties in doing so without asking leave?" She spoke in a choked voice, her cheeks flushed red with wrath. "By no means, Miss Ellery. I have

been highly honored. I only meant to Well, I should be pleased to know just what you meant to imply," she said as he hesitated. There was a dangerous sweetness in the labored courtesy

of her tone.
"Merely that Miss Ellery's interest, if she will excuse my saying it, in the case of her brother's horse trainer could not possibly extend beyond her camera. "And I cannot imagine any possible reason why it should," she answered,

meeting his glance with a flash of anger. "And, as to the camera, I can assure you that you need be under no further apprehensions. I shall be careful not to trouble you with even the impertinent interest of snap shots hereafter." She was dazzlingly pretty in the glow of excitement. "Indeed, in the case of those I have taken, if it would give you the smallest satisfaction, I shall be only too happy to destroy every last one of them.

"Ah, now you are cruel," he murmured, but she had sailed by him into [TO BE CONTINUED.]

ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY. It Is Slowly Letting Down the Bars of Class Not so long ago the line between the aristocratic and other classes of the community was very decidedly drawn at trade. A poor family might lay claims to gentility, and one or more of its mem-bers might now and then figure at, say, a county ball, but a tradesman's family—never. Now it is otherwise, the aristocracy themselves having stepped over the dividing line. Lord Shrewsbury and Talbot, for instance, who takes precedence of all other earls, unblushingly became a cab proprietor; "Lord Rayleigh" is the inscription that may

London dairies. The Marquis of Londonderry is prepared to deliver coal by the ton. "No agents"-such are the final words of this nobleman's advertisement, put in just as any trader born and bred might put them in. This descent from aristocratic seclusion into the arena of commercial conflict is not confined to the male portion of our nobility. Titled ladies under disguised names carry on millinery-establishments and run cafes. Their dainty fingers, too, are not above manipulating flowers for profit. So generally indeed has the sacred thirst for gold infected the upper ten that, whereas they were wont to be accused of living in idleness, they are now accused of taking the bread out of the mouths of those who depend entirely upon business for their support.

Far beneath these noble ranks can be

be read on the signboard of one or two

traced a similar descent. Street music, for instance, used to be discoursed by the utterly abject and broken down. Now men and women warmly clad and well fed go about with organs. Troops of men sing, rattle the bones and do a breakdown in public thoroughfares to the tune of not less than the better part of a sovereign a day per man. Two hundred pounds a year in an assured situa-tion was the salary that one young man threw up last summer to join a nigger troop at the seaside, and he doesn't regret it. At the end of the season he had more money than he ever had at one time before, and during the season he ate better dinners and drank better wines than he had ever eaten or drunk before. Hawking matches or laces or any other trifle in public house bars used to be and still is a way of evading the law against begging. Indeed the custom of singing on the streets arose out of the same necessity for those in want not to incriminate themselves. Now you will be in the saloon bar of a first rate refreshment house. In comes a top hatted, well dressed man with a bag. Some successful stockbroker, you think, if it be in the city. You fancy you are the victim of a delusion. Here is this man, as well dressed as rour principal, holding his open bag beforeyou and asking you to buy a box of vestas. Well dressed women are going about from public house to public house pursuing similar callings. They speak well, too, do these people, betraying a fair amount of education. If tradesmen have any grounds for complaining of the aristocracy trenching on their territory, surely the poor and needy have grounds of similar complaining of hav-ing the instruments of their profession

a measure is seen in the ever increasing charitable institutions, relief agencies, soup kitchens and so forth, and the ever increasing strain on the resources of inconvenient for Mr. Ellery just now such establishments. - Cassell's Journal. probably, in view of the work he wants done. Rather shocking for Mrs. Ellery,

thus confiscated by an apparently supe-

rior class. Of course, with such a gen-