

and the thought that all through her re-

He lifts his hat and Griselda, giving

and, a turn in the path hiding him at las-

from view, takes to her heels, and hard-

small iron gate that admits to the gar-

On the hall doorsteps, as if lying in

CHAPTER V.

ing place.

Mrs. Grunch, as Griselda left her, turn

hurries onward down the hall, until she

comes to a heavy curtain, once hamisome,

it aside, reveals a long flagged passage,

with a high, narrow door at the extreme

Stooping as she comes to It, she pe

through the keyhole, and finding it emp-

13. tries, with a cautious, quiet grasp.

hand into her pocket, draws out a key,

Yet it is not so much on the money as

on a paper he holds in his hand that his

on the perusal of it that he hears neither

weman's entrance. And now, as a mali-

ties him that he springs to his feet as if

almost a shrick, escapes him. His fac-

"Comforting yourself with a look at it."

"How did you come here, woman?" de-

"I could have sworn I locked it," says

"Be silent, woman! Are you mad?"

"You're but a poor sort after all," she

boited doors?"

shot, and a sharp, horrid cry,

well offed, and inserting it in the keyhole,

moth-eaten and dingy, and pushing

Not finding him here, she

CHAPTER III - Cantinged. Standing upon a mound near bet, she turn walk through the leafy woods that saw places are lands to ber pretty mouth, music had rushed as a chorus to her you? he too bighly commended, ones "Hi" to "Ahl new I know" cries she stopping him, at the top of her fresh young voice, abruptly, and looking full at her com-

Whether the broose has played traitor, punion, who grows somewhat guilty or whether the bending figure is of so appearance. "That noise of running wat-gross material as to be deaf to this bril- or - hat is the river that flows beneath hant appeal, who can say. At all events. Gregoria, If I had only followed it he never stirs or lifts himself from his need not have given you all this trouble, task, whatever it may be. Nothing "It is no trouble," says he, plainly. daunted, Grissida returns to the attack.

cross she again, with a sharper, by," she says, gently.

"Oh, not good by, I hope," returns he She holds out to him her hand. freer intenstion. And still nothing comes The bending figure refuses to anxiously, taking the slim little hand and straighten his back, and things remain as hooling it as warmly as he dares, perbefore. It is really too bad. Getting haps more closely than he is quite aware.

down from her mound she clambers up on "I shall see you again?"

a higher bank, and once more sends out "Oh. no. No. indeed." softly. "You her voice upon the world:

"Hi, my good man." This does it. As not permit us to know our neighbors."

if compelled to acknowledge this tribute to his virtues, "my good man" uprears him a rather solemn little salute, turns himself, tooks vacantly round him-at ev- away from him. A second later, however, ery point but the right one first, and at she finds him again beside her. last sees Griselda. The effect produced is not only instantaneous but marvelous. Down goes his rod, his cast, his choicest "Don't you think so? I fear we shall fly—an admirable orange grouse—and he comes steaming toward her at about thought I'd tell you, so that you might

twenty knots an hour.

His eyes, ever since they first lighted possible before—the deluge. This week, upon Griselda, have seemed to grow to new, might be fine, but I should not anher, and now, as he draws nearer, she swer for the next; and, indeed, if you will too sees and recognizes him. The knowledge thus gained so surprises her that mend you to take a walk to-morrow. When she very nearly fulls off her high bank, shall say that rain might not fall the day and then grows very charmingly rost, after?"
and as charmingly confused. It is none
without the young man who had helped
It seems the soundest reasoning. to restore the carriage to its legitimate Griselda, having shown herself impressed by it, inclines her head to him once more,

CHAPTER IV.

"It is really you?" cries he, with unat- ly draws breath until, having found the feeted delight, coloring warmly,

"It is you, too," replies she, reflectively, den at its lowest end, she enters by it and as though it is a little unfair to and feels herself at last at home, throw all the personalities at her.

"So it is," says he, smiling gayly, "You wanted me? I hope you had not to call wanted me? I hope you had not to call housekeeper.
"Year often?" smiling too, and jumping

"Very often," smiling, too, and jumping turned," says she. "Dear! but master down off her pedesial. "I thought I will be main glad to hear of it. He should never make you hear. Do you that upset by your absence that know the road to Greycourt? I don't." daren't so much as approach him."

"I do. It is a tedious way, and com-selfa's blood grows cold. "But now he'll plicated. But if you will permit me to go be sure to tell you himself how giad he is with you and show it to you. Miss Dy- to see you back safe and sound.

"Oh, no. No, indeed. It is giving you quite too much trouble, and how do you ed aside, and with darkened brow made know my name?" asis she, with a shy for the library, Mr. Dysart's usual abolgiance at him from under her long lashes.
"I asked somebody in the village," con-fesses he, honestly, "and he told me you

were Mr. Dysart's niece. You don't mind that, do you?

"No. I, too, heard of you," she says, "but then I didn't take for granted every-thing that was told me."

"What did you hear of me?"

That you were a young man blown from Lunnon town, an' as full o' tricks as the nandle of the door to find the latter murely, evidently quoting somebody, and hand lunched series of the door to find the latter murely, evidently quoting somebody, and with a glance so "full o' tricks" on her own account that he laughs in spite of

"Well," says he, "Vm not from 'Lunnon town 'certainly, and I hope I'm not
a greater wretch than my fellows. As to
my 'tricks,' I don't believe I've one."
"If not from London, from where?"
"If not from London, from where?"
"If not from London, from where?"

"Rather lose to you. My sister lives fust over the border of this county, a planting openly upon its contents. Piles upon piles of yellow soversigns are so built one on the top of the other that My sister lives coat, is kneeling before the secret open-

"It was a very good thing for my sister they reach from one narrow resting place and me that you came fishing," says (3r).
selfa, "or I suppose we should both be goed that scarcely gitters, save in the sow either dead or dying." Here she eyes of the wrenched miser bending over how either dead or dying." Here she looks round her. "Have we very much them. further to go?

"I wish it was less," nervously, "I am attention is concentrated. He is so bent afraid Vera will be frightened at my long on the perusal of it that he hears neither absence, and-and that my uncle will be turn of the key in the lock nor the Perhaps he won't hear of it," says Mr. clous chuckle breaks from her, it so star-

Peyton, hopefully. Griseida shaker her "He books just like a person who would has grown deadly white, great drops of

hear everything," she says. I've heard a good deal about him off sweat stand out upon his brow.

and on. People will talk, you know, and
-he's eccentric, isn't he?"

says she, with a maignant leer. As she
stically she points not at the said

"If you mean weak in mind you were the paper be has tightly clutched in his speaks she points not at the gold, but at never further out in your life," says Gri-hand selds, mournfully. "He is all mind, in "H my opinion. There isn't a weak spot in mands he, in a shrill tone. He is tremblim. By the by, have you ever been to bling, and with nervous fingers presses

the paper into the secret recess in the cab-"No. I've often thought I should like inet, and shuts to the oaken woodwork, on on some Wednesday or other." "Why, through the door," retorts she, to go on some Wednesday or other." Some Westnesday! What Wednesday? sullenly. 'How cise? You should remember to lock it when engaged on work like

tincity puntled, but hardly likes to ask a this. estion on the subject. "I could have sworn I seeken in says a quant old house," she says, he, still simking. "See! here is the key it's a quant old house," the trees in my pocket. I tell you," with increasquestion on the subject. "and might be lovely, I think, if the trees in my pocket.

were cut away and some sunlight let into ling agitation, "I did lock it. Are you a it, and-a little furniture. It's empty, fiend that you can follow me through postureir emuty. "Surely you forget the galleties?" says "Hush! Don't give way to feelish fan a milest possible that you do cles. And after all, why need my com-

not know that those pictures of your an-cestors are absolutely priceiess? Pure ing air, "your occupation cestors are absolutely proviess? Pure ing air, "your occupation was an inno-Lelys and Knellers, Gainsboroughs and cent one; you were but refreshing your Roynolds. Why, those galleries at Grey- self with a glimpse ofcourt. I've of an heard my father say, are about the finest in England. Your uncle cries he, lifting his arms like one in mor is good enough to open them to the pul- tal fear. every first Wednesday in the month at the very trifling charge of half a says, contemptuously,

faith or trust of any sort. What "Why?" cries Griseida, flushing so hot you not even believe in me, who has a color that the tears grow within her served you and yours long and failhful eyes. "Oh, you can't mean that." for forty years? Is it likely I'd betray

Well, why not?" says the young man, you now for his children?" boldly, preparing with a stout courage "Ay, he served you falsely once," says to defend a vile cause. "It is to improve Gregory Dysart, a savor of pleasure in tastes of the multitude that he does his it, of course. And if he chooses to repay himself for the wear and tear of his carpets, who shall say he has not common is bearing one withered hand upon the sense on his side?

At this moment the chimneys of Grey- have not forgotten; I shall not forget at court shone through the interstices of the all. When first I saw them I feir as trees on her left, and, with the knowl-though, if power were given me, I could exize that she had gained her home, have blasted as they stood those insolent comes, too, the sound of running water, hussies upstairs."

Something out of the goodly past, some rague touch of decency belonging to the days when he was young and happy, and when honor was said a word to which he ciuag with all his might, renders this coarse epithet, as applied to the pretty or-phans committed to his care, insupport-

"You hardly remember, perhaps, that you are speaking of my nieces," he says with an augry frown.

"Holty totty! None of your airs with me," says she, sternly. She advances a step nearer to him. "Remember, Dysart, that I can either make or mar you. I, and I only.

"I would I were sure of that," says he, moddly. "But-Sedley? He knew." "But- Have you forgotten

"Pish! He's dead; let him rest. What a one you are to worrit! Twenty years and more, and no sign of him, and I sak you was he the one to remain quiet, if he saw a way to forcing a sovereign out of

"True, true," says Dysart. "Alt! now I know!" cries she, stopping catching at this suggestion. "And yet would give much to know that he was in

> "Ay, and I in minet I know you," says she, with an evil look, "You fear Die.

"I fear nothing," says he, coldly, "What," says she, slowly, regarding him closely; "not even that your son should know?"

She pauses, pleased with her work. All at once, as it were, on hearing this ques-tion, the old man qualis before her like a beaten hound. The life goes out of him. he seems to shrink into himself, and puts out his hands as though to ward off some

"Not that. Anything but that," he mutters, feebly. "Well, don't drive me to it," says she,

sulkily. "Remember, it was for him I did it," cries he, sharply, "After all my love, my care, my secrecy, to have it now laid bare to him. I tell you -nis fingers working onvulsively-"rather than that he should know, it seems to me that it would be a he followed, the wolves being very who would betray me.

"I'm not going to betray you," says "And as for saying 'twas for him you did it, why-

"For him. For his sake only."

"Partly, I think," says she, dryly, mother, as you know, bated met and wolves from miles around, and the crushing his fingers together.

"Yet the deed was scarcely necessary if done for him." says tirunch, holding her ground. "That old aunt of his-the mother's sister-put want out of the question for him.

him her heir-then

"You know it now, anyway," says she, with a nasty sneer. "And it is never too late to mend-to find by accident that

lowered brow and eyes bent upon the miles from Floodwood, started in the ground, "dreamed of it; and all my evening to walk to the village. When dreaming has but convinced me that half the distance he heard something things had better stay as they now are, running toward him, and, turning, saw Into what better hands could they have fallen? Who would have husbanded it all like me? You know the care, the trouble, the sleepless days and nights I have devoted to the management of-of by others, and soon four more of the You know whether it has ever been a joy to me-rather a grief, a wearying of the flesh, a curse!" The word comes from between his lips with a little hissing sound. "But it is all for him, for him," he says, in a dying tone.

With restless, feeble steps he begins to

"He believes in me. He trusts me ha alone-now! But if ever he were to learn the truth he would sparn me from him. I swear to you"-he turns and fixes his burning eyes on hers-"I'd strangle you with these hands," "holding them out bestrong and lithe, "before the words could pass your lips."

"I'm not going to play traiter. you that," says she, frowning. "I've had a chance before this if I wished to do t; and I'm not going to help his children. Her brow grows whatever happens." black and her eyes lighten. "May curses follow him wherever he be, even through the gates of death?"
"Amen," says Dysart, carelessly, Then,

in a different tone: "Seaton is coming home to-morrow."

"You have a design," says she, fixing her sharp eyes on him with a searching

it to you," says Dysart, slowly. on abandoning more ambitions schemes and wedding him to my elder niece, Verm

Chinese Compliments.

There is one point in which Chinese etiquette, so often absurd, is much would be his last, until finally when church wid dat." more sensible than ours. That is in its just at the outskirts of the town the fallure to regard the imputation of mature age as a discredit to either man or leader was laid low with the club, and woman, or, on the other hand, the im- the man turned and ran to safety, the putation of youthfulness as a compli- wolves, frightened at the proximity of side the city limits." ment to persons of either sex. An ex- the houses giving up the chase. ample of Chinese politeness, connected with the visit of the Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia to Shanghal, is amusing, as it reflects on our own false notion of the complimentary in such

visiting a notable mandarin, one of The cattle fare better with short horns, whose first questions to the princethis being an invariable matter of Chinese politeness-was:

"How old are you?"

swered the prince, smilling.

"Indeed!" said the mandaria. "Your highness appears fifty."

terpreter-Herr Voight, a German- as the rope thrower is in his. The carand inquired the princess' age. She an- the are corruled and at the exit, where swered, "Thirty-two." The interpreter but one steer may pass at a time, is a interpreted, and the mandarin made a small pen, called the stock. At the remark in Chinese evidently intended closed end is an opening between bars

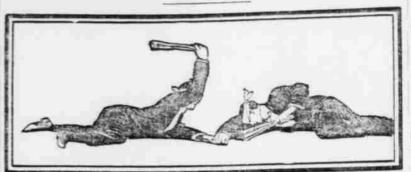
The sweetest type of heaven is home.

"Out with it Voight!"

"Too pour for

ness looks like sixty." "Though years have rolled by I other. take it iii.

GAMES WITH PAPER ROLLS AMUSE SOCIETY.



Here is a new game, which is causing a great deal of amusement at social gatherings in Europe.

Two boys or young men are blindfolded, and in the right hand of each is placed a stout roll of paper in the form of a cine or endgel. The players then have to lie down on the carpet and to grasp each other by the left hand. Thereupon the fun begins. One of the players asks the other:

"Are you there?" When the answer "Yes" comes he raises his right hand and strives to hit with his cudgel the spot where, from the sound of the volce, he supposes the other player's head to be.

The other player, however, is at perfect liberty to move his head after he has answered "Yes," and the result is that in nine cases out of ten the blow misses his head and falls on his shoulders or some other part of his body

In that case it is his turn to retaliate, and so the came goes on indefinitely, the sole object of the player who asks the question being to strike the other player's head and that of the player who answers to save his head from being

CAPTIVE WOLF LEADS

OTHERS TO SLAUGHTER.

For several months Wendelin Krisch, a trapper residing near Nestoria, Mich., has at frequent intervals appeared at the County Clerk's office with wolf pelts on which he has been paid the hounty of \$17 apiece. In the aggregate he has drawn a large sum. The success of the trapper has caused considerable speculation as to the methods sweet and simple thing to murder him cunning shunning poison and not often being trapped. Now Krisch's secret has leaked out.

It develops that some months ago be managed to catch a female wolf in a trup. He built a large yard near his "Entirely altogether. What other creat shanty and in it keeps the wolf, fast-ture had I to love me-to love? His ened to a long chain. Her howls bring when she died I was glad," says he, trupper, sitting in his cabin, calmly shoots them at his leisure.

In every section of the peninsula the wolves are reported unusually numerous this year. The deer in consequence are suffering disastrously, as the many "I knew nothing of her desire to make carcasses seen in the woods testify, and intely even men have been at tacked. Only a day or two ago there was a case of the latter kind in Dickinson County. Claude Freckleton, empaper you have just locked up." son County. Claude Freckleton, em"I have thought of it." says he, with ployed as a cook at a logging camp six a wolf close by. The man, not being armed, was badly frightened. The yelps of the wolf were answered



ATTACKED BY WOLVES.

animals had joined their companions. True; and I think well of mentioning Freckleton luckily managed to find a "After club, and thus armed, began whacking one and careful thought I have decided away. The hungry animals would circle around him and snap at his legs, and whenever they came near enough he would strike at them. In this manner the three remaining miles were traveled.

Freckieton expected every minute lice will lemme ione I'll git her inter de wolves made a concerted rush. The

SEASON FOR DEHORNING.

Winter is the time of the year when experts upon the big cattle ranches of the West do wonders in dehorning. The German prince and princess were The long born has been cast aside do not injure each other, and may be herded, corraled and shipped closer together than they could be did they wear the great spreading horns with "A little more than thirty-six," an- which the popular mind associates the Texas steer.

Out on the big ranches they round the cattle in for dehorning. The de-The mandarin then turned to the in- horner is as much an expert in his line to be complimentary. The interpreter sufficiently large to lead the steer to blushed uneasily, and besitated to thrust his head through. Three men translate the remark. The prince saw stand waiting for him. One of them the difficulty, and laughingly com- throws down a wooden bur which horse thief." clamps the animal in a vise-like grip and holds his head where he has thrust "He says," the interpreter then trans- it. The dehorners stand upon the right lated to the princess, "that your high- and left. They carry long-handled steel clippers, and when the steer is He had meant it well, and of course caught in the stock they throw these the princess had sense enough not to

thousand horns. At the more northern ranches the de-

dehorned cattle taking cold. When since. the horn is clipped a gouge is used to hollow out the stub of the horn. Tar N. Steele street, Tacoma, Wash., and is thrust into this, sealing it and pro- at the request of the reporter made affitecting the animal against cold. The davit to his above statement before dehorner ordinarily goes around with James H. Dege, a notary public, on his outfit like a thrusher goes from July 5, 1901.



THE DEHORNING PROCESS.

farm to farm thrashing wheat. A dehorning outfit consists of the stock. which is not too large to be carried in a wagen, a clipper or saw, a gouge and a quantity of tar.

WAS CONVERTING HIS WIFE.

She Was an "Ongenerated" Sinner and He Wanted Her in the Fold.

His name was Peskie Roberts and he was faced by his frightened and bruised wife at yesterday's police mati-

"Well, Peskie," said Recorder Broyles, "tell us why you have been beating your wife." "Who dat sez I bin beatin' mer wife?"

came the counter-question from Peskie. "Your wife says so." the recorder replied.

"Den call her ter de jedgmint seat," eried out Peskle somewhat dramatically. Mrs. Peskie came to the front trem-

bling like an aspen bough in a cyclone. "Jedge Briles," said Mrs. Peskie as an' den of he tuk de noshun."

"When was the last time he beat you?" the recorder asked.

"He hain't teched me sence nite 'fore. of triumph in her voice. "Doan yer h'ar dat, Jedge Briles," ex-

tion hovering about him. "Tell me," said the recorder to the prisoner, "what makes you beat your

wife at all?" "Now yer's cummin' ter de meat in de

sausage mill," Peskie replied. "I b'iongs ter de church, Jedge Briles, an mer wife am still an ongenerated sinner. I done mer best ter make her git inter de fol', an' de las' t'ing I tried wus de hic ory, au' I bliebs ef der per-"Ten and costs," announced the re-

corder, says the Atlanta Constitution "If you want to whip religion into your wife, Peskle, you will have to get out-

Mandarins and Corruption.

Speaking of the corruption prevalent among the mandarins of China, a writer in Temps says "The collector of one of the southern ports, for instance, draws a salary of 0,500 taels from the government, yet his real income from his office amounts to 450,00 taels a year. in addition, he speculates in opinin and the rebuilding of the houes. Short

Every mandarin without exception is in business. Availing himself of his office Guinness trust, for the erection of cial position, he buys rice at an unusaally low price to sell it at an exerbitant figure in the famine-stricken provinces. Sometimes he will build a toll gate on a road near his munsion and levy tribute on passing teams, or he may find a pretext to cut off the water supply from some prosperous farmer, so as to charge him 4,000 or 5,000 taels for the use of water. All this is borne by his victims without a murmur.

In Arizona. "He called Alkall Ike a llar and a

"And he's dead-right there, I say." "Yes, he was dead right there, sure enough."-I'hliadelphia Press.

A man may not thoroughly realize what a small figure he cuts in the world, but when he is after over the horns and snip them off in a world, but when he is fifty or sixty came of age, and then only because

## MILLIUNS A YEAR

INCREDIBLE AMOUNT OF MONEY LOST BY THE WORKING CLASSES.

An Interview With George V. Hammond, of Tuceum, Wash , a Man Who Talks from Experience.

The money test annually by skilled workmen of all occupations figures up to millions of dollars and is becoming greater every year. This amount of money represents mainly time lost and the serious effect upon the social comfort of the workingmen and their familles is evident. Mr. George V. Hammond, of Tacoun, Wash., said the other day: "I have lost my share of time but I

am thankful to say that I have not been losing any of late." "You don't look as if you had lost

much through sickness.

"No, and I don't feel so. But the tact remains that I was a very sick man. I took cold along in 1889 and rheumatism settled in my arms and shoulders. I suffered for three years and nothing relieved me untill in April, 1892, upon the recommendation of my sister, I began the use of Dr. Williams' In a day a skilled dehorner can clip a Pink Pills for Pale People and found relief in the second box. I took five boxes in all and now am entirely cured norner takes precautions against the and have had no occasion to use them

> Mr. Hammond resides at No. 610 There is a popular idea that rheums-

tism is caused by exposure to cold and that some localities are infected with t more than others. Such conditions frequently promote the development of the disease, but, from the fact that rheumatism runs in certain families, it is shown to be heriditary and, consequently a disease of the blood. Frequently an individual, in whose

family rheumatism has not occurred. develops the disease, and when a diagnosis of the case is made, it is general ov found that the ailment is due to a derangement of the blood. External applications may afford tem-

porary relief, but to cure the disease it is necessary to treat it through the blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale

People go directly to the seat of the disorder, praifying and enriching the blood by eliminating poisonous elements and renewing health giving forces. They are a positive specific not only for rheumatism, but for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache the after effects of grip or fevers, and of other acute diseases, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions and all forms of weakness, either in male or female. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, fifty cents a box; six boxes, two dollars and fifty cents, by addresism Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y. Be sure to get the genuine; substitutes never cured anybody.

Indian Territory Coal Deposits.

Some idea of the value of the coal her teeth chattered. "I hain't nebber deposits in Indian territory can be sed rite out dat Peskle uster beat me gained when it is known the average I unly tol' de perlice dat he uster beat thickness of the vein is four feet, which me an' dat p'raps he mout beat me now will produce 4,000 tons to the acre These lands are leased in lots of 900 acres each, which means that 3,500,000 to 4,000,000 tons can be produced by those leasing the land. On this output ins'," stated Peskie's wife, with a ring | the lessees pay a royalty of eight cents a ton. The output during the last year was 1,900,127, as against 1,400,441 claimed Peskie, as if he saw vindica. tons the previnos year.

And They Marveled.

"And what are you making?" we asked of the Intelligent Arisan, as we admired the play of his brawny mus-"Makin eowcatchers for milk trains,"

he replied without looking up from his WORK. Whereat we passed on, marveling greatly at the intricacies of modern et-

ence.-Baltimore American.

General Buller's Wife. Lady Audrey Buller, the wife of Ges. Sir Redvers Buller, is the daughter d the fourth marquis of Townsend, and was the widow of the Hon. G. T. How ard when the famous general won he hand. She is an exceedingly populat

Earl Cadogan's Immense Estate.

woman.

Some idea of Earl Cadogan's wealth may be gathered from the fact the some 13 or 14 years ago he expended! quarter million pounds on the purchas of the Culford estate, in Suffolk, and after this he presented an extensive sile in Chelsea, known as Blocklands, to the workmen's dwellings. It is probable that during the next few years by wealth will be doubled.

Wind-Up of Mourning Period.

The year's court mourning for the late Queen Victoria will come to end on January 22. If the opening 6 parliament should take place, as is es pected, on the following day, it will be the first full state ceremonical function of the new reign. On the opening de of the search the king will be accom-panied by the queen and by all the members of the royal family who may be then in England

Has Voted Many Years.

jiffy. The bar is raised and the steer years old he begins to have suspicions is released to make room for another. that are very near the truth. is 14 miles from his home.