"ANNE JUDGE, SPINSTER," "LITTLE KATE KIRBY,"
ETC., ETC.

as usual."

CHAPTER XXIII .- (Continued.) It was dark when he returned to the bouse, and he closed the shutters and barred the door very carefully before he sat down by the fire to reflect upon his best step. He had been reflecting on that all day, without seeing his way too clearly to the results on which he had set his heart—a large sum of money, and a new life abroad to enjoy it in.

He would not go upstairs yet awhile— snother hour would be of advantage to him, and he must wait. The bank at Worcester was shut, and there would be no getting money till to-morrow morning --before that time came she would sign the check, and remain a prisoner in Jackson's button factory until time had been allowed for him to cash it. That was the end of the brilliant scheme which he had planned out like an artist.

Suddenly there was a violent knocking the door, and Peterson sprang up, with

at the door, and Peterson sprang up, with is hand shaking on the back of the chair. He reached his hand toward the candle and extinguished the flame, as his first resource against an unseen enemy. Then he crept on tiptoe toward the door. "Who's there?" "Let me in."

"Tom Eastbell!" ejaculated Peterson. He opened the door, and dragged the applicant for admittance into the house by the collar of his coat—a man drenched to the skin by heavy rain.
"You muddler!" shouted Peterson:

"why couldn't you stop at Sedge Hill? How dare you come intermeddling? Didn't you leave it all to me?"

"Here—let go my throat—let a fellow speak. What are you doing in the dark? Where are they all? Is Sarah here? has she signed the check?" Peterson released his hold and locked

the front door again. Tom followed him into the room, and sat down shivering by the fire. His companion and adviser relighted the candle, and held it to his

"It was kind of you, Lucy," he said, holding out his hand to her, "for I am in great trouble."

The old woman is fead, and everybody thinks I have done it. Here's a blessed go for an innersent man! I never touched her, upon my soil. she died right off, bang, in the picture gallery, and it was nothing to do with me. I wouldn't have thought of such a this

Dead? The old woman dead?" said "Dead? The old woman dead? said Peterson, surprised again at this avowal. "Oh!—ugh!—yes," he said, shuddering more strongly, "Her eyes opened sud-den; Ned, and she was off. I shall never forget it. And then the beast of a woman, Hartley, came in when I screamed, and said that I had murdered her. I was talking her over to make a will, when the died—that's all. Oh! let's go to Lon-

"Tom," said Peterson with excitement, "you must go back, You must not leave everything to that Culwick. The old woman has died naturally—the doctor will prove that-and you have nothing to

"Oh! haven't I? That's all you know

about it."
"You accursed idiot! don't you see that you are rich?—that Sarah Eastbell was only between you and a colossal fortune?—and Sarah Eastbell is dead, too." "Sarah dead, too!" screamed Tom Eastbell iun his new excitement; "ch, "ch.

Sarah ran away from home

body knows that—and came to harm by accident. There is nothing more natural."
"Poor Sally! She was a good sort." said Tom; "and she she's dead then. Thank goodness it was quite an accident —for nobody meant to kill her."

"Get back in haste-at any cost. Say were distracted, and did not know what you were doing-that you have been in search of Culwick-or a doctor. Get back."

"Get back; you are safe. Get back, ben.

fool, to all that wealth."

Edward Peterson's excitement was greater than Thomas Eastbell's now. He thrust him from the house; he locked the door after him; he tottered back to the room

Tom Eastbell would be rich-immense rich—if his sister Sarah were removed om all the troubles of this world! Tom ld rule implicitly, and get money quickly by.

Then, with the light in his hand, he

proceeded with a wonderful steadiness of step up the stairs. A strange specimen villain thisdaughter's room first, and said, "Poor Bess—you have gone for good then," and walked out again, and up the remaining flight, with a very sorrowful countenance. He drew the key from his pocket, unlocked the door, strode in, and then stopped -a man struck, as it were, into

The room was empty!

CHAPTER XXIV

Reuben Culwick did not reach Sedge Hill till a late hour, when the blinds down before every window of the house. He did not dream of death great house. He did not dream of death said Lucy bi at home while he had been abroad in it so highly." pursuit of the living, and, in the deep thought born of his bailled search, he strode up the broad garden path without being struck by the blank aspect of the

mansion.

"How did it occur? Tell me everything?" he asked, as he went into the picture gallery, and Hartley followed him. The story was related, and he listened patiently. He heard of his aunt's death, and of Thomas Eastbell's flighted the suspicion which attached to Thomas Eastbell until the doctor's arrival, and "Oh! you're back," he said to Reuben; that county what has hancement.

Aunt Eastbell's room, at the door of which Hartley sat, as if the poor old woman needed protection still. "Why are you waiting here now?" he

asked the servant. "If you please, sir, Mr. Thomas East-bell has come back again. He has been looking for you, and for the doctor, he says—and I thought that I would sit here

"Where is the man?"
"In his own room, changing his clothes,
which are wet."
"We will not disturb him. Have you

my aunt's keys?"

There was a little lamp upon the brack-et, and he passed into his aunt's bedchamber, Hartley remaining at her post. It was a solemn moment in his life, which he remembers well. It was his last duty to the dead woman, and to the wishes of yesternight, before the tragedy of life

fell on them like a pail.

He opened the iron box in which the will had been deposited, and where a glance assured him that it lay undisturbed, and then he closed and locked the box again, while the thought came to him that it might never be of use to Second-cousin Sarah.

"Has that man come back because he thinks so, too?" he muttered; "is it pos-sible that this should be the end of my father's money—of yours, poor worn-out heart, that never was made happy by its acquisition? If I have done you wrong, old soul, I pray forgiveness now,"

murmured.

"Amen," said a deep voice at his side, and he turned at the solemn response, for which he was unprepared. A thin woman, clad in shabby black, stood in the

"Lucy Jennings," he exclaimed.
"You telegraphed to me this morning," she said, advancing; "you asked me many questions, and I have come to answer them in person."

They went out of the room together. Reuben Culwick locked the door, and gave the key to Hartley, after which Lucy and he descended to the hall, Lucy

calym and grave. "What do you know of the Petersons? What became of them after leaving Lon-don?" asked Reuben eagerly; "have you

a clew to their address? "I think I have."
"How did you find it?"

"Among my circle of penitents and of poor mortals struggling out of crime there are many links of life to the dark world. I found friends to help me at once. Patience. If Sarah Eastbell has been lured away by these Petersons, the clew to their haunt has been already ointed out.

"Heaven bless you, Lucy!"
"Probably I bring a blessing to youit is in there."

She pointed to the door of the drawing room, and he said eagerly as he strode toward it

Not she. It is something you lost be "Not she. It is something you lost before your second-cousin, and took as
much to heart in losing. It is something
that changed you—and from which dated
your hardness, and your suspicions of
me—first of all. It may be your own
flesh and blood, for what I know."

He left Lucy Jennings, and went with
quick steps into the drawing room, where
on the sofa lay a child asleep, a poorly
clad little girl of five years old, with
her hat lying by her side, and a tangled

Eastbell iun his new excitement; "oh, don't say that. It can't be."

"Hush! Keep it quiet; it is an eternal secret between you and me: but she sprang out of the boat suddenly list hight, they tell me, and was drowned. In a day or two they will find her in the Severn, and you will be heir-at-law."

"They'll say I killed the couple of them."

"Total who is the blood, for what I know."

He left Lucy Jennings, and went with quick steps into the drawing room, where on the sofa lay a child asleep, a poorly clad little girl of five years old, with her hat lying by her side, and a tangled mass of fair, wavy curls thrust back from her face.

"Tots!" he cried in his astonishment.

"I met her in the streets of Worcester, near the postoffice," said Lucy. "It was raining hard, and she was crying beca a lady had not come to fetch her. I father had sent her to Worcester, she

"Will she remember me?"

"It is unlikely-it is impossible. "She was very young when she went away, poor Tots," said Reuben, sadly re-garding her. "Yes, I suppose it is imgarding her. possible."

"Suppose they take me up for killing my grandmother; that's what I'm afraid of."

"Suppose they take me up for killing told her that I would take her to her friends, and she believed me."

"You are very kind, Lucy," said Reu-She came with me in all confidence. I

ben. "How is it that you do me these good services, and yet dislike me so

"I dislike the pride and anger in you, answered Lucy, "and they have turned me against you. I have had my great work to think of lately—not of the petty differences of eighteen months ago. See,

from all the troubles of this world! Tom Eastbell in his power—at his mercy for many past offenses—a weak fool whom the sofa, and was looking at them, all res-all blue eyes, too-as Tots had oked at him in Hope street, years ago

"Tots," he said, advancing to her, "Tots, old lady-don't you know me?" His manner was too impetuous, and for he went into his first, and said, "Poor one for good then," and fense which she in her ignorance had ommitted, that the child sprang u

ran to Lucy Jennings, burying her face in the skirts of her protector.

"The child is frightened of you," said Lucy, calmly; "let her be a while."

"Why. Tots, it's Uncle Roo," he cried,

"old Uncle Roo-you know!"

The child still clung to Lucy's skirts, and would have none of his affection. He gave up, and walked away to the

You see how this kind of love lasts,' said Lucy bitterly, "and yet you value

"Because it set a high value upon me," he answered quickly.
"It is dead."

will live again-it will co "And if not," Lucy answered, "there your second-cousin to console you." The opening of the door cut short the Lucy answered, "there

as Eastbell until the doctor's arrival, and that gentleman's belief in the natural termination to the life and cares of the side and and the side and the

of you, but I don't know that we have ever met before. May I ask what you want, marm, now you are here?" asked want, marm, now you are here?" asked Thomas. "You'll excuse me, but since my grandmother's death and Sally's dis-appearance—and until Sally returns— I consider I am the head of this estab-

"I am compelled to answer your ques-tion if this is a true statement," said

Lucy. "Yes, I should think you were. "Yes, I should think you were. indeed—that's a good one! Why, you don't know that my poor grandmother killed herself thinking about me," he said.
"She was worried—she wanted to leave me all her money—and she died of dis-

appointment because she hadn't time to finish her new will."

He addressed Lucy Jennings, but he was watching the effect of this annouace-ment upon Reuben Culwick from the cor-

ner of his eyes.

"It is heaven's mercy that your grand-mother died then," replied Lucy to him. "I have been making inquiries concern-ing you to-day, and I have heard of nothing you to-day, and I have heard of nothing to your advantage. You and one Edward Peterson were in this house, from which your sister has disappeared," said Lucy. "Among my congregation there were two or three who remembered the Petersons, and thought they they could be traced. We are searching for them now under the name of Jackson."

Thomas Eastbell put one hand to his

Thomas Eastbell put one hand to his shirt collar; his throat had begun to swell suddenly, and he felt uncomfortable. "Oh," he said, "if that's it you're on a

Tots had looked round at the sound of his voice some moments since, but he had not noticed her till then, and then his voice utterly deserted him, and his eyes protruded in amazement. He did not ask any further questions of Miss Jennings. The child belonged to Edward Peterson. He and his wife had the charge of her once, and grown tired of her, and lost her in a Camberwell back street, where Reu-ben had found her; and Edward Peterson had discovered her a year or so after-ward, and taken her from the Jenningses; but he could not stop to explain that now. A few days ago that child was at Jackson's button factory, and she must have come to Sedge Hill with the news. He was caught in a trap again. He knew it had not been safe to return, out that fool Peterson had persuaded

him. They knew all, and were getting him into a line by degrees; everything might have been discovered, for what he ew to the contrary. He must "cut it," at any risk. He went into the passage and closed the door behind him. He took down a hat from the tree in the hall and put it nat from the tree in the hair and put it on. It was Reuben's hat, and went over his eyes, and was altogether a bad fit; but the sooner he was off the better, and where he had put his own hat he could not recollect in the present confusion of

his faculties. He went on tiptoe to the front door, and drew back the heavy bolts and the big lock. He opened the door and let in the wind and rain—and Sarah East-

Yes, it was his sister, with a shawl over her hair, and her face, white and wild, peering from it. She had "ome back—she knew all—he was done for! "Tom, you villain!" she shrieked forth,

at first sight of him.

Thomas Eastbell went down on his knees at the same moment as Reuben

came from the drawing room.
"Oh, Reuben! take care of me," Sarah nurmured, as she went fearlessly to the friendly shelter of his arms; "I have no

one else." "She could never take care of herself," muttered the inflexible Lucy, as she fol-lowed Reuben Culwick into the hall. It was as Mary Holland had said, and Sarah Eastbell was back in her own

(To be continued.)

Man Is a Natural Bluffer.

A man in a big department store was buying his wife a sealskin sacque. First she tried on a \$250 one. man smoothed it across the back and sald:

"Well, I never examined one of these things before close up; and this looks all right to me."

Next his wife tried on a 300 sacque. He smoothed it across the shoulders

"I can't tell the difference between em. Can't see a particle of difference between 'em."

"Oh, my, yes! A closer pile," said the saleswoman.

"No difference, to my mind," insisted the man.

He bought the \$250 coat, and after be vas gone the saleswoman said:

"Nine coats out of ten are bought as that one was. Nearly every man insists on doing the purchasing himself, and always he says, when he has other seismic disturbances. They pour reached his limit as regards price. in by letter and persons from all quar-"Can't see any difference between this ters of the globe coat and that dearer one there.' If I had shown a \$1,000 sacque to our friend he'd have insisted that it looked the same as the \$250 one to him. Men are his millions with a blare of trumpets such bluffers. They bluff even them-and under the giare of limelights. selves. It would be a satisfaction. though, fust to hear one man say that he perceived the superiority of the more dares set foot in the street. He was expensive cost, but didn't care to go so high in price."-Philadelphia Record.

His Explanation.

Why are people who buy gold bricks invariably farmers?" asked the man

who assumes superiority. "I dunno," answered Mr. Corntossel, unless it's because farmers are the only folks nowadays who have money enough to make it worth while for sharpers to bother with 'em."-Washington Star.

Almost Right. "What do you know about this case?"

Subsequently his testimony prooclusively that he knew less than nothing-Chicago Tribune.

A Suspect.

She-You didn't stay long in London. He-No, I couldn't stand it. Over there everybody knew me for an American right away. Here, in New York, no one ever suspects it.-Smart Set.

Milton sold his copyright of Paradise Lost for \$72, in three payments, the book agents, not only the inoffenand finished his life in obscurity.

OLD **FAVORITES**

The Mistletoe Bough.

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall, The holly branch shone on the old oak wall:

nd the baron's retainers were blithe and gay.

And keeping their Christmas holiday, The baron beheld with a father's pride His beautiful child, young Lovell's bride; While she with her bright eyes seemed

The star of this goodly company.

'm weary of dancing now," she cried; Here tarry a moment-I'll hide, I'll hide!

And, Lovell, be sure thou'rt first to trace The clew to my secret lurking place.' Away she ran—and her friends began Each tower to search, and each nook to scan;

And young Levell cried, "O, where dost thou hide? I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride."

They sought her that night, and they sought her next day.

And they sought her in vain when a

week passed away; In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest Young Lovell sought wildly-but found

told as a sorrowful tale long past; And when Lovell appeared, the children cried: 'See! the old man weeps for his fairy

bride." At length an oak chest, that had long

Was found in the castle-they raised the And a skeleton form lay mouldering there
In the bridal wreath of that lady fair!

O, sad was her fate!-in sportive jest She hid from her lord in the old oak chest. It closed with a spring!-and, dreadful The bride lay clasped in her living

"Only Waiting." Only waiting till the shadows Are a little longer grown, Only waiting till the glimmer Of the day's last beam is flown; Till the night of earth is faded From the heart, once full of day: Till the stars of heaven are breaking Through the twilight soft and gray

Thomas Haynes Bayly.

tomb

Only waiting till the reapers Have the last sheaf gathered home For the summer time is faded, And the autumn winds have come Quickly, reapers! gather quickly The last ripe hours of my heart, For the bloom of life is withered, And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, "poor and desolate.
Even now I hear the footsteps,
And their voices far away;

If they call me, I am waiting, Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows Are a little longer grown, Only waiting till the glimmer Of the day's last beam is flown. Then from out the gathered darkness, Holy, deathless stars shall rise, By whose light my soul shall gladly Tread its pathway to the skies. -Frances Laughton Mace.

THE PENALTY OF WEALTH.

Millionaires Whose Lives Are Made Miserable by Cranks and Promoters.

Three men in the Wall street district, New York, receive requests in the course of a year to back schemes the financing of which would break the Bank of England or bankrupt the government of the United States. They are John W. Gates, J. Pierpont Morgan and Edwin Hawley. These proposals run through the whole gamut of human ingenuity, from a new method of scratching matches to the promotion of a South American revolution or the prevention of earthquakes and

These things are the penalty of spectacular wealth. They are some of the troubles that beset the man who makes

Mr. Gates has been hounded so by importunate persons that he hardly importuned in restaurant after restaurant, until in self-protection he had a dining-room fitted up in his office and there he now takes his luncheon. Morgan has been forced to adopt the same method.

One of the things that bothers Mr. Morgan most, although it costs him no money, is the camera with a fiend behind it. If there is one thing he hates more than all others it is being phototographed, and he has become an adept in springing from the door of his office building into a coupe and banging the door behind him . It was "Nothing," replied the witness. "I'm posal that he finance a scheme for making care." naking earthquakes impossible. Just after the eruption of Mount Pelce a Frenchman wrote him, most earnestly asking his help and assuring him there were millions of dollars in the plan. Scarcely a day passes but some man writes to him of the unearthing of a priceless painting, disfigured by time, but bearing beyond all doubt traces of the work of some dead master. other class of men whose palms itch for some of the Morgan money are aire ones who have editions de luxe to

sell, but the ones who are preparing volumes of biographies of the moneyed men of the country in which the person approached may have his history written up at so many thousand dollars a page. There is also the bibliomaniac, who fastens himself upon Mr Morgan to dispose of some ancient tome, colored in red by a monk and

in yellow by Father Time. Mr. Gates has had opportunities to place himself in the class with Santos Dumont as a navigator of the air and to become a second Castro in the formation of a new South American republic. Three men with theories of airships who needed only money to make them fly have offered Mr. Gates a handsome share in ventures if he would produce the capital for con-

struction Mr. Hawley, who was a protege of Collis P. Huntington, has been besleged more by Western promoters because he came from the Pacific coast. Offers of interests in mines in the Western States and in South America, Mexico and Europe have been cast at him as if the whole world were a Klondike and be the first miner on the ground.

THE CITY BOY.

Why He Is Generally Left in the Rear

by the Country Boy. That the country is the better place to raise boys is the teaching of all experience. Go over the list of the men who have done things in your city. A large majority of them are country

bred. Why? And years flew by, and their grief at last The boy wherever you find him needs wide spaces for the development of the vital forces that are in him. He instinctively covets elbow room. Ine boyish swath is a wide one. He is necessarily noisy. He bubbles over for the same reason a tea kettle does. He is full of spontaneity and runs over. In the city he is cribbed, ca-bined and confined. He has little chance to let himself out. What wonder the roundly developed country lad

beats him to the goal.

Poor city lad. Here is the picture Secretary Shaw gives of him, in a recent address: "The boy is the most valuable product of society, but in the motives should make us won city he is not fairly treated. He lacks charitable. a chance for the free play of his nature. His parents seldom give him a gymnasium or a shop or even a room of his own. They are afraid he will spoil the furniture. It is too expensive to let him do as he pleases. So they give him money and let him go to news to many to learn that then the streets which are often an open gate to hell." The picture is true.

Poor city lad. There are no wide echoing fields or shady woods where he may wander at his will, giving full play and proper vent to the life forces that run riot in his veins. To him there is no call of the wild. For him there is no company and touch of Nature which the country boy knows and feels.

At home they say of the city boy that he is rude and awkward and destructive. What wonder! The only wonder is he doesn't explode. He is all boy. That's why he is worth raising! Expressions of energy in the boy spell Force. He has in him the making of a man. Why scold him and Pills." spoil his temper for being what he is? Why spoil him by trying to make him

what he is not? An unspoiled boy-city or country is about the finest thing on two legs. He is affectionate-under his vest. He can only furnish a complete set of is sympathetic if you know how to traits of his wives.-Somerville reach his sympathies. He is honest. Journal. And frank, And above all, he stands for fair play. Later on, as a man, he

course the room will be topsy turvey betimes. Of course. He is not a young gentleman. He is a boy. God bless him. Let him bring his comrades home with him. Let them together romp and raise cain. Give the city boy a vent. The country-raised boy has beaten the city-raised boy because like a straw hat?" he has had a better chance.-Des Moines News,

Making a Good Citizen.

A 13-year-old Italian boy lately prepared an essay on the duties of citizenship, for a club in New York. Among the rules which he laid down are the following:

"If I want to be a good citizen I must be true to my country, true to my state and true to my city. If I do not vote I will not be doing my duty. I must have my own judgment to vote for the man I think is best qualified for the office for which he has been nominated. If I don't I won't be doing my duty. I must not let anybody bribe me to vote for a man I think not fitted for an office. It will also be my duty to be industrious and self-supporting, so as not to be a burden and a nulsance to the public. I must pay taxes, so that the government can be maintained and the officers of the government paid, because the government is for my good. When it is necessary I must help to maintain order and always be ready for public service, and in case of war serve my country. should know the history of my country and be an intelligent reader and close observer of current events."

Russia's Purchases.

Russia bought from the United States in 1903 nearly \$20,000,000 worth of goods, which is double the average for previous years, and sold the United States nearly \$11,000,000 worth, which is an increase of it) per cent over previous years.

We give a man credit for being level-headed if he isn't above our level.

If your blood is thin and i pure, you are miserable all time. It is pure, rich blo that invigorates, strengther refreshes. You certainly kno

Sarsaparill

the medicine that brings go health to the home, the on medicine tested and tried f 60 years. A doctor's medicin

"I owe my life, without doubt, to Ay Sarsaparilla. It is the most wonderful me cine in the world for nerrousness. My our permanent, and I cannot thank you enough Mas. Dalla McWall, Newark, N. for Lowell, M.

Poor Healt!

Laxative doses of Ayer's Pills night greatly aid the Sarsapa

Alien Mortals. Think for a moment of the na limits of our knowledge! Sixteen

dred millions of featherless bi dred millions of featherless by more or less, are picking up a li eating and drinking, marrying and ing in marriage, on this pretty p of ours; of what infinitesimal pr of ours; of what humitesimal prices the can you really unveil the se and gauge the virtues and the hiness. How many people do you intimately enough to say whether lot is, on the whole, enviable or reverse? Every human being is a eign kingdom to every other. We a short excursion into their minds touch at a port here and there; an say glibly that we know them intit We know not how many dark ners are carefully hidden away all strangers, and what vast prov

A Heart Story.

have never been reached in our

daring travels. How, then, can

judge one another? Such utter i

ance of our neighbor's thoughts

Folsom, S. Dak.—In these when so many sudden deaths are ported from Heart Failure and va forms of Heart Disease, it will be never failing remedy for every for Heart Trouble.

Mrs. H. D. Hyde, of this place, troubled for years with a pain in heart which distressed her a great She had tried many remedies bu not succeeded in finding anything would help her until at last she a treatment of Dodd's Kidney Pill this very soon relieved her and sh not had a single pain or any distr the region of the heart since. says: "I cannot say too muc praise of Dodd's Kidney Pil's. are the greatest heart medicine I ever used. I was troubled for three years with a severe pain heart, which entirely disappeared a short treatment of Dodd's K

Up-to-Date Magazine Work Hack Writer-How would yo

an article on Solomon? Magazine Editor-First rate, is

How's This?

may lose many of these virtues, but as a boy he is admirable.

Give the city boy his chance. Let him go to the country at every opportunity. Let him build a shop in the back yard or in the cellar if he chooses. Give him a room of his own. Of course the room will be topsy turyey sist. Toley, Kinnan & Manvin, Wholesale progress, Toley and the country of the course the room will be topsy turyey sist. Toley, Kinnan & Manvin, Wholesale progress, Toley and the course of Catarrh that cannot be cuffered by the course of Catarrh that cannot be cuffered by the course of Catarrh that cannot be cuffered by the course of Catarrh that cannot be cuffered by the course of Catarrh that cannot be cuffered by the course of Catarrh that cannot be cuffered by the course of Catarrh that cannot be cuffered by the course of Catarrh that cannot be cuffered by the cuffered by

Something Alike. "Why is a kiss over the telep

"Because neither one is felt." marked Mr. Wise. And then the old maid was I to remark that current events certainly shocking.-Brooklyn Eag



For Rheumatism

Neuralgia Sprains Lumbago Bruises Backache Soreness Stiffness Sciatica

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION