and Hear

Eugene	Guard
SAFURDAY	OCTOBER 2
IT'S HONES	F BELIEF.

About Mckinley.

Although now a hearty supporter of McKinley, the Oregonian was not always thus. On June 22, 1899, it gave its views of his administration and sounded the alarm as to what dangers might befall the nation should he be continued in the president's chair, as follows:

"The McKinley administration has made most disgraceful appoint. ments to office at the behest of unscrupulous politicians. It has bepledges as to currency reform, humiliated its most efficient servants, and discredited American intelligence and valor in the eyes of the civilized world.

quailed. In a time of decision it further personal campaign than his has hesitated. In a time of action it has delayed. In a time of honest dealing it has faltered and equivocated. Its policy has been to drift; its aim has been to placate everybody, however unworthy, and cater would have been more agreeable if to everything, however mischievous; its course has been to sacrifice any and every vital interest of the nation on the altar of partisan and personal politics.

"What is to become of American valor and diplomacy if they are to be shuffled and beat about for four years more of such administration? What is to come of the army if it is to be taken more and more from details that show what a terrible military men and turned over to calamity it was that overtook the ward politicians? What is to be- once prosperous Gulf city in a come of the new dependencies, if they are to be delivered over to the spoilsmen, as Alaska has been delivered over? What is to become of the gold standard in the next and the daily finds of victims do panic if we have a president who not decrease. The total number of can refuse nothing to Wolcott, Stewart and Jones of Nevada? What is to become of the treasury itself, now that Reed has gone from the safety-valve in congress, if we are to have in the White House the personification of complaisance? What is to become of our young men if the doors of public service are to be closed to the capable and ambitious, and open only to the benchmen and bosses?"

WILL WIN.

ties. For instance in Chicago.

There were added to the registry

lists by the second and last day of

registration 116,913. These, taken

with the 204,490 names placed on

the books on Monday, give a total

of 401,403 names as the registration

in the 35 wards of Chicago for this

year. Although a revision of the

figures may reduce this total some.

this is the largest registration in

Salem Journal. "Mr Hanna seems to have demonstrated conclusively that he can do much for the laboring man when an election is pending. If he would do as much atter, there The Oregonian Said Hard Things would be less the matter with Hanna."

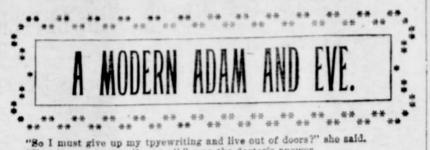
WELL PUT.

Li Hung Chang and Prince Ching are out in a joint note asking the powers if it is not about time to treat for peace. The French minister of foreign affairs, M Pichon, responds that it will be time when exemplary punishment is inflicted on the principals of the Chinese government who are directly responsible for the violation of international law. The civilized world seems determined that China trayed the civil service to the must be made to realize her responspoil men, paralyzed the organiza- sibility as a nation through blood tion of the army, violated its letting of dignitaries who stand very near the throne.

The Oregonian indorses the assertion of the Washington Post "In a time of courage it has that Bryan should have made no Indianapolis speech. This is very moderate for the Oregonian. Naturally the Oregonian could have been expected to declare that it Mr Bryan had retired before he made the Indiana speech. The Portland paper is getting very liberal in its views.

> After the first shock people began to lose interest in the Galveston horror. Still the telegraph brings night-time. One month and ten days after the storm, October 19, torty-two bodies were recovered, bodies recovered to that date were 2.907.

Albany Democrat: "All the papers tell about the demand for Oregon apples but the producer who ships them himself has nothing to show for it when he has paid the robber prices charged for commission and freight. A Corvallis man tried it on 100 bushels and had just \$2 left for himsel'."



Yes, if you want to live at all," was the doctor's answer. "Well, really, sometimes I don't care the snap of my fuger for living. It's so monotonous and so hopeless."

No wonder. You have made a machine of yourself. When you go back to Mother Earth-you're a country girl, are you not-you will be in love with life again, as you were a dozen years ago, when you couldn't stay out of doors enough to satisfy your craving."

"I remember!" Her eyes brightened. "I loved to work in the garden-not the flower garden, but among the vegetables, homely, useful things-like myself. No one can give me points on planting. I'm a farmer's daughter."

The doctor took up the morning paper and read, "To let, a small cottage house; modern improvements, with kitchen garden; terms easy."

"Would that suit me?" she said.

"I think so.

"I'll apply. "Let me know the result," said the doctor as he ushered her to the door.

It was a pretty cottage, and the owner lived next door. His name was Adam Everett. She smiled when the agent told her this, for she was Eve Sher-"A new Adam and Eve," she said softly, scenting a romance in this unburne. tried country.

"Your husband, madam," said the agent suavely, "will be sure to like this slace, and if he has a taste for farming he will find every facility to gratify it, The former tenant was an enthusiast and improved the place wonderfully."

"Indeed! Lost his money, ran away or died?" "Married! It spoils a man's prospects. I beg your pardon a thousand times. I mean unless the woman is practical and a home body. Now, you and your husband will be contented and propserous."

"A happy prophecy. Does the owner object to letting the cottage to a single woman?

The agent raised his eyebrows. "Aren't you looking for yourself? I thought you seemed so pleased with everything that you were coming." "I am. The husband you credited me with does not exist." Miss Sherburne learned a few days later that she would be a welcome tenant,

taking the doctor out to pass judgment, she engaged Hawthorne cottage.

She had lived there a week and had not caught a glimpse of the owner. She almost lived out of doors. She unpacked her violin and practiced music almost forgotten in the stress of daily mechanical work. She sang, soo, and the song floated in through the open windows of the next cottage.

"I wonder if it would be wise to call?" thought Adam Everott. "I hardly, know the etiquette."

He was a florist. He loved flowers, and their cultivation was to him a pleas-When he saw every available inch of his tenant's ground ire as well as profit. being planted and sowed, he succumbed to curiosity and interviewed Miss Sherburne's gardener.

Vhat does Miss Sherburne intend to do?" he asked carelessly. "I see you are planting."

She wants to raise and sell vegetables," said the country man, "and, by gum, she knows more about it than a regular farmer. She can give me points. She's a worker too. She can handle the tools as well as a man. If she were only a little bit heavier-but she's gaining. Her cheeks are as red as poppies."

Eve Sherburne sat on the piazza at dusk, resting. She heard the gate click and a step on the graveled walk. A voice said:

'I'm Mr. Everett, your landlord. I came over to get acquainted. I have brought some flowers." " "They are lovely. Oh, thank you! The country is beautiful."

Sitting in the rocking chair in the dusk, she talked and he listened; then he

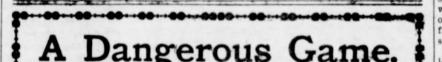
talked and she listened. They found much in common. One day, returning to his 6 o'clock dinner, he found on his table some aspara-gus in a deligate dish, temptingly served. A card beside announced "Miss Sherburne's compliments. It will be her pleasure to supply cooked vegetables in their SOAHOD.

To her door he carried every morning flowers enough to make her rooms fragrant and beautiful. The rais, the winds, the charm of the woods and fields, the quiet and the freedom, won Eve back to health again. She was in love with Was it because of the friendship that had grown between a lonely man and woman, she wondered, or because she was in better health? de once more.

am Everett, man fashion, wasted no time in wondering. At the gate way Eve stood one lonely night, resting her arms on the bars, singing softly. Up the path to the other side came Adam. She made a motion to unclose the

gate. He stopped her, saying: "Keep it shat. Eve, uatil my fate is settled. Am I to enter paradise? I found on my table tonight a plate of apples, a woman's gift. I have eaten. You have tempted me away from my solitary existence. The first Eve tempted man out of paradise. You are tmpting me in."

A blugh suffused her face. She stepped back and swung the gate wide in anower. Adam entered.-Boston Post.



Pretty Ethel Lee had a will of her own, and no one was more astonished at the manner of its expression than her friend, Madam Morrow, when Ethel plainly informed her that she declined to marry a man "old enough to be her father."

In her girlish fancy she had woven certain sweet pictures of her ideal love, whom she had never seen, but to whom she had been betrothed in infancy.

The nearest approach to this ideal was Dr. Macy, who had attended her in a severe sickness. Had he proposed she would have accepted him; but he didn't. Her fancy, however, received a severe

shock when she received a letter which informed her that her guardian would be there the next day to claim his little bride, while Madam Morrow, quite at a loss to account for this sudden change of sentiment, having been kept in blissful ignorance of the mischief wrought within the past few months, strove in vain to expostulate with her.

lowed a choice," sobbed Ethel passion-ately. "But no; instead of being treated like a free, rational creature I am imprisoned at school until my lord and master chooses to come and take me. No doubt he is some fussy, snuff taking old of the ecclesiastical year, flickered the bachelor, without an idea in his head except his meals and his rhonmatism.'

dear," expostulated the lady "My anew, "I am really shocked at such language. I am sure his letters to you would refute any such charge, and the steadiness of maturer years is decidedly in his favor in my opinion."

"It isn't in mine, then," Ethel retorted. 'Age and youth were never meant to go together, and old husbands are proverbially jealous and tyrannical. As to his letters, I've no fancy for loving, senti-mental nonsense copied out of some Complete Letter Writer' palmed off on I'd give more for one spoken word that I knew was original than for 50 written ones. It's too cruel to think of it, and I wish I was dead!" And Ethel went off in another paroxysm, while her preceptress retired in silent and hopeless perplexity, leaving her to recover from it at her leisure.

But tears and protestations were alike unavailing to ward off the revolution of time. The hours went inexorably on, and despite the somewhat flighty visions of flight, elopement, suicide or some other desperate resort by which to evade the impending calamity, the appointed day and hour found her sitting in her room, pale, moody, but in perfectly unimpaired health and physical condition, without any indications of decline or any natural or supernatural escape from her The massive doorbell clanged presfate. ently, and then a knock came to her door, and the automaticlike servant of the ouse in a woodeny voice delivered herself of the announcement, "A gentleman to see Miss Ethel in the parlor," and then retired, while Ethel, after a moment's rebellious declaration that she "wouldn't go down-he might wait there until doomsday for all she cared!" changed her mind with characteristic feminine consistency and left her room with a ow step and a sinking heart.

The parlor door was ajar, and, entering with downcast eyes, she almost ran against the tall figure standing before one of the windows. Then she looked up. with a start, and gave utterance to a cry of surprise as she found herself face to face with Dr. Macy, whom she had not seen for the week past.

gan loft, and a thousand eyes were fixe For a moment she stood trembling, si-

Goldand Love

By Grace Mercedes Juer

The trees stood stirless around church, scarce a leaf moving and only sound coming from the closely in woven branches, foretelling a night unrest and turmoil. Across the sists futervals were arches built of lilles roses and tied with streamers of w satin ribbon, while in the chancel gr vases of roses sent out their fragran distinguishing the close aroma of inc and making the air heavy with th sweetness. Out through the open a the world looked threatening; the f ing sunshine slowly disappeared bet the fast gathering shadows and the ro nearest the door shivered slightly in

As the last of the sunshine fled he the gloom there was a stir in the chur and all over the vistas above the chap and around the organ loft light flas "I think I might at least have been al- out from the gloom. Clusters of has veiled with tender vines cast a flood radiance on the central aisle, while m es of glimmering tapers in the chanand about the altar, whose only deep tion was the cloth denoting the festal (pure flame in the increasing wind,

wind which found entrance through a

Outside also a transformation had The erstwhile deserted stre curred. was blocked with thronging carriage whose lights glimmered and twink like a convention of stars, far up at down the avenue and clustering at eighboring corners until scarcely a y of space was left. The soft footed, and tocratic faced ushers, each with a dr ng spray of lily buds in his buttonho went swiftly back and forward in ; alsle, and a glittering, perfumed th filled the vacant pews, mingling tints neach bloom and turquoise with the s of the lilies and sending waves of fa ionable perfermes up to meet the fai

breath of the surrounding blossoms Hends modded, voices whispered so ly, fans fluttered, and the silence was placed by a quivering expectation wh strengthened as the organ found its vo and began to breathe out soft snate of love songs, in which were interming an echo of the "Lohengrin" swan son A movement outside the great do and the organ suddenly merged its w pers of "Then You'll Remember Me" the stately strains to which the knight the Grail led his royal bride to her m

tials. The whispering ceased and t flutter subsided as up the aisle advance the bride. Gowned in sweeping sat with the diamond star at her throat fad ing fire on every side, and her great t quet of rosebuds seeming to which greetings to the very floor as they pass she never once lifted her face. The h well, which swept the hem of her go covered her as with a mist, and not es when she left her satisfied and smill father to lay her hand in that of t groom waiting at the altar did she l her eyes. Throughout the ceremony the were covered by the long lashed lids, an only for a single instant, as the coup turned from the benediction which pro

tounced them man and wife and "bless d" the union, did she look at her bride Rout and shriveled and uply as he was with an uzliness which not all the glamou of his millions could remedy, and afte that single glance the bride's blue eye

lelssohn march pealed out from the or

rever lifted. The bridegroom looked a

He tried to suit his steps to hers, but th

limp which years and infirmity had be

towed on him could not be lessened. The

steps were slow-too slow by far for th

toyous music which seemed to set the

ace for beating hearts and dancing feet

Just as the couple reached the entrance

the storm broke, and the double door wa

flung open by the wind despite the val-endeavor of the ushers to hold it closed. I

ust of rain flung through the awning by

he violence of the wind drenched th

bride's white gown, and she shrank bad

bride.

its beauty with his hungry eyes

The joyous Men

were dropped again.

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21,158 greater and exceeds that of 1898, which was 325,745, by 75,5 6. Chicago will very nearly overbalance the Republican majorities in the interior of Illinois. The deligious elements from McKinley

are large and unless they are rallied back into line, as they were in 1896, McKinley is a defeated man, sure. A LIVELY CORPSE.

Eugene Register: "There are plenty of good, substantial, old line Democrats who could not vote their sentiments if they would, simply because there is no longer a Democratic party in existence in tire 9 seres are in. this country.'

And yet, to be accurate, Bryan there is a mighty big substitute.

terial, but the man who eats the biscuit pays tribute to both the some extent for the great demand there flour and biscuit trusis.

The Cities Are Largely in Favor A Portland policeman has cause to be haughty and proud. Singleof Bryan.

handed, and though confronted If Bryan holds his vote in the with a revolver, he arrested three country he will surely be elected, footpads early Friday morning, because he shows signs of immense within half an hour after they had stood up their victim, and marched gain in the cities. Nearly all the large cities have Bryan mayors them to the city jail together. and will roll up immense majori-

Thomas Jefferson: "Conquest is not in our principles. It is inconsistent with our government,"

Where is William Brown?

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct 19 -A firm of solicitors in Aberdeen, Scotland, has renewed a former request to the police of this city for information regarding the whereabouts of William Brown, the son of a Scotch clergyman, who disappeared from Bakersfield in the history of the city. As com- March, 1899. A substantial reward is pared with the registration of 380,- offered to any one who can flud the 245 of 1896, the total this year is missing man.

Jacksonville Times: Wallis Nash, a "blawsted Hinglishman," from Al-

bany, is making speeches in Josephine county. He has nothing to say about his connection with the wrecking of fection of the Prohibition and re- Job's bank at Corvallis, and the Oregon Pacific railroad, although he finds much fault with people, the lachets of whose shoes he is unfit to looser.

> Cottage Grove Nugget, October 19: Little Charley Earl, eleven years of age, last week while out hunting about three miles from town, killed a spike buck deer with a muzzle loading shotgun. Joe Perkins is going into the culture of strawberries on an extensive scale. He has already 3 acres in plants and will put in six more. His farm is just east of town, and the setting out of plants will continue until the en-

"The Japanese accuse the Chinese of received, 6,502,925 votes in 1896, how goot they are and how bad the nearly 47 per cent of the total vote Japaner. The morals of either are on cast. If there is no "Democratic par with the growers who pack fine party in existence in this country" apples on the outside ther of the box and then fill in chiefly-with culls and worms."-California Fruit World. In The biscuit trust must pay the Oregon the growers do none of the flour trust's price for its raw ma- above shemming. Fruit in the middle of the boxes is as good as that on the outside-which fact may account to

alwayr is for Oregon red apples.

"Carl, I don't believe you truly love me," said Mildred Raynolds to the lover. Carl Langlois reddened under her game. "What nonsense, Mildred, or common Ik

Carl had said, the last time he had visited her, that they would arrange their plans for the future when he next came, but when Mildred had made the remark that she did not believe he really loved her he was on the verge of departure and still had not asked her to name the day which would make them husband wife. He must have known what the question was she wished to ask, yet he did not help her out, and so the question died, unabled, upon her lips. Instead he torn-ed suddenly to the clock. "I'll have just time to make my train," he said burried-"so goodby, sweetheart." ly,

Carl's mother had often sent Mildred kind-messages, and had also sent by Carl some very beautiful table linen for Mildred to embroider for use after her mar-riage. She knew that Mrs. Langlois was her friend, although they had power met. and determined to go to see her and discover whether Carl had confided in ber any change in his desire to marry. She shrank from the trial, yet felt it must for the sake of her future happiness. Accordingly a few days after Car's visit she took a trip to his home, arriving there, as she had planned, when Carl were ab-sent at his business. When she introduced herself to Mrs. Langicis, she was warmly greeted, but when she told the object of her visit her host was visibly surprised and disconcerted.

"My dear child," she exclaimed, "there must be a mistake somewhere. Carl assured me only yesterday that you kept putting him off whenever he mentioned your marriage. I cannot understand it."

"I can, Mrs. Langlois," said Mildred proudly. "Your son has grown tired of me and is seeking in some way to free himself. But, thank heaven, his fotters are not yet riveted and are easily broken. I will release him from an engage-ment which is no longer a pleasure to him." "My dear, dear Mildred," begged his mother, "do not speak so bitterin. I am

sure there is some misonderstanding."

Mildred had turned very pale, and an overwhelming conviction that Carl was false to her came upon her with crushing force, but she summoned up courage to face the truth.

"We must find out," she said very gently, for the mother's distress was also very great, "whether he is attentive to some one else. Have you ever noticed his taking pleasure in the society of any girl here?"

"Oh, no," Mrs. Langlois replied hastily. But suddenly her face changed. Surely," she said, as if to herself, "he cannot care for Marion Reed? And yet, now that my mind is drawn to it, I have noticed him often with her. But Marion is such a gay little flirt, and then she know of Carl's engagement"-

"Ah," Mildred said quickly, "that is not enough to keep some girls from try-ing to win away a man's love. It may be that she has drawn him away from me. But we must make sure, my dear friend-for I feel that you are my triend-and It it is true I will willingly give him up to her if it is for his happiness.

They arranged it that Mildred's presence in the house should be kept a secret from Carl and that his mother at mealtime should question him in a way not to arouse his suspicions; so, as the two sat alone at dinner, Mrs. Langlois carelessly said:

"What a charming girl Marion Reed is, Carl!"

"Isa't she, mother?" he cried enthusiastically. "Do you know, she quite fascimates me?

"Carl," his mother said gravely, "that is not the way for a man soon to be married to another woman'

"Pshaw, mother!" Carl exclaimed impatiently, "you know I told you Mildred

would never set the day, and we may never be married at all." "You are right, Mr. Langlois," said Mildred, who had been unable to resist the tamptation of listening unseen. "You are quite welcome to ask the fascinating Miss Reed to be your wife, for I am henceforth a stranger to you.'

Before Carl could recover from his astonishment she was gone, and as her train was just ready to depart she was out of his reach, and the passionate protests of affection which he was prepared to make, the promises of future fidelity, were never uttered.

Now that he had lost her, Mildred appeared to Carl as a precious treasure which he would give anything to possess. The attractions of Marion Read paled into insignificance, and he took the next train in pursuit of Mildred, haping that he could win her back.

But once assured of the flaws in her idol Mildred had cast him out of her heart, and, though it was sore, it was not broken, because she realized his unworthiness. She refused to see Carl and returned his letters unread. Within a week, mortified at his rejection, he had offered himself to Marion Reed.

"Why, you're going to marry some girl in Lawrence," she replied, opening her blue eyes

"No, I am not," he said shortly. "I am going to marry you if you will have

"Well, I won't." replied the pretty flirt decidedly. "I was only amuning myself. with you, my dear boy. I hope your heart is not broken," she added meckingly. for rumors of the true state of affairs had reached her ears .-- Columbian, िंदव

lent: then, forgetting everything in the in envy wild, passionate tide of mingled love and paved with gold; but still her eyes wer grief that swept over her, she extended the flowerlike face as if he would fak both her hands.

"Oh, Dr. Macy, have you come at hast?"

The young physician's hands closed over hers with a fervent, thrilling pressure; his dark eyes rested on her face, instinct with the sentiment she had longed to see there.

"Yes, my darling, I have come for you -for you only-to take you home." he answered. "Home! Where?" she repeated, be-

wildered by his words. A mysterious smile irradiated Dr.

Macy's handsome face. Then he drew her closer with a fond, confident clasp. frightened into the church again. "To the home that has been awaiting my little wife for eight long years. Will

she come to it?" But Ethel struggled from his hold and stood staring at him with widely distendad eves.

"What do you mean? It cannot be possible that-that"-

ong expected guardian?" was the smiling answer. "Why not, my darling? If I chose to see my prospective wife a litthe before the time and after finishing my against a white forehead. medical studies abroad, came here to see and love her far better than I had imagined possible, am I less welcome in her eyes?

"But my guardian is an older man than you-old enough to be my father!" stammered Ethel.

Who told you so?" asked Dr. Macy. his dark eyes dancing with merriment. "Why, nobody. I always imagined it.

It was my only idea of a guardian." "Most happily dispelled, I trust," said

Dr. Macy, approaching her again. "Ah, my faithless little sweetheart, I have read your secret all along, and, although not old enough for such a guardian as you fancied, I am just old enough to be your husband, darling. Will you try me and see?"

But she couldn't say anything for a moment, and when she did speak her anhose for whom it was intended. How-iver, when Madam Morrow entered the rold looked beneficial time the bride a parlor, an hour later, she was as much surprised as her pupil. And in the wedding that followed there was not a

dfied with her long expected and lately ireaded guardian .- New York News.

Blockheads.

When reproved on one occasion for not attending a committee called to consider the paving of St. Paul's churchyard with wood, Charles Macklin, the noted Irish actor, said, "Oh, you lay your heads together, and it will soon be done."

Unreasonable Dears.

There is nothing that convinces a woman so readily that marriage is a failure as for her husband to say to her in a kind voice, "But you wouldn't understand it, my dear, if I were to explain It to ye."-Life.

Outside, just against the pole which supported the awning, leaned a from unobserved by any of the throng which clustered about the opening, intent a seeing the splendor and loveliness of the It was a tall and slender from which bent slightly before the wind, bu on the white, upturned face there we "That Dr. Macy Thornton is Ethel's no consciousness of the drenching rail which beat down on the thin evening cont and shabby high silk hat, unis which the clustering dark hair lay dam Some one handed the groom a close and with shaking fingers he tried to ad just it about his bride's at ite shoulden His nervous fingers fembled with the

clasp, and as she raised her head to a low him greater facility her eyes me those burning dark eyes which looked a er from under the drenched awains he depth of agony which was in the emed to pass like a flash to her heart id, shuddering, she caught the arm d er newly made husband and was had carried to her carriage, which avaited her, warm and fragrant with the heap of favor blossoms placed for her plas

The doors were closed, the carded moved a little, and inside the chard there was a great stir. The echo of the jubilant Mendelssohn march floated of faintly as the waiting figure leaned for the eyes of love. - Pittsburg Press.

Why He Was Great.

the young bride's face as she gave her-self into the keeping of the handsome physician, so happily reconciled and iden. man whose claim to skill in such thing came from the fact that she had had D children, of whom but one was new le ing. With so much sickness her next

bors conceded that she must be an as thority on the subject. This principle a of frequent although unconscious apo-"Why is he such a great superisted ention ent of the fire department ?" asks a stray

Why, he was in charge here when a ger in a small city.

"But does that make him a big stor had the big fire.'

"Certainly. Fut for him it would st have been a big fire."-Youth's Compa-ion.

ion.

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