"I was anxious about Reuben Culwick

-I could not rest longer without seeing

in life. I found him in a back room in

pointments of his life. This was Reu-ben Culwick—in whose house we are-

not power to help myself. This is the

man forever foremost in my thoughts.

She buried her head in the bedclothes

Sarah passed from the room, and stood

reflecting on the sheep's-skin mat out-

side the door. A woman passing in the

distance attracted her attention, and

beckoned to her cautiously, and even went

Sarah left Miss Hartley to marvel a

of him, of late days; she had lost every

atom of confidence; and the man whom

She had left the house some hundred

yards when footsteps on the gravel path

once into the shadow of the trees, with

noisily along the corridor."

who was once our friend when we

CHAPTER XVI .- (Continued.) | and down stairs at all hours, and the Thomas Eastbell was not prepared for servants banging shutters and locking his sister's firmness. She was right; she doors as if we were in a prison. Somebody was changed. This was not the woman came into my room last night, blunderof two years ago, who had some hopes ing, but I could not find out who it was." of him, and whom he had talked over more than once-who had been afraid of anxiously now, "where was Hartley?" him, and had not been altogether wanting in affection for him; this was some one whom he had scarcely expected to find rest, child, not the noise of a steam enat Sedge Hill.

You would ruin me if you could, then," he said; "you would stand between me and my share of the good luck which "I must come back as in the old days, has come to the old woman. You would live on rich as a Jew, and leave me to Why shouldn't I have my little crib in one starve, or steal—to go to the workus, or corner of this great room, as when you and I were sharing life together in St.

'I think that possibly I am in the Oswald's?" way," said the gentleman by the fire-place, intruding upon the conversation for the first time; "you and your brother can you have flounced yourself off for three arrange this little matter so much bet- days, and without rhyme or reason ter without me, Miss Eastbell." Tom's friend rose and went softly out

of the room, and through the open bay- him. He is very poor, grandmother, window, into the night air, where he said Sarah; "he has been very unlucky "Will you tell me who that is?" said Drury Lane-a half-starved, haggard-Sarah, pointing to the window through looking man, borne down by the disap-

which Captain Peterson had disappear-"A naval officer-merchant service,"

Tom explained; "an intimate friend of poor and low-who saved me when I had mine-a regular swell," "The last time I saw him, it was in

Potter's Court," said Sarah Eastbell de- Why should I hide it from myself or cisively; "he came in and out of No. 2 at uncertain hours of the night, and gave directions to men who were his brothers, and who seemed of a lower position than rested on the flowing mass of raven hair himself. He took away with him, I remember also, packages of bad money. He was a captain then, but it was of a gang him. I promised long ago that I would never forget Reuben Culwick, didn't 1? of coiners!'

Thomas Eastbell sat back in his chair, and glared at his sister. Sarah looked up. "You want money, I suppose?" she

"Who doesn't?" he added, with a short,

sharp laugh. "How much will satisfy you, and take you from this house?"

"Grandmother does not want to part a few steps toward her. with me," he said; "but if you and I are not likely to agree, and matters can be whilst I was away." Sarah said repreach arranged, a good round sum-annual- fully; "ahe is too old to be left. Watch payable in advance, and my name down this room till I return, and see that no in the will for a fair share."

"That cannot be." "Then give me a lump sum now, and have done with me. I'll go abroad-I'll little at the instructions which she had take another name-I'll do anything."

"I have money of my own. I must stairs, pausing now and then to consider arrange with you, and spare that poor the new position of affairs. She passed old woman. Ah, Tom!" she said, sadly, into the garden. She was hot and fever-"let her think the best of you till the last. ish, and the night was close. In the cool I act for grandmother in my own name, fresh air she might be able to shape out and for everything. So it is in my power a better, clearer course, if the current of to help you a little, but you must not be events should turn against her and her "You don't mean-

'Never mind what I mean," said he had brought into the house had been Sarah; "all my meanings belong to the a well-known character in Potter's Court, future, when I may be no richer than I for whom the police had made inquiries am-when I shall have nothing to do during her short stay there.

"But grandmother---" "Leaves all to me—trusts to my judg-ment in everything. By making me your further progress. They were coming

She could not impress this fact too the instinct to be unperceived and watchful. Trouble had come thickly in her strongly upon a gentleman of Mr. Thomas Eastbell's turn of mind, and he sat way, and she must fight against it as best with his hands clutching his knees, per. she might. that she had risen till her hand fell light- hour of the night, but Thomas Eastbell ly on his shoulder and then he started, as and Peterson, plotting together against at the touch of a police officer.

the peace of Sedge Hill? They were soon "Make up your mind to go away, and close upon her; they could have heard go away soon—before grandmother has her loud breathing had they listened; but time to guess what you are, and what they were deep in conversation, and unyour life has been. To-morrow-the next mindful of a watcher. The path was day at the farthest." broad and white, and their figures were

"It's hard. It's beastly unfair," he easily distinguishable, striking at Sarah muttered as Sarah left him with another | Enstbell's heart with a new surprise and warning of the evils of delay. He reflect-ed on the matter after she had gone; those of Captain Peterson and Mary if Sarah were perplexed what to do, Holland!-the former talking in a low equally was he perplexed now as to the and energetic manner; the other listening right course to pursue. A false step might with her gaze directed to the ground, and ruin every chance that he had. He had with her hands clasped on the bosom of come for money, but he did not know her dress. There was a light gauze scarf what to ask, or how much money was on Mary Holland's head, and the ends at his sister's disposal.

fluttered in the night breeze as she pass-Captain Peterson came back into the ed by. There was not a word which room, and shut and fastened the bay- Sarah could catch at-it was a new phase window carefully after him, as though he of mystery for which she was not pre were nervous about thieves. Having se- pared, which seemed to place her very cured the bolts to his satisfaction, he ad- much alone in the world after the disvanced softly toward his friend. 'How have you got on with her, Tom?"

covery.

drawing room.

ner side of the glass.

"Who's there?"

pale.

space of ground in front of the h

man entering the picture gallery through

the bay-window, and Mary Holland pro-

on the blind-a strange appealing phan-

tom, with its hands upraised as if in sup-

Sarah's hand shook the window frame.

Mary's face was pressed against the in-

"Let me in. It is I-Sarah," replied

Mary Holland unfastened the window

he asked in a low tone, as he dropped Sarah stole from her hiding place and into his old place by the mantelpiece. 'She remembers you at No. 2 Potter's the shadow of the trees. She paused Court, old fellow. She can swear to you before entering upon the broad and open in any court of justice in the world." "It's awkward," said Captain Peter-son thoughtfully. "What did you tell Captain Peterson was still debating with me that this girl was weak and nervous the silent woman still looking on the

for, and that she and her grandmother ground. She watched them separate were only living together? Didn't Mary without a glance toward each other, the Holland count for anything?" "I thought that you would be glad to see her again," said his companion with ceeding to the French window of the

a short laugh. "I am not afraid of her," said the other, "but I don't make out your sister ex- shadow. She reached the drawing room actly. She's dangerous. She would not to find the blinds drawn before the winstand nice about blowing up the whole dows, and the windows closed. As she

thing, I can see. How long does she give paused to consider her next step, the you to clear out?" "Till to-morrow night-or the day after that."

"What we make up our minds to do. Tom, must be done quickly," he said. You had better leave all this in my hands. If you don't leave it to mewhole business to-morrow. Tom Eastbell left the whole management of his affairs to Captain Peterson

CHAPTER XVII.

Sarah Eastbell spent the next hour with her grandmother, who had been led to her room during the conference in the great picture gallery. The old lady had left word that she wished to see Sarah directly that she was disengaged. and our heroine had proceeded upstairs upon receiving the message, and found Mrs. Eastbell in bed, lying there rigid and sallow, as in the old almshouse days. The maid in attendance upon Mrs. East- last. bell quitted the room as Sarah entered softly, but not so softly as to escape the garden, Sarah," she said slowly; "were quick ears of the grandmother. "Sally-what a dreadful time you have late hour of the night?"

been?" said Mrs. Eastbell. "I have been talking to Tom. You will have years to talk to him-I may be only with you a few more days. speaking slowly; "I had been in attend-It's awfully tiring, this up and down- ance upon your grandmother all day, and stairs business. Not half as comfortable she has been more than ordinarily exacting. But you have been traveling, and I had never left the place."

"You are tired to-night, and despondent, that's all. Will you try and rest "until I reached this house and found it

full of change-and you changed with "Rest in this house, Sally," cried the all the rest." old lady ironically, "there isn't much "I have not changed in any one de

hands suddenly together; "I am the same voman that I have ever been."
"My friend-and hers?" said Sarah

"Yes," answered Mary, and she met again the steady gaze of her inquirer. It was a pale, pensive face, with a clear outlook from the full gray eyes, and one could scarcely doubt the truth upon it

"But-" began Sarah, hesitatingly, when the other interrupted her. "But I am a young woman with more ecrets than one upon my mind, and they have come more closely to me of late

And now I am more helpless than I thought I was," she said. Sarah Eastbell drew a chair toward ber, and sat down by the side of Mary "Into your room?" asked Sarah, very Holland.

"Mary," she said tetchily, "I hate peo-"I packed her off two days ago. She ple with secrets, and there is enough myssnorted in her sleep like a horse. I want tery about this life without your adding Will you trust me, or will you gine in my ears."
"You are too old to rest alone "My child, I am five or six years older

grandmamma, if you send Hartley away. ine nature as I do, still I must keep my troubles to myself."

"You have nothing to tell me, then?" "Not yet. Only this," said Mary, lookwithout any power of mine to stop it. These are strange times, and I must be strange with them. Bear with me, Sarah Eastbell.

"I am alone in this house, where there are many enemies now," said Sarah; "why should I trust you any longer? You know what my brother is-you can guess what his companion is likely to be. And Monsieur fears a touch of toothache—quick, bring cocalne yet you and that man were whispering Madame feels a suggestion of headache—get some cere ogether in the garden for half an hour to-night. You two are soon friends. Has Captain Peterson fallen in love with and the shriveled hand stole forth and

"On the contrary, I thak Captan Pe-"Don't go on so, Sally-I won't forget I'll keep my word. As soon as ever I

means danger to honest people?" am strong enough the will we talked about shall be prepared." as his, and his friend's," said Mary, almost contemptuously; "I have warned him that we are on our guard in this seemed to shape her motives, for she

"Will they defy me and remain?" was the rejoinder.

"For a while, perhaps-until they are "You should not have left your mistress weary of a life that is unsuited to them, or until your grandmother knows the truth of your brother's rascality, with which she should have been acquainted one disturbs my grandmother by passing ong since."

"I could not see this day. I wanted to keep her heart light to the last," murreceived, and went thoughtfully downmured Sarah; "and now my falsehood turns upon myself, and puts that poor weak life in danger too. For they would be glad of her death," she said in an exnow-awfully alone!" (To be continued.)

AVOCADO PEAR IS QUEER.

with Northern Public.

It has much the shape of a center is a large husklike core, inclosing the seed. Between this core and the skin is the meat, which when ripe, plexed at last by the problem which she | There were two persons advancing in is of a rich, creamy yellow and tastes had set him to solve. He did not know her direction—who could they be, at that as much like beef marrow as one thing I hear her rocking the baby can be compared to another. It is sometimes eaten with a dressing of salt, pepper and oil, but is generally used as a basis of a salad.

When cut open the core drops out and it is seen that there is a double lining, resembling a thin, brown leaf or skin, between the meat and the interior core. One of the linings clings to the ment and the other to the core The lining being removed from the meat and the outer skin of the pear cut off, the fruit is treated the same as the meat of chicken or lobster designed for salad. A ripe avocado pear costing 40 cents will make as much salad as a good-sized lobster or a chicken and is much cheaper.

The use of this fruit is not confined to the natives of the West Indies and South American countries, but is growing in favor with Americans who have When they were in advance of her. an opportunity to taste it. Twenty years ago there were not more than proceeded in their direction, keeping to 100 of them consumed in New York City during the season, while at present the sales of one firm alone average from 300 to 500 every week of the season, which lasts from about June 1 to

There is one curious feature about the avocado pear, says the Jacksonville Times-Union, with which probably few of those who have eaten it are familiar. The seeds, mixed in a jelly-Sarah followed her, still clinging to the like substance, are contained within the core. If the core is split open and a pen or sharp-pointed stick dipped into this jelly-like mass, using the half of the core as a cup and stirring the seeds and jelly together, the compound can be used as an indelible ink. The mark made by it is at first of a dirty cream color, but becomes darker with There was another pause, and then the blind was snatched hastily aside, and time, finally assuming a deep salmon hue, and there is no known acid which will remove it.

> Feminine Financier. Grocer-Well, little girl, what can I do for you this morning? Little Girl-Mother sent me to get

and admitted her. Both women looked keenly at each other-and both were very change for a dollar and said to tell you she would give you the dollar to-Mary Holland walked slowly from the window, which she had unlocked to admit morrow. Sarah Eastbell, and sat down in the arm-Obliging.

chair by the fire. There was a painful si Mistress (to new cook)-And rememlence, each young woman waiting for the ber, Jane, we breakfast every morning other to speak, and each on guard. at 7 o'clock. It was Mary Holland who began at Jane-All right, ma'am. An' if I'm not down in time you needn't wait on me.

you not afraid of eatching cold, at this As Suggested. "Weren't you?" was the quick re Riggs-It strikes me that the foolkiller is neglecting his business. "I wanted fresh air," said Mary, Diggs-He's kept pretty busy, I suppose, but you might send him your address.

Self-laudation abounds among the unpolished; but nothing can stamp a "I was fatigued," said Sarah Eastbell, man more sharply as Ill-bred.-Buxton.

Common sense is instinct, and chance of that, with people tearing up gree," said Mary Holland, clasping her enough of it is genius.-H. H. Shaw,

PAPERS THE PEOPLE

Sabriel de La Rochefoucauld.

FEAR IN THE PRESENT DAY.

To-day we are far removed from fear of heat, of cold, or of wild animals. We have caps, coats, houses and firearms. The most poverty stricken among us is infinitely better protected from all danger than was the most powerful ruler of ancient days. Nevertheless we possibly are become only the more fearful. How often in a train we hear a corpulent man shout: "Close that door. Don't you feel the draft?" The tone is that of a person terrified by the sight of some great than you. Why, I have scarcely learned danger. Our own epoch is not content, however, with fearto trust myself yet! When I have full ing illness alone; it fears life also. How many despairing confidence in Mary Holland, I may put individuals we find in every class! How many tragedles faith—implicit faith—in Sarah Eastbell," find their origin solely in the disgust felt for life itself! she said, in those old crisp tones of voice How many suicides are due to the dread of a struggle! that had given character to her before And how many unfortunates there are who, feeling rethis; "but loving and respecting her genupugnance at this brutal manner of solving the problem seek in another way to forget their sad fate.. And forget fulness in the majority of cases is found in the laboring classes in inebriety. It is not to wine or alcohol, how ing up again; "I will ask for the old confi- ever, that the wealthy classes have recourse in order to dence, which appears to be sinking away forget their troubles. Generally subject to heart weak ness, the members of our high society are sentenced by their physicians to a regime of water. They are the vic tims of their parents and of their ancestors, who have left them bodies charred by too abundant feeding, and blood burnt out by too long continued diet of truffles. Thus it happens that they generally demand of the druggist poisons which will stupefy them or enable them to avoid pain.

brine or antipyrine. Only the roar of a cannon or the declaration of a war is needed to cause the fear of living to give place to the fear of dying. Then, as of old, the fear of death takes possession of humanity. Brothers, relatives and friends "You know that he is a villain then! are being killed. Mankind, for a few weeks or a few that two years ago he was in league months trembles as did the man of ancient time. The with coiners—that I knew him by sight crisis of madness ends, civilization takes up its work. in Potter's Court—that his presence here Then the weakening processes begin again, the races continue to grow old, and man, pursued by fear of suffering. "Honest people can surely take care takes recourse to theory and to science, and yet in spite f themselves against such petty knavery of all he doss or thinks, fear lives on undestroyed, hidden and inaccessible,

JAPAN WILL TRIUMPH THROUGH HER LOYALTY.



By Sir Edwin Arnold. Although no value could possibly the incidents and pictures of a memorable day which I passed in the company of his Imperial Majesty the Emand some 35,000 troops detailed for the

the glory of that early dawn, along the cited whisper. "I read it in their faces. SIR EDWIN ARNOLD. ridge of the southern hills, which I cannot trust them—or you. I am alone sweep through all the length of coast, from Kamakura and Yama to Gotemba, Olso and Nara itself. We were advancing up the steep paths, many thousand strong-horse, the eastward and southward. Right shead of us, in the cate (corrupted, like our word from roughly improvised out of four ammunition boxes, and the Aztec, abuacati). The name "alli- over these thrown a richly embroidered tablecioth of slik large. Though the sun was yet hardly high enough to touch the from a pound to two pounds. In the Majesty was there drinking tea from a small silver cup.

in supreme reverence by all around, but a reverence which had in it passionate and unchanging affection as well as custom. In Japan national loyalty has not as yet divided Boots and Shoes, tself from the actual worship given to the dynasty whose origin loses itself, in the thoughts of forty-five millions of mogeneous people, amid the mysteries of the invisible. Time was, of course-and only a few years ago-when such a proximity as ours to that divinely descended personage Flour and Feed, etc. would have been impossible, incredible, madly presumptu ous. Three times afterwards even I myself had the priviege of respectfully watching from near at hand the dark rious, unchanging, introspective countenance of him upon whom is focused the absolute devotion of the Japanese people, in a manner not only unparalleled elsewhere, but hardly ven comprehended. It is this traditional sentiment of the wonderful nation which is the mightiest of all her forces. All dividends are made with customers and which will bring her in honor and triumph out of all in the way of reasonable prices.

I shall not attempt to dwell upon what I have seen and eard personally of his imperial majesty. Other pens may dare to make him into paragraphs. Whenever I saw that dient potentate I was set thinking of the ancient legends, and of the sun goddess, and of Avalokiteswara. Now that I can only recollect, it is still with something like awe, as well as with profound respect and sympathy, that I recall the steadfast brows and the stern, sad lips of his Imperial Majesty Mutsuhlto-whose Order of the Rising Sun I have the honor to bear, and of whom I am the humble servant and well wisher-believing, as I do, that in his ugust hands Providence has placed the duty and the glory of linking forever together the East and the West in nion which once appeared impossible.

VANITY IS MODERN WOMAN'S HANDMAID.

By Mrs. Desmond Humphroys ("Rita"). There never was an age when woman's vanity was so impressed upon the public mind and so absolutely paramount in her own. She seems to rule the press by her unqualified defects and her need of curing them. She is apparently wrongly made to begin with. That is a good endoff for the corset manufacturer and an advertisement for senseless idiots who write of sixteen inch waists as a desirable possession. Has she a good skin It must be creamed and massaged and electrified in order to keep it in condition. Has she a bad one? Then she is more to be pitied, for every journal

she takes up offers her a remedy. Is she too slender? Lo: there appeals to her the inventor of anatomical development. Is she stout? Are there not delectable tablets and attach to any opinion of mine upon wondrous unguents for reducing inartistic measurements technical military problems, at the to due proportion? Has she no color, or too much Reme present juncture I venture to recall dies for both defects flare before her sight in the columns of any feminine or unfeminine weekly that covers the bounteous book stalls! Does the shape of her nose, or the color of her hair, or the mole upon her chin offend her? peror of Japan, with his military staff. She need no longer fear to "cast out," or remove, or have removed, any such personal unsightliness. The handmaids annual maneuvers. Never can I forget of Vanity stand on every side. Is not this the age of the worship of the beautiful?

It is an appalling thought, when one looks at the mod ern woman, how much is real and how much art? What lovely Enoshima, over the foot of splendid and stately Fuji will wash, what will take off, and what sort of face will pay its devoirs to Morpheus? It is only to be expected that it will differ materially from that of the beautifully foot and artillery-but chiefly foot, to hold the long ridge gowned, conflured, tinted, massaged and artificial beauty This Tropic Fruit Growing in Favor against some detested enemy deploying in the vast flats to who takes (or thinks she does) twenty years off her age by daily and nightly service at the temple of the beauty spe The Spanish name for this is agua- center of the position, not far away, was a breakfast table cialist, whose cult she has built up and whose comfortable income she supplies.

There is but one efficient method of preserving the skin. gator" is a rough corruption from the purple in color, with golden kiku—the imperial chrysanthe preventing wrinkles, and defying gray hairs. The woman above and ought to be frowned out of mum-worked by hand upon it, the only touch of anything who would defy the ravages of time must never shed a like luxury visible throughout the vast martial display. tear, never worry over anything in life, and never love or consider any human creature but-herself! Thus will sized bell or pound pear and weighs snow upon Fuji Yama with saffron and rose, his Imperial she achieve perennial youth and be able to smile defiance at beauty doctors and their nostrums. For, however ex-The young sovereign was held, as one might easily see, cellent a cure may be, prevention is a million times better.

me to marry you."

presence was not wanted.

Edith?

one of the most popular actresses in

better marry and settle down in-in a

village like Stauntonville than ever

"And you are going to marry me

"I told you that things never changed

never change. Just send Miss K-

little note to the effect that you have

corner." and we can leave for Staun-

tonville this afternoon."-Indianapolis

Early Precocity of Great Men.

The young Mozart was seated in his

cradle, composing a scherzo in B minor

"What doest thou, mein lieber kind?

inquired the coming maestro's mother

The child wonder waved her aside

"Mutter," he said in vexed though

prattling tones, "you haf interrupted

de flow of chenious. I was chust hold-

ing a sustainet seventh, sostenut cum

largo, ven you proke in upon me mit

your idle inquirings." He paused and

hand. 'I cannot take oop my work

again yet. I am not in de humorings

"It is varming in de ofen,' replied

And as she stamped heavily from

the room the child artist puckered his

tiny lips and skilfully whistled, for the

first time in public, a wooden shoe

march that was in perfect rhythm with

his maternal parent's ponderous foot

Savings Bank Laws.

bank laws similar to those of New

First of American Strikes.

Three hundred shoemakers who

York and the New England States.

It is anticipated that several of the

his doting parent. 'I will pring it so

for it. Vere is my bottle?"

quickly.'

in very fair south Germanese.

for the left hand.

with his chubby flist,

ROCKING THE BABY.

Her room is just next to mine And I fancy I feel the dimpled arms That round her neck entwine. As she rocks and rocks the baby, In the room just next to mine

hear her rocking the baby Each day when the twilight comes, And I know there's a world of blessing and love

In the "baby bye" she hums, can see the restless fingers Playing with "mamma's rings," And the sweet little smiling, pouting

mouth That to her in kissing cliugs, As she rocks and sings to the baby, And dreams as she rocks and sings.

hear her rocking the baby. Slower and slower now, And I know she is leaving her good night kiss

On its eyes and cheeks and brow. From her rocking, rocking, rocking, I wonder would she start, Could she know, through the wall be tween us,

She was rocking on my heart? While my empty arms are aching For a form they may not press, And my emptier heart is breaking In its desolate loneliness.

l list to the rocking, rocking, In the room just next to mine, At a mother's broken shrine. For the woman who rocks the baby In the room just next to mine. -Philadelphia Telegraph.

not wholly unversed in its geography, know it is not too late. I am always inhabitants and customs. Ever since Edith Blythe had left had been a subscriber to and a devoted

Once in a while, far down the street, he would spy some one, who by the

time he was disappointed. But at last she came, caught in the in obtaining the engagement for me. eddy of the crowd, and was almost "She asked me if I had fully deterpast him before he could reach her mined to make the stage my life, work,

one of the big restaurants full of peo me just what the life, in all its drudgple who laughed too loudly and looked ery, its uncertainty and its destruction as though they were all-men and of home ties meant, women-accustomed to eating and "She asked me if I had ever been drinking too much, but at a quiet place in-well, I mean I told her about you, struck for higher wages in Philadelon the avenue, which Tom had discov- She asked all sorts of questions about phia in 1876 were the first workingmen ered during previous visits.

talked of Stauntonville, where nothing ested in what she said?" seemed to occur.

"I've been away for four years," right on and tell me what she said. said Edith, with half a sigh, "but I What did she advise you to do?" don't imagine that I should find the "She said that success, even success

place changed so much after all, should like hers-and you know that she is "Changed," replied Tom, with his the country-was not worth the price hearty laugh, "nothing ever changes in one paid for it. That any woman had

Stanntonville." "You have not, at any rate." "I have not changed in any particu- achieve stardom. In short, she advised

lar, I hope." "Not in anything, Tom?" Edith was not looking at him as she ble and took Edith's hand. He utterly asked this last question, but out of the forgot that they were in a public res-

window. The question was innocent taurant. enough in its wording, but there was a little half minor cadence in her voice the general view by a bank of palms, as she asked it that lent significance to and their waiter, discretion personliked the words. "Not in anything," he answered,

very soberly. "I take the Stauntonville Clarion, Tom, and I have always been expecting to read that you were married. Haven't you found the right woman

are you sure you still want me?" "You know that I found the right woman long ago, Edith, and I am still in Stauntonville. You must go back waiting for her. I will always be with me to the world where things waiting for her."

"So. Stauntonville-and you-never change! I have been living in a world taken her advice; it is only a few of constant change for so long that it blocks to "The little church around the seems strange to think of people who do not change."

There was the same dreamy, half Sun. minor cadence in her voice, as of one who was indulging in retrospection and saw a pleasant, if not regrettable,

vision. "But you, Edith, in your world of constant change, have also remained unchanged. You are what you were before-just Edith. And you know you are the only woman I ever loved or ever could love. Are you still de-OM knew little about the theatriself upon the stage? I take it that you have been fairly successful best at you latterly, he had been reading a never think it might have been better good deal of it, and felt that he was to have chosen the other life? You

waiting for you." "I have been fairly successful," she Stautonville to go on the stage, Tom replied, "and when I met you I was just coming from rehearsal. I have reader of all the dramatic and semi- been engaged to play the second role dramatic newspapers on which he in the company of Miss ---, the star. And it begins to look as though success were not far ahead of me.

"But do you know that when I was poise of her head or the manner in engaged, Miss - asked me to lunchwhich she walked, made him think for eon with her and had a long talk with a moment that she was Edith, but each me. It seems that she took some sort of a fancy to me and was instrumental

and when I answered in the affirmative They had luncheon together; not at she sighed. Then she went on to tell

you, and then-then she-but you don't to adopt such tactics in this country. And at the luncheon they talked- know her, so why should you be inter-

"Why should I be interested? Go these days to get into the penitentiary.

DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Groceries,

GEO. P. CROWELL

Hardware.

This old-established house will continue to pay cash for all its goods; it pays no rent; it employs a clerk, but does not have to divide with a partner.

Lumber

Wood, Posts, Etc.

Davenport Bros. Lumber Co.

Have opened an office in Hood River. Call and get prices and leave orders, which will be promptly filled.

THE GLACIER

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THE GLACIER prints all the local news fit to print. When you see it in THE GLACIER you may know that others see it.

BON TON BARBER SHOP

L. C. HAYNES, PROP. The place to get an easy shave, an up-to-date hair cut, and to enjoy the luxury of a porcelain bath tub.

M. E. WELCH,

Has returned to Hood River and is prepared do any work in the veterinary line. He can be found by calling at or phoning to Clarke's

THE VETERINARY SURGEON.

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D. F. LAMAR, Proprietor.

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McGUIRE BROS., Props Dealers in Fresh and Cured Meats, Lard, Poultry, Fruits and Vegetables. FREE DELIVERY. PHONE 35



AND UNION PACIFIC TIME SCHEDULES Portland, Or. Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East. Huntington Atlantie St. Paul Fast Mail. 10:50 a. m. Express 8:15 p.m. Muntington 7:85 s. m. Atlantic Express.

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rested his bulbous head on his tiny see p.m. All sailing dates 5:00 p. m. subject to change For San Francisco-Sail every 5 days Columbia River Steamers. Willamette Stver. 8:50 p. m. Tues., Thu., Salem, Indepen-dence, Corvallia and way landings Southern States will soon pass savings 7:00 s. m. Tosa, Thur Yambill fliver. 4:30 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri. regon City, Dayton and way landings. Snake filver.

A. L. CRAIG.

A man must be mighty crooked Seneral Passenger Agent, Portland, Or. & R. HOAR, sgent, Hood Biver.