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CHAPTER IX. I took care not to reach home before did now. the hour when Julia usually went to bed. "Well! It was quite vain to think of sleep that night. I had soon worked myself up into into me, as a probe sometimes brings a that state of nervous, restless agitation patient out of stuper. when one cannot remain quietly in a room. About one o'clock I opened my love me enough to be happy with me as door as softly as possible and stole si- my wife?"

lently downstairs. Madam was my favorite mare, firstrate at a gallop when she was in good temper, but apt to turn vicious now and She was in good temper to-night, and pricked up her ears and whinnied few minutes we were going up the

reached the open country.

It was a cool, quiet night in May. A few of the larger fixed stars twinkled ten years' time." palely in the sky, but the smaller ones were drowned in the full moonlight, I turned off the road to get nearer the sea. you?" I asked. and rode along sandy lanes, with banks of turf instead of hedge rows, which were covered thickly with pale primroses. chining with the same hue as the moon

above them. Now and then I came in full sight of the sea, glittering in the silvery light. I crossed the head of a gorge, and stopped for a while to gaze down it, till my flesh It was not more than a few yards in breadth, but it was of unknown depth, and the rocks stood above it with a thick, heavy blackness. The tide was rushing its narrow channel with a thunder which throbbed like a pulse; yet in the intervals of its pulsation I could catch the thin, prattling tinkle of a brook runping merrily down the gorge to plunge headlong into the sea.

As the sun rose, Sark looked very near, and the sea, a plain of silvery blue, seemed solid and firm enough to afford me a road across to it. A white mist lay like a huge snowdrift in hazy, broad curves over the Havre Gosselin, with sharp peaks of cliffs piercing through. Olivia was sleeping yender behind that veil of shining mist; and dear as Guernsey was to me, she was a hundred-fold dearer.

But my night's ride had not made my day's task any easier for me. No new light had dawned upon my difficulty. There was no loophole for me to escape from the most painful and perplexing strait I had ever been in. How was I to break it to Julia? and when? It was quite plain to me that the sooner it was over the better it would be for myself, and perhaps the better for her. How was I to go through my morning's calls?

I resolved to have it over as soon as breakfast was finished. Yet when breakfast came I was listening intently for some summons which would give me an hour's grace from fulfilling my own determination. I prolonged my meal, keeping my mother in her place at the table; for she had never given up her office of pouring out my tea and coffee.

I finished at last, and still no urgent riable quantity always with me.

how was I to begin? Julia was so calm length Johanna turned the corner, and and unsuspecting. In what words could her pony carriage came rattling cheer-I convey my fatal meaning most gently My head throbbed, and I could to meet her. not raise my eyes to her face. Yet it must be done.

"Dear Julia," I said, in as firm a voice as I could command.

'Yes, Martin." But just then Grace, the housemaid knocked emphatically at the door, and after a due pause entered with a smiling. significant face, yet with an apologetic

"If you please, Dr. Martin," she said, "I'm very sorry, but Mrs. Lihou's baby is taken with convulsion fits; and they want you to go as fast as ever you can, please, sir.'

Was I sorry or glad? I could not tell. It was a reprieve; but then I knew positively it was nothing more than a reprieve. The sentence must be executed. Julia came to me, bent her cheek towards me, and I kissed it. That was our usual salutation when our morning's interview

"I am going down to the new house," ne said. "I lost a good deal of time yesterday, and I must make up for it Shall you be passing by at any time. Martin? Yes no I cannot tell exactly," I

"If you are passing, come in for a few minutes," she answered; "I have a thou-

sand things to speak to you about. I was not overworked that morning The convulsions of Mrs. Lihou's baby were not at all serious. So I had plonty of time to call upon Julia at the new house; but I could not summon sufficient The morning slipped away

and chatting carelessly with the officers I went down rejuctantly at length to the new house; but it was at almost the last hour. Doggedly, but sick at heart with myself and all the world, I went

whilst I was loitering about Fort George.

down to meet my doom. Julia was sitting alone in the drawing room, which overlooked the harbor and the group of islands across the channel. There was no fear of interruption. It was an understood thing that at presen only Julia's most intimate friends had been admitted into our new house, and then by special invitation alore.

There was a very happy, very placid expression on her face. Every barsh line seemed softened, and a pleased smile played about her lips. Her dress was one of those simple, fresh, clean muslin is something going wrong with you." gowns, with knots of ribbon about it, which make a plain woman almost pretty. and a pretty woman bewitching. "I am very glad you are come, my

" she said softly. I dared not dally another moment, I

must take my plunge at once into the 'I have something of importance to say

to you, dear cousin," I began. Instead of on the chair close to hers. She grown rigid, and a peculiar blue tinge of looked up at that, and fixed her eyes up-en me keenly. I had often quailed be-

fore Julia's gaze as a boy, but never as

"Well! what is it?" she asked curtly. The inclaiveness of her tone brought life

"Julia," I said, "are you quite sure you

'I know you well enough to be as hap py as the day is long with you," she re-

"You do not often look as if you loved

plied, the color rushing to her face.

"That is only my way," she answered. when I unlocked the stable door. In a "I can't be soft and purring like many women. I don't care to be always kies Grange road at a moderate pace till we ling and hanging about anybody. But if you are afraid I don't love you enoughwell! I will ask you what you think in

> "What would you say if I told you I had once loved a girl better than I do

"That's not true," she said sharply. T've known you all your life, and you could not hide such a thing from your mother and me. You are only laughing at me, Martin."

"Heaven knows I'm not laughing," I answered solemnly; "it's no laughing matter. Julia, there is a girl I love better than you, even now.'

The color and the smile faded out of her face, leaving it ashy pale. Her lips parted once or twice, but her voice failed her. Then she broke out into a short hysterical laugh. You are talking nonsense, dear Mar

tin," she gasped; "you ought not! I am not very strong. Tell me it is a joke."
"I cannot," I replied, painfully and sorrowfully; "it is the truth, though I would almost rather face death than own it. I love you dearly, Julia; but I love

another woman better." There was dead silence in the room after those words. I could not hear Julia breathe or move, and I could not look at her. My eyes were turned towards the window and the islands across the sea, purple and hazy in the distance.

"Leave me!" she said, after a very long stillness; "go away, Martin." "I cannot leave you alone," I exclaimed; "no, I will not, Julia. Let me tell you more; let me explain it all. You ight to know everything now." "Go away!" she repeated, in a mechan-

cal way. I hesitated still, seeing her white and trembling, with her eyes glassy and fixed. But she motioned me from her towards the door, and her pale lips parted again to reiterate her command.

How I crossed that room I do not know; but the moment after I had closed the door I heard the key turn in the lock. I dared not quit the house and leave her alone in such a state; and I longed ardently to hear the clocks chime five, and the sound of Johanna's coach wheels on the roughly paved street.

That was one of the longest half hours message had come for me. My mother in my life. I stood at the street door together alone, as her custom watching and waiting, and nodding to was, for what time I had to spare a va- people who passed by, and who simpered at me in the most inane fashion.

fully over the large round stones. I ran

"For heaven's sake go to Julia!" I "I have told her.

"And what does she say?" asked Johanna. "Not a word, not a syllable," I replied, "except to bid me go away. She has

locked herself into the drawing room. "Then you had better go away altogether," she said, "and leave me to deal with her. Don't come in, and then I can say you are not here.'

A friend of mine lived in the opposite house, and though I knew he was not at home. I knocked at his door and asked permission to rest for a while.

The windows looked into the street and there I sat watching the door of our new house, for Jehanna and Julia to come out. At length Julia appeared, her face completely hidden behind a veil. Jehanna helped her into the low carriage. as if she had been an invalid. Then they drove off, and were soon out of my sight By this time our dinner hour was near. and I knew my mother would be looking out for us both. I was thankful to fine at the table a visitor, one of my father's patients, a widow, with a high color, a loud voice and boisterous spirits, who kept up a rattle of conversation with Dr. Dobree. My mother glanced anxiously at me, but she could say little.

we sat down to dinner without her. gone to the Vale, with Johanna Carey, Will she come back to-night?" asked

"Where is Julia?" she had inquired, as

my mother. 'Not to-night," I said aloud: but to my self I added, "nor for many nights to come; never, most probably, whilst I am under this roof. We have been building our house upon the sand, and the floods have come, and the winds have blown, and the house has fallen; but my mother knows nothing of the catastrophe yet." She read trouble in my face, as clearly

as one sees a thunder cloud in the sky. and she could not rest till she had fathomed it. I went up into my own room, where I should be alone to think over things. I heard her tapping lightly at the door. She was not in the habit of leaving her guests, and I was surprised

and perplexed at seeing her.

"Your father and Mrs. Murray are having a game of chees," she said. can be alone together half an hour, And now tell me what is the matter? There

and I knelt down beside her. It was almost harder to tell her than to tell Julia; but it was worse than useless to put off the evil moment.

"Mother, I am not going to marry my cousin, for I love somebody else, and I told Julia so this afternoon. It is broken

off for good now." She gave me no answer, and I looked up into her dear face in alarm. It had was several minutes before she breathed freely and naturally. Then she did not look at me, but lifted up her eyes to the pale evening sky, and her lips quivered

with agitation.
"Martin, it will be the death of me," she said; and a few tears stole down her cheeks, which I wiped away.
"It shall not be the death of you," I excisimed. "If Julia is willing to marry

me, knowing the whole truth, I am ready to marry her for your sake, mother. I would do anything for your sake. But Johanna said she ought to be told, and I think it was right myself." Who is it, who can it be that you

"Mother," I said, "I wish I had told you before, but I did not know that I loved the girl as I do till I saw her yesterday in Sark." "That girl!" she cried. "One of the

Olliviers! Oh, Martin, you must marry in your own class.' That was a mistake," I answered. 'Her Christian name is Olivia; I do not

know what her surname is." 'Not know even her name!" she ex-

"Listen, mother," I said; and then told her all I knew about Olivia. "Oh, Martin, Martin!" walled my poor mother, breaking down again suddenly. "I did so long to see you in a home of your own! And Julia was so generous, never looking as if all the money was hers, and you without a penny! What is to become of you now, my boy? I wish had been dead and in my grave before

this had happened!"
"Hush, mother!" I said, kneeling down again beside her and kissing her tenderly; "It is still in Julia's hands. If she will marry me, I shall marry her."

But then you will not be happy?" she said, with fresh sobs. It was impossible for me to contradict

that. I felt that no misery would be equal to that of losing Olivia. But I did my best to comfort my mother, by promising to see Julia the next day and renew my engagement, if possible. "Pray, may I be informed as to what is

the matter now?" broke in a satirical, cutting voice—the voice of my father. It roused us both-my mother to her usual mood of gentle submission, and me to the chronic state of irritation which his presence always provoked in me. "Not much, sir," I answered coldly;

"only my marriage with my cousin Julia is broken off.' "Broken off!" he ejaculated, "broken

CHAPTER X. My father stood motionless for a mo ment. Then slowly he sank into a chair. "I am a ruined and disgraced man," he said, without looking up; "if you have broken off your marriage with Julia, I

shall never raise my head again."
"But why?" I asked uneasily. "Come down into my consulting room," he said. I went on before him, carrying the lamp, and turning round once or twice saw his face look grey, and the

expression of it vacant and troubled. His consulting room was a luxurious room, elegantly furnished. He sank down into an easy chair, shivering as if we were in the depth of winter. "Martin, I am a ruined man!" he said,

for the second time. "But how?" I asked again, impatiently

"I dare not tell you," he cried, leaning his head upon his desk and sobbing. How white his hair was! and how aged he looked! My heart softened and warmed to him as it had not done for years.

"Father!" I said, "if you can trust any one, you can trust me. If you are ruined and disgraced I shall be the same. as your son.'

"That's true," he answered, true! It will bring disgrace on you and your mother. We shall be forced to leave Guernsey, where she has lived all her life; and it will be the death of her Martin, you must save us all by making

'But why?" I demanded, once more 'I must know what you mean.' 'Mean?" he said, turning upon me angrily, "you blockhead! I mean that un-less you marry Julia I shall have to give an account of her property; and I could

not make all square, not if I sold every stick and stone I possess." I sat silent for a time, trying to take in this piece of information. He had been Julia's guardian ever since she left an orphan, ten years old; but I had never known that there had not been a formal and legal settlement of her affairs when she was of age. Our family name

had no blot upon it: it was one of the most honored names in the island. But if this came to light, then the disgrace would be dark indeed. 'Can you tell me all about it?' I asked. "It would take a long time," he said, and it would be a deuce of a nuisance. You make it up with Julia, and marry

her, as you're bound to do. Of course you will manage all her money when you are her husband, as you will be. Now 'But I don't know all," I replied; "and

I insist upon doing so before I make up my mind what to do." For two hours I was busy with his accounts. Once or twice he tried to slink out of the room; but that I would not suffer. At length the ornamental clock on his chimney piece struck eleven, and he made another effort to beat a retreat.

"Do not go away till everything is clear," I said; "is this all?" "All?" he repeated; "isn't it enough?" "Between three and four thousand pounds deficient?" I answered; "it is quite

"Enough to make me a felon," he said, "if Julia chooses to presecute me."
"I think it is highly probable," I replied; "though I know nothing of the

"Then you see clearly, Martin, there is no alternative but for you to marry her, and keep our secret. I have reckened upon this for years, and your mother and I have been of one mind in bringing it about. If you marry Julia, her affairs go direct from my hands to yours, and we are all safe. If you break with her she will leave us, and demand an account of my guardianship; and your name and mine will be branded in our own island.

That is very clear," I said sullenly. "Your mother would not survive it." he continued, with a solemn accent. "Oh! I have been threatened with that I exclaimed, very bitterly. "Pray does my mother know of this dis-

graceful business?" 'Heaven forbid!' he cried. mother is a good woman, Martin; as simple as a dove. You ought to think of her before you consign us all to shame. Poor Mary! My poor, poor love! I believe pallor was spreading over it. Her head she cares enough for me still to break had fallen back against the chair. It her heart over it." "Then I am to be your scapegoat," I

"You are my son," he answered; "and religion itself teaches us that the sins of the fathers are visited on the children. I leave the matter in your hands. But only answer one question: Could you show your face amongst your own friends if this were known?

I knew very well I could not. My father a fraudulent steward of Julia's property! Then farewell for ever to all that had made my life happy. I saw there was no escape from it-I must marry

"Well," I said at last, "as you say, the matter is in my hands now; and I must make the best of it. Good night, sir." (To be continued.)

Only Requires Nerve. The Forest and Stream says that nearly every one has a fear of wild animals, and yet no wild animal will fight unless wounded or cut off from all apparent avenues of escape. All animals will try and escape if given a chance. This fear is kept up by all sorts of bear, welf and snake stories, most of which are magnified to make heroes of hunters. There is more danger from natural causes in a visit to wild anima haunts than from the animals. There is more danger of slipping off a precipice or falling into a river than from being hurt by a bear or a wolf. Many more people have been killed by lightning than have been run over by stampeding buffalo herds, or killed by wounded grizzly bears, or by all the other animals of the prairie put together. One might almost say that more people have been struck by falling meteorites than have been killed by panthers or wolves. And yet from day to day the newspapers continue to print bear stories, catamount stories, and wolf stories, and probably they will do so until long after the last bear, catamount and wolf shall have disappeared from the land.

Why He Got Well. The Man with a Clear Conscience bought a pair of tan shoes with the advent of spring, and, while going home in the street car, conjured up a mental photograph of himself strolling along the sandy beach of a summer resort with his pedal extremities encased in his new purchase. That night he was taken ill. For four days he contemplated his new shoes with his head on a downy pillow. When he recov-

ered the Man said: "There was only one thing that worried me while I was sick. I couldn't get those tan shoes out of my head. What if I should die without having had a chance to wear 'em! Such a contingency seemed to furnish an additional and potent reason why I should get well. I just made up my mind I was going to live long enough to get my feet into those shoes andwell, I did."-New York Mail and Ex-

Meissonier and the Rich Man. One of the good stories about the famous painter, Meissonier, is in regard to his experience with a "new rich" gentleman who had erected a private theater at his chateau. Meissonier was just then at the height of his fame. and when spending months painting pictures and selling them for about we hundred dollars a square inch The rich man conceived the brilliant idea that what his theater most needed was a drop curtain painted by the famous Meissonier. So he went to the artist's studio and proposed the matter to him. 'How large is the curtain to be?" asked the great painter. "It will be thirty feet high and thirty-five feet wide.' was the reply. "My friend," said Meissonier, blandly, "it will take me twenty years to paint such a curtain, and it will cost you six million dollars." This

bargain was not completed. Washington Irving's Love Story. Washington Irving always remained single because Matilda Hoffman, the beautiful girl to whom he was engaged. died of consumption in her seventeenth year. He says: "I was by her when she died, and was the last she ever looked upon." He took her Bible and prayerbook away with him, sleeping with them under his pillow, and in all his subsequent travels they were his inseparable companions. Not until thirty years after her death did any one venture to speak of her to him. He was visiting her father, and one of her nieces, taking some music from a drawer, brought with it a piece of embroidery, "Washington," said Mr. Hoffman, 'this was from Matilda's work." The effect was electric. He had been talking gaily the moment before, but became silent and soon left the house.

# Ferment.

A little school girl told her teacher to write the word "ferment" on her slate, together with the definition and a sentence in which the word was used. The following is the result: "F-e-rm-e-n-t; a verb signifying to work. I love to do all kinds of fancy ferment." -London King.

## His Loves. Carrie-The last time Fred called be

latest love.-Boston Transcript.

was very tender. He assured me I was his first love. Bess-That's something, to be sure: but last evening he told me I was his

The Spirit's Calmer Retreat. "Jones, next door, is getting old." "What de you go by?"

"He's quit talking baseball and gone to talking garden."-Detroit Free

## It Wasn't Wasted. Cook-The Irish stew was burned.

Proprietor-Well, put some spice in it, and add "a la Francaise" to its name on the menu.-London Tit-Bits.

After a young man has gone half a dozen places with a young woman he has told her everything he knows that is interesting.

# Prof. Frederick Starr, of the Univer A NARROW ESCAPE

sity of Chicago, who is looking for peo-

ple with an extra allowance of fingers

or toes, would be delighted to meet a

servant of the Marquis de Balincourt,

named him "Twenty-four."

Dr. Capitan, a well-known ethnolo

HAND WITH SIX FINGERS.

In the true form, as seen in the case of

the marquis' servant, the supernumer-

ary fingers and toes are complete addi-

Theodore Watts-Dutton's memoirs

are to be published in a few months.

He was a friend of Swinburne, Ros-

setti, Morris and several other impor-

The new novel by Mrs. Hugh Fraser

tant figures in Victorian literature.

gives a record of his observations

Scribner's without previous serial pub-

lication. "The Cavaller" is a story of

the Civil War and the scene is set in

Copiah County, Mississippi, in 1863

The hero of the story is Ned Ferry

chief of Ferry's Confederate scouts

Confederate newspaper correspondent

in that vicinity by furnishing them

"Memorles of a Musical Life." by Dr

William Mason, the dean of his pro-

fession in America, will be issued by

the Century Company. The writer's

musical experiences began over fifty

years ago and his book will contain

reminiscences of Meyerbeer, Schu-

mann, Moscheles, Wagner and Liszt, as

Rubenstein, Von Bulow, Paderewski

and others. The illustrations will in-

Not the Same.

Tess-I met Miss Le Fevre in Paris.

Joss-Oh! ves. I learned French up

Tess-No. She said you used to take

essons from her.-Philadelphia Press.

ple know that you are envious, un-

book, "Marna's Mutiny."

ered.

tographs.

with information.

kept for many years.

She said she knew you.

label you?

der her; did she tell you?

place in the regular members.

fingers and toes."

# An Indiana Woman's Terrible Experience.

who is exciting much interest among European scientists. He 's a young "It was a frightful experience and man, and on each hand he has six well-I never expected to come out alive, developed fingers, while on each foot said Mrs. Ellen Bowman, of No. 82 he has an equal number of well-devel-Windsor block, Indianapolis, Ind., oped toes. It is not known whether he in the course of an interview recently published in the Sun of that city. inherited this anomaly. His supernumerary members are of no special use 'I do not suppose it ever would have to him, but he is never allowed to for- happened," she continued, "but, get that he possesses them, as his comsome years ago I began to worry and rades, for an abvious reason, have nick- to do more work than I ought. This brought on a general physical weakness, my blood became thin and I grew nervous. I went to a doctor and gist, writing on this subject, says: There are two forms of this singular he said I had consumption." phenomenon, the true and the hybrid.

"Did he advise any course of treatment?"

"Yes, he gave me some medicine which I took, but it did me no good. Other doctors failed to help me and I became despondent of ever getting well. My limbs ached, my head was dizzy and I was most miserable."

'You don't look now as if you had ever been sick," ventured the report-

"No. and I don't feel as if I ever had," said she. "I owe my present health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. About four years ago a friend from Ohio recommended the pills to me, saying they had benefited his daughter whose symptoms were similar to mine, so I began to use them. It was only a very short time before I experienced relief. I have recommended the pills to many, for I am confident that benefit will follow their use."

tional members, the fingers being usu-There is hardly a person who does ally placed beside the thumbs and the not worry at times and fret about toes beside the great toes. In the hythings that go wrong. And worry is brid form, on the other hand, the adresponsible for as much sickness as ditional fingers and toes are merely a any other cause. It interferes with result of a division which has taken the action of the stomach and racks the nerves. The result is that the "The thumb is the part usually afblood becomes poor and the nervous fected, and it may be divided at the system impaired. The power of Dr. first joint, though the division general- Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People ly starts at the base. All the other in the vast number of diseases due to fingers may be divided in a similar derangement of the nervous system manner; indeed, as many as fifteen finor to impure blood has been demongers have been found on one hand. strated in thousands of instances as Atavism is evidently the cause, but one remarkable as the one related above. would have to travel very far back in They cure locomotor ataxia. partial order to discover the origin of such paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, after effects of the grip, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and all forms of weakness either in male or female. At all druggists, or direct from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., 50 cents per box; six boxes, \$2.50.

## Sisterly Sympathy.

Gwendolen-How late you are, dear! What have you been doing all the afternoon? Maud-Helping the Grisbys at their

at home" and making myself generally fascinating and agreeable.
Gwendolen—Poor thing! What a hard day's work for you!-Punch.

# A Wonderful Echo.

The most remmarkable echo in the soon to appear tells of a Scandinavian world is that which comes from the consul at a Japanese port, his daughter north side of a church in Shipley. and a British nobleman. The daugh. It distinctly peats any sentence ter's name occurs in the title of the not exceeding 21 syllables.

# The Absence of It.

Preston W. Search has had a fruitful If there is any truth in the saying experience in the graded and ungraded schools, in colleges, in commercial that happiness is the absence of all schools, normal and high schools, as pain, mental and physical, the enjoyprincipal and superintendent, and in ment of it can only be found in his "An Ideal School," which will be heaven. But so far as the physical is published by D. Appleton & Co., he concerned, it is within easy reach; at least measurably so, as far as cure will

The sum of human misery in A general view of the legal condition this line is made up of greater or less of women throughout the United States degrees of physical suffering. The will be presented in a volume by Prof. minor aches and pains which afflict George James Bayles, of Columbia Unimankind are easy to reach and as versity which is to be published by the easily cured. There are none in the Century Company in a few weeks. In whole catagory, which, if taken in time, cannot be cured. They must it women's property rights and the grounds for divorce are fully considin some form afflict the nerves, the bones, the muscles and joints of the "A Winter Pilgrimage" is the title of human body. They are all more or a new book by H. Rider Haggard less hurtful and wasteful to the syswhich will soon be published. It deals tem. St. Jacobs Oil is made to cure with Italy and the near east, and is the them, to search out hidden pain spots, result of a journey made by the author and to cure promptly in a true remelast year through Palestine, Italy and dial and lasting way. Very, very many have not known happiness for Cyprus. The volume will be illustrated with thirty-nine illustrations from pho years till they used it, and very many are putting off cure and happiness be-George W. Cable's new novel, "The cause they don't use it. Cavalier," will be published by the

# Won a Pass.

An excellent story is told of a certain prominent railway director who is equally renowned for his ability to make or take a joke, says the London Standard. An employee whose home is in the country applied to him for a while the heroine is Charlotte Oliver, s pass to visit his family. You are in the employ of the company?" inquired the gentleman alludwho was of great service to the leaders

'Yes."

"You receive your pay regularly?" "Yes. "Well, now, supposing you were working for a farmer instead of the company, would you expect your em-

company, would you expect your em-ployer to take out his horses every Saturday night and carry you home?" This seemed a poser, but it wasn't. "No," said the man promptly, "I would not expect that, but if the farmwell as many of the moderns, including er had his horses out and was going my way I should call him a very mean fellow if he would not let me ride." clude many reproductions from an utes after with a pass good for tweleve The employee came out three minautograph book which Mr. Mason has months.

## An Insinuation.

Willie-Paw, is the devil every

Father-Yes; every place, my son: now, don't bother me any more. Willie-I won't, paw; but ain't you afraid to go out after night?-Ohio State Journal.

When you go around abusing a man without a cause, don't you suppose peo-PISO'S CURE FOR truthful and unfair, and that they so