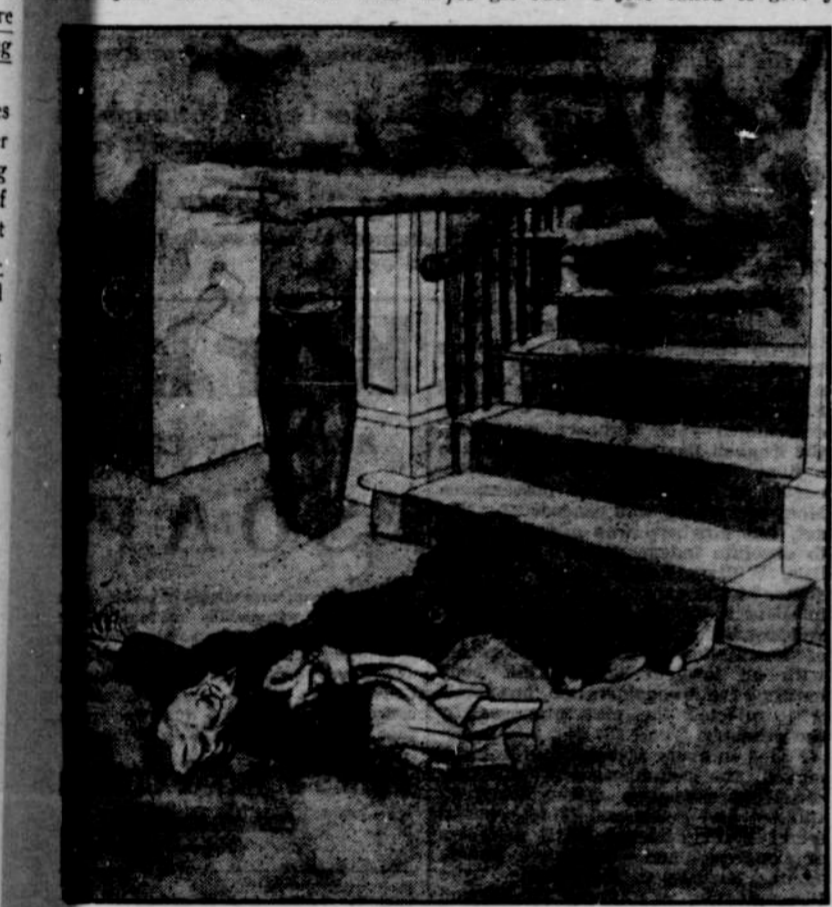




Jonas was cooking a bit of bacon on the little stove when the door opened and a rasping voice spoke familiarly: "Goin' to sell out, I see, Jonas."

Jonas looked up in evident displeasure. He was a slender, old man—perhaps seventy years of age. His hair was thin and white, and his beard and moustache grew long and straggly, showing the pink skin beneath, for Jonas was in prime health as a result of his regular, active farm life. Now his cheeks were plumper with irritation. Squire Barlow was not a welcome visitor. Jonas's glance encountered another old man—as advanced in years as himself, but not as well preserved. He was short and stout, with black, heavy eyes deep-set in a yellowish, leathery face. He looked the mean, hard-bitten man he was known to be; and as Jonas was not pleased with the interruption he turned again to the stove, giving curt assent to the Squire's inquiry:

"See right. Guess ye know the mainin' of red flags jes' as well as I do, seein' as how gen'rally ye happen to be 'roun' where there's bargains. Will ye shet th' door, Squire? I ain't got no plans for heatin' all out doors." Jonas spoke impatiently. Then, as the Squire closed the door with an



whipped the grouch from under my feet with ye're consarned pretty manners an' ye're bank account, and took Ann Eliza out o' my arms, an' married her, damn ye. Mebbe ye don't remember that, ye—ye whelp, ye lyn, dirty, low-down—"

It was well for the Squire that his breath failed, for Jonas was up in an instant, his eyes flashing, his nostrils white and dilated with sudden, virile anger. He leaned with one hand on the table, and in his grasp was the long bread-knife. His voice was ominously quiet:

"Steady, Squire. I don't allow no man to insult me in my own house, nor anywhere else. I guess ye're said 'bout enough. Ye might as well git out an' stay."

The Squire calmed down immediately. He picked up his hat, buttoned up his coat over his still heaving breast, and laid a heavy hand on the door-knob. Then he turned and for full a minute the two men looked steadily each into the other's eyes like animals about to spring. The Squire's lips were drawn in a sneer, showing his yellow stubby teeth. "I ain't got no weepins," he said finally, opening the door. "But mebbe this time to-morrow ye won't be so quick to ask me to git out. I jest called to give ye

Have you ever thought, young man, what it means to be dubbed "old and no good?" Have you an idea of the hopelessness of age when the only outlook is continued need and reduced earning capacity? The truth came home strongly to Jonas when he began to seek work. There was no work for him. They wanted young men. He was too old; he couldn't stand the racket. And some were less gentle with the rebuff. Gradually his little fund dwindled, and at last he made his way by begging at farm houses along the road. He found shelter in hayricks and barns, sneaking in after dark and leaving before dawn. Lack of food began to tell. The wrinkles deepened in his face; his eyes took on a hopeless expression; his gait was slower; his back began to bend. In a few weeks Jonas was an old, old man. And with weakness came the feeling of dependence. His pride melted. He wanted a strong arm about him. But there was only one in all the world on whom he might call—"Sonny." And where was "Sonny" now?

There was ample time for Jonas to regret the past. As he plodded along the frozen road he recalled the occurrences of ten years before, when "Sonny" had passed out of his life. On the boy's shoulders had fallen the burden of the farm with its mortgage. Together they had worked, Bill doing the lion's share, to raise the enclosure, and when the money was almost in hand, Jonas had loaned it, against Billy's earnest protest, to a friend on an unsecured note, at heavy interest. And when the friend failed, Billy saw the fruits of his labor swept away in a night. Was it any wonder, then, that he proposed giving up the farm and moving to the city? Were they to continue there, with noses to the eternal grindstone, merely eking out a living? The mother agreed, faith in her son being deep and abiding; but Jonas said No, and when, after months of argument, Billy announced his intention of going alone, Jonas rose in wrath and showed him the door, bidding him with a curse to "Go, and stay, and never show your face again." Now, in his bitterness, weak and weary, Jonas sat down by the side of the road and wept quietly—the first time in years. Oh, if he could only find "Sonny." "Sonny" would forgive him. His heart went back to the old home; to the sorrowing mother, who had pined away grieving for her son. He did not know that on the day of his departure, Billy, prosperous and generous, having heard of the approaching sale, had appeared before the astonished Squire Barlow and upset the individual's prophecy by satisfying all demands and rendering the sale unnecessary; nor that for weeks Billy had been advertising all over the East for his father to come home.

It was New Year's eve. Jonas had been on the road over a month. Without knowing how, or indeed, why, he had proceeded steadily north, through the mountains, and now, as the bleak, winter day drew to a close, he was approaching the great city of Pittsburgh. From afar he had seen the heavy smoke lying low on the horizon. The road was lined with beautiful residences, and as dusk came on, lights appeared in the windows. There was warmth and cheer. Might not food and shelter be there too for an old man? He could not keep up much longer. He was sick with hunger. In desperation he followed the driveway of a palatial residence and made his way back to the stable. The hostler came at him savagely. "Git out o' here," he growled. "This ain't no place for hoboes." Jonas turned and went out again. He would not beg from a common stable-hand. He would push on to the city.

As he passed the side of the house he glanced up at the roof and stopped suddenly. There was a glow in the attic window. The glass shivered and a gust of smoke and flame told him instantly that the house was on fire. With quick steps he ran to the front and up on the broad porch. The door was locked, but he pounded on it with his fists. "FIRE! FIRE!" he shouted, and again, "FIRE! FIRE!" The door opened, showing the white, scarred face of a woman. "FIRE! Your house is on fire!" he cried, as he pushed past her.

Women screamed and children ran hither and thither. Hardly knowing why Jonas buried up the broad stairs. As he turned into the upper hall a cloud of smoke enveloped him. He entered the first room and ran to the window. Opening it, he shouted into the still night air, "FIRE! FIRE!" He heard men's voices, but as in a dream, for the smoke was stifling him. He must get back or die, like a rat in a hole. As he groped his way he fell against a bed. A tiny voice started him. It was a baby, choking in the dense smoke. He reached out blindly; his hands came upon the child struggling beneath heavy coverings. He grabbed it up, dragging off the blankets, and wrapping them around the little one's head and body.

Somehow he reached the door, staggered into the hall and found the stairway. As he started down he tripped over the end of a blanket and rolled down, down, over and over. His head struck a sharp corner at the foot of the steps, and he lay still, the precious bundle clasped in his arms.

An immeasurable space of time passed—then Jonas awoke slowly. He knew that he was warm, and that he lay on a soft bed; but his eyes were heavy and he could not lift the lids. Then a familiar voice sounded in his ears. "Father, father," it said. Surely that was "Sonny's" voice, and he was back in the old home, and it was time to get up and milk the cows. He struggled against the heavy sleep. His eyes opened and looked up into Billy's face. "Sonny, is it you?" he asked, weakly. "Who am I, Sonny?" "Yes, father, it's me, Billy," came the strong, familiar voice. "Don't you know me, father? I've been hunting you everywhere. You're right here at home, my home."

Slowly the truth dawned upon him. He closed his eyes again, trying to remember. "Sonny, there was a fire, and—a—a—baby—"

HAUNTED CASTLE OF KIMBOLTON
The Queen of England Stands Godmother to American Baby.

When Queen Alexandra stood as godmother to the son and heir of the Duke of Manchester and his American wife, it was the first occasion on which this royal lady ever assumed responsibility for the spiritual welfare of any child whose mother is a native of the United States. King Edward, while still Prince of Wales, accepted the sponsorship of quite a number of children of Anglo-American unions.

By the Anglo, the Duke of Manchester is the present head of Drogo de Monte Acuto, who was a famous warrior in the immediate train of Robert, Earl of Moreton, at the time of the Norman conquest. Among his ancestral homes, rescued and reestablished with the aid of his American father-in-law, Eugene Zimmerman, of Cincinnati, pre-eminent stands the tradition-filled, association-haunted Kimbolton Castle. The castle is an ancient, stone building, standing at the head of the



DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER.

Fen country, in a spacious, well-wooded park, close to the town of Huntingdon. Four centuries ago it was the dower palace of Queen Katherine of Aragon, after her divorce from Henry VIII. It would still appear to be the residence of her spirit, since her ghost, in long, queenly robe and royal crown, is said to roam its corridors even yet. The Castle, however, has another ghost, less dignified, perhaps, but distinctly interesting in its habits. The portrait of Sir John Popham, erstwhile Lord Chief Justice of England, and one of the earliest promoters of American colonization, hangs in the great hall, and its original is said to keep a nightly vigil for rogues and poachers, accommodating himself, according to inclination and moonlight, by either sitting astride the park wall or secreting himself under the shadow of the mighty elm trees. Probably the ghost of Sir John is an immense saving of gamekeepers' salaries to the dual purse.

Lord Denbigh, who is well remembered in this country from his visit in Boston a few years ago, at the head of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of London, is the chief of the family to which the famous novelist, Henry Fielding, belonged. He likewise claims relationship with the imperial Austrian House of Hapsburg; this claim, however, being ridiculed by many eminent English genealogists. He is lord-in-waiting to the King, and one of the forty Roman Catholic members of the Upper House of the English national assembly.

The Bradley-Martins, it is learned, have made several efforts to purchase Balmuccia outright, the magnificent place they occupy in Scotland. But, though they have frequently raised their figures to a fancy price, they cannot induce the owner to part with it. The fact that they merely lease the place does not prevent them from spending a mint of money on it. It is now far more luxuriously fitted up than Balmuccia, the Scotch royal residence, and Mar Lodge, the Duchess, or rather, Princess of Fife's palace, pales into insignificance compared with it.

The Bradley-Martins have been so long in England that one almost forgets their rise to influence in the social world. Theirs is a success due to riches—at least, so it would appear, and, in fact, such success makes small impression on the thoughtful. Yet, when you look into it, you find many things that arouse your admiration. It is no mean thing to make an entrance in the London world of fashion. It requires a deal of tact and knowledge of men and women. The Earl of Craven, the son-in-law of the Bradley-Martins, passes most of his time looking after his forty thousand acres, and in attending to his duties as county magistrate near his Warwickshire home. Lady Craven is keenly interested in poultry farming, and at Coombe Abbey has bred birds that have stirred up the keenest sort of competition among English fanciers. Moreover, it is agreed on all hands that the boy-and-girl marriage of 1893 has turned out more pleasantly than the viscerates of that date predicted. And the Countess of Craven grows prettier as she grows older.

Prince Nanzetta Pehaszcz Montezuma, who claims to be the lineal descendant of the famous Aztec King of that name, is a small, olive-skinned youth, with large, heavily-fringed gray eyes, a full, red mouth and long hair. He wears civilian clothes, a broad-brimmed sombrero, and usually carries an interesting, carved cane.

van Calava.



Fabulous Cost of Solomon's Temple

Solomon's Temple flourished before the days of modern "Graft," but it may be wondered what became of all the jewels and precious stones, for the talents of gold, silver and brass used in the construction of the temple were valued at about thirty-five billions of dollars, and the jewels about the same, according to Villapandus. The consecrated vessels of gold amounted to two and three-quarter billions; of silver two and one-half billions; the vestments and musical instruments to eleven and one-quarter millions.

There were ten thousand men employed to hew timber, seven thousand as burden carriers, twenty thousand as hewers of stones, thirty-three hundred overseers, all of whom were employed for seven years and upon whom Solomon bestowed as a gift thirty millions of dollars. Adding the food and wages the total would be over four hundred and fifty millions of dollars. The costly stone and timber equalled twelve billion more and the whole total has been carefully estimated as \$77,521,905,636.

Crow and Parrot Fight.

Adam Forepaugh, the veteran showman, had a white parrot which had learned to say, "One at a time, gentlemen, don't crush," acquired, of course, from the ticket seller.

One day the parrot got lost, and after a long search Mr. Forepaugh was overjoyed to hear its familiar voice from an adjoining cornfield. He dismounted from his buggy, entered the cornfield and found the parrot in the middle of a flock of crows that had pecked him until he was almost featherless. As the crows bit and nipped, the parrot, lying on his side and defending himself with his claws, was repeating over and over, "One at a time, gentlemen, one at a time. Don't crush."

Colorado's Fine Capitol.

The State Capitol of Colorado was erected at a cost of \$3,600,000 and is constructed entirely of Colorado material. The exterior is of selected gray granite and the interior of polished marble and onyx. It stands in the center of a ten-acre tract and required about ten years to complete.

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