The second secon

He placed in Mr. Drummend's bands

Drummond read it with no little suger,

"Unhappy boy!" he said, addressing

what I had intended to do sooner, I

have supported you in lasinom long

Next week you must go to work. I will

take you into my store; but as I am not

This was an alarming threat to Joshua

CHAPTER XIII.

Pive minutes later he was occupying

eat, or, rather, half a seat, for there sat

"Fine day," he said, briskly.
"Yes, sir, very fine," answered Walter.

"Some people are affected by the weath-

er; I am not," pursued his fellow trav-eler. "I feel as smart one day as an-

other. I'm always sheerful. I've got too

he hasn't time to be in the dumps."

"No. sir, not at present."

business?"

Walter.

"You look smart."

"Of course there is. Push along,

"I'm in the subscription book business

got an office in New York. We send

"It's a shame. You'd better come with

"I am going to consult some frie

bout my future plans. If you are will-

ing to tell me a little of your business.

"I have with me our latest publication

ew acquaintance drew out from a car-

etbag, which he had beneath the meat a

per. Untying it, he produced a belly

in illustrations. He opened the book an

It's going like wildfire. Just the thing

to please the people. I will show it

Walter looked with interest while

ood-sized parcel wrapped in brown

octavo, in flashy binding, and abo

turned over the leaves rapidly.
"It's stuffed full of illustrations

tures alone was absolutely e-nor-m

narkable sales."

turning of the pages.

family will want one,"

Pretty good, isn't it?"

anid.

while doing so.

"Better say the word."

see," said he. "The expense of the

he added, dwelling upon the last word by way of emphasis. "But we're going to make it pay. The sale will be immense.

Our agents already in the field report re-

"What's the title of the book?" asked

Walter, who had yet been unable to de-

termine this point, by reason of the rapid

" 'Scenes in Bible Lands.' We inclu-

other countries besides Palestine, and

we've made a book that'll sell. Most every

"What terms do you offer to agents?"

"Why, the book sells at retail at three

ollars and fifty cents. Of this the agent

ceps one dollar and twenty-five contra

"You see you have only to sall for copies a day to make five sollars. I

you're smart, you can de better the

It really did seem very good to Walter

miserable wages he had received from Mr.

"Most paying business out," said the

"Where would you want me to sell?"

"I can't say now. I must see my friends first."

"Well, I'll give you the number of our

ffice in New York. When you get ready,

report to us there, and we'll put you in

To this Walter assented, and asked sev-

eral questions further, to which he re-

eived encouraging answers. The stran-

ger gave him his card, from which our

hero learned that he had made the ac-

quaintance of Mr. James Pusher, of the

firm of Fling & Pusher, subscription pub-

"Good-by," said Mr. Pusher, cordially,

when Waiter left the train for the Wil-

"Yes, I should think it was."

will think of what you propose."

We'll do much better by you then

have made against my son?" acked Mr. CHAPTER XII. Walter went up to his room, and hast- Drummond, turning to Walter. packed his trunk. He felt wronged outraged by the unfounded charge be argued, should Mr. Drummond so read-ly decide that he had chasted him out two since, and intended to give it back to dollars? He felt that he could not, to charge me with theft." with any self-respect, remain any longer ander the same roof with a man who had the letter already given, anaequading to buch a poor epinion of him.

Jozhua that he had drawn a blank. Mr. sich a poor opinion of him.

He was not sorry that his engagement for he detested lotteries. wledge of the dry goods business, and knew that his services were worth Joshua. "I understand now what became to than his board. Then, ugain, of the five dollars. This decides me to do than his board. Then, ngain, though he was not particular about fivng luxuriously, the fare at Mr. Drummond's was so uncommonly poor that he enough. It is time you went to work sometimes long for one of the abunant and well-cooked meals which he used to have spread before him at home, or sure of your honesty, if I find you apof the Esser Classical Institute. He was packing his trunk, when a step was heard shoemaker of you." on the stairs, and his door was opened by Mr. Drummond, considerably to Walter's who had a foolish pride, which led him to

look upon a trade as less respectable than the mercantile profession. He slunk out The fact is that Mr. Drummond, or realizing what a mistake he had made, of the house, while Walter set out on foot, for the railway station, three-quarand that Joshua was the real culprit, felt that he had gone nitogether too far, and ters of a mile distant. be realized that he would be severely censured by Walter's friends in Willough-Besides, it was just possible that Walter might, after all, recover a few thousand dollars from his father's estate, and therefore it was better to be on good next to him a brisk energetic-looking man terms with him. Mr. Drummond deter of about thirty years of age. He had been mined, therefore, to conciliate Walter, and reading the morning paper, but apparent duce him, if possible, to remain in his ly he had got through with it, for he fold use and employ. ed it up and put it in his pocket.

"What are you doing, Conrad?" he askon extering Walter's chamber. "Sure you are not going to leave us."
'I think it best," said Walter, quiet

gount of the little mistake I have made.

"It was something more than a mis-take, Mr. Drummond. What had you seen in me to justify you in such a sudden charge of dishonesty?"

Well, Conrad, I was mistaken. I shall be glad to have you come back to the

"Thank you, Mr. Drummond, but have decided to ge back to Willoughby for a short time. I want to consult Mr. —got an office in New York. We send Shaw about the future. It is time I out agents everywhere to canvass for our formed some plant, as I shall probably publications. Lots of money in it." have to carn my living."

If you have made up your mind, all I have to say is that my humble dwelling and, though 4 say it, I don't think there will be ever open to receive you in the future. Perhaps, after a short visit at me. your old home, you may feel inclined to dollars a day. At last I thought I'd like eturn to my employment. I will give you to settle down, so I bought partnership, a dollar a week, besides board." Mr. Drummond looked as if he felt send out agents."

this was a magnificent offer, for for an agent to make?" asked Walter. Walter ought to feel grateful. But our here knew very well that he could and better pay elsewhere, and was but plenty make from five to ten right not particularly impressed. Still, he wish- along. You look as if you would make "Thank you for your offer, Mr. Drum-

be maid: "but I am not o say, as yet, what I will do."
"I hope," said Mr. Drummond, rather subarrassed, "you won't speak of our

No, sir; not if you wish me not to d

By this time the trunk was packed. Walter, locking it, rose from his

"If it won't be too much trouble, Mr. Drammend," he said, "I will send for my trunk to-merrow."

Certainly. Why don't you walt morrow yourself? "As I am ready, I mey as well take

fternoon train. I will go down and sod-by to Mrs. Drummond." Mrs. Drummond had just come from a kitchen. She looked with surprise at latter and her husband, whose presence

the house at that hour was unusual. What is the matter?" she asked. Courad is going home a short time business," explained Mr. Drummond.

ave offered him increased pay will return to the store. I hope he decide to do so. Our humble roof Ill ever be ready to shelter him." Just at that moment Joshua uncon ous of the damaging discovery that had

been made relative to himself, entered "Hello! what's up?" he asked. It was the first time his father had seen alm since the discovery of his dishon

esty, and his anger was kindled. You ought to be ashamed to show your cace here, you young reprobate!" he ex-

Joshua stared in amazement, and Mrs. rummond exclaimed, "What makes you ik so, Mr. Drummond? What has he

"What has he done?" ejaculated Mr. nond, adding, rather ungramatical-"He's a thief-that's what he's done.

would serve him right if I should flog within an inch of his life." "If you try it," said Joshua, sullenly,

I'll have you arrested for assault and "Take care, boy, or you may find your-

who couldn't help comparing it with the if in custody for theft." What do all these dreadful an?" asked Mrs. Drummond, distress-

"Tell me, Walter, if you know." "I would rather Mr. Drummond in formed you," said Walter. other. "Say the word, and I'll engage "I'll tell you, Mrs. Drummond," said sband. "That boy sold a shawl a

fortnight age, when alone in the store and pocketed the money." The said I did?" asked Joshua, bold

by, though he looked a little pale. the stere to-day."
"Did she know my name?"

"No; but she described you." "I remember now." What made you keep the money?"

"I didn't. I waited till Conrad came the store, and gave the money to What he did with it, I don't know rhaps he forgot to put it in the dra

"That's a lie, Joshua Drummond !" said falter, quietly, "and you know it is. I "Do you mean to say I lie?" blustere-

"I wouldn't if I wasn't obliged to; but

my own defease I am compelled to do "What could I want of the money?

"I think you wanted the money to buy tickets with," said Walter calmly.

"To buy lattery tickets with!" nighby station; "hope to see you again." What does this mean, Joshua?" de "Thank you," said Walter; "very likely led his father, sternly. you will."

Taking his carpetbag in his hand, for "Con you prove this charge which you he had arranged to have his trock come

lighers, Nassau street, New York.

next day, he walked over to the house of Mr. Shaw, his faither's executor. Mr. Shaw was in his office, a little ene-

story building standing by itnelf a little to the left of his house. He was builty writing, and did not at once look up. When he saw who it was, he rose up and relcomed Walter with a smile, "I'm very glad to see you, Walter," he

"In very gind to see you, water, as said. "I was just whiching you were here. When did you leave Stepleton?"
"This afterneon, Mr. Shaw. I have just reached Willoughby. What progress have you made in settling the estato?"
"I can give you some idea of hew it stamps. There will be something left, but not much. After paying all debts, including Nancy's there will cartainly be a "I can, but I am sorry to be obliged to ing Nancy's, there will certainly be a so. I picked up this letter a day or thousand dollars; but if you pay Nancy

legacy, that will take half of this sum."
"The legacy shall be paid," said Walter, promptly, "ne matter how little re-mains. I am glad there is enough for that.'

"I honor your determination, Walter, but I don't think Nancy will be willing to take half of what you have laft." "Then don't let her know how little it

"There is a chance of something more have made no account of the Great Metropolitan Mining stock, of which your father held shares to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars, cost price. How these will come out is very uncertain, but I think we can get something. Suppose put you into a shoe shop and make a make five thousand dollars. But it isn't best to count on that."

"I shan't make any account of the mining stock," anid Walter. "If I get anything, it will be so much more than I

expect. "That is the best way. It will prevent

disappointment."
"How long before we find out about "It is wholly uncertain. It may be six months; it may be two years. All I can "Give me a ticket to Willoughby," said

> "Now, as to your plans. You were at he Essex Classical Institute, I think?"

"What do you say to going back for a rear? It is not an expensive school. You ould stay a year, including expenses, for the sum of five hundred dollars."

"It would consume all my money; and as long as I am not going to college, my present education will be sufficient." "As to consuming all your money," said Mr. Shaw, "let me say one thing. I re-

much business to do to more. When a man's got enough to busy himself about, ceived many favors from your father, essecially when a young man just starting "There's a good deal in that," said n business. Let me repay them hy paying half your expenses for the next year moving, that's my motto. Are you in

"You are very kind, Mr. Shaw," said Walter, gratefully, "and I would accept that favor from you sooner than from any one; but I've made up my mind to take care of myself, and paddle my own

(To be continued.)

Stronger than They Thought. "Yes. I used to be an agent myself, On arriving at Barbados, with two small tugboats which had safely made are many agents that can get ahead of their way from Philadelphia, Mr. Rob-Sometimes I used to make twenty ert H. Hepburn found people greatly surprised that such small boats could and now, instead of being an agent, I make such a voyage. In his journal, quoted by Mr. Neville B. Craig in "Rec-"Isn't twenty dollars a day pretty large ollections of an Ill-fated Expedition," he says: "We treated the matter cool-"Yes, there are not many who do it ly, but would willingly have transferred the privilege of keeping up the a good agent."
"What makes you think so?" asked national name for reckless adventure to some one else for the remainder of the trip. It was just about one year since Captain Symmes had left Barba-"Thank you," said Walter, laughing i am afraid you won't think so much dos for Para with some such craft as ours, and was never heard from afterof my ability when I tell you that I ward. have been working for the last three months for my board."

"While breakfasting at the hotel," centinues Mr. 'Hepburn's record, "the proprietor came into the room followed by what at first appeared to be a startling apparition—a tall, gaunt, deathhaed semblance of a man.

"On being introduced he took me t a window and pointed to a large fullrigged ship lying in the offing, and stated that it was his vessel, that yellow fever had broken out on board, that several of the crew had been buried at see, that be himself was only convalencing, that there was a fair wind outside, but a head wind in the bay, and he had been unable to get out for

sems fays past. "I enticipated him by saying, You wish to be towed out." "He premptly answered 'Yes,' and

usked what it would cost.

"I said, 'You are an American, and so am L. You are in distress. Have your hawser ready at 8 o'clock this fternoon, and you will be taken out and put upon your course. There will be no charge.

"Tears filled the poor fellow's eyes. "An English ensign who was presmt, remarked, Do you intend to try to take a loaded vessel of that tonnage out of this port against wind and tide with one of those little boats?

"I replied, 'We are not going to try, we are going to do it."

"Well," he said, "If you succeed we will give you a send-off from our ship. "At the appointed time the whare was crowded with excited people of all dasses, and even on the ships in the barbor an anusual stir was apparent The June steamed over, made fast to the hawser, and, everything being ready, started down the bay at a speed hat astonished the onlookers. The Bresil-the other tug-weighed anchor and followed, amidst roars of applause

from harbor and shore. "As we passed the English man-ofwar the decks and rigging were crowded with officers and men, and we were greeted with hearty cheers, shouts for good luck and success, and a minte

"I should like to have you so West. This way districts are mostly taken up. It would give you a good chance to travel with their flag. and see the world." "After rounding the point, the June Now Walter was, like most other young dropped the ship's bawser, and at 6 people, fond of new scenes, and this cono'clock, accompanied by the Brazil, prosideration was a weighty one. It would enable him to travel, and pay his expenses seeded on the voyage to Para.

"There was no one, outside of the American vessel and our boats, that believed we could move the ship 100 yards from her anchorage."

Hydrosephalous. "He isn't exceedingly clever, is he?" "Clever? I should say .not. Why. f an idea should get into that fellow's head you could hear it splash."-Kansas City Times.

As it Should Be. First Farmer-I hear you struck oil last week

Second Farmer- Yes. First Farmer-How's it running? Second Farmer-Smoothly.

In employments, requiring quickness and dexterity of the hands women



Poet-Have you read my last poem? Friend-I trust that I have .- Judge. Briggs-You may business is looking up? Griggs-That's what it is. It can't look any other way; it's flat on fis back. -Ex.

Little New York Boy-Say, father, when will I be old enough so that I won't have to get up and give my seat to a lady 2-Life.

"On my knee I begged her for i kiss." "And what did she sny?" "Told me to get up and be practical."-Louisville Courier-Journal.

"My wife made an engagement for me to dine at the Bings', I forgot and went flabling," "Catch anything?" "Not until I got home."-Plain Dealer. Curate-I haven't seen your husband

at church recently, Mrs. Bloggs. What

is he doing? Mrs. Bloggs-'E be a doin' six months, sir !- London Opinion. "Maude was afraid the girls wouldn't notice her engagement ring." "Did they?" "Did they? Six of them recognized it at once.'-Cleveland Plain

Chapple-Have a cigarette, old man? Sapleigh-No: I don't smoke fool-killers. Chapple-Well, I don't blame you for refusing to take chances.-Chicago Daily News.

"This is a new shaving soap I'm using," said the barber: "How do you like it?" "Applied externally," spluttered the victim .- The Catholic Standard and Times.

Nell-Maude has a new dressmaker what do you think of the fit of her new gown? Belle-I shouldn't call it a fit: I should call it a convulsion .- Philadelphia Record.

less you are playing for money."-Washington Star.

"I heard him behind the door pleading for just one. They must be enville Courier-Journal.

"Do you consider your nerve is sufficiently steady to fit you for an air- over him while he drank a whole tum- fervent admiration. "To think of your ship navigator?" "Well, I've been out in a canoe with a nervous fat girl."- vain that he had essured her that the fair astonishing." Cleveland Plain Dealer. Tramp-Can you assist me along the

road, mum? Lady of the House-Personally I can not; but I will unchain my dog, and I know he will be most pleased to do so!-London Tit-Bits. "Ma!" "Well, dear?" "Does th'

Hible honestly say that we gotta love our enemies?" "Yes." "Gee!" "What's the matter?" "I-I wisht I'd 'a picked some different enemies."-Cleveland Helress-But, father, that handsome foreign count says he will do something

his temper.

old man.

desperate and awful if I do not marry youthfulness was due to the care with "That's your-ignorance," said Mr. American. "Well, young man," thundered head of the house. "S-sir," stammered the youth, "I want to marry your d-d-

daughter." "Aw, take her and welcome. I was afraid you were courting the cook."-Ex. "Waiter," said a traveler in a railroad restaurant, "did you say I had twenty minutes to walt or that it was twenty minutes to eight?" "Nayther. Oi said ye had twinty minutes to ate

an' thot's all ye did have. Yer train's just gone."-Everybody's Magazine. The art photographer had visited the farm. "I want to make an exhaustive study of this particular bit of landscape," he said, "and would like to have your hired man retain his present position on the fence there. Can he sit still?" "For days at a time," replied the farmer.-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Fish Ring the Bells.

A fisherman down at Ocean City has created a good deal of amusement by the ingenious contrivance by which he makes the fish help him to catch them, says the New York Sun.

He always has at least six or eight lines out, at a pretty good distance from one another, too. Each line is tied firmly in the slot at the end of an old umbrella rib. The rib. in turn, is fastened at the other end to the rail mind. of the pier. On each rib is a little bell such as are put on collars for pet animals.

When a line gets a bite the umbrella the little bell tinkles a summons to the selves give notice to their enemy.

the Said So Anyway.

The young man who was endeavor ng to win the favor of Bobby's pretty sister met the boy on the street one norning and greeted him with much cordiality.

"Er-do you think your sister was leased to know I had called the other day?" he was at last forced to ask duntly, after several efforts to guide lobby's conversation in that direction "Sure!" said Bobby, with gratifying romptness. "I know she was. eard her say so.

"When she came home mother said Mr. Brown called while you were out, and she said: 'He did? Well, I'm gin of that!" "-Youth's Companion,

Brilliant Idea "I can't understand," said the stran

er, "since the monument is perfectly cylindrical in form, why they put the square railing around it." "Perhaps," replied the native, "they didn't have enough railing to g ound."-Philadelphia Press.

Bacon-And does your wife have spe ially prepared food for her dog? Egbert-Oh, yes! She wouldn't this of giving him anything she control in self! Yonkers Statesman. Every man thinks he treats to

"help" better than any or see by he er in the world. Tell some men a sector and immediately hang out a sign

THE HOMESTEADER.

Wind-swept and fire-swept and swept with bitter rain-This was the world I came to when I came across the sea-San-dreached and panting, a pregnant, waiting plain Calling out to humanking, calling out to me!

Leafy lanes and gentle skies and little fields all green-This was the world I came from when I fared across the sca-The mansion and the village and the farmhouse in between, Never any room for more, never room for me!

I've fought the wind and braved it. I cringe to it no more! I've fought the creeping fire back and cheered to see it die. I've shut the bitter rain outside, and safe within my door, Laughed to think I feared a thing not as strong as I!

I mind the long white road that ran between the hedgerows neat, In that little, strange old world I left behind me long ago. I mind the air so full of bells at evening, far and sweet-All and all for some one cise-I had leave to go!

And this is what I came to when I came across the sea, Miles and miles of unused sky and miles of unturned loam, And miles of room for some one else and miles of room for me-The cry of exile changing to the sweeter cry of "Home!"



of spring was in the air. The thrushes asked me all about it. She 'ad a hussang in the branches and the sparrows band when she was young that 'ad got "Of course you play bridge only for twittered on the dusty surface of the killed out there. I told 'er 'ow I 'ad fun?" "Of course," answered Mrs. road. All nature smiled. But Mr. saved the guns at Inkerman and Spangleton. "But it isn't any fun un- Henry Cadgitt did not. He had ex- charged at Balaclava; later it come out perfenced a lamentable chapter of ac- that 'er husband 'ad died in my arms. idents since he had left the workhouse After that she couldn't do enough for where he had spent the night. For ex- me. Ten shilling a week she gives ample, a man had offered him work. me, and this cottage to live in. It's a gaged." "Naw, they're married. It was And though an elderly lady whom he good lay if you're up to it. You take a dollar he was pleading for."-Louis- had approached with a request for a my tip and try it on when you get far meal had given him one, she had pro- enough from 'ere." tested that he looked Ill, and had stood bler of cold camomile tea. It was in 'aving the brains to think of it! It's medical faculty had been unanimous in "Never you mind my brains," said recommending hot whisky and water the warrior, annoyed. "Don't think for his complaint. She favored her it's as easy as shelling peas. It ain't.

> his head that she was smiling at him; "I once 'ad a copy of a life of Gen and her levity did nothing to improve eral Gordon," said Mr. Cadgitt, with a melancholy shake of his head. "I Mr. Cadgitt was venerable in years, pinched it off a bookstall when the though not in appearance. Few would owner wasn't looking, and pawned it have taken him for more than sixty, for one and sixpence. I wish I 'adn't though he had passed that age by ten now-pawned it, I mean. It'd 'ave long years. No doubt his comparative come in useful."

Father (dryly)—He will. He which, during a long life, he had re- Snifler, contemptuously. "General Gor ways looking for a job; but then he Lord Ragian. And Marshal Canrobert was leading the French." Already the sun was high in the

"Go on." said Mr. Cadeitt. "W wasn't fighting the French. We was heavens, and he began to think about a fighting the koosians." second meal. A little before him the "That's your ignorance again," said ley. As he entered it, a cottage upon

his right hand attracted his attention. "It ain't no use your trying the game Henery. You'd only make a bash of You take me up to the old lady and tell

about it, and the garden was bright eagerly. "I tell you wot it is, Sam. chair by the door was an old man of venerable appearance. His face, though er as I'm a pal of yours that fought through the war with you. Tell 'er as His white beard flowed down his I was in at 'er husband's death like breest. Upon his coat a medal with you was. We can share this 'ere cotfour clasps glittered in the sunlight. Se mat in dreamy meditation, putting you can pitch the yarns until I get the idly at a short clay pipe. He was more hang of them." than venerable; he was even a noble Mr. Snider regarded him with aston

shed asperity. Mr. Cadgitt approached, and leaned

over the hedge. "Mate," he said, "you 'avn't a bit baccy as you could spare to a poor bloke wot's down on 'is luck?' yourself." The veteran waved him away majes

"Go away," he said, "I don't give beggara."

was equally careful not to find one.

village of Sunnydale nestled in the val-

It was small, but wonderfully next.

The illac and hawthorn were in bloom

with spring blossoms. Seated in

lined with years, was free from care

Something in the voice touched a film chord of memory in Mr. Cadgitt's "Well, I'm blowed!" he said, too as

tonished to go more fully into the daalls of that process. "If it aint Sam Snider! Wot cheer, Sam? Who'd 'ave rib is bent, or at least twitched, and thought of meeting you 'ere? You've been getting on in the world, blowed fisherman. In this way the fish them if you 'aven't! I'd never 'ave known

ron if you 'adn't spoke." The veteran looked annoyed. "I dont know you," he said. way, I tell you. Don't come here disrbing an old soldler wat 'as fought

for his country." Mr. Cadgitt grinned.

"Where?" he asked, concisely. "In the Crimea," replied the other, roudly. "Alma, Inkerman, Balaclava, ebastopol." He fingered the clasps h his medal with loving care.

For a moment Mr. Cadgitt was impressed. His jaw dropped, and he coked hard at the occupant of the cottage as though he half thought he had made a mistake. Then he grinned again, and raised his finger impressive-

"At the time of the Crimean war, he said, slowly, "you were selling winkles from a barrer in Seven Dials. Wots the little game, Sam? It sin't no use trying to get round me. Don't you round on a pal, and I won't."

He pushed aside the little wicket gate and entered the garden. The vet eran looked at him with every symptom of annoyance; and then, as the readlest way of getting rid of him, owned up.

"I don't mind telling you," he said "If you'll promise not to give it away. I was tramping the country same as you are now, when I met the owner of this 'ere medal. Poor chap, 'e died by the roadside, and the parish buried 'im. Crimea. I didn't see what use they had for his medal, so I took it. By-and-bye, I came to this village. There were an fought in the Crimea." old lady here, and she seen me wearing

"I will," said Mr. Cedgitt, with

own prescription. Small wonder then I've 'ad to look sharp, I tell you. I've that nature's smile awoke no answering 'ad to read up a bit of history. She emotion in his breast. Indeed, as he lends me books about the Crimea, so I hobbied along the path, he got it into manage all right."

Mr. Snider, contemptuously as before

"I'll work 'ard," said Mr. Cadgitt, tage. It'll hold two comfortable. And

"You always had a check," he re marked, "but this caps all. I've given you the tip. Go and flud an old lady as as lost 'er husband in the Crimea for

"There ain't too many of 'em about, pleaded Mr. Cadgitt. "I'd rather 'ave share of this one. She could keep

the two of us as easy as one." "No." said Mr. Snider, decisively 'No. It wouldn't do. You see, Henery you don't look the part. Anyone might take me for an old soldier; whereas you -you look like-like-"

He paused for an appropriate simile Mr. Cadgitt danced before him upon the path, black with rage.

"Well," he shricked; "say it! say it Wot do I look like? Say it if you're a man, and I'll give you a clip on the appeared so nakedly that both the vetjaw as'll make you wish you'd been killed in the Crimea yourself."

"I ain't saying anything against you except that it wouldn't do," replied the veteran, calmly judicial. "If you was to say as you'd worn Her Majesty's uni. prosecute you both." form, they'd think as there 'ad been broad arrows on it. You'll 'ave to find

another way of earning your living." "I'm going to find one now," said Mr. Cadgitt, turning away, vindictively. "And when I 'ave found one, you'll b looking out for a job yourseif.'

He marched down the path and or the road. As he turned the corner of the village street, he became aware of an elderly lady advancing in his direc tion. There was something in the dignified sorrow in her face that made him pause. Mr. Cadgitt was a man of in stinct. Instinct told him that this lady was going to the cottage he had left. Instinct told him that she was Sam's patroness. And instinct bade him strike whilst the iron was hot.

"Beg your pardon, mum," he whined, but could you spare a trifle for an old soldier?"

The lady looked at him with a sudden, quick interest. "A soldler!" she said.

have you fought, my man?" "Most anywheres, mum,' replied Mr. Cadgitt, cautiously. "I were in the

The indy's interest quickened "Ah," she said, softly. "My husband "Did be now?" said Mr. Cadgitt, with

might his name have been nor what might his name have been now?

"He was Captain Alwin," she an
wered. "Dis you know him?"

"My old officer?" exclaimed Mr. Cad

gitt, ecstatically. Suddenly his dropped. "But he were killed there he said, in dulcet tones of sympathy. "Perhaps it ain't the same."
"No." replied the lady, sadly. "It
was the same. He was killed by

Russian bullet." She was evidently moved. Her eyes filled with tears.

"Ah, well," said Mr. Cadgitt, gently, "He couldn't 'elp it, poor fellow. And perhaps 'e's better off where 'e is than me, that was swindled something cruel when I got back from the war." . "Swindled!" exclaimed the lady, surprised, "How swindled, my good

man?" "It were this way, your ladyship," said Mr. Cadgitt. "When I got 'ome from the war I fell into bad company. There was a low, speaking fellow of the name of Samuel Snider, who got me into bad ways-drinking and such. At that time 'e 'ad a winkle barrer in a low part of London, but 'e lost 'is trade by poisoning 'is customers with bad shell fish. 'E wanted me to sell 'im my medal as I'd fought so 'ard to rain. 'E said if 'e 'ad a medal like that 'e could earn a living for 'isself easier than setting winkles. But I said no. I'd sooner part with life itself. When 'e found as 'e couldn't get it by fair means, 'e tried others; for 'e were a man as'd stick at nothing. 'B put a drop o' summat in my drink one night, and when I woke the medal was gone and 'e was gone, and I was

He draw his sleeve across his eyes to wipe away the tears of honest emotion. "This," said Mrs. Alwin, with kindling eyes, "is a very strange story, my

left penulless and destitute."

Mr. Cadgitt felt himself that it did him credit; but he only murmured a platitude about truth and fiction.

"And wot drives me mad is this, mum," he said. "I could stand being penniless. I could stand destitution. But when I think of that man as is somewhere about with my medal imposing on the charity of kind 'carted folk, it fair drives me crazy." The old lady drew herself up.

"Come with me," she said. "This must be seen to."

"You don't mean to say as you know him!" said Mr. Cadgitt, with every evidence of surprise. "You don't mean to say as it's 'ere as 'e's been imposing on people?"

"He is certainly here," said Mrs. Alwin firmly.

"Well, now, to think of that!" said Mr. Cadgitt. "I'll go with you, mum, and expose 'im. Mind you, though, it don't do to let 'im 'ave too much of a say. 'E were a very persuasive man when I knew 'im and 'ad read that many books about the Crimea that 'a knew more about it than us that was there. Don't you let 'im say a word, or

'e'll persuade you of anything." "I shall inquire into the matter with strict impartiality," said Mrs. Alwin, severely.

That's right, mum," said Mr. Cad gitt, coccaling his disappointment as best he might. "No man could ask more than that. You be strictly impartial and shut 'im up the moment 'e opens 'is mouth."

He turned and followed her to the cottage. The veteran in the chair noted their approach. His heart falled him; and, feeling that perhaps half a loaf was better than no bread, he made a rapid change in his plan of campaign. Summoning a smile of pleasure and astonishment, he held out his hand to Mr. Cadgitt.

"Why!" he exclaimed, "if it ain't my old pal, Henry Cadgitt, wot fought alongside of me in the Crimea." Mr. Cadgitt was so taken aback that he responded.

"Why!" he exclaimed, incautiously, charmed at this apparent solution of the difficulty. "If it ain't Sam Snider as was wounded by the Frenchies at the battle of Inkerman!" They shook hands wih simulated en-

thusiasm. Into their rejoicings the voice of Mrs. Alwin broke acidly. "He said," she remarked, indicating Mr. Cadgitt, but addressing Snider, "that at the time of the Crimea you were selling shell-fish in London."

"'E lies!" said Sam, venemously,

jerking away his hand as though he had been stung. "It were 'im that were selling winkles." "But you said just now," she retorted, "that he fought alongside you." Had Sam been the least bit readler the catastrophe might have been averted. But for the moment his fluency deserted him; and that moment was a

heart-searching one, in which truth

erans blushed and were silent. When Mrs. Alwin spoke again there was a new note in her voice. "I see," she said, slowly, "I have been deceived. I have a good mind to

"It's very 'ard," said Bam, "when your 'usband died in my arms." "In our arms," said Mr. Cadgitt, still

hopeful of half the loaf. She turned upon them wrathfully. "Never soil his name with your lips again!" she cried. "If either of you is within ten miles of this place tomorrow, I'll give you in charge for endeavoring to obtain money on false pretenses."

She turned and left them.

. . . . . . Left together, Mr. Snider told Mr. Cadgitt his opinion of him with what politicans would call "no uncertain voice." Mr. Cadgitt, at a loss for verbal retaliation, replied by a blow on the jaw. The ensuing fight was watched by one or two urchins truent from school; and from their reports it was generally conceded in the village that the battle of Inkerman itself could have been nothing to it.

Remark that a girl is pretty, and omeone who is present will say, "O. ut you should see her younger sis-There younger sisters are a great drawback to a girl getting a reputation for beauty.

There is everything in quitting before you have tired everyone out.