A Woman Intervenes.

BY ROBERT BARR.

Author of "The Face and the Mask," "In the Midst of Alarms," Etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

After the bunness of transferring the mine to its new owner was completed, John Ken- the truth, yon went to the telegraph office and sent a short cable message to Wentworth. Then he turned his steps to the hotel, an utterly ex- that money? hausted man. The excitement and tension of the day had been too much for him, and he eve felt that, if he did not get out of the city of Ottawa and into the country, where there were fewer people and more air, he was going to be ill. He resolved to leave for the mine as soon as possible. There he would get things in as good order as possible and keep things going until he heard from the owner. When he got to his hotel he wrote a letter to Wentworth, telling the circumstances under which he had secured the mine, rather briefly, idea he would take this method of revenge, and dealing with other more personal mat-ters. Having posted this, he began to pack I had received the option of the mine. There and dealing with other more personal mat-

He imagined at once that it was Von Brent, who wished to see him with regard to some who wished to see him with regard to some who wished to see him the transfer and he who wished to see him with regard to some formality relating to the transfer, and he the rather shabby room with his critical eyeglass.

"Ah." he said, "these are your diggings, are they? This is what they call a dollar hotel, I suppose, over here. Well, some people may like it, but I confess I don't care for that matter." "There is something in that, Kenyon; I so tonight."

"Have you come up here to provoke a quarrel with me?" asked Kenyon.

"Oh, bless you, no. Quarrel! Nothing of Mr. Longworth, that involve a sacrifice of the the sort. What should I want to quarrel truth." about ?**

"Perhaps you will be good enough to tell me why you came here, then?"

"Very reasonable request, very reasonable, indeed, and perfectly natural, but still quite unnecessary. It is not likely that a man then not be prepared to tell you why he



culty in believing that anybody can speak the

Well, it Isn't a common vice-speaking ith. You must forgive a little sur-He nursed his knee for a moment. and looked meditatively up at the ceiling, "Now would you like to know who furnished

"I have no curlosity in the matter what-

Have you not? Well, you are a singular man. It seems to me that a person into whose lap (2),000 drops from the skirs would have some little curiosity to know from whom money cam-

'I haven't the slightest."

"Nevertheless, I will tell you who gave money to Wentworth. It was my dear and Melville. I didn't tell you in w York, of course, that Melville and I There his perimenteau preparatory to leaving early next morning. While thus occupied the bell boy came into his room and said, "There is a gentleman wishes to see you."

formality relating to the transfer, and he was, therefore, very much astonished, in fact, for the moment speechless, to see Mr. Wil-liam Longworth enter and caimly gaze round the rather shabby room with his critical eyecredit for it. He is a very much shrewder and cleverer man than I thought."

"It seems to me, Mr. Longworth, that your inordinate concelt makes you always underestimate your friends, or your enemies either,

much about it myself. Their \$3 or \$4 a day hotels are bad enough for me. By the way, you look rather surprised to see me. Being strangers together in a strange country, I ex-pected a warmer greeting. You said last pected a warmer greeting. You said last night, in front of the Russell house, that it would pleame you very much to give me a warm greeting; perhaps you would like to do so tonight."

mine there will not be much chance of com-ing to any arrangement with him." "Yeu can make no arangements with me

"Ah, well, I suspected as much, but I thought it was well worth while to try. However, my dear sir, I may make terms with Melville yet, and then I imagine you won't have so much to do with the mine."

"I shall not have anything to do with it if you and Melville have a share in P. And if, would climb up here inty your rooms, and then not be prenared to tell you why he sider you are in a bad way. My opinion is that when one rascal gets an advantage over another rascal, the other rascal will be, as you say, 'left.'

Longworth mused over this for a moment and said: "Yes, I fear you are right—in fact, I am certain of it. Well, that is all I wanted to know. I will bid you goodby. I shan't see you again in Ottawa, as I shall anit very shortly for England. Have you any messages you would like given to your friends over there?" "None, thank you."

"Well, ta ta," and the young man left John to his packing. When that necessary operation was con-

eluded Kenyon sat down and thought over what young Longworth had told him. His what young Longworth had told him. His triumph, after all, had been shortlived. The choice between the two scoundrels was so small that he feit he didn't care which of them owned the mine. Meditating upon this disagreeable subject, he suddenly rememdisagrecable subject, he suddenly remem-bared a request he had asked Wentworth to make to the new owner of the mine. He wanted no favor from Melville, so he wrote a second letter contradicting the request made in the first, and after posting it, reably the most tired man in the city of Ot-

CHAPTER XXVII.

This chapter consists largely of letters. As a general thing letters are of little concern to any one except the writers and the re-

reached me, and if anyone is to blame, I am quite became accustomed to the ravages of

reached me, and if anyone is to blame, I am the person. I remain your agent. "GEORGE WENTWORTH." He sent this latter out at once, so that he would not have a chance to change his mind. "It will reach her this afternoon, and doubt-less she will call and see me." It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say she did not call, and she did not see him for many days afterward, but next morning, when he came to his office, he found a let-ter from by. It ran: "To make with the black fly the insection and other insect with black fly the his face in such a condition that he was grad he lived in a wilderness! At the beginning of the second winter John treated himself to a huxury. He bought a very quick and accustomed to the les, be-cause the los of the river formed the high-way by when he reached Burntpine from the way by when he reached Burntpine from the ter from byr. It ran:

when he came to his office, he found a let-ter from her. It ran: "Dear Mr. Wentworth: The sending of Mr. Kenyon's letter to me is a somewhat dangerous precedent, which you must, on no unner and Bargaphie with comfort and speed, wrapped spunty in buffalo robes." "Why?" "Because your treacherous friend, Went-worth, sent me your letter applying for a situation. You get the situation, didn't you, John?" account, follow by sending any letters you may receive from any other person to Mr. Kenyon. However, as you were probably aware when you sent the letters, no blame will rest on your shoulders or on those of will reat on your shoulders or on those of perity had something to do with this. He any one else, in this instance. Still, be very careful in future, because letter sending, un-abridged, is sometimes a risky thing to do, poor man for very long, and this fact gave him a certain courage which had been lack-ing before. He wondered if are remembered and I want them with nothing eliminated. I am very much obliged to you for forward-

ing me the leiter. "As to the managership of the mine, of course, I thought Mr. Kenyon would desire to come back to London. If he is contented to stay abroad, and really wants to stay there, I wish you would tell him that Mr. Smith is exceedingly pleased to know he is smith is exceedingly pleased to know he is course, I thought Mr. Kenyon would desire to come back to London. If he is contented to stay abroad, and really wants to stay there, I wish you would tell him that Mr. Smith is exceedingly pleased to know he is willing to take charge of the mins. It would not look businesslike on the part of Mr. Smith to say he is to name his own salary. but unfortunately Mr. Smith is very ignor-ant as to what a proper salary should be, so himself up to thinking about the subject will you kindly settle that question? Please write down that figure and add two hundred a year to it. Tell Mr. Kenyon the amount named is the salary Mr. Smith assigns to him.

"Pray be careful in the wording of the horse's neck. As a general thing he met tters, so that Mr. Kenyon will not have no one on the key road from the mine to the Tray be careful in the wording of the letters, so that Mr. Kenyon will not have any idea who Mr. Smith is. Yours truly, "EDITH LONGWORTH." When Wentworth received this letter, being when wentworth received this letter, being

a man, he did not know whother Miss Long-worth was pleased or not. However, he speedily wrote to John, telling him that he



to ask you for it." For answer Mim Edith

THE END.

PERSEVERANCE.

New York Truth. The spirit of the times has greatly changed, Since Jacob leaned upon the ancient hos. And mopped his brow, and with exultant

Gasel on the carrols and the cabbages That grew on Laban's farm. "Ah me," he said. "Tye toled and tolled for all these seven

That grew on Laban's farm. That grew on Laban's farm. "Ah, me," he said, "That grew on Laban's farm. "Ah, me," he said, "The solid and tolled for all these seven years For Laban's daughter, loyely in my eyes:

and the office late and early, too; And lunches on a cracker while he fumes On mighty schemes, and never sleeps at

night. I when what hair is left is white and And thin He counts his hand-made millions, and the

pile Or half of it unto his daughter goes, Which makes the duke as happy as a king.

RELIGIOUS.

Rev. Dr. Samuel J. Nicholls, pastor of the Second Presbyterian church at St. Louis, a position he has held for thirty years, has declined the presidency of the Lane seminary at Circinnati.

Rev. Charles H. Eaton of New York has discovered that the end-of-age woman is a thing of beauty and a joy while she lasts. She does not smoke, he says, does not wear bloomers and does not pander to the lower tastes of society.

Rev. Dr. John Wiley, professor of systematic theology in Drew Theological semi-rary, Madison, N. J., died Wednesday at his home in Madison. Dr. Wiley was 82 years of age and held his place at Drew seminary since 1873.

The newest boy preacher is Roy Yorke, aged 13, who is said to be meeting with much success in Missouri. By the way, the negro girl preacher, who created a sensation in New York a few weeks ago, has disappeared from public view.

Rev. Dr. George W. Carter, who has been on trial before the Virginia Methodist con-ference for breaking church laws, is 70 years old. He has been twice divorced, fought two duels, edited a newspaper, been a college professor and a brilliant pulpit

Bishop Ryan (Roman Catholic) of Buffalo has administered a public rebuke to Rev. George Zurcher, pastor of St. Joseph's church, Buffalo, for having said on a recent control, build, for having said on a recent occasion that the Catholic church in this country suffered more from the opposition of foreign priests than from "Free-masonry, Protestantism and A. P. Aism put together," and for indulging in criticisms of the Jesuits. The converts of the Samoan islands have given as much at \$9,000 in one year to the work of missions. The Fijian Christians contribute \$5,000 annually to the same cause. The church in the Friendly islands number-but 30,000, and yet gives \$415,000 a year. It the Sandwich islands the contributions of the native Christians in mission churches averaged in one year \$75 a member.

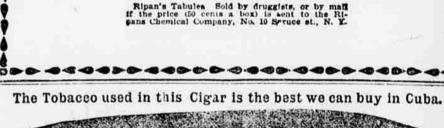
Cardinal Ignatius Persico, who died the other day, was bishop of Georgia for several years. "Personally," says the Atlanta Journal, "Cardinal Persica was a very at-tractive man. He left a legion of friends in Georgia, and after his elevation in Rome was always exceedingly cordial to all Geor-gians who visited that city and called on him. His death is sincerely mourned by many citizens of this state of all religious denominations."

Rev. Dr. F. E. Clark, president of the United Societies of Christian Endeavor who has recently traveled through Turkey says in the Independent that the common people of Turkey are manly, stalwart and truth-loving, but that the governing classes are rapacious, bloodthirsty and disionest. As illustrating the espiwhich foreigners are subjected, he gives the following incidents: "No sooner had I set my foot on Turkish soll than every scrap of printed matter in my possession was taken away from me—every book, pamphlet and newspaper-and I saw none of them again until I had shakin the dust of Turkey from my feet. Moreover, as it was known that I was to address public audiences at various places throughout the interior of Asia Minor. him a pair of horses which he at once recog-I was cautioned that there were some words that I must not use, such as 'fellowship,' 'brotherhood,' 'union,' 'Christian Endeavor,' etc. Very often my interpreter would tell me that there was a 'Tarkie's one is the He drew up in the first bay and awaited the me that there was a Turkish spy in the audience, and would imply in the polite language of the Oriental that I must mind my hs and as if I did not wish to find myself the salutation. He was stricken dumb with astonishment at seeing who was in the inside a Turkish jail before night, with half of the congregation to whom I was speaknot even her nose appeared out in the cold, but the smiling, rosy face of the other



"Good Spirits."

The words have different meanings to a spiritualist, a Kentuckian, and an average man. For the average man good spirits depend on good digestion. How to insure good digestion? A Ripans Tabule after each meal, that's all.





The Mercantile is equal to any that are imported. See that the word MERCANTILE F.R. Rice Mercan ile Cigar Co., St. Louis.



came. I came, in the first place, to congratulate you on the beautiful and dramatic way in which you escured that mine at the last moment, or apparently at the last moment. I suppose you had the money all along?"

"No, I had not."

"Then you came to Von Brent just as soon as you received it?"

"Well, now, I don't see that it is the bush ness of any one else but myself. Still, i you want to know, I have no objection to saying that I came to Mr. Von Brent's room at the moment I received the money."

"Really! Then it was sent over by cable I presume?

Your presumption is entirely correct." "My dear Kenyon," said the young man, meating himself without being asked, and gaz-ing at John in a benevolent kind of a way. "you really show some little temper over this affair of ours. Now here is the whole thing in a nutshell-"

My dear sir, I don't wish to hear th ele thing in a nuishell. I know all about All I wish to know."

it. All I wish to know." "Ah, pricisely, of course you do, certainly, but nevertheless let me have my cay. Here is the whole thing. I tried to-well, to cheat you. I thought I could make a little money by doing so, and my solarme failed. Now it ymyboly should be in a bad temper, it is i hat you. Don't you see that? You are no acting your part well at all. I'm astonished at you?"

at you!""Mr. Longworth, I wish to have nothing

"Mr. Longworth, I wish to have nothing whatever to say to you. If you have any thing to ask, I wish you would ask it as quickly as possible and then have me alone." "The chief fault I flad with you, Ken-yon," said Longworth, throwing one leg over the other, and chaping his hands around his knee, "the chief fault I have to find, is your painful lack of a sense of humer. Now, you remember last night I offered you the managership of the mine. I thought certainly that by this time today I should be the owner of it, or, at least, can of the owners. Now you don't appear to appreciate the funniness of the situation. Here you are, the owner of the mine, and I am out in the cold—"left," as they say here in America. the cold-'left,' as they say here in America. I am the man who is left-''

"If that is all you have to talk about." said Renych gravely, "I must ask you to allow me to go on with my packing. I am

going to the mine tomorrow." "Certainly, my dear fellow, go at once, and never mind me. Can I be of any assistance to you? It requires a special genius you know, to pack a portmanicau properly. But what I wanted to say was this-why didn't you turn around, when you got the mine, and offer me the managership of it? Then you could have had your revenge. The more I think of that episode in Von Brent's office, the more I think you utterly failed to realize the dramatic possibilities of the situ-

Kenyon was silent.

'Now, all this time you are wondering why I came here. Doubtless you wish to know what I want."

"I have not the slightest interest in the matter," said Kenyon.

"That is ungracious, but nevertheless I will continue. It is better, I see, to be honest with you, if a person wants to get anything out of you. Now I want to get a bit of in-formation out of you. I want to know where you got the money with which you bought

"I got it from the bank."

"Ab, yes, but I want to know who sent it over to you. 'It was sent to me by George Went-

"Quite so, but now I want to know who

we Wentworth the money?" "You will have a chance of finding that out

when you go to England by asking him." "Then you won't tell me?"

"I can't tell you. "You mean by that, of course, that you

"I always mean, Mr. Longworth, exactly what I say. I mean that I can't tell you. I

don't know myself." "Really ?"

ceivers, but they are inserted here under the hope that the reader is already well enough acquainted with the correspondents to feel some interest in what they have written.

It was nearly a fortnight after the receipt of the cablegram from Kenyon that George Wentworth found, one morning, on his desk, we letters, each bearing a Canadian postage tamp. One was somewhat bulky and one was thin, but they were both from the same writer. He tore open the thin one first, without looking at the date that was stamped

pon it. He was a little bewildered by its ments, which ran as follows: "My Dear George: I have just heard that Melville is the man who has bought the The circumstances in the case leave doubt in my mind that such is the fact herefore please disregard the request I made s to employment in the letter I posted to out a short time ago. I feel a certain area of disappointment in the fact that Melille is the owner of the mins. It seems have only kept one rascal from buying it.

o put it in the hands of another rescal. Your friend, JOHN KENYON." "Melville the ewner!" cried Wentworth to himself. "Whatever could have put that nto John's head? This letter is evidently

he one posted a few hours before, so it ill contain whatever request he has to nake," and, without delay, George Went-orth tore open the envelope of the second iter, which was obviously the one written rst. It contained a number of documents lating to the transfer of the mine. The letr from John himself went on to give par-

r from John himself went on to give par-iculars of the buying of the mine. Then it hilnued: "I wish you would do me a yor, George. Will you kindly ask the owner f the mine if he will give me charge of it? un, of course, anxious to make it turn out hink I deserve.

"I desire to make money for reasons that are not entirely selfish, as you know. To tell you the truth, George, I am tired of cities and of people. I want to live here in the woods, whire there is not so much docait and treachery as there seems to be in the big towns. When I reached London last time I felt like a boy getting home.

in the big towns. When I reached London last time I folt like a boy getting home. My feelings have undergone a complete chauge, and I think, if it were not for you and a certain young lady, I should never care to see the big city again. What is the use of my affecting mystery and writing the words 'n certain young lady.' Of course you know whom I mean-Miss Edith Longworth. You know also that I am, and have long bien, in love with her. If I had succeeded in making the money I though I should by selling the mine, I might have had some bops of making more, and of ultimately bring in a position to ask her to be my wife. But that, and very many other hopes, have disappeared with my recent London experidisappeared with my recent London experi-"I want to get into the woods and recover

some of my lost tone and my lost faith in human nature. If you can arrange matters with the owner of the mine so that I may stay here for a year or two, you will do me a great favor."

a great fayor." George Wentworth read over the latter part of this letter two or three times. Then he rose, paced the floor and pondered over the matter. "It isn't a taing upon which I can ask any one's advice," he muttered to timself. "The trouble with Kenyon is he is entirely too modest. A little useful self-estoem would be just the thing for him." At last he stopped suddenly in his walk. "By Jove." he said to himself, slapping his thigh. "I shell do it, let the consequences be what they may." And he sat down to his desk and wrote a letter. desk and wrote a letter

desk and wrote a letter. "My dear Miss Longworth," it began. "you told me when you were here last that you wanted all the documents in the case of the mine in every instance. A document has come this morning that is rather im-portant. John Kenyon, as you will learn by reading the letter, desires the managership of the mine. I used not say that I think he is the best man in the world for the position, and that everything will be safe in his hands. I therefore enclose you this letter. I had

"WELL, MR. KENYON," CRIED A LAUGHING VOICE, "YOU DID NOT EXPECT TO SEE ME THIS MORNING, DID YOU?"

vas appointed manager of the mine, and that teams to pass. The snow on each side of Mr. Smith was very pleased to have him in that capacity. He named the salary, but said if it was not enough, no doubt Mr. Smith was so anxious for his services that the amount way to the village when he saw ahead of would be increased. John, when he get the letter was more than nized as those belonging to the hotel keeper

satisfied. At the same time Wentworth had been approach of the sleigh. He saw that it contained visitors for himself, because the rading his letters, John had received those which had been sent him when the mine was which had been sent him when the mine was bought. He was relieved to find that Melville was not, after all, the owner, and he went to work with a will, intending to put in two or three years of his life with hard labor in de-narily the most polite of men, did not return work the resumers of the property "The three years of his life with hard labor in de-veloping the resources of the property. The first fortnight, before he received any letters, he did nothing but make himself acquainted sleigh. One woman was so bundled up that with the way work was being carried on there. He found many things to improve. The machinery had been allowed to run down, needed no introduction to John Kenyon. "Well, Mr. Kenyon," cried a laug and the men worked in the listless way men do when they are under no particular super-vision. The manager of the mine was very anxious about his position. John told him the property had changed hands, but until he had further news from England he could not cill just what would be done. When the let-ens came John took hold with a vim, and checked himself. there was soon a decided improvement in the way affairs were going. He allowed the old manager to remain as a cort of a subman-ager but that individual uson found out the casy times of the Austrian Mining company village?" she asked.

were forever gone. Kenyen had to take one or two long trips in Canada and the United States to arrange for the disposal of the products of the mine, but, as a general rule, his time was spent entirely in the log village near the river. When a year had passed he was able to write a very jubilant letter to Wentworth. "You han earn my salary, whatever it is. You new I am not grasping in the matter of the f200,000 we asked for it. It pays, even I am not grasping in the matter of but get me as large a saliry as you desire to make money for reasons that it entirely selfish, as you know. To do would be to let the whole proceeds go to Mr. Smith this year, who advanced the morey at a critical time. This will recoup him for his own outlay, because the work-ing capital has not been touched. The mica has more than paid the working of the mine, and all the rest is clear profit. There-fore, if you are willing, we will let our third go this year, and then we can take our large dividend next year with a clear conscience. I enclose the balance sheet."

To this letter there came an answer in due time from Wentworth, who said he had placed John's proposal before Mr. Smith, but it seemed the gentleman was so pleased with the profitable investment he had made ould hear of no other division of the that he profits but that of share and share alike. He appeared to be very much touched by the offer John had made, and respected him h r. for making it, but the proposed rescinding on his part and Wentworth's was a thing not to be thought of. This being the case, John sent a letter and a very large check to his father. The moment of posting that letter was doubtless one of the happicat of his life, and this ends the formidable array of letters which appears in this chapter.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Kenyon's luck, as he said to himself, had urned. The second year was even more turned. prosperous than the first, and the third as successful as the second. He had a steady market for his mineral, and, besides, he had the great advantage of knowing the rogues to avoid. Some new swindles he had encountered during his first year's experience had taught him lessons that he had profited by in the second and third. He liked his home in the wilderness and he liked the rough people among whom he found himself.

ment.

Notwithstanding his renunciation of Lon-C=1010 don, however, there would, now and then, come up a yearning for the big city, and he promised himself a trip there at the end of the third year. Wentworth had been threat-ening month after month to come out and see him, but something had always intervened. Taking it all in all, John liked it better "I always mean, Mr. Longworth, exactly that I say. I mean that I can't tell you. I on't know myself." "Really ?" "Yos, really. You seem to have some diff.



The youthful Mr. Bagby, the chaplain of voice, "you did not expect to see me this morning, did you?" "I confess I did not," said John, "and the last house of representatives, was exceedingly popular personally among the members of all parties and creeds. He made a hot contest for the place, and filled it to the satyet," here he paused. He was going to say, "and yet I was thinking of you," but he isfaction of everybody after he had won it. He is somewhat of a wag, and can enjoy a Miss Longworth, who had a talent for reading the unspoken thoughts of John Kenoke as much as any layman. Rev. Mr. Bagby, with but a single exception, always out his invocations short at the opening of yon, probably did not need to be told the end of the sentence. "Are you going to the cut his invocations short at the opening of the house each morning, and the reason for this one long prayer is related by a correspondent.

"I was going; I am not going now." "That's right. I was just going to invite yon to turn round with us. You set, we are on our way to look at the mine, and, I One morning during the last session the clerks at the speaker's desk were unable to find the house journal, without the reading of which the business of the house could not suppose, we shall have to obtain the consent of the manager before we can do so." Miss by begun. The chaptain had begun his prayer and was drifting along, when the reading clerk touched him on the arm and in an ex-Lengworth's companion had emerged for a moment from her wraps and looked at John, but instantly r tired among the furs again

with a shiver. She was not so young as her companion, and she considered this the most frightful climate she had ever en-

most frightful climate she had ever en-countered. "Now," said John, "although your sleigh is very comfortable. I think this cutter of mine is even more so. It is intended for two, won't you step out of the sleigh into the cutter? Then, if the driver will movo on, I can turn and we will follow the sleigh."

attr the reading clerk again hudged him, re-questing that he continue longer, as they were still unable to find the missing volume. "Don't stop until I tell you," he said. "Keep this thing up so that we don't get into a scrape. We will find it in a minute." The preacher continued his prayer, and the surprise of the members grew to wonder as they listened to the long-continued invess-"I shall be delighted to do so," said the young woman, shaking herself free from the buffalo robe and stepping lightly from they listened to the long-continued invoca-tion of Rev. Mr. Bagby, Finally the missing book was found and the

the sleigh into the cutter, pausing, however, for a moment, before she did so, to put clerk nudged the chaplain, who brought his lengthy prayer to a somewhat abrupt end.

her own wraps over her companion. John tucked her in beside himself, and, as the sleigh jingled on, he slowly turned his pony Among the many stories which are going the rounds in England concerning Rev. Peter Mackenzie, who died the other day, is one into the road again. "I have got a pretty fast pony," he said, "but I think we will let them drive on ahead. It irritates this little horse to ste anything in front of which shows he was a thorough believer in muscular Christianity. Many years ago, after delivering a lecture in a country vil-

after delivering a lecture in a country vil-lage, he was returning to his host's house along a lonely road, when he was accosted by a robber. The latter was a believer in the right of might, and requested Mr. Mac-kenzie to turn out all the cash he had got. "Well, my dear man," replied Mr. Mac-kenzie, "you know I am big enough to thrash you. If it's money you want, I'll give you half a crown." The robber would not accent this very charitable offer. Mr. "Then we can make up speed," said Edith, "and catch them before they get to the mine. Is it very far from here?" "No, not very far; at least it doesn't take long to git there with a smart horse. long to get there with a smart horse." "I have enjoyed this experience ever so much," she said. "You see my father had come to Montreal on business, so I came with him, as usual, and, being there, I thought I would run up here and see the mine. I wanted..." she continued, looking at the other side of the cutter and trailing her well-glowed fivers in the snow "I wanted not accept this very charitable offer. Mr. Mackenzie "doffed" his coat, and gave him

what the man is now pleased to call "a dashed good hiding." That thrashing did the man a great service, for he afterward left the paths of vice and became one of other side of the cutter and training her well-gloved fingtrs in the snow. "I wanted to know personally whether my manager was conducting my property in the way it ought to be conducted, notwithstanding the very satisfactory balance sheets he sends." "Your property!" exclaimed John in amaze-ment. Mr. Mackenzie's numerous converts.

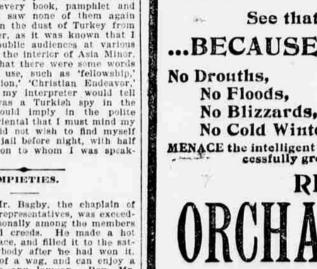
Chicago Tribune: Colonel Ingersoll--Who is that noble looking personage away over there, with all that crowd about him? Attendant Spirit--That is Moses. Would "Certainly." You didn't know that, did

you?" she replied, looking for a moment at him and then away from him; "I call myself the Mistress of the Mine." you like-Colonel Ingersoll-No, I don't think I care to meet him. Pretty warm here, isn't it?

"Then you are-you are-?" "Mr. Smith," said the girl, coming to his Let's move on.

There was a moment's pause, and the next words John said were not at all what she ex-pected. "Take your hand out of the snow," he commanded, "and put it in under the buffalo robe; you have no idea how cold it is Deacon Passer (to boys whom he has found playing in the meeting house — What do you mean by making all this noise in the house of the Lord? That Bad Towser Boy I reckon this is Uncle Tommy Anderson's house. My dad allows he's got a mortgage here, and your hand will be frozen in a moon it for more'n it's wuth. mant

"Realiy," said the girl; "an employe must not talk to his employer in that tone! My hand is my own, is it not?" "I hope it is," said John, "because I want America is fast forging ahead in every-



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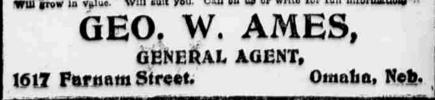
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cited whisper said: "Keep on with the prayer until we find the journal. We have lost it." The chaplain continued, and a few seconds later the reading clerk again nudged him, re-