



CHAPTER XIII.—(CONTINUED.)
"Oh, if you would?" she said, timidly.

"You have roused my interest," said Mr. St. Cyril, "and here we are at the Reef House. The service you have rendered us makes us like old friends; come in and let us hear your story."
Seated in the parlor, Ralph began:
"I will not make it a long story. It can just as well be told briefly. And now that I come to think of it, I greatly wonder that I should speak of it at all. Perhaps there may be a fate in it. Years ago, there was a ship wrecked in a great storm, off the harbor of Portland. No living thing came ashore from it but a little child—a girl of six or seven years. I was standing close down by the water, and the waves cast her up at my feet. She was unconscious, but by proper treatment soon recovered her faculties, with the exception of her memory. That never returned to her. We questioned her vainly with regard to her previous life. She remembered nothing. Even her name had flown from her. My mother decided to adopt her, and she called her Marina, because she came to us out of the sea. I loved her from the moment the waves had cast her up to me, and when she was of suitable age, I told her my love, and won from her the sweet confession that it was returned. The marriage day was set, the guests were all in waiting. The bridesmaids went up to her chamber to call the bride, and they found her sitting in her chair, stabbed to the heart."
A sharp spasm of pain stopped his utterance, but he rallied directly and went on:

"Circumstances led to the discovery of the murderer, though his motive we have never known. He lies in the jail a few rods from here, under the sentence of death."
Genevieve had listened to Mr. Trenholme's narrative with strangely eager interest, and her brother seemed none the less intent.
When Ralph paused, St. Cyril said:
"Was there no clew, no possible mark, by which this child, this Marina, might have been identified by her friends if any survived?"
"Yes. Upon the right arm, just above the elbow, there was a small scarlet cross. It might have been made there with some indelible substance, or it might have been a birthmark."
Miss St. Cyril drew the sleeve away from her snowy arm, and held it out to Mr. Trenholme. And he saw, faintly glowing through the white skin, the very fac-simile of the cross that had marred the whiteness of Marina's arm. He started back, pale and trembling.
"What am I to think?" he said. "You are the same! It is my Marina come up from the grave, or am I dreaming?"
"Neither," said Miss St. Cyril. "We were twin sisters, I and your Marina." He looked at her in silent amazement. Mr. St. Cyril spoke:

"I think Genevieve is right. It is all so strange. Our search is ended, then! But how different from what I had hoped! We know her fate; but she is dead—gone from us beyond recall."
He bowed his head upon the table while Genevieve laid her arm over his neck. "Brother, we are left to each other. And the fault was none of ours."
"True, I have much to be thankful for," Mr. Trenholme, you are wondering over much that you do not understand. My sister and myself came to this country, not on a pleasure trip, but in obedience to a sacred promise given to the dying. If you have time to spare I will make you acquainted with the saddest part of our family history. I will tell you why Evangeline St. Cyril was on the ship which was wrecked."
"Thank you," responded Ralph. "I am all attention. I have longed all my life that the mystery might be solved. Would to God that she could have lived to see this day!"

CHAPTER XIV.

"YOU must know," began Mr. St. Cyril, "that my mother was the second daughter of Lord Charles Hillland, an Englishman of large estates and unbounded pride. She was possessed of uncommon beauty, and early

In life developed remarkable powers of fascination. She was educated with great care, and no pains were spared to make her as accomplished as she was lovely. She had two sisters and one brother.
"When Regina, for that was my mother's name was about sixteen, there came to Hillland Manor a young man named John Rudolph. He came as a sort of tutor to an orphan nephew of Lord Hillland's, whom he had adopted into the family. Rudolph was just the sort of a person to attract the fancy of a romantic young girl, whose only glimpse of life had been through the

highly-drawn novels she had read. He was gloomy and stern enough for a hero. He had suffered much in his short life, and had struggled hard with poverty, and by his own indomitable perseverance had worked his way through college. His pride was strong even as Lord Hillland's, and his cunning craft unequalled. Far back for some generations his ancestors had belonged to the gypsy race, and perhaps to this fact he owed his dark complexion, and his great, passionate, black eyes.

"His gloomy melancholy touched the sensitive heart of Regina, and she began to be kind to him in various little ways. She gave him books from the rare old library, she showed him choice engravings, she asked his assistance sometimes in her little flower garden, and by and by she learned to love him. I think he, also, in his cold, rude fashion, loved her, but he was too selfishly calculating ever to feel a genuine passion. At one time he so wrought upon her innocent heart with his pitiful story of wrong and desolation, and his ardent profession of love, that she gave him her promise to be his when she became of age. No sooner had he obtained this promise than he began to persecute her. His calls for money were incessant, and she, poor girl, was obliged to supply them, or to be denounced to her father. It is doubtful if the rascal would have risked going to Lord Hillland, but he held this terror up constantly before Regina. And she, from loving him, grew to loathe him.

"By some means unknown to me Lord Hillland discovered the situation of things, and his wrath was terrible. Rudolph was kicked from the house like a dog, and Regina was sent to the continent under the care of a paternal aunt. While in Paris, my mother first met Pierre St. Cyril, a young Frenchman of noble family and fascinating personal appearance. The beauty of Regina attracted him powerfully, and when he became acquainted with her, his admiration rapidly deepened into love. There seemed, for once, no impediment to the marriage. They were of equal birth, both were possessed of a strict sense of honor, and both were strikingly handsome.

"St. Cyril's only fault—if fault it can be reckoned—was a severely stern sense of honor, that could not tolerate for a moment the semblance of deception. Although he had been brought up in the frivolous French capital, his heart was as pure as that of a little child.
"My mother's first error lay in the decision which she took by the advice of her aunt, not to make St. Cyril acquainted with the episode touching John Rudolph. She, to do her justice, was anxious to speak of it to him, but her aunt, who was a fashionable, worldly woman, treated the idea with contempt, and won from Regina a promise never to mention the affair to her lover. The ambitious woman knew something of St. Cyril's sensitive temperament, and feared that he might object to taking one whom he knew had at some time fancied she loved another.
"They were married, and St. Cyril took his wife to his chateau near Auvergne. They were very happy. St. Cyril was the most devoted of husbands; they had abundance of wealth, and there seemed to be nothing wanting to complete their content. At the end of two years I was there. I think it was about this time that my mother's real trouble began. Rudolph sought her out. By some means he had managed to ascertain that Mr. St. Cyril had been kept in ignorance of their old love affair, and rightly judging that my mother would sacrifice much before she would now have it revealed, he came to her, and threatened her with exposure, if she did not at once deliver over to him a certain sum of money. My mother was terribly frightened, and she gave Rudolph all the ready money she possessed. For a while he left her in peace—but not for long. The dissipated life he led demanded large sums of money, and he was too indolent to work, when it could be obtained in any way. His calls upon my mother became very frequent. She did her best to satisfy them. She sold all her jewels, and little trinkets which a would turn for money, and gave him the proceeds. But the more she sacrificed for him, the more grasping and arrogant he became. He asked her twice for money when she had nothing to give. He suggested her husband's death. He knew St. Cyril kept by him large sums of money, and she could easily abstract what he wanted without being mistrusted. This my mother preposterously refused to do. She would run all risks rather than steal from this man who she loved and trusted her. Rudolph went away in fierce anger, vowing vengeance.

"About this time twins were born to my parents—two girls. They were named Evangeline and Genevieve, and upon the arms of each of them there was a faint scarlet cross—a birth mark. When these children were four months old, the nurse took them out for their airing one day, in a little carriage, and while she left them a moment to speak to a friend, Evangeline was stolen from the side of her sister. The terrified nurse knew nothing beyond the fact that she had left them for a moment by the side of a fountain in the public gardens, and on returning to take them away, had found only Genevieve—Evangeline was gone!

"My mother was distracted! The shock threw her into a fever, and in her delirious ravings my father learned the whole story. Nothing was kept back. He knew that she had loved Rudolph—that she had deceived him every day since their marriage, and that this unscrupulous man had visited her several times since their residence at Auvergne. He was a proud and painfully sensitive man, and his whole soul was outraged. He fancied himself the most bitterly wronged of all the human race. He grew cruel and relentless toward the woman he had so loved. When at last she returned to consciousness, she found herself deserted by her husband. He had gone to the east, he said in a brief epistle which he left behind him; he knew everything. He never wished to look upon her face again. He had left ample provision for her, and begged her to bring up her children in the paths of virtue and honor.

"This was a terrible blow to my mother, but her affection for her children, and the care she was obliged to bestow on them, kept her up. She made every effort in her power to ascertain the fate of her lost Evangeline, but vainly. She never heard from or saw John Rudolph for ten years. She wrote to her husband, putting aside all her pride for her child's sake—wrote to entreat him to try and find the lost girl; but if the letter ever reached him he gave it no heed. It was never replied to. Then she applied to her father in England. But he was a stern old man, and he fancied his pride injured and his house dishonored by the fact that his daughter had been deserted by her husband, and he refused to take any step in the matter. So my poor mother was left desolate. Nothing, I think, but her strong love for Genevieve and myself kept her alive.

"Ten years after Eva was stolen, late one evening there came to our house a tall, dark man, whom I now know was John Rudolph. He was closeted a long time with my mother, and when she came out her face was paler than its wont, and her eyes were red with weeping. Then I did not know wherefore, but now I know that he had come to tell her that Eva still lived; that she was in America, and that if she would raise him a certain sum he would reveal the child's exact whereabouts. This condition she could not comply with, and he left her in a rage.

"I think the constant worry about this missing child wore out my mother's life. Her days were shortened by it. Two years ago she received a letter from my father. He was lying on his death-bed, in an obscure Russian village. He confessed how much he had wronged her, expressed a sincere repentance, and begged her to come to him. He longed so inexpressibly for a sight of her face. She was not really able to undertake the journey, but could not be dissuaded from attempting it. I went with her. We found my father just on the borders of the mystic river, but waiting to see her ere he crossed over.

"It was a solemn scene. He lay on a great bed, heavily curtained, in a lofty room, gloomy with shadows; his face as white as marble, but for the hectic flushes in his cheeks. His great, eager eyes were fastened upon the door by which we entered—he was watching for her to come. He started up at the sound of her footstep, and extended his feeble arms.
"O Regina! O Regina!" he cried, pitifully, 'you have come at last!'"
"She went forward, and lifted his head to her bosom, and put her face against his. She did not weep, but shook like an aspen, and grew so very white that I feared it would be too much for her.

"Will you forgive me?" he cried. "O, I have wronged you so deeply! If you had only told me all that at the very first!"
"I know, Pierre, I sinned then; but they persuaded me it would be best. And afterward, I feared to lose your love. We have both erred; let us mutually forgive."

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HIS WIFE WAS BALKY.

When She Was Hitched to a Plow She Failed to Pull.

A young man with a long, worn out Prince Albert coat and a pair of purple pants tucked into his boots that were incased in mud, walked into central station this morning, says the Louisville Post, and asked:

"Are there any reporters here?"
"Yes," answered Captain Basler. "There's about four here."
"Well, I'm the fellow who bought a wife for \$7 last week, and she wouldn't work," replied the Rube, "and I got er divorce to get. These here papers have writ me up wrong, an' I want er correction."

"All right," replied the Post reporters. "I'll make you a correction. Let's have your statement."

"Now, you write it down just as I say it," replied the countryman.

His statement was as follows:
"The balky wife, the wife of Johnnie Snawder, the daughter of A. J. Childers, has sued for a divorce. Her father recommended her as a good worker when I bought her, and when I hitched her to the plow she failed to pull and balked. Her father came over where we was at and offered his mule, but I objected, as the mule looked tain. I thought I would try her a little longer, but she still failed. I offered to take the old man's wife, as she was the best trained."
"The old woman is 52 years old. You could not expect my wife to work as good as a woman with seventeen years' training. The old man would not trade, so I made him take his girl back. We parted good friends and I will take her back trained in a few weeks and pay double price for her. The old man's place on the Preston street pike is good and he has thirty-nine acres."

ANCIENT RACE OF INDIANS

Zuni is not the inaccessible place it was when Frank Cushing first wrote of it. It lies forty miles south of Gallup, a small town on the Santa Fe route—an easy day's drive.

The road rises steadily for the first fifteen miles and leaves behind it dry hills and barren soil with the lower altitudes. At an elevation of about 8,000 feet the trail enters upon a superb region of pine forest, glorious in August, with wild asters, sunflowers, gramma grass and wild oats. The ruins had been abundant, and the whole plateau was deliciously green and fragrant.

At about 4 o'clock we began to descend. Boulders thickened around us and the swales became sandy wastes. A thunder storm was crashing around Zuni as we came in sight of it, a yellow-brown mound in the center of a wide valley. Coming fresh from Gallup, with its rugged walls and precipitous trails, my first glimpse of Zuni was a disappointment. Then, too, Cushing had left such an impression

on my mind of its remoteness and inaccessibility. I was scarcely able, for the moment, to believe that this village in the valley was really the scene of his exciting discoveries.

We passed by a ruined town on the right; and, farther on, a high mesa, almost as inaccessible as the enchanted mesa at Avoma, was pointed out to me as the site of ancient Zuni. In fact, the whole land, from Zuni to Socorro is full of these dead cities. While it is probably true that there never was an immense number of people living in any of these valleys; still, one cannot but feel that a busy and numerous population has been at work here for centuries struggling against drought and savage neighbors, patient, primitive.

As we approached the town it looked silent, deserted. There were few people or animals to be seen.
Zuni sits beside a shallow river, which crawls silently over the sand like a flattened serpent. We crossed the stream and drew up at a long, low building, built of stone, conforming in general type, to the Pueblo architecture. This was the Hemingway headquarters wherein Cushing and his successors lived and worked during their studies and excavations. It is occupied at present by Mr. D. D. Graham, the trader, who welcomed us at the door and made us comfortable for the night. The thunderstorm boomed around the cliffs, but did not cover the village, and the sun sank in a most gorgeous and splendid illumination of clouds.

Mr. Graham explained to us the condition of affairs. The people were all at their summer villages, Nutrid, Ojo, Caliente and elsewhere, and only a few of the women and half a dozen old men remained in town. He walked with us over to the village after supper and showed us the doors sealed up and the windows plastered over—closed as if for a lifetime. The bridge which crosses the river is a primitive affair at best, but the city council has taken the planks up for fear they might get washed away during their absence and it was rather skittish crossing. I saw several women come down to the bank, roll up their leggings and wade across, rather than trust to the bridge.

The village, as it stands, covers about ten acres, and is built in the usual manner of a pueblo, one story above another, the roof of one serving as the dooryard of the one above, etc. There are a little plaza and a ruined church near it, and a minute graveyard, where the people are buried so thickly every burial exhumes half a dozen others. The men lie all on one side, the women on the other.

One curious development, which I did not see at the other pueblos, was the plant of tiny gardens south of the buildings. Each little garden was surrounded by a mud wall, and was laid out in little square beds a foot or two in diameter, each bed with a tiny dike around it. These gardens of onions, chile and beans, were watered by the women who carried water

from the river on their heads in great jars. There were dozens of these little toy gardens, lying wall to wall, each carefully closed up with a gate made of sticks and cobblestones—an elaborate contrivance, which must take half an hour's time to put up or let down.

"They're an industrious people," said the trader. "Of course, they cling to old manners and tools, and yet they are ready to improve. There is a great deal of American tools. We have a blacksmith and wagonmaker here. A native? Oh, yes. He's a Zuni."

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Mr. Graham speaks their language fluently and knows them intimately. He was here before Cushing. As the dusk fell upon the green and yellow plaza and the turkeys gobbled about us, he told us many things of the people and their ways.

"They are sun-worshippers," he said. "Sometimes I see them as they come out to sprinkle meat at sunrise. They come and pray to the water at night and scatter meat upon it. They are a curious people—no doubt of that. See that little heap of stones just beyond my barn? That was put there to mark the center of the world."

"That's primitive enough, I'm sure."
"Oh, I don't know. There are a hundred towns that think they are the center of the earth. The psychology of the Zuni isn't so widely different from that of some theologians."

The doctor asked: "Are they increasing in numbers?"
"I think they are, very slowly, though."
"Is there much sickness among them?"

"Not much, less than you would expect. Lack of food and bad ventilation are their chief enemies. They're pretty good doctors; they keep pretty close to the hot rock and herb treatment. I think, in spite of all, they hold their own."

The next morning, as we started toward the village, we met a bright-looking man of middle age, who greeted us in a sort of English. We fell into talk with him and found him to be quick-witted and courteous. He became our guide in our round of the village.

"Where are you from?" he asked, as we walked toward the bridge.
"Washington," we replied, because, to an Indian, any place in the East is Washington.

"Mis' Stimson, you know her?" he asked.
"Stimson? No, I'm afraid not," said the doctor.
"Mis' Stimson, she my friend. She live my house. She send me letter."

"He means means Mrs. Stevenson, who writes on Pueblo matters," said the doctor. "Yes, we know of Mrs. Stevenson."
"She good woman. She my friend. She know Cushing. You know Cushing? He come, dig, and much battery."

Up in the village we found a few people stirring, but mainly the houses were closed. Dick took us into his own house first, a nicely-whitewashed room, with some American furniture.
"Take chair," Dick insisted, and would not let the doctor sit on a box. He was proud of his chairs.
Dick's little children were bright little scamps, with considerable Zuni soil on them—good, wholesome dirt, however. Dick took us back through small doors into inner rooms, store rooms, dimly lighted, and showed us old, old treasures. An old war club, of which he said:

"Long time ago Navajo him bad; him fight Zuni. So war chief he make um club. Mebbe so hit Navajo." He handed us the club to look at. "No use 'em any more. Navajo no fight Zuni any more. Alle same trade."

There were also the ceremonial dresses which the men and women use in their dances, and old hunting fetiches and old bows. "Too old," Dick called them when he showed them to us, meaning, of course, very old. Curious places, these store houses, full

of things which epitomized an immense period of their lives.
When we saw so few men in the village we said:
"Dick, why aren't you out farming?"
He laughed. "Me no farm. Me all time make beads. He was an artisan, not a common hand."
"Let me see you make beads."

He took us back into the main living room, and there he laid out a box of shells, a little bag of turquoise, a box of little disks clipped out of shells, and a drill of his own fashioning. He clipped a disk with his pinchers. Then with the curious and very well-worked drill he bored a hole in the disk. He was very adroit and proud of his trade.

"Navajo like 'um; trade blankets; pay \$10 string."
We went into other houses, for when it was known that we were buying pottery and that we had candy for the children, the people came over the house-tops like goats across the rocks, asking us to come and see what they had. There were a few plump, laughing girls, some old men and the rest were women of middle age.

We saw Dick's father, so crippled that he walks on his hands, dragging his legs along the ground. He had a resolute, intelligent and uncompromising face. We saw a little sick baby, looking pathetically wan and limp, and a girl with a badly burned foot. In one house we came upon an old woman, old as a gray boulder—old and thin as a gnarled dead gray cedar tree. She sat by the open door and held her head in the streaming glory of morning sunshine. She had but one garment, and her skinny arms and legs looked barely human.

I bought a bowl which sat beside her and put the money into her hand, and the doctor gave her some candy.
She lifted her head as though this unusual kindness had given her new life, and peered at us as if she would remember us forever. She lifted her hand to be shaken, and I shook it and said, "Way-no." She then kissed her hand to us, in token of her gratitude to the strange white men who had done what her sons had probably never done; remembered her age to her honor for that is a strange thing among these generally kind people—the old are neglected.

Fuddy—What a fellow Waver is! Really, I don't believe he knows his own mind.
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Ah, but they are poor. As we went through their homes, buying a little pottery, we saw all their poor, pathetic possessions. Their bowls and blankets, their extra robes, their one or two battered chairs, the copper lithographs on the walls, the children robed in old salt sacks—and yet men plan to rob them! Men want to take their land, to grow fat off their trade. No wonder the white men are wolves to them.

Last year they had no crop. They were forced to eat their faithful burros, their dogs. They were forced to sell everything that men would pay 5 cents for, and they sat in their cheerless houses and endured hunger and cold with the patience of martyrs. And the white people sat by and saw it and did little. One man—everlasting shame to him—gave an old man copper cents for necklaces and told him they would buy a bag of flour. Such are the tales they tell of greed.

This year they have a good crop and so they are smiling. I should like to have seen them when they came together for their harvest home dance and festival.
As we came to say good-by to Dick I said:
"Dick, I'll send you some shells when I get back. Mebbe so ten days and ten days. Mebbe so one month."
"Good," said Dick. "Me need much shells. Make 'em beads. Sell 'em Navajos."
"All right, I'll send some."

"One time," began Dick, impressively, "man say me send 'em shells. Me go home, me send 'em shells." A pause. "He liar. He no send 'em shells."

There was no misunderstanding this broad hint, and I joined the doctor in the laugh.
"Well, Dick, you see, I am no liar."

I understood the other man's case. Some one had said on the impulse: "I'll send you some shells, Dick," and then had forgotten it in the complexity of his city life. But there is no complexity in Dick's life and he remembers every word the white man speaks. I sent those shells, and I would have done it at any cost. I could not have Dick's An-tennith think me a liar. A man should keep his lightest promise with an Indian.

Looking back on Zuni, I saw once more how it secreted itself on the plain. It lay behind us there, a low, red hill in the midst of the wide, sun-filled valley. Around it purple sands lay, and a slow river crawled by it. Far away on all sides, great mesas towered a thousand feet above the valley floor.

As we rose we came again to radiant vistas of sunflowers, which ran to great scopped and carved walls of sandstone. Pine trees began again, and grass and flowers, a beautiful wilderness.
We spent the night in the camp of a trader about twelve miles from Zuni. We were awake at the dawn, and saw the sun blaze into sudden splendor in the heavens. All through the cold, white half-light a coyote cried, uttering a liquid, whistling wail, so sweet and wild it made that dawn forever memorable to me.

A young Ptu cooked our breakfast, a Zuni helped him, a Navajo horseman waited outside. Columbia college was represented in the doctor, who was studying the ancient photographs on the rocks, and I—I listened in ecstasy to the mystic, shrill wail of the coyote and watched the sun flare up the sky, and thought of this wonderful coming together of men in the bush.—Hamlin Garland, in Detroit Free Press.

A Way to Making the "Searcher" of Some Use.
Among recent developments to which the widespread use of the bicycle has led is a machine for enabling the cyclist to train or take his exercise indoors in bad weather. The rider sits on the saddle and works the pedals in the usual way, and while the wheels revolve, their force is expanded on the turning of an endless belt, and the bicycle never moves from the spot. It has occurred to a French electrician that some useful work can be done at the same time. He has accordingly designed an apparatus in which the driving wheel of a safety bicycle of the usual type is raised from the floor, and, by means of a strap and speed gearing, made to drive a small dynamo, which is used to charge accumulators. This idea of turning exercise into a useful product outside of its own special purpose is capable of wide application. One instance of it will be readily remembered. Nansen, in fitting out the Fram for his rash Arctic expedition, had a cupstun placed on deck, the shaft of which was connected by gearing with the ship's dynamo. The object of this was that in the long dark winter of the polar regions, the crew should daily take the exercise needed for health, by doing their shift at the capstan, and at the same time generate the electricity needed for lighting the ship. In some English prisons, where the energy derived from the working of the treadmill by the convicts has hitherto been insufficiently utilized, it is now proposed to turn it to the generation of electricity, for lighting the buildings, making the prison industries more remunerative, and giving the prisoners a training which will enable them to live honestly when they are discharged.

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