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CHAPTER VIII.

EARLY in the morning after Miss Hetherington's visit, Marjorie prepared to set out for the Castle. She would gladly have made some excuse to stay at home, but Mr. Lorraine would not hear of it, and at his earnest request she consented.

"She is your best friend," said the minister, "and you must not offend her."

"Very well, I will go," answered Marjorie; "but I shall come home early in the afternoon. She'll never ask me to stay all night? If she does, I can't do it!"

"Why not, Marjorie?"

"The Castle's eerie enough at daytime, but at night it's dreadful, and Miss Hetherington creeps about like a ghost. I'd sooner sleep out in the kirkyard."

At a quarter before nine she started, for she had three miles to walk, and she wished to linger on the road, which lay through pleasant country pastures and among green lanes. The morning was bright and clear, though there were clouds to seaward which spoke of coming rain. Passing up through the village, the way she had come the previous day, she saw young Sutherland standing at the gate of the weaver's cottage.

"Good-morning, Marjorie. Where are you going to so early?"

"Up to Miss Hetherington's at the Castle," she replied.

"Are you going to walk?"

"Yes."

"Then may I come with you a piece of the road?"

"Not today, Johnnie," she said, nervously. "I'm late, and must hurry on."

The young man sighed, but did not press his request. Troubled and vexed at the meeting, Marjorie walked quickly away.

She followed the townward highway till she came to the cross-roads where she had alighted from the wagonette. Close to the cross-road there was a stile, and she was about to step over, when she heard a voice behind her. Turning quickly she saw to her astonishment the French teacher from Dumfries.

He was clad in a dark walking-suit, with broad-brimmed, wide-awake hat, and was smoking a cigar. He looked at her smilingly, and raised his hat. She thought he had never looked so handsome, as he stood there in the sunshine, with his pale face smiling and his bright black eyes fixed eagerly upon her.

"Monsieur Caussidiere!" she cried in astonishment.

"Yes, it is I!" he replied in his sad, musical voice. "I have walked from the town, and was going down to see you."

"To see me!" she echoed.

"Yes, mademoiselle, and the good man your guardian. You have spoken of him so often that I longed to make his acquaintance, and, having two idle days before me, I came here, as you behold."

Marjorie did not know what to say or do, the encounter was so unexpected. She stood trembling and blushing in such obvious embarrassment that the Frenchman came to her relief.

"Do not let me detain you, if you have an appointment. Or stay! perhaps you will permit me to walk a little way in your company?"

And before she quite understood what was taking place, he had lightly leaped the stile and was handing her over with great politeness. They strolled along the foot-path side by side. Suddenly Marjorie paused.

"I am going up to the Castle," she said, "and I shall not be back till the afternoon. Do not let me take you out of your way."

The Frenchman smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh! one way is to me as good as another," he exclaimed.

"But you said you wished to see Mr. Lorraine?"

"Precisely; but I prefer your company, my child."

"He is at home now, and will be so glad of some one to talk to."

"I see you want to get rid of me, little one," said Caussidiere, paternally. "If I go will you promise to return soon? Remember, I shall not depart until you do return."

"Yes, I will promise," answered Marjorie. "I—I would rather you did not come any further."

"And wherefore, my child? Is my company so disagreeable?"

"No, monsieur; but the folk in this place are aye talking, and if they saw me walking with a strange gentleman it would be all over the parish before night, and then Miss Hetherington would hear of it, and I should get no peace."

And as she spoke she looked round nervously, as if dreading an eye-witness.

"Miss Hetherington! Pray, who is she?"

"The lady I am going to see. She has eyes everywhere—nothing happens but she kens."

"But surely there is nothing to conceal," persisted the Frenchman. "It is very natural that, having met you, I should offer to escort you."

"In France, maybe, but not here in Annandale. Down here, monsieur, when two folk are seen out walking in the fields together, all the world believes them to be courting."

She had spoken without reflection, and her face now grew crimson as she met her companion's eyes and realized the significance of her own words.

"I see," cried the Frechman, laughing. "They would take me for your lover."

Marjorie did not reply, but turned her face away and began to walk on rapidly. But the Frenchman kept by her side.

"Ah, my child," he continued, "I am more fit to be your father than your lover. I am not so frivolous and vain as to presume to think of one so young and pretty. You must not mind me! I am your teacher, your friend—that is all!"

She was touched by the tone in which he spoke, but after a moment's hesitation she paused again, and looked him full in the face.

"What you say is quite true, monsieur," she said; "but, oh! do not follow me any further. See, that is the Castle, and who knows but Miss Hetherington herself is watching us from the tower?"

She pointed across the fields toward a dark belt of woodland, over which two old-fashioned towers were indeed visible, about a mile and a half away.

"Well, I will do as you desire, my child," answered Caussidiere, after a moment's hesitation; "I will go and make the acquaintance of your guardian. Au revoir!"

He took her hand, lifted it to his lips, and kissed it; then, with an air of respectful gallantry, he swept off his hat and bowed. She could not help smiling; he looked so fantastic to her simple sight, and yet so handsome!

She walked on thoughtfully. At the next stile she turned and looked back. He was still stationary in the pathway, gazing after her; but the moment she looked back he kissed his hand.

Marjorie turned again and walked on, with no little fluttering of the heart.

When she reached the Castle, an elderly man-servant led her into the lobby, a dark and dreary passage hung with oil paintings and antique maps and prints; thence into a large apartment, divided by an open folding-door into two portions.

Here he left her to announce her arrival to his mistress.

Presently the room door opened, and the mistress of the house appeared.

She was dressed in an old-fashioned robe of stiff black silk, and wore a cap, like that of a widow, over her snow-white hair. She came in leaning on her crutch, and nodded grimly to her guest.

"Sit ye doon," she said, pointing to a seat, and herself dropping into an arm-chair before the fire. Then, drawing out a man's gold hunting-watch and opening it, she continued: "Twenty-five minutes after ten. You're late in coming, Marjorie Annan. I doubt you were lingering on the way."

CHAPTER IX.

AS she spoke, and closed her watch sharply, Miss Hethington fixed her black eyes keenly on Marjorie, who, remembering her recent encounter with Caussidiere, flushed and trembled. A curious smile grew upon the stern woman's bloodless face as she continued:

"Ay, ay, you were lingering, and may be you had pleasant company. Who was yon you parted with out there among the green fields?"

Marjorie started in consternation. Her fears, then, were right, and it was useless to conceal anything from Miss Hetherington, who was like a witch, and had eyes and ears everywhere.

"Oh, Miss Hetherington," she exclaimed, "did you see us together?"

"I was up on the tower with my spying-glass, and I saw far awa' a lassie, that looked like Marjorie Annan, and a lad I took at first for Johnnie Sutherland, till he began booing and kissing his hand, and then I saw it could na be Johnnie."

Marjorie now perceived that all concealment was useless, and at once told her hostess of the meeting with her French teacher. She did not think it expedient, however, to describe with exactness the Frenchman's conversation; but even as it was, Miss Hetherington's brow darkened, and her eyes flashed with a light like that of anger.

"Braw doings!" she muttered. "Braw doings for young growing lassie o' seventeen! Your French teacher, say you? What's his name, Marjorie?"

"Monsieur Caussidiere."

"And what's the man doing down here instead of teaching his classes in the town?"

"Indeed, I can't tell," returned Marjorie. "I met him quite by accident on my way to see you."

"Humph! What like is he? Is he young?"

"Not very young."

"Weel favored?"

"Yes, and very clever."

"Worse and worse," said Miss Hetherington. "Now, Marjorie, listen to me!"

"Yes, Miss Hetherington."

"Look me in the face while you answer. Do you think this French scoundrel—he is a scoundrel, tak' it for granted—has come down here in pursuit o' his pupil? Dinna be feared to answer. Is he fond o' you, Marjorie?"

"I—I think he likes me."

"Has he said as muckle?"

"Yes, Miss Hetherington," answered Marjorie, who was incapable of a falsehood.

"And you? What think ye of him?"

"I like him very much, Miss Hetherington. He has been very kind and patient with me."

"But do you love him?—tell me that; or is it Johnnie Sutherland that has won your silly heart? Out with it, Marjorie Annan. Frank confession's good for the soul, and I'm your friend."

Marjorie blushed, but kept her frank blue eyes fixed on her questioner's face.

"I don't love anybody, Miss Hetherington—not in the way you mean."

"Are you sure o' that?"

"Quite sure."

"Then you're a wise lassie," cried the lady, rising to her feet. "Men are kittle cattle, and safer at a distance. Look at that picture," she continued, suddenly pointing to a portrait over the mantelpiece. "You ken who is it?"

"Yes; your brother, Mr. Hugh."

"Hugh Hetherington, God rest his soul! and the best brother woman ever had. Folk thought that he was bad, and he had my father's temper; but he guarded his sister like a watch-dog; and I wish you had a brother to guard you half as weel. Look underneath my een, on my right cheek! You see that mark? I shall carry it to my grave. Hugh gave it to me when I was a young lass. He struck me in the face wi' his fist, because he thought I was hiding something from him, and coorting wi' one I needna name."

The lady's face grew full of a wild, fierce light as she spoke, and she laughed strangely to herself. Marjorie gazed at her in dread.

"It was a lie, but Hugh was right, he loved his sister. He kenned what men were, he knew their black hearts. They're a' bad, or mostly a'. Tak' warning, Marjorie Annan, and hearken to me! Let nae man come to you in secret wi' words o' love; hide naething from them that care for you—from Mr. Lorraine or from me. Trust the auld heads, Marjorie; they ken what is right. God has made you bonny; may He keep you pure and happy till the end!"

Her tone was changed to one of deep earnestness, even of pathos. She walked up and down the room in agitation, pausing now and again, and leaning upon her crutch.

"No that I would hae you lead a lonely life!" she exclaimed after a pause. "Look at me! I'm no that old in years, but I'm gray, gray wi' loneliness and trouble. I might hae had one to care for me; I might hae had bairns; but it was na to be. I'm a rich woman, but I hae neither kith nor kin. Lord forbid you should ever be the same! But when you marry—and marry you will some day—you must choose a true man—ay, true and honest, whether he be rich or poor; and if you canna choose, let the auld folk that care for you, and that ken the world choose for you. Trust their een, no your ain! Never deceive them; keep nae secrets from them. Mind that, Marjorie Annan!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Most Beautiful Foot.

The most beautiful foot is the slender one. The stylish girl recognizes this fact. Her shoes are always large enough to avoid cramping the foot, and yet they are snug and wonderfully neat and delicate. That is the reason why some girls can dance all night without rest, while others have to retire early from a brilliant ball, leaving their hearts behind—in case they do not dance and suffer so much with their feet as to preclude the possibility of real enjoyment. If a girl wears a proper shoe, when the foot is bare, and she stands upon it in the privacy of her bedroom, it will be as pretty and delicate as a baby's. The instep would be high, the heel delicately formed, the skin as white as alabaster, with possibly blue veins showing through. The general form of the foot will be slender, the toes tapering parallel, and separated by about the thickness of a sheet of paper, and adorned with pink-tinted nails. A girl who has such feet as these—and there are many who have them—well may take pride and pleasure in contemplating them.

Propeller Replaced at Sea.

While in the mid-Atlantic on a recent trip the steamship Victorie of Sunderland lost the tail of her shaft and with it the propeller. Her engines were thus, of course, rendered useless. But those on board were equal to the emergency. They depressed the bow and elevated the stern by shifting weights so as to enable a spare shaft and screw to be fitted at sea, and after the delay necessary for so heavy a job to be accomplished under such difficult conditions, she resumed her voyage and made her port in safety.

Whisky or Snake.

A man who was bitten by a rattlesnake drank a quart of whisky as a remedy. He died soon afterwards, and the coroner's jury brought in this verdict: "The deceased came to his death either from the snake or the whisky, the jury being uncertain which, and the local physician being absent at the funeral of one of his patients."

When tea was first introduced in England, in the seventeenth century, it cost 66 shillings a pound.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE THREE TAVERNS" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text: Acts, Chapter XXVIII., Verse 15, as Follows: "They Came to Meet Us as Far as Appii" Forum and the Three Taverns.

SEVENTEEN miles south of Rome, Italy, there was a village of unfortunate name. A tavern is a place of entertainment. In our time part of the entertainment is a provision of intoxicants. One such place you would think would have been enough for that Italian village. No, there were three of them, with doors open for entertainment and obfuscation. The world has never lacked stimulating drinks. You remember the condition of Noah on one occasion, and of Abigail's husband, Nabal, and the story of Belshazzar's feast, and Benhadad, and the new wine in old bottles, and whole paragraphs on prohibition enactment thousands of years before Neal Dow was born; and no doubt there were whole shelves of inflammatory liquid in those hotels which gave the name to the village where Paul's friends came to meet him, namely, the Three Taverns. In vain I search ancient geography for some satisfying account of that village. Two roads came from the sea coast to that place; the one from Actium, and the other from Puteoli, the last road being the one which Paul traveled. There were, no doubt, in that village houses of merchandise and mechanics' shops, and professional offices, but nothing is known of them. All that we know of that village is that it had a profusion of inns—the Three Taverns. Paul did not choose any one of these taverns as the place to meet his friends. He certainly was very abstemious, but they made the selection. He had enlarged about keeping the body under, though once he prescribed for a young theological student a stimulating cordial for a stomachic disorder; but he told him to take only a small dose—"a little wine for thy stomach's sake."

One of the worst things about these Three Taverns was that they had especial temptation for those who had just come ashore. People who had just landed at Actium or Puteoli were soon tempted by these three hotels which were only a little way up from the beach. Those who are disordered of the sea (for it is a physical disorganizer), instead of waiting for the gradual return of physical equipose, are apt to take artificial means to brace up. Of the one million sailors now on the sea, how few of them coming ashore will escape the Three Taverns! After surviving hurricanes, cyclones, icebergs, collisions, many of them are wrecked in harbor. I warrant that if a calculation were made of the comparative number of sailors lost at sea, and lost ashore, those drowned by the crimson wave of dissipation would far outnumber those drowned by the salt water.

Alas! that the large majority of those who go down to the sea in ships should have twice to pass the Three Taverns, namely, before they go out, and after they come in. That fact was what aroused Father Taylor, the great sailor's preacher, at the Sailors' Bethel, Boston, and at a public meeting at Charlestown, he said, "All the machinery of the drunkard making, soul destroying business is in perfect running order, from the low grog holes on the docks kept open to ruin my poor sailor boys, to the great establishments in Still House square, and when we ask men what is to be done about it, they say, 'you can't help it,' and yet there is Bunker Hill and you say you can't stop it, and up there are Lexington and Concord." We might answer Father Taylor's remark by saying, "the trouble is not that we can't stop it, but that we won't stop it." We must have more generations slain before the world will fully wake up to the evil. That which tempted the travelers of old who came up from the seaports of Actium and Puteoli, is now the ruin of seafaring men as they come up from the coasts of all the continents, namely, the Three Taverns. In the autumn, about this time, in the year 1837, the steamship Home went out from New York for Charleston. There were about one hundred passengers, some of them widely known. Some of them had been summering at the northern watering places and they were on their way south, all expectant of hearty greeting by their friends on the wharves of Charleston. But a little more than two days out the ship struck the rocks. A life boat was launched, but sank with all its passengers. A mother was seen standing on the deck of the steamer with her child in her arms. A wave wrenched the child from the mother's arms and rolled it into the sea, and the mother leaped after it. The sailors rushed to the bar of the boat and drank themselves drunk. Ninety-five human beings went down never to rise, or to be floated upon the beach amid the fragments of the wreck. What was the cause of the disaster? A drunken sea captain. But not until the judgment day, when the sea shall give up its dead and the story of earthly disasters shall be fully told, will it be known how many yachts, steamers, brigatines, men-of-war and ocean greyhounds have been lost through captain and crew made incompetent by alcoholic dethronement. Admiral Farragut had proper appreciation of what the fiery stimulus was to a man in the navy. An officer of the warship said to him, "Admiral, won't you consent to give Jack a glass of grog in the morning? Not enough to make him drunk, but enough to make him fight cheerfully." The admiral answered, "I have been to sea considerably, and have seen a battle or two, but I never found that I needed rum to enable me to do my duty. I will order two cups of coffee to each man at two o'clock in the morning, and at eight o'clock I will pipe all hands to breakfast in Mobile Bay." The Three Taverns of my text were too near the Mediterranean shipping.

But notice the multiplicity. What could that Italian village, so small that history makes but one mention of it, want with more than one tavern? There were not enough travelers coming through that insignificant town to support more than one house of lodgment. That would have furnished enough pillows and enough breakfasts. No, the world's appetite is diseased, and the subsequent draughts must be taken to slack the thirst created by the preceding draughts. Strong drink kindles the fires of thirst faster than it puts them out. There were three taverns. That which cursed that Italian village curses all Christendom today—too many taverns. There are streets in some of our cities where there are three or four taverns in every block; aye, where every other house is a tavern. You can take the Arabic numeral of my text, the three, and put on the right hand side of it one cipher, and two ciphers, and four ciphers, and that re-enforcement of numerals will not express the statistics of American rumseries. Even if it were a good, healthy business, supplying necessity, an article superbly nutritious, it is a business mightily overdone, and there are Three Taverns where there ought to be only one.

The fact is, there are in another sense Three Taverns now; the gorgeous Tavern for the affluent, the medium Tavern for the working classes, and the Tavern of the slums, and they stand in line, and many people beginning with the first come down through the second and come out at the third. At the first of the Three Taverns, the wines are of celebrated vintage, and the whiskies are said to be pure, and they are quaffed from cut glass, at marble side tables, under pictures approaching masterpieces. The patrons pull off their kind gloves, and hand their silk hats to the waiter, and push back their hair with a hand on one finger of which is a cameo. But those patrons are apt to stop visiting that place. It is not the money that a man pays for drinks, for what are a few hundred or a few thousand dollars to a man of large income—but their brain gets touched, and that unbalances their judgment, and they can see fortunes in enterprises surcharged with disaster. In longer or shorter time they change Taverns, and they come down to Tavern the second, where the pictures are not quite so scrupulous of suggestion, and the small table is rougher, and the castor standing on it is of German silver, and the air has been kept over from the night before, and that which they sip from the pewter mug has a larger percentage of benzine, ambergris, creosote, henbane, strychnine, prussic acid, coculus indicus, plaster of paris, copperas, and nightshade. The patron may be seen almost every day, and perhaps many times the same day at this Tavern the second, but he is preparing to graduate. Brain, liver, heart, nerves, are rapidly giving way. That Tavern the second has its dismal echo in his business destroyed and family scattered, and woes that choke one's vocabulary. Time passes on, and he enters Tavern the third; a red light outside; a hiccoughing and besotted group inside. He will be dragged out of doors about two o'clock in the morning and left on the sidewalk, because the bartender wants to shut up. The poor victim has taken the regular course in the college of degradation. He has his diploma written on his swollen, bruised and blotched physiognomy. He is a regular graduate of the Three Taverns. As the police take him in and put him in the ambulance, the wheels seem to rumble with two rolls of thunder, one of which says, "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." The other thunder roll says, "All drunkards shall have their place in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone. * * *

With these thoughts I cheer Christian reformers in their work, and what rejoicing on earth and heaven there will be over the consummation. Within a few days one of the greatest of the leaders in this cause went up to enthronement. The world never had but one Neal Dow, and may never have another. He has been an illumination to the century. The stand he took has directly and indirectly saved hundreds of thousands from drunkards' graves. Seeing the wharves of Portland, Maine, covered with casks of West Indian rum (nearly an acre of it at one time), and the city smoking with seven distilleries, he began the warfare against drunkenness more than half a century ago. The good he has done, the homes he has kept inviolate, the high moral sense with which he has infused ten generations, is a story that neither earth nor heaven can afford to let die. Derided, belittled, caricatured, maligned, for a quarter of a century as few men have been he has lived on until at his decease universal newspaperdom speaks his praise and the eulogiums of his career on this side of the sea have been caught up by the cathedral organ sounding his requiem on the other. His whole life having been for God and the world's betterment, when at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon of October second he left his home on earth surrounded by loving ministers, and entered the gates of his eternal residence, I think there was a most unusual welcome and salutation given him. Multitudes enter heaven only because of what Christ has done for them, the welcome not at all intensified because of anything they had done for him. But all heaven knew the story of that good man's life, and the beauty of his death-bed, where he said, "I long to be free." I think all the reformers of heaven came out to hail him in, the departed legislators who made laws to restrain intemperance, the consecreated platform orators who thrilled the generations that are gone, with "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come"—Albert Barnes and John B. Gough were there to greet him, and golden-tongued patriarch Stephen H. Tyng was there, and John W. Hawkins, the founder of the much derided and gloriously useful "Washingtonian Movement" was there, and John Sterns and Commodore Foote, and Dr. Marsh and Governor Briggs and Eliphalet Nott, and my lovely friend Alfred Colquitt, the Christian Senator, and hundreds of those who labored for the overthrow of the drunkenness that yet curses the earth, were there to meet him and escort him to his throne and shout at his coronation.

God let him live on for near a century, to show what good habits and cheerfulness and faith in the final triumph of all that is good, can do for a man in this world, and to add to the number of those who would be on the other side to attend his entrance. But he will come back again! "Yes," say some of you, with Martha, about Lazarus to Jesus, "I know he will rise at the Resurrection of the last day." Ah! I do not mean that. Ministering spirits are all the time coming and going between earth and heaven—the Bible teaches it—and do you suppose the old hero just ascended will not come down and help us in the battle that still goes on? He will. Into the hearts of discouraged reformers he will come to speak good cheer. When legislators are deciding how they can best stop the rum traffic of America by legal enactment, he will help them vote for the right and rise up undismayed from temporary defeat. In this battle will Neal Dow be until the last victory is gained and the smoke of the last distillery has curled on the air, and the last tear of despoiled homesteads shall be wiped away. O departed nonagenarian! After you have taken a good rest from your struggle of seventy active years, come down again into the fight, and bring with you a host of the old Christian warriors who once mingled in the fray.

In this battle the visible troops are not so mighty as the invisible. The gospel campaign began with the supernatural—the midnight chant that woke the shepherds, the hushed sea, the eyesight given where the patient had been without the optic nerve, the sun obliterated from the noonday heavens, the law of gravitation loosing its grip as Christ ascended; and as the gospel campaign began with the supernatural, it will close with the supernatural; and the winds and the waves and the lightnings and the earthquakes will come in on the right side and against the wrong side; and our ascended champions will return, whether the world sees them or does not see them. I do not think that those great souls departed are going to do nothing hereafter but sing psalms and play harps, and breathe frankincense, and walk seas of glass mingled with fire. The mission they fulfilled while in the body will be eclipsed by their post-mortem mission, with faculties quickened and velocities multiplied; and it may have been to that our dying reformer referred when he said, "I long to be free!" There may be bigger words than this to be redeemed, and more gigantic abominations to be overthrown than this world ever saw; and the discipline gotten here may only be preliminary drill for a campaign in some other world, and perhaps some other constellation. But the crowned heroes and heroines, because of their grander achievements in greater spheres, will not forget this old world where they prayed and suffered and triumphed. Church militant and Church triumphant but two divisions of the same army—right wing and left wing.

PEOPLE OF THE COUNTRY.

Few of Them Seemed to Have Learned Anything Noble from Nature.

"For the stability and righteousness of our government we are accustomed to think we must pin our faith on the country people who live 'near to Nature's heart,'" writes Mrs. Lyman Abbott in the October Ladies' Home Journal, the first of a series of "Peaceful Valley" papers which picture life in an ideal rural community. "But how many of them," she says, "seem to have learned anything noble from her? Her beauty does not refine them, her honesty does not incite them to thoroughness, her free-handedness does not inspire them to generosity—they become narrow and sordid in the midst of grandeur and liberality. They imagine there can be nothing in life but work or play, toil or rest, and they feel a contempt for those who play and rest. They have never learned to mingle work and play, toil and rest in due proportion, and they cease to find any pleasure in life unless they abandon work altogether. Like the tired woman who wrote her own epieaph, they fancy heaven a place where they can 'do nothing forever and ever.' This view of life makes loafers in the village as it makes them in the cities. When a different spirit has found room to grow, a new order of living prevails. Life becomes something more than a slow grinding of the mill, more than a burden, to be endured only because a luxury as well as a necessity. Individuals combine, not for their own advantage, but to multiply benefactions, and as strength increases, by its right use, the attainment of one worthy and ambitious advantage is only the suggestion and achievement of another."

Ebben's Philosophy.

"Nine times outer ten," said Uncle Eben, "a gemman advises young men ter choose some yuthuh business dan whut he got into. He takes it foh granted dat it took a heap mo' dan common smahtness ter succeed like he did."—Washington Star.