

WON AT LAST. By Bernard Bigsby.



CHAPTER I. AN UNDISCOVERED GUEST. A LITTLE bit of rural England. A dainty glimpse of stream, meadow and woodland, such as Birket Foster would have loved to picture.

"I mean that your son married my niece three years ago some next August. Oh, you needn't stare so disbelievingly. Here it all is in black and white—Birmingham's registrar's certificate and letters by the dozen."

ruinous overcharge the dollars they have so hardy earned. Here and there you see a better kind of residence, and in this you may be sure that an agent or captain resides—the captain being the highest flight of aristocracy to which the society of the metable city aspires.



On the top of one of the bluffs on the outskirts of the city stood a gaunt, square house, rudely put together with unpainted boards, and surrounded by a squallid 'settlement' of temporary shanties.

Other persons than the malicious captain might have seen something indicative in the scene that met the view of the worthy Mrs. Whitford.

On right and left the rugged hills, crowned with sturdy firs; in the distance a long sheer expanse of lake covered with scrub; and, in the far background, the sun, setting in all the luxurious splendor of the last languishing days of an Indian summer.

"Yes," said the schoolmaster, decisively; "that night school for the miners must not be neglected. It is the best work I am doing, though I fear it is not appreciated in some quarters."

"This ward duty appealed to the old soldier's best instincts, and in a more modified manner he continued: 'Yes, duty's duty, an' England expects every man to do his duty, which also I suppose this United States of America likewise demands; but, there's an overridin' of even one's duty.'"

A little more than a year ago the bosses ruled like feudal barons, and now their sway was threatened by a whippersnapper of a boy who had come among them, nobody knew whence nor cared, and by this and other such base means had alienated the allegiance of their vassals, who were actually beginning to dare to think for themselves.

On this ruin of vice and squalor Frank Grey built his great work of social reformation.

whether they were obliged to give a month's credit for their labor, would be discarded.

G. A. H. National Encampment at Louisville, Ky.

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"WHAT DO YOU MEAN?" GASPED THE BARONET. while my poor niece and her little girl are left to starve?"

CHAPTER II. THE NORTHERN HOME. Fourteen years have elapsed since the occurrence of the events related in the preceding chapters.

"John Whitford," she demanded, furiously, "has trouble added to his brain? A child, a child, as has no left or short frocks, an a young man as has lived under thy roof welly a twelvemonth, an' never so much by word or deed 'as showed he wassa a perfect gentleman! Who put that silly craze i' thy soft pate? Frank Holbrook, I'll tek my Bible oath on't."

"Who were it then? For none such nonsense entered on its own account." "Well, then, it was the captain."