A NERVOUS WRECK

Mrs. Green Gained 28 Pounds and Recovered Her Health by Taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

General debility is a term that covers a multitude of cases where there is no acute disease, yet the patient continues to lose strength and the doctor's medicines have no apparent effect. This is the decline that leads to death if means are not found to check it. In a great majority of cases Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will check it and restore health and strength because they actually make new blood and so send renewed vitality to every organ and tissue of the body.

Mrs. S. A. Green, whose address is Box 29, R. F. D. No. 4, Franklin, Ga., says: "For three and a half years I suffered with weakness and nervousness, complicated with stomach trouble. At times I was confined to my bed for periods ranging from three weeks to two months and was under the physician's care most of the time for three years. I did not know the cause of my trouble but I was prostrated with weakness and, although I took a great deal of medicine, nothing seemed to give me strength. At times my stomach hurt me something fearful and my head often troubled me. I was sleepless and what sleep I did get did not refresh me.

"When I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I weighed but 104 pounds. I knew I was so bad that a few doses would not cure me and I had patience. Soon the pills began to give me strength my blood got in better condition, I could sleep well at night and help some with the housework. Now I weigh 130 pounds and think nothing of walking half a mile. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done wonders for me and the neighbors all know this statement is true."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes $2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N.Y.

HOPI INDIAN WEAVERS.

They Taught the Art to the Navajos of the Southwest.

The Hopi were the original weavers of the southwest and taught the Navajo the craft that has made him famous —"her," rather, for it's the Navajo women who do their weaving, the men devoting their time and energies toward the business end, disposing of the women's products at the trading posts, says the Craftsman. Very few specimens of the Hopi's exquisite work reach civilization, for nearly everything they make is for their own use.

The women of the tribe are most conservative and adhere to the native dress woven in one piece, folded, laced together with colored yarns and belted in with a ten-inch sash of bright hue. It is black, a diagonal weave, with diamond pattern. This is caught over the right shoulder, leaving the left bare, and they generally wear a mantle of a smaller blanket, or of calico, caught over the left shoulder and flowing free behind. With this arrangement of costume and their own odd method of hairdressing it would be a long trip to find anything more picturesque than a group of women and girls gathered for their daily trading bee and "mothers' meeting" on a kiva roof, or on a house terrace, weaving their bright-colored trays, and lunching, or particularly on the housetops, viewing a "dance" in the plaza, when each one wears her best. At such times the unmarried girls are supposed to retire modestly to their homes before the close of the ceremony that they may not have to mingle with the dispersing crowd.

Overlooking a Bet.

"Tom's a fool!"

"Why, Margery! I thought you liked him."

"Well, we were sitting on the sofa last night and he bet me that I couldn't whistle. And I turned to him and puckered up my lips to start and——"

"Well?"

"Well, he let me whistle!"—Cleveland Leader.

His Future.

"In this sentence we read that 'Thomas strikes Henry,'" said the teacher. "Now, what is the object of the word 'strike'?"

"Shorter hours and higher wages," replied the future walking delegate at the head of the grammar class.

No Faith in the Simile.

Mr. Upmore—What is your objection to young Throggins coming to see our Katharine? I consider him perfectly unobjectionable. He's as clean as a hound's tooth.

Mrs. Upmore—Just about.

Out of the Dim Past.

Belshazzar's attention had been called to the handwriting on the wall.

"Looks like a Chinese laundry check," he said, carelessly.

But he learned later that it was a weigh check and that he was short weight.

William Stanley Braithwaite, a colored man of Boston, is attracting great attention as a poet. He is considered by critics to be one of the finest singers of the younger generation in America.

WELL PEOPLE, TOO.

Wise Doctor Gives Postum to Convalescents.

A wise doctor tries to give nature its best chance by saving the little strength of the already exhausted patient, and building up wasted energy with simple but powerful nourishment.

"Five years ago," writes a doctor, "I commenced to use Postum in my own family instead of coffee. I was so well pleased with the results that I had two grocers place it in stock, guaranteeing its sale.

"I then commenced to recommend it to my patients in place of coffee, as a nutritious beverage. The consequence is, every grocer in town is now selling it, as it has become a household necessity in many homes.

"I'm sure I prescribe Postum as often as any one remedy in the Materia Medica—in almost every case of indigestion and nervousness I treat, and with the best results.

"When I once introduce it into a family, it is quite sure to remain. I shall continue to use it and prescribe it in families where I practice.

"In convalescence from pneumonia, typhoid fever and other cases, I give it as a liquid, easily absorbed diet. You may use my letter as a reference any way you see fit." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Prisoners and Captives

By H. S. MERRIMAN

CHAPTER XVI.

There is no cloak for tears like laughter. He is a strong man who merely does nothing in the midst of tears. Most men either laugh or weep, but some there are who remain grave.

Matthew Mark Easton was not a strong man. The last meeting of the association he was pleased to call "Guy Fawkes" was looked forward to by him with positive dread. He did not hold himself responsible for Pavloski and his three compatriots, for he knew well enough that he himself was but a means to the end. If these four Russians had not met with him, they would still have gone to Siberia; for they were branded, their souls were seared by the hot iron—the thrice-heated iron of unquenchable vengeance.

Sergius Pavloski was the first to arrive. Immaculate, cold, and self-contained as usual; his old-fashioned dress clothes scrupulously brushed, his large amethyst shirt studs brightly polished. There was a steady glitter in his unpleasantly veiled eyes, but his manners were always suave and courtly.

"Ah, Smith!" cried Easton; "punctual as usual. We business men know its value, eh?—especially at meal times."

When the guests were assembled, Easton led the way to another room, where dinner was served. The usual silence upon the subject of their meeting was observed until the meal was over, and all chairs were drawn round the fire.

Then the informal proceedings commenced. Matthew Mark Easton was a trifle more restless than usual; his mobile features alternated between grave and gay, while his dancing eyes were never still.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we have done a vast deal of talking, and now at last some of us are going into action. Each one of you knows his part, and each one of you, of course, will do his best. The three gentlemen who leave to-night for Siberia take absolutely nothing with them except a little money. There are no maps, no letters, no instructions, nothing that an enemy can get hold of. We have, however, taken measures to supply them with money at various stages of the journey. We have also completed a method of communication, by means of which the safe progress of the travelers can from time to time be reported to St. Petersburg, and subsequently, to the headquarters in London. But in case of partial failure, it is quite understood that the others go on. Mr. Tyars undertakes to get his ship round Cape Chelyuskin, and to wait for you at the meeting place arranged, namely, the westernmost mouth of the river Yana, not far from Oust Yansk, where we have a good friend. On the 10th of July he sails thence to complete the northeast passage, and reach the coast of Alaska. That date, gentlemen, is fixed. If no one comes to meet him, he goes on alone, but he hopes to see you all three, and each with a party not exceeding fifteen persons."

The three men turned their dull eyes toward the two Englishmen seated side by side. Unconsciously the seven men assembled had grouped themselves in order. The stout Russian and Easton were seated side by side with their backs to the table, and on their left were placed the three young Russians, while on the right the two sailors sat side by side—a big man and a small one—the lesser and the greater power.

'Of course," went on Easton, "the distances are enormous, but we have endeavored to equalize them as much as possible. The meeting point has been fixed with a view to this. It is the southernmost anchorage obtainable east of Cape Chelyuskin, though it is far within the Arctic Circle. We have succeeded, I surmise, in keeping our scheme completely secret. No one knows of it except ourselves; not even the Nihilist party in London. We must remember that we are not Nihilists, but merely seven men engaged upon a private enterprise. We have friends who have been unjustly exiled, many of them without a trial—upon mere suspicion. We are attempting to rescue those friends; that is all."

"Yes," echoed the stout man, speaking for the first time, "that is all. I seek my daughter."

"And I my sister," said one.

"And I my brother," said another.

"It is," added Pavloski, slowly, "a wife with me."

Tyars and Grace said nothing. They had not quite thought it out, and were unprepared with a reason. Easton was more at ease now. He consulted a little notebook hitherto concealed in his waistcoat pocket.

"I have endeavored," he continued, without taking his eyes from the pocketbook, "to make every department independent as far as possible. For instance, my own death would in no wise affect the expedition. The money and information would, after such an event, continue to filter through to Siberia by prearranged channels. In case of the death or imprisonment of our agent in St. Petersburg, the same communications would be kept open. We have each a substitute, and the arrangements are so simple that these substitutes will have no difficulty in carrying them out. I need scarcely tell you that heavy bribes have been sent to the right quarters in Siberia—high official quarters."

The stout man grunted in a knowing way, and signified by a little nod of the head that no further interruption need be feared.

"In Russia," continued Easton, turning the pages of his notebook, "we all know that every official has his price. The only difficulty lies in the discovery of that price. The only parts that have not been doubled are those of the three gentlemen who go out to Siberia to organise the escape of the prisoners and exiles. I surmise that it is unnecessary to point out that these parts cannot be doubled. There are not three other such men to be found. As to our ship, she was built, above and below, under the personal supervision of Mr. Tyars and myself. In Mr. Tyars and Lieut. Grace we have two sailors eminently calculated to bear the strain that will be put upon them. Humanly speaking, they may be trusted to do all that man can do to get the Argo around Cape Chelyuskin to the rendezvous by the date named. This is our last meeting in London. Some of us may see each other again. I trust to God we shall. I trust that He who knows no nationalities will bring five of you together again next summer."

There was a pause. Matthew Mark Easton turned the pages of his notebook in a vague, aimless way. Then in that same position, without looking around, he spoke in a low tone of voice:

"Gentlemen," he said, "my report is finished."

CHAPTER XVII.

On the evening of the Admirals' Club dinner, early in December, Helen had been in the habit of dining at the Winters'. Although Agnes Winter was now alone, she seemed singularly anxious to keep up this custom, and Helen acceded to her proposal readily enough. Oswin was easily disposed of. A sailor returning to London after an absence of some years can usually employ his evenings satisfactorily.

It happened that Miss Winter was absent from town during the three days preceding the anniversary, and Helen was, therefore, left in ignorance as to the nature of the entertainment to which she was invited. As she drove through the fog and gloom of December streets the thought came to her, however, that had there been other guests her brother Oswin would, in the ordinary course of events, have been invited. This thought generated others, and before the little brougham drew up smoothly, the young girl was verging upon a conviction that the course of events had diverged already from the commonplace. She was not, therefore, surprised to see Miss Winter standing at the head of the brightly lighted, softly carpeted stairs to greet her. Before she spoke Helen had guessed that they were to pass the evening alone together, and as she mounted the stairs she did her best to quell an indefinite feeling of discomfort.

The drawing room looked intensely cozy. Two armchairs, and two only, small and low, were drawn forward to the fire, and between them a small table, promising coffee. In response to a little gesture of the hand, Helen took possession of one of the chairs. Miss Winter took up an evening newspaper, of which the careful cutting betrayed no tampering on the part of a literary cook, and slowly unfolded it.

"I want," she said, "to see who is acting in that new piece at the Epic. I had a note from Oswin to-day, proposing to make up a party for next Wednesday."

"Yes; he spoke to me about it. I should like to go.'

Miss Winter continued to unfold the paper with a considerable bustle. She was not looking at it, but at Helen, who seemed interested in the texture of an absurd little lace handkerchief.

"Who—is going?"

The girl raised her head and frowned slightly, as if making a mental effort.

"Let me see—papa, Oswin, you, myself, and—and—oh, yes! Mr. Tyars."

Miss Winter was not an impulsive woman. There was a graceful finish and sense of leisure about her movements, but before Helen could move, her friend was kneeling on the white fur hearth rug, drawing her toward her, forcing her to face the light.

'Helen, let me see your face."

It was almost a command, and the girl obeyed, slowly turning. Her eyes were dull, as if with physical agony. Miss Winter relinquished the warm, soft fingers. She half turned, and sat with her hands clasped in her lap, gazing into the fire.

"When," she asked, "when was it? Long ago at Oxford, or only just lately?"

"I suppose," Helen answered, quietly, "that it was long ago at Oxford; but—but I think I did not know it."

This daughter of a sailor race was not given to tears, but now her lashes were glistening softly. It is not the bitterest tear that falls.

"My poor, poor Helen!" murmured Miss Winter, stroking her friend's hand gently. "And he—Claud Tyars—he has said nothing?"

"Of course not."

Miss Winter's eyes fell on the newspaper lying open at her feet. Mechanically she read the heading of a long article on the "New Arctic Expedition." Her heart sank within her.

"But, Helen," she whispered, "do you think he——"

"Hush, dear," interrupted the girl. "Don't ask me that."

"Helen, will you tell me one thing?"

The girl moved uneasily, keeping her eyes averted.

"I think not," she answered, "you can ask it, but I do not think I will answer it."

"Long ago," murmured the low voice of the elder woman, "long ago at Oxford did you think—Helen, forgive my asking—did you think that he loved you?"

There was a long silence, broken only by the officious little clock upon the mantel piece, and the heated creak of the glowing cinders. Then at last the answer came:

"No—no, certainly not. But he was different from the others—quite different. It seems ridiculous, but at the time I thought that it was because he was a Cambridge man."

"Then if you had not met again this would not have happened?"

"No," answered Helen, gravely; "it would not. I wonder why Oswin should have saved him, of all men, in the middle of the Atlantic ocean."

CHAPTER XVIII.

On this same day Oswin Grace dined with Claud Tyars at his club. It was in this manner that he disposed of his unoccupied evening.

During the actual meal, served in a tall, hushed, and rather lonesome room, by a portentous gentleman in red plush breeches and pink stockings, there was not much opportunity for private conversation. The elder man was the first to break the silence. He watched the fire burn while he spoke.

"You have not," he said, interrogatively, "got leave from the Admiralty yet?"

"Not yet," was the answer, returned confidently. Grace evidently anticipated no difficulty.

"Then don't do it."

The little square-shouldered man sat up, but Tyars bore with perfect equanimity the glance of a remarkably direct pair of eyes.

"Why," he asked, "do you want to get rid of me?"

"I don't want to get rid of you. There is no man afloat whom I would put in your place. But I must be consistent. I have refused many good men for the same reason. You have too many—home ties."

"What do you mean?"

It was an awkward question, for Tyars had been assured by this man's sister that there existed a distinct understanding between him and Miss Winter.

"You see," said Tyars, awkwardly, "I am quite alone in the world. I have no one to sit at home and worry over my absence or my silence. I should like all the fellows who go with me to be in the same circumstances."

A somewhat prolonged silence followed—the stately silence of a club room, with padded doors and double windows. The two men smoked meditatively.

"I suppose," said Grace, at length, "that Helen has been getting at you."

"I merely told her that you were going. She did not say in what way it would affect her; only suppose we are away two years—suppose we don't come back at all. Your father is an old man—she will be alone in the world."

Oswin Grace stroked his neatly cropped beard thoughtfully.

"Helen," he said at length, "will marry."

Like most big men, Tyars possessed the faculty of sitting very still. During the silence that followed this remark he might have been hewn of solid stone, so motionless was his big form, and so utterly even his nerves. At length he moistened his lips and turned his slow gaze to meet that of his companion, who was sitting forward in his chair awaiting the effect of this argument.

"Yes," he said, "that is probable, and she always has her friend—Miss Winter."

Oswin Grace relapsed suddenly into the chair.

"Yes," he said, "she will always have Agnes Winter, and if she married, her friendship would be only the more useful."

That settled it. Claud Tyars gave a little sigh of relief, and helped himself to coffee.

"Of course," he said, "if you feel quite free from the slightest moral obligation, I have nothing more to say."

"Thank you," said Oswin Grace, with relieved cheerfulness; "that is exactly how I feel. But, old fellow, I wish you would give me notice when you feel a fit like that coming on. It gave me a beastly fright. Quite a turn, as my washerwoman said when she saw my shirt-cuff covered with red paint."

(To be continued.)

DOOMED MEN STILL LIVE.

No Legal Execution Has Taken Place in Kansas for Thirty Years.

"Although men are condemned to the death penalty in Kansas, there hasn't been a legal execution in our State for thirty years or more," said W. I. Biddle, a prominent citizen of Leavenworth and a director of the State penitentiary at that place, to a Post reporter at the Raleigh.

"The reason is the law directs the imprisonment of those doomed to the gallows for a year following their conviction, after which it is incumbent on the governor to affix his signature to the death warrant, a thing that none of our chief executives in the time mentioned has done, and as a consequence the condemned men remain in prison year after year, getting what may be a life term in lieu of hanging. There are over fifty convicts of this class now within the walls of the Leavenworth prison, and among them some of the most celebrated criminals of this generation.

"Of these the most notorious, perhaps, is Emmett Dalton, whose three brothers were slain in the famous fight that their raid on the Coffeyville bank brought on, in which Emmett himself received fearful wounds, the marks of which he still carries. He is almost a model prisoner, his conduct being at all times exemplary. For many years he has been employed as a cutter in the prison tailor shop and does first-rate work.

"Another star inmate is Willie Sells, who in 1886, at the age of 16, in Neosho County, murdered his father, mother and sister. Still another is John Collins, convicted of the murder of his father on circumstantial evidence. Collins was one of the brightest students at the State University and his arrest for parricide created an immense sensation throughout the State. There are a few women also in the list, most noted of whom is Jessie Morrison, who killed a woman for marrying her sweetheart.

"One of the hardest things to get out of the average convict is his true name. Occasionally this is due to the unwillingness to bring disgrace on his family, but in the majority of cases it arises from a fear that such a revelation will cause the sheriffs of other localities to locate a man wanted for some prior infraction of the law. I have known men serve an extra year in prison rather than tell their right names, for it is an iron-clad law that a refusal on this point is a barrier to parole.

"Not very long ago a parole was given a prisoner who had been behind the bars for twenty-one years. Curiously enough, he could have had his liberty long ago but for the stern and unyielding opposition of his wife, and when at last his release came it was in the face of her vigorous protest."—Washington Post.

For Spring.

"Hello, Ed, have you seen Billy?" said friend No. 1 as they met on the avenue.

"Yes," answered No. 2, "I just saw him going into a seed store."

"What was he going in there for?"

"Don't know, unless it was to buy another package of wild oats."

Cheap Enough.

"Isn't it ridiculous," began Henpeck, "to say 'talk is cheap' when as a matter of fact——"

"Oh! I don't know," interrupted Newitt. "I can take you to a place where you'd get dead loads of it and a shave thrown in for 10 cents."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Need.

"Here is another question that ought to be brought before Congress," said the earnest citizen.

"My dear sir," answered Senator Sorghum, "Congress now has all the questions it can take care of. What it needs is some answers."—Washington Star.

Looking After Insects.

Bacon—Why do they put all those dead insects, in the museum, in glass cases?

Egbert—They consider that is the place for them.

"I think it would be better for the public if they put 'em in glass cases before they died."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Small Beginning.

Elsie—Your Uncle Harry seems awful young to be a doctor.

Willie—Yes, but he ain't a real, growed-up doctor yet. I guess he's only 'tendin' to children yet, so's to get some practice.—Philadelphia Ledger.

His Mistake.

"It's no use talking," said his wife, firmly, "my mind is made up and——"

"Oh, it is, eh?" interrupted her husband. "I knew your face was, but I thought your mind was in the real thing."

When a man is wrong and won't admit it, he always gets angry.—Haliburton.

LIGHT ON THE CLOUD.

There's never an always cloudless sky,
There's never a vale so fair,
But over it sometimes shadows lie
In a chill and songless air.

But never a cloud o'erhung the day,
And flung its shadows down,
But on its heaven-side gleamed some ray,
Forming a sunshine crown.

It is dark on only the downward side;
Though rage and tempest loud,
And scatter its terrors far and wide,
There's light upon the cloud.

And often when it trailleth low,
Shutting the landscape out,
And only the chilly east winds blow
From the foggy seas of doubt,

There'll come a time, near the setting sun,
When the joys of life seem few;
A rift will break in the evening dun
And the golden light stream through.

And the soul a glorious bridge will make
Out of the golden bars,
And all its priceless treasures take
Where shrine the eternal stars.

—Minot J. Savage.

IN THE GLACIER'S KEEPING

"A PRETTY tough climb, isn't it, Max?"

The speaker was a tall Englishman of perhaps fifty, but looking as hard and tough and generally fit as most men of half his age.

"Yes, sir," said the guide, who stood before the inn door; "and we'll have to start early if we are to get back the same day."

Sir Robert Ballard turned and reentered his room. From a desk he pulled out a sheet of paper, and picking up a pen, sat down at a table and began a letter.

"My dear Harry," he wrote, "I am afraid I have not been quite fair to you. Thinking over things again, I can see that your foolish pranks, which so much offended me, may have been—indeed, no doubt were—the results of sheer, youthful high spirits. I am, therefore, again altering my will, and instead of my cousin, James Rennie, being my residuary legatee, you will find the bulk of my property will eventually come to you. I trust this will have been a lesson to you, and that you will grow up a man worthy of the trust I am reposing in you. Your affectionate uncle,

"ROBERT BALLARD."

Sir Robert sealed and stamped the letter, and then on a sheet of foolscap proceeded rapidly to redraft his will.

It seemed an easy enough matter and took but few minutes. You would hardly have imagined the document in question was something like £80,000.

"MURIEL, WILL YOU CARE?"

The rapid pen ceased flying over the paper and Sir Robert touched the bell.

"Call Max Schneider," he said to the waiter, "and you, too, come in. I want you to witness this signature for me."

He signed the document, the two men affixed their signatures, and then he folded it, placed it in an envelope, and slipped it into an inner pocket of his Norfolk jacket.

"What time do we start to-morrow, Max?" he asked.

"Not later than half-past three, sir," answered the guide.

"Very well, then. I shall go to bed now, and I suppose you'll do the same."

And twenty minutes later he was sleeping like a boy.

• • • • • • •

"Fine luck having such lovely weather—eh, Max?"

"Lovely, indeed, Sir Robert; but pray don't say anything about it till we're off the ice. It's the worst of bad luck, sir."

Sir Robert laughed—the laugh of a strong man who is thoroughly pleased with himself.

Indeed he had reason to be pleased. Few men had ever climbed the beetling cliffs of the Aiguille Vert at all. Fewer still could boast of having accomplished the feat within the hours of a single day.

Half an hour later they reached the edge of the ice. The sun had now set, and the air, chill with approaching night, was no longer clear as it had been. Pale wreaths of smoky mist hung in light bands, which seemed to shift and change kaleidoscopically, though no breeze was felt.

Still roped together, as they had been during the entire time, they crossed the moraine and started steadily tramping across the rough ice, whose surface was broken by a hundred deep rifts and lumpy, yawning crevasses.

The fog closed and filled thicker and thicker.

Some three hours later that night one of the guides burst into the kitchen of the Montvert inn.

His face was white and drawn, and he was almost speechless with excitement, misery and fatigue.

At last he managed to gasp out his piteous story—how they had missed their way in the fog; how he had heard a sharp cry of warning from Max, who was leading the party; how he had been jerked off his feet by a tremendous pull at the rope round his waist, and had only just saved himself by driving his alpenstock into the ice. Next thing he knew he was alone—alone on the edge of a giant crevasse, whose misty depths yawned silent as a grave.

The instant they understood him a rescue party was formed, under the guidance of Herman, the innkeeper.

All night the devoted men worked, and most of next day. But it was useless. The glacier does not easily give up its prey.

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A big, broad-shouldered, good-looking young fellow of about eight-and-twenty was sitting in a dingy little room in Bloomsbury, answering a letter he had just received.

Harry Ballard had been looking out for a chance of accompanying a reading party abroad during the long vacation, and by good luck an even better billet had come this way. An old friend of his father—a Mr. Ffolkes—had written to him to engage his services as tutor and general bear leader to his son, young Everard Ffolkes, during a forthcoming Swiss tour.

He had always wanted to get abroad, and now the chance had fallen his way he was resolved to make the most of it. Young Everard, his pupil, was a thoroughly nice lad, and the whole expedition seemed to partake more of the nature of a holiday than serious work. The two trudged afoot through lovely valleys, up turf-clad slopes, over rock-bound, magnificent passes, drinking in the clear air and enjoying themselves rather like two schoolboys than a tutor and his pupil.

Everard wanted to climb a mountain. Harry discouraged the idea. He told the boy the fate of his uncle, Robert Ballard.

"Yes, I remember hearing of that when I was quite small," answered Everard, sympathetically. "Were the bodies ever recovered?"

"No, never," answered Harry, "and probably never will be."

They walked in silence a little way. Then Harry said:

"Do you know, Everard, I should like to see the place. Suppose we go up to Montvert? We can do it in two days from Chamounix. Your father put no restriction on our movements."

"Then let's go," replied the boy, keenly.

Montvert had become quite a fashionable resort within the last few years. The old inn had been rebuilt and enlarged. It boasted all sorts of modern improvements—among them a drawing-room, a band and a visitor's book.

Harry was studying the latter when he was startled by the names, "Mr. James Rennie and Miss Rennie and maid, Glasgow."

"My cousin, by Jove!" he muttered. He had not seen either of them for years—not since Mr. Rennie had come in for all Sir Robert's money. The daughter, Muriel, he had never seen. James Rennie he knew by repute as a hard and canny Scotchman; and he saw they were staying at the same hotel.

They met that evening in the drawing-room.

"And this is my daughter, Muriel," Rennie said.

Harry looked up and saw a soft dot of a girl in a black evening gown, who gave him a warm, impulsive handshake.

Somehow, Harry and his charge stayed on at Montvert for a whole fortnight.

Harry was a new man. The inevitable was happening.

Then the Rennies gave a picnic. It turned out a brilliant, sunny day, and it was decided to go up the valley to a wood near the lower end of the Aiguille Vert glacier. It was at this picnic it for the first time struck Mr. Rennie that Harry was a trifle more attentive to Muriel than he was on occasion. He did not say anything, but he made up his mind to two things: First, to watch the young couple pretty carefully for the rest of the day; second, to leave Montvert to-morrow.

Harry and Muriel slipped off amongst the trees, and soon found themselves quite alone. They strolled down to where, from under its arch of muddy ice, the glacier river started on its foamy career, and seated themselves near by on a great mossy stone under a pine tree. The blazing sun made the shade most welcome, and the two sat there, lulled by the murmuring of the water and the warm scent of the woods.

"I'm afraid our holiday will soon be over," she said. "We have to be home by the first of October."

Harry experienced a curious shock. With extraordinary suddenness he realized what life would be without Muriel.

"Muriel," he said, quickly and earnestly, "Muriel, will you care?"

Apparently she did, for when, five minutes later, an interested spectator walked quietly up behind them over the carpet of noiseless pine needles, he saw a sight that made his smooth face wrinkle with rage.

The two cousins were sitting closer together than strict cousinship altogether entailed, and Muriel's head was leaning on Harry's shoulder.

James Rennie lost his temper.

"You sneaking young scoundrel!" he said, with a sudden emphasis that made the lovers jump to their feet.

"I beg your pardon, sir!" said Harry, quietly. There was a dangerous gleam in his eye. "You were saying——"

"That you are a scheming fortune hunter. Your uncle cut you off, and now you think to regain the money in a low, underhand way by marrying my daughter!"

Crash! A sharp, rending sound, followed by a heavy fall, made all three jump back.

A great piece of ice, loosened by the heat, had fallen away from the glacier end, and something else, too—something dark—had slipped from the broken mass and lay on the debris below.

For a moment no one moved.

Then Harry stepped forward and stood by the fallen figure. The others followed. It was the body of a man. He was dressed in rough tweeds, and when they turned him over the upturned face looked a quiet, peaceful expression. He might have died an hour ago.

Instinctively the two men removed their hats. Then Harry looked at Mr. Rennie.

"You know who it is?" he said.

"Yes, it's Sir Robert," he answered, in a low voice.

They picked the body up and lifted it into the shade of the pines. As they did so a folded paper fell from the torn jacket.

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That evening Harry met Muriel in the hotel garden.

"Your father has told you what it was we found?" he said.

"Yes, dear," she answered. "And he told me, too, about your suggestion. Harry, you are generous, and, do you know, father appreciates it."

"I'm glad he doesn't think badly of me any longer, darling," said Harry. "But he's wrong. We shall be rich on half the money, shan't we?"

Muriel's answer quite satisfied him.—Chicago Tribune.

RAILWAY BUSINESS.

Its Evolution Under Management of the Corporations.

The railroad business, as it was developed in its earlier stages, was largely speculative, declares the Review of Reviews. A great part of the railroad mileage of the country was built in advance of actual needs, and the population and wealth of regions traversed by the new lines had to grow up to give solid value to the transportation properties. Thus, the railroad trafficked in lands, promoted manufacturing by special rate concessions, made bargains with grain companies and other elevator lines, and entangled themselves with all sorts of side enterprises for the exploitation of the country. It was customary to look upon railroads not merely as private enterprises, but as of a highly speculative and hazardous nature. Most of the railroads at one time or another went into bankruptcy, and several of them went through more than one period of receivership and reorganization. As the country matured, railroad property became more stable, until finally the great systems were well beyond the danger of serious financial reverse. Business interests all along the lines became diversified, and it was no longer necessary for the railroads to secure traffic by endeavoring to locate and build up particular interests.

The time came when there emerged the clear conception of the railroads as a great necessary public servant, with all the obligations of a common carrier, and with no right, therefore, to discriminate for or against any of those whose business required them to make use of the public highway. The whole thing has come about by way of evolution from transient, speculative, immature conditions to those of a riper period of industrial life and civilization. Yet abuses even when naturally outgrown are often hard to destroy. For even as the tree grows great, so also will the entwining parasite often have the stronger clutch. And many of the privileged industries built up on special transportation favors have been in a position powerful enough to make it difficult for particular railroad corporations to relinquish the rebates or the other forms of favoritism. It is probably true, however, that even if there had been no interstate commerce legislation the very growth of business conditions would have compelled the railroad to cease discrimination and treat all comers fairly.

An Experienced Mother.

The pleasant-faced matron who was looking through the "elegant and commodious dwelling house in a desirable neighborhood" was satisfied with it except as to one particular—the balustrade to the front stairs.

"I am sorry you don't like that railing," said the agent. "We think it is unusually ornamental. All our previous tenants have admired it. May I ask what is your objection to it?"

"It is too smooth and polished. The children will always be sliding downstairs on it."

"But I thought you told me your children were all girls."

"Do you think that makes any difference?" retorted the pleasant-faced matron, with a twinkle in her eye.

Sincere Compliments.

"She says she hears a great many compliments."

"I guess she does; she's got a phonograph and she made the records herself."—Houston Post.

The members of a church consider themselves particularly lucky if the preacher's wife is able to play the organ.

Nearly every man is henpecked, but a good many manage to disguise the fact.