

us burn. And think thee for these honest, toll-worn days, Some of the servants give thee back ten-Let us return to glean the fields again.

Lord God of Years, thy contrite people To render now thy talent to thy hand; Forgive the meager increase, Lord, we Forgive the wasting of thy pregnant

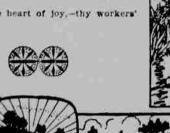
Where wide, white noons of harvest on Amid the sweat of struggle we would

In songs of work we give thee truest

The gain is thine, no part would we with-And we who bring thee naught, in slient

Lord God of years, thy grateful people

To render now thy talent to thy hand; Judge thou our service in its thought and Grant us the heart of joy,-thy workers'



Strategy.

BY F. H. LANCASTER.

(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.) could scarcely realize that it was indeed Dexter Boyton who came back to me after that summer out of town. He had been such a blithe, lighthearted fellow before he went away. Whistling over his work, singing snatches of operas on the stairs, smoking one cigar in two weeks and always ready with a cherry word.

Now he went about grave, pre-occupted. The same straight, steady look out of his eyes, but behind it something it hurt my heart to see.

pondered much over the change. hearted boy leaped in one brief sum- man ought to see to it." mer into stern, unyielding manhood? We both laughed and Dexter arose Was it love or money?

I assured my wife that it was money.

Let even the best of women suspect a wound of the heart and she will drop again in his old happy way. the probe of her curiosity into the ugly hole until the helpless sufferer sweats with agony.

There is this difference between men man will bury the dead love, tramp the earth down hard in the new-made grave and go on his way. But a woman can never quite say "It is must spend precious hours trying to galvanize a corpse. It may be that love never really lies in a woman's heart. I don't know. But I was glad that I had put Molly on a false scent

about Dexter. She was so pleasant in her own bright, easy way; talking politics and reason. But oh, Edward. I did meet literature whenever I dragged Boyton home with me for a social evening. that by degrees the boy began dropping in of his own accord as he had been wont to do before he went away for that summer out of town. Only once in the six months that followed



"Leave town!" I cried.

did Molly make a single bad break I had been urging her to decide upon her summer trip, when she turned to Dexter.

"Where did you summer last year,

I saw the boy wince, 'ut Molly was

preoccupied way. 'At Grayton," Dexter replied briefly "Grayton? That sounds cool and comfortable. What sort of place is

wedding ring around and around in a

"Oh, a little country place."

"Without telephone bells or milk carts or cobblestones? I see. By the way, Edward, you will have to see the man about our telephone. It is shockingly out of order.'

"What's wrong?" I asked, as relieved of the conversation.

"Why, I don't know. But when you called me up today I heard my best her to do it." friend around the corner telling my best friend across the street that I his eyes." Why had his clear, flexible whistle was the stupicist woman in town and become a monotonous dead level of couldn't see a thing when it was right become a monotonous dead level of collidat see a thing when it was right sound? Why had he ceased singing under my nose. Such things are cal-and taken to smoking incessently? culated to shake one's faith in friend-will overlook that forgery business?" when we quitted the room, I feel sure when we quitted the room and leaned her Why in short had my care-free, light- | thip and I really think the telephone

"By my word, Morton," he said when I did it because I wented to save the I followed him into the hall, "that wife of yours is the sweetest-souled woman that ever lived," and he laughed

I did not dare to object les. I should raise her suspicions, so Molly went away to summer at Grayton, leaving a terribly empty place in our big busy and women as regards the past. A city. She was to be gone only a month, but, ye gods, what a long one it was.

I left Dexter in charge of the office and went to meet her train a full hour before it was due. I hoped she had dead." For the rest of ne- life she not run upon anything that had best be forgotten. However, it was the next morning at breakfast before I remembered to ask her about it.

"Mr. Boyton? I don't remember that I heard his name mentioned. It never occurred to me to say that I was a friend of his. Possibly that was the such a dear girl-quite out of the ordinary. She is coming to New Orleans to attend lectures at Tulane and a made her promise to spend at least part of her time with me. You will like her I know."

"Of course," I assented. "Your taste where women are concerned is per-

"I flatter myself," she retorted mischievously, "that my taste is equally good where men are concerned. Didn't select you for a husband?"

I tried to stop her, but before I left for the office I was so badly hacked that I forgot to make further inquiries concerning the expected guest.

Of course Dexter came home with me that evening and I left him to find his way into the parlor until I ran upstairs to tell Molly. "By the way," I said after a little

'Dexter is down stairs." "Is he? Dear me, I think Helen is

n the parlor. I hope they haven't found it awkward." I stopped and stared with one sleeve

of my coat on.

"Yes, the young lady I told you of. Do put on your coat, dear. They may be having an uncomfortable time." They were to all appearances having very comfortable time and when

Molly introduced them, shook hands like old friends. "We were really getting on very apology. "Miss Ainsworth tells me that she intends to attend lectures at

Tulane." "Why yes." replied Molly, aimless

Edward, you will take Helen into din-

She was not pretty, but straight and strong looking, with deep, deep eyes and that perfect repese that goes with perfect strength and innocence. I caught myzelf thinking several times during dinner what a veritable angel of rest she would be in a pain-stricken room. I wondered as I watched her talking to Dexter if they had ever met before. When I questioned Molly about it later on she laughed merrily

that the boy came into my private of plied Lady Sarah. "How else do you shark after me, Thomas, and had to fice with a queer drawn look on his account for its disappearance?"

time, perhaps forever. We had better strike my name from the firm."

"Leave town?" I exclaimed aghase. "I see what you are thinking of." He moved to the window and looked out mechanically. Standing there with his money. Until last summer he had believed himself an orphan. But he was was a gray-haired man serving a long sentence. He was his father. He had seen him for the first time nine months ago. The question came stern and

"You will agree with me, sir, that I have no right to offer my stained

"No, he was right," I agreed. Bitter and bad as it had all seemed there coat, andwas nothing for it but to fill up the grave as best we could and go on.

forgotten to indorse.

"Yes, my world is," Dexter answered

told her the story.

"Well upon my soul," Molly broke choose to do so." young man, and go straight up to the be guilty." "Here I have been breaking my neck pearance to give evidence, would befairly safe from being embittered for The Colonel was about to storm everything with your tomfool honor-

able ideas." "Molly." I said with a gasp of huas I fancied Dexter was at this turn | mility, "I didn't know, I-do you think she will marry him?"

"She can't very well unless he asks "Oh, he will ask her. I saw it in

"I'm glad you have seen something." "There now, dear. I've been a blunbusiness all along. For my part I don't see anything so terrible about it. 1 suppose the old gentleman needed the money or he would't have taken it."



"Go straight to the house."

Then with sudden softening. "Don't worry, dear. A little common sense will save any situation. She will marry him before the year is out." And she did.

The Fashionable Frowner. Even in these days of ultra-modern ness the subject of wrinkles is one of vast importance and a new preventive has been evolved. It is called by the suggestive name of "frowner," consists simply of a rather stiff bit of white paper about the size and shape of a postage stamp, and having on its back a similar coating of gum. Especially it is designed as a preventive of the wrinkles between the brows or at the corners of the eyes; and in these places, after being moistened, these should be pasted whenever one is about to engage in some occupation that causes the habit of "wrinkling." At the fashionable shops of large cities 'frowners' are now as regularly on sale as almost any other accessories of the tollet. Many, however, prefer to make them at home, a process simple and inexpensive. It has also been found by those who are ingenious that it is best to cut them circular in shape nicely," Dexter said in reply to Molly's instead of square, as they leave less of a trace when removed. Heavy writing paper from which to fashion them is available to all, and a little dissolved gum arable will stick them on good looking at the fire and turning her ly. "It will be very pleasant I think and tight.-Mentreal Herald and Star.

The Diamond Bracelet

By MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of East Lynne, Etc.

denness and strangeness of the action.

to keep out them detectives by force of

seedy sheriff's officer. Pshaw. Thom-

"I'm sure I trust not, sir; only mas-

"He's gone to the opera with my

lady. The young ladies are upstairs

alone. Miss Seaton has been ill, sir,

ever since the bother, and Lady Fran-

"I'll go up and see them. If they

"Oh, Mr. Gerard, had you better go

to tell him, and I am sure they will

not. Besides, there's no help for it;

Thomas, if any demon should knock

Thomas watched him run up the

where could the bracelet have gone

ces is staying at home with her.'

"What's the man's head running on

Thomas turned pale.

"Is he at home?"

"Cleverly done," quoth Gerard, when

CHAPTER IX-(Continued.) "The bracelet could not have gone It was on a raw, bleak day in March without hands to take it. Gerard," re- he could get his breath. "I saw a make a bolt for it. Your having been

"I--I believe there must be some at the door saved me." "Mr. Morton," he began quietly misapprehension, some great mistake enough, "I am leaving town for a long in the affair altogether, Lady Sarah. It apears incomprehensible now, but it I'll put up the chain, if you order me, but I'm afeared it's going agin the law

will be unraveled." "Ay, and in double-quick time," wrathfully exclaimed the Colonel. arms." "You must think you are talking to a pack of idiots, Master Garard. Here now?" returned Gerard. "There are back to me the poor fellow told me the bracelets was spread temptingly no detectives after me; it was only a all about it. It was neither love nor out on a table, you went into the room, being hard up for money, fin- as! there's no worse crime attached to gered it, wished for it, and both you me than a slight suspicion of debt." not. Out in one of the western states and the bracelet disappeared. Sir"turning sharply to the officer-"did a ter will have his own way."

clearer case ever go before a jury?" Gerard Hope bit his lip. "Be more just, Colonel," said he. "Your own brother's son steal a bracelet!"

"And I am happy my brother is not alive to know it," rejoined the Colonel on earth could atone for or excuse the in an obstinate tone. "Take him in hand, Mr. Officer; we'll go to Marl- are at the opera, we shall be snug and borough street. I'll just change my safe."

"No, no, you will not?" cried Lady up, do you think?" the man ventured Sarah, laying hold of the dressing to remark. "If the Colonel should It was at this juncture that Molly gown and the Colonel in it; "you shall come to hear of it came in to see about a check I had not go nor Gerard either. Whether he is guilty or not, it must not be "Gracious, what solemn faces," she brought against him publicly. He laughed. "Is the world coming to an bears your name, Colonel, and so do I. I can't go out again for hours. And, and it would reflect disgrace on us all."

"Perhaps you are made of money, and ask for me, I am gone to-to an her. And then to my astonishment he my lady. If so, you may put up with evening party up at Putney; went out the loss of a £250 bracelet. I don't you know by the side door.'

out indignantly. "I think you might "Then, Colonel, you will, and you at least let her have some say so in must. Sir," added Lady Sarah to the the matter. Here you have been mak- detective, "we are obliged to you for

ing love to Helen for six months and your attendance and advice, but it to if he did not take it?" you propose to walk off without a turns out to be a family affair as you word! You men may call it honorable, perceive, and we must decline to but I call it dastardly. Take your hat, prosecute. Besides, Mr. Hope may not

house. Don't you dare to break that Alice rose and stood before Colonel grand girl's heart unless she gives you Hope. "Sir, if this charge were preleave to. Not if you have a hundred ferred against your nephew, if it came fathers in the penitentiary. Upon my to trial, I think it would kill me. You soul, Edward," she continued as Dex know my unfortunate state of health; ter caught up his hat and went out the agitation, the excitement of apfor a year to keep you from talking I-I cannot continue; I cannot speak forgeries and penitentiaries in that of it without terror; I pray you, for boy's presence and now when he is my sake, do not prosecute Mr. Hope."

life you must go to work and upset forth an answer, but her white face, ner heaving throat, had some effect even on him. "He is so doggedly obstinate, Miss Seaton. If he would but confess and

tell where it is, perhaps I'd let him off.

Alice thought somebody else was obstinate.

"I do not believe he has anything to confess," she deliberately said; truly believe that he has not. He could the bracelet was left in it."

"It was left in it, so help me heaven!" uttered Gerard.

"And now I've got to speak," added Frances Chenevix. "Colonel, if you were to press the charge against Gerard, I would go before the magistrates and proclaim myself the thief. I vow and protest I would, just to save him, and you and Lady Sarah could not prosecute me, you know."

"You do well to stand up for him!" retorted the Colonel. "You would not be quite so ready to do it, though, my Lady Fanny, if you knew something I could tell you."

"Oh, yes, I should," returned the young lady with a vivid blush.

The Colonel, beset on all sides, had no choice but to submit; but he did so with an ill grace, and dashed out of the room with the officer, as fiercely as if he had been charging an enemy at full tilt.

"The sentimental apes these women make of themselves!" cried he in his polite way, when he had got him in private. "Is it not a clear case of

"In my private opinion, it certainly is," was the reply; "though he carries it off with a high hand. I suppose, Colonel, you still wish the bracelet to be searched for?"

"Search in and out and high and low; search everywhere. The rascal! to dare even to enter my house in secret!"

"May I inquire if the previous breach with your nephew had to do with money affairs?"

"No," said the Colonel, turning more

crusty at the thoughts called up. "I fixed up a wife for him and he wouldn't have her; so I turned him out of doors and stopped his allowance."

"Oh," was the only comment of the police officer.

CHAPTER X.

It was in the following week, and Saturday night. Thomas, without his making light of it before them. hat, was standing at Colonel Hope's door, chatting to an acquaintance Alice. "You must live there as well when he perceived Gerard come tear- as here; you cannot starve." ing up the street. Thomas' friend backed against the rails and the have got a trifle, enough to swear by, spikes, and Thomas himself stood and keep me on potatoes and salt, with the door in his hand, ready to Don't you envy me my prospects?" touch his hair to Mr. Gerard as he passed. Instead of passing, however, Gerard cleared the steps at a bound, it seriously, Gerard." pulled Thomas with himself inside, shut the door and double locked it.

Thomas was surprised in all ways. Colonel. Should be never relent, I Not only at Mr. Hope's coming in at am caged there for good." all, for the Colonel had again barshly forbidden the house to him, and the us this, and bid us good-by?" servants to admit him, but at the sud-

would be at the opera? A shark set on me in the street, and I had to run for my life. Thomas happened to be conveniently at the door, and I rushed in, and saved myself."

"A shark!" uttered Alice, in dismay,

Lere; how could a tell that the bashaw

"One with sharp eyes and a hooked the opposite side now."

"How shall you get away?" ex-

"Mr. Gerard, you have locked it, and claimed Frances. "If the hashaw comes home before 12 Thomas must dispose of me somewhere in the lower regions; Sunday is free for us, thank goodness. So please make the most of me, both of you, for it is the last time you will have the privilege. By the way, Fanny, will you do me a favor? There used to be a little book of mine in the glass bookcase in the library; my name in it and a mottled cover; I wish you would go and find it for me."

alacrity. Gerard immediately bent

"I have sent her away on purpose. She'll be half an hour rummaging, for I have not seen the book there for ages. Alice, one word before we part. You must know that it was for your sake I refused the marriage proposed to me by my uncle; you will not let me go into banishment without a word of hope, a promise of your love to "How can he? You are not going lighten it."

"Oh, Gerard," she eagerly said, "I

"I am looking at you," he fondly

"Then look at my hectic face, my constantly tired limbs, my sickly stairs, and shook his head. "One can't hands; do they not plainly tell you help liking him, with it all; though that the topics you would speak of must be barred topics to me?'

"Why should they be? You will get The drawing rooms were empty, and stronger.' Gerard made his way to a small room that Lady Sarah called her "boudoir." There they were-Alice buried in the pillows of an invalid's chair, and Lady Frances careening about the room, apparently practicing some new dancing step. She did not see him; Gerard danced up to her, and took her hand,

and joined in it. "When the cat's away the mice can play," cried Gerard, treating them to a

"Mr. Hope," remonstrated Alice, lifting her feeble voice, "how can you indulge these spirits while things are so miserable?"

"Sighing and groaning won't make them light," he answered, sitting down on a sofa near to Alice. "Here's a seat for you, Fanny, come along," he added, pulling Frances to his side. "First

and foremost, has anything come to light about that mysterious bracelet?" "Not yet," sighed Alice. "But I have no rest; I am in hourly fear of

It." head upon her hand; she spoke in a

low tone. "You must understand what I mean, Mr. Hope. The affair has been productive of so much pain and annoy-

ance to me, that I wish it could be ignored forever." "Though it left me under a cloud," said Gerard. "You must pardon me if I cannot agree with you. My constant hope is that it may all come to day-

light: I assure you I have specially mentioned it in my prayers." "Pray don't, Mr. Hope," reproved

Alice. "I'm sure I have cause to mention it, for it is sending me into exile; that

and other things." "It is guilty only who flee, not the innocent," said Frances. "You don't mean what you say, Gerard,"

"Don't I! There's a certain boat advertised to steam from London bridge wharf tomorrow, wind and weather permitting, and it steams me with it. am compelled to fly my country."

"Be serious and say what you

stopped my allowance in the spring and sent me-metaphorically-to the dogs. I had a few liabilities, and they have all come down upon me. But for this confounded bracelet affair, there's no doubt the Colonel would have settled them; rather than let the name of Hope be dubiously bandied by the public; he would have expended his ire in growls and have gone and done it. But that is over now, and I go to take up my abode in some renowned colony for desolate English, beyond the pale of English lock-ups. Boulogne or Calais, or Dieppe or Brussels

Neither of the young ladies answered immediately; they saw the facts were serious, and that Gerard was only

"How shall you live?" questioned

"I shall just escape the starving. I "When do you suppose you may re-

turn?" inquired Lady Frances; "I ask "I know no more than you, Fanny, I have no expectations but from the

"And so you ventured here to tell

"No; I never thought of venturing

who in her inexperience had taken his words literally-"a shark in the street! Lady Frances Chenevix laughed. nose, Alice, speeding after me on two legs, with a polite invitation from one of the law lords. He is watching on

CHAPTER XI.

Lady Frances left the room with over Alice, and his tone changed.

am so glad you have spoken; I almost think I should have spoken myself, if you had not. Just look at me."

"Never. There is no hope of it. Many years ago, when the illness first came on me, the doctors said I might get better with time; but the time has come, and come, and come, and-gone, and only left me a more confirmed invalid. To an old age I cannot live; most probably but a few years; ask yourself, Gerard, if I am one who ought to marry and leave behind a husband to regret me; perhaps chil-

dren. No. no.'

"You are cruel, Alice." "The cruelty would be, if I selfishly allowed you to talk of love to me; or, still more selfish to let you cherish hopes that I would marry. When you hinted at this the other evening when than wretched bracelet was lost, I reproached myself with cowardice in not answering more plainly than you had spoken. I should have told you. Gerard, as I tell you now, that nothing, no persuasion from the dearest person on earth shall ever induce me to

"You dislike me, I see that." with a glowing cheek. "I think it very possible that-if I could ever allow myself to dwell on such things-I should like you very much, perhaps better than I could like any one."

"And why will you not?" her persuasively uttered. "Gerard, I have told you. I am too weak and sickly to be other than I am. It would only be deceiving myself and you. No, Gerard, my love and hopes must lie elsewhere."

"Where?" he eagerly asked.

Alice pointed upwards. "I am learning to look upon it as my home," she whispered, "and I must not suffer hindrances to obscure the way. It will be a better home than even your love, Gerard."

Gerard Hope smiled. (To be continued.)

GIRL WHO GOT PRETTIER. An Embarrassing Misunderstanding

Caused by a Vocal Cockneylsm. Mr. Charles Whymper, the wellknown engraver and animal painter. "Seriously, then, I am over head and told the following anecdote a few ears in debt. You know my uncle years ago: "I dined at Mr. So-and-So's at Highgate last night, and as a mark of honor his eldest daughter was assigned to me to take down to dinner. She's a bright girl, and I got along very nicely with her and Lady Bletherington on the other side, until the ladies were on the eve of retiring to the drawing room. I was talking about the beautiful scenery near the house, the views from the windows, the fine air, when Miss ---- suddenly said: 'I think I get prettier every day -don't you?' What could she mean? I did not dare to answer her, so I said: 'I beg your pardon-what did you I may see; and there I may be kept for say?" 'I said I think I get prettier every day.' There was no mistaking her words, so I answered: 'Yes, indeed, you get prettier; and no wonder, in such fresh air, and-' Just then she caught her mother's eye, and with the other ladies she left the room. As she went out she looked over her shoulder with such a withering scorn in her eyes that I knew I had put my foot in it some how. Then it flashed upon me that I had misunderstood her; she had d'opped an 'h.' What she had said was not a silly compliment to herself; the sentence really was: think Highgate prettier every day." Mr. Whymper's hair is quite gray now. -Chambers'.

The friends of the Hon. Carter Harrison should take him into some quiet nook and inform him that "the man of destiny" business has been fver-

worked.-Washington Post.