CHAPTER XX .- (Continued.) id man came up from the negro quar-

But Mrs. Lansing felt herself too lansick as his wife, who was undoubtedly lng heart to the rude cabin, where his of a pale face, save little Jessie, who won old wife lay, groaning aloud whenever her mother's reluctant consent to be with the cramps, as she termed them, seized Scarcely, however, had he entered from cabin to cabin, soothing the rick low doorway when a fairy form came and dying by her presence, and emboldflitting down the narrow pathway, her white dress gleaming through the dusky twilight, and her golden hair streaming behind. It was little Jessie, who, from her crib, had heard her mother's her; but that young lady was herself too refusal to accompany Uncle Abel, and, stealing away unobserved, she had come

ordinary car, and, kneeling down eside the negress, who lay upon the loos, she took her head upon her lap and gently pushing back, beneath the gay turthe matted, grizzly hair, she asked ble result.

where the pain was.
"Bress de sweet chile," answered Chlos, "you can't tache me with the pint of a cambric needle whar 'tain't, and seems of ebery jint in me was onsoderin' when de cramp is on.

As if to verify the truth of this remark, she suddenly bent up nearly dou-ble, and rolling upon her face, grouned At this moment a negro, who had sined some notoriety among his comter looking a moment at the prostrate form of Chloe, he whispered a word which cleared the cabin in a moment, for the mention of "cholera" had a power to cardle the blood of the terrified blacks,

Utterly fearless, Jessie stayed on, and when John, or as he was more familiarly known, "Doctor," proposed going for her Abel has been for her once, but she won't come; and if she knows it is cholera, she'll take me away."

ceeded to put in practice the medical vals, and which was considerable for one his capacity. By this time, a few of the women more daring than the rest and curious to know the fate of their compan-len, ventured near the door, where they again until the sun was high up in the stood gasing wonderingly upon the poor heavens. So much for a sick-bed repent-eld creature who was fast floating out apon the broad river of death. It was a That day was hotter and more sultry

ebbing away. "Abel, you pray for poor were wrapped round her, but 'hey Chlos;" and her glassy eyes turned be-brought her no warmth, for her blood seechingly toward her husband, who was was chilled by approaching death, and noted at camp meetings for praying the when at dusk the negroes asked why she

kissing the shriveled face of his dying they fell upon their knees, and from wife, he said, "'Scuse me, Chloe; de those humble cabins there went up many sperrit is willin', but de flesh part is a fervent prayer for God to spare the

the departing soul to heaven."

thing for me to die on. Sing, honey, able, had come to the house, their dark sing," she said, at last; and, mingled faces stained with tears and expressive with the lamentations of the blacks, there of the utmost concern, as they looked arose on the evening air the soft notes bending low toward Chloe, who, when the song was ended, clasped her in her arms, and calling her "a shinin' angel," went. "Sing to me, Uncle Dick," she said, at we trust, to the better land.

known that into another cabin the fars'r Richard, thinking they could save Lina were still upon the piazza. ch was far more comfortable than husbed and still, now sighed mourns or sleeping room, where they supposed through the trees, while a mocking the Haibert and Jessie were safely in the distance struck up his evening

ting, in the intensity of his suffering, At the close of one of these scorching, the errand on which he had been cent citry days, Mrs. Lansing and Ada sat and as those who attended him knew pos the plasse, panting for a breath of nothing of Mrs. Lansing's being at The a negro girl, industriously faming their mistresses, who scolded them as if they were to blame, because the air thus set is motion was hot and burning as the waited for her brother, shuddering all the waited for her brother, shuddering ids which blow over the great desert with fear whenever a new case was ref Rahara. As they sat there thus, an ported to her, and refusing to visit the sufferers, although among them were some who had played with her in childters, saying "his woman done got sick some who had played with her in child-wid de cramps," and he wished "his hood; and one, an old gray-haired man, who had saved her from a watery grave when on the Savannah river she had ruid for exertion of any kind, and telling fallen overboard. But there was no Incle Abel that she herself was fully as place for gratitude in her selfish heart. and the miserable creatures were left to die alone, uncheered by the presence of a pale face, save little Jessie, who won

Toward sunset, Mrs. Lansing herself was seized with the malady, and with a wild shrick she called on Ada to help much intimidated to heed the call, and in an adjoining room she sat with camphor herself to see Aunt Chloe, with whom at her nose and brandy at her side until she was quite a favorite.

Unaccustomed as Jessie was to sickshe, too, was a victim. No longer afraid
ness, she saw at a glance that this was
of Mrs. Lansing, she made no resistance when borne to the same apartm-mt, where for hours they lay, bemoaning the fate which had brought them there, and trembling as they thought of the proba-

them, and who, all the day long, went

On Mrs. Lansing's mind there was heavy load, and once, when the cold perspiration stood thickly upon her face, she ordered Jessie and Dinah from the room, while she confessed to Ads the sin of which she had been guilty in deceiving both her brother and Ross.

"It was a wicked falsehood," said she and if you survive me, you must tell

them so-will you?"

Ada nodded in token that she would; and then, thinking how her own conscience might be made ensier by a simi lar confession, she told how she had thought to injure Rosa in Mr. Delafield's estimation. This done, the two ladies felt greatly relieved; and as the cholera in their case had been induced mostly by fear, it began ere long to yield to the efficient treatment of Dinah, who to her housekeeping qualities added that of being a skillful nurse. Toward morning they were pronounced decidedly better, and as Jessie was asleep and Dinah nodding in her chair, Mrs. Lansing lifted her head from her pillow, saying to Ada, "If you please, you needn't tell what I told you last night, when I thought I was going to die!"

Ada promised to be silent, and after winning a similar promise from Mrs.

most violent attack, and its malignity than any which had preceded it; and had never wept before, not even when was increased by a quantity of unripe about the middle of the afternoon little fruit which she had eaten that morning. Jessie came to Dinah's side, and laying of death. Turn which way he would, "Will somebody make a pra'r?" she her head upon her lap, complained of there was naught before him save the "Will somebody make a pra'r?" she her head upon her lap, complained of sid, feebly, as she felt her life fast being both cold and tired. Blankets But his strength had left him now, and that she was dying! With streaming eyes greater than I can bear. ighty week an' shaky like. Miss Jes- child. But it could not be; she was sie, you pray?" he continued, as the child wanted in heaven; and when old Uncle Abel, who had also been ill, crept on his 'Yes, honey, pray," gasped Chloe; and, hands and knees to her bedside, calling kneeling down, the little girl began the upon her name, she did not know him, Lord's Prayer, occasionally interspersing for unconsciousness was upon her, and It with a petition that "God would take in infinite mercy she was spared the pain

'Yes, dat's it," whispered Chloe; "dat's Almost here? "Yes, dat's it." whispered Chloe; "dat's better dan all dem fine words 'bout king-dom come an' daily bread; dey'll do for white folks, but God bress old Chloe, de short time all the negroes, who were air the soft notes upon the little girl who lay so white which Jessie sung. and still, with her fair hair floating over

"Sing to me, Uncle Dick," she said, at last, "sing of the happy land not far away;" but Uncle Dick was not there,

overcome with grief to heed her request. Slowly the hours wore on, and the spirit was almost home, when again she Late as it was, Mrs. Lansing. Ada and as if in answer to her prayer, the through the trees, while a mocking bir They were just thinking of retiring and amid the gushing melody of that suddenly the midnight stillness was wondrous bird of song and the soft to by a cry so shrill that Mrs. Lan-breathing notes of the whispering pines. breathing notes of the whispering pines started to her foot, asking what it little Jessie passed to the "happy which to those who watched the going see, and going out a few roda, far away." With a bitter cry the bethe sound, which seemed to
the nerro quarters, whither wept aloud, saying, in her heart, "Why wept aloud, saying, in her he have I thus been dealt with?"

In the distance was heard the sound of horses' feet, and ere long her brother was with her, weeping as only strong men weep over the lifeless form which returned him no answering caress. She

bad been his idol.

"Jessie is gone, Rosa is going, and I shall be left alone," he thought. "What have I done to deserve a chastisement

view the sunny face and soft blue eyes of Jessie, "the Angel of The Pines."

For nearly a week after Jessie's death, Mr. Delafield remained at The Pines, doing whatever he could for the comfort of his servants, and as at the end of that time the disease had wholly disappeared, he returned to Cedar Grove, secompanied by his sister and Ada, who had learned by sad experience that the times less than those to which we go. They found Ross better, but still quite and so the fever had not entirely left her, neither Mrs. Lensing nor Ada ventured near her room, but shut themelves in their own spartment.

Over Dr. Clayton a change had come The hopeful, happy expression of his face was gone, and in its place was a look of utter hopelessness which at first rous-ed Richard's fears lest Rosa should be worse, and in much alarm he saked if it

some features; "she will live."

Then burrying to the window, he looked out to hide his tears from him whom he knew to be his rival, and who, now that he was unobserved, bent over the sleeping Rosa, kissing her wasted cheek and mourning for her as he thought how she would weep when she learned the fate of her favorite. Ob, could be have known the whole, how passionately would beld her there as his own, his darling Rosa! But it was not yet to be, and he must bide his time.

She had seemed greatly relieved at his absence, and on the second day after his departure, she called Dr. Clayton to her side, fancying him to be her brother told him the whole story of her trials; how she had tried to bring back the old affection of her childhood, but could not because of the love she had for Richard Delafield.

"Oh, Charlie," she exclaimed, "he would forgive me, I know, if he knew how much I suffered during those terrible days, when I thought of giving my hand without my heart. The very idea set my brain on fire, and my head has ached, ch, so hard, since then; but it's over now, for I conquered at last, and on the night before the wedding I resolved to tell him I could not and would not marry him. But a dark cloud, which seemed like the rushing of mighty waters, came over me, and I don't know where I am, nor what has happened, only over my pillow, where sat another shad-ow tenfold blacker, which he said was Death; but grim and hideous as it was, my whole soul was given to another. When I am dead, Charlie, you must tell him how it was, and ask him to forgive and think with pity of poor little Rosa, who would have loved him if she could But not a word of this to Mr. Delafield. him. My affection is not returned, and he would despise me-would never visit my grave or think with pity of one who

Then followed a message for the loved ones of Sunny Bank; but this Dr. Clay-ton did not hear. Perfectly paralyted he had listened to her story until his reason seemed in danger of leaving him. and long ere she had finished he knew he must give her up, but not to death that of Rosa, who, wearied with her story, had fallen asleep, he wept as he wave broke over him, his mind went backward to the time when she might have been his-when he could have gath ered her to his bosom-and in piteous ac

But as the fiercest storm soonest ex pends its fury, so he ere long grew calm Rosa Lee was very dear to him, and to have possessed her love he would have given almost everything; but as that could not be, ought he to stand in the way of her happiness? He knew she was deceived, for he remembered many things he had seen in Mr. Delafield, which, though he had not thought of it then convinced him now that her affect tion was reciprocated; and should be not close to Richard the true state of af-Ross's quiet, unobtrusive and rather reserved manned had misled Richhave declared his love.

"Yes, God helping me, I will do right," he said aloud, clasping his hands over his feverish brow. "I will watch by her until his return, and then committing her to his care, I will leave her forever

Never did a tender brother watch more carefully over a darling sister than did elapsed ere Mr. Delafield's return. He was slone with her when he came, rad with comparative calmness he greeted

That night, in the solitude of his cham ber, the doctor penned two letters, one for Ross and the other for Richard. In substance, the contents of each were much the same, for he told them all he it broke his heart to do so, he had given her up. "Deal very, very gently with her," he wrote to Mr. Delafield, "for never was there a purer, gentler being. is overflowing with happiness, think sometimes of one who henceforth will be a lonely, wretched man."

The letters being written, be put them

away until such time as he should meet them. Once he thought to talk with Richard face to face; but this he felt he could not do; so one morning, about a reak after the return of the family to Cedar Grove, and when Hosa was out sighted, and going up to the dressing bureau, carelessly brushed off the letter directed to Richard. Falling behind the bureau, it lay concealed from view, while the negress proceeded with her duties, unconscious of the mischief she had done.

In great surprise Richard heard of Dr. Clayton's sudden departure. "There roust be something wrong," he thought, though what he did not know. Going up to Rosa's chamber, he found her still asleep. The room was in order, the servant gone, and on the bureau lay the letter which soon caught his attention. Glancing at the superscription, he saw it was for Ross, and thinking to keep it safely until she could understand its contents, he placed it in his pocket; then taking a awoke. She was apparently better, but that her mind was still unsettled. said nothing to her concerning the doc-tor's desertion, but himself ministered to

sing was induced to visit her. This she did more willingly, for Rosa had loved when she knew she was dead; and the proud nature of the haughty woman gave way to the softer feelings, which often prompts a mother to take a deeper interest in whatever was once dear to a lost, a precious child. So casting aside her nervous fear, she at last went frequently to the sick room, her own white, delicate hands sometimes arranging the tumbled the lips of her formerly despised governess-despised, not for anything which she had done, but because it was hers to labor for her daily bread.

(To be continued.)

BOUND TO CATCH A FISH. His Fishing Trips for Nineteen Years

Had Been Fruitiess.
"Queer, isn't it?" remarked a Woodbridge street commission man as a friend dropped in on him the other day and found him overhauling a box of fish-hooks and lines.

"What is queer?" was asked. "Why, this fishing business. I am already preparing for my annual fishing excursion, which takes place each year from the 1st to the 15th of July. It's my first overhaul of the box, and from now on it will be a regular weekly occurrence. In another month I shall begin to dream about hauling out ten-

"Do you make a regular weekly busi-

ness of this fishing matter?" "I do. Next year will be my nineteenth annual excursion and I shall keep it up as long as I have my full powers. There's nothing to beat it."

"You must have great luck to be so "I have never had any. If I could nave gone out during these nineteen rears and caught three or four fish I should have been perfectly satisfied to quit, but luck was always against me. ve been down to Lake Erie, but the fish were always away that day. I've been up to Lake Huron, but they didn't like my bait. I've been to inland lakes and sought out a score of rivers, but thers was always something wrong. Last year I went down to the seashore on purpose to fish. I fished from

never even got a nibble." "Do you mean to say that you never caught a fish in your life?" asked the

wharves and I fished for shark, but I

"Never a one. I have tried to-heaven knows how hard I have tried, but they have not been for me. Nineteen years and never a fish-never even a bite. Hundreds of dollars and weeks of time wasted and only rusted books and broken lines to show for it."

But you will keep on?"

"I will," he replied, with grim determination, according to the Detroit Free Press. "There shall be no surrender. Four or five months hence I shall start out on my twentieth annual tour. I shall be provided with tackle and balt and money and patience and determination, and if there is a sunfish left alive between the Atlantic and Pacific I will seek him out and lure him to his death and shout victory over his remains."

Among things not generally known is the fact that the hour glass is universally used on board the King's ships when the log is heaved at night.

Every hour the boatswaln or one of the boatswain's mates blows on his whistle a peculiar shrill note called the reel. The person in the watch to whom this duty is assigned then heaves the log, a small piece of wood with a sinker fitted in it, and at that moment the glass is turned. Though termed an hourglass generally, it is only a fourteen-second glass really.

As the last grain runs out the log line is stopped with a jerk, which also loosens the lead sinker. The log floats up to the surface of the sea, the line is hauled in, and an entry made in the book, which, from its containing this among other items of the daily and nightly events of the voyage, is called the log book.-London Country Life.

The Desired Effect. "I see," said the superstitious man, "that they're providing for 13-inch guns on the new cruisers."

"Well, they ought to know that that's unlucky."

"They expect them to be unlucky to anything that gets in front of them."

A Waste of Labor. Tutor-Richard, you will please go to the blackboard and demonstrate the proposition that the square of the hy-potenties of a right angled triangle is ual to the sum of the squares of the

ther two sides.

Spoiled Son—What's the use? I'm rilling to admit it.—Chicago Tribune.

lying cause of vital action, but he not as yet made a fair demonstra-

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over-Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young-Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

The topic had been carefully explained, and as an aid to understanding the teacher had given each pupil a card bearing the picture of a boy fishing. "Even pleasure," said she, "requires the exercise of patience. See the boy

fishing? He must sit and wait and wait. He must be patient." Having treated the subject very fully, she began with the simplest,

most practical question: "And now, can any little boy tell me what we most need when we go fish-

The answer was shouted with one

Not Much to See.



new bathing suit at the beach this morning?

Sallye-You forget, dear, that I am near-sighted.

None Loose Like It. Mrs. O'Hagan—Come, Terence, trut' an' honor now, have ye ever seen another like my baby?

Uncle Terence (grumpy)-Sure, Mary Ann, an' I can't remimber, not having been to a musee-um or a side show this twinty years.

Considerate Little Son. Stern Parent-Your mother tells me you have been naughty again, and therefore I shall be obliged to punish

Troublesome Son-Wh-why can't ma punish me herself, pa? I don't s-see wwhy you should have to d-do all the

Just Levely.

Mrs. Crawford—She married a car

Mrs. Crabshaw-Isn't that just love y! Now she can have shelves put up whenever she wishes, without having to ask the landlord over and over

Why They Don't Speak. Mrs. Cutting Hintz-Mr. Takem Wright, the photographer, said my baby was the prettiest baby he'd ever

Mrs. Caller Down-That's strange. He said the same thing about mine. Mrs. Cutting Hintz-Well, I guess he saw your baby before he saw mine. Detroit Free Press.



Farmer-Well, what's the matter

Agriculturist from the City-It's like his: The cow refuses to sit on the

Used To Trouble. "What makes you think you are qualified to become a football referee? Are you brave? Have you ever put

down a riot? "No; but I have acted as judge at a

baby show." An Acquared Habit.
Mrs. Gramercy-Do you think it was in intentional slight on the part of Mrs. Newrich?

Mrs. Park-Why, no, my dear. She hasn't been a lady long enough to know how to be rude.-Puck.

Losing Interest.

Mrs. Oldwed—And does your hushand love you as much now as he did when you were first married? Mrs. Newed (a bride of six m -I don't know. I haven't saked him for three days.

"So Mr. Simiaz told you his heart was broken when you refused him?"

Too Precious A village clergyman has this choice bit among his annals. One day he was summoned in haste by Mrs. Johnston. who had been taken suddenly ill. He went, in some wonder, because she was not of his parish, and was knows to be devoted to her own minister, the

Rev. Mr. Hopkins. While he was waiting in the parlor, before seeing the sick woman, he beguiled the time by talking with her daughter.

"I am very much pleased to know your mother thought of me in her illness," he said. "Is Mr. Hopkins away?"

The lady looked unfeignedly shock

"No," she said. "Oh, no! But we're afraid it's something contagious, and we didn't like to run any risks."-Housewife.

One Woman's Thrift.

A traveler has a story of a canny old dame whom he met in one of his motor tours. He had the bad luck to run over one of her chickens. It was not greatly hurt, but he stopped and offen I the woman a triffe in compen-

"Yes, sir," she said, "when I wants a pullet killed I allus puts un out is the road. Ten to one but it's runned over, and then I gets the payment and my pullet, too.

A Color Scheme.

"Phoebe, see how the color has run in this waist. It's simply ruined!" "'Deed, missy. I has de wust lucku color seems to run in our fambly."-

Now They Don't Speak. Ethel-Yes, I won Charley at

enchre party. Ernie-Indeed! I heard you were awarded the booby prize.-Chicage

Its Advantage.

"I should think golf would be rather violent exercise for your grandfather." "I suppose it would if he didn't have so much time to rest while the ball is being found."

The on the Other Foot.

Osmond-Well, you've never seen ma un after people who have money. Desmond-No; but I've seen people run after you because you didn't have

Unprofitable Questionings. Husband-A penny for your

houghts, Flora. Wife-I was thinking of a fifteen



Little Bobby-Say, pop! Father-Well, what is it now? Little Bobby-If a Chinaman speak broken English would a white max speak broken China--- (Exit Bobby to bed.)

Advantage of Riches.

Physician-The truth can no longer be hidden, madam. I am obliged to tell you that your little son is erweak minded; that is-well, it must be said-he is an idiot.

Mrs. Highup-How fortunate it is that we are rich. No one will ever no tice it.-New York Weekly.

Couldn't Scare Him.

"Colonel," said the fair hostess to the hero of many battles, "are you fond of classical music?" "Madam," replied the gallant colonel

"I'm not afraid of it." Inquisitive Bertie-Papa, a little stream is a streamlet, isn't it?

Papa-Yes. Bertle. Bertie-Well, papa, is a-Papa-Oh, go away, Bertie. I wan a little quiet.

Bertie-Well, why didn't you say you wanted a quietlet?

Her Pet Name. "Darling." he said, after the proposal, "Hildegarde is such a long and formal name. Is there no pet name by

which I-" "Oh, yes," she interrupted, "the girls at school always call me 'Pickles.' Philadelphia Press.

Misdirected Effort.

"Chicago is all right in most re spects," said the retired burgiar, "but it's a poor place to make money. "Why, I thought it was the best ever," rejoined the pickpocket.

"Well, it sin't," replied the r. b. "Why, only last week a friend of mine was pinched for making a few mick-

Up Against It. Brokeleigh—Miss Gotroz, I indulge the hope that I may yet win your love Miss Gotrox-Then the rumor

Brokeleigh-What rumor? Miss Getrox—The one pertaining to your penchant for everindulgence.

-I wasn't aware the