

floor.

ris.

CHAPTER XXX-Continued. demanded.

"Thirty-five thousand shares," re- pain! I wish to God--" plied Mr. Mason.

"How many have you sold?" addressing his son.

"About seventy-five thousand." "Hu-m-m-m. Fine outlook! Forty thousand shares short on a stock, with only a hundred thousand shares in all," growled Randolph Morris. "By God, if I pull out of this thing with a dollar I'll place it where you can't find it with a set of burglar's tools!" Randolph Morris glared at his son, fumbled for his glasses and bent over the tape.

"Fifty-five bid for L & O.," it read. "Bid sixty for any part of ten thousand shares. Gimme that telephone! Go to the exchange, Mason, and get on the other end of this wire, and I'll give you the orders."

Shortly before noon a news agency made public a statement which hastened the crisis. It read:

"The deal in L. & O. was engineered by Mr. James Blake, the dashing young operator whose advent in New York was signalized by the recent upheaval in prices. For several weeks Mr. Blake has quietly been absorbing blocks of L. & O. To-day he secured ten thousand shares from General Marshall Carden, which, with the holdings of Mr. John Hawkins, gives the syndicate of which Mr. Blake is the head absolute control of this valuable property. Another railroad company has been a bidder for control, but the Carden stock gives Mr. Blake the coveted advantage.

"It is rumored that a well-known and powerful banking house is short this stock to the amount of nearly his name. Thus he made his last forty thousand shares. It opened at journey away from the roar and tur-291/2 and rapidly advanced to 75, and then by leaps and bounds reached 125. | cal and financial wreck, cast on the It is believed that only a few scat- shores of oblivion by a storm terrific tered shares are yet in the market, and unforeseen. and that the stock is cornered.

"Later .- It is rumored that the banking house of Randolph Morris & amid the wreck of his fortunes. Company has suspended."

> CHAPTER XXXI. Father and Son.

t to shame and poverty in my old age. "How much L. & O. have you?" he I hope, by God, that everything you entitled to so large a share of these buy with that money will give you profits. I-I-really I do not know

> His voice was choked, the blood bless and reward you." surged to his temples, his hands clutched at his throat, and with a Blake. gasp for breath he fell heavily to the ' A strange expression came over his

> Before Arthur Morris realized what eyes. "I am not-I should nothad happened, others were by his He paused, released General Carden's father's side. The stricken old finan- hand and turning abruptly, rushed cier partially recovered consciousness | across the room and vanished into an before a physician arrived, but again | inner office.

sank into a most alarming condition.

"I don't know," was the reply. "I've than a millionaire. seen the governor so mad he couldn't speak, several times, but never so bad as this."

opened his eyes and they rested on been fought. Randolph Morris was his son.

"Take him away," he said, averting his eyes. "Take him away, and give me a chance to live."

"You're all right, governor," said Arthur Morris, as the doctor gave him a signal to stay out of sight. "Keep cool and you'll come out on top. I

feel as bad as you do about it, but there's no use in kicking. Brace up and take your medicine like a man;

To which encouraging advice Randolph Morris made no reply, and the son left the room.

As Randolph Morris was tenderly carried down the steps, through an angry crowd, and placed in an ambu-

lance, he opened his eyes and looked longingly at the building which bore moil of Wall street; a mental, physi-

Arthur Morris, stripped of all power by the action of the directors, stood

eventful day General Carden's eyes

Who was this man Blake, and why

his hand? Why had this stranger

value that millionaires struggled mad-

The figures puzzled him, and he made

the calculation anew, only to find it

accurate. This represented more than

ly for its possession?.

the fortune he had lost.

haps-

He was a witness to the compromise by which a representative of James Blake & Company agreed to

we may win out yet."

found himself shaking hands and laughing with strangers. He felt a strong grasp on his shoulder and turned to see James Blake.

"We settle with Randolph Morris & Company at 175," he whispered. "Your share of the profits is nearly a million and a half. I'll call at your house this evening and give you a check for the exact amount."

"I can find no words to express my feelings," said General Carden, deeply affected. "I do not think that I am what to say to you, Mr. Blake. God

"Don't thank me," replied James

face and a look of pain to his dark

In the turmoil of his own feelings "Apoplexy," said the physician, in General Carden paid little attention answer to a question. "Is this his to this strange action. Six hours befirst attack?" he asked Arthur Mor- fore he had entered these rooms all but penniless. He left them more

In a darkened room in a remote quarter of the city, a gray-haired man gasped for breath and moaned in his As he spoke Randolph Morris delirium. A great financial battle had one of the stricken victims, and Marshall Carden was one of the victors

In this age of commercial and industrial barbarism, man must climb tc glory over the dead and mangled bodies of the losers. Commercial compe tition has all the horrors and none of the chivalry of physical warfare. Thoughts such as these came tc

John Burt when the news circulated that Randolph Morris had been stricken in his office. The blow aimed at the son had fallen with crushing force

on the father. In the hour of victory with keen gusto the following: John Burt was silent and sad, and John Hawkins was not slow to glean his chance for election would be inthe reason.

"I wouldn't worry over Randolph Pennsylvania Dutch, so he prevailed Morris," he said, with a gruffness on a friend who was familiar with that which was assumed. "The old man patois to accompany him and post him will recover. One stroke of apoplexy how to get off a

won't kill him." Dutch sentence at f "Write to Randolph Morris," said the end of each John, addressing Blake, "and say that speech. This plan his personal property is exempt in this proved a great sucsettlement. He has scheduled it as cess and the candi-

having a value of nearly a million dol- date was delighted lare. I shall not take it from him. with the experi-He's an old man, with daughters and ment. others dependent on him."

In the excite-"Good for you, Burt!" exclaimed ment of one meet-John Hawkins. "It isn't business, but ing, however, he terms, which, while protecting the de- business is hell-as old Sherman said forgot the phrase 3 positors, called for the sacrifice of the about war. I'm going to my hotel to so patiently taught



have been 70 years of age, but who, | general left. A few days later Secrein spite of her years, was "fine in the | tary Taft met Gen. Weston in a corribusiness" when it came to cooking. dor of the war department. Another colored woman of advanced "I was looking for you," said the years was in the habit of coming to general. "I wanted to tell you how see the cook, and one day the lady good it feels to be able to wear my said: jacket unbuttoned."

"Dinah, who is that old colored woman I sometimes find in the kitch- coat. He threw it back around his en with you?"

"Dat ole 'ooman, missus? Oh, she's negligee shirt that ever adorned the jess a relationship of mine." "What kind of a relationship, army.

Dinah?" "Well, she's-she's-well, I guess she's my sistah-in-law." "You guess that she is your sister- like that I'd never have issued it."

in-law? Don't you know."

"Well, I reckon I does. I reckon she's my sistah-in-law because, you see, we bofe had de same husban' befo' de wah. Dat's how come she's first time stood on the upper forward my sistah-in-law."-Lippincott's Mag. deck and looked thoughtfully toward azine.

NATURALLY RED-HEADED. Shortly before he sailed for Europe Col. W. H. Cody (Buffalo Bill) was around the child and said: entertaining Dr. J. L. Girdner with a few lessons in ethnology gleaned from experiences among the Indians in his early days.

"By the way, Doc," he asked ab- City. a row and O'Brien. ruptly, "ever see a red-headed In-

dian?" "Never did, and The late Gov. Patison used to tell never heard of such a freak, Colo-A certain candidate thought that nel."

"I saw one, a creased if he acquired a knowledge of Cherokee, down on. the Fort Scott trail," quietly answered Cody, and then stopped, waiting for "a rise."

It came. "Rather unusual sight, that, wasn't it?"

was bald."-New York Times.

WIDOWED HENS.

a house on Staten island with all its 110 belongings, indoors and out, the latter including a horse, a cow, pigs and poultry. While there were about 100 hens, there were but two roosters, and in this flock the eight-year-old daughter became deeply interested. "Papa," she said one day, "what are those two big chickens with red combs on their "Never mind," was the whispered | foreheads?" "Those, my child, are roosters," she was informed. "Well, what are roosters?" "They are the fathers." "Oh! And what are all the others?" "Why, they are the mothers." After a moment's reflection Edith innocently remarked: "My gracious, papa, what an awful lot of with yer?" fathers must have died to leave so many mothers all alone."-New York Press. other with a fierce grip on her skirt. adjourned taxed me \$24 for my 'Was



Her Ex-Son Mrs. Wabash-There goes Mrs. Marrimore with her stepson. What a homely boy he is!

Mrs. De Vorse-Yes, and yet I remember several years ago I thought him quite pretty.

Mrs. Wabash-Ah! but you were his mother at that time, were you not? Mrs. De Vorse-Why, yes, I believe was.-Philadelphia Press.

A Logical Inference.

Little Bess-Who is that strange shoulders to display the pinkest pink lady, mamma?

Mamma-That is Miss Goodwin, the person of a general officer of the hilanthropist, my dear.

Little Bess-What is a philanthro-"Gen. Weston," said Secretary Taft, "if I had known that that order would pist?

Mamma-it is a word derived from the Greek signifying "a lover of men.". Little Bess-Then I guess all women are philanthropists, aren't they, mam-In crossing the ferry a little boy ma?

About the Size of It.

"Ever notice it?" queried the man who begins his remarks in the mid-Jersey City. Noticing that he kept apart from his friends and was much dle. absorbed in thought, the missionary

"Ever notice what." asked the easy mark. in charge of the party put her arms

"That for every dollar a man wins on fast horses he loses two on slow ones?" continued the other.

"No, that is the city. The country is miles and miles beyond that." The little boy turned to the missionary and, with a smile of relief, said: "I'm glad that ain't the country, 'tause if it was I wouldn't go. Dat place over dere is the place where the bad boys go when they die, ain't it?" The missionary looked puzzled for a moment, but caught the child's meaning when a bright flame shot up from the gas works of Jersey City and lighted up the sky .- New York Tribune.

NO TIME TO LOSE.

Gen. Weston had on a light civilian

permit any officer to expose a shirt

THE FRESH AIR CHILDREN.

who was going to the country for the

"What are you thinking of?"

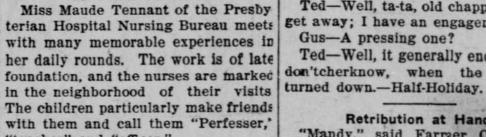
"Is dat de country over dere?"

asked the child, as he raised his thin

little arm in the direction of Jersey

Miss Maude Tennant of the Presby terian Hospital Nursing Bureau meets "Rather; but, you see, this Indian with many memorable experiences in her daily rounds. The work is of late foundation, and the nurses are marked in the neighborhood of their visits In the early summer a friend hired | The children particularly make friends

> "teacher" and "officer." A few days ago Miss Tennant was



for candy and pea

nuts.

"Teacher! Teacher!" shouted an

"Now, boys, you must let me go

WHAT PLEASED VETERANS.

elected president of the University of

Tennessee, has been chuckling to him

self for the last few days over a let

York Times.

so much real

pleasure as the

one from the old

Kentucky soldier,

who is one of that

fast disappearing

few who have not

yet found out that

over.

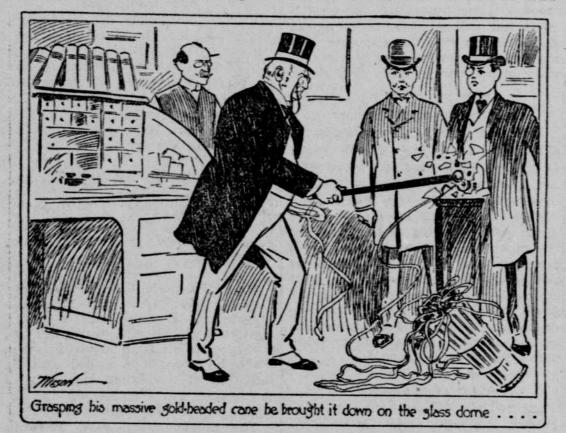
"Mandy," said Farmer Corntossel, "do you know that one of them boardon an emergency case and was hur



Ted-Well, ta-ta, old chappie, I must get away; I have an engagement. Gus-A pressing one? Ted-Well, it generally ends in that. don'tcherknow, when the gas is

Retribution at Hand.

One by one the directors of the millions which once stood in his name. bank had entered the room where The fifty thousand dollars he had suc-Randolph Morris. was making his ceeded at the last moment in draw-



fight against overwhelming odds. | ing from the bank was all that was Some he recognized by an almost im- left to him. perceptible bow, but no words came from his lips as he bent over the tape. The faces of the directors were pale and drawn from tension.

When L & O. had mounted to of the excited customers of James eighty dollars a share, Randolph Mor- Blake & Company recognized the exris changed his tactics and attempted banker, and none knew the reason for to check the rise by throwing all his his absorbing interest in the fluctuaholdings on the market. In less than | tions of the stock labeled L. & O. an hour he hurled thirty-five thousand shares into the speculative whirl- had he offered to place a fortune in pool.

It was like stemming Niagara with | come from out the West, and by the a straw. The price did not sag. The powerful interests back of L. & O. worthless stock into one of so great pledged three millions of dollars for this stock and clamored for more.

In response to a demand for margins, Randolph Morris deposited several millions cash and valid securities. Alarmed by rumors, patrons of the bank formed in long lines and demanded their deposits.. There was no gleam of hope, but grim in defeat the old banker stood by the wheel and watched the ship of his fortunes as she swiftly neared the reefs of ruin.

A clerk entered and handed to Randolph Morris the yellow slip of paper containing the bulletin. He read it slowly, crumpled it in his hands and threw it on the floor.

Grasping his massive gold-headed cane, he brought it down on the glass dome which covered the delicate piness of his daughter and the repose no time to brood over his health, and mechanism of the ticker. One of the flying fragments cut his cheek and a few drops of blood slowly trickled and again he entered Blake's office. down his face.

"The corporation of Randolph Morris & Company is bankrupt!" he said, rising to his feet and looking into the faces of his astounded associates.

"The Board of Directors will convene out the man who was reading the machinery. It's the relaxation that

take a nap. Where can I see you this him early in the evening? Dine with me at the hotel day by his mentor, and under cover at nine o'clock. What d'ye say? You, of taking a glass of water hastily too, Blake."

(To be continued.)

YACHT COST HIM NOTHING.

How Commodere Monroe Was Made Eligible for Position.

Just what the Larchmont Yacht club will do, now that Gus Monroe is dead, the members are wondering. With Mr. Monroe the Larchmont Yacht club was a hobby. He worked harder to make that organization succeed than many men work at their business. He was identified with the

club for more than twenty years, and all that time he was an officeholder. In 1883 he was chosen commodore. He did not own a yacht then.

"Bill," he said to his friend, W. S. Alley, "they want me to be commodore, but I can't be, because I haven't

a boat." "Is that all that prevents you from accepting the nomination?" asked Mr. home for some time. Alley.

"That's all," was the reply. "Then I'll give you my yacht, the

Schemer. I'll have the boat properly transferred to you in consideration of Through the long hours of that like, but when you want to get rid of were fixed on the stock board. Few | to take her back again for \$1." "That's a go," said the commodore.

The Schemer, which was the most famous sloop in her day, was duly transferred, and Mr. Monroe paid Mr.

Alley \$1. "Now, I'll match you for the dollar," said the commodore. They matched, and Mr. Alley lost,

so the commodore got his flagship for magic of his touch, transformed a nothing. He kept the Schemer for two years,

retired from office, and then had the yacht transferred back to Mr. Alley. When he took his last look at the When Mr. Alley paid the dollar he sugstock board L. & O. was guoted at gested that they should match for it. "Not on your life," said Commodore

105. He nervously drew a slip of paper from his pocket and made a Monroe. "That dollar is going to be rapid calculation. If Blake chose to a souvenir of the flagship I owned realize at the quotation, General Car- that never cost a cent."-New York den's share of the profits would be Sun. nearly eight hundred thousand dollars.

Causes of Nervous Prostration. "Believe me," said a Spruce street

physician who makes a specialty of treating nervous disorders, "it isn't overwork that superinduces nervous A wild impulse came which urged prostration. The men who succumb

him to demand of Blake the sale of to nervous strain are not the men who his stock. What right had he to im- work continually under high pressure. peril that which would insure the hap- The man who has no relaxation has of his old age? Hurriedly he retraced brooding is fatal to a man whose

his steps until he reached Broadway, nerves are highly strung. If a man is constantly busy in mind from morning An hour had passed, and he hardly | until night he isn't in any danger of dared look at the quotations. Per- nervous trouble. It's only when he re-

haps the deal had collapsed? Per- laxes and gives himself a certain amount of leisure that he is danger. "L. & O. 145, 1451/2, 1461/2," called A man is a good bit like a piece of

communicated that fact to his friend.

reply, "just say 'Was nempst?"" This the speaker innocently did, and the result astonished him.

EXPENSIVE PHRASE.

"Such a rush from a hall," he afterward said, "was probably never before witnessed in the state of Pennsylvania. That little phrase was Pennsylvania Dutch for 'What will you have to drink?' and the proprietor of the hotel to which my audience had

SUCCESSFUL CONVERSION.

periences with the navy as an art- Mississippi, were standing together in seaman.

nempst?' break."-New York Times.

He saw many things aboard ship that have escaped the eyes of the layman. The Kearsarge was his marine

"One of the quaintest characters." he said, "that I knew was O'Brien. the navvy who policed the ship. He was chosen because he could lick any man on board. The spirit of fight \$1. You can keep her as long as you is developed, not squelched, in the her you must give me the opportunity is able to silence the biggest man that navy, but there must be some one who walks the deck.

"O'Brien's methods were simple but sure. One afternoon two men got into who was in my

stateroom, was sent 210 for. He excused himself, walked curned as if nothblack eye. "'How about it, O'Brien?' said I.

"'Nawthin',' he replied. "'Nawthin',' I repeated, pointing to arm not broken.' "-New York Times. eye and temple.

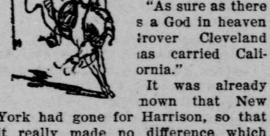
"'Nawthin' much.' he went on; 'I had a quiet conversation with Jake in York Times.

## SISTERS-IN-LAW.

following incident illustrates:

SUPERFLUOUS GOOD NEWS. I've got to see a very sick woman It was at the close of the campaign Another time I'll talk to you, and in which Mr. Harrison defeated Mr. we'll have candy---' T. Dart Walker, art editor of Les- | Cleveland for the presidency. Senator lie's Weekly, has been persuaded to Blackburn and "Private" John Allen, make a monograph of this year's ex- the keen-tongued representative from

> :he capitol at Washington when W. R. Hearst huried up and excitedly displayed a elegram from his 'ather, Senator Hearst, in Califoriia. The message ead: "As sure as there s a God in heaven trover Cleveland as carried Caliornia."

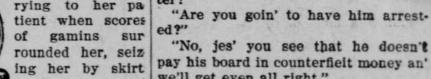


York had gone for Harrison, so that it really made no difference which way California cast her vote. Mr. down the deck, and Allen solemnly folded the telegram in five minutes re- and handed it back, and remarked: "Your father's telegram deminds ing had happened. me of a friend of mine who went to Two things had Colorado. Not long afterward his wife happened if not received a telegram which read: 'Jim more, a bump over thrown off a broncho and his neck, his left temple and both legs, and one arm broken.' A the beginning of a little later, in the midst of her tears, the widow received another message from the sympathetic cowboys. It read: 'Matters not so bad. Jim's

SECRETARY TAFT WAS SORRY. Brig.-Gen. John F. Weston is happy his bunk. I took him below and shut over the order permitting officers to the door, and we labored religiously wear civilian clothes while on duty at together. We're both believin' more the war department in Washington. in the power of God and Old Oire- It is current gossip in military circles land and less in the divil now, than that Gen. Weston was responsible for we did afore our tate-a-tate."-New the order. He went into Secretary possibly have dragged "the Southern Taft's office the other day-and it standpoint" into an English grammar

was a hot day-wearing his heaviest | he replied: uniform blouse, which some of his mixed regarding relationships, as the ly, and showed that he was uncom- I used a sentence like this: fortable. The order was issued by

SHOES WERE HIS SPECIALTY. | Soon he appeared without the package |



ter?'

pay his board in counterfieit money an' we'll get even all right." hands, cape and bag, and begging

Two Ways of Seeing It. First Lump of Delight-My husband is so jealous!!

"Hullo, Perfess Second Lump of Delight-How aber," said one surd! Might we go along

First Lump of Delight-Why, isn't ours?

Second Lump of Delight-Of course

First Lump of Delight-How humiliating!-New Yorker.

## Blaming It on the Bread.

"We know all about it," shouted the "Sick at your stomach, eh?" said ringleader, a boy of seven. 'You've the boy's mother. "What made you got a Presbyterian baby in your bag that way?"

for the Ferrararas, and you better "I guess," said the boy, reproachhustle, 'cause there's a Catholic and fully, "it was that bread you made me a Salvation Army nurse on the way eat at lunch time." and they'll get theirs in first."-New

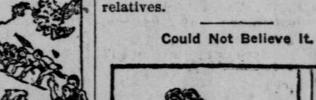
"Indeed? Where have you been all afternoon?"

"Over in old man Peters' apple orchard." Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, recently

## Looking Over the Family.

Mr. Watkyns-Do you think that that young Mr. Spryggyns is especialter he got from a Confederate veter | ly interested in Mabel?

an. Since the publication some months Mrs. Watkyns-Well, it looks that ago of his English grammar Dr way. The last time he called he per-Smith has received many congratu sisted in having her bring out the old latory letters, but none that gave him photograph album and show him the pictures of all the near and distant

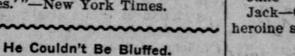


the civil war is a personal note of thanks for giving

our school children such a text book But, as an old Confederate soldier, i want to thank you especially and tell you how happy I am that a gramman has at last been written 'from the Southern standpoint.""

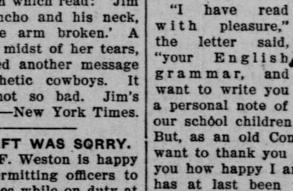
When Dr. Smith was asked when he showed this letter how he could

"I'm sure I don't know. But per The negro is sometimes a good deal fellow officers say he donned purpose- haps in illustrating some construction "'One Confederate whipped ter A lady had a negro cook who must | Secretary Taft immediately after the | Yankees." -- New York Times.

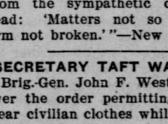


Jack-I thought that the author of this book was famous for his keen understanding of women? Jane-Well, do you doubt it? Jack-Of course. He says that the heroine suffered in silence.

Now They Don't Speak.



of shoes which I had given to him.



	"The Board of Directors will convene	out the man who was reading the	machinery. It's the relaxation that		of shoes which I had given to him.	"Sir," said the landlord of the sum	Now They Don't Speak.
	at once and take formal action to that	ticker. "Two thousand L. & O. at	tells. Take Russell Sage, for in-	Becase Waive Explanation of His	On his feet were the same battered	mer hotel to a new arrival mite i	Mrs. Fox-Your husband paid me
	effect. Be seated, gentlemen, and	150!"	stance. He celebrated his 88th birth-	Mode of Livelihood.	wrecks which had so moved me to	like a chronic bichen Who lookee	such a protty compliment portorday
	come to order. You may make the		day to-day, and he is in the harness	Inicae of Determinedat	wrecks which had so moved me to compassion. Confronting the impos-	like a chronic kicker, 'let me say to	such a pretty compriment yesterday.
	motion for suspension, Mr. Mason."	crowd of men who surrounded James	all the time Should be give up even	One any more than the first	ton I sold somewhat an antitud		
	When Randolph Morris adjourned	Blake, His handsome face was aglow	an the time. Chouse he give up even	man who has bachelor apartments, "a chap who bore all the marks of a pro-	tor, i salu somewhat angrity:	and the second second	say?
	the directors' meeting he looked about	with pleasure as they slapped him on	a part of his daily fourie the proba-	fessional hobo presented himself at	"'So that's your little game, is it?"	"I presume so," was the careless re	Mrs. FoxWhy, he said I was look-
	for his son, but he was not in the	the back.	Difficies are that he would be a dead	fessional hobo presented himself at	"He recognized me instantly, but in-	ply.	ing younger and handsomer than ever.
	room. He found Arthur Morris with-	"My congratulations general"	man in six months. The man whose	my door and begged for a pair of old	stead of being nonplussed he calmly	"And there is no fishing."	Mrs. Knox-Oh, I'm not surprised
S. F.	to the segod apployung accupied by	Blake said grasping the old sold sold sold sold sold sold sold	nerves trouble him is the man of com-	shoes. As evidence that he really	remarked, smiling facetiously: 'Wot	THE REAL PROPERTY AND A REAL PROPERTY OF THE REAL PROPERTY AND A	at his saying that. Poor John is get-
	in the caged enclosure occupied by	bind bind, Brasping the bid bolulers	narative leisure Philadelphia Rec.	needed them he extended a foot for	kin a poor bum do wot's too honest	"I don't want any."	ting awfully nearsighted.
	the paying tener. In his hands were	hand. "Our little pool is working	ord.	my inspection. The utterly dilapidat-	ter steal an' too lazy ter work? Shoes	"And you are quite certain to get	
	several packages of money.	splendidly! Do you feel like getting		ed condition of his foot covering was	is my specialty, boss. Say we have	malaria."	A Life Risk.
		out at 150, general? I wouldn't ad-		anot enough and I immediately noot	a drink an' call it even!'"	"I can cure that with quinine."	Crawford-Why, old man, what
	manded Randolph Morris.	vise you to do so, but if you wish it	A new guest arrived at a New	I a we a water of all abase from more	A Company of the second s		
	"Cashing a check," was the sullen	can be arranged. I have a customer					makes you look so blue?
	reply.	who will take the stock off your hands	ton gentleman happened to be holding	I a st a shad & more mellowing and t		are no gorgeous sunsets."	Crabshaw-My wife went to get her
							dfe insured.
	roared Randolph Morris, his hand on	and entirely satisfied to let it	was much impressed by the speaker's		with the port of Durban, Natal, South	"No hunting, no bathing, no sail	Crawford-And they refused her?
	the door and his features convulsed	alone," said General Carden, drawing	fluency.	"A few minutes later I had occasion	Africa, among which are four from	ing."	Crabsnaw-No; sald she was good
		himsel: up proudly. "Handle my	"I declare," he remarked to the	to leave my rooms, and as I walked	New York-the Prince, the Bucknall-	"That suits me down to the	for another forty years Town Top-
	on the point of suspension has a right	stock according to your judgment.	landlord, "that man has an extensive	down the street and turned the corner	Currie, the Clan Union American and	ground "	ics.
	to accept or withdraw funds, and you	The subordinate should not question	waashulany haan't haan'	at Seventh avenue I noticed ahead of	the Houston lines There is also the		
	know it."	the policy of a victorious command-	The landlord was mightily pleased	me the man to whom I had just given	Canadian and African steamship line,	"One thing more, sir, I do not claim	Just Like the Giver.
	, He grabbed Arthur Morris by the	er."	Withot's as I' he sold with the it		Finning nerween Lanada and South	A REAL PROPERTY AND A REAL	tittham! Who core may this slows
1.000	shoulder and dragged him through the		mountain air mill de fan a men TT	curiosity, but because my course lay	African ports During the year 1902	a was in nopes you didn't, as I am	ald man 9"
	namon doormon	which and a shark to Disks -1 11	sin't been boardin' with me but two	in that direction. Before long I saw	794 steamships, with 1,821,245 ton-	a dyspeptic. As for the rest of the	"Why, Dauber, the artist."
1	"My curse goes with that money!"	famous head of the firm turned and	ant been boardin with me but two	him enter a second-hand shoe store	nage and 158 sailing vessels with	drawbacks, I've just got away from	"I thought so. It's just like him."
	he shouted, his face convulsed with	left General Carden	big mainthand out much	A dark suspicion popped into any head	nage, and 158 sailing vessels, with 157 973 toppage entered the port of	my wife for two weeks for the first	"In mhat may?"
	rage "You have dragged me down	He heard the shouts of victory and	his waistband out much as four	and I waited until the man same out.	157,973 tonnage, entered the port of	time in ten years and nothing here	"In what way?"
2	ton have anapped the down	1 _ the heard the should of victory and	l'umesRochester Herald.	Tana a mance anen eno man same our		can make me kick."	"Why, it's cheap, full of flaws and
				and the second of the second sec		the second se	