A GOOD OLD FRIEND.

The Gumpot—Well, you fellows can say what you like about the editor. For my part, I always stick up for him.

Fine Y. M. C. A. Building Planned.

A Young Men's Christian Association building that cost to build and equip more than a million dollars is to be opened in Philadelphia this fall, with Walter M. Wood of Chicago in charge as secretary. An effort is to be made to recruit the membership to 4,000, so that the largest possible number of boys may have the benefits of the new structure. Philadelphians are proudly pointing to the eight-story building in Arch street as one of the three finest Young Men's Christian Association homes in the world, the other two being the Twenty-third street branch, in New York, and the central building in Chicago.

Progress.

"Yes," said Mrs. Malaprop, "my boy is doing first-rate at school. I sent him to one o' them alimentary schools, and his teacher says he's doing fine. He's a first-class sculler, they tell me, and is head of his class in gastronomy, knows his letters by sight, and can spell like one o' these deformed spellers down to Washington."

"What's he going to be when he grows up?"

"He wants to be an undertaker, and I'm declined to humor him, so I've told the confessor to pay special intention to the dead languages," said the proud mother.—Harper's.

European News Disseminators.

A French statistician calculates that there is one newspaper published for every 82,000 inhabitants of the known world. In Europe, Germany heads the list with 5,500 newspapers, of which 800 are published daily. England comes next, 3,000 newspapers, of which 809 are "dailies," and then comes France, with 2,819 newspapers, of which only one-fourth are daily or published twice or thrice a week. Italy comes fourth, with 1,400 papers, and is followed by Austria-Hungary, Spain, Russia, Greece and Switzerland, the last having 450 newspapers. Altogether, Europe has about 20,000 news papers.

Honesty No Bar to Fortune.

It is a mistaake to think that vast fortunes cannot be built up by honest methods. They can and often are. There are thousands of men among whose riches there does not mingle one particle of the sweat of unrequited toil, on whose crimson plush there is not one drop of the heart's blood of the needlewoman, whose lofty halls are the marble of industry, not the sinews and bone of the toiling masses.—Dr. Madison C. Peters.

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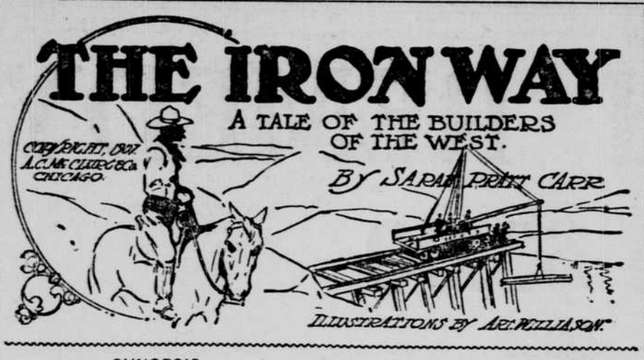


SYNOPSIS.

The story opens during a trip of the "Overland Mail" through the Rocky mountains. "Uncle Billy" Dodge, stage driver, Alfred Vincent, a young man, and Phineas Cadwallader, introduced. They come across the remains of a massacre. Later at Anthony's station they find the redskins have carried their destructive work there also. Stella Anthony, daughter of Anthony, keeper of station, is introduced. Anthony has been killed, Vincent is assigned his work in unearthing plans of enemies of railroad being built. Vincent visits town where railroad men are working on the road and receives token of esteem from Stella. The old stage driver decides to work close to town in order that he may be able to keep fatherly watch over the young woman. She is engaged as a tutor for Viola Bernard, daughter of hotel landlady. Vincent visits society circles of enemies of the Central Pacific railroad and learns their secrets. He returns to Stella, each showing signs of love for the other. Phineas Cadwallader, pushing a railroad opposing Central Pacific, reaches mining town. She writes to Alfred Vincent his boast. Stella hears from her lover, Gideon, and of his phenomenal success. Finds letter of importance involving plans of opposition road. Plot to destroy company's ship Flora is unearthed and incriminating evidence against Cadwallader found. Phineas Cadwallader faces prison on charge of wire tapping. A perfect chain of evidence connects him with plot to blow up "Flora." Stella and Alfred show love for each other despite hostility of Gideon. In showing Miss Hamilton, a niece of a railroad official, about the camp, Alfred somewhat neglects Stella, who shows pain at treatment. Banquet in railroad town is scene of more monopolization of Alfred by Miss Hamilton, with determination on Stella's part to change her temperament. Alfred writes passionately to Stella, decrying the attention which he was compelled to give Miss Hamilton. Mrs. "Sally" Bernard announces riches. Gideon makes threat against Alfred's life. Quickly leaves town on best procurable horse in search of Vincent. Race to beat opposition company's stage a success. Stella fails to hear of Gideon. Stella receives a letter: "Promise to marry Gideon Ingram or Alfred Vincent will die." After conference Stella decides to flee. Years pass. Stella becomes known as Esther Anthony, becomes a rich woman, educates herself at Vassar and steps into highest San Francisco society. Kidnaping changes Alfred greatly and when he and Stella meet in 'Frisco society, she passes him without recognition. Stella's love for Alfred and his for her is revived. However, neither shows recognition of the fact to the other. Stella visits Mrs. Sally Bernard, now in top notch society and wealthy, being known as Mrs. Lang-Bernard. Viola finds it impossible to forget love for Alvin, her sweetheart of the railroad town.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Gideon's Story.

Between the social gardens of Sacramento and San Francisco Amabel flitted, gathering the honeydew she fed upon. When Esther met her she was as gay with one cavalier as with another, until Alfred appeared. He was never her escort; yet if he came to party or theater she claimed him at once. Esther became convinced that the barrier that had once separated herself from Alfred now existed between him and Amabel; that for Amabel's sake he insisted on her perfect freedom in the eyes of society. This conviction did not bring tranquillity; and Esther asked herself bitterly, why, in all the throng that followed her, there was not some brave and honest soul that could dislodge Alfred from her heart. As the winter waned she found herself very weary of the monotonous round, of the days and nights that loomed before her, stretching to blank, gray years. And when the warm sunshine adorned the hills with rioting bloom, more and more she spent solitary hours on the road with her smart team, her most conspicuous extravagance.

"Valentine's day," she mused this morning, as she leaned out of the open window to the brilliant, close-bending sun of California. Fuchsia and nasturtium vied with perfumed heliotrope and jasmine in the long climb up the houseside; but purple and white won through their fragrance, and she gathered a feathery cluster for her belt.

She met her housekeeper in the dining room, and looked over the attractive heap brought by mail and messenger; valentines of the old lace paper sort, hiding tiny mirrors and ardent poetical requests to "look on my fair;" flowers, books, gems which she would never accept—all the what-not of sentimental Valentine's day 40 years ago. One offering charmed her. It was a golden arrow of delicate Mexican filigree, light, graceful, wonderfully brilliant, a brilliance Esther did not at first discover as coming from many tiny diamonds, each hardly larger than a pinpoint, set very closely together.

"How exquisite!" exclaimed Mrs. Brockett, who was friend as well as housekeeper. "I never saw anything like it. For your hair, isn't it?" She took it from Esther and shot it through her big brown coil, the feathered end standing high, the pointed shaft shining just back of her ear. "It's the most beautiful ornament you have. Won't you keep it?"

"I see no way to return it," Esther said, searching wrappers and box for a clew to the sender. "There isn't a word, a letter—not even the merchant's name on the box. How did it come?"

"The Chinaman said a small boy brought it this morning before seven o'clock," Mrs. Brockett replied, as she left the room.

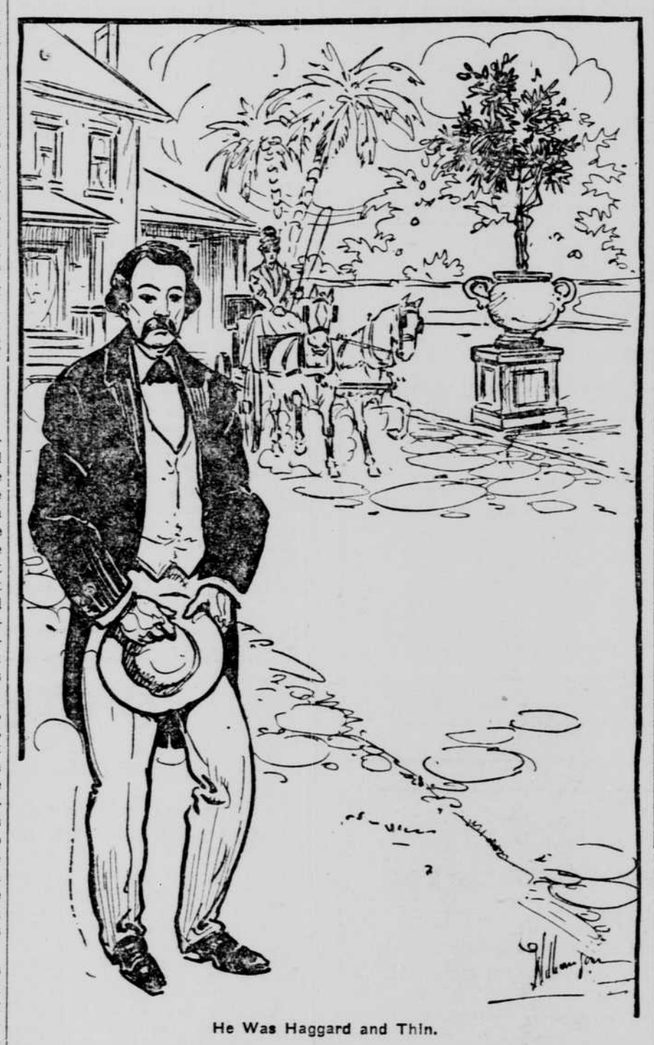
The trinkets did not interest Esther. She took up her paper instead. At the first glance she cried out.

"Gideon Ingram Anthony—His Romance!" were the first words she saw. She stared uncomprehendingly for a moment, then read on feverishly. It was a strange tale, pieced together from many sources, and confirmed by appended interviews with several "oldest settlers:"

"The story of Gideon Ingram, of the well-known freighters, Ingram, Finn & Gould, reads like one of Mrs. Southworth's novels; yet it is only one of the many dramas resulting from the clash of Latin and Anglo-Saxon in California.

"In the early '40s a young New England teacher, William Anthony by name, sea-voyaging for his health, dropped into Monterey out of curiosity, and remained, entranced by the climate and bewitched by a pair of beautiful Spanish eyes. Influential letters opened the best doors of the capital to him; and his own fine personality soon won him popularity. Lolita, the spoiled and only child of Senor Hernando Guerrero, heiress to half a county and the toast of the town, fell in love with the young Puritan, a love he returned as ardently as any swain of her own people. Those who know the Monterey of that day say that the blood of a prairie princess mingled with the blue Andalusian of the Guerreros in Lolita's veins. Whether true or not, she had the imperiousness of a dozen royal maidens; and overriding all objections, she set a wedding day less than two months after the pair first met.

"Meantime the groom's brother, a lively young officer of a Boston merchantman, hove into port a week before the nuptials, with a budget of news and an appetite for diversion. With characteristic reserve the elder brother did not at once confide his secret, and thereof came the mischief. The young man was caught in the twinkling of two eyes—Lolita's eyes—



He Was Haggard and Thin.

and by way of trading on the capital his brother had made, told her, in the poor Spanish he could command and in the scant English she could comprehend, the story of his life, home and friends, a story that included a certain delicate maiden, his brother's betrothed, who embroidered interminably upon her trousseau and wept because her lover came not.

"The fiery beauty carried the situation with a high hand. More than one gallant Spanish dandy assisted Senor Guerrero in escorting William Anthony out of town. And from that hour the younger man was swept forward by an amorous exchantment so adroitly exercised, so imperious, that had his heart not acquiesced he could hardly have escaped standing at the altar in his brother's place and taking to wife the woman who was to have been his sister-in-law. The spell she wove was deep and lasting. He loved her, endured her hasty temper, forgave the love she still bore his brother (though she called it hate), and died a heart-broken man when, two years later, the birth of their child cost her life. The last written word of the young husband was a plea to his brother for forgiveness and a request that Lolita's child, Gideon Ingram Anthony, might find a second father in his uncle.

"But William Anthony, melancholy, resentful, was wandering over the unpeopled wastes of Alta California, vainly seeking relief from a sore heart. And Gideon's grandfather, not trying very hard, it is suspected, failed to trace the baby's uncle. Letters from New England found him, however; told him that the faithful woman of his early love was slowly fading away. Conscience-stricken, he hastened back, married her, tried devotedly and with apparent success to nurse her to health, but buried her one year after their only child was born."

"Oh, my poor, poor mother!" Esther moaned. "No wonder you are so sad!" She drew the locket from beneath her dress and gazed a moment on the pictured face. Alfred's ring still hung on the chain, and she pressed it to her lips before hiding it again. "Like mother, like child!" she whispered scornfully. "Both foolish!" With a sigh she took up the paper and read on:

"Then came from Sutter's Fort the cry of 'Gold! gold!' that peopled California and swept away forever the dreamy, pastoral days of hidalgo, fandango and league-long ranchos under Mexican rule. William Anthony came west with the first rush, found and claimed his nephew, mined, traded and grew enormously wealthy; though he lived always in the wilds, visiting cities only as compelled.

"On the bleak side of a Washoe mountain he built a palace, the wonder of the decade; sent for his daughter, and reared the two children in an isolated luxury that was the source of many Aladdin-like tales. But failure came, removal, wandering; and the Anthonys were lost to the world that had known them. Later the father was killed by Indians; and the children, by this time man and woman grown, drifted, unknown and unknowing, into the heedless stream of humanity.

"The sequel proves that William Anthony never forgave his brother; for the boy grew up as a dependent, called only Gideon Ingram, and never knowing his right to his uncle's name. Senor Guerrero died some years ago, willing his estate to his grandson and providing for a search for him. Yet it is probable he would have remained undiscovered had not the agents purchasing right of way for the Southern Pacific Railroad company needed his signature. His identity was discovered some time ago, but his story is now for the first time made public."

Here followed the interviews.

"My cousin! Oh, he's my cousin!" Like an open book Esther read many things that had puzzled her—her father's contradictions, his gloom, his reserves; Gideon, tender, cruel, constant, vengeful; a passion, a flame; conquering, yet ever defeated. Poor Gideon!

Esther dreamed over the strange tale till she was reminded of her team, waiting as she had ordered, and restless. "I'll drive at once," she said, and hastily prepared, eager for the out-of-doors, for motion.

She was taking up the reins when a card was brought her—Gideon's. She started back and would not touch it, till penciled words caught her eye.

"Stella, I have wronged you; but if you have read the morning paper you know how your father wronged me. Blood makes us cousins. I must see you a moment, must a little atone."

How could she see him? Yet she must. Childhood memories, the injustice he had suffered, his sorrows, all pleaded for him. Yet not in the narrow closeness of a room. It would be easier out in the open, away from her own house.

"Tell him I'm driving," she said to the maid. "Ask him to step to the front door."

Esther drove around the house to find him standing, bareheaded, on the graveled road. He was haggard and thin, his shoulders stooped, his eyes gloomy. His clothes were handsome and well made; but they had a borrowed, misfitting look, that was pitiful to Esther. He did not speak, but stood waiting, slightly bent, only his somber eyes pleading.

"Will you drive with me, Gideon?" she asked quietly.

Without a word he put on his hat and stepped in beside her, tucking the robe carefully about her. Every movement had a gentle deprecation foreign to the Gideon she had known.

The team was restive, the streets crowded; and she could do no more than drive until a mile or more of hills had taken the first mettle out of her horses.

When they were on the road, following the shimmering bay shore around Fort Point to the sea, the plangent waves at their feet, the salt air blowing clean upon them, the vast farness of blue ocean sweeping away petty thoughts, bringing eternal verities—there Gideon and Esther found a common meeting ground.

Gideon freed her from her promise and would have explained, but she objected. "It's past, Gideon. Alfred is safe, well. Let me forget what I know, hear no more." Her heart bounded, yet was leaden again. Freedom had come too late. Alfred no longer loved her.

"Yes, one thing I would know. Did Phineas Cadwallader have anything to do with Alfred's—capture?"

"No."

"What makes him hate Alfred, then?"

"He hates him on more than one score. Vincent knows some important secret of his, and Vincent has also caught Cad in one or two tricks against the company. Cad's afraid he'll be reported. Besides all this, Cad was the last man seen with Vincent before he disappeared; and if the case is ever investigated Cad'll have hard work to clear himself."

"Were you—? Did any one find out—? Why were you not arrested?"

"There was not a scrap of evidence against me. My alibi was perfect."

Esther was long silent. Gideon looked out to sea, and waited.

"Have you told any one?" she asked finally. "You—you had the thing done, if you didn't do it yourself, didn't you?"

"Yes. And I—I've told no one—must not."

"Must not?" she questioned wonderingly. She knew he did not lack courage.

"Drag you into such a foul complication—the trial, your heart's secrets exposed, prison! To be sure, I didn't think of that three years ago. Now you are my cousin—my name yours—"

"But justice," she began, as he halted. "Ought respect for a name to stand in the way of that?"

"I've thought of that. But Vincent is free, as well in health as ever; no trouble or disgrace attaches; and he's better off in pocket than if he had not suffered from me, for I've been able to throw a thing or two his way. There are the lost years, and—and you. Do you think at this late day it would please him if I dragged your name before the public? Wouldn't that rather distress him?"

"On account of his own name, perhaps; he cares nothing for mine." She was thinking of Amabel's face as she had waltzed by her the night before, looking into Alfred's eyes.

"Of course! I knew that always," Gideon said dully, and gazed seaward.

On the veranda of the old Cliff house they stopped as does the tourist of to-day to watch the endless flip-flop of wet, glistening seals clambering the gray rocks only to drop into the sea again. The same brilliant, limitless panorama unfolded westward then as to-day—beetling cliffs, the sapphire sky, white, fantastic clouds, twin green promontories guarding the Golden Gate, the misty, enchanted Farallones, the eternal roar of the surf. But nature then was all unsubdued.

They lingered a little, both silent, Gideon nearer content than for years.

"Where have you been this long, long time, Gideon?" Esther asked on their way back to the city.

"Many places. Twice I went to Poughkeepsie. I saw you, though you didn't know it; saw that you were well and happy."

"Gideon!" Esther exclaimed, astonished.

"I've gridironed Nevada and Utah deserts looking for gold, and for wagon routes; and have found both. The last few months I've spent between San Francisco and the ranch. I've seen you often, Stella." He looked at her wistfully.

"Seen me?"

"Yes, in theaters, on the street, wherever society notes in the papers gave me a clew to your goings."

"And you never came—never spoke—"

"No. I knew you could not marry Vincent. He loves Charley Crocker's niece. As long as I was silent it—it seemed— I love you, Star, just the same; no, a thousand times more!" he went on despondently, using unconsciously the old familiar name. "But you need not fear me. I shall never trouble you after this. We're—we're cousins, yes, more like brother and sister; and I'm unfit—" His sentence went unfinished.

They were nearing Esther's home. "What are your plans, Gideon?"

"To see the finish of the railroad, then sell out my holdings and go to my ranch."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Hard Life of Bachelor Seal

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"How do you know?" the lady asked.

"By its fineness, its perfection," he replied. "The pile, you will note, is like closecut velvet. Only bachelor sealskins have such a pile.

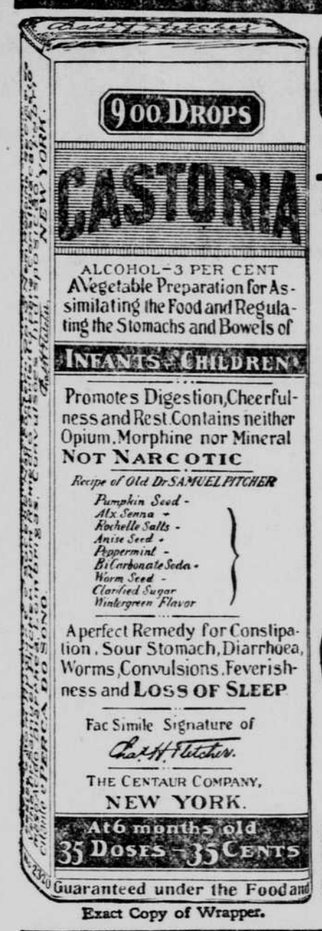
"The bachelor seal," he went on, "has a rather sad life. The big bull seals in the seal islands have each a household of 15 or 20 wives, but the young bachelors must herd by themselves. Let one of them attempt to marry, and straightway a bull slays him. Not till he is big enough to fight and conquer a bull—not till he is 14 or 15 years old—can he know the delight of settling down in a home of his own.

"He is not like the human bachelor, the favorite of the chorus girls, the reveler in all sorts of club luxuries; but he leads a hard, ascetic, celibate life, only in the end, as like as not, to make a lady a very fine coat. All the very fine coats, I repeat, are made from the unhappy bachelor seals."

Daniel Up to Date.

Jimmy, aged five, was told the story of Daniel in the lions' den, by his grandmother. When she had finished the story she asked Jimmy what he thought Daniel did the very first thing when he found he was saved from the lions?"

"Oh, I guess he telephoned home to his wife to tell her he was all right," answered Jimmy."



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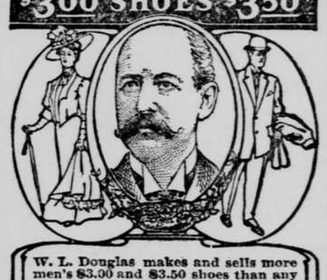

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