

The Chance.

We can't return when all is ended here
To right the wrongs we do, to mend
mistakes;
We can't return to dry a single tear
Or soothe one heart that for our folly
aches.

We may not care, at last, when all is
done;
We may not feel or have regret or see;
The grave, indeed, may be the end, and
none
That die may know what was or is to
be.

But if it be not so, if from behind
The curtain that death guards we may
look out,
How shall it be with them who wake
to find
The marks of sins that shame them
strewn about?

How shall it be with them that sell or
make
The things that brutalize or strangle
pride?
How shall it be with them that for the
sake
Of wrongful gains put all but greed
aside?

We can't return to right the wrongs
we do,
If, waking yonder, we may backward
glance;
There's a chance that death ends all.
'Tis true,
But can we well afford to take the
chance?
—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

IN THE REAL WORLD
By LAWRENCE HENRY
(Copyright, 1904, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

The next day was to be a momentous day in the life of Harmon Carlton.

It was to be New Year's day—a particular New Year's day that he had waited five long years to come. As he lay back on the soft cushions of an easy chair in his cozy bachelor apartment, before the blazing fire of a cheery grate, he tried to subdue his emotions, but with apparent ill success, if a spasmodic puffing at a strong black cigar betokened anything. Outside the wind howled and the gray light of a winter's day had faded into darkness. The room wherein Harmon sat was lighted only by the erratic flickerings of the burning coal which sputtered and crackled on the hearth. A comfortable place it was on an uncomfortable night, for a chap with comfortable thoughts, but what chap could be comfortable with the dreadful anxiety, the awful doubt of the results of a portentous event on the morrow!

Rising aimlessly and with a discon-



"What's going to become of me?"

solate shrug the young man wandered to the sideboard.

"Hang the old man," he muttered, half aloud, "why couldn't he have done it like other people!"

Seizing a decanter he brimmed a glass with wine, tossed it off and sank back again on the cushions. The warmth of the liquor seemed to soften his emotions for he continued more lightly.

"Well, anyway, he was a good old fellow, after all, and probably had a right to do as he pleased."

Then suddenly remembering something, he burst out violently. "But, my God, I love her! What's going to

become of me if the thing doesn't come out right to-morrow."

With this he completely relapsed into motionless, despondent silence, broken only by the merry spit and crackle of the playful fire on the hearth, and thus the night wore on into the morning of the new year.

Harmon Carlton might well have been sleepless, the prey of doubt and fears. His was a peculiar case. Something over five years before, his uncle, Stephen Carlton died. At that time Harmon was an orphan, having lost his parents when he was fifteen and it devolved upon the uncle to take charge of him. At the time of his uncle's death, Harmon was twenty-two, having been for seven years almost the same as an adopted son of the old man.

Stephen Carlton was a bachelor, and though regarded as a trifle eccentric had been one of the most successful business men of the day. He amassed a fortune, reputed to be a million or more, in the iron trade. This enabled him, of course, to give his nephew all the advantages in the way of training, social ambitions and the like, and in no instance was anything done niggardly.

Harmon went through a preparatory school, entered one of the swell eastern universities and finally finished with as little education as the swaggerest man in the class. He returned to his uncle's roof, prepared to take on a life of ease, as befitted his finish and position as heir to the great wealth of Stephen Carlton. The old man had been so busy with his iron that he had apparently given but superficial attention to his nephew's career up to this time and the latter had been home several months without receiving more than the usual pleasant "Good morning," from his uncle. One day, however, the old man announced he wished to have a serious consultation with Harmon the following morning.

That night Stephen Carlton died as a result of a sudden attack of heart trouble.

When the will was read four days later there was great general surprise for the public and overwhelming disappointment for Harmon at the contents. Old Stephen seemed to have left everything in the air, as it were. The testament first provided a few inconsequential bequests, then left an annuity of \$5,000 a year for five years to his "beloved nephew, Harmon," the same to cease at the expiration of that period. The balance, which meant practically the whole of his vast estate, was placed in the hands of trustees to be delivered by them as provided in a sealed document placed in the hands of his attorney, coincident with the making of the will. It further conditioned that the sealed document should not be opened until New Year's day, five years from the first of January, succeeding the date of his death. On that day, at 10 o'clock in the morning, it was to be opened and read in the presence of his nephew, Harmon.

There was nothing to do as far as Harmon was concerned. He swallowed his disappointment as a bitter gulp, but decided to make the best of it. He could do very well for five years on \$5,000 a year, of course not cut a dash, but at the end of that period it would be all right, for surely it must be that his late uncle's intentions were to do the handsome thing and he would receive the bulk of the estate.

He proceeded to live on this theory. He had his attractive cozy bachelor's apartments, occasional delectable little bohemian dinners, was able to appear decently at functions—all these things the \$5,000 per took care of very nicely. But nevertheless, he realized he was subject to many handicaps. One of the hardest was the way he was treated by ambitious mothers with marriageable daughters, or ambitious marriageable daughters, who had no mothers, in the social set. The element of doubt in his financial prospects made him a quandary to them. They tolerated, often encouraged him,

but it was only up to a certain point. When an amiable friendship with a young lady threatened anything more serious on his part there was a sudden scampering of tiny feet, possibly because of stern mamma's appearance upon the scene, possibly because of the maiden's own intuitive sense of practical things.

Not that Harmon wasn't an attractive chap, for he was one of the handsome young men about town, nor was he stupid, either, as his small talk was as clever as the best, but the thing was, what did that sealed document say that lay in the old lawyer's vault. Until this was known Harmon was too much of a speculation. And so, decent, average well-meaning fellow that he was, his life grew into one aimless suspense, spending his income and waiting—waiting for the New



"What?" she gasped, excitedly.

Year's day to come that would make him really a factor in the set in which he lived, or cast him out altogether.

This waiting became more and more intolerable, nothing else seemed to be on his mind, until at a friend's house one evening, he met a girl, a girl that seemed to arouse another interest than he had known before.

Margaret Bayne was not exactly a girl—she was twenty-three, and she was different, so different, he thought than the frivolous butterflies everywhere about him. She was as pretty, too, as the butterflies, but there was something more in the clear cut arched lips, the great, serious blue eyes that the others had not got. She seemed to take a fancy to Harmon at once, and he felt something strange going on in his heart when she first spoke to him.

As she said, sweetly: "Oh, yes, Mr. Carlton, I know all about you," after his name was presented, he was a trifle disconcerted, but succeeded in passing a delightful evening with her. On his departure she invited him to call.

That night he slept little, he even forgot the provisions of his uncle's will. Two big, serious blue eyes hovered over him continually in the darkness. When he arose in the morning he knew what was the matter—he was in love.

After a little inquiry he found out more about Margaret Bayne. She was alone in the world like himself, but had a well-to-do aunt, with whom she made her home. Money she possessed but little, just enough to keep her from being dependent. Her connections were all the proper thing, and her lineage of the best, but still she was regarded different from the rest of the girls, not eccentric, and how different, no one just seemed to know. Of course Harmon called at the first opportunity. What did a man of his temperament care, after all, whether she had money or not when his heart was affected? She received him most graciously, and he came away more profoundly smitten than before.

Everything else was now forgotten and he laid siege to her heart with all the fervor that heretofore had

lain sleeping in his being. He apparently got on famously. While not encouraging him, she could not help but respond in many instances to the ardency of his emotions. He detected the warmth in her heart, felt sure that she more than liked him and one night he proposed.

When she refused him he was stunned.

He returned to his lodgings overwhelmed, her soft, but earnest words stinging in his ears; "I must have a man who is a part of the real world."

In his anguish he cried out: "She's only another heartless coquette!" but then he remembered her eyes and they gave the thought the lie. Suddenly he saw it all. He was yet poor. Nothing sure, no position, no wealth. She was like the rest. She wanted position, wealth. It was only human, natural. Why had he not thought of it before.

"I will have her yet! I will have her yet!" He rose exultant. "Uncle is going to make good."

New Year's day dawned crisp and clear, the most portentous day in the life of Harmon Carlton. At 10 o'clock he sat in the dingy office of Lawyer Calhoun. Intense suppressed anxiety was stamped upon his face. For hope and despair he was a plaything. No miser ever viewed the prospects of wealth or ruin with greater tension. But it was not gold, it was Margaret—only Margaret, the stake now to be decided for Harmon.

A side door opened and the old lawyer entered, tearing open an envelope containing a legal looking document. Spreading it out before him in a slow, monotonous voice he commenced to read:

"I, Stephen Carlton, being of sound mind, declare this to be the ultimate disposal of my estate. If my nephew, Harmon Carlton, can prove at the time this paper is read, that he is possessed of in his own right \$12,500—i. e., one-half of the entire annuity received by him from me, the same to have been the result of his prudence and foresight, then my entire estate is to be given to him as his own. Per contra, if the said Harmon Carlton cannot meet this condition my entire estate is to go to trustees for the establishment of a home for aged men."

Then followed wordy specific provisions as to how this was to be accomplished.

Long before the lawyer ceased reading Harmon had escaped to the open air. It was all over for him. The numbness of despondency took possession of him. He wandered aimlessly about, not knowing or caring where he went. A perversity unaccountable brought him before the door of the house where Margaret lived. He had not been there since his rejection. Now he went up and rang the bell, he did not know why.

In the drawing room he saw Margaret. Pausing stupidly, he slowly exclaimed:

"The old man threw me down."

"What?" she gasped, excitedly.

"Uncle's money all goes for a home for something or other—old men, I believe," he continued doggedly.

With a cry of joy she clasped him in her arms and kissed him passionately.

"Oh, I'm so glad, glad! Harmon, darling, now I will marry you!"

He thought he was dreaming—no, she was explaining between kisses.

"Oh, the nasty money! Now you can be a man, now you will have purpose, now you will live in the real world, where they live and work, and I will live and work with you!"

He comprehended. He was loved by a noble woman. His soul vibrated with a new born zeal. Pressing her to his heart, his voice trembled with passion and earnestness, as he answered: "Yes, love, live and work in the real world."

Poultry Prizes for Queen.

Queen Alexandra exhibited eight bantams at a poultry show and received ten prizes for them from the flattered judges.