THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE CESS-PIT"

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CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

"If anything disagreeable should be said or done this evening here," she said, "I want you to promise me that you'll restrain yourself, and not say or do any of those things that make me—that jar on me. You understand?"

"I am always myself," replied I. "I can't be anybody else."

"But you are—several different kinds of self," she insisted. "And please—this evening don't be that kind. It's coming into your eyes and chin now."

I had lifted my head and looked round, probably much like the leader of a horned herd at the scent of danger.

"Is this better?" said I, trying to look the thoughts I had no difficulty in getting to the fore whenever my eyes were on her.

Her smile rewarded me. But it disappeared, gave place to a look of nervous alarm, of terror even, at the rustling, or, rather, bustling, of skirts in the hall—there was war in the very sound, and I felt it. Mrs. Ellersly appeared, bearing her husband as a dejected trailer invisibly but firmly coupled. She acknowledged my salutation with a stiff-necked nod, ignored my extended hand. I saw that she wished to impress upon me that she was a very grand lady indeed; but, while my ideas of what constitutes a lady were at that time somewhat befogged by my snobbishness, she failed dismally. She looked just what she was—a mean, bad-tempered woman, in a towering rage.

"You have forced me, Mr. Blacklock," said she, and then I knew for just what purpose that voice of hers was best adapted—"to say to you what I should have preferred to write. Mr. Ellersly has had brought to his ears matters in connection with your private life that make it imperative that you discontinue your calls here."

"My private life, ma'am?" I repeated. "I was not aware that I had a private life."

"Anita, leave us alone with Mr. Blacklock," commanded her mother.

The girl hesitated, bent her head, and with a cowed look went slowly toward the door. There she paused, and, with what seemed a great effort, lifted her head and gazed at me. How I ever came rightly to interpret her look I don't know, but I said: "Miss Ellerisly, I've the right to insist that you stay." I saw she was going to obey me, and before Mrs. Ellersly could repeat her order I said: "Now, madam, if any one accuses me of having done anything that would cause you to exclude a man from your house, I am ready for the liar and his lie."

As I spoke I was searching the weak, bad old face of her husband for an explanation. Their pretense of outraged morality I rejected at once—it was absurd. Neither up town nor down, nor anywhere else, had I done anything that any one could regard as a breach of the code of a man of the world. Then, reasoned I, they must have found some one else to help them out of their financial troubles—some one who, perhaps, has made this insult to me the price, or part of the price, of his generosity. Who? Who hates me? In instant answer, up before my mind flashed a picture of Tom Langdon and Sam Ellersly arm in arm entering Lewis' office. Tom Langdon wishes to marry her; and her parents wish it, too; he is the man she was confessing to me about—these were my swift conclusions.

"We do not care to discuss the matter, sir," Mrs. Ellersly was replying, her tone indicating that it was not fit to discuss. And this was the woman I had hardly been able to treat civilly, so nauseating were her fawnings and flatterings!

"So!" I said, ignoring her and opening my batteries full upon the old man. "You are taking orders from Mowbray Langdon. Why?"

As I spoke, I was conscious that there had been some change in Anita. I looked at her. With startled eyes and lips apart, she was advancing toward me.

"Anita, leave the room!" cried Mrs. Ellersly harshly, panic under the command in her tones.

I felt rather than saw my advantage, and pressed it.

"You see what they are doing, Miss Ellersly," said I.

She passed her hand over her eyes, let her face appear again. In it there was an energy of repulsion that ought to have seemed exaggerated to me then, knowing really nothing of the true situation. "I understand now!" said she. "Oh—it is—loathsome!" And her eyes blazed upon her mother.

"Loathsome," I echoed, dashing at my opportunity. "If you are not merely a chattel and a decoy, if there is any womanhood, any self-respect in you, you will keep faith with me."

"Anita!" cried Mrs. Ellersly. "Go to your room!"

I had, once or twice before, heard a tone as repulsive—a female dive-keeper hectoring her wretched white slaves. I looked at Anita. I expected to see her erect, defiant. Instead, she was again wearing that cowed look.

"Don't judge me too harshly," she said pleadingly to me. "I know what is right and decent—God planted that too deep in me for them to be able to uproot it. But—oh, they have broken my will! They have broken my will! They have made me a coward, a thing!" And she hid her face in her hands and sobbed.

Mrs. Ellersly was about to speak. I could not offer better proof of my own strength of will than the fact that I, with a look and a gesture, put her down. Then I said to the girl:

"You must choose now! Woman or thing—which shall it be? If it is woman, then you have me behind you and in front of you and around you. If it is thing—God have mercy on you! Your self-respect, your pride are gone—for ever. You will be like the carpet under his feet to the man whose creature you become."

She came and stood by me, with her back to them.

"If you will take me with you now," she said, "I will go. If I delay, I am lost. I shall not have the courage. And I am sick, sick to death of this life here, of this hideous wait for the highest bidder."

Her voice gained strength and her manner courage as she spoke; at the end she was meeting her mother's gaze without flinching. My eyes had followed hers, and my look was taking in both her mother and her father. I had long since measured them, yet I could scarcely credit the confirmation of my judgment. Had life been smooth and comfortable for that old couple, as it was for most of their acquaintances and friends, they would have lived and died regarding themselves, and regarded, as well-bred, kindly people, of the finest instincts and tastes. But calamity was putting to the test the system on which they had molded

"I GENTLY URGED HER FORWARD."

their apparently elegant, graceful lives. The storm had ripped off the attractive covering; the framework, the reality of that system, was revealed, naked and frightful.

"Anita, go to your room!" almost screamed the old woman, her fury tearing away the last shreds of her cloak of manners.

"Your daughter is of age, madam," said I. "She will go where she pleases. And I warn you that you are deceived by the Langdons. I am not powerless, and"—here I let her have a full look into my red-hot furnaces of wrath—"I stop at nothing in pursuing those who oppose me—at nothing!"

Anita, staring at her mother's awful face, was shrinking and trembling as if before the wicked, pale-yellow eyes and quivering, outstretched tentacles of a devil-fish. Clinging to my arm, she let me guide her to the door. Her mother recovered speech. "Anita!" she cried. "What are you doing? Are you mad?"

"I think I must be out of my mind," said Anita. "But, if you try to keep me here, I shall tell him all—all."

Her voice suggested that she was about to go into hysterics. I gently urged her forward. There was some sort of woman's wrap in the hall. I put it around her. Before she—or I—realized it, she was in my waiting electric.

"Up town," I said to my man.

She tried to get out.

"Oh, what have I done! What am I doing!" she cried, her courage oozing away. "Let me out—please!"

"You are going with me," said I, entering and closing the door. I saw the door of the Ellersly mansion opening, saw old Ellersly, bareheaded and distracted, scuttling down the steps.

"Go ahead—fast!" I called to my man.

And the electric was rushing up the avenue, with the bell ringing for crossings incessantly. She huddled away from me into the corner of the seat, sobbing hysterically. I knew that to touch her would be fatal—or to speak. So I waited.

XXI.

MOST UNGENTLEMANLY.

As we neared the upper end of the park, I told my chauffeur, through the tube, to enter and go slowly. Whenever a lamp flashed in at us, I had a glimpse of her progress toward composure—now she was drying her eyes with the bit of lace she called a handkerchief; now her bare arms were up and with graceful fingers she was arranging her hair; now she was straight and still, and soft, fluffy material with which her wrap was edged drawn close about her throat. I shifted to theopposite seat, for my nerves warned me that I could not long control myself, if I stayed on where her garments were touching me.

I looked away from her for the pleasure of looking at her again, of realizing that my overwrought senses were not cheating me. Yes, there she was, in all the luster of that magnetic beauty I can not think of even now without an upblazing of the fire which is to the heart what the sun is to a blind man dreaming of sight. There she was on my side of the chasm that had separated us—alone with me—mine—mine! And my heart dilated with pride. But a moment later came a sense of humility. Her beauty intoxicated me, but her youth, her fineness, so fragile for such rough hands as mine, awed and humbled me.

"I must be very gentle," said I to myself. "I have promised that she shall never regret. God help me to keep my promise! She is mine, but only to preserve and protect."

And that idea of responsibility in possession was new to me—was to have far-reaching consequences. Now that I think of it, I believe it changed the whole course of my life.

She was leaning forward, her elbow on the casement of the open window of the brougham, her cheek against her hand; the moonlight was glistening on her round, firm forearm and on her serious face. "How far, far away from—everything it seems here!" she said, her voice tuned to that soft, clear light, "and how beautiful it is!" Then, addressing the moon and the shadows of the trees rather than me: "I wish I could go on and on—and never return to the world."

"I wish we could," said I.

My tone was low, but she started, drew back into the brougham, became an outline in the deep shadow. In another mood that might have angered me. Just then it hurt me so deeply that to remember it to-day is to feel a faint ache in the scar of the long-healed wound. My face was not hidden as was hers; so, perhaps, she saw. At any rate, her voice tried to be friendly as she said: "Well—I have crossed the Rubicon. And I don't regret. It was silly of me to cry. I thought I had been through so much that I was beyond such weakness. But you will find me calm from now on and reasonable."

"Not too reasonable, please," said I, with an attempt at her lightness. "A reasonable woman is as trying as an unreasonable man."

"But we are going to be sensible with each other," she urged, "like two friends. Aren't we?"

"We are going to be what we are going to be," said I. "We'll have to take life as it comes."

That clumsy reminder set her to thinking, stirred her vague uneasiness in those strange circumstances to active alarm. For presently she said, in a tone that was not so matter-of-course as she had tried to make it: "We'll go now to my Uncle Frank's. He's a brother of my father's. I always used to like him best—and still do. But he married a woman mamma thought—queer. They hadn't much, so he lives away up on the West Side—One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street.

"The wise plan, the only wise plan," said I, not so calm as she must have thought me, "is to go to my partner's house and send for a minister."

"Not to-night," she replied nervously. "Take me to Uncle Frank's, and to-morrow we can discuss what to do and how to do it."

"To-night," I persisted. "We must be married to-night. No more uncertainty and indecision and weakness. Let us begin bravely, Anita."

"To-morrow," she said. "But not to-night. I must think it over."

"To-night," I repeated. To-morrow will be full of its own problems. This is to-night's."

She shook her head, and I saw that the struggle between us had begun—the struggle against her timidity and conventionality. "No, not to-night." This in her tone for finality.

To argue with any woman in such circumstances would be dangerous; to argue with her would have been fatal. To reason with a woman is to flatter her into suspecting you of weakness and herself of strength. I told the chauffeur to turn about and go slowly up town. She settled back into her corner of the brougham. Neither of us spoke until we were passing Grant's tomb. Then she started out of her secure confidence in my obedience, and exclaimed: "This is not the way!" And her voice had in it the hasty call-to-arms.

"No," I replied, determined to push the panic into a rout. "As I told you, our future shall be settled to-night." That in my tone for finality.

A pause, then: "It has been settled," she said, like a child that feels, yet denies, its impotence as it struggles in the compelling arms of its father. "I thought until a few minutes ago that I really intended to marry you. Now I see that I didn't."

"Another reason why we're not going to your uncle's," said I.

She leaned forward so that I could see her face. "I can not marry you," she said. "I feel humble toward you, for having misled you. But it is better that you—and I—should have found out now than too late."

"It is too late—too late to go back."

"Would you wish to marry a woman who does not love you, who loves some one else, and who tells you so and refuses to marry you?" She had tried to concentrate enough scorn into her voice to hide her fear.

"I would," said I. "And I shall. I'll not desert you, Anita, when your courage and strength shall fail. I will carry you on to safety."

"I tell you I can not marry you," she cried, between appeal and command. "There are reasons—I may not tell you. But if I might, you would—would take me to my uncle's. I can not marry you!"

"That is what conventionality bids you say now," I replied. And then I gathered myself together and in a tone that made me hate myself as I heard it, I added slowly, each word sharp and distinct: "But what will conventionality bid you say to-morrow morning, as we drive down crowded Fifth avenue, after a night in this brougham?"

I could not see her, for she fell back into the darkness as sharply as if I had struck her with all my force full in the face. But I could feel the effect of my words upon her.

Full fifteen minutes of that frightful silence before she said: "I will go where you wish." And she said it in a tone that makes me wince as I recall it.

I called my partner's address up through the tube. Again that frightful silence, then she was trying to choke back the sobs. A few words I caught: "They have broken my will—they have broken my will."

My partner lived in a big, gray-stone house that stood apart and commanded a noble view of the Hudson and the Palisades. It was, in the main, a reproduction of a French chateau, and such changes as the architect had made in his model were not positively disfiguring, though amusing.

(To be Continued.)

Reform School for Rich Boys

The Maison Paternelle at Mettray, near Tours, France, where the sons of rich people between the ages of 12 and 21 are incarcerated because they are unmanageable at home, is a curious institution.

We were greeted at the entrance with a frontage of iron bars, says a writer in the Fortnightly Review. No bell was rung; our guide noiselessly inserted a gigantic key and we entered a large hall.

A long row of locked doors greeted us on each side, and a gallery running around the top of the hall repeated the same thing. "These are their rooms," said our guide in an awful whisper. "They are shut up in there now—they must not hear us."

This grewsome hall oppressed one with a sense of doom and despair quite indescribable. No windows, no air from the syklight overhead.

"They are permitted to go out only in charge of a keeper for one hour in the day; but I will show you how things have been arranged for them," he added. "There is, I believe, one room vacant at the moment."

A small, bare cell, just big enough to contain the narrow bed, small writing table two chairs and a minute chest of drawers and washstand. Iron inclosed the window; a padlock and chain enabled the door to be opened about four inches when required.

"You see," our guide showed us, "by this means they hear the masses in the chapel without quitting their rooms."

In these cells, he told us, the boys lived day and night, for two, three, sometimes for six or seven years. Professors come from Tours and give them instructions at the small writing table.

Once a month they take a bath, more often if their relatives are willing to pay extra for it. They are escorted to the bath by a guardian. The isolation of each boy is so thorough that two brothers were once there together for two years without ever knowing it. The price for the privilege of placing your son under this parental roof is 12 pounds sterling a month, all instruction being extra.

The boys are known only by the number on their cell door, so that their sojourn at the parental house may not tell against them in after life. "Their friends suppose them to be en voyage or in an English or German family, learning the language. One invents a little romance, you see," said our guide.

NEBRASKA NEWS AND NOTES

Blue Hill will ask for bonds for a lighting plant.

Biddie Carpenter, aged 19, will be tried at Hastings for horse stealing.

In the vicinity of Blue Hill, winter wheat is said to be looking fine.

Mr. and Mrs. James Sloan of Geneva last week celebrated their golden wedding.

Wm. Kiser, one of the earliest settlers of Gage county, died last week at Alliance.

The commercial department at the Peru Normal school has adopted simplified spelling.

Scotts Bluff was near a coal famine, but was tided over by a car purchased from the B. & M.

Women of the First Presbyterian church of Columbus, in a two days' rummage sale, cleared $85 over expenses.

Water bonds for $14,000 carried at Bloomington by a large majority. A system of water works will be put in at once.

Dr. Clark of Stanton is resting from the oldest boy slipped and fell the gun ceived in a fall upon the ice, are being attended to.

The members of the Christian science church of Exeter have plans made and a location for the building of a church this spring.

Mrs. Lou Pace has brought suit for $2,000 damages against the city of Beatrice, because of injuries received by falling over an unprotected water pipe.

Roscoe Wortman and Frank Dewey, sons of two prominent farmers living southeast of Ashland, who ran away from home shortly before Christmas, have been heard of in Kansas City.

Alyonzo Neal, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Neal, who live south of David City, while out doing his chores was kicked by a colt, breaking his neck. Neal was 35 years old, single, and the only support of his parents.

Winfield Ackley has begun suit in the district court of Adams county against the Burlington railroad to recover $600 for the loss of some alfalfa through a fire which, it is alleged, was started by sparks from an engine.

At a special election held in Bloomington the proposition to issue bonds for $14,000 for the construction of a water plant was carried by a large majority. Much rejoicing has been occasioned by the result of the vote.

A fire at Craig, destroyed the following business houses: Whitaker harness shop, the hotel, hardware and implement store, millinery store, barber shop and lumber yard. The exact cause and amount of property lost is not known.

Miss Frazier, aged 19, whose home is at Missouri Valley, but who has been teaching near Scribner, is missing. No one knew where she had gone and her place as teacher was left vacant. A young man in the neighborhood is also missing.

All indications now point to a great building boom for Cambridge during 1907. Plans are already under way for two new brick blocks, a new marble front bank building, a new $25,000 brick hotel and a score of modern residences.

It is reported that the beet growers of the Hershey district, which section comprises practically all the district between North Platte and Sutherland, have decided to organize, their object being to demand a flat rate of $5 per ton for the 1907 crop.

A swollen and sprouted kernel of corn which had been in the windpipe of sixteen-months'-old child of Mr. and Mrs. George Kessler, residing near Roseland, was removed and the child's life has been saved after it was given up as lost by its parents.

Edward Larson is in the county jail at Columbus, charged with horse stealing. His uncle, Charles Larson, is the complaining witness. He says Edward came to make him a visit and had become well acquainted with the horse, cart and harness, and coveted it so much that he took it and left.

Two of the discharged colored soldiers from Brownsville have just been arrested at Rosebud, charged with introducing liquor on the Rosebud Indian reservation. They give the names of Long and Williams. They have been jailed at Valentine, where they were formerly stationed.

William M. Robertson, aged fifty-seven, died at his home in Madison. Previous to his fatal illness he was a candidate for appointment as district judge to succeed Judge Boyd, who will resign to enter congress. He was twice a prominent candidate for the gubernatorial nomination and was republican national committeeman for Nebraska in 1896.

Merchants of Nebraska and other states will protest against the proposed change of rates on the railroad, affecting the transportation of premium packages. Under the present rules premiums are allowed to go at the usual freight rate only in oatmeal. Under a proposed new rule they are to be allowed in every kind of food stuff that is packed in packages.

Al Trueblood, a tinner employed by C. A. Newberry, at Alliance, was frightfully and seriously burned by the explosion of a tinner's firepot while work on a roof.

Otto Kopp, a recluse, who lives near St. Edward, was taken in custody by the deputy sheriff of Platte county. Koop has lately been taking an occasional shot at his neighbors with a 30-30 Winchester rifle, and recently he shot at George Blair, who was loading straw in a neighboring field, which resulted in the authorities being notified.

While out hunting near Pickrell, George Mennings shot and probably fatally wounded his 8-year-old brother. The boys were crossing a pond when the gun being discharged and the load of shot striking the lad in the thigh.

Referee Post, appointed to take testimony in the lumber trust suit, has found against the lumbermen on the objection brought by them to the admission of evidence of a boycott by Nebraska dealers against wholesalers in other states who sold to irregular dealers.

KNOWWHATYOUBUY

You Can See Quality and Quantity in the Local Stores.

PAYS TO TRADE AT HOME

The Purchaser Must Take Mail-Order House Goods on Faith—Keep the Money of the Community at Home.

When the consumer buys merchandise he is interested in three things—quality, quantity and price. When he goes into the store of his local merchant he sees the goods that he is to pay for displayed before him; he can determine whether the quality is first-class, and whether the quantity is all that is claimed. These two points settled, he should have a fair idea as to whether the price asked is a fair one or not.

But how is it when he attempts to buy of the big mail order houses of the cities? The only guide he has to the quality and quantity they are offering is what the catalogue says, and the catalogue is prepared with the one object in view of selling the goods.

When the consumer buys of his local merchant and finds the goods he has purchased were not as represented he can promptly take them back and receive his money. When he buys of the mail order house in the large cities he has practically no recourse but to take what he gets and look pleasant at the results.

It is cheap goods and short weight that is making mail order house profits. They can buy but little, if

The mail-order juggernaut is crushing the lives out of hundreds and thousands of local merchants, and hundreds of towns and villages as well. When you send a dollar to the mail-order house you are but operating the lever that keeps this death-dealing machine on the move.

any, cheaper than your local merchant can. First-quality, standard merchandise is manufactured on a very narrow margin of profit, but the mail order house can win and pay big dividends on enormous capital if they can sell to the people an inferior quality and short weight quantity of merchandise at the prices they ask. Your local merchant could do the same thing, but you would not buy the same goods of your local merchant that you buy of the mail order house at an equal price.

Here is an item clipped from the Parma, Mich., News which shows the nefarious system of the mail order concerns, and how they victimize their patrons:

"A farmer purchased two sacks of binding twine of a large Chicago catalogue house, and upon its arrival this morning a ball was unrolled and measured with a ball of Plymouth twine sold by local dealers, when it was found that the Chicago article was just 306 feet short of that sold at home. There being ten balls in a sack, it will be seen that the farmer lost 6,120 feet, or over a mile of twine on two sacks by not buying at home. Then, too, the mail order house product was of an inferior quality, being full of knots, and one farmer standing near during the measuring process remarked that it would never work on a binder. Now we wish to ask you, does it pay to trade at home? If there is anyone who is skeptical of this story, just call and we will show you."—Parma, Mich., News.

Bankrupt stock, merchandise that reliable jobbers would not handle because of its poor quality, the refuse of the factories made over into cheap merchandise. These are the things the patrons of the mail order houses are buying. Here is an extract from an article that appeared in the Sioux Falls, S. D., Leader which explains this point:

"The mail order house selling vehicles by the catalogue route, is more than a pirate, it is a turkey-buzzard. It takes the freaks and failures that have died for want of real merit, and tries to stifle legitimate business by selling the embalmed remains at a reduced price.

"The whole nefarious mail order system, in so far as it relates to vehicles, almost the exceptional order that is is conducted on the theory that it is possible to take an inferior job and foist it on a credulous people by means of a reduced price and the honest reputation established by the meritorious original which it shamelessly caricatures. These methods have been crowned with success solely by reason of the fact that mail order houses put more skill, energy and money into advertising than do the manufacturers to whom the American people are directly indebted for the best vehicles on the face of the earth.

"The mail order business is the quack doctor of commerce. It promises much and guarantees nothing. The directions are always on the inside, and you have to buy a non-returnable package before you can find out what they are."

A. G. Enderton, of Walter, Okla., writing to the Shawnee, Okla., Union Signal, says:

"* * * The mail order houses are the worst offenders of the pure food law that we have to deal with. They are the people who use short weight tin cans and every year the American public is cheated out of thousands of dollars by this alone.

"* * * I see where some mail order houses offer paint at about what good oil is worth. Now, does anyone think that a mail order house can buy good paint stuff cheaper than anyone else?

"Now suppose you find out what crude petroleum, like what is pumped out of oil wells cost. Very cheap, is it not? That is the oil that is used and what about the paint stuff? How about Spanish whitening, with just enough white lead to stick it together? * * *"

The question of prompt delivery is another question which mail order house patrons should consider. It is filled promptly. The reason for this delay is that they do not carry the goods in stock, and must purchase them after your order is received. In Chicago, for example, no mail order house will sell to any person living within the city limits, and the reason for this is that these concerns purchase a large amount of the merchandise they are selling from the retail stores of the city, the proprietors of which refuse to sell them the goods except upon the condition that they are not to sell to the people of the city. When you order articles of considerable bulk they must be ordered of the factories after your order has been received, and the result is that you not only have to wait for a period of days and weeks and sometimes months before you receive them, but they come to you piece-meal and you have to pay freight on a number of shipments instead of on one.

Here is the wail of a mail order victim taken from the columns of the Crookston, Minn., Journal, which explains this point:

"Sir: I want to register my kick right here on catalogue houses and their misleading methods. I am frank to acknowledge that I have been duped to perfection. The only difference between me and the other victims being that I am a little deeper in and that I am willing to acknowledge the corn.

"To begin with, last fall I with her, who is now my wife, decided to purchase some stuff to furnish our new home. Accordingly we ordered all our furnishings of a—catalogue house two weeks prior to our marriage, which we thought would be plenty of time to get the goods around. But by the infernal planets let me tell you right here that all the correspondence diplomacy, appealing and pleading has succeeded in landing only a kitchen table and later a mirror from Pittsburg. My wife tells me I ought to be thankful for these, for we no longer have to eat our meals on a dry goods box and I can look in the mirror and see what fools look like.

"Our honeymoon has been a very dramatic experience; cooking on an old gas plate, eating on a dry goods box, sleeping on the floor and borrowing a few necessary utensils of friends and neighbors. No more catalogue goods for us. We hope to get enough more goods by April 1 to celebrate all fool's day in a fitting manner."

"A VICTIM."

Mr. Consumer, it is to your advantage in many ways to buy honest goods at honest prices of your honest local merchant. See what you are buying. Get what you are paying for. Keep the money of the community in which you live at home, and build up your town instead of tearing it down for the benefit of the mail order houses of the big cities.

Timely Resolution.

The occasion was the first day of the year, the time was the hour in the evening when mellowing influences seem to be more powerful with some men than with others, both combined to turn the thoughts of two acquaintances, as they made their way homeward, to the new year and its possibilities.

"I am gwine to make a resolution for the new year," said one with the firmness that alcohol sometimes imparts.

"What are you gwine to make resolutions 'bout?" inquired his companion as he safely got over the curbstone of the crossing.

"I am going to resolve to live the higher life," was the reply.