

THE MUTABLE MANY.

BY ROBERT BARR.

The Story of a Labor Union. A Tale of Present Day Problems. With Episodes from Real Life.

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When young Marston reached the wall-... CHAPTER XXV. ... "You were not at war with him when you thought he could do you a favor," said the girl, disdainfully.

He is not clear about. He says—which is quite true—that it is a most intricate question... "That is why he does nothing. I suppose when he is sure of not making any mistakes."

THE YOUNG HERO OF TEXAS.

Thrilling Incident in the Great Fight for Independence.

By T. C. HARBAUGH.

(Copyright, 1897, by T. C. Harbaugh.) ... During the time Texas was making her great fight for independence against General Santa Anna and his Mexicans there stood near the banks of one of the fairest streams in the Lone Star state a little cabin which long ago gave way to the onward march of civilization.



A TALL, HEAVY SET MAN STOOD NEAR A FEW SLUMBERING EMBERS.

spot in the woods where he would camp alone, as he had often done, and take a look at a favorite turkey ground in the early morning.

Rumors of the near approach of Santa Anna's army, before which General Houston had been retreating for some time, had reached the Texas town before he quitted it, and he resolved to make a wide detour in hopes of avoiding the Mexicans.

"What if I have run across the Mexicans already?" he asked himself as he stepped to the door and listened, his rifle resting in the hollow of his arm.

He listened, he heard approaching horse, and then distinguished human voices. IN THE ATTIC. "They are headed for the cabin sure enough," said Kit.

at this juncture, and the face of the boy paled. "Mexicans!" he cried, shrinking into the structure, and standing for a moment in the middle of the floor under a squirrel.

one of them discovered that his horse was missing. The beast had untied himself again, a trick of the horse which was worthy as he looked at the vacant spot where his horse had stood.

Such was Sam Houston's comment on the thrilling story Kit had brought to camp, and then he directed that the boy should have a blanket, the rest of the night.

PATRULL OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

"Papa don't need to say his prayers. Manu—Why not? 'Cause it's most mornin'—he goes to bed."

WINTER SONG.

Sing me a song of the frozen north wind Whirling the snow into eddies and waves, And whirling the snow into eddies and waves, As he onward raves.

GREAT deal of nonsense has been written—and believed, about blood purifiers. And why? What purifies the blood?

THE KIDNEYS PURIFY THE BLOOD AND THEY ALONE.

If diseased, however, they cannot, and the blood continually becomes more impure. Every drop of blood in the body passes through the kidneys, the sewers of the system, every three minutes, night and day, while life endures.

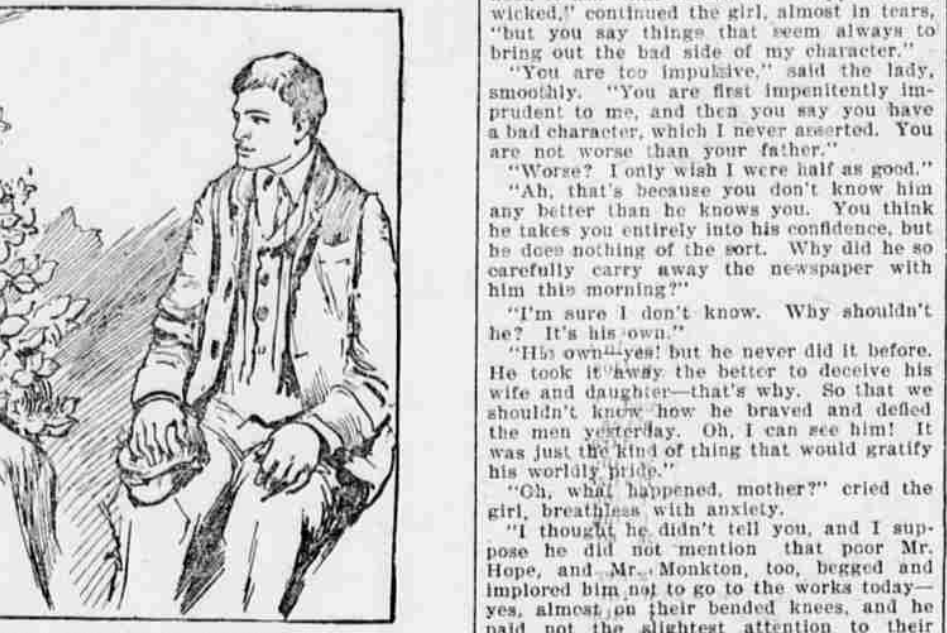


MARSTON SAT DOWN WITH EDNA SARTWELL OPPOSITE.

will have to tell him what was said. He will learn indirectly that I have been to Marston, and will undoubtedly be angry, the more so because I did not intend to tell him. In fact, now that this conversation has taken place, I shall go straight to him and tell him I have talked with Mr. Hope.

Edna Sartwell gazed at the unhappy young man, with a look of reproach in her eyes, and also—alas!—a look of scorn. "I can see by your face," she said indignantly, "that you don't want my father to know that you have been talking to Mr. Hope about the strike."

EDNA HAD HER HAT ON. To Mr. Sartwell it is treachery to Gibbons, perhaps, for he is secretary to the union, and leader of the strike, while I am a member of the union and a striker. I cannot be treacherous to Mr. Sartwell, for we are at war with each other.



MARSTON SAT DOWN WITH EDNA SARTWELL OPPOSITE.

spread, over the barbarous broken glass, stepped back as far as the shrubbery would allow him, and took a running jump, catching the top of the coat over the glass. Next instant he was up, putting on his coat, while his boots crunched the broken bottles.

CHAPTER XXVI. "Edna, where are you?" "In my room, father."

CONSUETUDINES. An Indiana man got four wives by advertising, and yet there are people who foolishly claim that they are doing it. A Fairfield, Conn., man who swore that no woman should ever enter his house again, after his wife and daughter died a few years ago, has just married a Swedish girl.