

CHAPTER VII .- Continued. For a moment Mrs. Horncastle was speechfess and vacillating. She had often noticed before that it was part of the irony of the creation of such a simple nature as Barker's pulsively. that he was not only open to deceit, but absolutely seemed to invite it. Instead of making others franker, people were inclined to rebuke his credulity by restraint and equivocation on their own part. But the evasion thus offered to her, although only temporary, was a temptation she could not resist. And it prolonged an interview that a ruthless revelation of the truth might have shortened.

"She did not tell me why she was going there," she replied, still evasively, "and, inmore dangerous, "I only learned it from the hotel clerk after she was gone. But I want to talk to you about her relations to Van Loo," she said, with a return of her former intensity of gaze. "and I thought we would by less subject to interruption here than at the hotel. Only I suppose everybody knows this place, and any of those flirting couples are deed," she added, with a burst of candor still likely to come here. Besides," she added, with a little half-hysterical laugh and a slight shiver, as she looked up at the high interlacing of the boughs above her head, 'it's as public as the alsies of a church, and really one feels as if one was 'speaking out really one feels as if one was speaking out in meeting. Isn't there some other spot a little more secluded where we could sit down," she went on, as she poked her para-sol into the usual black gunpowdery deposit of earth which mingled with the carpet of pine needles beneath her feet, "and not get

pine needles beneath her feet, "and not get all sticky and dirty?" Barker's éyes sparkled. "I know every foot of this hill, Mrs. Horncastle," he said, "and if you will follow me I'll teke you to one of the loveliest nooks you ever dreamed of. It's an old Indian spring now forgotten, and I think known only to me and the birds. It's not more than ten minutes from here; only"-he hesitated as he caught sight of the smart French bronze buckled shoe and silken ankle which Mrs. Horncas-tle's gathering up of her dainty skirts around

shoe and silken ankle which Mrs. Horncas-tle's gathering up of her dainty skirts around her had disclosed— "It may be a little rough and dusty going to your feet." But Mrs. Horncastle pointed out that she had already irretrievably ruined her shoes and stockings in climbing up to him-al-though Barker could really distinguish no diminution of their freshness—and that she might as well so on. Whereat they both might as well go on. Whereat they both passed down the long aisle of slope to a little hollow of manzanito, which again opened to a view of Black Spur, but left the hotel hidden. "What time did Klity go?" began Barker.

eagerly, when they were half down the

But here Mrs. Horncastle's foot slipped upon the glassy pine needles, and not only stopped an answer but obliged Barker to give all his attention to keep his companion from failing again until they reached the open. Then came the plunge through waistdeep ferns, and then they emerged, holding each other's hand, breathless and panting before the spring. It did not belie his enthusiastic descrip-

(sob), but I supose I'm weak (sob) and such a fool (sob), and I got to thinking of myself and my own sorrows when I ought to be thinking only of you and Kitty."
"Never mind, Kitty." said Barker Impulsively. "Tell me about yourself—your own sorrows. I am a brute to have bothered you about her at such a moment; and now, till you have told me what is paining you so I shall not let you speak of her." He was perfectly sincers. What were Kitty's money to the unknown agony that could wrench a sob from a woman like this?
"Dear Mrs. Hornenstle." he went on as breathlessly. "think of me now not as Kitty's husband, but as your true friend. Yes, as your best and truest friend, and speak to him."

me as you would speak to him." "You will be my friend," she said suddenly and presionately, grasping his hand, "my best and truest friend? And if I tell you all



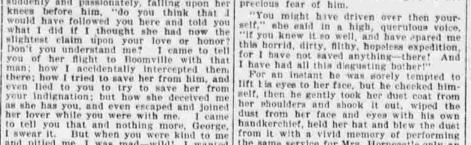
It did not belle his entrow down that whole length of the mountain side. Overhung by pines above, which met and mingled with the willows that everywhere fringed it, it made the one for you down the whole basking expanses of the mountain, and yet was penetrated throughout by the intoxicating spice of the mountain, and yet was penetrated henging it fly from her, bit her lip, and magain, and, holding it tightly as if abe heated pines. Flowering reads and long it down to whole swoll in the center that was now ho is my husband." It is may have band." "I do believe you," he said slowly, but with downcast eyes, "and if I did not love you before you told me this, I could love you this revelation was leaving now no excuse for his wife's presence at Boomville, Mrs. Horncistle went on with dogged bitterness. now for the part you have taken; but spongy carpet, covered by delicate lace-like vines that seemed to caress rather than tram-mel their moving feet, until they reached an and bribe him to let me see my child. Yes, He stopped. "You love her still," she burst out, "and I might have known it. Perhaps," she went on distractedly, "you love her the more that you have lost her. It is the way of menmy child," she said frantically, tightening her hold upon his hand, "for I lied to you when I once told you I had none. I had child, and more than that, a child who at his birth I did not dare to openly claim." and women. "If I had loved her truly," said Barker lifting his frank eyes to hers, "I could not even have wished to-as I did three years ago-as I did last night. Then I feared it was She stopped breathlessly, stared at his face with her former intensity as if she would pluck the thought that followed from his my weakness, now I know it was my love. I have thought of it ever since, even while waiting my wife's return here, knowing that But he only moved closer to her, brain. passed his arm over her shoulders with ovement so natural and protecting that it did not and never could have loved her. and a certain dignity in it, and, looking down But for that very reason I must try to save on her bent head with eyes brimming with her for her own sake if I cannot save her for sympathy, whispered, "Poor, poor child!" mine, and if I fail, dearest, it shall not be said that we climbed to hippiness over her back bent with the burden of her shame. If Whereat Mrs. Horncastle again burst into pars. And then, with her head half drawn toward his shoulder, she told him all-all I loved you and told you so, thinking her hat had passed between her and her husstill guiltless and innocent, how could I band-even all that they had then but hinted at. It was as if she felt she could now, for the first time, voice all these terrible memprofit now by her fault?" Mrs. Horncastle saw too late her mistake. ories of the past which had come back to Then you would take her back?" she said her last night when her husband had left her. She concealed nothing, she yeiled nothfreuziedly. "To my home-which is hers-yes. To my ing; there were intervals when her tears no longer flowed, and a cruel hardness and reheart-no. She never was there." "And I," sild Mrs. Horncastle, with turn to her old imperiousness of voice and quivering lip, "where do I go when you have manner took their place, as if she was doing settled this? Back to my past again? Back to my husbandless, childless life?" rigid penance and took a bitter satisfac tion in laying bare her whole soul to him. "I never had a friend," she whispered; She was turning away, but Barker caught her in his arms again. her in his arms again. "No," he said, his whole face suddenly radiating with hope and there were women who persecuted me with their jealous sneers; there were men who persecuted me with their selfish affections. youthful enthusizem. "No! Kitty will help us; we will tell her all. You do not know When I first saw you, you seemed some-thing so apart and different from all other her dearest, as I do-how good and kind she is, in spite of all. We will appeal to her; men that, although I scarcely knew you, I wanted to tell you, even then, all that I have told you now. I wanted you to be my friend; something told me that you could— that you could separate me from my past; that you could tell me what to do; that you she will devise some means by which, without the scandal of a divorce, she and I be separated. She will take dear little 'Sta' be separated. She will take dear little 'Sta' with her-it is only right, poor girl; but she will let me come and see him. She will be a sister to us, dearest. Courage! All will

him in your eyes. I could have kissed you then, dearest, as I do now." "And," she said, when she had gained her smilling breath again, "you will always re-member, George, that you told me this be-fore I told you anything of her." "Her? Of whom, dearest?" he asked, leaning over her tendarie. eration. Then he stepped out of the shadow and stood in the middle of the aunit road to await it. For he reconneed his wife. The buggy came neart. And then the most exquisite pang he had ever felt before at his wife's hands shot through him. For as she recognized him she made a wild but impotent attempt to dash past him, and then as addenly pulled up in the ditch.

leaning over her, tenderly. "Of Kitty, of your wife," she said impa-tiently, as she drew back shyly, with her former intense gaze. He did not seem to grasp her meaning, but said gravely: "Let us not talk of her now. Later we shall have much to say of her. For." he added, quietly, "you know I must tell her all." The color faded from her cheek. "Tell her all!" she repeated, vacantly; then suddenly she turned upon him eagerly and said: "But

what if she is gone?" "Gone?" he repeated. "Yes, gone. What if she ran away with Van Loo? What if she has disgraced you and her child?"

"What do you mean?" he said, seizing both her hands and gazing at her fixedly. "I mean," she said, with a half-frightened bits action, but the woman saw before her only the familiar dupe of her life, and felt an infinite relief, mingled with a certain con-tempt for his weakness and anger, at her would have followed you here and told you what I did if I thought she had now the slightest claim upon your love or honor? Don't you understand me? I came to tell you of her flight to Boomville with that there; how I tried to save her from him, and even lied to you to try to save her from your indignation; but how she deceived me as she has you, and even escaped and joined her lover while you were with me. I came to tell you that and nothing more, George, I swear it. But when you were kind to me and pitled me. I was mad-wild! I wanted to win you first out of your own love. I wanted you to respond to mine before you have your wile was faithess. Yet I



from it with a vivid memory of performing the same service for Mrs. Hornenstle only an hour before, while she arranged her hair and then, lifting her again into the buggy, said quietly as he took his sent beside her and grasped the reins: "I will drive you to the hotel by way of the stables, and you can go at once to your room and change your clothes. You are tired, you are nervous and worried and want

ired, you are nervous and worried, and want est. Don't tell me anything now until you cel quite yourself again."

He whipped up the horse, which, recogniz-ng snother hand at the reins, lunged for-

ward in a final effort, and in a few minutes they were at the hotel. As Mrs. Horncastle sat at luncheon in the great dining room, a little pale and ab-stracted, she saw Mrs. Barket sweep confi-dently into the room frich roas an instrated, she saw Mrs. Barker ewcep confi-dently into the room, fresh, rosy, an in a new sud ravishing tollet. With a swift glance of conscious power toward the other guests she walked toward Mrs. Horncastle. "Ah, here you are, dear," she said in a volce that could easily reach all ears; "and you've atrived only a little before me, after all And I've hid such an awful drive to the 'Di vide!' And only think! poor George tele graphed to me at Boomville not to worry and his dispatch has only just come back

And with a glance of triumph she laid Barker's gentle and forgiving disputch befor the astoniohed Mrs. Horncastle.

CHAFTER VIII.

As the day advanced the excitement ove the financial crisis increased at Hymetius until, in spite of its remote and peaceful isolation, it seemed to throb through all its vorandas and corridors with some pulsation from the outer world. Regides the letters and despatches brought by hurried messen-sers by ceach from the "Divide," there was a crowd of guests and pervants around the branch telegraph at the new Heavy Tree postoffice, which was constantly augmenting. Added to the natural auxiety of the deeply Interested was the simulated fever of the few who wished to be "in the fashion." It was early rumored that a heavy operator, a guest of the hotel, who was also a director in the telegraph company, had bought up the wires for his sole use, that the dispatches the wave for his sole use, that the dispatches were doctored in his intervets as a bear, and there was wild talk of "lynching" by the indignant mob. Passengers from Sacramento, San Francisco and Matysville brought in-credible news and the wildest sensations.



the sky and the illimitable distance. They threaded their way around it, on the

open space before the pool. It was cushioned and matted with disintegrated pine bark, and here they sat down. Mrs. Horncastle furled her parasol and laid it aside, raised both to the back of her head and took two hairpins out, which she placed in her smiling mouth, removed her hat, stuck the hair-pins in it, and handed it to Barker, who gently placed it on the top of a tall reed. where, during the rest of that momentous



"I KNOW IT ALL, POOR KITTY.

meeting, it swung and drooped like a flower meeting, it swing and drooped like a flower, removed her gloves slowly, drank still smil-ingly and gratefully nearly a wineglass full of the water which Barker brought her in the green twisted chalice of a lily leaf. ooked the picture of happiness, and then burst into tears.

burst into tears. Barker was astounded, dismayed, even ter-for stricken. Mrs. Horncastle, crying! Mrs. Horncastle, the imperious, the collected, the coldly critical, the cynical smilling woman of the world, actually crying! Other women might cry-Kitty had cried often-but Mrs. Horncastle! Yet, there she was, sobbing; actually sobbing like a school girl, her beau-tiful shoulders rising and falling with her grief; crying unmistakably through her long. white fingers through her long. white fingers, through a lace pocket handkerchief which she had hurriedly produced and shaken from behind her like a conjurer's trick; crying through her beautiful eyes, a

trick; crying through her beautiful eyes, a thousand times more lustrous for the spark-ling beads that brimmed her lashes and welled over like the pool before her. "Don't mind me," she murmured behind her handkerchief. "It's very foolish, I know. I was nervous, worried, I suppose; I'll be better in a moment. Don't notice me, please "

But Barker had drawn beside her and was trying, after the fashion of his sex, to take her handkerchief away in apparently the firm belief that this action would stop her tears. "But tell me what it is. Do, Mrs. Horncastle, please," he pleaded in his boyish fashion. "Is it anything I can do? Only say the word; only tell me something." But he had succeeded in partially remov-

But he had succeeded in partially remov-ing the handkerchief, and so caught a glimpse of her wet eyrs in which a faint mile struggled out like sunshine through rain. But they clouded again, although she didn't cry, and her breath came and went with the action of a sob and her hands still remained against her flushed face. "I was only going to talk to you of Kitty

could make me think as you thought, see life as you saw it, and trust always to some goodness in people as you did. And in this faith I thought that you would understand

mo now, and even forgive me all. She made a slight movement as if to dis-engage her arm, and possibly to look into his eyes, which she knew instinctively were bent upon her downcast head. But he only held her the more tightly until her cheek with an almost spiritual prescience-she woman of the world and bitter experience was close against his breast. "What could I do?" she murmured. "A man in sorrow and trouble may go to a woman for sympathy and support and the world will not gainsay or misunderstand him. But a woman

-weaker, more helpless, credulous, ignorant and craving for light-must not in her agony her agony go to a man for succor and sympathy, "Why should she not?" burst out Barker passionately, releasing her in his attempt to gaze into her face. "What man dare re-

"We must go now, dearest," said Barker, pointing to the sun, already in the meridian. Three hours had fied, they knew not how, "I will bring you back to the hill again, "Not that," she said slowly, but with still averted oyes, "but because the world would say she loved him." "And what should she care for the opinion

of a world that stands aside and lets her suffer? Why should she heed its wretched suffer? Why should she heed its wretched babble?" he went on in flashing indignation. "Because," she said faintly, lifting her moist eyes and moist and parted lips to-ward him, "because it would be true!" There was a silence so profound that even the spring seemed to withhold its murmur as their eyes and lips met. When the spring recommenced its murmur, and they could

as their eyes and the met. When the spring recommenced its murmur, and they could hear the droning of a bee above them and the rustling of the reeds, she was murmur-ing, too, with her face against his breast. "You did not think it strange that I should follow you-that I should risk everything to tell you what I have told you before I told you anything else? You will never hate me for it, George?" There? was another silence still more orn bracken and again through the hot manzanito bushes, and so parted on the hilltop, as they had never parted before, leaving their whole world behind them. Barker walked slowly alons the road under the flickering snade of wayside sycamore, his sensitive face also alternating with his thoughts in lights and chadows. Presently there crept toward him out of the distance a halting, vaciliating, deviating buggy, trail-ing a cloud of dust after it like a broken wing. As it came nearer he could see that the

As it came nearer he could see that th orse was spent and exhausted, and that buggy's sole occupant-a woman-was equally exhausted in her monotonous attempt to urge it forward with whip and reins that rose and fail at intervals with feeble reit-

his divine confidence in himself and others

And with this fever of sordid passion the temperature had increased. For the last two weeks the thermometer had stood ab-normally high during the day-long sunshine; and the metallic dust in the roads over min-eral ranges pricked the skin like red-hot needles. In the deepest woods the aromatic sap stood in beads on felled logs and splintered tree shafts; even the mountain night

reeze failed to cool these baked and heated fastnesses. There were ominous clouds of

moke by day that were pillars of fire light along the distant valleys. Some of the nearer crests were etched against the mid-night sky by dull red creeping lines like a dying firework. The great hotel itself creaked and crackled and warped through all its painted, blistered, and veneered expanse, and was filled with the stifling breat of deslocation. The stucca cracked and crumbled away from the cornices; there were yawning gaps in the boarded floors beneath the Turkish carpets. Plate glass windows became hopelessly fixed in their warped and twisted makes and added to the heat; there was a warm incense of pine sap in the dining room that flavored all the cuisine. And yet the babble of stocks and shares went on, and

seconds pricked their ears over their soup to atch the gossip of the last arrival,

Demorest, loathing it all in his new-found itterness, was nevertheless impatient in his inaction and was eagerly awaiting a tele gram from Stacy; Barker had disappeared ince luncheon. Suddenly there was a commotion on the veranda as a cirriage drove up with a handsome, grayhaired woman. In he buzzing of voices around him Demores heard the name of Mrs. Van Loo, In further comments, made in more smothered accents he heard that Van Loo had been stopped at Canon station, but that no warrant had ye been issued against him; that it was gener ally believed that the bank dared not him; that others openly averred that he had been used as a scapegoat to avert suspicion from higher guilt. And certainly Mrs. Van Loo's calm, confident air seemed to corrob

come right yet. Trust to me." A hysterical laugh came to Mrs. Hornorate these assertions. He was still wondering if the strange coin-cidence which had brought both mother and castle's lips and then stopped. For as she looked up at him in his supreme hopefulness, son into his own life was not merely a fancy as far as she was concerned when a waiter at his handsome face, beaming with love and an lar as all was contained by a water a water brought a message from Mrs. Van Loo that she would be glad to see him for a few mo-ments in her room. Last night he could scarcely have restrained his eagerness to meet her and elucidate the mystery of the happiness, and his clear, gray eyes, glittering and perfectly cognizant of her own and Kitty's possibilities, was, nevertheless, comphotograph; now he was conscious of an equally strong revulsion of feeling and a dull premonition of evil. However, it was no For of all optimism that of love is the most convincing. Dear boy - for he was but a boy in experience—only his love for her could work this magic. So she gave him kies for doubt possible that the man had told her of his previous inquiries, and she had merely acknowledged them by that message

kias, largely believing, largely hoping that Mrs. Barker was in love with Van Loo and Demorcest found Mrs. Van Loo in the pri-vate sitting room on the preceding night. would not return. And in this hope an in-vincible hope in the folly of her own sex soothed and sustained her. She received him with unmistakable courtesy and even a certain dignity that might or might not have been assumed. He had no

lifficulty in recognizing the son's mechanical politeness in the first, but he was puzzled at he second.

"The manager of the hotel," she began, with a foreigner's precision of English, has I will bring you back to the hill again, but there we had better separate, you taking your way alone to the hotel, as you came, and I will go a fittle way on the road to the 'divide' and return later. Keep your own counsel about Kitty, for her sake and ours; with a foreigner's precision of English, has just told me that you were at present oc-cupying my rooms at his invitation, but that you wished to see me at once on my return, and I believe that I was not wrong in ap-prehending that you preferred to hear my wishes from my own lips rather than from an innkeeper. I had intended to keep these rooms for some weeks, but unfortunately for me, though fortunately for you, the pres-ent terrible financial crisis which has most unjustly brought my son into such scandaperhaps no one else may know the truth yet." With a farewell kiss they plunged again, hand in hand, through the cool bracken and again through the hot manzanito

unjustly brought my son into such scanda-lous prominence, will oblige me to return to San Francisco until his reputation is fully cleared of these foul aspersions. I shall only ask you to allow ms the undisturbed possession of these rooms for a couple of bours until I can pack my trunks and rether hours until I can pack my trunks and gather hours until I can pack my trunks and gather up a few souvenirs that I almost always keep with me." "Pray consider that your wishes are my

own in respect to that, my dear madam." returned Demorest gravely, "and that, in-deed, I protested against even this temporary intrusion upon your apartments; but I confess that now that you have spoken of

and even hard aggressiveness quite who was named for the first wife of her father, was queen of Spain. But Alphonse XIII, appeared on the scene and and even hard aggressiveness that dute changed the lady's face as he mentioned the word "souvenir." but it quickly changed to a smile as she put up her fan with a gesture of arch deprecation, and said: she was given a back seat.

couple."

Ah! I see. Of course, a lady's photo-

graph. The reply irritated Demorest. More than that, he felt a sudden sense of the absolute sentimentality of his request, and the con-sciousness that he was about to invite the familiar confidence of this strange womanwhose son had forged his name-in regard

"It was a Venetian picture," he began, and stopped, a singular disgust keeping him from volcing the name. Fut Mrs. Van Loo was less reticent. "O,

William Messner, a well-to-do and highly respected farmer living four miles east of you mean my dearest friend's lovely picture; and you know her? Why, yes, surely. You are the Mr. Demorest who-... Of course, that tory and made a run at the opening of the strip. She got a claim and taught school. Alford is half or three-fourths Indian, handold love affair. Well, you are a marvel! Five years ago, at least, and you have not for-gotten! I really must write and tell her." mome, intelligent, educated and wealthy. There was no objection to the marriage. "Write and tell her!" Then it was all a "Write and tell her!" Then it was all a lie about her death! He felt not only his faith, his hope, his future leaving him, but even his self-control. With an effort he said: "I think you have already satisfied my cu-riosity. I was told five years ago that she was dead. It was because of the date of the on Sunday that people should not to secure a good, economical wife, one who knows how to warm over cold meals, and was dead. It was because of the date of the photograph—two years later—that I ven-tured to intrude upon you. I was anxious only to know the truth." "She certainly was very much living and of the world when I saw her last, two years ago," said Mrs. Van Loo with an easy smile. is satisfied with ordinary hats and dresses. he is destined to live a pleasant married life; indeed, eternity is too short for such a

to a discussion of the old subject of matri-mony as a practical problem. One new sug-"I daresay that was a ruse of her relatives— a very stupid one—to break off the affair, for a very stupid one—to break on the analit, for I think they had other plans. But, dear me! now I remember, was there not some little quarrel between you before? Some letter from you that was not very kind? My im-pression is that there was something of the sort, and that the young lady was indignant. But only for a time, you know. She very ship. Therefore, it is argued, "the solution of the marriage question is, increase the supply of widows." This involves a decrease sort, and that the young taby was indigutated But only for a time, you know. She very soon forgot it. I darcisay if you wrote some-thing very charming to her it might not be too late. We women are very forgiving, Mr. remedy somehow is not satisfactory to the Demorest, and, although she is very much to be a surprise wedding. No one but the parties themselves knows anything of the desought after, as are all young American girls whose fathers can give them a comfortable lot, her parents might be persuaded to throw over a poor prince for a rich countryman in the end. Of course, you know, to you reand groom these worthles are expected to publicans there is always something fasci-nating in titles and blood, and our dear friend is like other girls. Still, it is worth rise from the midst of the congregation and approach the altar, where they will be made the risk. And five years of waiting and devotion really ought to tell. It's quite mance! Shall I write to her and tell her I have seen you, looking well and prosperous, nothing more? Do let me! I should be delighted

"I think it hardly worth while for you to give yourself that trouble," said Demorest quietly, looking in Mrs. Van Loo's smiling eyes, "now that I know the story of the eyes, "now that I know the story of the young lady's death was a forgery. And I will not intrude further on your time. Pray give yourself no needless hurry over your packing. I may go to San Francisco this afternoon, and not even require the rooms tonight."

button on his lapel. The examination sovere and the session monotonous. "At least let me make you a present of the "You say your wife abused you; tell just how?" thundered the attorney. souvenir as an acknowledgment of your cour tesy." said Mrs. Van Loo, passing into her bedroom and returning with the photograph. judge. "Answer the question, sir, "I feel that with your five years of stancy it is more yours than mine." As gentleman, Demorest knew that he could not be proud of my war record. She said all the brave men who went to the war were refuse, and, taking the photograph from her with a low bow, with another final saluta-

An old bachelor in Williamsport, Pa., the other day was fined \$15 and costs for hug-ging a widow.

Long before the digging of the drainage anal had turned Lemont into a refreshment It has been noticed that the experienced pretty girl seldom faints dead away unless there is a desirable young man around to station for the diggers, relates the Chicago Post, its judiciary was represented by Judge there catch her. Flynn, who held court in the back

grocery, and was renowned far and near for the soundness of his decisions. The When the married man gets home un warrantably at 2 a. m. there isn't even a single letter's difference between a curtain stone interest, which controlled the town, divided its employment pretty evenly be-tween the Swedes and the Irish, and national lecture and a certain lecture.

A St. Louis man who is now in a hospita feeling at times ran rather high. Now, before his elevation to the bench, Judge Flynn had had an intimate acquaintwith a bad case of perforation of the lungs explains to the police that his wife found him making love to another woman and shot him. "You see," he adds, "she must have been very deeply in love with me or ance with the towpath, and thoroughly shared his fellow countrymen's antipathy to

Maile for Ladica, "is further by reform Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Nesso Paper, Bold by all Local Druggists. PHILADA, PA To celebrate his silver wedding the marquis of Bute has given \$5,000 to the Town of Cardiff, the income to be given to poor girls who need the money married. Whenever the dowry is to get over the mayor of the town must read to the bride and groom the first eleven verses of the second chapter of the gospel according 8

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The proposed

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of the

to St. John, the description of the miracle of turning water into wine at Cana.

Miss Etta Messner, who married Thomas Alford, a Shawnee Indian, is a daughter of

Albany, Mo. She visited the Indian Terri-

A Detroit preacher told his congregation

A New York paper has opened its columns

gestion is that widows make the best wives

because they avoid the illusions of court

A novelty in weddings is to be attempted

in one of the smaller towns of Alabama. It is

TOLD OUT OF COURT.

Lawyer-I am afraid I can't do much fo

you. They seem to have conclusive evidence

Client-Can't you object to the evidence as immaterial and irrelevant?

Judge Randolph of Kansas was hearing

divorce case last fall. The witness was the plaintiff, a white-haired man, broken in health and in spirit, and wearing a bronze

The witness looked appealingly at

'Well, she said I was an old hypocrite to

"Stop!" commanded the aroused judge. "This divorce is granted. The court spent four years in that war-and the court came

The monotony was broken for that day.

order from the bench.

back.

that you committed the burglary.

in the number of husbands.

masculine mind.

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CURE YOURSELFT

an Irishman was arraigned before him charged with ansaulting a Swede with a deadly weapon it rather staggered his sense fitness of things. The evidence proved beyond a doubt that the Irishman had inflicted, with a pitchfork, considerable injury on his brother from the land of Erick-

Justice clearly demanded the conviction of the Irishman, the national fellowship as clearly forbade it. Long and carefully his honor pondered the knotty question, terred by poverty from marrying. "If a man has \$3 left after buying his marriage license," he said, "and is fortunate enough and finally, with countenance drawn into the stoniest stare of judicial impartiality, he deivered himself of the long-waited-for deciston:

"Gentlemen, I find no evidence on which to hold the prisoner on the charge of as-sault with a deadly weapon, for a pitchfork not a deadly weapon, but an agricultooral tool.'

The case of John H. Vette against John C. Obert was on trial in Judge Haughton's court yesterday, says the St. Louis Globe Democrat. During the process of the suit the lawyers had a tilt over the admission of certain evidence, and the following dialogue ensued: "Your honor, the ameriton that was just

made by the-ec-cachoo-on my-ec-cachoo is absolutely-ec-cachoo!"

"Your honor, I-ec-cachoo-sir, to the statement made by my ec-cachoo!" Judge Haughton admitted the testimony

and the witness proceeded. tails. At the appointed hour the preacher is "Well, it was just this-ec-cachoo-I said o begin the service, and when he reached to Mr. ec-cachoo-cachoo-and he said to me the part requiring the presence of the bride -ec-cachoo-cachoo-cachoo!"

At this point nearly every one in cour was sneezing. Lawyers, clients, jurors and witnesses joined in a sneezing chorus in which encezes of various quality and a wide range of tone and discord were mingled. The pompous, ponderous sneeze of Constable Hand was a most effective basso that gave strength to the chorus, while the beautiful treble of Count Fredick von Gereke rose clear and shrill above the minor notes. The jurors formed a perfect scale of notes, extending over an actave and a half and form-

tending over an actave and a half and form-ing a melodious accompaniment to the gen-eral burden of the grand, sweet song. Naturally, during this outburst of Wag-nerian solemnity court was interrupted. Judge Haughton rapped for order, but the only reply was from a big German butcher, one of the jury, who, with his magnificent tenor, sent his voice upward in a series of trills, runs and cadenzas in what was prob-ably one of the most beautiful collections of sneezes ever heard. Then dropping, with a series of grace notes to the lower register, he ended with a movement in rag time, in s five-flat finale that would have done credit to Sousa's band.

At this moment Judge Haughton looked through the open door into the back room, where Tom MacAleavy was unconcernedly rolling and breaking in front of an open window the supply of tobacco which he in-tends to take on his fishing trip. The fine dust from the dry leaf—and Tom is said to smoke the strongest tobacco in town—was being wafted into the court room on the rentle breaze. The door was shut all the At this moment Judge Haughton looked gentle breeze. The door was shut, all the windows opened, and the court But, despite the comedy which had just been enacted, there was scarcely a dry eye in the room.

Boston Building Trades council insists that the fund left by Benjamin Franklin for the benefit of mechanics be employed in estab-lishing a labor forum. The fund now amounts to \$400,000.

That feeling of depression so common in hot weather is overcome by strengthening the blood with Pill Aneemic Pink. the opposing nationality. So one day when

tion he withdrew. (To Be Continued.) **CONNUBIALITIES**