RURAL DELIVERY GREAT HELP

Makes Life on the Farm Much More Desirable Than Formerly.

Department of Agriculture Collects Some Statements of Farmers on the Value of Burn! Mail Delivery.

I do not think that any development of recent years, not excluding irrigation, the opening of vast tracts of country by transcontinental railroads, nor the extraordinary expansion of our foreign commerce, has done one-half so much for the farmer as rural free delivery. The benefits of this service have been two-fold-first, social; second, commercial.

I place the social advantages first because farm house five miles or more away from monotony of the daily life, with no newswhich the postoffice is protectly situated, covered by a daily mail service. Bear also in mind the educating influence upon him and his family of daily newspapers received on the day of their issue, and all the wholesome magazines which together bring the country people into active Present Conditions Compared with communication with the affairs of the world. All these can reach him at an expense of a dollar or two at the outset, and without any further assessment. His boye can grow up with the knowledge of all that is going on in athletic sports and other matters in which hove take interest. His girls can obtain the latest fashions and go to church equipped in modest costumes of city make. His wife hears the news of the world from which she has been hitherto shut out, and begins to feel that she is not a lone "Mary Jane" out in the country, but that she knows something that she can talk about to her neighbors of the doings of people outside their own little community Then the boys, instead of each of them growing up as "own brother to the ex, with a hoe in his hand, begin to find that they can make themselves factors in the world. They learn from the newspapers that this great country is becoming practically the granary of Europe, that the crops they help to till will be transported to other countries, where the soil is insufficient to support the population, and

of civilization, and are not merely clodhoppers upon their pative farm lands. I believe that in no movement of modern times are there so great elements of progress and improvement as in rural free de livery. By bringing the city into close communication with the country you destroy the tendency of the farm boys to gravitate to the cities; you give them all the information they could obtain in the cities except such as it is not desirable for them to acquire; you enlist in them an active concurrence in political life, and whether they grow up as democrats or republicans they are likely to do so upon a sound thinking basis born of information. That is what rural free delivery is doing in the sducational sense.

that they are moving a great world center

The Commercial Benefits.

In the commercial sense it is achieving results even more apparent. Some time ago a distinguished democratic congressman from Missouri stated to the department that one of his constituents was about to ship 100 head of fat stock to market when, by the rural carrier, he was informed that the markets were glutted with fat stock at that time and that prices had dropped 1 cent or more a pound upon the hoof. He withheld his shipment for three days, and then prices recovered, and he cleared at least \$10 on every head of cattle that he shipped. This, as he afterward said, would enable him to pay the cost of rural free delivery out of his own pocket if the government chose to withdraw it from him.

In the value of farm lands there has been an increase of from 50 to 100 per cent in all districts where the rural free delivery service has been established. Every kind of farming industry is benefited by the rural free delivery service. Truck farmers know exactly what the prices are in the markets to which they ship their products. They are no longer at the mercy of their commission merchants; they know what the price of every commodity they ship was in the city to which they shipped it on the date of the shipment. In some of the western states the value of farm lands has been nearly doubled by the introduction of the rural free delivery service. In point of fact the conditions in those states where rural free delivery has been most fully developed are such that the farmers searcely know what to do with their surplus funds. They have paid off their mortgages, the banks do not want their money and they are simply investing in surplus lands, hoping for a continuance of the service and of the prosperity it has brought

Opinions of Farmers.

Statements as to the beneficent effects of rural free delivery on the agricultural interest do not come to the Postoffice department alone. The Department of Agriculture some time ago sent out circulars of 100 a minute. Time and labor are worth asking farmers for their dispassionate more than wasted string. Through the opinion. In all the hundreds of replies re- establishment old ideas have given way ceived only two were adverse, and they to knew, loose methods to perfect workwere almost as ludicrous as the reply which this office received from an old Indiana farmer, who wrote;

'We all want to go to town once in a while, Mr. Postmaster General. I've got a good horse, but when I hitch up and say am going to the postoffice to see if there is any mail, Maria says, 'You needn't go, John, the postman has brought the let-

Among the answers that have been received by the Agricultural department a

farmer in Delavan, Ill., writes: "In November I sold 3,000 bushels of bushel between the highest and lowest bid of six elevators that are located within five miles of me. I consider a farm on a rural mail route worth 50 per cent more than a farm that is not."

Another in Kansas says: "Perhaps the greatest advantage is in knowing the market prices each day. The buyers here use Kansas City markets as basis for buying, and the farmers can be, and some of them are, just as well informed as anyone. I know of two that made the price of their daily paper on one load of hoge each."

A farmer in Oregon states: Before free delivery was started there

Ask your jeweler for

GORHAM SILVER POLISH It cleans as well as polishes

All responsible as cents a package awalara keep it

were thirteen daily papers taken at Turner postoffice. Today there are 113. This shows that the farmers are getting in such with the world and are quick to avail themselves of all educational facilities. With the general extension of rural mail delivery there will be less talk about the monotony of farm life. The only eb-BENEFITS ARE COMMERCIAL AS WELL jectors are small retailers of merchandise and dealers in liquors and tobacco. may injure the business of the latter since many farmers do not drink or smoke only when they go to the village, and their families get the benefit in more reading

matter. From a cattle raiser in Nebraska this enly was received:

Living nine miles from the postoffice. only getting our mail once or twice a week, then to have a mail route so you can take a daily, is a blessing that a few years ago was not dreamed of. Other cattle feeders as well as myself have driven hundreds of miles for reports of stock markets that we now get daily."

The influence of the rural free delivery ervice in the promotion of the movement of their great importance. Just think of a for the establishment of good roads is one of the most beneficent features in its adthe postoffice, with nothing to relieve the ministration. The files of the department contain hundreds of cases where roads papers, no magazines and no correspond- have been improved, bridges built and ence except when the "old man" finds it streams, hitherto impassable, made fordconvenient to ride to town. Think also of able as a condition of the establishment the necessary delay in his work that this of rural free delivery service. This road ride to town involves, and the possible improvement will go on until every habittemptations of the village grocery store in abla portion of the United States will be

R. J. WYNNE.

THE BUSINESS MAN'S DAYS.

Those of Twenty Years Ago. Twenty years ago, says the St. Louis was worth while; knew then, once for all, Republic, the St. Louis business man would why James and Hannah were respected rise very early, ride down town in a bobtail car, consuming nearly an hour to come in" from Grand avenue, enter his the privilege of opening himself, devote a his own pen, walk about the store, interviewing everybody from the engineer up, go to dinner-not lunch-with a "big" coun- Jessie you called handsome without re-

after every end of the business himself. True, he had men working for him, but they were working for him; they had their orders from him; the whole burden really rested on his shoulders. A very glutton for work, he was salesman, drummer, office He was beset with a harrassing horde of details on every side, and he rode back and unstrung.

Suppose the busy man to have remained n a Rip Van Winkle sleep for twenty years; suppose that he just awakes this morning in his old residence near Grand avenue. As he rubs his eyes the breath of chimneys rather than of fields comes to that when the time came Jessie Greig him; his ears are filled with strange noises would marry quick and well, whereas, of songs, the rattle of granite pavements; quiet is broken by a thousand sounds. He slow in coming. Who could resist Jessie; is in the heart of modern rapidity and its who not be attracted to her? She seemed appliances.

In a space of ten minutes the dazed merchant is whizzed down town in a queer the order.

a dozen people under his own vast roofeverything; his office is a keyboard to struck. which every part of the machinery re-

He sees little of men. Details-if he cares particularly about some point-let him press a button and Mr. X. appears at once in respectful mien, with a head primed with information. A customer? Oh, refer him to the credit man. A private secretary looks after miscellaneous callers. He must be a financier who penetrates the

inner annotum The head of the corporation-it was a one-man business or a partnership when he began the Rip Van Winkle nap-finds that his day's business is pretty well He has time for a cigar and the news. Strange names appear in the paper-concentration, combination, consolidation, merger, community of interests, pools. Someone will have to tell him what these mean. And who is this "Pierpont Morgan" occurring so frequently in big type? is expressed in "millions" and "billions" now; twenty years ago "thousands" was the word. Concentration of energy and brains will

store the dazed merchant will find everywhere conserved energy and system. The office boy is no longer untying the bundle Mary, her eyes eager on the homing string-he is slashing the knots at the rate road; nor guessed that the day, so long ing machinery. The establishment that twenty years ago depended upon one head now has a hundred thinkers with its concerns, improving its system.

The president will find a board of directors assisting him with the management, while he is a member of many other boards. He will find that his own and his fellows' wealth, indeed the whole country's wealth, has tripled within the twenty years and will learn that the wealthy and most successful men of today are those who kept abreast of enterprise and have taken reasonable chances of trade there was a difference of 3 cents a conditions, as opposed to the ultraconservatives and mere "human savings banks, and that the fellows who kept in the o'd ruts are far behind the procession. will discover a higher degree of intelligence in the average business man of the

present. These are but a few of the Rip Van Winkle discoveries. Especially would be remark that competition has multiplied and heightened in all branches of trade, except where monopolies have throttled it, and to strong competition he would no doubt trace much of the concentration in business methods and the gradual perfection of system in business.

FALLING HAIR STOPPED.

Baldness Cured by Destroying the

Parasite Germ that Causes It. Baldness follows falling hair, falling hair collows dandruff, and dandruff is the result of a germ digging its way into the scalp to the root of the hair where it saps the vitality of the hair. To destroy that germ is to prevent as well as cure dandruff, falling hair, and, lastly, baldness. There is ago I met ye at the races beyond in Gianu. only one preparation known to do that, Newbro's Herpicide, an entirely new, scientific discovery. Wherever it has been tried watched her all day. A hundred times I it has proven wonderfully successful. It can't be otherwise, because it utterly destroys the dandruff germ. "You destroy the cause, you remove the effect."

The Sisters

By SHAN F. BULLOCK, Author of "The Barrys," "By Thrasna River," etc., etc. (Copyright, 1902, by Shan F. Bulleck.)

lessie, and they were sisters. Mary was come, Mr. Greig, to ask your leave to pay the elder by nearly five years; Jessie, when her me respects." first we see her, was aged 19; between them were two brothers, of whom one had George sat upright, his eyes hard on James' gone to America, the other to serve his apprenticeship in a shop in Clogheen. James, their father, a florid, bearded man said. "Aye, I know." He looked at George. of 50 or thereabouts, slow-moving, industrious, of Scotch descent, owned a farm on the outskirts of Armoy, within sight of Emo; Hannah, their mother, was a tall, sallow woman, Irish born and bred, weak in health, keen of face and mind, worn, old and weary in constant household services. All day long James tramped the fields, toiling, contriving, his heart buried in them; day and night Hannah padded through the house from room to room, cleaning, dusting, ordering, and their lives were hard But they did not complain, indeed had small cause of complaint. They had enough of the world's goods and to spare. James was reputed a "warm" man, with money in the bank, and his reputation through the countryside was sound. Hannah held a little money in her own right and her stock of household gear-of china, glass, mahogany chairs and tables, feather beds and bleached linen-was matchless in Armoy. It was good to go with James across his bountiful fields; pleasant to come back to the cosy homestead, standing cosily on the high river bank, warm with good thatch. You found there that Ulster hospitality

discussed round many a hearth. They were as unlike in every way as sis office, take up his mail, which he enjoyed ters could be. Mary was tall and strong, pale, with a broad brow and deep hazel large part of the day to answering it with eyes; Jessie was slim and fair, with rosy cheeks, a pointed chin and dancing blue eyes. Mary you thought good-looking; ry customer, walk around to his banker's, serve. Mary you found somewhat reserved, drop in" at the hotels and generally look thoughtful, lacking in spirits; Jessie you saw in one glance a charming figure of life and gaiety. She laughed, chattered their functions were largely mechanical; joked, flashed her eyes, was coy and demure in turn, now daring in voice and look, now arching her neck in a mockery of haughtiness, now sitting like a nun. eyes downcast and hands folded by her man, general superintendent and financier. plate. Her voice was sweet, her laughter rippled like harp strings. She carried you out of yourself, took captive your manly home on a late bobtail, bewildered, wearied heart; made you neglect the silent Mary with the deep brown eyes sitting placid

beyond the table. It was common opinion in Armoy and beyond, it was the opinion of Hannah herself, indeed-of James also, when the fields gave him chance to think of such things-Mary's time, if not already past, would be to be born to love, fated to play the candle to every moth that flew. Mary of a surety seemed not the marrying sort. You never horseless car; demen-like vehicles whirr saw her decked for conquest. Of Sundays past. If he survives the shock of odd she went soberly to church and prayed to find a complete revolution in business eggs and hastened home. Men, for all Mary methods. Concentration of energy has been cared, might have been posts on the wayside or stones in the pavement; while Jes-Seated in a plush chair by a mahogany sie drew every eye. All the day found Mary table, within reach of a finger-board of helping in the house, or toiling in the dairy push buttons, he will have his triflingly or the fields, and at eventime she sat knitsmall mail, already rifled by assistants, laid | ting by the hearth, perhaps spent an hour answers. A desk telephone is ringing at tame, shut in there among the hills or rules laid down, James kept to the field his elbow; through it he receives calls, and Armoy away from the world; but surely she and meddled nothing. Hannah dropped wise starlight. "Ye wish I was like her, George?" the two stopped to get the car, but Mary is enabled to visit his bankers, here or in was content. Perhaps at times she had her hints, precepts, hopes; gave George good she asked in her sober way New York, a Pitteburg or an East St. Louis own longings, dreams, hopes; but she never | welcome, shook a warning finger at the hotel, agents anywhere, and to interview made her daily rounds, wrapped close in

II. It was in hot July. Jessie was away in of weather had helped James with the hay making. Mary looked pale, he said, Hannah was ailing. So, one day, as it chanced, he persuaded them to take diversion with him at a race meeting in Glann. It was the leries, crowds of gaudy townfolk, bevies of fun; and Mary, sitting stiff on the gig, weary of it. Would it never end? thought Mary, sitting there so patiently, never held. How, indeed, could she guess, how know that fate was lurking in that seething crowd? Had Jessie been there doubtless she would have seen-have seen him What are "captains of industry?" Money watching, seen him pass and repass, his stand at last, as the gig went off, still watching silently-but how was poor Mary looked for nothing; wanted only to be done and away. "Ah, the long, cruel day," sighed and cruel now lay like a shadow across her

Two days went unmarked; on the third came he-a tall man, ruddy and well favored, with blue eyes and wavy hair. Leaving his horse at the gate, he strode up the box-edged path, past the laurels and flower beds, knocked at the green door and stood waiting on the step. Mary answered him. For a moment he looked at her, recalling her face and studying it; then, with his ready smile and easy wav, asked for He was in the meadows, answered Might be go to the meadows? said Mary. Might he leave the Surely. Why, to be sure, answered Mary, horse? and dropped her eyes before the quick insistence of his gaze, and turned away flushing. It was with her just as though a man had looked in her eyes for the first time.

Having stabled his horse, George Hand to give him his name), went to the mealows; there found James, held him in talk for awhile, then came back with him across the hill, and sat down in the musk-scented parlor. He seemed pre-occupied, his tongue wandered; soon he pulled his chair nearer James, spread his knees and leaned across

"Mr. Greig," said he, "ye know who I am friends, an' I hope we'll never be else. Well, Maybe you'll not thank me; maybe ye will;

George paused, loath, you might think, to say his word. Indeed, he was not at ease; was flushed and hesitant. In his shirtsleeves, arms folded, knees crossed and straw hat poised upon them, James sat cycing him, a smile on his rugged face. 'Well, I'm listenin', Mr. Hand," said he, with a nod; and at that George plunged. "It's just this," he said. "A day or so was-was giad to see ye; but gladder. I'm of opinion, to see someone else. was wishful to speak; twenty times I went at sight of ye. I was loath. I was tim- ing by her box on the boards, "I'll never the gate, and she spoke doubtingly, did

orons. But now-" Again George paused; The name of one was Mary, of the other again rushed his words "But now I'm

It was out at last; and, being out, face. James nodded, sat back in his chair and looked at the ceiling. "I know," he "It's my girl Mary ye mean, I suppose?

be asked. answered George. "I'm hearin" "It in that's her name." "To be sure," said James. "Why, to be sure now. Am I right in sayin' that so far you've no more than seen her?'

"We passed a word at the door a while ago," answere George, "Yes, we did, I had half a mind to-but I didn't. No, I just waited for a word with yourself." "I know. Aye. Aw, to be sure." James sat considering, a hand tapping the crown

say, Mr. Hand, It's curious, an' it's sudden: floor, clapping hands and capering. "Hur- sat down among the heather to rest. And it's your own business; I'm of opinion. If bridesmaid, an' I'll wear white muslin---" so be you're sure o' yourself, an-" "I'm certain sure," said George. "Her

that big hat, an' it so pale and' tired like took the heart in me. Am, I'm certain sure '

your arts upon her?" "With your good leave, sir." through half a county and their daughters by her, if so be---"

"Mr. Greig," said George, "I'm a man eve to business even in love affairs, went

James would not hear him. ose frowning. "Time enough to buy the salt when you've caught your fish."

Hannah took the news kindly (as was might); one thing only she counseled George, even as James had counseled, that the aweetest ever was baked, with needle or crochet hook she's just matchless." "Ma'am," said George, "I can well be-

For all that-

leve it."

me. An' may God prosper the match." "Amen," was Hannah's word; and the

thing was settled. There remained only Mary to be contable or window; just sit and be wooed. Nothing to do but listen and watch, smile: laugh, be agreeable as she might, George did everything. His ways were mighty at his feet, had James in chains, had Mary-

It took longer than a week to charm Mary's heart. Meek though she was and doelle, unsophisticated, backward; yet beusual hillside gathering; noisy, vivid with hind that calm brow was power of will, and life and color, rows of jaunting cars around her eyes were very deep. Others might the course, booths, stalls, shooting gal- propose; before her the path might be laid smooth; but, after all, the disposing was of roaring rustics, a little sport, a power hers, and no leading might persuade her to walk that path blindfolded. She read be-'cleaned up' after two or three hours. in muslin frock and straw hat, soon grew neath her mother's hinting and her father's silence; sat wide-eyed before the man George, seeing him plainer, maybe, than he guessing what for her those weary hours knew. Now and again it happened that Mary sat watching him, wondering in herself whether some day change might come. Suppose Jessie were there beside him? Suppose a year gone by? Suppose them always together, face to face at the same eyes ever on Mary's face, seen him speak table, living always under the same roof to James and turn and stare, seen him from morning to night? Was his admiration genuine and his soft speech-and him-Did he really care for herself, her tell the whole story. Walking through the to see or know? She expected nothing own dull self, or was it just a fancy that might pass, or worse, a liking that owed something to what she might bring-money, help, youth? These things Mary asked of herself sometimes, as she lay thinking beneath the thatch, went soberly her daily cound in house and dairy, stood leaning across the gate below the solemn stars when George had gone. But ah, he was kind and pleasant; doubts and all, she liked him very well. No one was perfect. Her doubts were foolish, unjust. She longed for him to come; missed him when he went. Slowly but surely her fondness for him grew, day by day, night by night; and at last one evening early in September, by the river bank, and under the stars, he asked and she gave herself to him.

"Mary," he said, "I'm little to have and nothing to boast about; but such as I am will ye take me for your man? Will ye, Mary? Ah, will ye, Mary?" She stood quite a minute, looking out

through the twilight, flushed, tremulous, not doubting now, but halting ere she gave. "Will ye, Mary? Ab, girl, girl. Tell me, She turned quickly. "I'm here, George,"

said she; and gave herself to his arms.

III. That same week Jessie came home fresh from the sights and pleasures of old Dublin. Her stay there had changed her much an' what I am. In our time we've had had rubbed away some of the hillside roughdealin's with each other; we've always been | ness, given her the air of one who had seen life and the world. She minced her words I'm come to ye now on a curious arrand. now, stepped daintily; had something of nowadays from the service of the needle. scorn in her way of looking at vulgar country ways and things. Everything was so different in Rathmines; Grafton street and the Phoenix seemed heaven in sight of Burn sidewalks and the rush-colored hills. Ah, the things she had seen and done-the theaters, the shops, the parties, days by and come upstairs and see her new dress awake at nights sometimes, thinking, thinkand hat, those shoes and gloves, the presphotographs. Whew! the stuffy hot room trample fears under food, alet her mother searchin' for yourself, meanin' to sak ye to floor, the cracked ceiling, the narrow little was thrice blessed. George was the same. to present me, an' twenty times stopped bed! "Ah, Mary, dear," cried Jessie, stak- How often when he hadt her goodby at

And she wept at the change.

In a while, however, her tears dried; and presently, the wonders of the box being exhausted, it came to her that Mary was also changed. Her voice was softer, her laugh happier; she looked younger, and ened? Of a sudden she sat back on her seels, folded hands, and looked Mary in days that were comfag. the face.

"Mary," she said, "what's come over What has happened? One would think to see you some one had died an' left on a legacy. What is it?"

ose to her face. "Nothin', Jeaste," she answered. "Oh, nothin"." But there is somethin'. Tell me quick.

ook at you blushin' there like a with a hand on each shoulder. "I know," she cried, "You're in love, Look at me, miss; look up an' tell me."

Mary looked up; she answered nothing, her to and fro; gravely stood shaking her desirable. George, too, was on the heights For sale by Kuhn & Co. own wise head from side to side. "You of stery-perhaps higher than the heightscruel, cruel girl." she said; "never to tell gay, manful, hearty. Even Mary felt car me one word! To think of it; to think of | ried out of herself, bright and glad, her full of his hat, that slow smile playing on his Mary, for a sly, designin minx. I could-" face. But the way was long, her strength face. "Well," said he in a minute, "as ye She sprang away and cut a fling across the failed at last; so on the mountain top she but-" It was his turn to hesitate. "Oh, rah! A weddin in the family! An Ull be the others wandered away. Back in a whirl she came and dropped on her knees before Mary. "But who is he?" bounty, Mary rose and idly went through feel as exhausted as though I had lost a face is burnt in me. I've seen it day an she cried. "Where does he come from? the heather, slowly, happily, just seeing hard fought case. It was shortly after 6 night ever since. First sight of it under Do I know him? What is he like? Tell and admiring. The air was wonderful; a o'clock, and I had just reached the club, me, tell me quick or I'll just die," cried great peace brooded beneath the sun. No Jessie, in her old impetuous way. Dublin one was in sight. The world seemed and its wonders now flung aside; "tell me, empty. Full of gladness Mary sauntered "I know." James nodded his full under- tell me," she cried; nor drew calm breath along; all suddenly stopped quick at sight standing. "An' you'd be wighful to try till Mary, as best she might, had told her of Jessie and George scated in a bollow all. Then sinking back on the foor, she that lay within a clump of firs. clasped her knees with her hands and sat "An' you'd mean well, an' you'd do well looking at Mary, head on one side and eyes against a stump, hands smoothing a ribbon tiful vision I have ever seen. She was a eritical.

"Mrs. George Hand," she said. "Well, ye can trust, I mean well an' I'll do well. the name will become you, Mary; an' mar- bow, feet crossed and his eyes on her face. Just as I am your daughter'll see me. ryin' will suit you; an'-an' I'm glad as They were not speaking. A score of times She can judge for herself. I'll come open- glad." She kissed Mary; then sighed and had Mary seen them side by side and given tiful. Her hair was coal black and dressed handed, leavin' all I've got at her two looked at the window. "But think of losin' no heed; but now she heeded much. feet; an' her wish'll be mine. All I want you; think of bein' left here all by myself. sudden pain struck her heart. Her breath is a chance," said George; then he, being Ah, me, the changes that will come. An' faltered. In an instant she was changed, an Ulster man, and having therefore an to think, too, that it's you who goes first- and her life was changed, and she stood you-you-" in to refer, handsomely enough, to his ex- will I see him?" she asked, eagerly. "What! house of her trust crumbled miserably pectations in the matter of dowry. But This very night, maybe. Oh, glory, glory, down. What change! Dear heaven, what I'm dyin' to see him-dyin'." And springing agony of change! "Leave that till afterward," he said, and to her feet Jessie hastened to find her newest gown. That evening then as Mary and George

sat together in the parlor, exchanging way) and thankfully (as well she sweet nothings and hand in hand, the door and with that George seized her hand, opened and in came Jessie, stepping graclously (like some heroine in a play) he should go warily. Mary was strange in through the twilight. Adorned from head her nature, said Hannah; was shy, was to heel she came; greeted George pleasantly, self-willed, was little used to men and their gwopt to a chair and gave him her eyes. The same words; the words which but yesways, wanted leading, wanted humoring. Poor Mary, there in her dim corner, could "You'll find her a good girl, Mr. Hand- but stare; sudden sight of this radiant though dear knows I'm not the one should vision made George gasp in his chair. He George? That be Jessie? This be her very with me, Mr. Black? She had my name say it-a better wife or housekeeper no felt tongue-tied, awkward; scarce could man in the world could find. Her butter take eyes from her face. When Mary spoke "before God I swear to you that you're the gets top price in the market, her bread's (which was seldom) he looked round, one woman in the world for me. I swear already know you. Dear Jack speaks of smiled and nodded; but Jessie's chatter "All I can say is this, Mr. Hand-an' ders, and her voice was sweet; told of her God knows I say it from me heart-she's adventures, and her eyes were bright; bent iful. It was unbearable. Then, blessedly, the English language telling her so. as good a girl as ever breathed, an' I wish over the table, when candles were lit and maybe, of a sudden darkness blotted the her the best in life. Ah, I'll be sorry to suppor laid, quite charming in her sparkle sunshine and Mary lay still, sights and sounds, he will reach his office there; of market days sold her butter and lose her," sighed Hannah. "I will, I will, I will, I will, I will. of youth, Mary sat eclipsed, content enough. proud of this dashing sister, asking of "Ma'am," said George, "it's the way of George only an occasional glance, a whisthe world. Trust me, Mrs. Greig; trust pered word. "Mary," said he at the gate down toward the farm house, her one desire that night beneath the solemn stars, "that sister of yours is a kind of miracle. She

Mary looked up, her eyes grave in the

"Like her?" George held his answer for factory, his warehouse, his friend at the voiced them. Silent, sober, placid, she door and left Mary to his care. Every op- a breath. Did he wish it? "Now," said he. portunity he had, every good wish, and he "faith I don't. Woman, dear, you're worth herself; and the days went empty, and took them bravely. Never was more a houseful of her. Whisht now, with your all within one little hour. In short, with- the years passed barren by her. And then, thoughtful lover or discreeter. Mary had solemn face. Just kiss me, an' away into out turning in his seat, he may control one day, sudden and unexpected, her hour but to sit demure, in parlor or kitchen, at your bed; an' expect me in a night or two. Good night, me own Mary." He kissed her and tramped off between the hedges, whistling gaily, thinking of Mary, thinking of Jessie. But Mary stood lonely by the Dublin, making holiday there. A dry spell pleasant. Before a week he had Hannah gate, thinking only of him. Ah, she liked him well. How happy she was, how content. Life seemed just beginning. A month ago how dull was the world; now what bounty it held! "George, George," she said, her thoughts following him along the road; "God keep you, my own boy, an' make me worthy of ye." She bowed her head upon the gate. Tears came. whistle died out in the silence of the hills. Then a quick step sounded behind on the path, and Jessie came tripping to her side,

a-flutter with mischief. "I saw you, I was watchin'. Ob, you're sly pair. Kissin' at the gate, indeed, like Pat an' Biddy. Just wait till I see him again; my word, won't I tease him." Mary did not answer; so Jessie stopped. "Mary," she whispered, "he'll do. I wish you joy. He's just the kind I'd choose myself.' The words came lightly; but somehow

they fitted ill with Mary's humor. out answering them, she turned from the gate. "It's late," said she, "an' I'm tired. Aren't ye comin' to bed, Jessie?"

she held him submissive between them,

captive yet not a prisoner, free yet not

unbound. All was open as the sun. They

meant nothing. Soon their ways must

IV. If Jessie in the days that followed, did not twist George round her fingers, at least,

part. Jessie would find another

George cease his circling and flutter down. Winter was coming, so dull and cold; life was short the sunshine fleeting; let them, then, whilst yet there was chance, enjoy these golden barvest days. So they took chance by the hand. And time flew, And Hannah sat wondering and James considering. And Mary? Well, as you know, Mary was not one to claim much consideration She was easily satisfied, expected little; gave more than she was likely to receive. Perhaps love made her blind; perhaps she was by nature so faithful a soul and no trusting at heart that she gave others credit for a faithfulness and trust which they did not possess. Entirely she had given herself to George; implicitly did she believe-oh, as she believes in God-that he was her very own. It was natural that George should admire Jessie and be her good friend. Everyone was. It was natural that Jessie should divert herself with George, should attract his attention, demand his company, laugh with him, sing, chatter, attend him even to local dance and concert, sail with him on the river, drive out with him, accompany him to fair and meeting. She herself was dull, was busy, had hardly a minute to spare Thère was much to do, much to prepare for that blessed time lying there in next spring. Still-still. Well sometimes she thought-a hint from Hannah having maybe struck home, or a word of Jessie's, or of George's-that perhaps all was not quite as it should be. Was George changing in the sea, trips to the Dargle-such times his manner toward her? Was he cold at and fun! Days it would take to tell about times, irritable; was he tiring of her, givit all. Herspoor head was just in a whirl. ing to Jessie time and attention which once Let Mary put away that stupid knitting he had given only to her? Why did she lie ing, fearing, dreading? Was it-? Oh, no, ents she had had, the books and music and no! She was wicked to doubt. She must it was, so small and dingy; and the bare quit hinting. Let herself be content. She

one woman in the world. Ab, don't be wor- | the horse struck her and scopt her down. rying your solemn head. I'm just the same -only better. There now, kiss me an' and for weeks she lay at death's door. Day away to your bed an' be expectin' me soon. ' and night Jessie stood against the door, And Mary would kiss him; then stand striving to keep it shut; while Hannah and her eyes shone strangely. What had hap- happy at the gate, looking at the stars, James and George watched constant, they

Mary laughed; her eyes fell and a flush and Jessie and George went off for a drive ing feeble. Mary can never be quite strong; Ardhill came at last to the mountain and one woman in the world." With a rush Jessie ross, stooped over Mary | began its ascent. Half way up the rugged path they left horse and car at a farmhouse, then toiled on foot to the summit. Jessie flowed with good spirits, mischieyour as a kitten, lithe and beautiful as a but her eyes told. Slowly Jessie swayed fawn-fascinating in her sweet youth and used. It cures colds and grips. 50c, \$1. comin' home to this! I could shake you, heart overflowing its happiness upon her

After awhile, she having recovered

They were close together; Jessie leaning in her hat and eyes bent upon them; George lying beside her, resting on on el-She looked round. "When black with suspicion, racked, stricken, the charming and her manner perfect. She had

Five minutes went-minutes black with

the agony of ages. Still they did not speak. But soon, Mary watched, Jessie's hand fell beside her, ders, for it was not my good fortune to be scrambled to his knees and broke into protestations-miserable protestations that lashed Mary's heart. Dear God, that she should live to hear them! Listen, listen, terday had been only for her; and nownow-Ah! was it possible? Could that be self? Listen, listen! "Jessie," he says, all right, it. Ah, listen to me, Jessie. Don't turn drew his ear. Indeed, she seemed to fill from me. Don't blame me for Mary's sake. the room, demanded attention and admira- Dear knows I pity her-but I can't help it. tion. She talked of Dublin and its won- I can't. You make me, Jessie. You're the one woman-" Oh, that again! It was pit-

empty. Weak and sick at heart, Mary rose and went stumbling through the heather. now being to get home. But presently the it was up to me to say farewell. two saw her; soon they joined her; with-

on. Her brain burnt; her heart was ice. "Let me get home," she thought; "oh, dear God, let me only get home-get home!" over the stones, stumbling and hurrying later more entrancing than before.

Nearing the highway, however, and close to a spot where the lane turned sharp to the left, a clamor arose on the slope behind. Shouts and cries came, a rumbling of hind, shouting and waving his arms. The I had not, and was indeed pained to learn horse was galloping. The car came thun- of his daughter's ill health. dering over the stones, joiling and swaying, Jessie sat pulling at the reins, arms out

Ruin? Perhaps death? Yes; Mary saw well. In a flash all was clear to her. The do nothing. dreadful must happen. Already Jessie had out: dropped the reins, and now sat covering the horse might swerve, or stop, or collapse before it came to that fateful turning.

Only a chance-s poor chance-yet, yet-Why should Mary stand in the way? Why risk life for a chance-a miserable chanceof saving the life of this Jessie whom she hated? Her chance Jessie had wrecked, her life had blighted, and here was revenge, justice, heaven's own opportunity of repaying all, of ending all. Only to stand aside, to wait a minute longer-

Ah, the shame, the shame! Nerving herself, Mary stepped into the middle of the lane, and spread her arms, and shouted But just too late. For though chance said 'throw up your hands.' the car collapsed and Jessie escaped, Mary's op.

get used to it-never, never in this life." he chase doubt in the old hearty way? | ewn chance did not serve. Her decision "Mary, dear, have wit. Girl, you're the came a thought too late. So that in falling

They picked Mary up and took her home; listening to his whistle, thinking of the asking God to be merciful. God was merciful. Slowly Mary came back to some shadow of her old self; then kissed Jessie and smiled upon George, and all was wellagain.

On a day in October-a laggard day of | And the rest? Well, Jessie in married Irish summer, caim and beautiful-Mary happily. Hannah is dead, James is growtogether. Down the Burn road they went, but George, chastened new and repentant, past Armoy and Gorteen, turned at Lee- lives in hope that some day she may be more crossways, and skirting the wilds of the old Mary, strong, glad, trustful-"the

What Poliows Gript

Paeumonia often, but never when Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption is

MET A FAIR UNKNOWN

Young Lawyer's Adventure Had a Most Startling Finale.

"The other night," said a young lawyer, quoted by the Washington Post, "I had the most strenuously exciting experience strength, and taken deep of the day's have ever encountered, and even now I when right out here at the curb stood, apparently waiting for some one, the swellest sort of a team. At my appearance down sprang the footman and explained to me that a lady inside the carriage wished to speak to me, and proceeded to open the door. Then my eyes beheld the most beaugirl of not more than 20, with clear, roay complexion, dark eves that you could imagine teasing you, first leading you on, then throwing you over, but at all times beau-A in a foreign way, with tortolae shell combs. Her countenance had a Florentine mold, and when I met those beautiful dark eyes in response to my low I thought her the absolute case which you find in real aristocrats.

> "The picture has been in my mind all day, and it is next to impossible to rid myself of her. To return to the incident, I bowed and stood, hat in hand, awaiting orfavored by an acquaintance with her. In my most courteous manner I inquired if I could in any way be of service to her.

> " 'Yes: indeed you may,' said the girl. 'I have heard so much of you and your great ability that I wish to consult you concerning a matter that is of paramount importance to me. Won't you get in and drive

> 'Besides,' she continued, 'I feel that I you so often and tells so many funny things about your last year at college. Of course, you remember Jack?"

"You can just about believe I was the happiest man on earth, and fairly beggared could not land Jack, and didn't try to. was breathing the delightful atmosphere of When light came back the hollow was that drive, and unscrupulously adopted every means by which the moments could be prevalled upon to stay their fight. But at last her home was reached, and I knew

"But the fates favored me, and in spite has the spirits of a lark; an' sure she takes out word or look Mary hurried oa, face set of my explanation about not being dressed one off their feet." He caught her arm and hard, hands clenched, her heart like stone. before him; in a moment a stenographer or in the garden or a lonely while by the sidered; and with hereall did cunningly. Stopped. "I'm thinkin it's well I isid eyes And behind the others stepped guiltily right in," and that I did. We had been sphonograph has recorded his verbal riverside. Her life seemed dull and went softly, warily in strict accord with on yourself first." seated in the parlor only a short white They reached the farm house, and there when my new friend said I must meet papa and mamma, and that she would leav went on down the lane, hurrying-hurrying | with them while she dressed for dinner Very soon 'father' and 'mother' appeared, and I was presented to them as Jack's college chums,' after which my fair Like a hunted creature she went stumbling charmer left, only to appear some moments

"During her absence her father confided to me that of late he and his family were greatly distressed concerning his daughter's health, and anxiously inquired if I had noticed anything strange or unusual in wheels, a pounding of hoofs, and turning, her manner. Well, I had my own ideas of Mary saw the car come tearing down with her manner, because I was simply enonly Jessie in it, and George running be- chanted, and I assured the old gentleman

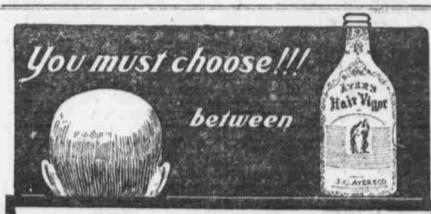
"Just then the vision of beauty appeared and she was so beautiful that I absolutely stretched and face white above them. Well lost all knowledge of her mental suffering. might she be pale, well might George rave. Her father soon left the room, and I was for the turning was there, and black ruin again happy. I had noticed one peculiar thing, though. The girl had never removed her hands from behind her since she appeared in the deorway, and I was just tryhorse was beyond control. George could ing to account for this strange attitude At the turning something when, to my utter amazement, she cried

" 'Now, I have you at last, and just where her face, shuddering from what lay before I want you.' She approached me with a her. Only one chance was there—that Mary stealthy tread: I protested wildly at first should stand in the way. Then perhaps and suggested that she be scated, and I would summon assistance if she were ill, and I feared she was. "But she waved me aside and assured me

she was 'quite well' and strong. Where-'upon she drew from behind her a revolver. 'Now,' she said, pointing it straight at me, throw up your hands.'

The listeners were breathless, and at this juncture strained every nerve. With the narration of his experience the young lawyer showed great emotion, and now he vinced great feeling. "Go on," said his friends.
"Well," continued the young lawyer, "she

served, and the horse swerved and fell, and struck the headboard so hard that I woke



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