

to stop. gratitude." Clarence, whose eyes were fixed "Not a word more, Sir Ralph," he upon the man's finger, no sooner saw said, hurriedly. "You have had my it shake than he drew Sir Ralph on forgiveness long, long ago; you may "his knees, and the bullet passed over withold your gratitude forever." their heads. "Never!" interrupted Sir Ralph, de-

The next second the projecting floor | youtly and eagerly. of the balcony overhead protected

Clarence, who had been wrapping and Clarence, lighting the stairs be Lilian in a shawl as he spoke, whisment, then, dying, let it rest in dark low them, whispered to Sir Ralph to pered her to take her father's arm and hasten down as quickly as possible, sayin g, "Follow me," passed behind and again with each reviving flame, All held in a vessel of earth, and as he did so, drew back himself the screen. Here he showed Sir Ralph what a story appeared written upon A jar which was fragile, but oh, We cherished and loved it so! against the wall. the secret door, insisted upon his it!

Down came the ruffian four steps at wrapping himself in one cloak while Down came the ruffian four steps at wrapping himself in one cloak while What dark hollows lay beneath the For the vessel lies broken to day a time, pouring out a volley of oaths, he enveloped Lilian in the other, and black, piercing eyes! what deeply And mute is the voice, and the eyes and shouting hoarsely to the fugitives turning hastily to the chair to untie scored lines across the white foreto stop.

Clarence waited until he was on a father and daughter down the steps. with what a weary, dissatisfied and level with him, then, suddenly turn- Then he followed himself, and, care- insatiable droop the thin lips were ing on the lantern, he chose the mo- fully closing the door, led the way curved! ment in which the man was staggered through the passage, warning them by the sudden stream of light, to of the water pools and pouring a spring upon him, wrenching the re-stream of light upon their path spring upon him, wrenching the re- stream of light upon their path. volver from his hand and clutching They traversed the damp vaults in heart ever smoldering with hate and Others carry sweet music and mirth, Others come with delights to the him round the waist with a herculean' silence, Clarence stopping once only revengeful desire.



sumed his seat and his attitude, one of meditation, moodily expressed by the drooped head and listless hand, that hung over the table and seemed blood-

less, so white it shone in the firelight. White, too, was the face, a marvelous one as faces went-large, hand-101010101010101010101010101 some, and, above all, masterful; but

IN A VESSEL OF EARTH. a vessel of earth it came. A spirit with beauty aflame ness for the next to light it up again

But our treasure was not of the clay, Light not with delight and surprise, And no mortal hand can replace the old woman, returned and lighted head! and more noticeable than all. That spirit of beauty and grace.

There are numberless vessels of

to draw the hood over Lilian's head, a Who could write down the thoughts But we know now that fragrance we

that went coursing like grim specters through the toiling brain, deepening the lines and hollows and tightening the thin lips ?- thoughts that would And we know what we loved cannot

Though broken its vessel may lie; which And we know why the clay was so

Melchior, the forger and schemer, in-Twas because she was nestled

dulged, this man, twitching the long, We have learned 'twas her beautiful lean fingers of the white, overhang-Which really made lovely the bowl. ing hand, mutters to the fire.

He would fain let the past lie, but he cannot. In that darkened room he must go over it all again, and he does so. He looks back upon the days when he was young, hopeful and ardent, in the pride and glory of youth, with a career, self-planned and storn-

(To be continued.)

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## THE HOUSE THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN PHILIP'S.

By Ruth Cameron.

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Last summer for he was brought up in a pleasant ho the first time in by the shore, he had excellent school- tage that would naturally have been some years, I ing and a-good start with a bush went back to the man who was a friend of his father. In little town by the fact, Philip had everything with him ip's calls upon them, could no longer sea where we -hirth, breeding, opportunity; Everyused to spend thing, that is, but character and the part of our sum- will to work. He has been a complete mers. As I drove

MINARD

C' KING OF FUN

up the street, I iced a man standing back to me on After Shaving he porch of the house next the one hat had been ours. . . He was a Mix Minard's with sweet oil and ender man with dark hair. "My apply to the face, Wonderfully word," I thought, "if that isn't Philip

Dickson." But even while I thought it THREE FLOWERS TALCUM And when the slender dark man turned around, I saw that he was one Your choice of the Three Flowers oder presented in a Talcurs of the foreigners to whom the house hed been sold.

Philip Had Everything.

failure in a business way, he is shift- Philip was living in a comforts house. He now lives in a nice less and extravagant, he drinks, he family house in the city and had has gotten one good position after another and then lost them through eye on a fine single house own some of Philip's ilk, that is due shiftlessness and unwillingness to on the market at a bargain work hard. He lives somewhere in a three aparta

hilip's place? I do not know for

is is an outline of his pro

ny.... He was born i mall, foreign village, ha

elf up and somehow came t ountry. Lived on next to neek working for someone e

e saved the money to go in ess for himsef. . . . Worked

irs a day getting his

and dived in a ten

thing about him. But I know

oling and no care, brought

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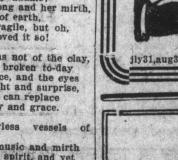
The

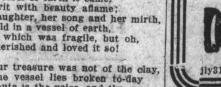
So he stands on the porch ment house. Rumor even has it that summer cottage (which by the his wife takes in washing. This cotwas going to wreck and ruin he bought it and now is neatly ! his inheritance, was sold when the old ed and shingled) and surveys h lolks, their resources drained by Philthe domain and his three neat hildren with just pride. ford to keep it. Philip's children

The Old Order And The Net have never been away for the su In contrasting the old and the er. They play in the street in th ar-tenement district where Phil

a century ago the two contain The Man Who Took Philip's Place hree foreigners, all paupers" And what of this man who stands in tation from an old letter). At ] Italian workmen form a large the population, and the paupers, lieve are all of pure native stock Doubtless the last statement exaggeration. But the truth it P is not. Who is there of us who at least one Philip in his a

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Just Folks.

By EDGAR GUEST.

Still holding life's music and mirth