## POOR DOCUMENT

THE STAR. ST JOHN N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1906.

# SECOND RE-ENFORC

if I make it worth while?"

"Will you get off as a favor to me— 'em!"

I make it worth while?"

"What's the joke?"

"Taint no joke," tremulously, "it's running gress is impeded by the length or full-ness of draperies about her running

Eig Tom Jackson, gregarious by instinct and in habits, cordially addressted his seatmate. Obviously, the small
man did not care to make railway acquaintances, for he neither turned nor
snawered.

Tom's predominating quality asserted.

Tom's special previous datase.

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Tom's the land runs back and takes in them hills, and along up the road for half a mile.

Tom's the vector of half a mile.

Tom's the road for half a mile.

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Tom's the road for hal



"Why not put on your best suit?
Those duds are not disguise, as you have seen, and in your own clothes you'd feel more like a man," mentally he added, "and stand a better chance of acting like one!"

When Palmer returned Tom was astonished at his appearance. He wore a well-fitted suit of good material and modern design. But the change is wearing apparel was not all, he stood adest and walked without shuffling. He looked at the young man steadilf for a moment before speaking.

Then he carefully opened a small fackage, saying simply: "Mr. Jackson, I think you're a good man, and I'm goin' to show you what I come back for."

"It was a little, dried, faded flower, and Palmer touched it reverently as he refolded it in its tissue-paper wrapping and replaced it in the tiny box.

"Maybe you wouldn't believe it, but that there little rose is forty years old."

And while the little woman bent to the stone, Tom ran, almost as swiftly as Ann Eaxter could have done, to Palmer's side.

"My friend," breathlessly, "the rose of long ago is there. Go to her—I'll wait for you at the house," and not daring to look back, Tom strode rapidly over the slope.

When he reached the piazza he was tempted to retreat, for Ann Baxter had "turned around."

She stood awalting a response to her vigorous knock at the door, and Tom began to understand the terror of poor Abner.

Standing timidity aloof was an elderly man, whose solemn face and somber attire bespoke his calling.

At the sound of Tom's footsteps Ann turned sharply toward him.

"Bring out your friend, Mahoney from Boston," she commanded, with grim sarcasm, "Brother Simpson is waiting."

Tom was accustomed to quick action in emergencies.

that there little rose is forty years Tom was accustomed to quick action in emergencies.

# THE CIRCULAR STUDY.

### Anna Katherine Green.

BRIDE ROSES.

(Continued:

There must be more year area on the same for positive years of the last first year of the last year of the last