The Entanglement of Nathan

(Continued from page 8.)

Lepat began to sneer.

"Five hundred dollars aint so much for a old girl what aint no scream for looks, to be bringing to her husband."

"It's more than I'm bringing you," said Miss Savin, all the laughter gone.

"What!"

"You aint a kike, are you? You're

"What!"

"You aint a kike, are you? You're not marrying me for my money, and to get a free clerk, are you? Because, if you are, I don't want you to be stung. You might get the free clerk, but not the money, because I am going to give that to Mommer the day before I'm married."

Nathan exploded with wrath and the picture he presented was one not apt to enchant a prospective bride. He mistook her silence for fear, and she read him with the mask off, through and through.

He left in a rage, confident that if

and through.

He left in a rage, confident that if she did not come running after him then, she would the next day.

That night Rachael threw up her window and took a deep breath of air before she went to bed. "Gott sei dank," she whispered to the stars.

Lepat waited in vain for a word from Rachael and on the third day he dispatched the schatchen with a message to the effect that unless she would agree to turn over her little fortune to him, and work in the store as he decreed, that the engagement was at an end.

an end.

Mrs. Savin heard the story of the trouble from Schlotz and, his sympathies being all with the lady, nothing he said tended to appease the mother's wrath.

"Rachael, mein darling, why didn't you tell me about it yourselfs, before?"

"I didn't want to worry you about the loafer, Mommer. It is too late to help it now. The money I've already put in your name, and I'm as good as married now anyway, because I'm bethrothed."

She turned to Schlotz. "Tell Nathan

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married now anyway, because I'm bethrothed."

She turned to Schlotz. "Tell Nathan that, not the money part, that's only to you in confidence, but tell him we are bethrothed and that means that we must get married."

The old man smiled behind his beard, repeated the message, and left.

The moment Rachael had turned her back, Mrs. Savin put on her faded old bonnet, folded her shawl around her obese person and trudged the twenty blocks to Lepat's place of business. She felt that no street car would nold her and her anger and she hoped to walk some of the anger off, but she did not succeed very well.

She found her prospective son-in-law behind the counter and the store empty. Walking up to him she shook her fist in his face and began, "Well, Mistair Lepat! Le—pat! Fooey! Your name was in Russland something like Louie Lepinsky, or something else like that, but you got stucked on the Frenchers and the Irishers, and you right away named yourself again, Lepat! Yow, what a goulash to make it out of a honest old-country name what never did nobody harm!"

Nathan protested angrily, but Mrs. Savin raised her voice in jeering triumph. "Jah, a galled horse winces at the comb! Well, my Rachael—"And she launched into a torrent of reproach in which English, Yiddish and German were intermingled effectively.

Every time that Lepat tried to speak, she raised her voice a pitch and, fearful that she would attract the attention of the people on the sidewalk he was forced to content himself, for the most part, with insolent smiles.

"Only that you two was solemnly bethrothed, I'd right away stop it the wedding," she panted, and paused for breath.

"It's going to be stopped without you, unless she does as I say, and sets a

wedding," she panted, and paused for breath.

"It's going to be stopped without you, unless she does as I say, and sets a kosher table," said Nathan, who had thought of this accusation and felt that he could safely rely on it if the worst came to worst. "So many stylish idees she got herself maybe kosher aint good enough for her." He thought he saw a hint of fear in Mrs. Savin's face, and he grinned maliciously. "What kind of a table does she set anyhow?"

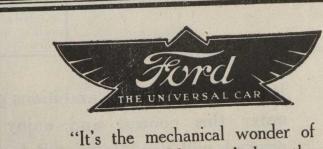
Mrs. Savin, not the strictest woman in the world herself when it came to matters of diet, was momentarily non-plussed, but only momentarily.

She snapped her fingers in Lepat's



Bill,—will yer?' An' I says back, 'Oratio, 'ow can yer be expectin' for me ter give yer wot I needs to smoke in my own pipe, more especial as yer can get PINNACE now-a-days at any good tobacconist's, w'en the Quartermaster gives yer shore leave.' An' Nelson 'e says, 'l'll order the fleet 'ome for shore leave this very day.' An' 'e made me show im w'ere l'd been a-buyin' my baccy, an' bought some PINNACE for 'isself, 'e did, an' bloomin' good smokin' 'e found it too, as they all says.' 3 Strengths-Mild, Medium and Full. 3 Sizes-2, 4 and 8 oz.

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Mr. A. MacLean, of the Conger

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