

as often as possible. The "financiers" you out of ight appeal to the law if you called him by the

and feeling that this was bad old world after all. led to him to leave you your own money to buy nursing bottle he would cigar besides. He was s occupation. He was hung on as long as was driven out of bus-"grafters"-men who

rhouses, and then steal the goods on him. There somewhere. He never be caught. He doesn't. hands, however. He cm-three to six first-class

friends kindly "fix" political pull we have been calling a of honesty a thief and heavy damages. Apolo-ded out all around, and

corporation and public full of it. We can't live drink and wear, ound on earth for sixty-and I can't remember a aw wood at sixty cents a another is making twenty ay by "financing." While he is grubbing out a bare it to elect is making fifta day by permitting aud at a higher limit than

the banker who has been his trust, and the Conhas trust, and the Conwho has sold his influence
ration are going to have a
getting away to South
nd the mosquitoes will
n after they get there.
t make any permanent
civilized race. It will be

hen every man will seem sed to rob every other oost. To-day we would

en Uncle Jerry was sent gislature. He saw other lawyers to keep himself

prison. all, we can't rid ourmay store up his hun-usands and walk around in the air, but he must is an object of distrust on. Money is a good son, but if you haven't an honest way and the passes you by with will set you to thinkit. That is, don't join "In the first place, investigated" when the

Short Stories By The World's Greatest Writers.

THE LAST CHOICE OF CRUST DICK BY WILLIAM and and arm, almost, but designed to the properties of the pr

"Two," counted Dick, numbering his remaining cartridges.

Johnny was struggling with a painted, sweating savage, who had seized the barrel of his revolver and was pulling at it desperately. Dick aimed in that direction and touched the trigger. Click went the hammer, but there was no report. The cartridge was defective and failed to expend the trigger was not report. The cartridge was defective and failed to expend the possession of the gun.

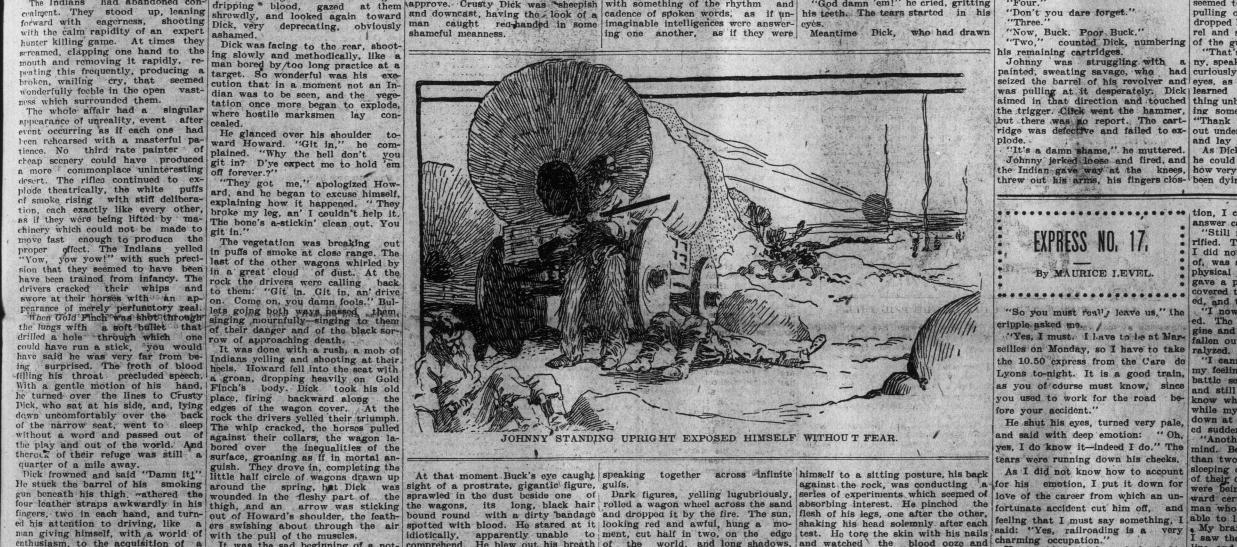
"That's good, Dick," gasped Johnny, speaking in a low voice, looking curiously out of the corners of his eyes, as if he were saying something weak and womanish.

"Thank you, Dick," He flattened out under the weight of his captive and lay still.

plode.

"It's a damn shame," he muttered.

Johnny jerked loose and fired, and the Indian gave way at the knees, threw out his arms, his fingers closbeen dying.



The property of the property o

By MAURICE I.EVEL.

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"So you must really leave us." the cripple asked me.

"Yes, I must. I have to be at Marseilles on Monday, so I have to take the 10.50 express from the Care de Lyons to-night. It is a good train, as you of course must know, since you used to work for the road before your accident."

He shut his eyes, turned very pale, and said with deep emotion: "Oh, yes, I do know it—indeed I do." The tears were running down his cheeks.

As I did not know how to account for his emotion, I put it down for the care for the career from which an unfortunate accident cut him off, and fortunate accident cut him off, a