

Three years passed, and those who thought the paper was not paying were obliged to conclude that Sanderson was trying to amass a fortune. His was considered the best newspaper in several counties.

Then one day Sanderson went to the judge's house and asked to see Miss Carrol. He had discarded his usual shabby attire and looked in his becoming suit, with a flower on the lapel of his coat, very trim and tidy. Miss Carrol, when she caught sight of him, noticed this changed appearance with surprise, but it was a new look in his eyes that made her heart begin to beat violently in spite of her sternly commanding it to behave itself. She came forward with outstretched hand, and an attempt at her usual greeting.

"Papa is away," she said.

"I know it," he answered. "I came to see you."

He held her hand in his, and looked at her face in silence. He had come with the intention of making certain explanations, and then telling her that he loved her. But the best laid plans are subject to change, and as she slowly raised her eyes to his he suddenly decided that the explanations would have to wait a little.

"And now," he said, when the more important matter had been attended to, "there is something else that I want to tell you. Of course you heard about the fortune my uncle left me?"

"Yes, and I suppose I was the only one who did not think it was a very good thing. I believed that you had ability without such help."

Sanderson's face lighted up. "Did you think that?" he said, eagerly. "Well, when people heard about it there was such a number of business offers made to me that I was surprised. I never knew there were so many ways of making money. There was one peculiar thing about all the offers, though. In every case I was to furnish the money and some one else the brains. I resented this, and I determined to show that

I had brains of my own. I made up my mind that I would go to work and make some kind of a fortune and not touch the half-million dollars. I wanted to show people that I could do something in the world and that I was capable of taking care of my legacy. I had saved a little money, and that was all put into the paper. I don't need to go into details. You know what the result has been. I never could have done it, however, if you had not been my strongest motive."

"I am proud of you," she said.

There was a pause, then Sanderson went on. "We can live very comfortably on what I have made, and hope to continue making, but tell me, Julia, aren't you glad of the half-million?" He looked at her a little wistfully.

"No," she answered, promptly. "I wish it had never been left to you. It is dreadfully silly, and I know that you will laugh at me, but—I am jealous of that half-million."

Sanderson caught her in his arms. "Say that again!" he cried, rapturously. "I am so thankful! That has worried me a great deal."

"What have I said?" she asked looking bewildered. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that the half million is a myth."

"A myth?"

"Yes. You see one night Mellen, my room mate, was reading the paper and he came across the death of a man who was enormously wealthy. It happened that he had the same name as my mother's people, and I mentioned the fact. Mellen loved a joke, and he circulated the story about my legacy. He went away soon after, and I let the story go. I wanted to know the truth first, and I did not want to tell you till the proper time came. I had hard work keeping my secret sometimes. So the ghost is laid, and you have no cause for jealousy any more. Are you really glad? Don't you wish just a little bit—"

She put her finger on his lips. "Don't," she said. "There is nothing I wish for just now."—S. B. Robbins, in Chicago "Daily News."

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