

Eventually Gold Medal Flour Why Not Now? WASHBURN-CROSBY CO. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Sunshine After the Storm.

CHAPTER VII.

AVI-IT AND A QUAREL.

(Continued.)

WELL, Bessie, we must have a good old-time talk before you leave. Let me know when you are at liberty. I must go now. I have barely time to keep an engagement at one. It is with brother Tom. I think, Bessie, you could have made a real good man of poor Tom; but you never would give him the least encouragement. Poor Tom!

Is he bad now? I mean, is he not as good as he is bonnie, to ask a question Scotch fashion? I am afraid not, Bessie. If you only would have been a guide—a hope—a—

I could not, Amber. I really could not. Where you fail, with all your tact and influence, I should be sure to blunder. You ought to try with Tom Mrs. Olyphant's plan with her bad heroes.

What is that? She just takes them to Scotland and makes them, by the nearest accident, drop into a Free Kirk. They go home, I assure you, all of them, clothed and in their right mind.

Nerves at High Tension

Slight extra strain means collapse—Restoration obtained by using DR. A.W. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD. The successful men and women are often of the high-strung nervous type—keen and active—but with too little reserve force.

as Ambrosia's carriage was out of sight. "Whether Amber had or not, she was impudent," she retorted. "I felt it. And, to spite her, I said I was going to Texas. For Amber will keep my word now. For Amber will go about to tell it, here, there and everywhere. I do not care much, if will please father, and I think it will be nicer to please him than to be the sweet flower in Mrs. Dr. Carter's drawing-rooms. What insufferable airs and graces she did put on! I do hope, when I get married, I may have sense enough to behave decently. Well, I am going to Texas. That's settled. When I come back, we shall see what we shall see."

Bessie is quite a change of, she thought. "If Bessie cannot patronize, she is simply hateful. Thank goodness, I am now out of the horizon of her condescensions! I think she felt it. I think I made her realize that Mrs. Dr. Carter was not a person."

Then the carriage stopped. She was at Maillard's, and Tom was loitering about the door, waiting for her. It had the air of an assignation, and it annoyed her. She did not speak until they had seated themselves and Tom had given the order for their lunch. Then she turned to him with as much temper as the surroundings permitted.

"Tom, I think it is real unkind of you to send for me here! That prig, Doctor Carter—"

"Stop! I will not listen a moment to you if you dare to take that tone. I came to see you about father and Clara. Why do you not attend better to their wants? What has become of father's business?"

"It has gone to the dogs." "What do you mean by 'dogs' yourself?" "I mean there was no business."

"That is nonsense. Father made a me living out of it for many years." "It was played out when he was, and—"

him. She has her reasons, of course."

"Mrs. Shepherd has never an ill reason for anything she does. And do not call her that woman to me again, if you please."

"Amber, there is no use in our quarrelling. Eat your lunch. What can you do to help me?" "Nothing. Absolutely nothing. I have no money. Mrs. Shepherd sold her diamonds to pay my wedding expenses."

"Is not your husband's money your money also?" "No, it is not. I have no money. Mrs. Shepherd sold her diamonds to pay my wedding expenses."

"I will never meet you here or any where else clandestinely again. I am ashamed of myself for being here to-day. As to lending you fifty dollars, it is out of all consideration. Surely, if Doctor Carter helps my dear father it is enough. I will not take a cent of his money for your extravagances. Now that is the plain truth, Tom. I am going home now. And do not write to me. I will not run the risk of angering my husband and making misery for us both. You ought not to be so selfish as to desire it."

"Of course not. Your own brother is nobody now. And how you used to pretend to love him."

"I did love you while you behaved yourself—while you were kind and respectful to father. When you give your bad companions and do you best to make father's last days easy I will love you again. Then both Doctor Carter will be glad to see you at our home. Thanks; I want nothing more. I am going home."

"Is that all you have to say to brother so hard up he does not know which way to turn?" "I have heard that you have bought diamonds for that woman you were at the opera with. Ask her to sell them for you, as Mrs. Shepherd sold hers for me and your father."

"You are a heartless creature, Amber! I always knew you were." "Why did you send for me then, and with the inquiry she rose from the half-finished lunch and went to her carriage."

"Her experiences in Scotland seem to have been unique. Had she any others like them?"

"She said the Scotch were the most religious people in the world. You would have thought she had never seen any religion in America."

"Well," answered the doctor, "no other people in the world have made such a noise about their religion as the Scotch."

"And then their industry!" Will laughed heartily. "In Scotland they will be industrious," he said. "There it is work hard or die. But will you kindly observe the canny Scot when he has emigrated himself to the wealthy State of New York. I happen to know several. They are all of them pottering about gentlemen's gardens, tying up flowers, snipping off dead leaves and sap, tap, tapping on a sunny wall with a half-ounce hammer. The Scot may be industrious in Scotland, but when he goes from his native land it is not to work—if you please."

But it was neither in the power of Ambrosia or Will to quite dispel that "something" in the atmosphere which filled all their efforts, and after while they seemed to weary of them. Will had become exceedingly sensitive to any influence which made him the way of marital confidence. He said he "had to go to a meeting," and Ambrosia's father forced chaffing about the affair did not bring the diverse elements any closer together.

"You show such an ample stretch of starched linen to-night, Will. Are you going to speak?" she asked. "Perhaps I may, Amber. A Christian young man has so many duties now, if he only looks for them."

"Yes; and when their associations wear such lovely linen and beautiful neat-leather slippers, who would not as a Christian young man? Religion, certainly in this day, was never designed to make them less—fashionable."

"Or less conscientious or less kindly or less thoughtful for others, dear Amber. I hope, Robert, you will be in a brighter mood when I get back."

To be continued.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS, REMAINING IN G. P. to JAN. 17th, 1911

Table with columns A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z. Lists names and addresses of unclaimed letters.

SEAMEN'S LIST.

Table listing names and details of seamen, including names like A. Harold, B. Kelly, C. Sharpe, etc.

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