## THE CAR OF JUGGERNAUT

By van Tassel Sutphen.

When Maddox Morton announced that he had fluidly and forever given up gold there were those among his heavers who smiled pityingly. When he un-lated upon the strength of his resolution they laughed broadly and intimated that only money talks.

Forever be a long time," said Traphag, with a meaning glance in the disorder of Morgan Gordon and J. Robbinson Brown. Make it sly weeks and I'll bay you two to one in centurits."

and I'll lay you two to one in centurics.

Mad lox Morton accepted Mr. Traptagica was a more accommodated accepted for and he also accommodated
accepted for and he also accommodated accepted in the present of the

"Come with me," said Morton, myrriously, and the twain disappeared the direction of the Morton coach-

"Come with me." Said Morton, my rerioudy, and the twain disappeared in the direction of the Morton coachinouse.

The autobomite had been in Morton's possession for a full week before he ventured to break the news to Mrs. Borton. As he expected it was not received with enthusiasm.

"A horseless carriage of "remarked Mrs. Morton." And for years I have been waiting for a carriageless horse, the riding mare that you promised mo when I consented to live in the country. It wouldn't have cost you one tenth of what you have probably hald for your toy wagnon." "But, my dear," opportuned Mrs. Morton, "It is precisely on the ground of eccount, that I am probably hald for your toy wagnon." "But my dear," opportuned Mrs. Morton, "It is precisely on the ground of eccount, that I fam light the change. It is true that I paid fifteen hundred for the volutio, but at the present rates for gentless that in the country of the mouth, and care of three horses, to say nothing of vect-inary bills and translated it, and last heavy go at the end of the mouth, and have a full-gown boy in by the day to assist Mchael until he great the hang of the machine. I tell you live the greatest thing on earth. Half a cent a mile, for mile for half a dollar, to San Francisco for a trillo wer fifteen—why tender for half a dollar, to San Francisco for a trillo wer fifteen—why the some simply ridiculous."

"And it is," restorted Mrs. Morton in a tone that closed the discussion. Two days later Mrs. Morton, being fairly devoured by curtosity, consented to inspect the many lives and sentent, and beautifully upholestered and finished. Mrs. Morton's eye soft-need as the graced, and she finally expressed a wish to see the vehicle in portation.

"Cortainly, my dear," returned Mr. Morton, Ju-t one moment while I

A PRACTICAL REMEDY.

Truphagen's take felt dully on the Cristones, and the notation of the Cristones, and the rath, and perh the we'd better be motoring along dreat success, when it is And, by the very say, and the word is a small of the context, but every as a fairly interested in the cast round.

Morton are hundrally, extended hits hand to excelve the prize cup, it felt as though a milet have been made of lead. He guests were already departing: there was a hurreld emarried emarried entering in the was a hurreld emarried entering. Maddox Morton walked up on the plazza, turned, and, with a might have shown to was a thicking crash as it foll—the conservatory, of course.

"Mre. Morton's prize pluk orchidium of the opened the hall door very slowly for the space of ten inches or so and slipped in sidoways.

They were hall-way through the litany before the Maddox Mortons appeared on that juceceding Sunday morning. The courtenance of fifteer was illustrated up with a fearful by a heelened over to Robinson Brown in the pow sheed and whippered thickly:

"Clock of the world's progress set back three worlds whippered thickly:

"Clock of the world's progress set back three out release the Maddox Mortons are going about in a Sedan chair."

Mre Robinson Brown shot out an administration of the satisfactory are limited up with a fearful by a head and whippered thickly:

"Clock of the world's progress set back three centuries—the Maddox Mortons are going about in a Sedan chair."

Mre Robinson Brown shot out an administration of the current liestalment of his monitory elbow. "Good Lord, deliver are "responded Robinson Brown loud;" and he settled down again upon his hawsek.—The Saturday Evening Poet.

THE ABBE PEROSITS MUSIGAL ENTITUMARM.

## **CLAIMS**

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