ertain, coy, and hard to please." There is one thing that certainly will please you if you get it, and that is MONSOON CEYLON TEA.

All grocers. Lead packets,

******************************** The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

All this George Archer had seen before, for this is not his first visit to Anne's parlor by a great many times; and the pretty chintz-covered furniture, and the dainty womanly ornaments, the leather-framed engravings, and quaint old articles of vertu, the carved brackets and little statuettes, and the harp covered with green velvet standing in a recess he has often looked at and popen to others, and that it was to ed furniture, and the dainty womanly ornaments, the leather-framed
engravings, and quaint old articles
of vertu, the carved brackets and
little statuettes, and the harp covered with green velvet standing in
a recess, he has often looked at and
admired. But his heart leaps up in
a sudden burst of anger, surprise
and pleasure, strangely commingled and pleasure, strangely commingled, at the sight of that which is unfa-miliar, but fairest of all. Gillian Deane, in a gown of soft creamy white, with knots of rich black ribbon here and there, sitting on the little red-cushioned sofa just beneath the high window. And the golden light through the

leaves and flowers falls on the gentle head, with its silken locks of silken brown-on the pure white brow, the dark-fringed, soulful eyes, like a aglory crowning the saintly young novice of some mediaeval picture.

In an instant, even while he is struggling with cold thoughts of suspicion, bitterness, and proud resolve, his heart softens with a sudden memory of the tenderly-witty reproach of the song "Love and the Novice"

"Here we dwell in hollest bowers, Where angels of light o'er our ori

where angels of fight oer our orr-sons bend, Where sighs of devotion and breath-ings of flowers To heaven in mingled odors ascend!

Do not disturb our calm, O Love! So like is thy form to the cherubs above, It might well disturb such hearts

And whilst he pauses and gazes at her, her eyes met his and he sees, the glad welcome, the surprise and delight that flash into them with a radiance and fire of half-revealed

Jewels.

They have betrayed her innocent soul for one moment, but the next they are modestly velicid, and the swift tumult of surging color and shy emotion visible in the pure, pale face, is forcibly quelled, and Gillian's greeting of George Archer is even a little cold in its gentle, maidenly reserve—a little cold in its very graciousness.

Others have planned this meeting for us; she is as innocent as I am of any intent to bring it about," he tells himself, his pulses quickening, his blue eyes darkening in a secret, unreasoning gladness, as he presses her little hand with his

sun-burned, strong fingers.

And then somehow the sight of
that pretty little hand, with its
dainty rings—one of large gleaming
pearls, one of splendid emeralds—on
the delicate waven thereto. dainty rings—one of darge gleaming pearls, one of splendid emeralds—on the delicate, waxen fingers, seems to touch his heart with a keen pang of shame and remorse—seems to point to a deepening stain on the honor of his manhood.

"What have I to do with a dainty, atrician thing like this?" he says

thing like this?" he says savagely to himself, turning away and sitting down at the far side of the room. "What right have I, in common justice, or honesty, to try and steal a costly exotic blossom from a right may be save the save and steal a costly exotic blossom from a right may be save the save away." and steal a costly exotic blossom from a rich man's home, and then try and compel the rich man to give me in addition the means of existence for the stolen exotic, well knowing miserably in wither away and die mis the bleak air of poverty? It is nothing but knavery, nothing

but common, vulgar knavery, nothing but common, vulgar knavery and dishonesty," George mutters to himself under his moustache, pertinaciously staring at the pattern of the crimson Kidderminster carpet on the hands of Anne O'Neil's out of pieces of carpet too much worn for even any of the bedrooms of the

Tea is brought in presently, strong, hot, and excellent in flavor, as is almost universal in an Irish household, and it is accompanied by delicate triangles of potato-cake, smoking-liot, crisp, buttered, and daintly speckled with triangles of lottered, and daintly hot, crisp, buttered, and daintly speckled with carraway seeds—all that an Irish potato-cake ought to

But George Archer, though he But George Arcffer, though he drinks the tea and eats the cake, which Anne herself hands him, with one of her keen, inquiring looks, sits apart from the rest of the little group, with a stern, set look on his firm lips, and a cold, determined light in his blue eyes when he looks at either Mr. Damer or Gillian, which is very seldom.

His voice is cold and curt also when he speaks, which is more seldom still. he speaks, which is more seldom still, and that only to Mr. Damer or Anne. Gillian he never once adddresses, and answers her few timid questions in

"I have brought it on myself, I know," he thinks resentfully; "but after what I told Mr. Damer he must think me a bigger fool or a greater knave than I am, if he thinks I am going to fall in with his suggestion after all. I darensay I had had a couple of extra glasses of whiskey and soda that night," George thinks, with so much extra color tingeing his face that he shifts color tingeing his face that he shifts his chair impatiently rather hearer to the covered harp, and more out of the light of the window, "when I fell in so readily with Mr. Damer's suggestion that I should 'go in for the heiress!" I must have been half screwed or I would not have made such an ass of myself!" George thinks again, with a bitter self-contempt that makes him avoid even

me to remember that the race was open to others, and that it was to be a fair field and no favor, and I agreed, and told him mine was just as well-worn a motto, 'All's fair in love and war.' I daressy he went away laughing heartily at my empty braggadoclo," George says, nearly talking aloud in his perturbation, and imperling the existence of one of the Chelsea china cups—among poor Anne O'Nell's few private treasures—by placing it half over the edge of the table.

"Bingham Lacy knew well enough how very likely I was to find 'a fair field' for winning a wealthy heiress, with anything like honorable dealing!"

He looks up suddenly at this mom-

He looks up suddenly at this moment, under the magnetic attraction of Anne's fixed gaze.

"Will you have another cup of tea?" she asks, in her clear voice, with its slight, persuasive accent. "Do! And pass Miss Deane's cup also, please."

"No more tea for me, thank you," he says, curtly, as he takes Gilllan's empty cup, without a look or a word, and silently pushes it on the tea-tray.

tea-tray.

Both the action and manner are almost discourteous, and Gillian for the first time looks steadfastly, with

the first time looks steadfastly, with an inquiring expression, at the cold, proud, handsome face, and the straight, thick, brown eyebrows lowered over the averted eyes.

And then the grave, wondering glance passes from George's face to Anne's. But it receives no enlightenment there.

"Now, this is the very first time you have ever eaten real trish no.

you have ever eaten real Irish po-tato cake, Miss Deane," Anne says, with a bright smile. "You must wish. And if your wish comes to pass, you will either see its fulfilment or a promise of its fulfilment in nine days, providing you keep your wish a secret."

"Indeed," Gillian says, smiling, but

a secret."

"Indeed," Gillian says, smiling, but her smile is rather constrained; and after a pause she says, looking down and speaking in a grave, formal tone, "I have wished now, and I hope it will come true. I cannot see why it should not."

"Mightn't we guess the wish, Anne? Would that spoil the charm?" Mr. Damer asks, very waggishly. "Upon my word, these cakes of yours are the best I ever eatbarring none, Anne. You made 'em yourself, I know," Mr. Damer says, taking his fourth triangle. "Eh, Anne? Mightn't we guess Gillian's wish? I think I can, and that it's mighty likely to come true."

"Well, guess it, if you can, Mr. Damer," Gillian says, smiling.

Mr. Damer laughs, and his blue eyes light up, and his bright smile is full of gallantry and admiration as he bows to his girlish cousin with all the easy courtesy of an Iriel gen.

hows to his girlish congin the easy courtesy of an Irish gen-tleman of the old school. Looking at him just now, Gillian can recall, without any surprise, her

mother's stories of him in his gay young manhood as "handsome Damer," as he was popularly as he was popularly known through the country side.
"I guess the likeliest wish to come true, my dear," he says smiling, "that

true, my dear," he says smiling, "that you win every heart you meet on Irish soil, and that you may meet one worth the winning, to win your own heart in return."

George laughs sarcastically.

"Which means —being interpreted"—he says—"that Miss Deane must make a great many mon miserable, before she relents and makes one man

happy."
"Couldn't Miss Deane win wo "Couldn't Miss Deane win women's hearts, as well as men's, I
should like to know?" Mr. Damer
says, dryly, and turning on George
sharply. "You're only speaking for
yourself and your own sex," my dear
fellow."

yourself and your own seal. fellow." As was most natural. George retorts, rather disagreeably.
"I hope it was not your wish, at all events, Miss Deane?" Anne says, intent look. "Why all events, Miss Deane?" Anne says, with a curious, intent look. "Why should you have everything given you, when others have—so little?" Gillian crimsons botly, and a little flash of temper is in the glance she gives Mr. Damer, but she answers Anne's question with a certain girlish clientity.

she says, with a brief little smile, looking down that she may not see the faces of those two who have re-

buked her.
Rebuked her for a possible vanity of which she is in no wise gullty, save it be in the passionate yearning to be loved, which is at the core of

the woman's nature blossoming into life in her girlish breast.

Why should they rebuke her and be displeased with her even for Mr. Damer's foolish flattery? Why should Anne O'Neil and her lover find fault with her who her called in the control of with her who has only wished to be their friend in the best way she

knew how? She can dimly understand Anne's reproof as prompted by a woman's morbid jealousy, by the restless suf-fering of an unprosperous, unsettled love-affair. But she cannot understand George Archer, beyond the fact that she has perceived, almost from the moment of his entrance into the room, that her unexpected presence has been an unexpected cause of embarrassment and displeasure to him. And yet—and yet poor Gillian remembers the parting at the white gate in the shrubbery, yesterday morning, and for a few foolish moments of self-delusion has she fancied these was nothing but stadness and

ments of self-delusion has she fancied there was nothing but gladness and friendship for her in the light of George's blue eyes, when he met her again this afternoon.

She is anxious to forget that pleasant delusion as quickly as may be; and, as soon as tea is over. Gillian begs Anne to play Irish melodies on her harp.

'As you know, you promised me yesterday morning," she adds, with her winning smile, and a coaxing touch of her little hand on Anne's. For short as the time has been, Gillian has discovered already that neither chatelaine nor guest in Mount For snort as the time has been, Gillian has discovered already that neither chatelaine nor guest in Mount Ossory can lay claim to half the talents and accomplishments of the lady who styles herself in her proud humility "One of Lady Damer's waiting-women." Anne plays and sings in three foreign languages. She is a good planiste, and a brilliant performer on both harp and guitar. She sketches from nature, and paints in olls and water-colors. She makes exquisite lace for Lady Damer's adornment, she makes and alters Lady Damer's dresses, she is an attendant at her ladyship's toilet, her amanuensis and deputy in a hundred ways; bears the brunt of her tempers and her tyrannies as other female martyrs of her class hear from female tyrants, and is rewarded in full by five-and-twenty pounds a year.

"I will play for you with pleasure."

year.
"I will play for you with pleasure,"
Anne says, with the natural cordial
grace which is generally repressed
and utterly hidden by her, "If you
will ask Mr. Archer to sing." "Now, Anne! Are you utterly merciless?" George exclaims, with an embarrassed laugh. "To sing after hot not to each?"

embarrassed laugn.
hot potato-cake!"
"Will you not?" Gillian asks,
coldly, but her eyes have deepened
and darkened with eager longing
and anxiety, and there is an involuntary reproach in the cold voice with those wistful eyes. George meets the wistful look, and answers it with a smile.

"I will sing if you wish. At least,
I will try to sing," he adds.
"Very good of you," Gillian says,
with chill politeness, for she knows
well that even the slight compliment
is false.

He is going to sing because of that swift touch of Anne's hand on his shoulder, and her low-muttered words as she stoops to uncover her harp.
The harp is attuned presently, and

The harp is attuned presently, and Anne strikes the opening chords of the grand air, "The Lamentations of Aughrim." She plays like one inspired, her eyes flashing, her cheeks pale, her lips crimson, and her strong white, well-shaped hands gleaming here and there over the quivering strings.

white, well-shaped hands gleaming here and there over the quivering strings.

With scarcely a pause, and without waiting to be asked, she plays "The Minstrel Boy," and then the passionate, warlike strains, "Let Erin Remember the Days of Old."

"I never heard you play better, Anne," Mr. Damer says.

"I never heard anyone play so well," Gil'ian says, simply, though her voice is quivering with emotion.

"Oh! I love it," Anne says, carelessly, almost bitterly, "When one's heart and hand are given to an art, it is rare but one succeeds in some measure. Now, George," she adds, briefly, turning over the music, "sing for Miss Deane, though you refused the rest of us, sing, Take Back the Virgin Page."

Gillian does not add a word of a request. She sits, indeed, with her face averted, gazing out of the window at the gold and crimson of the western sky; but not a syllable, nor an inflaving of the fine heavetone voice.

ern sky; but not a syllable, nor an inflexion of the fine barytone voice with its power of modulation and ex-pression, is lost to her.

"Take back the virgin page, White and unwritten still, Some hand, more calm and sage, the leaf must fill. Thoughts come as pure as light,
Pure as even you require;
But, oh! each word I write, love
turns to fire.
"Yet let me keep the book,
Oft shall my heart renew,

hen on its leaves I look, uen on its leaves I look, dear thoughts of you, Like you, it's fair and bright, Like you, too bright and fair, let wild passion write one wrong word there.

"And as o'er ocean far. "And as o'er ocean far,
Scamen their record keep,
Led by some hidden star, through
the cold deep,
So may the words I write,
Tell through what storms I stray,
You still, the unseen light, guiding

She might add, whilst she strives to make up a conventionally "pretty" speech of thanks, that she has never heard any one sing so well. No one's singing has ever touched the secret depths of the poor child's heart, and

depths of the poor child's heart, and thrilled her pulses, and filled her eyes with tears, before.

"Thank you, Mr. Archer, that is a beautiful song," she says quietly, though her voice is a little unsteady, as her fingers bruise some of the luxuriant verbena leaves, and the room is filled with the delicate incense-like fragrance.

"I think you maligned my potatocake, George," Anne says, laughing. "And now, as a punishment, I'll bring down that big volume of Irish songs from my room, and you shall sing the

my room, and you shall sing the through-covers and all. And she is hardly gone when Mr.

Damer starts up.
"Upon my word, my dear, if you'll sexuse me, I must go and change my coat for a thinner one," he says very seriously. "This room is so terribly warm. Terribly! Don't you find it so?
No? Well, you look cool in that pretty white gown; doesn't she, George?

"Very," answers George, smiling ir-repressibly, whilst he bites his lips with vexation, and Mr. Damer hur-

"les out of the room.
"Well, upon my word, I never did see anything so barefaced," George mutters, with a glance of indignation after the retreating figure. "It's tion after the retreating figure. To an absolute outrage on the poor little girl's feelings."

For he sees Gillian suddenly sit up

For he sees Gillian suddenly sit up very straight on the couch, and sees the look of apprehension after Mr. Damer as he goes, and leaves her quite alone with George Archer. He sees the nervous change in her face as he crosses the room nearer to her, and leans on the window-sill whilst he talks to her, but he cannot know how Gillian shrinks in an agony of dread lest she betray herself. She is too young, too innocent, and unversed in even womanly wiles to be unversed in even womanly wiles to be able to hide her feelings well, but she is conscious of a keen womanly shame

that warns her she is trembling at the sound of the pleasant frank voice, at the sight of the handsome face, the glint of the golden chestnut hair and blue eyes, at the mere fact of his presence—the presence of Anne's lover.

CHAPTER XI. The moments slip on into minutes and George stands there, leaning against the high window-sill talking irrelevantly to Gillian across the greenish-white biossoms of mignon-

Talking of the weather, the flowers, music, anything and every-thing; talking at random; talking with only a vague idea of what he is saying, or what she is answering, until the hatting conversation lapses into dead silence.

is saying, or what she is answering, until the haiting conversation lapses into dead silence.

Gillian almost imagines she can hear the rapid beating of her heart in the summer stillness, in the silent breath of flowers, in the flitting lights and shadows of the clematis sprays and the waving muslin curtains, in the presence of George-Archer's big, symmetrical form, the bold, bright face, the ardent blue eyes, which seem to gaze into the fragrant verbena leaves, and the depths of her girlish soul.

For she is silently nerving herself to venture a little further on the unstable ground of their acquaintance. Having gone so far as she did yesterday morning she cwes it to herself—in dignity and consistency, she thinks, poor little self-deceived Gillian—not to lie under any misprehension in his regard.

The moment of her awakening had not come yet. The girlish heart does not know, as yet, of the woman's passionate yearning for his approval, and the natural sexual adoration of each true daughter of Eve when the angel of her fate brings her Adam to her side.

And George is nerving himself, standing there in the golden sunset light, looking at the innocent, fair young creature, in her soft white robe, with the gentle, childilike head, the pure down-cast face, the timid bosom heaving visibly beneath the snowy ruffles of cloudy crepe, which modestly vell the sweet, white throat and breast beneath the square-cut bodice; he is nerving himself desperately and determinedly to speak blunt and cruel words to her which will wound her spirit, bruise and deface her childish trust and faith—cruel words which will hurt her and offend her fataily. It is well she should be couched of her blindness, but it follows as a matter of course that she will regard the rough, cruel operator with aversion for evermore.

"Well, be it so!" he says to himself, curtly. "I could

"Well, be it so!" he says
to himself, curtly. "I could
not stand her innocent liking and her
wistful eyes and smiles muc's longer! She shall know the truth from me, and then—detest me if it please her."
He is walking with velled eyes as well as Gillian, as unconscious and self-deceiving as she.

He thinks it is from honesty and self-willed pride, from a dogged de-termination to let Gillian see that

there is one, at least, who will not basely woo her for her father's wealth.

But it is only from the restless fever of longing that has awoke in his heart, from the recklessness of jealousy and despair that his speech is prompted. It is only because he is prompted. It is only because he is six-and-twenty, in the bloom and strength of manhood, and she is sweet and love-worthy, a half-blown rose of womanhood in her nineteen years. nineteen years.
At last Gillian can endure the em

barrassed silence no longer.

"Mr. Archer," she says, carelessly, as it were, in a slightly-piqued tone, and half-smiling, "how have I offended you?"

"Offended me? You? How could you think such a thing?" he says huskily.

huskily.

Now that he has the opportunity,

Now that he has the opportunity, he feels as if he could not utter a word, and pauses a full minute, gazing at her in silence. And Gillian, conscious in every fiber of her being of that steadfast look, yet with the tuft of clematis in her bodice, while she awaits his

reply.
Since yesterday morning, and that good-bye at the white gate in the lane, she has been "Standing with reluctant feet,

Where the brook and river meet, Womanhood and childhood fleet." And suddenly she has began to be versed in women's ways.
"What made you think such

thing?" George asks, abruptly, staring at her, and watching the delicate flush of her cheeks deepen and spread even down over her white neck, and hide amongst the snowy, misty crepe ruffles.

"Because I thought you were sorry or displeased, to see me here this evening," she says, slowly, striving to keep down that warm, striving to keep down that warm, suging blush, striving to still her quivering fingers employed with the sprays of clematis. "It could have been only my fancy. Why should you be displeased? I have done nothing to displease you."

"I'll tell you the truth, even if it offend you!" George says suddenly, almost roughly. It will offend you. I know; but it will be best after all. I was sorry I came here this evening when I found you were here."

"Why, What have I done?" Gillian asks, starting to her feet, crimsoning and clasping her hands with an involuntary gesture of fear and

name ass, starting to her feet, crim-soning and clasping her hands with an involuntary gesture of fear and entreaty, though the poor child proudly draws up to its full height her slender figure and confronts him

haughtily.

And so they stand face to face for a few moments in the golden sun set light, with the breath of the flow ers around them and the tender trailing branches and scented leaves of the verbena lying between them; only that, and about three-feet of only that, and about three-feet of space, and yet George Archer knows that it means for him an abyss wide as the world between him and the fair woman who has unconsciously grown dear to him. So dear in her fair youth, her innocence and friendliness, that her girlish beauty appeals least of all to the best and tenderest instincts of his mapped.

least of all to the best and tenderest instincts of his manhood.

"Only for her money—only for her money," he thinks, feverishly. "Only for the shame of what I should by in my own eyes all my life, I should love her, dear, pretty little girl. I should court, her to be my wife—my darling, loving little wife, who would make that dreary, gray old barracks a happy home." make that dreary, gray old bar-racks a happy home."
"I should, with all my faults and shortcomings, he a better husband to her than Lacy ever could or Sozodont

Good for Bad Teeth Not Bad for Good Teeth

Sozodont Sozodont Tooth Powder Large Liquid and Powder All stores or by mail for the nice. Sample

would be!" poor George thinks, with a swelling heart and pangs of hopeless jealousy. Heaven deliver her from him, at all events! Whatever love his cold, calculating, passionless nature can feel is given away long ago. It is a very different woman to this poor little ewe-lamb who could keep any hold over Lacy's selfish, worldly heart.
"Poor little lamb," George repeats to himself, folding his arms to try and repel the fierce temptation that begins to assail him, "now that you have fallen among wolves, I wonder if—to eat of my meat and to drink of my cup and to lie in my besom, like 'the poor man's ewe lamb' in the Bible story—would not be the best fate that can befall you in the dangers around you?
"What have you done?" he asked, repeating her words. "Nothing repeating her words. "Nothing—only come amongst us and roused up evil passions and desires in our natures, not because you are young and lovely, but because you are rich! Don't forget that, Miss Deane.

and lovely, but because you are rich! Don't forget that, Miss Deane. You are reputed to be very rich, and your money is a great temptation to us all, greedy for wealth and covetous of gain as Celtic people—Irish people— are apt to be.

"And your money is a temptation to us all here— don't forget that," he says, hoarsely, in a suppressed voice, whilst Gillian stands with wide-open eyes of fear, and pale to her lips, listening breathlessly. "To Lady Damer, to her husband, kind and good as he is, and to others as well. They all want to possess you, or some share of the wealth you represent; for we Irish people are very poor, and very greedy of money—so our enemies say; and though I speak against the only friends I have on earth, Miss Deane," he adds, in a lower, sadder tone—"though I am placing myself in your power and at your discretion, to be branded as a traitor by those who have been good and kind to me all my days, yet no one can say I am a liar; I have told you but the truth. though I know it is a shameful truth."

(To be continued.)

******* HE RECEIVED HIS REWARD. ‡

During a recent conclave of rail-During a recent conclave of railroad magnates in New Orleans something reminded a well-known General
Manager of a whimsical story. "I
am afraid there is no particular moral
to this yarn," he said, "but it happens to be true, and I'll give it' to
you for what the newspaper boys
call 'human interest.' Not long ago
the millionaire President of a big
manufacturing concern up in Ohio
made a speech at a banquet, and to
illustrate how seeming misfortune
may prove blessings in disguise, he
said that he got his start in life
through being kicked off an accommodation train in the dead of winter. It was during the hard times of
the '80's, he went on to relate, and
although he was a selfilledalthough he was a skilled mechanic although he was a skilled mechanic and something of an engineer he found it impossible to procure work of any kind, even manual labor. Things went from bad to worse, and at last, he found himself stranded somewhere in Southern Ohio. He was stone broke and desperate, and wanted to get to Dayton, where he had heard vaguely there was something doing in his trade. So one hit. thing doing in his trade. So one bitter cold evening he slipped on board an accommodation train, hoping to be able to talk the conductor into carrying him, but he falled ignominiously. He begged and pleaded and told his story with all the eloquence of despair, but the ticket puncher refused to molt. On the contrary, he pulled the bell rope when they came to the next station, grabbed the unhappy young mechanic and propelled him off the car with a series of swift kicks. He landed in a snow bank and thing doing in his trade. So one bit kicks. He landed in a snow bank and slept in a freight shed. But next day his chance came

His Luck Turned.

"A span suddenly gave way in a ne iron bridge over a big creek at the edge of the town, and the wh structure threatened to go do before experts could arrive from the builder's foundry. At that critical juncture the stranger jumped into the breach, built a temporary supporting trestle of logs and crosstles and saved something like \$20,000 worth of work. Of course the bridge people was desirables. 000 worth of work of course the bridge people were delighted, and when they saw what a really scientific job he had done they offere the shabby engineer a handsome position in their establishment. From that on his piece that the stable of t that on his rise was rapid, and concluding the little tale he laid concluding the little tale he laid es pecial stress on the apparent hope lessness of his position the night has ejected from the train and mad the point that one should never given by the despair. If that conductor has a supplementations of the conductor has a supplementation of the supplementation of the supplementation of the supplementation. way to despar. 'It that conductor had carried me on instead of kicking me off,' he said, 'I would have missed the great chance of my life, and might be working now at the bench. I am really indebted to him for my start in the world, and I have often wished that I could meet him and tell him about it."

"This curious little narrative was generally copied by the papers," continued the railroad man, "and one day a conductor in our service cam into my office in great excitemen and showed me a clipping. 'I'm the very man that put that fellow off,' he declared, and after questioning him a little as to dates and details I concluded he was correct about it. He remembered the incident perfectly and also recalled the fact that the 'big bridge' at the town had broken the following day, but the subsequent career of his hobo passenger was something he had never heard of. It filled him with awe and veneration, and he was especially impressed by the generous disposition on the part of the lucky man to attribute his fortune to the circumstance of having been kicked off the train, and his expressed desire to meet the person who did the kicking. After ruminating over the matter for a week or two and reading the speech until he knew it by heart, he concluded it would be wrong to deny the millionaire an opportunity to express his gratitude, and accordingly he applied for a leave of absence to pay him a visit. I granted the leave, got him a pass, and he departed in high feather.

Went for His Reward

"As soon as he arrived at his des-tination, according to his own story, he went at once to the manufactory, which was a great deal vaster and which was a great deal vaster and more impressive than he had expected, and asked to see the president. After some delay he was shown into a magnificent private office on the second floor, where a stalwart grey-haired gentleman was seated behind a big mahogany table. The conductor a big mahogany table. The conductor had prepared quite a well-turned and witty little speech of introduction, for he realized, of course, that the millionaire wouldn't know him from Adam's house-cat, but the splendor of the surroundings and the cold blue eye of the man himself knocked it all out of his head, and the only thing he out of his head, and the only thing he could do was to spread the newspaper clipping on the table and blurt out: 'I'm the fellow that put you off.' 'Indeed?' said the president, looking at him keenly. 'Bow do you know?' The conductor stumbled over his story, and before he concluded the magnate jumped up, smiling warmly. "'This is a great pleasure," he said, 'a very great pleasure—something I have been looking forward to for years.' 'It's mutual,' said the conductor, grinning. 'Thanks,' said the manufacturer.' 'You noticed, perhaps, in my little speech that I perhaps, in my little speech that I gladly ascribed my start in life to the fact that you kicked me off the cars instead of carrying me to Dayton on that winter night which you recall with such remarkable precision? Yes, I noticed that, said the conductor, who, without knowing why, suddenly began to feel a curious sense of apprehension. "Exactly, pursued the president, rubbing his palms, "and as far as results were concerned you were, of course, mere-ly an instrument in the hands of Providence. I have returned thanks to Providence in various ways, and tank Providence and I are about taink Providence and I are about even. But the kicking,' he went on in the same silky voice which the conductor says made cold chills crawl all through the roots of his hair, "the kicking was a personal touch of your own—a sort of humorous embellishment without which the lishment, without which the throw-ing off of a half-sick, half-clad pen-niless wretch might have been a bitnliess wretch might have been a bit too somber. Let me see,' he added, musingly, 'it seems to me you were a good deal heavier then.' 'I used to weigh 180,' said the conductor,' swallowing in his throat, "but I've run down since." 'Yes,' said the president, politely, "my own experi-ence was just the reverse; I was greatly run down that night and ence was just the reverse; I was greatly run down that night and have since gained considerable in weight, which makes things about even at present. With that he suddenly graphed the conductance. even at present.' With that he suddenly grabbed the conductor by, the collar, whirled him around like lightning and kicked him all the way down stairs. He landed on the pave-ment all in a heap," said the rail-road man in conclusion, "and spent a day debating whether he would bring a damage sult or go gunning for his cruel assailant. At last he decided that he was up against it decided that he was up against it and had better come home before anything else struck him. He is a hot anarchist now, and says the millionalizes have no souls."—New Or-leans Times-Democrat.

THE ATTIC PHILOSOPHER. A stopped-up geyser is an ex-spurt in its way.

A wealthy parent may cut off his son without a cent, but he can't cut off the lawyers.

A young lawyer ought to do a fee

The "right side" of the stock mar-

The sweets of married life are not to be found in family jars. "All coons look alike to me,"

marked the hungry bird as it swal-lowed the embryo butterfly. Some of the hardest work in the world is done by the people labor-saving machines.

Generally the person who is fond of a secret is the one who doesn't think enough of it to keep it. Education is like love, men think

they have it until they get to At the age of sweet sixteen a

man's rights are several ahead of a man's. Many a man who is open to con-

viction manages to escape it hanging the jury. Nell-She must be awfully homely. Belle-Why do you say that? Nell-Oh, I hear she has so many girl friends.