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Misard's Luncheon - Lumberman's

send.

Uncle Terry

CHARLES CLARK MUNN

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CHAPTER XL
WHEN on the morning of her departure from Boston Alice stood beside the train exclaiming the usual goodby words with her brother, she was surprised at being joined by Frank and the former brought her a basket of lunch, sent with her mother's compliments, and the latter an elaborate bouquet of flowers.

"I want to kiss you goodbye," said Alice, and when the two had embraced, Alice kissed her brother and took her seat. No one apparently noticed that Frank was not on the platform when the train started, and when it was well under way Alice was astonished to see him enter the car.

"You will not object to my company, will you?" he asked. "I thought you might be lonesome, and as I have not had a chance to talk to you since you came to Boston I decided to go up with you. I can come back on the night train, or if you prefer to ride alone I can get off at the next station."

"Oh, no; I am very glad of your company," she replied, "and it was good of you to think of it. It is a long ride, and I have had such a nice time I should have been disconsolate. You did not know," she added archly, "that one reason I came to Boston was to look at flats. Bert wants us to come here and keep house for him—Aunt Susan and me."

"And are you going to do it? I hope so, for that would give me a chance to take you to the theaters."

"No, the plan is off for the present," she answered. "Not but that I would like to, but we think it is not best for Aunt Susan."

For an hour they trundled along through the snow clad country, chatting commonplace, and then Alice said, "Did you meet the island girl last summer that you told me Bert had fallen in love with?"

"Only once. Bert invited her and the old lady on board the Gypsy and introduced them. They remained only long enough to look the yacht over. I left that day."

"What did you think of this girl?" asked Alice hastily. "Tell me what she looks like."

"She has a beautiful figure and eyes like yours, which you know are what I admire, only they are not so full of mischief. They have a faraway look that makes you think her thoughts are a thousand miles away."

"How was she dressed?"

"Oh, I haven't the least idea," was the answer. "She might have worn calico for all I could tell. The only thing I can remember is that her dress was tight fitting and very plain."

Alice smiled.

"Those faraway eyes must have entranced you, your description is so lucid," she replied sarcastically. "How long did Bert stay there after you came away?"

"Only a few days. I never asked him. I told him to keep and use the Gypsy as long as he wanted, and then I cut stick for Blanch and—Sandgate."

He seemed to dwell upon the little outing, and Alice, noticing this, fought shy of the subject.

"Well, how do you like my naughty mother's?" he asked, "if that is a fair question."

"I think she is the most gracefully charming hostess I ever met, and you

ought to be proud of her. You conveyed a wrong impression of her to me the first time I met you."

"I am sorry if I did," replied Frank. "I did not mean to. Mother fell in love with you the night you sang, and I knew she would. That is why I almost begged you to sing."

When the hills of Sandgate were visible he said, "I have an hour before the returning train and just time enough to see you safely home."

Alice looked at him with surprise.

"And that is your idea of my hospitality," she exclaimed, "to let you go away like that? The morning train is the earliest one you can escape on, and if I am not good enough company for you this evening, you can go and call on Abby Miles."

What a surprised and glad old lady Aunt Susan was when the two stepped off the train.

"Don't mind me, Aunt Susan," Frank said with easy familiarity. "I am not a visitor, I am a big brother escorting a lone sister home."

How kindly that wrinkled face beamed on him behind her spectacles while he insisted that she stand by and let him unharness and see to the horse as she directed. And how willingly he carried baskets of wood in and started the parlor fire.

"I did not know you could make yourself so useful," Alice observed.

When supper was over he asked her all manner of questions about her school, when she meant to open it again, how the old miller was, what had become of the boat, how the mill pond looked in winter, and had she been there since the day she spotted the lilacs. "Aunt Susan back to that spot," she thought.

When he asked her to sing "The Last Rose of Summer" she exclaimed with a pretty pout: "I do not want to sing that. It reminds me how scared I was when I sang it last."

"But you brought tears into most of our eyes that night."

"Do you want to weep again?" she asked archly, looking up at him and smiling. "If you say you do, I will sing it."

"No," he answered, and then, hesitating a moment added: "I do not feel that way tonight. I may when train time comes tomorrow."

Her eyes fell, and rising quickly, like a scared bird anxious to escape, turned away.

But a strong hand clasped one of hers, and then she heard him say: "Am I to go away tomorrow happy or miserable? You know what I came up here to ask. You know what I have worked and studied and waited for all the long year since first I saw you and for whom I have tried to become a useful man in the world instead of an idler. It was to win you and to ask this that I came here today."

Then she felt an arm clasp her waist and a voice that trembled a little say: "Answer me, sweet Alice, is it yes or no?"

And then he felt her supple form yield a trifle, and as he gathered her close in his arms her proud head touched his shoulder.

CHAPTER XLII

THE winter had passed and March returned when one morning Albert received a bulky envelope bearing the Stockholm postmark and containing numerous legal papers and a lengthy letter. He did not notice Frank when he came in or even hear his greeting, and well might Albert be keenly absorbed in those documents, for they made him the emissary privileged to lay at the feet of the girl he loved—a fortune!

No more need she devote herself to her foster parents, no more need Uncle Terry putter over lobster traps in rain or shine, or good, patient Aunt Lissy bake, wash and mend, year in and year out.

There was more than they could spend in all the years that were left them, and what a charming privilege it would be to him to place in her loving hand the means to make glad and bless those kindly people who had cared for her as their own, and what a sweet door of hope it opened for him!

Then, for the first time, he noticed Frank watching him with smiling interest.

"Well," remarked that cheerful young man, "I'm glad to see you emerge from your trance and return to earth again. I've said good morning twice and you didn't even know I was in the room."

When Frank had perused the most interesting of the documents he gave a low whistle and said:

"Now, methinks, somebody will be taking a wedding trip to the Land of the Midnight Sun in the near future. I congratulate you, my dear boy, and you can have the Gypsy when you are ready." Then he added shyly, "Maybe it can be arranged so there can be four in the party."

The next morning Albert, bearing the legal evidence of Terry's heritage and with buoyant heart, left for Southport. Late in the afternoon the little boat bearing him as sole passenger halted at the head of the island, and he saw the smiling face and muffled

A Summer Cough

is the hardest and to get rid of and the most dangerous kind to neglect.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

The Lung Tonic

will cure you quickly and surely—stop the fever, strengthen the lungs and make you well again.

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form of Uncle Terry standing on the wharf alone.

"Bless yer heart, Mr. Page," exclaimed Uncle Terry, grasping both of Albert's hands in his, "but the sight o' ye is good for sore eyes."

"And how are Aunt Lissy and Terry?" responded Albert, smiling into the glowing face of the old man.

"Oh, they're purty middlin', an' they'll be powerful glad to see ye, too. It's been a long time since ye left us."

How vividly came to Albert every detail of his last parting from Terry, framed as she was in a background of scarlet and brown foliage! He could see her as he last saw her, standing with bowed head and tear wet face, and feel a tinge of the keen pain that pulled at his own heartstrings then.

He could almost hear the sad rustle of the autumn winds in the dry leaves that had added a pathos to their parting.

And now only a few miles separated them!

But the way was long and Uncle Terry's old horse slow, and the road in the hollows a quagmire of half frozen mud. Gone were all the leaves of the scrub oaks, and beneath the thickets of spruce still remained a white pall of snow. A half gale was blowing over the island, and when they halted in front of Uncle Terry's home the booming of the giant billows filled the night air, and by the gleam of the lighthouse rays Albert could see the spray tossed high over the point rocks.

"Go right in," said Uncle Terry, "an' don't stop ter knock; ye'll find the wimmin folks right glad ter see ye, an' I'll take keer o' the boss."

(To Be Continued.)

A Man Is What He Eats.
I have seen some of the uncooked fruits and nuts people. I don't say I saw the right ones. Like enough, I saw only those who, for the good of the cause, should never have been allowed to wander forth into society. They one and all possessed loudly to be in the rudest physical health. It seemed to me they lacked the proper scenic accessories. A floral pillow with here, and a sheaf of wheat tied with purple satin faced ribbon over their heads would have seemed more natural and suited their complexion better. As to their mental vigor, after I had heard them talk awhile I gave right in to their most cardinal doctrine: A man is what he eats. If he eats beef he becomes of the beef beef; if he eats nuts he becomes—but enough.

The Shamrock.
The Trinity legend of the shamrock appears first in literature in 1727, in Caleb Threlkeld's "Synopsis Stirpium Hibernicarum." Under the heading of "Trifolium Pratense Album" occurs the following passage: "This plant is worn by the people in their hats on the 17th day of March yearly, which is called St. Patrick's Day, it being a current tradition that by this three leaved grass he emblematically set forth to them the mystery of the Holy Trinity. However, when they wet their Shamrock, they often commit excess in liquor, which is not a right keeping of a day to the Lord, error generally leading to debauchery."

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Stones in the Kidneys Cannot Stand Before Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mr. S. A. Cassidy, of Ottawa, Permanently Cured After Years of Suffering by the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Ottawa, Ont., Aug. 15.—(Special).—While all Canada knows that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the standard remedy for all Kidney Complaints, it may surprise some people to know they cure such extreme cases as Stone in the Kidneys. Yet that is what they have done right here in Ottawa.

Mr. S. A. Cassidy, the man cured, is the well-known proprietor of the Bijou Hotel on Metcalf street, and in an interview he says: "My friends all know that I have been a martyr to Stone in the Kidneys for years. They know that besides consulting the best doctors in the city and trying every medicine I could think of I was unable to get better."

"Some time ago a friend told me Dodd's Kidney Pills would cure me. As a last resort I tried them and they have cured me."

"I could not imagine more severe suffering than one endures who has Stone in the Kidneys and I feel the greatest gratitude to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

If the disease is of the Kidneys or from the Kidneys Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure it.

A clever girl never allows a man to talk about anything but himself.

THE PURSUIT OF ANNE.

Jerome Internoscia's Statement of Claim That Is Unique in the History of Breach of Promise Suits.

A remarkable bill of costs, with attached declaration, has been made public at Montreal in the suit of Jerome Internoscia, an advocate, of that city, against Vincent Bonelli of Vicksburg, Miss., seeking to recover \$2,323.49 for money that the defendant alleges to have spent in pursuing the hand of the plaintiff's daughter, Anne.

Internoscia alleges that Bonelli interposed between him and the girl, to whom he had become affianced, and finally drove her to break the love tie that had been tenderly woven thereby, completely discounting all the effect of the money spent in entertainment and in bestowing presents upon the seemingly responsive maiden.

The declaration sets forth that the plaintiff became engaged to Miss Bonelli on August 1, 1902, and that on January 22, 1904, the engagement terminated. Apparently an account is rendered of services and disbursements, and, although there is no charge for the writing of the love letters, the postage on them is included in the bill, as well as depreciation on value of returned presents. Above all, however, there is a charge of \$950 for 405 hours spent in the young woman's company at \$2 an hour. No credit is given for entertainment received or for even half time of the girl's part. Fifty dollars is charged as a fee for buying a house, where Miss Bonelli was to begin her wedded new life.

Here is an excerpt from the statement of claims:

Music sent to Ste. Agathe, \$1.50.
Letter sent to Ste. Agathe, 4 cents.
Box of chocolates, \$1.00.
Dinner in my garden, \$15.
Paper to Vicksburg, 2 cents.

Towel from Albany, 29 cents.
Box of pears, \$3.75.
Box of chocolates, \$1.
Bunch of bananas, \$1.50.
Buy an overcoat, \$10.
I go to Sault au Recllet, \$1.50.
Buy engagement ring (returned), \$35.

I buy an umbrella (returned), \$3.
Buy a blouse (returned), \$13.70; loss, \$4.
I go with her to Windsor Station, \$2.

Cash given to her, \$10.
Telegram to convent, 50 cents.
Plumbers' expenses, \$461.85.
Eight months of a man's work at \$40 per month, \$320.
Due to convent a balance of \$138.95.

Vincent Bonelli, the defendant, father of the fickle maiden in the

case, is described as a wealthy resident of Vicksburg, who brings his family each year to his summer residence at Ste. Agathe, Que. In July, 1902, Internoscia visited Bonelli there and met Anne, a twenty-year-old convent girl. She smiled upon Internoscia, and the intimacy rapidly grew, encouraged by the father.

After returning to Montreal, Internoscia proposed marriage by letter, instructing the lady to refuse unless she could "accept cordially and love truly." He also wrote the father, notifying him that if Anne declined the engagement he (Internoscia) would seek a wife elsewhere.

Anne replied, "I hope to be able to return love for love." The father was willing. The girl went home with her father and the courtship was continued by letter. Then she returned to the Sacred Heart Convent at Sault au Recllet, and during the succeeding months the plaintiff claims, she, without his knowledge, became a Roman Catholic.

Bonelli fell out with his daughter over her change in faith, although Internoscia did not object, and was agreeable to a Catholic wedding.

Finally Bonelli became so much incensed at his daughter's religious obstinacy that he is alleged to have banished her from his home. Then Internoscia took Miss Bonelli to the Sacred Heart Convent and agreed to "pay all the expenses of his fiancée."

He also moved at considerable expense into the Belmont Park residence, which had been bought for the happy couple, and stayed there until notified to leave when he returned the keys to Bonelli's son.

Internoscia is a graduate of McGill University, and has practised law in Montreal for several years. At one time he was acting Italian Consul here. The case will likely be tried at St. Scholastique, near the scene of the courtship during the September term of the court.

Mr. Bonelli has filed his answer to the plaintiff's statement of claim. He says that Internoscia cannot charge \$2 an hour for time lost in the courtship, because his own letters show that he derived full compensation for his time in the enjoyment of the wooing. In any event, he declares he was not responsible for "the whims and fancies of Anne," the lady in the case, or the love-sickness of Internoscia.

The father waxes decidedly cynical, and proceeds:

"Because the plaintiff, who appears to be a member of the Bar and a man of the world, is presumed to know that the minds of maidens are invariably fickle, and that in devoting his time, money and devotion to a mere child he was doing so at his own risk and peril and with the great probability of not securing more than a passing glance from a girl of such tender years and inexperience."



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