The manufacture pythologon and the control of the c

and our niece, Miss Hattie Brown."

The gentleman with the fading name bowed politely to each and accepted the chair his hostess offered. She was the seul of hospitality; she invited him to take a cup of tea and some bread and butter, and lamented that the stewed pears and smoked beef were all eaten up, diverging a little to dwell on her son's appetite, which made him look abjectly miserable, and was probably the reason why he slunk out of the room. The guest her that he was not hungry; he invited in the fading name deuce does all this mean? You pounce on me and abuse me before the sleep is out of my eyes. I had forgotten all about. Brown; I never knew he had a daughter. If he had lived I would have paid him the money soon as I was fairly on my feet, and he would have muddled it away in tom fool speculation, too. Don't go off in a huff. Come breakfast with me and we will look into this matter over a bottle of white wine."

Am

Deacon Bucrag (a visitor at the Mott street Sunday school)—How long have you been a member of the Sunday school, Ah Sing?

Ah Sing—Ties weekes.
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Ah Sing—Not vely much. Me votes Lepublican tlicket and gotes leftes.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Its record of the street Sunday school.

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clouded over.
"I did, indeed," he answered.

broke in his wife. He shook his head.

"I am just sitting here waiting for death, Elizabeth, and there is no use trying to get around it. I ain't so pious as to want to be angel right off, either," he added, with a twinkle in his eyes; "and I never was much of a hand at music, so I ain't sure how I'll manage a harp, though I used to play the flute when I was young. "Then you're the deuce," the acquaintsings in the choir a'ready; and Henry, he's
practising on the mouth organ. In days
o' youth prepare for death. Pity I give
up the flute."

Mr. Gray seemed at a loss for words.
The young girl drew nearer to him and
The young girl drew nearer to him and

A flush of shame flamed up in the gentleman's face as he looked into her beseeching eyes.

"I don't know what to tell you," he said gently.

"Henry was always unlucky," Mr. Brown remarked. "First he invented a patent tack-hammer, and then he was a book agent for a spell—You a book agent? he asked, suddenly turning to his greets.

"I am a lawyer," Mr. Brown stroked his beard. "Well, Henry wa's a lawyer, but he was pretty much everything else. "Twa'n's no use, though. He was the youngest and the smartest of us all—there was six of us boys—and he just went ahead, losing money the cheerfulest of anybody I ever see. Soon as he got any hu got rid of it right off. He was a lovable fellow, had a friend on every corner, but too confiding. When be hadn't anything else to do he'd indorse; it give him tone clime he relly was quite rish"—here the cld man rose in sudden wrath—"and he went and lent four thousand deliars to the meanest soamp on the face o' the earth, and he din't bother about security either. No, it was all betwix friends, though I say to him that Tom Hallow was the—""

"Who?" asked the stranger sharply.

On the last day of that week Mr. Grsy White paid a visit to Mr. Hallow, who it to a lite to he was in the callet a letter again when he was in his increased the letter again when he was in his lonesome bachelor room. It was not thing on the succept of not having remembered the trifling obligation," and that brought an appreciative smile to the reader's lips. She thanked him for the assurance of his warm regard for her father; the money was very welcome, and she was his repetuly. The gentleman laid the letter away in a pocket case, which, beaided that; the root was all wents to Pillowville. Again he support to the words and wents of Pillowville. Again he support to the support of the total properties of the town; again he wands and her gaw of a boy, but next to the pretty girl sat a good laid with whother about security either. No, it was all betwix friends, though I leave the properties of the town; again he

EET,

at the nience eby he y them

why he slunk out of the room. The guest assured her that he was not hungry; he had just supped at the tavern.

"So you knew Henry," said old Mr. Brown, reflectively. "Out west, I guess. Brown, reflectively. "Out west, I guess. Leadville, likely. Did you ever have anything to do with the Maria mine?"

Mr. Gray's face brightened, then some and presently accompanied Mr. Hallow down Fifth avenue. It was condad over.

Sunday morning. Early for men who had Sunday morning. Early for men who had been to a stag dinner the night before—

clouded over.

"I did, indeed," he answered.

"And lost something, I'll bet a cooky,"
cried Mr. Brown in glee. "Henry lost
every out he had, and it was the death of
him, too. He didn't owe you anything?"
he added, with an anxious pucker of his
wrinkled face.

"Oh, not a penny—not a penny."

"And you hadn't heard he was dead,"
the old man continued. "He's been dead
—lemme see—it must be nigh onto four
years."

"Four years next month," put in the
girl softly. She was helping her aunt to
clear the table, and the stranger's eyes
followed her trim figure as it flitted to and
from a cupboard.

"Did you have anything in particular to
say to poor Henry?" Mrs. Brown asked,
pausing with a salt cellar in one hand, a
vinegar criet in the other."

"No. I happened to be here and I
thought I would look him up. I hadrather lost sight of him,"

"We have all lost sight of him," said
the old man solemnly, "but I guess I'll
and rather lost sight of him," said
the old man solemnly, "but I guess I'll
and rather lost sight of him," said
the old man solemnly, "but I guess I'll
and rather lost sight of him," said
the old man solemnly, "but I guess I'll
Then he sauntered away alone and en-

"We have all lost sight of him," said the old man solemnly, "but I guess I'll see him afore long. I am 'most eighty, sir."

"Now, pa, don't you begin such talk," broke in his wife.

"Now, pa, don't you begin such talk," coated.

costed.

"Morning, White, Saw you breakfasting with Hallow. I hear he's going to
marry Jim Morton's widow. A far-away
cousin of yours, isn't she?"

"Yes, and a deal too good for him."

"Oh, Tom Hallow isn't a bad sort, and
be is going up like a rocket. Wonder if

he is going up like a rocket. Wonder if he'll get into the club?"
"Deuce knows."

The young girl drew nearer to him and Grenville Whites," his quondam companid:
"I had not seen my father for a year ion remarked to a bystander,
"An uncommonly white streak," was

before he died, and he died away from home. Tell me something about him."

A flush of shame flamed up in the gentleman's face as he looked into her the streak in the would-be witty response.

On the last day of that week Mr. Gray-White paid a visit to Mr. Hallow, who

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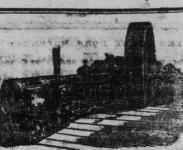
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