

his seamed old cheeks with gnarled fingers, and prayed that there would be no morning for him.

But he slept. After hours, nature demanded an end of his suffering, and eased his mind in the blankness of slumber.

After a time he started, raised his head, and listened. Vaguely, indistinctly, thru the weight of sleep, he heard a clamor, a rhythmical thumping. In an instant he was fully awake, and all his misery surged back over him. The thumping continued, louder now.

"Somebody at the door," he muttered. "Who's there?" he called.

"Jed Bright. Got somethin' for Grandpa Papkin. Shud 'a' brought it earlier, but I had to play the fiddle to the firemen's dance."

It was the postmaster. Grandpa tried to open the door, but his fumbling fingers refused to draw the bolt. Again and again he essayed futilely.

"James," he called at last, hoarsely, "come open the door!"

James, rubbing his eyes, stumbled out of his room and thrust the door open. Jed placed a long envelope in grandpa's hands.

"It's for you," he said. "Come by special delivery, so I brought it up myself. Couldn't git here sooner."

Grandpa tore open the envelope in the moonlight that streamed thru the window, and drew out its contents. There was a brief letter, typewritten, but he did not wait to read it, for there was something else—a green slip of paper, oblong in shape. He held it near his eyes; then he sobbed aloud one great, deep sob of thank-

fulness. The divy-dend check was there—and it was enough.

There was one paragraph in the letter that grandpa's wife knows by heart. It said: "I'm making believe that I did this for my own grandmother."

To-day Grandpa Papkin and his wife live in a spick, span white cottage in the heart of the village; they own a horse and rig, and their days are happy. Grandpa is a figure in the community. Business men advise with him, and James, skeptical James—just listen to him:

"Father's a reemarkable man. Made all his money when he was nigh seventy years old. Autv-mobile manufacturer, he is, and one of the smartest business men in the county!"

Which shows that one never can tell.

TARIFF ABSURDITIES

Smuggling is not as romantic as it used to be, but it has grown more ingenious. A Canadian, now in London, tells me, a writer in the "Express" says, how his government is being outwitted by astute persons over the border in the United States. The Canadian Government has a duty of 17½ per cent. on mineral waters, which the manufacturers of Connecticut heartily dislike. So, when they make their soda water, they freeze it, and send it into Canada in bulk, described as "ice." There is no duty on ice.—Montreal Journal of Commerce.

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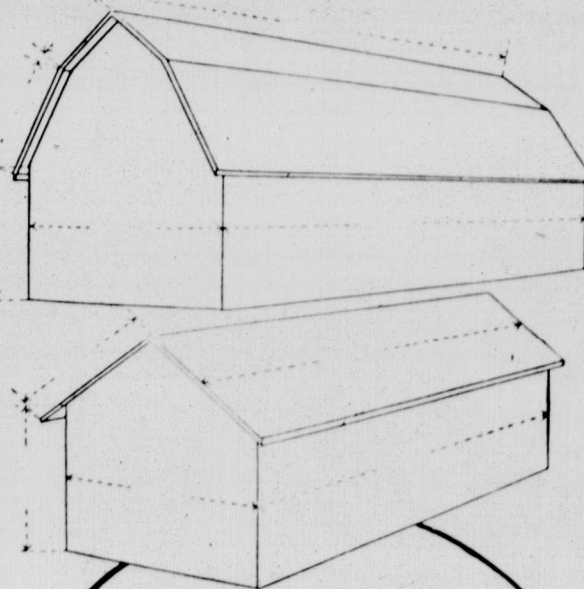
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