

don't care if—if—" Her voice broke, and she almost betrayed herself. "I don't care if he is Hebrew or Christian, black or white or pink, if he's got ten million or ten cents, so long as he loves me and I love him. If it's ten cents, so much the better, then I can help him get more. I want to be a real wife, not a play toy."

"I am much obliged for your advice, Mr. Jones; but I can't take it." She was half way out of the door, but he reached her in one bound.

"Rosie, you're all right! Don't go; you're just the girl for me. I was only trying you dear. Forgive me. I have loved you all the time from the first look I ever had at you; but now I just worship you."

She turned her flashing brown eyes, like a pair of search lights, full upon him.

"Rosie, I've got four hundred dollars in the bank, and this store with a thousand dollar mortgage on it. It isn't much when you think of what Rosenstein has, but you will take it and me too?"

"If you were a beggar," said Rosaline, throwing her arms around him.

Just then the clerk returned, and Rosie bethought herself of her work. "Good-bye until to-night," whispered Jones; "I'm coming then to see your father."

"Won't popper be surprised when he sees you? Mr. Rosenstein is coming, too; but I won't see him."

"I wish you would; I have a special reason. When he comes, go down to see him, to please me, will you?"

"All right, to please you, I will. Good-bye; don't let my father kill you. Oh, won't he be mad!"

That night Rosie had her dinner early. "Tell popper when he comes in; that I have changed my mind and will see that Rosenstein," she said to her astonished mother.

She arrayed herself in her best, adding those subtle touches a woman never dreams of except for her lover. She heard the bell ring, and wondered which suitor it was, enduring with what patience she could the half hour of suspense which ensued, and then her father called her.

It's Mr. Rosenstein, he's got fifty thousand dollars," whispered her mother, meeting her in the hall.

"It ain't. It's Mr. Jones, the bookstore feller," said Moe, but she scarcely heard.

Levinsohn was holding the door open for her, his face wreathed in smiles, and on the hearth rug stood Mr. Jones.

"Rosie," said her father, "this is Mr. Isadore Rosenstein; he tells me you have met before already."

"No—no," stammered Rosie; "he's Mr. Jones, who has a book store on Second Avenue, and he is poor and not a Hebrew, and I am going to be his wife and help him pay off that mortgage."

Jones took her hands very gently.

"Rosalie, I have deceived you. I am Isadore Rosenstein, the man who saw you in the theatre, and I fell in love with you then and there. I was so afraid of getting a wife to my money instead of myself that I decided to woo you both as a rich man and as a poor man. The rich man lost, as you know, and the poor man won. You have a heart of pure gold, and I love you."

"How did you—why did you—?" she began, bewildered.

"That's a long story, Rosalie; I will tell it to you on our honeymoon."

The Lonely Toilers.

Specially Written for W.H.M. By Merodach Green, Bender, Sask.

EVERARD ESMOND was brought up on the beautiful sylvan shores of Shanty Bay. In that congenial atmosphere of wild beauty and romance he had whiled away his time, either in wandering through the deep woods or in canoeing on the velvet surface of the bay. But now as a young man he helped a neighboring farmer who, however, gave him insufficient remuneration for his services. He was strong and muscular in physique, thrifty, energetic and painstaking in his endeavors and very devoted to his task; yet his labors did not bring him the sufficiency that an ambitious young man looks forward to when dreaming of the time he will be able to marry the chosen one of youth. Besides, he was now nineteen years of age, and incited more by affection than by reason or foresight, had become engaged to the belle of the village—sweet Letitia Hammond. It was for her that he toiled so laboriously and patiently; and although, he knew his paltry earnings and poor position would bring her but a very humble home, yet he hoped that some mystic hand would lead him to prosperity and plenty.

As for Letitia, her heart was his sure possession; she had loved him ever since the day he took her out in his canoe; and with maiden fancy she passed away her time, thinking of the day when she would be a happy bride and the admiration of the village.

One day, however, Esmond received a letter from a friend of his who had gone out West and had been favored of Fortune. In it he was advised to leave Shanty Bay and chance it on the fresh plains of the Great West. At once the flame of ambition was kindled in his breast and that very night, when he met Letitia by the trysting tree, he expressed to her his desire to go away and seek fortune elsewhere. His friend had prospered by going away, why couldn't he? Staying in Shanty

Bay would only impoverish him the more, whilst by going away he would be able to grow up with the country; he wanted a farm and wealth.

To Letitia this desire was not altogether unexpected; as many poor young men from Ontario had gone West and returned wealthy; and in her simple, innocent soul she considered it a duty to encourage him to seek the treasures of the luring plains; but when he told her it would be wise to break off the engagement on the ground that his future success was so uncertain and that by continuing the engagement he was barring her from better chances of marriage, she felt for the first time in her life the excruciating pains of broken hopes and shattered dreams. Yet he was sincere; she had found him affectionate and true, and his heart had never been inclined to deceive her; and after moments spent in bitterness and tears she gave him his liberty, at the same time telling him to remember that she loved him for what he was, not for what he might be, and reminding him of the fact that some day he would long for something that money could not buy.

Still they must part; the bitter inevitable was theirs; and after passionate kisses and sad farewells they sought their respective homes.

Life on the prairie is very, very lonely; in summer the homesteader can banish his loneliness by wooing the balm that continuous labor brings, but in winter much mental fortitude is necessary to bear the tediousness of life. Besides, a heavy fall of snow only makes his isolation more complete; for far from his domain whirl those phantasm of appetite, luxury and amusement that drive away the chimeras of retrospection and reminiscence. Yet to those who are willing to suffer a few hardships, the prairie proves to be the Promised Land, rich with the abundance of heaven.

For three years Everard Esmond toiled arduously on his "quarter-section" in the West; his continuous la-

Game Trophies FREE

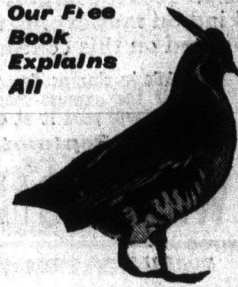


Sportsmen, hunters, anglers, nature lovers everywhere, take notice. No need to pay exorbitant prices for having your beautiful trophies stuffed and mounted. No need to risk sending the beautiful specimens that you obtain on your trips hundreds of miles to a taxidermist. You can mount all kinds of birds, animals, game heads, etc., etc., yourself. You can do it free. We will teach you how to do it yourself. In your own home—during your spare time—by mail. Your trophies will not cost you a cent. Preserve the most beautiful specimens free.

Decorate Your Home

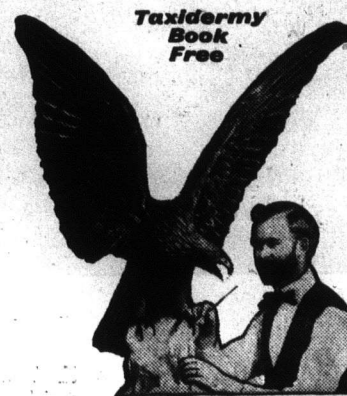
Decorate your home with the choicest of Nature's art. Do not lose the beautiful trophies that you take on your trips, but mount them yourself. They make the most beautiful kind of decorations for your home, your office or your den. And just think, you can have all these rare and beautiful decorations in your home absolutely free. We will teach you how to mount all kinds of birds, animals, fish, tan rugs, make robes, etc., etc., in your own home—during your spare time—by mail. Sportsmen all over the world endorse our school and our method of teaching. Endorsed by all the leading museums, naturalists and nature lovers.

Our Free Book Explains All



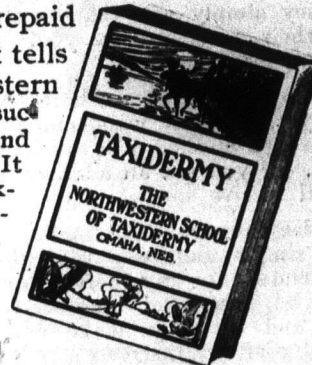
Learn to Mount Birds

This is your opportunity to learn this most fascinating profession in your own home. No need to leave your present employment. You can devote a few hours of your spare time every week to the study, and soon you will become an expert taxidermist. The most fascinating of professions. Taxidermists receive huge sums for mounting birds, animals, etc. You can easily make from \$40 to \$50 monthly during your spare time doing mounting for others, or \$3,000 to \$5,000 yearly if you go into the profession. There are remarkable opportunities now open to taxidermists. You should get in on the ground floor and take advantage of some of these rare offers before the field is overcrowded. The demand exceeds the supply now, but thousands are learning taxidermy every year. You should investigate this most remarkable opportunity NOW—TO-DAY.



Book FREE

We will send you absolutely free—and prepaid—a big, new book on taxidermy. It tells you all about the wonderful Northwestern School of Taxidermy, and how our 35,000 successful graduates are making big success, and every one is an enthusiastic taxidermist. It will give you full particulars of our remarkable offer. It will tell you how you may obtain the lessons in taxidermy at the rock bottom price. Every hunter, angler, or a nature lover should have this book. If you write at once we will also send you the taxidermy magazine, absolutely free and prepaid. No obligations whatsoever.



Send the Free Coupon

Do not delay. This is your opportunity. Send the free coupon today and we will send you the new, big, free book on taxidermy, absolutely free and prepaid, and also the taxidermy magazine, also free and prepaid. Absolutely no obligations on you whatsoever. Do not delay. Write today—NOW—immediately—while this offer lasts.

Northwestern School of Taxidermy

7517 Bates St., Omaha, Neb

FREE COUPON
Get this coupon—write and send it to the Northwestern School of Taxidermy, 7517 Bates St., Omaha, Neb. We will send you the new, big, free book on taxidermy, absolutely free and prepaid, and also the taxidermy magazine, also free and prepaid. Absolutely no obligations on you whatsoever. Do not delay. Write today—NOW—immediately—while this offer lasts.