



her.

you see," says Hal, in conclusion, ace pale with excitement, "you see was nothing else to be done. I love Why didn't I think of her before?" his face pale with excitement, "you see there was nothing else to be done. I love her with all my heart, and soul, and she —she loves me; she says so—actually says so. And this old man, this count, "How will you send for her?" asks the father, caluly, through his heart beats in sympathy with the excited Hal. "By the man, George," he says, and "By the man, George," he says, and he pails out his pocketbook. "Come inside and write," says the father, and Hal, following him into the codfage writes on a sline of more was going to earry her off to morrow— think, sir, to morrow! And if I hadn't earried her off, myself, we should never have seen each other any more, and she would have been forced to marry a man old enough to be her grandfather. And new you'll marry us, sir ?? now you'll marry us, sir ?" He stops, breathless. The white hand

frops slowly from the white peaceful face, and the father turns and looks at the handsome face of the boy with a

pitying gaze. "My son,' he says, putting his cool white hand on Hal's hot, brown paw, "it

Hal starts back, white and aghast. "Impossible, sir !' he echoes. The father looks at his white face with

"Impossible, my son," he repeats. "It ts not I alone who says it; it is the law.

There are obstacles—many—in the way: two alone will suffice: your age and your religion. She whom you love is of a different church. The ceremony would be incomplete, invalid, her friends could tear her from you as you left the altar. Besides this there are forms which are absolutely necessary, and with none of which you have conformed. My son, it

is impossible." Hal starts from his seat white, and, if the truth must be told, trembling. "Then-then we are lost !" he ex-"for you-of course you

will feel it your duty to to "" "Betray you?" says the old father, with a smile, but with a faint sorrow on

"Betray you " says the old father, which as mile in the invert a faith sorrow of the path he looks here in his power, within the bounds of any faith betray those who come for com-sel in their troubs ?" "Forgive me, sir," says Tai, broken in "The group will you forgive me f You Will you forgive me f You will you forgive me f You the stable to diama looking at the hist in the since their duty to communic ert with the hady's friends, and make the stable to find in the since the since the since the "You gain it is a short distance to the inn, but the stable to find in the since the since the since would deem it their duty to communic erts with the hady's friends, and make the stable to find hist provide the find in the since the "You gain are stable, in the since the since the "You gain are stable, in the since the since the "You gain are stable, in the since the since the "You gain are stable, in the since the since the "You gain are stable, in the since the since the "You gain are stable, in the since the since the "You gain are stable, in the since the since the "You gain are stable, in the since the since the "You gain are stable, in the since the since the "You gain are stable, in the since the since the "You gain are stable, in the since the "You gain and the stables, in the since the "You gain and the stables, in the since the "You gain and the stables, in the since the "You gain and the stables, in the since the "You gain and the stables, interval "You gain and the

room

"Dear Jeanne, Come a slip of paper: "Dear Jeanne, Come with George, who bears this note. Come at once. I am in great trouble and want you. Will

am in great trouble and want you. Whit explain excrything when I see you. Don't fail 'me, for Heaven's sake, and don't let a soul know that you are coming. You can guess 1 am in great trouble and need of you, or I would not write like this. Hal." Har. Hurriedly enclosing this in an envel-ope, Hal addresses it simply: "The Mar-chioness of Ferndale," and looks up,

chioness of Ferndaic, _____ eager and excited. "There, sir. Now I'll go and send my man off. She'll come."

"There, sir. Now I'll go and send my man off. She'll come." "She'll come.—Jeanne will come." "If she should not come," goes on the father, calmly and quietly, "until night her highness can find shelter under the keeper. Here no evil tongue can assail ber" and he lifts his glass. In all his affected gayety she—love's eyes are keen—sees beneath the mask, and, as she stands side by side by the window, she puts her hand on his shoul-der and looks at him. "What is the matter?" she asks, with b little flickering smile. In one corner sits Charlie Nugent, smoking a huge Bengal cheroot, on the other side is Mr. Lampton, puffing a

roof and in the care of my old housea little flickering smile. atter?" says conscience-stricken "Nothing! Look! there is the oing down!" "How can I thank you, sir?" says Hal, with moist eyes. "What a friend you have been to me, a stranger—and—and a Protestant. How can I thank you?" "Matter?" Hal. sun going down

She turns her head and looks as bid-"By acting always honestly and hon-orably," says the cure, gently; "go, my son, and believe that you have a friend in me who will help you have a friend den, but presently her eyes come back to his face. "Where is George?" she asks again.

"George," says Hal, hesitating, "George is all right. Come, darling, you in me who will help you to the utmost in his power, within the bounds of rou-esty and horor. Go, my son." Bareheaued, Hal takes his leave. As George is all right. Come, darling, you are not afraid, you are not unhappy?" "I afraid! No! not when you are near," she says, in the simple language of love, and her head sinks upon his breast.



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THE PRIVATE CAR AND THE FAV-ORED SHIPPERS.

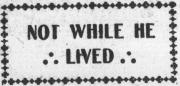
Roy Stannard Baker in the January McClure's talks about the private car and the beef trust. He begins by con-sidering the legitimate use of private and shows how, as originaly plan-ned, they were of great benefit to the railroads, the shippers, and the consum-ers; how they boomed the fruit industry, and brought to the sarge cities of the north the delicacies of the south and

west. Government Plan to Create New Species After that Mr. Baker, in his clear

After that Mr. Baker, in his clear style, builds up a structure of facts that gives you a bird's-eye view of the almost unbelievable sweep of the abuses. He talks principally of Armour, as the larg-est owner of private cars, who controls a dozen or more lines, owning fruit and meat cars, tank-cattle and even common box-cars approximating 14,000 in all, rep-resenting an investment of about \$14, 000,000. If te tells how Armour & Co. carry not only their own products, but fruits and vegetables for shippers gener-aly, and how much of this side issue is conducted entirely at the expense of the railroads. the railroads.

the railroads. The railroads pay for these private cars a "mileage charge," afterwards col-lecting the freight rate. Although the rental for the cars brings in a handsome interest, on the money invested, these big shippers are not satisfied, but turn the screws just the same and squeeze their rates down when their products are carried at a figure far below that which the smaller shipper pays.

Armour in addition, on account of the breadth of his interest, is able to drive these cars so that they make the maximum number of miles a day, and so gets his stuff through, at the expense not only of other shippers, but of the



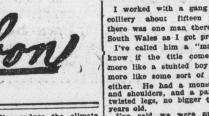
I worked with a gang in the Nine Pits colliery about fifteen years back, and there was one man there who halled from South Wales as I got preity friendly with. I've called him a "man," but I don't know if the title comes right. He was more like a stuhted boy than a man, and more like some sort of queer animal than more like some sort of queer animal than either. He had a monstrous large head and shoulders, and a pair of little, bowed, twisted legs, no bigger than a child's of 9

and an end of the set of the set

She went into a light, kind of scoraful laush. "Marry you?" she says. "Why, Matty, you must be dreaming. Of course, I won't." He was silent for a minute; then he says: "I'm stunted and crocked, I know; but I love you better than any other man will ever love you, and I've a comfortable home to offer you." "If you had twenty houses, I wouldn't. have you," she answered guick. "So do say no more about it." I think he moved round the room after that, for his voice sounded nearer to me. He spoke short and savage-like: "Jim Marwood's the man that stands be-tween you and me. Do you think I've been blind? Jim Marwood has got your heart, and do you think you will ever marry him while I'm alive?" Hetty never was the girl to be cowed. "It is Jim Marwood that has got my

The next day we were all underground, as usual. Somehow or other, Matty and Marwood and me found ourselves always pretty close together. He seemed to me to be hanging on to Jim in a way I didn't like, hearing what I had heard, and I kept as close to both as I well could. I noticed that the dwarf scarce took his eyes off Jim, except at 12 o'clock, when we stopped for our bits of food, and then he sat i na corner by himself under a truck and scribbled on a piece of paper, with a queer sort of smile on his face. In the afternoon we got down to a lower level. It was a dangerous part of the mine, as we all knew, and we kept our davy lamps pretty tight, I can tell you. "There's fire-damp about here," said one-of the men. "And a spark would settle the lot of us, wouldn't ti?" said the dwarf.

"And a spark would settle the lot of us, wouldn't it?" said the dwarf



tion of her whom you love so dearly? You would not, you could not. That face does not mask so black a heart. What Hal nods.

so with dismay and despair tugging at nothing serious is the matrix of the fibre serious is the matrix of the serious is the matrix of the serious is the matrix of the series is the series is the matrix of the series is the se

tion of her whom you love so dearly? You would not, you could not. That face does not mask so black a heart. What then" What then, indeed! It is Hal's turn to stride up and down now, and he does so with dismay and despair tugging at his heart strings. What then? "What am I to do? What am I to

<text><text><text><text><text><text>

Without disturbing the pair, she goes out again, and looks in at the billiard

short pipe. "Oh!" says Lady Lucelle, holding her lace handkerchief to her delicate nos-trils, "and -just before dinner, too."

(To be continued.)

TO BREED FROM ZEBRAS.

of Draft Animals.

This fly prevails in the German colonies. This fly prevails in the German colonies in Africa, and has caused a great deal of trouble. It is believed that a half-bred zobra will be as much immune from its effects as a full-bred animal, hence the experiment is considered worth trying. The fects as a full-bred animal, hence the ex-periment is considered worth trying. The German authorities recognize also the ne-cessity of providing some beast of burden that can endure the climate of Central Africa, for neither horses, mules nor oxen thrive there. Carabaos, or water buffalo.

the discrimination between beef and cattle. This article containing the exposure

it does would create a sensation a any time, but it is of peculiar interest just A STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE PAR FLAVORING PURITY Washington for rate legislation.

> His foot fastened in a frog, Irvine Smith, 21 years old, a brakeman, was run down and instantly killed by a train

was foretold in a dream. "Twice dur-ing the last week," he said, "I have dreamed of seeing my son killed by the

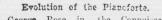
so gets his stuff through, at the expense not only of other shippers, but of the ordinary routine of the railroad itself. Mr. Balter illustrates his narrative with many true incidents, which serve to bring home to the reader the menace contained in this control of the rates by the trusts. He tells of John D. Rockefeller and the Standard Oil Com-pany, and shows how Armour and he defy the railroads and name the actual price at which the products shall be car charges, astounding, hard of belief, until he has proved them with hard, cold facts. He shows how politics play a part ried. Mr. Baker goes further and makes charges, astounding, hard of belief, until he has proved them with hard, cold facts. He shows how polities play a part

and how politicians garner rebates, and tells at length of the gross injustice of

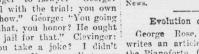
"What are you mining." I says, as sharp. "Nothing." I says, as sharp. And we touched the signal rope, and up went Jim and me, and the dwarf stood un-derneath, and turned his face up, watching

"Maybe Hetty will tell you some time," rankes little thinkink how it concerned

Smith, 21 years old, a brakeman, was him. run down and instantly killed by a train yesterday at Waverly. He was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Smith, of this eity. Friends of Aaron Smith, soction fore-man at Medora, say the death of his son was foretold in a dream. "Twice dur-ing the last week," he said, "I have



man at Medora, say the death of his son was foretoid in a dream. "Twice durance of seeing my son killed by the cars in identically the same manner as his death did to-day occur. It was no surprise to me." "What is here is for you. 'Ugly and misrable.' I am, but 'wickod' I am not. I said you shouldn't marry him wile I was alive, and I shall keep my word. Thick kindly of a dwarf, it you can. God made me as well as him." We hadn't got to the end of the poor fidelity. Agent D. E. Monahan, with a face as white as chalt.
Mat the time of the young man's death message announcing the death, waved for the father, but it was necessary only for him to corroborate the excited statement of Smith, who, anticipating him, said: "He's killed, is he?"-Medora correspondent St. Louis Clobe-Demoerat.
Molding Court in Missouri. (Kansas City Star.)
Seene: Mayor's court at Bartlesville. Lawyer Clevinger to Lawyer George: "You going to stand for that, you honor? He ought to be sent to jail for that." Clevinger: "Ch, can't you take a joke? I didn't mean it." George: "You are a liar; you did mean it." They fight. Clevinger: "Ch, can't you take a joke? I didn't mean it." George: "You are a liar; you did mean it." They fight. Clevinger: with wo sticks, for which back wrote the same struck with to sticks, for which back wrote his preludes and furgues, to the pianodid mean it." They light, Clevinger duciner, the wires of which were struck scratching George's face, and George with two sticks, for which bach wrote chewing Clevinger's thumb until Clev- his preludes and fugues, to the piazo-inger howls "enough." A bucket of water forte of to-day—and the ingenious me-is brought by the janitor, the fighters chanical or automatic planof are players, wash their hands, and the trial proceeds which have lately have a popular.



now when all the country looks to Dream Foretold Son's Death

"What are you afraid of?" he asks,

Well, I feit more comfortable when we put our feet on firm ground on top of the shaft, and had sent the cage down again

'Worder what's in that bundle?" says