



## Marlin Big Game REPEATING RIFLES

The Special Smokeless Steel barrel, rifled deep on the Ballard system, creates perfect combustion, develops highest velocity and hurls the bullet with utmost accuracy and mightiest killing impact.

The mechanism is direct-acting, strong, simple and perfectly adjusted. It never clogs. The protecting wall of solid steel between your head and cartridge keeps rain, sleet, snow and all foreign matter from getting into the action. The side ejection throws shells away from line of sight and allows instant repeat shots always.

Built in perfect proportion throughout, in many high power calibres, it is a quick handling, powerful, accurate gun for all big game.

Every hunter should know all the Marlin characteristics. **The Marlin Firearms Co.** Send for our free catalog. Enclose 3 stamps for postage. 76 Willow Street New Haven, Conn.

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COFFEE SPECIALISTS, GLASGOW

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stein and I hate that name anyhow; I won't marry anybody I don't know."

"It's enough that he wants you for his wife, and that your parents want you to marry him. What your ideas are, ain't got nothing to do with it."

"How do you know that he wants me? He has never seen me. How can he tell?"

"Oh, but he has," cried her mother in triumph. "That time you was at the Grand Theatre with Aunt Esther he seen you. He was with Mr. Strasser, and it so happened that Abe was telling him he ought to get a wife. Abe points you out to him, and says you are a nice girl, and he knows your parents. Then Mr. Rosenstein says he likes you, and if your family is all right and your popper consents, he will marry you. So Abe tells popper, and now only for your bad disposition you could be engaged already."

and dollars in the bank; but I don't care for any of it. I don't like to be picked out of theatres, like a cabbage out of a barrel. I hate him!" Her voice broke, and Jones looked hard at the sidewalk.

Presently huge rain drops began to patter down, and there was a sharp burst of thunder.

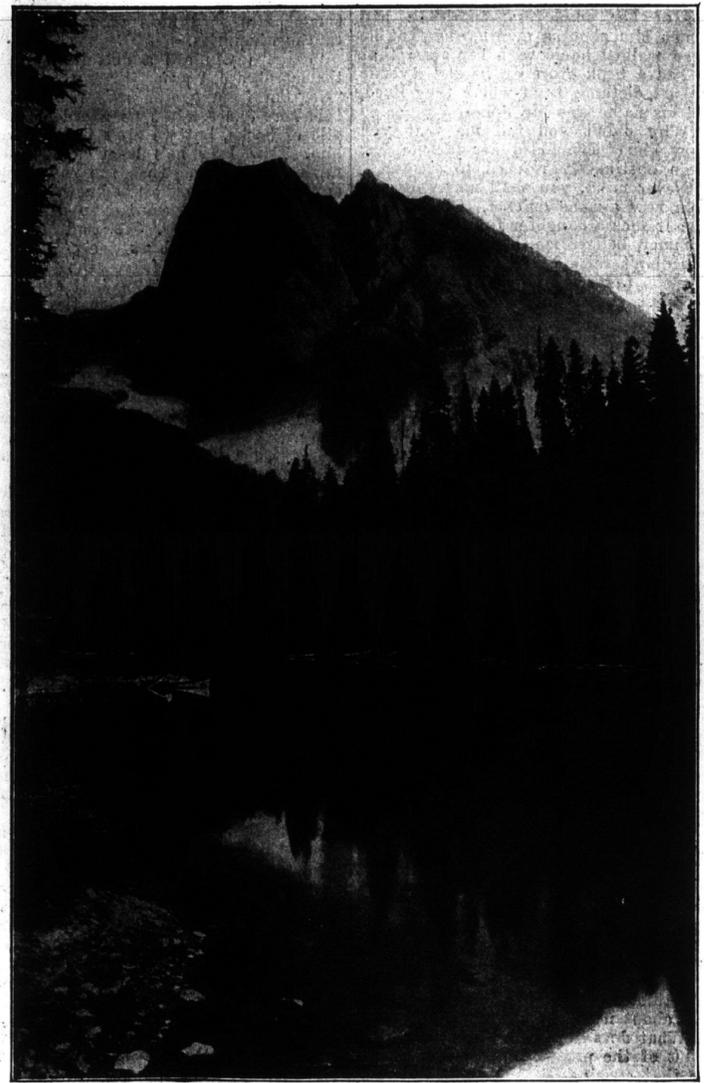
"A thunderstorm. Come, run; we can get to the store before we get wet," he said, and, catching hold of her arm, helped her along. They scurried in just in time.

"I'm hungry, and not afraid of a little rain," declared the blonde clerk, and sped away like a pale shadow for his breakfast.

Jones brought Rosie a chair, and sat down beside her.

"Well," said Rosaline at length; "what do you think I ought to do?"

"How shall I advise you?" said Jones with averted eyes. "It's an odd thing



Burgess Mount, Emerald Lake.

"The nerve of him! He picks me out like a new coat. He don't have to ask if I'll have him, but thinks I'll fall in the dust for joy! I will show you all!"

That settled the question for thirty-six hours, and Rosie was beginning to think she would hear no more of it, when her father announced that Mr. Rosenstein was back in town, and would call that evening. "I won't see him," declared Rosaline; "good-bye, mamma, I'm going to work," and she rushed out of the house.

Several times Jones had been waiting on the corner to say good morning as he passed that way to his store, so it was no surprise when she saw him.

"Why, what's the matter?" he exclaimed at the sight of her face.

"Oh, nothing." But after a little urging, he poured out the whole miserable story. "Oh, excuse me for bothering you," she finished. "He—he has a book store, too, and two lots, and two thous-

but I have heard all about this fellow, Rosenstein. I guess your father has not looked him up yet; but the fact is he has quite a lot of money. Some people might call him rich. I hear he is not a bad fellow, and his wife could have anything she wanted. I guess after you think about it you will not be different from other girls, and when you know the man, perhaps you will like him. If you take him, you know, you will not have to work, and life will be easy. Money is a great thing to have. My advice is—take him!"

All Rosaline's illusions came tumbling about her ears. That this man, whom she confessed to herself had filled her thoughts and her heart ever since she had known him, should be so coldly counselling her, turned her soul sick.

She sprang to her feet. "So you think it's all right to get married for money?" she said scornfully; "well I don't. I guess I must be crazy; but when I get married it's going to be for love. I