By SIR WALTER BESANT

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"Madam, I know not. You have done sour best, not so much to repair a streat wrong as to stop further wrong. If I understand matters aright, it will impossible to recover anything that en taken.

sack of coals already burned.

"Therefore, what we have to do first so to stop further pillage. Next, I apprehend, we must make it clear that your signature in the register was false."

Lady Anastasia rose and put on her

omino again.
"I am going back to London, sir.
If house is in Hanover square, where
am to be heard of for the present. It
tas a bad day's work when I was maried in that plak cloak. It may prove

worse day's work when I confessed. "Nay, madam," I said quietly. "Car It be a bad day's work to stop a cruel and unfeeling robbery?"
"I bave done my part, gentlemen, For good or for ill. In a few weeks or

nths the man would have beggared fairnself as well as that poor girl. Now fae is beggared already. I know not what be will do nor whither he will

So I led her back to the Crown, and hat same day she took her departure, and I have never seen her since. One Setter, it is true, I had from her, of

and I have never seen her since. One Retter, it is true, I had from her, of which I will tell you in due course. Then I returned to Mr. Redman.
"Jack," he said, "I am going without wurther discussion to warn the manager not to send stay more money to chose attorneys and to disregard their orders. I shall write at once warning them that we have now in our hands clear proof that my client is not marked to Lord Fylingdale and that we have now considering in what manner we should proceed with regard to the farge sums that have been remitted by his orders. This, Jack, is the way of Lawyers. We write such a letter, knowthis orders. This, Jack, is the way of lawyers. We write such a letter, knowing that we shall not proceed further in this direction, for the scandal would be very great and the profit would be very great and the profit would be very small. Besides, there is the awkward fact that we made no protest, but substitted. Yet sure and certain I am that the other side will not dare to go into court, being conscious of guilt, yet not knowing how much we have learned."

My story is nearly finished. Molly recovered her freedom, with the loss of by far the greater part of her fortune. She had, indeed, nothing left ex-

She had, indeed, nothing left expt her fleet and the trade carried on the firm in which she was sole parter. Still she remained the richest woman in the town.

Here follows the letter from the ady Anastasia. "My dear Jack." she aid, "news reaches Lynn slowly, if it ts there at all; therefore I basten to inform you that an end has come, per-haps the end that you would desire, My lord is no more. I am a widow. Yet I mourn not. My husband during the last 12 months had acted as one no onger in command of bimself. I can-ot think, indeed, that he had been in is right mind since he entered upon at great crime of which you know. uld have gone from bad to worse ill more. He killed himself. He aced the muzzle of a pistol within a mouth and so killed himself.

was yesterday. I went to see
I bad to tell him what I bad
I expected he would kill me. Perhaps it would have been better had of done so.
"I found him with his attorney, a

amed Bisic, whom I have seen

with him frequently.
"'Pray, madam, take a chair. I am

your humble servant. You can go, said my lord. 'You have my instructions, Mr. Bisic. Order the manager to pro-ceed with the sale of the ships.' "With submission, my lord. We can

nd him orders, but we can only make m obey by proceeding according to w. He finds excuses. He makes de-rs. He talks of sacrificing the ships

"My lord," I repeated, 'I have made on the quarterback. He gives the signals and delivers the ball, doesn't he?"
"I thank you, madam; I thank you with all my heart. Let me not detain ald. "You would like to see me in a

with all my heart. Let me not detain you.

"He said no more, and I rose. But the loor was thrown open, and Mr. Purden walked in without being announced.

"Ha, he said, seeing me, "we are all three, then, together again! My lord, will not waste your time. I have ome to explain that since you have refused to perform your compact you annot complain if I have broken up the whole business."

"I thought I had ordered you out of my presence, sir?"

"So you did; so you did. I have opt."

There were now on the college

come to say that I have this day drawn up a full confession of the conspiracy into which I was drawn by your lord-ship, deceived against my better judgment by the promise of a large sum of

"Lord Fylingdale pointed to the door.
'You can go, sir,' he said. So the man

Purden went away.
"Then he turned to me. 'Anastasia, Then he turned to me. Anastasia, we were friends once. I treated you shamefully in the matter of the jewels. Things have gone badly with me of late. I seem to have no luck. Perhaps I have somehow lost my judg-That money has done

It is now all over. The game is played. Every game comes to an end in time. You had better leave me, Anastasia. You have had your revenge. Let that consideration console you.'
"I said no more, but left him. It was

in the afternoon. Two hours later they heard an explosion. They ran to find the cause. Lord Fylingdale was lying dead on the floor.

'So. Jack, we are all punished, and none of us can complain. For my part I am going into the country, where I have a small dower house. The soli-tude and the dullness will, I dare say, kill me, but I do not care about living any longer.

ANASTASIA."

She did, however, pass into a better

mind, for I heard some time after that she had married the dean of the neighboring cathedral, not under the name of Lady Fylingdale, which she never as-sumed, but that of her first husband.

As to the other confederates, the poet, the colonel and the parson, I never heard anything more about them, nor do I expect now that I ever shall. The rest of Molly's history, dear read-

er, belongs to me and not to the world.

THE END

Kicking A Goal

By LITTELL M'CLUNG.

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Though it was only an hour before the great football game between Clinton and Darnall, their conversation was not of the gridiron as they walked down Main street bound for Clinton oval

"There's only one thing that keeps "There's only one thing that keeps me from becoming eugaged to you right now, Thornton," said the girl after a serious pause.
"You'll have to tell me, Leta; I can't guess it," answered the stalwart quarterback of the Clinton eleven.
"Just this," she said. "I am not altogether sure that you really need me in your life. You are a strong, self

You are a strong, self capable of fight in your life. You are a strong, self reliant boy, capable of fighting your own way over the obstacles that will confront you.

"More than all else put together, I

want to know that without my en-couragement you would be accom-plishing less—that I will always be an inspiration to you, no matter what your aims may be. For a moment the young man did

not reply. Then he looked at his com-panion, his gaze sincere. "Leta, you're right," he agreed quiet-iy. "That's the way I want you to feel about it. Deep down in my heart I know that you would always inspire me to strive for the best in life. But. I must convince you of this, and I'll do it, too, dear girl, if I get the chance!"

"Maybe you will, Thornton," she replied, "and I hope that you will more than you can guess. Why—why not begin at the game today?" "That's what I intend to do, Leta!"

was his prompt response. "I expect to play as I never played before, just be-cause you are wearing Clinton's col-

on forced sale.'
"You will not proceed according to
my, my lord,' I told him.
"Why, madam?"

ors and wearing my pennant. It's a
pretty one, isn't it?
"The gold and brown stripes harmonize beautifully with that bright

"Why, madam?"
"Because I have been to Lynn myself and have explained certain points
in connection with the marriage servcroin St. Nicholas' church.'
"My lord looked at me in his cold
way as if neither surprised nor moved.
"Mr. Bisic,' he said, 'I will commumicate again with you.' So the attormey left us. Then he turned again to
me." though I know everything depends

grants amid shouting hundreds and fluttering flags and pennauts. Thorn-top assisted Leta to her seat high up north goal.

"I hope Clinton gets the south end of the field," he said as he started off ward the clubhouse.
'Why?" she asked.
'Because then I'll be able to see the

ange and brown pragnet that's draw north toward Darmail's goal!"

said earnestly. the field, and from the thousand tongued grand stand rose a mighty shout, while pennants, ribbons, band-kepehiefs and flags mingled in a way-

it was the great wind-up game of the year, and there was a chance for any player to win a glory crown by making the deciding touchdown. Both clevens, it was evident, were steeled r the centest.

Put, as fate would have it, Clinton of the north end of the field, and a syage quarterback waited for the umre's signal with his back to the girl orange who was waving a pennan

But despite this disappointment he rathered his strength for the charge, and as the shrill whistle struck his ears he leaped forward straight for the ball that lay on the line twenty cards in front of him. Bin! The oval went whirling through the air in a ixty yard parabola, with the whole

sixty yard parabola, with the whole Clinton feam in pursuit.

The balf landed in the arms of Darnall's fullback, and the big fellow ame back up the field in a series of funges. But before a dozen yells had split the air he was down, with every Clinton man piling over him.

Then the shoulder to shoulder battle began. In three downs Darnall loss, the ball. Then Then in seportunity came. To test Darnall's line he gave at the risk of having his own neck series of a sprife of centry ruly straits. teristed a series of center rush strials

Three times the heavy backs charged over him, and by felt his breath but little betjer success to be gethat line rushes were happless, be care the fernal for a kick, and Chinton's full ack sent the ball for d on the field. But Darnall hurled it hask with an

for Darmai numed it is a with another, kick. There were us re close formation plays, followed by two more long distance kicks, while the air was cilled with the cries of the suscenters and the sharp, quick cheirs of the inventors. . whistle

up when suddenly out of a scrimmage rolled the ball. For a second nobody excepting Clinton's quarterback knew what had become of it.

As it bounded carelessly along Thorn-ton at one swoop seized it. Simultaneously he heard a shout on the side

line, "Only forty seconds left!"

Directly in front of him, not twenty yards distant, was Darnall's goal.

Even a halfway drop kick might win the game. Thornton dropped the ball to the ground and swung his right foot. A great cheer went up, which died away suddenly in a groan. The ball flew high, but it didn't go within fifty

feet of either post.
"Time's up!" yelled the umpire.
Thornton felt that all Clinton disappointed beyond expression and ashamed of the showing he had made after the college had boast-ed of his prowess as a drop kicker. He remained in dejected seclusion

during the intermission But when the whistle sounded again he was like another man. Clinton had the south goal this time, and clearly the quarterback saw a girl in orange swinging a pennant in the grand stand. Already the throngs had forgotten his fluke in the hope

of victory in the second half.

At the kick-off Thornton sent the pigskin seventy yards down the field and then plunged into the game with ferocious energy. He determined to redeem himself or perish in the at-

Back and forth over the field surged the teams, wile thousands shouted

ncouragement.
Neither eleven seemed able to break down the defense of the other until toward the end of the half, when Clinton began to come up the field steadily.

Thornton, his head clear as a bell, was playing at frightful pace, giving Darnall no time to catch its breath after each attack. But thirty yards from the goal line! Darnall braced from the goal line! Darnall braced like a children who do not know what grass

stone wall.
"Only one more minute to play!"
called the umpire, and the crowds took

angle.

There was about one chance in a dozen of putting the ball between them, but Thornton took it. He stood back of the line ready to call the sig-

back of the line ready to call the sig-nal, and the Darnall eleven, seeing it was to be kick, got ready to plunge through and break up the play.

Then suddenly the quarterback, look-ing directly between the goal posts, saw Leta in the grand stand in an at-titude of breathless expectancy, and he knew more than the game depend-ed upon his quickness and skill.

He stepped back a few yards, and with his eye riveted on the figure in orange he gave the signal in clear. sharp tones, "Three, double two, elev-en."

hiffo reeling senseless twenty feet from the spot where he was hit.

But the big man was half a second too jate, for Thornton's toe had caught the ball squarely, and it went flying, straight as a bullet between the goal posts and up into the grand stand, fall-ing almost at Leta's feet!

A wild, desfening well of toy broke

A wild, deafening yell of joy broke over the field, but the quarterback did not hear it. Ten minutes later, when he came to, a girl was bathing his forehead, and he caught the glow of her

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Fac Simile Signature of Chat H Futcher.

NEW YORK.

At6 months old

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER

bright brown dress. The crowd fell back respectfully.

"Don't worry, Thornton, dear boy," she whispered "I saw you looking at me when you made that wonderful kick, and I know now how much I men to you."

Some Odd Animals.

Mang, curious animals haunt the marshy parts of South America north of the pampas. Frogs, big and fero-cious (the ceratophyrs), given to mak-ing vicious springs when closely approached; the capybara, a cavy "con tented with the bulk of a sheep:" the auge coypu rat and the swarthy, pig-ike tapir are frequently seen.

Along the forest margins troops of

peccaries are often met with, occa-sionally the jaguar, sometimes the pu-ma, likewise that toothless curiosity, the great ant bear, long in claw, long nosed and remarkably long tongued. Very plentiful, too, are those "little knights in scaly armor," the quaint, waddling armadillos. Long toed jacanas pace about upon the floating

leaves.

A familiar object is the great jabiru, a stork with a preference for the desolate lagoons, where it may often be observed statuesque on one leg and wrapped in prospection.— Edinburgh

Strenuous Methods cf Healing.

Papuan medicine men are regarded with great respect by the natives. Those I have met certainly seemed enrgetic and hardworking. They sit lose to the patient, massaging the seat of pain with much vigor, and, while they are thus rubbing, make a noise with their lips rather like that which groom makes when cubbing down a The process is a tiring one. and the medicine man stops at intervals to drink hot water in which taro has been boiled. His object is to extract some mysterious foreign substance from the sick man's body, and if he succeeds in this he receives a if he succeeds in this he receives a fee; otherwise he gets nothing. "No ure, no pay," is apparently the Paeuan sufferer's motto: - Wide World

Canaries as Weather Prophets.
"I have heard of all sorts of barometers, or, rather, weather signs, but I know of no more reliable weather prophets than my birds," said a Balti-more lady who owns several canaries. "I can almost always tell when it is going to rain by the distinctness with which I can hear the trains at night, but the birds are even more reliable than that. If I hear them singing in the morning early, before I take the coverings of their cages off, I know that the day will be a good control of the cage of the cage

that the day will be a good one, no matter if it is raining at the moment, but if they do not sing I am sure there will be bad weather before the day is over. I have never known them to fail, and I never think of going shopping or calling unless the birds sing in early morning. That is why I never get caught in the rain, as many of my friends do. That poor weather bureau man, who makes so many mistakes in his prophecies, ought by all means to get himself some canaries."—Baltimore Sun.

A Strategist.

"I done got even wif de brown skinned gemman dat cut me out," said Mr. Erastus Plukly. "He ain' little 'nuff foh you to whip,"

said the friend.

"No; but he's mos' drefful supersti-tious. An I got a few friends to circle-ate de repoht in his neighborhood dat it's onlucky to eat chicken, an now he's dat nervous an mis'able he does' know what to do wif hisse'f."-Washingto

MORE LIFE.

Millions of our people never go into the country or to the sea coast. Millions of our people never see the Thornton realized that in so short a time line plunges would be futile. There was only one hope of victory, another drop ktck for a goal. While only twenty yards away, the goal posts were off to the left at an oblique angle.

There was not you have the conditions of our people never read a book, or see a beautiful picture, or enjoy the delights of good music and singing. Millions of our people are ignorant of science, and art, and literature. Of all the conditions are the conditions and show the seamy old. is. There are men and women

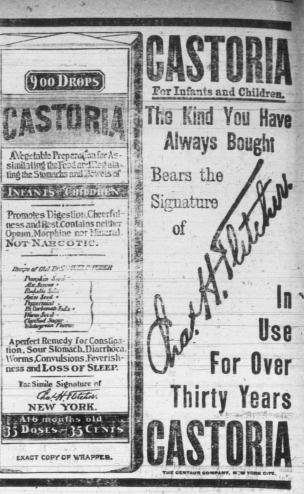
Under Socialism all these doors circulation behind it. would be opened. Every child would be free of the keys of knowledge, and beauty, and wisdom. The heritage left by our forefathers would be ours.

If a copy of this paper comes Socialism. through the mail to your home, 50 CENTS PER YEAR 25 CENTS is their poverty. or if one is handed to you by somebody, it is an invitation to you to subscribe. You will get FOR 10 CENTS. worth in sound education many The ball struck his outstretched hands, and as he dropped it he shot out his right foot. The next second a big Darnall guard leaped over the line and struck Thornton head-on, sending the working class.

Subs, Four Hair-yearry Substitute Ten Trials for three months.

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The plute politicians have an easy time of it. The people are so easily fooled

Men may be put in prison or mur-

The one great affliction of the poor

The class-selfish plute hates the class-conscious slave.

Bears the Branch Bears the Cart Hitcher

W Give us that gr once aga And let's have d a term Full of fine force firm, Fit for the noble And one's a w suggests The Mother, W dame, Whose costly re

Devo

ing t

CONTRIB

the name word upon and rests The other mine The perfect wor of heart And broad of so Well in life's d The " perfect 1

And what to sa and act (Tis taught in native ta Yet narrow in ! Give the first | phrase, And leave the -ELLA WHEEL

THE ART MARY

A lady, a paper on sing meant by the vocal training In the practice wide as the dent the answ ent thing, for

points peculia In general t eal training amount of br from museula the throat bu ant attributes and jaw.

The young voice to gro years, go by are certain ru fundamental teachers the

If the your to acquire t of her vocal well give up iately and some more where, perha happier; for the divine fir Parnassus' h light.

> step in the the art of truly when I art. Yes, as a lost art. said about t ing that to what it m least two ar To sing w of breath, v tone, seems

A Sur Mary This morn sunny sandy cat basking high board came into r

All the a that nice of sand and sl my mind's the longing

to the win and kid gl again and t warm sand would be to pies, to pi sleepy, feeli than I fel