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ALL FOR HER

Bertie looked up at him with a firmness which was almost obstinacy.

"You may bully me as much as you like, Faradeane," he said, and not without a certain quiet dignity, the dignity of conviction. "But you won't succeed in convincing me that you have not a great deal of influence over her. Why, I watched her—do I ever take my eyes off her?—every time you spoke; and, whatever she was doing or whoever she was listening to, she turned to you at once. Besides, don't you influence everybody? Haven't you, you ways been able to do anything you liked with anybody? And Olivia—oh, I could see tonight that she thought more of you than anyone else."

"The pale face seemed to grow hard and set as if with some hidden struggle, some suppressed pain. "That is enough of this nonsense," he said. "Love works madness in some men's brains. It has worked madness in yours. I am no more to Olivia than he stopped, and swept his hand across his brow, with a gesture of annoyance."

"I mean Miss Vanley, than the beggar at her gates."

Bertie rose, pale too, and with an expression of disappointment.

"Then—then you won't do this for me, Faradeane?"

"If you mean, will I go and ask Miss Vanley to accept you, to go to her and propose for you, I certainly will not," was the swift, almost stern response. "Go to her yourself. Besides, do you think I am made of wood, clay, iron, that I can bear any better than you the mockery of her laugh, the scorn of those eyes?"

Bertie stared at him.

"Why, what will it matter to you?" he said innocently. "You won't be telling her that you love her—won't be asking her to be your wife?"

"For the first time Faradeane's face grew crimson, and his dark, sad eyes dropped."

"Sit down," he said, pointing to the chair. "Your madness is affecting me. It is catching. Sit down." Bertie dropped meekly into the chair, and Faradeane paced up and down the room for a moment or two; then he stopped suddenly and looked down at the hand, some, the girl's face, with its trusting patience. "You—you still persist in this insane idea of yours?" he asked, almost harshly.

Bertie nodded.

"Yes, I do, Faradeane, if you know how much I rely on you—"

Faradeane uttered an impatient exclamation.

"But I do. See here; I have a kind of faith that if you—if you would tell her to—accept me, that she'd do it. Laugh at the idea as you may, as you like, but you can't destroy it. It's there, and I can't get rid of it. Cl—Cl—mean Faradeane, for heaven's sake say 'Yes!'"

Faradeane looked down at him with steady, yet dreamy gaze; then he seemed to strengthen himself, to brace himself, as it were, and said, slowly:

"Well, I will do it."

Bertie sprang to his feet, his face flushed with relief and gratified; but Faradeane held up his hand.

"Stop! No gratitude! No thanks! If you knew how I hated—"

"Soon! As soon as I can come row!" replied Bertie, all in a fervor. "I can't wait any longer—I can't, indeed! Ah, if you knew how I love her!"

"Perhaps I can guess," caustically. "But you can't. You see, she is nothing to you; just a pretty, lady-like girl."

"Just a pretty, lady-like girl," echoed Faradeane in a strange voice; "exactly."

"But to me she is a goddess, an angel. Oh, dear old man, do the best you can for me. I have told you what I want. I want her. I want her to be all of a tremble as I should be. You, not caring for her, will be cool and collected, and—and—will be stammering and stammering; but you—you see, it's a matter of perfect indifference to you."

"Exactly," said Faradeane and his voice sounded almost harsh and hoarse. "and now—"

"Yes I'm going," said Bertie, seizing his hat. "I won't thank you—"

"Don't."

"I can't. I shall never be able to pay you—"

"I don't think you will," slowly, almost inaudibly, came the retort.

"But it's just like you. I knew you wouldn't refuse, though you might not like it at first."

"I don't like it at last. But go hand, cherub," and he laid his gloved half-protectively, half-pityingly, upon Bertie's shoulder and gently led him to the door.

"Good-night, old fellow; and thank you a thousand—thousand—Look!" and he sprang into the bush. "Faradeane, there is someone—some man here in the garden!" he exclaimed in a hushed and startled whisper.

Faradeane sprang to the spot indicated by Bertie's pointed finger, and searched amongst the bushes.

"There is no one there," he said, quietly and calmly. "Your nerves are overstrained."

"Where is that dog of yours?" said Bertie.

Faradeane nodded towards the back of the house.

CLEAN KNOCK OUT

Samaria Tasteless Remedy Kills Desire for Whisky.

Dear Sir,—Please find inclosed \$3.00 for a bottle of Samaria Remedy. I will not use the second bottle, but want to have it handy if I need it. I found the one bottle sufficient, and am very glad we tried it. Yours truly,

WILLIAM E. Inclose stamp for pamphlet and free sample of Tasteless Samaria. Will cure any case of drink habit secretly. Sent in sealed envelope. Correspondence strictly confidential. Address, The Samaria Remedy Co., 21 Jordan street, Toronto, Canada. Also for sale by W. T. Strong & Co., London.

"In the kennel," he said. "Let him loose—do now! I am sure—Come and let us get him." They went round to the back and loosened the dog. Both of them went which was a mistake, for if one of them had remained behind he would have seen Seth the gipsy glide out from amongst the shrubs and vault over the low palings.

The dog bounded across the garden, destroying the flowers, and growing angrily; but after sniffing about for a minute or two, he came back and licked Faradeane's hand.

"There was no one," he said. "Good-night."

"Good-night," said Bertie. "I trust you with my future happiness, old fellow."

"I shall not betray you," was the low-voiced response.

Then he pulled the dog back to his kennel, and returned to the parlor.

For a minute or two he stood leaning against the table with his hand before his eyes; then he drew himself upright, and filling his pipe, smoked furiously.

"I must do it!" he murmured. "But—how hard! How hard! Oh, fool! fool!" [To be Continued.]

IS SUCH THING AS BASEBALL INSTINCT

Players Do Right Thing in Crisis, Without Reasoning Out Their Play.

Manager Kelley, of the St. Paul, Minn., team, is a firm believer in what has been called baseball instinct, where the player is intuitive to do the right thing in a crisis, where they have no time to reason out what should be done. At recent fanning he held at the St. Paul baseball headquarters, he cited numerous instances of instinctive action by players, which was the right thing to do, but which they did without taking any time to reason out the situation.

The most striking of these instances was a play pulled off by Charlie Jones on the Minneapolis grounds on July 5 last. Corbett was pitching for the Saints, and at the end of the eighth the score stood 2 to 2. The Saints got busy in their half of the ninth and made three, putting them many ahead.

The pitcher started in bad in the last half of the ninth and runs were scored after two men were out.

McNichols was in first, with Cy Coulter at bat. Coulter knocked out one of his long singles to right center and Charlie Jones started after it and got the ball on about its fourth bound, with one hand while the other caught the ball he was traveling at full speed, headed toward the right field fence. He stopped, and turned and threw the ball straight as a die to Eddie Wheeler, who tagged McNichols at third by two feet. It was a throw where Jones had no chance to size up what he should do, and he let go the ball without taking time to take his bearings.

The sphere went straight and true, however, and the merit of the play was missed by the home crowd, which was sore at losing the game in this manner.

"At the time," says Manager Kelley, "I remarked to Basevine that the play was one of the best I had ever seen on any diamond and he agreed with me."

"I have often caught high throws to first, more by instinct than anything else," continued the manager. "I would never see the ball that I remembered, after it had started, but somehow my hands went up to the right place, and I have often seen shortstops make unerring throws to bases without looking up to see whether the bases were covered or not. There is something about the game which gives players with the right baseball sense an unconscious prompting as to what to do, and they do not reason out the play, they make under these circumstances until after they have made it."

The talk drifted to unusual happenings on the diamond last summer, and the manager told of a remarkable play which came off at Columbus, Wrigley was on first, with no one out, and the next man up laid down a perfect bunt along the third base line, which did not roll fifteen feet from the plate. Wheeler, who was waiting for the ball, caught the ball beautifully and retired the batter. Meanwhile Wrigley was heading back for all he was worth with no one on the base.

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SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR TUESDAY.

For Quick Clearing, We Offer for Tuesday the Following:

Clothing.

Children's Suits, regular \$4.00, for \$2.25

Children's Suits, regular \$3.50, for \$2.00

Boys' Suits, regular \$4.00, for \$2.10

Boys' Suits, regular \$4.50, for \$2.50

Boys' Suits, regular \$2.50, for \$1.70

Men's Tweed Suits, regular \$3.75, for \$2.75

Men's Tweed Suits, regular \$12.00, for \$7.75

Men's Tweed Suits, regular \$11.00, for \$7.50

Men's Tweed Suits, regular \$10.00, for \$7.50

Men's Tweed Suits, regular \$8.00, for \$7.50

Men's Trousers, regular \$3.50, for \$2.10

Men's Trousers, regular \$2.50, for \$1.50

Men's Trousers, regular \$2.00, for \$1.00

Men's Overalls, regular \$9.00, for \$4.95

Men's Overalls, regular \$1.00, for \$3.50

Men's Smocks, regular \$9.00, for \$5.00

Men's Smocks, regular \$5.00, for \$3.25

Men's Overcoats, regular \$18.50, for \$10.50

Men's Overcoats, regular \$14.50, for \$9.50

Men's Overcoats, regular \$11.50, for \$7.50

Boys' Overcoats, regular \$6.00, for \$3.00

Suitings.

Tweeds in profusion, new goods, regular \$1.75, for .95c

Tweeds in profusion, new goods, regular \$1.50, for .80c

Tweeds in profusion, new goods, regular \$1.30, for .70c

Tweeds in profusion, new goods, regular \$1.20, for .65c

Tweeds in profusion, new goods, regular \$1.00, for .50c

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