

Bellefonte, Pa., March 23. 1900.

## JACQUEMINOTS.

broad shoulder.

ferent feelings.

retorted Mr. King.

"It was awfully good of you to remem ber me so handsomely, dear Bob," murmured Irene Benson as she buried her somewhat pronounced chin in the gorgeous bouquet that had elicited the remark.

stiffly. e individual so affectionately styled "Still ?" "Bob" was, according to his cartes de visite, Mr. R. Sinclair King, though within a few years of the date of this story he had always Mr. King with great dignity. The lady laughed good-naturedly. She was pretty and much admired. Mr. King given prominence to the first name bestow-ed upon him by his godfather and godmother, and had correspondingly obscured the one that now stood out so boldly against had neglected to pay due homage to her charms, and she took a malicious enjoyment in adding to his evident discomfort. the chaste cardboard background. Intimate acquaintances still addressed him as "Bob" When it was rumored that his attentions with or without adjectives according to to Miss Benson were losing force, Miss Archer had taken hasty counsel with hertheir sex and sentiments. In the capacity of fiancee his present companion naturally self and decided upon a plan of campaign by which she might capture and retain the exercised a special right over him, against regal favor. On this evening she had hoped which he did not rebel.

True, she was the fourth young lady in alf as many years that the gushing, flax-n-haired, money-burdened Mr. King had half as many years that the gushing, flaxen-haired, money-burdened Mr. King had bound himself to with sacred promises, solemnized by temporary sincerity, and of course society laughed at her for expecting face and was driven hither and thither by to retain the devotion of a man who had so the wind of disappointment. She therequickly tired of three handsome predeces- fore plied her partner with annoying quessors. But Miss Benson only smiled sweet-

ly. She was not beautiful certainly; but she she, as the echoes of a well-modulated efnever for a moment argued the ques-tion with the mirror. Her vision was won-you see, Mr. King, you've announced your derfully clear and easily discerned such deengagement so many times, and you transplanted your affections so rapidly from one lady to another, that—well, I presumfects as an elongated chin that would not diminish with age, an aspiring nose, and an absence of natural color in the cheeks. ed your understanding with Miss Benson Nevertheless, she was by no means plain, had by this time become a misunderstandand at times her large gray eyes seemed to ing. lend their beauty to her features. Then, "Indeed ?" too, she was admittedly clever-a quality that can ofttimes hold a man when the tin sel bonds of fascination have snapped. Already the engagement was three months

old, and though the watchful professed to notice a gradual decline in the gentleman's attentions, there was nothing sufficiently marked to attract any general comment. As a matter of fact "dear Bob" was tirimpatiently than etiquette demanded.

ing ever so little of his fourth conquest, but he was not yet epris with anything more desirable, and he scorned the old adage so redundant with caution.

He thought Irene looked remarkably well on this evening, and he had led her away from the throng of dancers to gladden her heart with a few efficacious and well tried words of praise. They were a little battered with much campaigning, for Mr. King's range in metaphorical composition was painfully limited, but as they were all illumined with the glow of gold the necessary effect was invariably produced.

Everything had proceeded very nicely until Irene had murmured her thanks for still on. the flowers. Then a wave of hot confusion that experience and diplomacy could not keep back swept over the gentleman's fair face. He moved restlessly in his seat, then glanced askance at the bouquet. Several times he cleared his throat and straightened his peck as though breathing with an effort.

Meantime his companion continued the one-sided conversation.

"Red is my color," she said,—the deep, down," murmured Miss Archer. rich red of these roses. I was so delighted "Thank you." when they arrived this afternoon that I

fairly danced with joy. Aunt thought I was crazy, but when she saw the cause of my actions she was almost as bad herself. It was really too good of you, Bob

more or less deranged her toilette. Anger sparkled in her eyes, but to no effect,—for Mr. King's gaze kept a close watch on his absent thoughts. Curiosity impelled his partner; to follow the former; she saw Miss Benson gliding gracefully along with Mr. Lovelace, a magnificent bouquet of Jacque-minot roses which she held peeping over his known's gift. However, it was not his intention to disabuse her mind of the ideas it contained pertaining to his generosity and attention. Certainly he would not again leave himself open to the charge of neglect, and meantime Mr. Lovelace or "Are you still enamoured of Miss Benson ?" she pertly asked, for the brevity of Mr. King's attentions was ordinary talk. some other envious rival would deserve his "I am engaged to her," he answered gratitude for having stepped into the

"Irene," said he softly, and after a short The query was aggravatingly sarcastic. "I hardly understand you," remarked search his hand found hers, "we have been engaged for over two months."

'Yes, Bob." "There is nothing to prevent our getting narried at any time.

"No. Bob. "Then, dear, suppose we fix the day." "Oh, Bob !" and Miss Benson's pale face became suffused with an exquisite blush that indicated maidenly pleasure not unmixed with confusion.

'Yes, dear, I want you to name the day. But it must be soon-inside of two weeks, exclaimed the enraptured man, his whole being longing for the early possession of this treasure so marvelously more precious with the increased demand.

"I'm afraid I couldn't get my trousseau ready in two weeks, dear," expostulated the blushing damsel ; "there is so much to be done."

"Then say in a month," he begged, in "You mustn't mind me laughing," said amendment to his former motion. Self-sacrifice and generosity shone rene's gray orbs as she shook her head. "No, dear," she whispered, "I shall not disappoint you in any way. It will be a rush, but since you desire it I'll be ready have in two week-two weeks from to-day; and this is Wednesday."

"Are you sure it isn't asking too much of you, loved one?" "Nothing would be too much for you

"Now, you shouldn't be angry with sake," she murmured. "Brave little girl !" No one was in people for thinking this. You've been uch a flirt, and it was whispered that your sight: he rapturously kissed the pretty mouth so close to the flowers. Their odor while almost stifling him, increased his

charming provocativeness. "Were what?" asked Mr. King more desire for possession. "Take one of these roses in memory of this evening," she purred. Her dainty fingers extracted a bud from the companion-The music had by this time ceased, and ship of its fellows and held it up within the shadow of his Roman nose. "I shall he noticed with rising wrath that Mr. Lovethe shadow of his Roman nose. "I shall press the others," she added "and keep lace occupied a divan with Miss Benson and was fanning her assiduously. Miss

Archer viewed the same picture with difthem forever. "No, no; don't do that," exclaimed Mr. "Well," she continued, "the rumor be-King excitedly. "I'd rather give you something more lasting-more substantial

gan to circulate that your attentions were -ah-not as ardent as they might be, -to mark the event with." "But these flowers are so beautiful." and, of course, every one expected soon to

hear of your again being fancy-free. You've "Yes, yes; but no more so than others I've sent you."

deceived us so often, you know." "Every one is liable to make mistakes," "Oh, yes, they are, Bob. You never showed such good taste before."

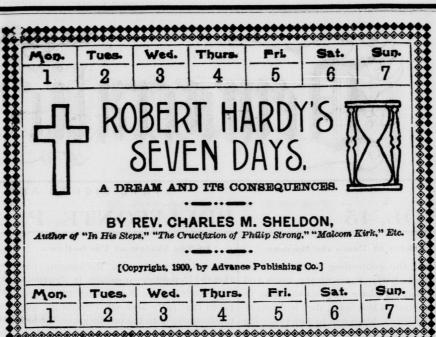
"Certainly; that's why I wondered if "Do you think so?" he asked in a weak your engagement with Miss Benson was ppeless voice. "I'm sure of it. And it's such a hand-

some bouquet, too. Wear this, dear, won't "I haven't made a mistake this time." you, for my sake? You should wear my A few hours earlier he might not have felt so positive on this point, but he was colors, you know; and, to be frank, I was now bound to foil the donor of the gora little disappointed when I saw your butgeous bouquet-the hateful flowers which, tonhole this evening.

"It was a mistake, darling. Strange, from time to time, his lady-love pressed to the full lips that rivalled them in color. though, isn't it, that Mr. Lovelace should be wearing a rose the same And Lovelace gazed at her so affectionate color as yours?"

ly that the jealous man saw in him a rival. "Now you speak of it, it is funny. Oh, "I'm so glad you have decided to settle wouldn't it be awful if any one thought that he sent me the bouquet? And people

might, too, on account of your wearing "I must congratulate you on Miss Benson's appearance this evening. Her gown pink." The pretty month contracted in a be-coning pout that greatly lowered Mr. King's opinion of his own qualities. "Alice is up stairs reading the morn-ing paper. Clara and Bess went over to call on the Caxtons." looks almost as good as new, and her bouquet is really the handsomest in the room.



at Barton for 25 years, one of the trus-

CHAPTER L.

tees and a liberal giver. He prided It was Sunday night, and flor himself on that fact. But so far as giv-Hardy had just come home from the ing any of his time or personal service evening service in the church at Ba. was concerned, he would as soon have ton. He was not in the babit of attend thought of giving all his property away ing the evening service, but something to the first poor man he met. His minsaid by his minister in the morning ister had this last week written him an had impelled him to go out. The evenearnest, warm hearted letter, expressing had been a little unpleasant, and a ing much pleasure at the service he light snow was falling. and his wife had rendered so many years as a trushad excused herself from going to tee and asking him if he would not church on that account. Mr. Hardy come to the Thursday evening meet came home cross and fault finding. ing that week and take some part "Catch me going to evening service whatever he chose, to help along. It again! Only 50 people out, and it was was a season of anxious interest among a sheer waste of fuel and light. The many in the church, and the pastor sermon was one of the dullest I ever earnestly desired the presence and help heard. I believe Mr. Jones is growing of all the members. too old for our church. We need a young man, more up with the times. hastily and smiled a little scornfully. He is everlastingly harping on the ne-What! He take part in a prayer meetcessity of doing what we can in the present to save our souls. To hear him had attended one. They were too dull talk you would think every man who for writing such a letter and almost felt as though he had been impertinent. He threw the letter in the waste-

wasn't running round to save souls every winter was a robber and an enemy of society. He is getting off, too, on this newfangled Christian sociology and thinks the rich men are oppressing the poor and that church members ought to study and follow more closely the teachings of Christ and be more brotherly and neighborly to their fellow men. Bah! I am sick of the whole subject of humanity. I shall withdraw my pledge to the salary if the present style of preaching continues." "What was the text of the sermon to-

night?" asked Mrs. Hardy. "Oh, I don't remember exactly. Someplayed for the state championship. thing about 'This night thy soul shall

be demanded' or words like that. I don't believe in this attempt to scare folks into heaven."

"It would take a good many sermons to scare you. Robert."

"Yes; more than two a week," replied Mr. Hardy, with a dry laugh. He drew off his overcoat and threw himself down on the lounge in front of the open fire. "Where are the girls?"

"Alice is up stairs reading the morninterview with the superintendent he went to the theater to hear a roaring

by Mary's side, he had asked her to be his wife. It seemed to him that a breath of the meadow just beyond Squire Hazen's place came into the room just as it was wafted up to him when Mary turned and said the happy word that made that day the gladdest. proudest day he had ever known. What, memories of the old times! What!

He seemed to come to himself and stared around into the fire as if wondering where he was, and he did not see the tear that rolled down his wife's cheek and fell upon her two hands clasped in her lap. She arose and went over to the piano, which stood in the shadow, and, sitting down with her back to her husband, she played fragments of music nervously. Mr. Hardy lay down on the lounge again. After awhile Mrs. Hardy wheeled about on the piano stool and said:

"Robert, don't you think you had better go over and see Mr. Burns about the men who were hurt?"

"Why, what can I do about it? The company's doctor will see to them. I should only be in the way. Did Burns say they were badly hurt?"

"One of them had his eyes put out, and another will have to lose both feet. I think he said his name was Scoville." "What! Not Ward Scoville!"

"I think Burns said that was the name."

Mr. Hardy rose from the lounge, then lay down again. "Oh, well, I can go there the first thing in the morning. 1 can't do anything now," he muttered. But there came to his memory a picture of one day when he was walking through the machine shops and a heavy piece of casting had broken from the end of a large hoisting derrick and would have fallen upon him and probably killed him if this man Scoville, at Robert had read the letter through the time a workman in the machine department, had not pulled him to one side at the danger of his own life. As ing! He couldn't remember when he it was, in saving the life of the manager Scoville was struck on the shoulder for him. He wondered at Mr. Jones and rendered useless for work for four weeks. Mr. Hardy had raised his wages and advanced him to a responsible position in the casting room. Mr. basket and did not even answer it. He Hardy was not a man without generoswould not have been guilty of such a ity and humane feeling, but as he lay lack of courtesy in regard to a busion the lounge that evening and thought ness letter, but a letter from his minisof the cold snow outside and the dister was another thing. The idea of retance to the shop tenements he readily plying to a letter from him never ocexcused himself from going out to see curred to Mr. Hardy. And when the man who had once saved his life Thursday night came he went down to and who now lay maimed for life. If a meeting of the chess club and had a any one thinks it impossible that one good time with his favorite game, for man calling himself a Christian could he was a fine player and was engaged be thus indifferent to another, then he in a series of games which were being does not know the power that selfishness can exercise over the actions of The superintendent of the Sunday men. Mr. Hardy had one supreme law school had lately timidly approached which he obeyed, and that law was Mr. Hardy and asked him if he would self. not take a class of boys in the Sunday

Again Mrs. Hardy, who rarely venschool. What, HE take a class of boys! tured to oppose her husband's wishes, He, the influential, wealthy manager turned to the piano and struck a few of one of the largest railroad shops in chords aimlessly. Then she wheeled the world-HE give his time to the about and said abruptly:

teaching of a Sunday school class! He "Robert, the cook gave warning toexcused himself on the score of lack of night that she must go home at once." time, and the very same evening of his Mr. Hardy had begun to doze a little, but at this sudden statement he sat up and exclaimed:

"Don't thank me. Irene." commenced Mr. King. But Irene cut him short.

'Why shouldn't I thank you?'' she asked effusively. "I know lots of engaged girls whose intendeds never bother sending them flowers. But you are not like that, " and nodding towards his buttonhole. she bent her gray eyes upon him, shining "I always wear white."

with love and gratitude. But this did not serve to put Mr. King at er's glance was ever so quizzical. his ease. A clammy perspiration stood out

on his smooth, low forehead. "Are you ill, Bob?" asked Miss Benson, suddenly looking up and seeing the metaadieu to the tormenting young lady. With desperate resolve to be alone, he hastened morphosis in her dear one. She seized his hand and stroked it nervously, while her to the smoking-room on the flat above, where a hazy curtain floating about the twitching face and short drawn breath ex-

pressed the anxiety she felt. With a mighty effort Mr. King pulled entrance showed the purpose it served. He was angry at being so unmercifully chaffed by a girl who he felt would be quite conhimself together; and from his manly chest there came a laugh of great dimensions, but tent to occupy the place in his heart now so hollow and heartless as to seem but the filled by another, but he was chiefly upset echo of a past happiness. "I'm all right," he said boisterously: on account of that bouquet which he had

not sent. "never felt better, though it is a trifle warm; but the fact is--well, dear, about that bouquet. Was there any card sent with it?

'Why should there have been a card?' inquired Miss Benson softly. "It was not necessary. I knew you sent the flowers, because only you had the right to do so. But, dear, it was very extravagant of you to send such a profusion," and again her cad Lovelace was very strong. face sought the caress of the velvety petals.

Admiration had somewhat displaced the agitation in Mr. King's eyes as they rested upon the rounded arms and dazzling shoulders of his companion, so Eve-like in modest nudity.

"They are beautiful," he murmured with deed ! As Mr. King thought these thoughts say ?" great tenderness. She thought he referred his brow contracted in anger. He would to the roses.

He wondered why he had diminished his attentions to this girl, who would make that Irene Benson was his own particular him such an attractive wife. Her hair was exceedingly pretty and bore the closest in-mouth exhaled smoke to such a degree as spection. He would have liked to touch it to lend a fierceness to his bearing which he with his lips, had not the tall figure of a was not strictly entitled to. He viewed man just then loomed up before him. It was Clarence Lovelace, one of the handsomest beaux in society.

"I must ask you to pardon my intruhe remarked, addressing himself sion." particularly to Mr. King, "but Miss Benson waltzes so divinely that I didn't feel I could let her off her engagement with me.

No objection could be offered, and Mr. King was left tete-a-tete with a vacant stare. It was with a feeling of intense jealousy he noticed that the rose in Mr. Lovelace's buttonhole corresponded in color with those of Miss Benson's bouquet. Was this more than a coincidence?" he asked himself. too late. Now, however, his choice had fallen on the right person. He did not try to reason out why in the last few weeks he He followed the couple with his eyes unhad found enjoyment beyond the limits of

til they were out of sight. "He looked at her confoundedly soft,"

the presence he now craved. He either he muttered. "Wonder if he sent her the erously forgave himself. "It was his naflowers? It would be just like his impudence. I don't like him, anyway. I'll see that he enjoys no more of Irene's 'divine ture to.' He consulted his program feverishly and found he had the next two dances with dancing'

Mr. King returned to the ball-room, jeal-Irene. It was well, for with so much on ous for the first time in his life. He found his mind it was exceedingly difficult for an irate partner awaiting him with little him to contain himself. pretense of patience. Usually mild and laughing, he apologized his unavoidable de-It took but a few minutes to find his partner and conduct her to the fragrant lay with a savagery that revealed the true ower where he had heard the story of the oses. They had begun to droop someextent of his repentance.

Always a graceful dancer, he conducted what-a circumstance that Mr. King put himself on this occasion with so much awkdown as significant; the donor's down as significant; the donor's hopes would die as quickly. Irene, he thought, wardness that he was soon the cynosure of many surprised eyes so much so, in fact, that before the music was looked better than ever. In spite of the fact that she had danced almost continuousmuch more than half way through his partly, her face was as clear and cool as when ner was forced to call a halt, for the pace she had commenced, while the simple and had been a fast one and she had not escap-d without several collisions which had becoming dress that Miss Archer had sneered at seemed fresh and uncrumpled.

rkably good taste." Mr. King did not mind the cut at his "No one could think such a thing," he said with forced gayety, "considering that you are engaged to me." fiancee, so uncomfortable did the reference to the flowers make him feel.

"But the world is cruel, dear. I know "How is it you're wearing a rose of another color ?" continued Miss Archer, you and trust you, but other people sneer and say I cannot retain your love because you have been engaged to other girls." Tears sparkled on the curling lashes; the "It looks pink in this light." The speak-

low voice trembled. "They'll see in two weeks. You will At this juncture the orchestra launched out into a brisk polka, and with a look of then be Mrs. King, and we'll have the

inexpressible relief Mr. King bowed his adjen to the tormenting young lady. With "Why Bob !" murmured the lady. "Yes; and I'll announce the date this very evening."

'And you'll wear this bud ?''

"Certainly I will," and his manly chest heaved as Miss Benson removed the pink rose and substituted the one of deeper hue. "Won't Lovelace be wild !" he mused.

Then, addressing his fiancee, he said 'Don't bother about keeping any of those flowers after to-night. Flowers die, you know, and our love is everlasting. A dia-He seized a cigarette from the table, and, lighting it by the gas, puffed away vio-lently. He began to feel positive that mond star would be a more appropriate souvenir, and it would look well on your beautiful neck. You may give me some-Lovelace was the man guilty of the un-

pardonable offence. It was true he should thing as a keepsake-a lock of your hair, for instance. Yes, by Jove ! I must have that for my locket." have sent Irene flowers for the ball, but forgetfulness was not a crime, and this was "I shall cut it for you when I go home." his first offence. The evidence against that

"Dearest one !" and as no one was near significant sound followed the words.

First and foremost, he wore a rosebud the same color as those carried by Irene. "Why, Bob," exclaimed Miss Bensor Even Miss Archer noticed that coincidence. suddenly, looking at her program, "I am Then the fellow had put his name down on engaged for all the dances, and the orchestra s playing a waltz now. This is the fourth her program for three dances on the strength of old acquaintance. A nice excuse, inhave missed. What will my partner

"That I'm a lucky fellow. They'll be angry, but you are my property, you know." And she did not contradict him. put a stop to the thing. Yes, indeed. He would show Mr. Lovelace or any other man Two weeks later Irene Benson became Mrs. R. Sinclair King in full view of the city's elite. There were many surprised men, and no fewer jealons women at the ceremony. Mr. King was voted eccentric for having jilted handsomer girls than the himself in the mirror opposite with satis-faction. Irene would be his. faction. Irene would bride, with whom he was evidently much He certainly had of late fallen off somein love.

what in his attentions, but he convinced "She'll never know that I didn't send himself that this heralded no change of that bouquet of roses," he mused as he es-

feeling. It was simply carelessness, and Irene, of course, understood it. She at least trusted him if others did not. She understood him, dear, good girl that she cover that she had spent a precious fifteen was. And he would show the world that dollars on the celebrated bouquet that had her confidence was not misplaced. He had been the rapid and successful means of endmade mistakes-three mistakes-but he ing her days of spinsterhood. By Edgar had likewise discovered them before it was Maurice Smith, in Lippincott's Magazine.

## Their Little Weaknesses.

"Nations and women are a good deal forgot about that reactionary spell or gen- alike." "In what way ?"

"Well, when one woman gets a new ha her neighbor wants to go right away and

get a better one, and when one nation builds a new warship all the others start right out to get bigger ones."

"THE NOBLEST MIND-The best contentment has." Yet, however noble in mind, no man or woman can have perfect contentment without physical health. The blood must be kept pure and the stomach and digestive organs in good order. The best means for this purpose is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It promptly cures all blood humors and eruptions and tones up the system. The favorite cathartic is Hood's Pills. 25c.

did they happen to go over "How there?"

Mrs. Hardy hesitated. Finally she said, "James came over and invited them." "And they know I have forbidden

them to have anything to do with the Caxtons! When they come in, I will let them know I mean what I say. It is very strange the girls do not appear to understand that."

to bless the world had no place in his Mr. Hardy rose from the lounge and walked across the room, then came back and lay down again and from his recumbent position poked the fire sav-

agely with the shovel. Mrs. Hardy bit her lips and seemed on the point of replying, but said nothing.

At last Mr. Hardy asked, "Where are the boys?"

"Will is getting out his lessons for tomorrow up in his room. George went out about 8 o'clock. He didn't say where he was going."

> "It's a nice family. Is there one night in the year, Mary, when all our children are at home?"

> "Almost as many as there are when you are at home," retorted Mrs. Hardy. "What with your club and your lodge and your scientific society and your reading circle and your directors' meeting the children see about as much of you as you do of them. How many nights in a week do you give to us, Robert? Do you think it is strange that the children go outside for their amusements? Our home"-Mrs. Hardy paused and looked around at the costly

were-"our home is well furnished with everything but our own children." The man on the lounge was silent. He felt the sharpness of the thrust made by his wife and knew it was too true to be denied. But Mr. Hardy was, above all things else, selfish. He had not the remotest intention of giving up his club or his scientific society or his frequent cozy dinners with business men down town because his wife spent so many lonely, deserted evenings at home and because his children were almost strangers to him. But it annoyed him, as a respectable citizen, to have his children making acquaintances that he did not approve, and it grated on his old fashioned, inherited New England ideas that his boys and girls should be away from home so often in the evening and especially on Sunday evening. The maxim of Robert Hardy's life was "Self interest first." As long as he was not thwarted in his own pleasures he was as good natured as the average man. He provided liberally for the household expenses, and his wife and children were supplied with money and travel as they requested it. But the minute he was crossed in nis own plans or any one demanded of

haughty. He had been a member of the church

farce and after he reached hor an hour in his favorite study of chemistry in his laboratory at the top of his house, for Mr. Hardy was a man of considerable power as a student, and he had an admirable physical constitution, capable of the most terrible strain. Anything that gave him pleasure he was willing to work for. He was not lazy, but the idea of giving his

mind. And so as he lay on the lounge that evening and listened to his wife's plain statement concerning his selfishness he had no intention to give up a single thing that gratified his tastes and fed his pride.

After a silence just about long enough for some one to give the explanation just given, Mrs. Hardy said, speaking coldly, as if it were a matter of indifference to her:

"Mr. Burns, the foreman, called while you were out."

"He did? What did he want?" "He said four of the men in the casting room were severely injured this afternoon by the bursting of one of the retorts, and the entire force had quit work and gone home."

"Couldn't Burns supply the place of the injured men? He knows where the extras are."

"That was what he came to see you about. He said he needed further directions. The men flatly refused to work another minute and went out in a body. I don't blame them much. Robert. don't you believe God will puninterior of the room where the two ish you for keeping the shops open on any Sunday?"

> "Nonsense, Mary," replied Mr. Han dy. Yet there was a shadow of un easiness in his tone. "The work has got to go on. It is a work of necessity Railroads are public servants; they can't rest Sundays."

"Then when God tells the world that it must not work on Sundays he does not mean railroad men? The fourth commandment ought to read: 'Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy. except all ye men who work for rail roads. Ye haven't any Sunday.'

"Mary, I didn't come from one sermon to listen to another. You're worse than Mr. Jones."

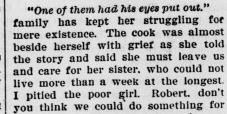
Mr. Hardy half rose on the lounge wife with every mark of displeasure on his face, and yet as he looked somehow there stole into his thought the memory of the old New England home back in the Vermont hills and the vision of that quiet little country village where Mary and he had been brought up together. He seemed to see the old meeting house on the hill, at the end of a long, elm shaded street that straggled through the village, and he saw himself again as he began to fall in him a service that compelled some self love with Mary, the beauty of the vildenial he became hard, ill n .tured and age, and he had a vision of one Sun-

lay when, walking back from church

"Well you are the bearer of bad news tonight. Mary. What's the matter with everybody? I suppose the cook wants more pay."

Mrs. Hardy replied quietly: "Her sister is dying. And do you know I believe I have never given the girl credit for much feeling. She always seemed to me to lack there, though she is certainly the most faithful and efficient personal time and service and talents servant we ever had in the house. She came in just after Mr. Burns left and broke down, crying bitterly. It seems her sister is married to one of the railroad men here in town and has been ailing with consumption for some

months. She is very poor, and a large



the family? We have so much our selves. We could easily help them and not miss a single luxury." "And where would such help end? If

we give to every needy person who comes along we shall be beggars ourselves. Besides, I can't afford it. The boys are a heavy expense to me while they are in college, and the company has been cutting down salaries lately. and leaned on his elbow, looking at his If the cook's sister is married to a railroad man, he is probably getting good

wages and can support her all right." "What if that railroad man were injured and made a cripple for life?" inquired Mrs. Hardy quietly.

"Then the insurance companies or the societies can help them out. I don't see how we can make every case that comes along our care. There would be no end of it if we once be-

> CONTINUED NEXT WEEK. Jell-O, the Dessert,

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