

A MAN WON HER.

It's an awkward thing when master and man are in love with the same girl. One must give way, you see! And if the master is that one, it's apt to be bad for the man. Knowing this, John Adams and Emily Bolton resolved to keep their engagement to themselves for a bit, until they could start in life on their own account.

Why the girl had fallen in love with the man instead of his master it would puzzle a conjurer to tell. I'm sure she couldn't have said herself. It was he, John Adams, who suggested secrecy; and Emily, after a little dispute, agreed.

Emily accepted John about Christmas time, and he argued that it would be ruin to be discharged in the slack time.

"We'll keep it to ourselves till the spring, my girl, and then we can snap our fingers at him," said John.

But Emily had no desire to snap her fingers at Reuben Saunders. She was not built that way. She felt sorry for him, and wished him all manner of good things. Still she was in love with John, and consequently did as he told her.

But long before spring came—in fact, it was the middle of February—it began to be rumored about that John and Emily were engaged. Reuben heard the report and went straightway to her father's cottage and asked to see Emily.

Mrs. Bolton opened the door. She stepped back and called up stairs,—"Emily, Emily! Here's Mr. Saunders wants to see yer."

And then she went about her work, and left him standing at the open door. She, for her part, preferred Reuben to John as a husband for her pretty daughter. That she was the girl's mother, and knew the value of money by its lack, may account for her preference. Moreover Reuben was as good a man as John, though not so handsome.

"I've only come to ask you a question, Emily," said Reuben, humbly, when at last the girl appeared.

"Say on," said Emily, not quite at ease, for there had been a time when she had given Reuben encouragement.

"I hear that you and John Adams are engaged to be married." And Reuben looked at her honest eyes and looked the girl straight in the face.

"I don't see what business it is of yours. I suppose we've a right—" he said, the girl, angrily.

But before she could finish her sentence, Reuben said, sadly, "I've got my answer," and turned away.

"The girl's heart smote her. Stay, Reuben, stay! It's not my fault. I did not want to keep it from you. But—John said—"

Emily stopped. The meanness of it all ashamed her.

"I know, I know! Adams judges me by himself, and thought I would turn him off as soon as I heard of it!" said Saunders, bitterly.

Of course John's sweetheart fired up at that.

"If you've got anything to say against John, you can say it to some one else, Mr. Saunders!" she cried out.

"I haven't!" he shouted back, striding off down the little path to the front gate as Emily slammed the door.

"I'll give him a week's wages and turn him off," Reuben told himself, passionately. Then Emily's sweet face rose before him. "I can't do it—I can't do it!" he muttered, as he strode on, his hands deep down in his trousers' pockets, his head bent forward on his chest, a noble man than he thought himself.

CHAPTER II.

It was with a heavy heart that Emily went to meet her lover the next day, which was Saturday, and there fore a half holiday. She had not seen him since she told Reuben of their engagement, and was afraid to hear what Reuben might have said to John about it.

The first sight of John's face when they met reassured her. As I have said before, he was a handsome young man, and as he came smilingly up to her, Emily felt certain that she loved him dearly, and that he was in every way a more desirable man than Saunders. Which, strange to say, was not what she always thought about him in his absence. After their usual greeting, they turned and walked on together.

"The boss has been very civil to me this morning," said John; "called me into that little office of his, and said he thought as he'd heard of a place as'd suit me. Kind of foreman's place down in the shires; a place called Burdock, I think he said."

"Oh, John, how good of him!" exclaimed the girl.

"H'm," said John, with a conceited smile; "don't you see, eh, he wants to get rid of me—wants me out of the way so he can come after you?"

"No—no; he knows better."

"He's a precious sight too conceited to know better. Lor' I did laugh in my sleeve as I thanked him, and said as I'd be glad if he'd speak a word for me. If I get it we'll be married right away. Now you see how wise of me to insist on you saying nothing about our being engaged."

"You're quite wrong!" cried Emily, who had in vain tried to interrupt the flow of her sweetheart's words. "It's because he knows. He came and asked me yesterday, and I told him!"

"You told him we were going to be married?"

"Yes, I told him," repeated Emily. "Well, I'm blowed!" and John looked as if after that nothing would surprise him any more. Then, after a few minutes' consideration, "He must be a fool!" he exclaimed.

To this Emily vouchsafed no reply, so John, not exactly understanding her silence, changed the subject by saying—

"Em, you've often wanted to go over the old Manor House, and you won't have many more chances if I get this place. Shall we go now?"

Emily agreed. She knew the caretaker, so there would be no difficulty in getting in.

CHAPTER III.

They had wandered about the old place for twenty minutes, and had been everywhere except up in the towers, which was the oldest part of the house. It had been shut up from the public, as dangerous, for the last two years. John proposed that they should go to the top and see the view. Emily was frightened, but he laughed her out of her fears, or out of the expression of them. So they went up; and John, who was in a teasing mood, insisted on their getting out on the roof, which was done by means of a short ladder leading through a trap-door.

Though the day was warm for the time of year, Emily soon felt bitterly cold, and said she must go down. John led the way; but hardly had he got his foot off the last rung of the ladder when he felt the tower begin to rock.

With the impulse of a coward, scarce staying to give a hasty shout to Emily to follow, he rushed down the stone stairs and out of the place. A moment later there was a series of creaking reports, and three sides of the building fell with a crash to the ground, leaving Emily crouching down in a corner of the roof, which still hung to the remaining side.

Adams ran into the road shouting for a ladder. Soon a crowd was collected and the ladder was fetched. Too short! Another was found, and while willing hands were lashing the two together, Reuben drove up in his cart. When he heard what had happened, he took John's place in binding the ladders together, saying—

"You go and tell her what we're doing. I'll see to this."

Reuben had the habit of authority, so John went.

When the ladders were firmly bound Reuben and two others carried them through the iron gates into the little park where the tower stood. A mixed crowd of men, women, and children stood breathlessly gazing up at the corner where Emily crouched, her face covered, not seeming to hear the encouraging words her lover was shouting up to her.

Reuben looked at the wall. "We must be quick," said he to the man next to him, or it'll be down before we can get her off." Then after a moment he added: "It won't bear the weight of the ladder. Run and fetch the one of my cart."

This was done, and in a few minutes the third ladder was pushed through the rungs of the first, about four feet from the top, making an isosceles triangle. Two men were placed at the foot of each ladder to steady it, and the whole reared sideways against the wall, the apex almost touching Emily, and the upright reaching up above her head. John hadn't been of much help—he was like one distraught; but when all was ready, Reuben turned to him and said—

"Now, tell her to get on the ladder. Tell her to look up and catch hold of the frame above her head. Tell her she is quite safe."

John shouted up these instructions but without more result than making Emily half stretch out her hand and shudderingly cover her face again. Then Reuben—

"It's all right, Miss Bolton. You just get on the ladder—quick, and you'll be safe enough. There's half a dozen of us holding it at the bottom," he shouted, encouragingly.

CHAPTER IV.

Reuben turned to John once more. "Look here, man," he said, you must go up and fetch her."

"Go up that ladder? It wouldn't bear the weight of both of us."

"Some one must fetch her down. If you won't, I must."

"I'll hold the ladder."

"Pehaw!" And Reuben turned away. Then suddenly turning back: "Mind you, if I get her down safe, I try my luck again." And shouting to the men to hold the ladder firm, he cautiously went up.

"Emily," said he, as he touched her, "we must change places my girl." She looked at him, her eyes wild with fright. "That's right! You keep looking at me, and doing as I tell you, and you'll be as safe as a trivet," said he, cheerfully, though his heart was working like a steam engine. How he managed to change places with Emily he never knew. He always said it was her trust in him that did it. When she was safe on the ladder and he clinging to the fragment of wall, he said, impressively—

"Go down the ladder as quickly as you can, and I'll follow. In two minutes the whole place'll be down."

Emily gave him one swift look that sent the blood tingling through his veins, and in less than a minute she was on the ground. John, who had not been allowed to hold the ladders, tried to put his arm around her, but she pushed him from her as she breathlessly watched Reuben's descent. Then, turning to him—

"Go!" she said. "Go! When I marry, I'll marry—I'll marry a man!"

After that she fainted. She did marry a man. His name was Reuben Saunders. John Adams got the foreman's place in the shires.

CONDITIONS MET.

"His fortune, who would win my hand. Must have at least five siphers in it." Said he, "Dear, if I understand, As mine's all siphers, I should win it."

A REPUTATION TO SUSTAIN.



He—Might I beg of you, Miss de Montgomerie, the extinguisher honor and pleasure of your company at the assembly of the Sons of the Patriarch Servitors of the First Families of Virginia at Claret's next Washington's birthday?

She—At Claret's? He—Yes, Miss de Montgomerie. Your name has been passed favorably upon by the Committee on Genealogy and approved by the Inner Chamber of Supreme Regents.

She—Me go to Claret's? Aminidal. Epaphroditus Skegg, dey is limits. I is no Egyptian skert dancer!—Truth.

AT A FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.



Mrs. Pinchers (indignantly)—Why are you moving those umbrellas; do you think the guests would steal them? Mrs. Pinchers—No. But they might recognize them.

HIS CANDID FRIEND.



Candid Friend—By Jove, old man! That's the best thing you've ever done. The Artist (modestly)—Oh, I don't think it's at all good. C. F.—I didn't say it was, did I?

DIDN'T LIKE IT.



Little Willie (proudly)—Oh! we live on the fat of the land. Little May (disdainfully)—Huh! we always throw away the fat up to our house.—Truth.

THEY ALL DO.



She—Well, how do you like cycling by this time? He—Oh, I'm just tumbling to it.

FEMINE INSTINCT.



Maggie—Patsy Murphy's in love. Katie—Wot makes yer t'ink so? Maggie—He got on a collar.—Leslie's Weekly.

A School Girl's Nerves.

From the "New Era," Greensburg, Ind.

Mothers who have young daughters of school age should watch their health more carefully than their studies. The proper development of their body is of the first importance. After the confinement of the school room, plenty of out-of-door exercise should be taken. It is better that their children never learn their A, B, C's, than that by learning them they lose their health!

But all this is self-evident. Everyone admits it—everyone knows it, but everyone does not know how to build them up when once they are broken down. The following method of one mother, if rightly applied, may save your daughter:

The young lady was Miss Lucy Barnes, the fifteen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Barnes, who lives near Burney, Ind. She is a bright young lady, is fond of books, although her progress in this line has been considerably retarded by the considerable amount of sickness she has experienced. She has missed two years of school on account of her bad health, but now she will be able to pursue her studies, since her health has been restored.

months she had dwindled to sixty-three pounds. She was thin and pale, and was almost lifeless. We did everything we could for her, and tried all the doctors who we thought could do her any good, but without result.

There was an old family friend near Milford who had a daughter afflicted the same way, and she was cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They came here one day to spend Sunday, and they told us about their daughter's case. It was very much like Lucy's, and they advised us to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for her. We had no faith in them, but were finally persuaded to try the pills. We have never been sorry for it. They helped her at once, and by the time she had taken eight boxes the medicine she was entirely cured. She took the last dose in April, and has not been bothered since. She is now stronger than ever, weighs ten pounds more than ever before, and her cheeks are full of color. She can now gratify her ambition to study and become an educated woman."

Those who are in a position to know, state that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is not a patent medicine but a prescription used for many years by an eminent practitioner who produced the most wonderful results with them, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or scattered nerves, two fruitful causes of almost every ill to which flesh is heir. The pills are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, all forms of weakness, chronic constipation, bearing down pains, etc., and in the case of men will give speedy relief and effect a permanent cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature. They are entirely harmless and can be given to weak and sickly children with the greatest good and without the slightest danger. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the dozen), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

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