

A COUNTRY BOY.

There are lots of things in this wide old world  
 That I don't pretend to know,  
 And city chaps perhaps may think  
 That I am a trifle slow.  
 But I know some things I'll bet they don't,  
 And would open their eyes to see;  
 For the woods and fields have always  
 Been the best of friends to me.

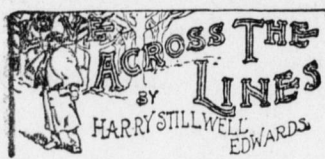
I know where the nuts are ripe and thick  
 Way back in the beech woods dim;  
 And I know where strawberries, big and sweet,  
 Grow red on the upland's rim.  
 I know where the trout are gliding swift  
 In the deep, dark woodland pool;  
 And I know the finest of swimming spots,  
 Just half-way home from school.

I know where the oriole builds her nest  
 In the pasture elms so high;  
 And I know the call of a hundred birds  
 In valley and wood and sky.  
 I can whistle just as the robins do,  
 When the evening winds are still,  
 And mimic the flute of the meadow thrush  
 And the lonely old whip-poor-will.

I know the secrets of bugs and bees,  
 And the ways of the wood-folk shy.  
 I know where the bending lilies lean  
 To the brook that hurries by,  
 And I know the haunts of every flower  
 In meadow or upland sod—  
 From the spring's first violets, white and sweet,  
 To the latest golden-rod.

Oh, I know there are many things in books  
 That haven't come my way,  
 Though I certainly mean, if all goes well,  
 To learn them, too, some day.  
 But in Nature's grand old book I'll read  
 A lesson of real joy;  
 And I tell you, she has some splendid things  
 That she can teach a boy!

L. M. Montgomery, In Farm and Home.



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CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

The appointments of this room were few, but tasteful. It abounded in the little belongings of a young girl. Today there were many evidences of a scene which had defied good order. A jaunty hat and bright ribbons were hastily thrown aside, and the open bureau drawers revealed dainty laces and lingerie. But the eyes of the inquisitive intruder took notice of none of these things; they were riveted instantly to an object that lay beside a book upon the center-table, near which stood an armchair. That object was a slender cigar. He took it up—answered. He knew that in the Brookin household he was the only smoker—and he did not smoke slender cigars. To the mind of this man, ever open to suspicious and suggestions of evil, that strange cigar was testimony unimpeachable. It was the knife in the heart of a jealous love. With inexpressible rage and with a fierce hatred of every living thing, he placed the weed in his own case. Here, then, he reasoned, had the man described by Louise been sitting before the dawn of that fatal day; here had the little saint knelt to place her arms about him and say farewell! Yonder was the window, straight ahead from which Louise had fired. Brave, faithful Louise! His heart warmed towards her, despite the fact that she had fired to kill him. Somewhere in that crimson carpet was the blood of her victim if her aim had been true. Was it true? He glanced back over his shoulder; the ball would have struck the wall behind him had she missed her aim. And there in the wall, a little out of line, it is true, was a small hole. Amazed, he hurriedly examined it. The shot, after all, had missed.

Then this doubt came to the active mind: Why had the man been carried away if the shot failed?

Holbin went quickly to his own room, where he secured a candle and a powerful sun glass. Holding the latter over the perforation in the plastering, he discovered a slight red stain.

"Blood!" he whispered; "she did not miss!" Opening his penknife, he carefully cut a section from the broken plaster. "Whoever the man was, he was struck in the head. Here is the hair."

For a few moments Holbin was deep in thought. Then he drew from his pocket the pistol which he had taken from Louise and examined it with the eye of an army expert. Apparently puzzled, he tried the depth of the hole in the plastering with a pencil and found that the perforation was complete. He seated himself in the arm-chair facing the window. If Frances had been kneeling with her back to the window, the face of the unknown man must have been fully exposed. The weapon did not have power enough to fire a bullet through the head of a man, an inch of plaster and a lath, and to carry away hair and blood—the bullet must have glanced from the side of the head. The position of the hole indicated that the right side of the man's head had been struck.

Holbin's final conclusions were that the stranger had been only stunned. His friends could not have concealed his death, for no common man would have won the privileges of the room, nor would it have been possible for Frances to have borne herself so calmly with the memory of a murder fresh in her mind. "A society man is missing from his club in Richmond today!" he said aloud. "The mystery is half solved. As for you, my lovely bride!"—he finished the sentence with a smothered oath.

CHAPTER VII.

The influences of established principles and correct associations may carry an ordinary man to success in

proper channels, but the successful villain is necessarily an intellectual being. In his room Holbin gradually evolved from his discoveries the conclusion that he had an active enemy near at hand, and that a plot was thickening about him. Yet who was there in Richmond that knew enough of his history to place a finger upon the blackest spot in his life? And why the enmity? Two theories presented themselves, and only two—love for Frances Brookin and love for the Brookin wealth. Since it was clear that the girl had been too long secluded, and too recently grown to have formed many friendships in Richmond, evidently the money was the potent influence in the secret operations about him. But who had been shot, and why?

Holbin labored under the immense disadvantage of a man without intimate friends. He had gravitated rapidly during his short stay in the city towards the fast set; men classed him quickly as "sporty," and women looked on him with doubt. People who had at heart the interests of the debonaire man of the world. The fact that he was the son of Mrs. John Brookin was a disadvantage, for society had never been enamored of the successor to the gentle little lady who once presided over the Brookin mansion. Intimates he had, but friends, none. In his perplexity over the mystery into which he had been plunged Holbin turned at length to Dr. Brodnar. He had seen the doctor upon rare occasions only, and in some way he had understood that he was not favorably regarded by Mrs. Brookin; but the basis of this lady's dislikes was, as he knew, not legitimate. Dr. Brodnar, in succeeding to his father's practice some years before, had in a way inherited old Mr. Brookin, and that individual had firmly resisted his new wife's efforts to substitute her own physician for him. The doctor was a distant relative of the dead wife, one of the few links which bound the old man to a happy past; and as people grow old they dislike new family physicians.

No one is quicker to recognize a straightforward, honest man than one who is himself dishonest and tricky. Holbin estimated Brodnar as a clear-headed, blunt, impolitic fellow, beyond the comprehension of plots and counterplots—a man to be used if his confidence could be gained. He was, most likely, in a position to serve him; for it was Raymond's conclusion that the shortest way to arrive at the truth of the shooting lay in the discovery of the wounded man. And if the victim were not actually Brodnar's patient, Brodnar might easily identify him. It was a tribute to Richmond's popular physician that Holbin decided at once that the best chance for success lay in a seemingly frank and open statement of the main facts. The doubtful point was Louise. Brodnar had been present at the reading of the will when the question concerning her was asked; but, he concluded, over hastily, Brodnar could hardly know anything about her beyond the name that had been uttered. He determined, with a gambler's quick decision, to play the stake, supposing that if he did not win his loss would be small.

He entered the doctor's office upon the afternoon of the funeral and presently the door between the inner and outer offices opened. Brodnar stood upon the threshold looking at him. At once Holbin remarked a singular expression in the physician's face. Afterwards he recalled that



"THIS, SIR," SAID HOLBIN, IN A RAGE, "IS INFAMOUS!"

Brodnar reached back and closed the door behind him. "Doctor," he began, disregarding the other's stiffness and formality, "I have called to consult you on a certain matter of a private nature directly affecting the family with which we both, to some extent, are connected. Have you a few moments to spare me?" The doctor's face had darkened perceptibly and was turned aside for a moment. "I am afraid, sir," he said, at length, "that you have made a mistake. I am not qualified to advise you in any respect. I know of nothing affecting the Brookin family—I suppose you refer to the Brookins—in which we could have a common interest. Good evening, sir." He turned as if to reenter the room behind him. Holbin stood with an angry flush upon his face. He recognized instantly that a friendly service from the doctor was now out of the question; but service under moral compulsion might yet be had.

"Perhaps you are right," he said, seeking to adopt the other's freezing dignity. "And yet you may be mistaken—that is, over-hasty. And perhaps, doctor, you do not realize that I am not asking a personal favor at your hands." "You will have to excuse me." Again the doctor placed his hand upon the door-knob and prepared to depart.

"I am then to understand," said Holbin, a distinct sneer in his voice, "that you Brookin people prefer that affairs

touching the family honor shall be passed upon by strangers. I have come to you, sir, with a serious matter, as in duty bound. The reception met with such that for the future I shall rely upon my own judgment." With a fine show of heat he took up his hat and cane, and with no pretense of a bow was turning away when he felt the doctor's hand laid not lightly upon his shoulder, and his stern voice: "Explain yourself, sir."

"Unless I am much mistaken," he said, showing his white teeth slightly, "that has been the very thing you refused me permission to do."

"Sit down!" Holbin was not a man easily intimidated when conscious that he held winning cards. He read the bluff doctor easily, and knew that he was disturbed.

"I must preface my remarks," he began, "by the statement that I am not at liberty to give you the name of my informant in these matters." "Are you aware, then, that you become responsible should you repeat them?" "I am aware of no such rule," said Holbin, "at least none that applies to me in this instance; I am most directly affected, since the circumstances involve the good name of Frances Brookin, of whom by her father's will I was made a life-long protector. I shall defend her to the best of my ability, but I think some of her people ought to be willing to share the responsibility. It must not be forgotten that it is by no means settled that I shall accept the propositions of Mr. Brookin's remarkable will."

"That, I must confess, had not occurred to me," said Dr. Brodnar. "Really? It has not occurred to you that a gentleman may not be purchased like so much merchandise?" "Do you mean to insinuate, sir, that you did not seek to marry Frances Brookin?" Dr. Brodnar arose, and the question burst from him indignantly; but, restraining himself, he looked towards the inner door and lowered his voice, an action that did not escape his visitor's notice.

"I insinuate nothing. My mother perhaps made a request in my name, but without my knowledge or consent. I have had no chance to decline the alliance, were I so disposed. The arrangement, however, seems to me an excellent one, and I sincerely trust that nothing has happened or will happen to defeat it." "In the name of God, man, what are you driving at?" "A man was shot night before last upon our premises and spirited away, whether living or dead it is not known. My informant thinks he is living."

"Who told you such a thing?" The words came almost as a whisper from the astonished doctor. "He was shot from a window while in the wing-room which opens into the garden. He was struck on the right side of his head." "Go on!" said the physician, after a pause, and making desperate efforts to be calm. "Let us see how far this wretched informant of yours has lied." "Lied? So upon the impulse of the moment I, too, believed. But the fame of a woman is sacred, Dr. Brodnar, and this morning I went into that room. Upon the wall in the rear, a little out of line from the window to the chair, in which, it is said, the man who was shot had been sitting, was a bullet mark. On the jagged edges of the hole in the plaster were a few hairs and traces of blood." Holbin unfolded a little package upon the table as he spoke. "Place these under a microscope and verify my statement." Again the doctor was silent; but the look he gave his visitor was so passionately threatening that Holbin paused.

"Go on!" again the command was little more than a whisper. "There is but one thing more: upon the table I found this cigar, laid aside without having been lit."

"Have you finished?" Holbin looked up, uneasy and surprised. "Yes."

"Now what would you have of me?" "I wish you to find out for me the name of the man who was in that room."

"I will get you his name upon one condition."

"And that is?" "That you will tell me the name of the woman who fired the shot."

Holbin could not, try as he might, conceal the start these words provoked.

"I do not know of any woman in the case," he said. "I know that you do." "Dr. Brodnar!" Holbin sprang to his feet with well-affected rage. The doctor continued: "Only a woman's tracks marked the soil under that window at dawn the morning after that spot was fired. When I next saw the spot the tracks had been carefully obliterated." Brodnar was still standing and spoke rapidly, as though he feared that he could not restrain himself. Suddenly a bland smile spread over his face.

"The fact is," he said, "the shot was fired at me. Does that surprise you?" Holbin's face showed that it did. "The final attack of which Mr. Brookin died," continued the doctor, "was momentarily expected. I spent the night sitting in the poor girl's room at her request, to be within call, her old nurse asleep upon the rug. You may believe this or not, Mr. Holbin, but take my suggestion, and if you doubt the explanation conceal your frame of mind. By the way, lift the lid of the box there on my table; now compare the cigar that you found with those in the box. You perceive that they are exactly alike. I am not accustomed to offer proof of my statements, but I make an exception in your favor, as you are almost a stranger. As for the pretty theory of the pistol-ball carrying blood and hair into the plastering, it evidently springs from an overheated imagination. Blood there is none; and, for the hair, you will find that in all good

plaster. But to conclude the matter, Mr. Holbin: if a bullet had taken a piece of my scalp into the wall, the wound would not have healed within two days, and if you will examine my head carefully you will find that none of the scalp is missing." The doctor lowered his head and moved it accommodatingly from side to side.

"Have you any suspicion as to the name of the woman who fired this shot—at you?" asked Holbin, sarcastically.

"A very strong suspicion; with me it amounts now to a certainty. She is a woman who dwells in the Brookin house, and the only mystery left is, how the devil did she get up to the window?" This time Holbin's astonishment was genuine.

"I do not understand."

"She is a woman whose plans might have been defeated had the man who was dimly seen in that room been any other than myself. Not to be misunderstood in the matter, permit me to explain that in my opinion the woman who fired that shot was your mother!" Holbin's first impulse was to denounce the doctor, as a social duty, and take the chances of a personal encounter, but the value of the honest error into which Brodnar had fallen flashed upon him. He affected to understand that the doctor was making the statement as to himself and Mrs. Brookin in a sense not to be taken as earnest, but to be construed as a refusal to explain the mystery. At this moment, when Holbin was taking up his hat and came to depart, the doctor's assistant within the private room threw the door wide open, and Holbin discovered a man propped in an arm-chair with his head bandaged. The man's back was turned towards the departing guest, and he saw him but one instant. Dr. Brodnar hurriedly closed the door.

"This, sir," said Holbin in a rage, "is infamous! I demand the name of that person."

"Ask your mother, sir." "I shall have satisfaction for this, Dr. Brodnar! I shall publish these facts!" Brodnar looked upon him with inexpressible contempt. Then a grim smile came and dwelt upon his lips.

"As I understand it," he said, "you must marry to obtain a fortune. If you find satisfaction in blackening the name of some woman, indulge yourself as much as you please; but if you value your life don't venture to handle the name of Frances Brookin in public. If I have no objection to being shot at by mistake while discharging the duties of a family physician, I don't see why you should be rushing around trying to find some man who is not a family physician and who was shot with malice-aforethought. Take my advice, Mr. Holbin," and the doctor's voice lost its playful tone; "don't turn a comedy into a tragedy."

Holbin left the room without a word more. The physician stood a moment in deep thought. The smile returned to his face. "Poor devil!" he said, "his hands are tied." Notwithstanding this decision, he immediately sent a note to Frances informing her that Raymond Holbin had discovered some of the facts connected with the tragedy. He assured her that she had no reasons for apprehension, and outlined his interview with Holbin.

[To Be Continued.]

ELOQUENCE WASTED.

Speeches of Eminent Orators in the House of Commons Received with Indifference.

It might have been supposed that Addison, the most polished writer of our Augustan age; that Burke, with his versatile intellect and exuberant eloquence; that Macintosh, with his almost encyclopedic learning, or that Jekyll, who had set a hundred dinner tables in a roar, would one and all have achieved conspicuous success in the house of commons. But, as Macaulay has pointed out, exactly the reverse was the case. Their speeches produced no effect; they wearied and bewildered their audience; and their rising to speak was too often the signal for a general exodus; in fact (as was said of Burke), they acted as a dinner bell. Even Macaulay himself, though on two occasions his speeches changed the fate of a division, was in no sense of the word an orator or even a great debater. His voice was too shrill and monotonous, and he poured out a torrent of words with such headlong fluency as to confuse his hearers as well as to baffle the quickest of parliamentary reporters. Bulwer-Lytton, again, could recite an admirable essay; but his delivery was bad, and the seesaw gestures which accompanied his speech were "grotesque as those of an old-fashioned post boy." In our own generation, no two men probably have had more highly cultivated minds than John Stuart Mill and Mr. John Morley, but as far as their parliamentary utterances go, their names are "writ in water."

"A Castle in Wales." In the French mind "lord" and "gold" signify one and the same thing, and the French comparison "rich as a lord" is traceable to Louis Philippe's reign. At that time a certain Parisian, on excellent terms with the wealthy Lord Hertford, was making a tour through Great Britain. When the Frenchman proposed to make a trip to Wales his friend, Lord Hertford, gave him carte blanche to establish himself at one of his Welsh castles. "I own a castle in Wales," said the good old man, in his deep, sonorous voice, "and, though I have never laid eyes on it, others tell me that it is very beautiful. Every day a dinner is prepared for 12 persons, and horses and carriages brought to the door, in case I should arrive. The head butler eats the dinner. Go and make yourself at home, for, you see, it does not cost me a single cent."—Chicago Record.

SANK OFF AU SABLE

The Steamer Baltimore and Twelve Lives Lost.

A GALE ON LAKE HURON.

It Caused the Ill-Fated Boat to Break in Two.

TWO MEN WERE RESCUED.

For Hours They Clung to a Raft and Were Almost Dead When Picked Up by a Tug—One of the Men Tells the Story of the Disaster.

Tawas City, Mich., May 25.—A terrific gale prevailed Thursday night and Friday. The steamer Baltimore, coal laden, broke in two and sank off Au Sable, Friday morning before daylight. Twelve persons were drowned, including a woman and a boy. The tug Columbia, of Detroit, with a government steam dredge and two loaded lighters for the Soo was caught in the storm. The lighters and dredges were lost. While searching for her tow the Columbia picked up two men from the Baltimore on a raft. They were almost dead and were taken to East Tawas.

The two men rescued were tossed about in the lake for several hours, lashed to a piece of wreckage, before being picked up by the tug Columbia and brought here. George McGinnis, a deckhand, one of the rescued, became insane from his experience. The other survivor, Thomas Murphy, of Milwaukee, second engineer, was able to tell the story of the disaster. The dead: M. H. Place, captain, of Cleveland. Mrs. M. H. Place, his wife, stewardess.

Michael Brethern, first mate. Edward Owen, wheelman. C. W. Sears, wheelman. G. W. Scott, watchman. Herbert Wining, watchman. August Anderson, deckhand. John Delgers, second steward. P. Marceaux, of Chicago, first engineer. W. M. Parker, fireman. F. Krueger, fireman.

Murphy said: "We were bound from Lorain to Sault Ste. Marie, and had in tow a large steam drill and scow. When off thunder bay Thursday night Capt. Place saw that the schooner was making bad weather, for the waves had smashed in the engineer's quarters and the wash rooms and the water was running into the hold.

"Capt. Place decided to turn about and run for Tawas for shelter. Everything was all right until we were off Au Sable, when the steamer struck heavily on the bottom. The seas broke over her at the same time, and carried away the deck house, then the after cabin and finally the smoke-stack fell. Both rails forward broke in two just aft of the forward deck house, and we knew that it was only a few minutes before the steamer would go to pieces."

"It is every man for himself now," shouted Capt. Place," continued the engineer. "The look of despair on Mrs. Place's face was something I shall never forget. We took the captain's advice and every man started to save himself. Some of the boys took to the rigging, but McGinnis and I lashed ourselves to a ringbolt in a piece of the after cabin, and we were washed overboard shortly afterward.

"The strain was too much for McGinnis, and he went crazy before we had been in the water very long. He tried to throw me off the wreckage, but I talked to him and encouraged him to hold on. Twice he got loose and tried to drown us both, but each time I succeeded in quieting him. I told him a boat was coming to take us off, and then I would get him tied fast again.

"The passenger steamer City of Holland passed by us, but we were too far away for her crew to see us, I believe. It made me feel pretty despondent for a time, for I was getting very weak and the seas broke over my head so as to drive the blood out of my body at times. The Columbus finally came along and picked us up just as I was about to give up hope."

The schooner Montmorency, which went aground on the Charity islands several days ago, has gone to pieces. Her crew left her Thursday. The Tawas life saving crew made a trip to her at midnight and rowed 18 miles in the storm and against the wind, but found no one aboard. The Columbia picked up her dredge last night, and the men on board were taken off, and they were badly frightened, as the scow had neither boat nor life preservers. The scow was then towed in here. The scow with timber on it was not recovered and it is thought it went ashore. Capt. Memo, of the steamer City of Holland, claims that the gale was one of the worst in 15 years.

The Baltimore came out in 1881 and was then known as the Escanaba. She belonged to a fleet largely owned by O. W. Potter and his associates in the North Chicago rolling mills. Carrying ore from Escanaba to the rolling mills, the steamer paid for herself more than half a dozen times. She was 201 feet keel by 35 feet beam, and carried about 2,000 tons of freight. The steamer was rated at \$40,000 by the underwriters and was insured for nearly that amount.

Refused to Dismiss. Philadelphia, May 25.—The Presbyterian general assembly by a vote which showed that a revision of the confession of faith is desired by the church, yesterday defeated the amendment dismissing the whole subject. The assembly decided by an overwhelming majority to continue consideration of the question.

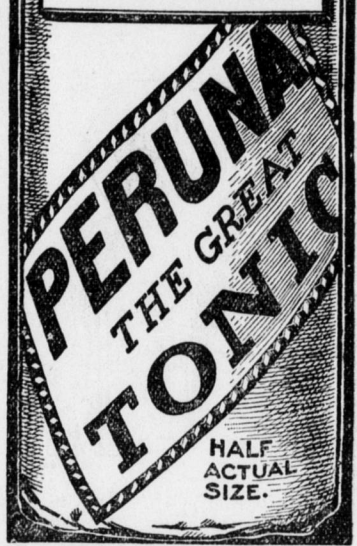
FOR CATARRH

OF HEAD THROAT LUNGS STOMACH KIDNEYS BLADDER FEMALE ORGANS



GEN. JOE WHEELER

Says of Peruna: "I join Senators Sullivan, Roach and McEnery in their good opinion of Peruna as an effective catarrh remedy."



Spanish Politeness.

In a recent book of Spanish travel—"Spanish Highways and Byways"—the writer speaks appreciatively of the courtesy extended to her at a time when the remembrances of the war between her own country and Spain were still recent and acute.

No insults were offered her, nor even a rude word uttered against her. On the contrary, she was the recipient of constant courtesies and kindnesses, and sometimes a solicitude for her comfort and welfare was displayed which embarrassed her.

At San Lucar a pleasing incident occurred. She entered a small shop to make a necessary purchase. The proprietor declined to sell, deeming his wares unsuited to her requirements, and bade his son conduct her to a more fashionable store.

He had guided her thither, as well as to more important points of interest, and on her proffering a remittance in money, he bowed with smiling ease and said: "do not take pay for pleasure, madam!"

Somewhat Different.

The Grocer—I understand you said I sold you a jug of cider that had water in it? The Butcher—You have been misinformed. What I said was that you sold me a jug of water that had a little cider in it.—Chicago Daily News.

Unappreciative.

Mrs. Flatbush—Mrs. Daubehina is so artistic! Whenever she refers to art it is always with a big A. Flatbush—Well, her husband differs from her. He generally refers to art with a big D.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Willing to Pay Any Price.

Very few people are willing to pay more than the manufacturers' price for any article even though it be remarkably good, like Palmer's Lotion. Such was not the case with Mrs. Maria M. Johnson, of Derby, Connecticut, who wrote: "Please send me some of your Lotion. I am willing to pay any price for it, for I have heard it highly extolled and seen its wonderful effects." This proves Palmer's Lotion as nearly priceless as any remedy can be. If your druggist doesn't have it, send to Solon Palmer, 374 Canal street, New York, for samples of Palmer's Lotion and Lotion Soap.

Willing to Pay.—"What do you think of the proposition to tax bachelors?" asked the sweet young thing. "Oh, luxuries ought to be taxed," replied Mr. Crustie.—Smart Set.

Hoxsie's Croup Cure

The life savor of children. No opium. 50 cts.

What Did He Mean?—Ritter—"Have you read my last poem?" Reeder—"I hope so."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of Brewster Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Price 25 Cents. GENUINE MUST BE SIGNATURE. Brewster Wood. CURE SICK HEADACHE.