

She brushed her cheeks with the poppies, and for a brief second the flowers threw a most beautiful color over her face and neck

What was your object in climbing on the box of my carriage and run-ning away with it?"

Quick as a flash of light he conceived his answer. "Madam, it was a jest between me and some maids." He had almost said serving-maids, but the thought of Nancy checked his libel. 'Between you and some maids?"

faintly contemptuous. "Explain, for I helieve an explanation is due me."

His gaze was forced to rove again. "Well, Madam, it is truly embarrassing. Two maids were to enter a car-riage and 1 was to drive them away from the embassy and once I had them In the carriage I thought it would be an admirable chance to play them a trick

"Pray since when have serving-maids been allowed exit from the main hall of the British embassy?"

Mr. Robert was positive that the shadow of a sarcastic smile rested for a moment on her lips. But it was in-stantly hidden under the poppies.

"That is something of which I have no intimate knowledge. A groom is not supposed to turn his head on the box unless spoken to. You will readily understand that, Madam. I made a mistake in the number. Mine was 71, and I answered number 17. I was con fused.

"I dare say. Seventy-one," she mused "It will be easy to verify this, to find out whose carriage that was.'

Mr. Robert recognized his mistake, but he saw no way to rectify it. She stood silently gazing over his shoulder into the fields beyond.

"Perhaps you can explain to me that remarkable episode at the carriage door? I should be pleased to hear your explanation."

It had come,-the very thing he had dreaded had come. He had hoped that she would ignore it. "Madam, I can see that you have sent for me out of curiosity only. If I offered any disre spect to you last night, I pray you to forgive me. For, on my word of honor it was innocently done." He bowed He bowed and placed his hand on the knob of the door

"Have a little patience. I prefer my self to forget that disagreeable inci-The truth is, "on my word of dent." honor." coming from a groom, sounded strange in her ears; and she wanted to learn more about this fellow. "Mr Osborne what were you before you be a groom came

"I have not always been a groom, i is true, Madam. My past I prefer to



I can easily verify all you have told me. I will give you a week's trial. After all."-indifferently-"what I desire is a capable servant. You will have to put up with a good deal. There are days when I am not at all amiable, and on these days I do not like to find a speck of dust on the metals or a blanket that has not been thoroughly brushed. As for the animals, they must always shine like satin. This

last is unconditional. Besides all this our force of servants is small. Do you know anything about serving?" "Very little." What was coming

"The chef will coach you. I entertain some, and there will be times when you will be called upon to wait on the table. Come with me and I will show you the horses. We have only five, but my father takes great pride in them. They are all thoroughbreds.' "Like their mistress," was Warbur-ton's mental supplementary. "Father hasn't ridden for years, however. The groom I discharged this

morning was capable enough on the box, but he was worse than useless to me in my morning rides. I ride from nine till eleven, even Sundays some times. Remain here till I return." As she disappeared Warburton drew in an exceedingly long breath and released it slowly. Heavens, what an ordeal! He drew the back of his hand across his forehead and found it moist. Not a word about the fine: he must broach it and thank her. Ah, to ride with her every morning, to adjust her stirrup, to obey every command to which she might give voice, to feel her small boot repulse his palm as she mounted; Heaven could hold nothing greater than this. And how easily a woman may be imposed upon! De-

love. When she returned there was a sun bonnet on her head, and she had pin-ned the poppies on her breast. (Why? I couldn't tell you, unless when all is said and done, be he king or valet, a man is always a man; and if per-chance he is blessed with good looks, a little more than a man. You will understand that in this instance I am trying to view things through a wom-an's eyes.) With a nod she bade him precede her and they went out toward the stables. She noted the flat back, the square shoulders, the easy, graceful swing of the legs.

"Have you been a soldier?" she asked suddenly.

He wheeled. His astonishment could not be disguised quickly enough to escape her vigilant eyes. Once more he had recourse to the truth.

"Yes, Madam. It was as a trooper that I learned horsemanship. "What regiment?"

"I prefer not to say,"-quietly,

"I do not like mysteries,"-briefly.

"Madam, you have only to dismiss me, to permit me to thank you for payng my fine and to reimburse you at the earliest opportunity."

She closed her lips tightly. No one but herself knew what had been on the erge of passing across them.

"Let us proceed to the stables," was all she said. "If you prove yourself a capable horseman, that is all I desire.

The stable-boy slid back the door and the two entered. Warburton glanced quickly about; all was neat ness. There was light and ventilation, too, and the box-stalls were roomy The girl stopped before a handsome bay mare which whinnied when it saw her. She laid her cheek against the animals nose and talked that soft jargon so embarrassing to man and so in telligible to babies and pet animals. Lucky horse! he thought! but his face expressed nothing.

"This is Jane, my own horse, and there are few living things I love so well. Remember this. She is a thoroughbred, a first class hunter; and I have, done more than five feet on her at home.

She moved on, Warburton following oberly and thoughtfully. There was a good deal to think of just now. The more he saw of this girl, the less he inderstood her puri hiring h She couldn't possibly know anything about him, who or what he was. With his beard gone he defied her to recognize in him the man who traveled across the Atlantic with her. A highbred woman, such as she was, would scarcely harbor any kind of feelings toward a man who had acted as he was acting. If any man had kissed Nancy the way he had kissed her, he would have broken every bone in his body or hired some one to do it. And she had paid his fine at the police-station and had hired him on probation! Truly he was in the woods and there wasn't a sign of blazed trail. (It will be seen that my hero hadn't had much experience with women. She knew nothing of him whatever. She was simply curious and brave enough to attempt to have this curiosity gratified. Of course, I do not venture to say that, had he been coarse in appearance, she would have had anything to do with him.) "This is Dick, my father's horse,"nodding toward a sorrel, large and well set-up. "He will be your mount. The animal in the next stall is Pirate." Pirate was the handsomest black gelding Warburton had ever laid eyes "What a beauty!" he exclaimed enthusistaically, forgetting that grooms should be utterly without enhusiasm. He reached out his hand to pat the you may be the greatest rascal, or you "Take care! He is a bad-tempered animal. No one rides him and we world." His smile was so frank and engaging that she was forced to smile herself. But she thought of some-thing, and frowned. "If you have told

me the truth, so much the better: for away. It takes a very strong man to hold him in. I really don't believe that he's vicious, only terribly mischievous, like a bullying boy."

"I should like to ride him."

The girl looked at her new groom in a manner which expressed frank astonishment. Was he in earnest, or was it mere bravado? An idea came to her, a mischievous idea.

"If you can sit on Pirate's back for ten minutes there will not be any question of probation. I promise to engage you on the spot, recommendation or no recommendation." Would he back down?

"Where are the saddles Madam?" he asked calmly, though his blood moved faster.

"On the pegs behind you,"-becom ing interested. "Do you really intend to ride him?"

"With your permission.

"I warn you that the risk you are running is great."

"I am not afraid of Pirate, Madam, in a tone which implied that he was not afraid of any horse living. The spirit of antagonism rose up in him, that spirit of antagonism of the human against the animal, that eternal ambition of the one to master the other. And besides, I'm not sure that James didn't want to show off before the girl -another very human trait in mankind. For my part, I wouldn't give yesterday's rose for a man who wouldn't show off once in a while, when his best girl is around and look ing on.

"On your head be it, then"-a sudden nervousness seizing her. Yet she was as eager to witness the encounter as he was to court it. "William!" she called. The stable-boy entered, setting aside his broom. "This is James, the new groom. Help him to saddle cidedly, Mr. Robert was violently in Pirate.

"Saddle Pirate, Miss Annesley!" cried the boy, his mouth open and his eyes wide.

"You see?" said the girl to War burton.

"Take down that saddle with th hooded stirrups," said Warburton, briefly. He would ride Pirate now, even if Pirate had been sired in Beelebub's stables. He carefully inspected the saddle, the stirrup-straps and the girth. "Very good, indeed. Buckles on saddles are always a hidden menace and a constant danger. Now, bring out Pirate, William."

William brought out the horse, who snorted when he saw the saddle on the floor and the curb on Warburton's

"There hasn't been anybody on his back for a year, sir, not since last winter. He's likely to give you trouble," said the boy. "You can't put that curb on him, sir: he won't stand for it a moment. Miss Annesley, hadn't you better step outside? He may start to kicking. That heavy English snatfle is the best thing I know of. Try that, sir. And don't let him get his head down, or he'll do you. Whoa!" as Pirate suddenly took it into his head to leave the barn without any one's permission.

The girl sprang lightly into one of the empty stalls and waited. She was greatly excited, and the color in her cheeks was not borrowed from the popies. She saw the new groom take Pirate by the forelock, and, quicker than words can tell, Mr. Pirate was angrily champing the cold bit. He reared. Warburton caught him by the nose and the neck. Pirate came down, trembling with rage.

"Here boy; catch him here," cried Warburton, William knew his busi-ness, and he grasped the bridle close under Pirate's jaws. "That's it. Now hold him."

Warburton picked up the saddle and threw it over Pirate's glossy back. Pirate waltzed from side to side and shook his head wickedly. But the man that was to mount him knew all these signs. Swiftly he gathered up the end of the belly-band strap and ran it through the iron ring. In and out he threaded it, drawing it tighter and tighter. He leaped into the saddle and adjusted the stirrups, then dismounted. "I'll take him now, William," said

James smiling.

CHAPTER X. PIRATE. On the opposite side of the road

there was a stone wall about five feet in height: beyond this was a broad, rolling field and farther on a barbwire and a boggy stream which fence oozed its way down toward the Poto Far away across the valley the mac. wooded hills were dying and withering and thinning, with splashes of yel-low and red. A flock of birds speckled the fleecy October clouds, and a mild

breeze sent the grasses shivering. Toward the wall Pirate directed his course. Warburton threw back his full weight. The effort had little or no effect on Pirate's mouth. His rider remembered about the tree, but the nearest was many yards away. Over the wall they went and down the field. Pirate tried to get his head the wall they down but he received a check. Score one for the man. Warburton, his legs stiffened in the stirrups, his hands well down, his breath coming in gasps wondered where they would finally land. He began to use his knees and Pirate felt the pressure. He didn't like it at all. Oddly enough, Warburton's leg did not bother him as he expected it would, and this gave him confidence. On, on; the dull pounding of Pirate's feet, the flying sod, the wind in his face: and when he saw the barb-wire fence, fear entered into An inch too low, a stumble and him serious injuries might result. He must break Pirate's gait.

He began to saw cow-boy fashion Pirate grew indignant: he was being hurt. His speed slackened none, however; he was determined to make that fence if it was the last thing he ever did. He'd like to see any man stop him. He took the deadly fence as with the wings of a bird. But he found that the man was still on his back. He couldn't understand it. He grew worried. And then he struck the redbrown muck bordering the stream The muck flew, but at every bound Pirate sank deeper, and the knees of his rider were beginning to tell. Warburton, full of rage, yet not unreasonable rage, quickly saw his chance. Once more he threw back his weight; this time to the left. Pirate's head came

stubbornly around; his gait was broken, he was floundering in the stream. Now Warburton used his heels savagely. He shortened the reins and whacked Mr. Pirate soundly across the ears. Pirate plunged and reared, and after devious evolutions, reached solid ground. This time his head was high in the air, and, try as he would, he could not lower his neck a solitary inch,

[To Be Continued.]

He Had Preferences.

Squire Lord, of local fame in Effing-ham, N. H., 50 years ago, had accumulated, by all sorts of methods, a fortune for the times and place. Keeping the country store, being pratically the "bank" of those parts, and increasing wealth beyond expenditures had nourished an ambition to live in a place larger and with more social op-portunities than the little village afforded. So he packed up one autumn, took a house in Portland, which was the town o' the world to country peo-ple then, and with his family started in to cut a dash.

To his chagrin, he found he was one of many in that place, and not a scrape or bow was coming his way. Christmas saw him back, bag and baggage in Effingham, and that evening in his store, to the inquiry of one of the village loafers, "Why'd ye come back, squire, fore you'd calculated?'

he replied: "I've had enough of that place. Yer see. I'd rather be king among hogs a hog among kings."-Boston Herald

An Oxford Man.

ing English football team was drinking milk with his luncheon in a Philadelphia hotel. "Milk is a good drink," a visitor

Sir Charles Kirkpatrick of the visit-

said. "Yes," agreed the other, "and when-

Sometimes-not always-the dis senting opinion seems much stronger than the opinion that makes the deci sion. "Whistling for half an hour after

whistler, "is the best possible aid to digestion. What has become of the old-fashfoned boy who believed that if a turtle got hold of his toe it would not let g until Sunday?

meals," says a well known woman

The wheat crop of the Punjab for this year has broken all records, be ing 500,000 tons in excess of the pre vious best crop.

The jokers are already shooting par agraphs at San Francisco; but none of those who are left in the Golden Gate city laughs at them.

The lawyers are said to be still in business in San Francisco, though there doesn't appear to be much left there to go to law about.

Freiherr von Hohenstauffen, of the Reichstag, has introduced a bill prohibting beer drinking at German uni-versities. And with that name at that!

A Milwaukee man obtained a divorce because his wife drank a gallon of whisky a day. Most persons will be surprised to learn that anything excep beer is drank in that city

Gen. Jiminez having enlisted six men and a brigadier general, is only waiting contributions for the purchase of another mule when the invasion of Santo Domingo will be undertaken.

They do say that the hello girls on line between the White House the and the senate are quite willing to have the helloless system put in. Otherwise they want thick ear pads.

A Harvard Professor says that 30 per cent. of those who try to enter the university fail in English. Har vard ought to try the young men on carpenter work, typewriting and cook-ery. Our school systems are spending a great deal of money on manual training and "fads."

There have been only two great Chinatowns in the big cities of the Caucasian world. These were the Chi-natown of New York, where 60,000 Celestials live, and the Chinatown of San Francisco, with a smaller num-ber. They were two sights which most excited the interest of foreign visitors to those cities.

Says a recent news item in an Eng lish newspaper: "A Mrs. Howling, cf Penge, dreamed that she saw her little girl washed up on Hastings beach and the body taken away on a tar paulin. Two days later the child was knocked down by a pantechnicon and its wheels passed over her. By-standers brought a tarpaulin, upon which the child was taken to the Beckenham cottage hospital.'

A quain ceremony is witnessed in parts of Normandy twice a year. It is the "blessing of the beasts." The cows, asses, and a few thoroughbred horses which are raised in that part of France are brought together in front of the church, whence issues a procession of gaily-dressed peasants to the sound of a chant sung by the priest and people. Then the pastor sprinkles a few drops of water on the head of each animal.

Illuminated post cards are still pop ular and acceptable, too, when they have something good besides the pic ture. A Cincinnatian received a da. specimen a few days ago. It carried that wonderfully popular toast, "There is so much that is bad in the best of us and so much good in the worst of us, that it hardly behooves any of us to talk bad about the rest of us." Some of our publishers might better their issues of postals by using fine selections from good literature.

Old Khedive Ismail's expensive compliment to the then Empress Eugenie, 36 years ago-the construction of a fine carriage road from Cairo to the

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"IS YOUR NAME OSBORNE?"

leave in obscurity. There is nothing in that past, however, of which I need be ashamed;"---and unconsciously his figure become more erect.

"Is your name Osborne?"

"No, Madam, it is not. For my family's sake, I have tried to forget my own name." (I'll wager the rascal never felt a qualm in the region of his conscience.)

was the truth which was not truth that won his battle

You were doubtless discharged last night?"

"I did not return to ascertain, madam, I merely sent for my belongings." "You have recommendations?"presently.

"I have no recommendations whatever, Madam. If you employ me, it must be done on your own responsi-bility and trust in human nature. I on. can only say, Madam, that I am honest, that I am willing, that I possess a thorough knowledge of horse-flesh," "It is very unusual," she said,

searching him to the very heart with her deep blue eyes. "For all I know

"All right, sir," said William, glad enough to be relieved of all further re sponsibility.

James led Pirate into the small court and waited for Miss Annesley, who appeared in the doorway presently.

"James, I regret that I urged you to de him. You will be hurt," she said. ride him. Her worry was plainly visible on her face.

James smiled his pleasantest and touched his hat.

"Very well, then; I have warned you. If he bolts, head him for a tree. That's the only way to stop him.

James shortened the bridle-rein to the required length, took a firm grip on Pirate's mane, and vaulted into the saddle. Pirate stood perfectly still. He shook his head. James talked to him and patted his sleek neck, and touched him gently with his heel. Then things livened up a bit. Pirate waltzed, reared and plunged and started to do the pas seul on the flower-beds. Then he immediately changed his mind. He decided to re-enter the stables

"Don't let him get his head down!" yelled William, nimbly jumping over a bed of poppies and taking his position beside his mistress.

"The gates, William! The gates!" cried the girl, excitedly. "Only one is open. He will not be able to get through."

William scampered down the driveway and swung back the iron barrier None too soon! Like a black shadow Pirate flashed by, his rider's new der by rolling in the dust.

The girl stood in the doorway, her hands pressed against her heart. She was as white as the clouds that sailed

ever I take it I think of curate in Surrey, near my Crawley place. "This curate had a small salary and

a fine lot of cows. He decided, therefore, to open a dairy. So he rigged up a little shop and bought a wagon, and on his sign his name appeared, 'John Vincent, M. A.' He was an Oxford man, you see, and proud of his degree. "But one morning he overheard two farm hands talking before the shop. "'What does the "M. A." mean on

that there sign?' said the first. "'Milk 'Awker, o'course,' the other answered."



The bishop of London tells the fol-owing story: "I was sitting in my lowing story: room one morning very busy, when I was told that a lady wanted to see me. I was very busy and almost said at first, 'Oh, I'm too busy to see anyone this morning.' But I thought, and said, 'No, I have made a rule never to refuse to see anybody, in case it is somebody in trouble.' So I said, 'Let the lady come upstairs.' She came, and the first thing she said to

me was this: 'I was going to ask you whether you can find a use in your work for £1,000?' I said, 'It is the very thing I have been wondering all the morning how to get.' I showed her exactly what I was going to spend

her £1,000 on, and the whole scheme was carried out."-London Standard.

Sister Liked Him.

"Have you any reason to believe that your sister likes me, Willie?" "Course she does: Just yesterday I heard her say, 'Nobody could help likin' the dear old easy mark.'"-Cleveland Plaindealer.

pyramids and the Sphinx of Gizeh, so that she might drive instead of riding on a donkey-has been copied by the present khedival government for the princess of Wales. For her a carriage road has been built from Bedrasheen to the pyramids and ruins at Sak-kara. This road, like the one made for the empress of the French, will be serviceable to ordinary tourists henceforth.

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