

FRIENDS.

You are my friend, for you have smiled with me...

Though all the world was deaf and dark to me...

LOVE'S VICTORY.

By BARRY SHIEL.

"Well, there's only one course left open to me now, my dear fellow, and that is to 'marry money.'"

once—it was the occasion of their introduction and now, as he clasped her small fingers and bent low over them...

The speaker yawned, leaned back in his seat with a complacent air, and watched the smoke curling fantastically ceilingward from the business end of his cigar.

And when he drew a chair close beside her and devoted himself to her amusement, beginning in a witty, impersonal vein, and then gradually lowering his mellow voice and talking on topics nearer to the heart of each, her cheeks burned at the thought which came to her unbidden—the thought that, if this man loved and wooed, how terribly irresistible he would be!

"The dickens it will!" exclaimed the Honorable Claude, looking up in surprise. "And who, if I may ask, is the—er—fortunate lady?"

Meanwhile the man beside her was congratulating himself on the progress he seemed to be making. She would be an easy conquest, he told himself; even now she could hardly meet his gaze without drooping her eyes.

"Miss Violet Hunstan."

He took his leave at last, but that visit was only the first of many. Lady Cheyne was wise in her generation. She never mentioned his name to her charge, never broached the subject of marriage; but always kept a seat at the opera and a place in her carriage for the young man whenever he might choose to avail himself of them, which, to be candid, was not seldom.

"What! Old Chicago Hunstan's daughter? Maurice, my boy, you're in luck!"

Thus the weeks sped on, and Maurice Davenegh's bill at the florist's grew by almost daily items. His friends, of course, congratulated and chaffed him, each in accordance with his particular temperament; but one and all envied him. He was in for a good thing, they said; with scarcely a thought for the fair, young victim who was dreaming her first love dream.

"I'm sure I hope so," drawled the other, languidly. "But there's nothing really settled yet. As a matter of fact, we were only introduced three days ago. She's quite a child, you know, and probably hasn't made up her mind. But I have!"

"You seem beastly cocksure about it," remarked his friend, laughing. "But you won't have the field to yourself remember. A girl with twenty thousand a year gets plenty of offers these days. Not but what you'd stand as good a chance as most, mind you; especially if the lady happens to be satisfied with a tolerable amount of good looks and the bearer of an ancient name."

"You seem beastly cocksure about it," remarked his friend, laughing.

"Thanks awfully for the compliment," drawled Davenegh. "Claude, my boy, you shall be best man at my wedding."

"Right! But, I say, you mustn't lose any time, old man. If I were you, I'd dash the business; pile on the presents, see her every day and pretend to be in deadly earnest—"

"There won't be any pretense about that," interrupted Davenegh, with a laugh. "The lady has, to be exact, nineteen thousand, five hundred pounds a year, and I moderate—let me see—three or four moderate racers waiting sale, a cantankerous uncle with a passion for longevity, a bag of debts and—the clothes I stand in!"

"Not to speak of fairly decent conversational powers, nice eyes and a well-bred air—"

"For you," he said. "You think it is pretty?"

"It is perfectly lovely. But—"

"She stopped abruptly and averted her face. "But not of any great value, eh?" He laughed. She turned swiftly. "You say that because I am a millionaire's daughter, and can buy what I choose; but one doesn't always value a thing according to its intrinsic worth."

"Well, anyhow," he said, "I wish you luck, old man. Go in and win. You couldn't do better and the girl might do worse. Well ta-ta! See you again in a few days."

"Thank you for that speech," he said, earnestly. "Then you accept my offering?"

"Willingly," she answered. "My only regret is that I can give you nothing in return; at least, nothing that you would care for."

"Nothing?"

"The girl surely won't expect me to love her," he muttered; "that sort of nonsense is out of fashion nowadays. Besides, as Claude says, she might go farther and not do so well. After all, I'm not the worst sort they make, and I'll try and be good to her. No doubt the crudities and the accent will jar a bit at first, but I mustn't mind that. I'll have to gloss them over, pile on the jam and swallow the gilded pill. It's the only way out. 'Poverty and pickles' wouldn't suit me. I must marry 'The Marigold,' accent and all. Nineteen thousand a year! By Jove! it's worth going for. Many a fellow has sold himself for half that. I'll take Claude's advice and start the wooing business at once—hang it!—yes, this very afternoon!"

"Mr. Davenegh!"

"The footman threw wide the door, and, handsome, debonaire, smiling, as though he had recently stepped out of a bandbox and hadn't a care in the world, Maurice Davenegh entered the room and received Lady Cheyne's somewhat effusive greeting with a courtly bow.

The fair widow was delighted to see her visitor—for reasons. This young man was well born, well connected, heir to a title and unattached—and Lady Cheyne had the chaperoning of a millionaire's daughter, at something substantial per month, with the promise of a lump sum down in the event of a satisfactory marriage.

It was this lump sum that she was longing to finger. Chaperoning a pretty girl was all very well, but a trip to Monte Carlo or a flutter in circles where little debutantes were out of place and distinctly in the way was more to Lady Cheyne's taste. Neither of these indulgences was possible, however, as long as the heiress remained on her hands.

As for Violet, the girl rose from her chair with a feeling of undisguised pleasure. She had danced with him

his deep eyes rest on the girl's stricken face, and there was love, remorse and bitter shame in their depths. Then, having uttered no word, he hurried away, with ashed lips and a heart full of a burning, blinding pain.

For the next fortnight Lady Cheyne was at her wits' end what to do with her charge. Day by day the girl grew whiter and thinner, like some lovely pale flower whose strength was gradually being sapped at the roots; yet, in spite of notes, letters and frantic letters, Maurice Davenegh made no sign, and finally it was ascertained that he had left town, destination unknown.

It was in vain that Lady Cheyne fumed and fretted; there was nothing for it but to leave town also and try if the sea breezes would bring the color back to Violet's cheeks. It was a nuisance and fearful upsetting of plans; but the girl looked like a ghost, and people were beginning to talk.

"Come on, now; yer purse—quick! If ye holler—"

The tramp raised his stick threateningly, and his grip on the girl's slender wrist tightened to an intensity that was painful.

Violet Hunstan—for it was she—was trembling violently. In the middle of the road lay her bicycle, and she was covered with dust from head to foot. She gave a frantic look up and down the long road, but there was not a solitary being in sight.

"D'ye hear me? I ain't got no time to waste. Wot? Yer won't! Ho! we'll see!"

Gripping her arms the ruffian forced her back against the bank, thrust one black hand over her mouth, and with the other began fumbling with her dress. The poor girl felt her senses going. She ceased to struggle, a queer haze came before her eyes and then—then something big and dark loomed up there was the sound of a heavy blow, followed immediately by something between a curse and a groan, and then—darkness!

"What a lucky thing you happened to be passing! I should never have forgiven myself otherwise."

"Thank Heaven I was in time!" answered Davenegh, as he laid the unconscious girl on the sofa in Lady Cheyne's boudoir at the hotel. "Ah!"

At that moment Violet opened her eyes, and as Maurice bent over the couch, Lady Cheyne discreetly withdrew. The girl looked up at him with a startled expression; then, with a shiver, closed her eyes again. Nothing daunted, however, the man stooped down and gathered the shrinking form in his arms.

"My darling," he cried, "can you ever forgive me? Dearest, if you only knew how I have suffered! If you only knew how I love you!"

The girl looked up wonderingly, wistfully, and then she knew! Those dark, deep eyes above her told their own story.

Lady Cheyne's house in Mayfair was reopened again, and society only knew that Sir Maurice Davenegh had been out of town for a month and that his rich uncle was dead.

Of that tragic interval—the time between—they knew nothing. They never dreamed that he had left London because he had fallen in love with the girl he had vowed to marry for her money, and that but for the plundering propensities of a certain individual of the tramp fraternity, he would probably never have seen her again.

These secrets are the joint property of Lady Cheyne, who is discreet, and the wife of Sir Maurice Davenegh—who is, as she firmly believes, the happiest woman in the world.—New York Weekly.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

THE KEYSTONE STATE

The Latest Pennsylvania News Told in Short Order.

The annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Pennsylvania Anti-Saloon League to arrange the work for the coming year was held at Harrisburg, Rev. S. E. Nicholson, State superintendent, presented a report in detail of the work of the league during the last year. Rev. P. A. Baker, of Columbus, Ohio, general superintendent of the National League, made a speech.

A Coroner's jury in investigating the death of Miss Mary Ambler, who was killed at Lagnhorne, rendered the following verdict:

That the young woman came to her death by the criminal negligence of the Philadelphia & Reading Railway Company, the corporation failing to have sufficient light, a deficiency that has always existed; that the cinder platform or path was made too narrow and left a very rough condition between the point of exit from the station, and the temporary bridge over the excavation to reach the trolley platform; that the company was criminally negligent in closing the rear or north doors of the station which prevented exit to the trolley cars.

Joy and happiness was brought to 5000 children at Hazleton, when the Coxie women announced that the annual distribution of Christmas gifts would be made on December 22 and 23.

In the case of George W. White and wife, against the Columbia and Montour Trolley Company, the jury awarded a verdict of \$12,000 for the plaintiffs. Mrs. White was thrown to the floor and injured by the sudden starting of a car before she had taken a seat.

By the explosion of a coal oil stove in a bed-room in the home of Samuel Scantling, in Wrightsville, a fire occurred in which seven children would have lost their lives had not two of the older ones awakened and rescued the five by carrying them down a flight of stairs to the street. The children who performed the rescue were 9 and 11 years old.

The 150th anniversary of the founding of the Union Library at Harboro was observed. The speakers were Dr. James F. Willard, of the University of Pennsylvania; Elwood Roberts, of the Norristown "Herald," and Rev. Edward Cline, of Harboro. The historical sketch of the library was prepared and read by Miss Mamie Goetner, of Harboro. David Newport, of near Willow Grove, who is more than 90 years of age, and the oldest surviving member of the library company, was present. There are now more than 12,000 volumes in the library. E. G. Erdman is the librarian.

Brinton Mason, aged 58 years, brother of Henry G. Mason, a prominent hotel keeper of Chester, committed suicide by shooting himself twice with a revolver. The first shot passed through an eye and the second went through the roof of his mouth, penetrating the brain. Nevertheless he lived until after he had been taken to the Chester Hospital. Until a few months ago he was engineer at the Delaware County Almshouse, and it is said, was removed by the superintendent, James W. Barker, shortly before the arrest of the directors, Newton P. West and Frank E. Sharpless, who have since been convicted and are now waiting sentence for embezzlement.

"Because he was bad, had been acting bad, was bad to me, his wife and to himself, because he ran me out of my house with a big knife, I had to shoot my son." So Joseph W. Eichensels, aged 75 years and gray-haired, of Allegheny informed the police at the Allegheny fell into bad habits and though he was about 30 years of age he had failed to provide for his wife, and she had to be taken to the family home to be supported. The son is not seriously injured and the father is at liberty.

Former Representative Richard F. Schwartz, State Normal School trustee, was found guilty of violating the Act of Assembly of April 23, 1903, prohibiting the sale of supplies to schools receiving State aid by any one who has control in the management. Schwartz was the important witness in his own behalf and gave a history of his ceasing to sell supplies after the 1903 act went into effect, his arrangement with Jacob Anthony, his hired man, and the assistance he gave Anthony in making out some of his bills to the schools. Deputy Secretary of Agriculture Martin announced in Harrisburg the dismissal of R. F. Schwartz as farmers' institute lecturer. This action by the Deputy Secretary was taken immediately after he learned of Schwartz's conviction. Schwartz has been a farmers' institute lecturer in the pay of the department for several years.

Deputy Attorney General Fleitz, in an official opinion delivered to State Highway Commissioner Hunter decides that the commissioner has the right to make contracts for building public roads in excess of the "Good Roads" fund apportioned to any county for one year, but not to an amount in excess of the sum to which that county is entitled out of the entire appropriation.

D. Hardy, General Superintendent of the Lehigh and New England Railroad, has resigned his position to take effect January 1. He will enter the slate business, having organized the Bangor-Hardy Slate Company, with offices at Pen Argyl.

When Harry Search, of Catawissa, near Bloomsburg, reached home, he found his wife and four children in an unconscious condition, the result of coal gas. With the aid of a physician the family was resuscitated.

John Smith, aged 10 years, while trying to board a moving freight train on the Reading Railroad, in Chester, slipped and fell under the wheels of the moving car and his right leg was cut off.

A forest fire starting near Nescopeck spread over Kirkendall Hill and for a time threatened several farm houses and buildings. The section men of the Pennsylvania Railroad were ordered out and succeeded in putting it out.

Charles Wolf, aged 66 years, employed for the past thirty-three years as a tinsmith at Joseph S. Osterstock's store, Easton, committed suicide by hanging himself in the store.

During the temporary absence of John Green from his grocery store in Mahanoy City sneak thieves tapped the money drawer of \$165 in cash.

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First Treaty of Portsmouth. The first treaty of Portsmouth, N. H., was signed July 11, 1713, the contracting parties being belligerent Indians and the whites. The news of the treaty of Utrecht, which ended Queen Anne's war, reached the city Oct. 29, 1712. The Indians desired a treaty, and it was formally signed on the above date.

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