



Jonas was cooking a bit of bacon on the little stove when the door opened and a rasping voice spoke familiarly: "Goin' to sell out, I see, Jonas, eh?"

Jonas looked up in evident displeasure. He was a slender, old man—perhaps seventy years of age. His hair was thin and white, and his beard and moustache grew long and straggly, showing the pink skin beneath, for Jonas was in prime health as a result of his regular, active farm life. Now his cheeks were pinker with irritation. Squire Barlow was not a welcome visitor. Jonas's glance encountered another old man—as advanced in years as himself, but not as well preserved. He was short and stout, with black, heavy eyes deep-set in a yellowish, leathery face. He looked the mean, hard-fisted man he was known to be; and as Jonas was not pleased with the interruption he turned again to the stove, giving curt assent to the Squire's inquiry:

"Ye see right, Guess ye know the meanin' of red flags jes' as well as I do, seein' as how gen'rally ye happen to be 'roun' where there's bargains. Will ye shet th' door, Squire? I ain't got no plans for heatin' all out doors." Jonas spoke impatiently. Then, as the Squire closed the door with an

whipped the groun' from under my feet with ye're consarned pretty manners an' ye're bank account, and took Ann Eliza out o' my arms, an' married her, damn ye. Mebbe ye don't remember that, ye—ye whelp, ye lyin', dirty, low-down—"

It was well for the Squire that his breath failed, for Jonas was up in an instant, his eyes flashing, his nostrils white and dilated with sudden, virile anger. He leaned with one hand on the table, and in his grasp was the long bread-knife. His voice was ominous quiet:

"Steady, Squire. I don't allow no man to insult me in my own house, nor anywhere else. I guess ye've said 'bout enough. Ye might as well git out an' stay."

The Squire calmed down immediately. He picked up his hat, buttoned up his coat over his still heaving breast, and laid a heavy hand on the door-knob. Then he turned and for full a minute the two men looked steadily each into the other's eyes like animals about to spring. The Squire's lips were drawn in a sneer, showing his yellow stubby teeth. "I ain't got no weepin'," he said finally, opening the door. "But mebbe this time to-morrow ye won't be so quick to ask me to git out. I jest called to give ye

Have you ever thought, young man, what it means to be dubbed "old and no good"? Have you an idea of the helplessness of age when the only outlook is continued decay and reduced earning capacity? The truth came home strongly to Jonas when he began to seek work. There was no work for him. They wanted young men. He was too old; he couldn't stand the racket. And some were less gentle with the rebuff. Gradually his little fund dwindled, and at last he made his way by begging at farm houses along the road. He found shelter in haystacks and barns, speaking in after dark and leaving before dawn. Lack of food began to tell. The wrinkles deepened in his face; his eyes took on a hopeless expression; his gait was slower; his back began to bend. In a few weeks Jonas was an old, old man. And with weakness came the feeling of dependence. His pride melted. He wanted a strong arm about him. But there was only one in all the world on whom he might call—"Sonny." And where was "Sonny" now?

There was ample time for Jonas to regret the past. As he plodded along the frozen road he recalled the occurrences of ten years before, when "Sonny" had passed out of his life. On the boy's shoulders had fallen the burden of the farm with its mortgage. Together they had worked, Bill doing the lion's share, to raise the encumbrance; and when the money was almost in hand, Jonas had loaned it, against Billy's earnest protest, to a friend on an unsecured note, at heavy interest. And when the friend failed, Billy saw the fruits of his labor swept away in a night. Was it any wonder, then, that he proposed giving up the farm and moving to the city? Were they to continue there, with noses to the eternal grindstone, merely eking out a living? The mother agreed, faith in her son being deep and abiding; but Jonas said No, and when, after months of argument, Billy announced his intention of going alone, Jonas rose in wrath and showed him the door, bidding him with a curse to "Go, and stay, and never show your face again." Now, in his bitterness, weak and weary, Jonas sat down by the side of the road and wept quietly—the first time in years. Oh, if he could only find "Sonny." "Sonny" would forgive him. His heart went back to the old home; to the sorrowing mother, who had pined away grieving for her son. He did not know that on the day of his departure, Billy, prosperous and generous, having heard of the approaching sale, had appeared before the astonished Squire Barlow and upset that individual's prophecy by satisfying all demands and rendering the sale unnecessary; nor that for weeks Billy had been advertising all over the East for his father to come home.

It was New Year's eve. Jonas had been on the road over a month. Without knowing how, or indeed, why, he had proceeded steadily north, through the mountains, and now, as the bleak, winter day drew to a close, he was approaching the great city of Pittsburgh. From afar he had seen the heavy smoke lying low on the horizon. The road was lined with beautiful residences, and as dusk came on, lights appeared in the windows. There was warmth and cheer. Might not food and shelter be there too for an old man? He could not keep up much longer. His shoes were worn through. He was sick with hunger. In desperation he followed the driveway of a palatial residence and made his way back to the stable. The hostess came at him savagely. "Git out o' here," he growled. "This ain't no place for hoboes." Jonas turned and went out again. He would not beg from a common stable-hand. He would push on to the city.

As he passed the side of the house he glanced up at the roof and stopped suddenly. There was a glow in the attic window. The glass shivered and a gust of smoke and flame told him instantly that the house was on fire. With quick steps he ran to the front and up on the broad porch. The door was locked, but he pounded on it with his fists. "FIRE!" he shouted; and again, "FIRE! FIRE!" The door opened suddenly, showing the white, scared face of a woman. "FIRE!" Your house is on fire!" he cried, as he pushed past her.

Women screamed and children ran hither and thither. Hardly knowing why Jonas hurried up the broad stairs. As he turned into the upper hall a cloud of smoke enveloped him. He entered the first room and ran to the window. Opening it, he shouted into the still night air, "FIRE! FIRE!" He heard men's voices, but as in a dream, for the smoke was stifling him. He must get back or die, like a rat in a hole. As he groped his way he fell against a bed. A tiny voice started him. It was a baby, choking in the dense smoke. He reached out blindly; his hands came upon the child struggling beneath heavy coverings. He grabbed it up, dragging off the blankets, and wrapping them around the little one's head and body.

Somewhat he reached the door, staggered into the hall and found the stairway. As he started down he tripped over the end of a blanket and rolled down, down, over and over. His head struck a sharp corner at the foot of the steps, and he lay still, the precious bundle clasped in his arms.

An immeasurable space of time passed—then Jonas awoke slowly. He knew that he was warm, and that he lay on a soft bed; but his eyes were heavy and he could not lift the lids. Then a familiar voice sounded in his ears. "Father, father," it said. Surely that was "Sonny's" voice, and he was back in the old home, and it was time to get up and milk the cows. He struggled against the heavy sleep. His eyes opened and looked up into Billy's face. "Sonny, is it you?" he asked, weakly. Where am I, Sonny?"

"Yes, father, it's me, Billy," came the strong, familiar voice. "Don't you know me, father? I've been hunting you everywhere. You're right here at home, my home." Slowly the truth dawned upon him. He closed his eyes again, trying to remember. "Sonny, there was a fire, and—a—baby—"

HAUNTED CASTLE OF KIMBOLTON

The Queen of England Stands Godmother to American Baby.

When Queen Alexandra stood as godmother to the son and heir of the Duke of Manchester and his American wife, it was the first occasion on which this royal lady ever assumed responsibility for the spiritual welfare of any child whose mother is a native of the United States. King Edward, while still Prince of Wales, accepted the sponsorship of quite a number of children of Anglo-American unions.

By the bye, the Duke of Manchester is the present head of Drogo de Monte Acuto, who was a famous warrior in the immediate train of Robert, Earl of Moreton, at the time of the Norman conquest. Among his ancestral homes, rescued and restaurated with the aid of his American father-in-law, Eugene Zimmerman, of Cincinnati, pre-eminently stands the tradition-filled, association-haunted Kimbolton Castle. The castle is an ancient, stone building, standing at the head of the



DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER.

Pen coast, in a spacious, well-wooded park, close to the town of Huntingdon. Four centuries ago it was the dower palace of Queen Katherine, of Arragon, after her divorce from Henry VIII. It would still appear to be the residence of her spirit, since her ghost, in long, queenly robe and royal crown, is said to roam its corridors even yet. The Castle, however, has another ghost, less dignified, perhaps, but distinctly interesting in its habits. The portrait of Sir John Popham, erstwhile Lord Chief Justice of England, and one of the earliest promoters of American colonization, hangs in the great hall, and its original is said to keep a nightly vigil for rogues and poachers, accommodating himself, according to inclination and moonlight, by either sitting astride the park wall or secreting himself under the shadow of the mighty elm trees. Probably the ghost of Sir John is an immense saving of gamekeepers' salaries to the dual purse.

Lord Denbigh, who is well remembered in this country from his visit in Boston a few years ago, at the head of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of London, is the elder of the family to which the famous novelist, Henry Fielding, belonged. He likewise claims relationship with the imperial Austrian House of Hapsburg; this claim, however, being ridiculed by many eminent English genealogists. He is lord-in-waiting to the King, and one of the forty Roman Catholic members of the Upper House of the English national assembly.

The Bradley-Martins, it is learned, have made several efforts to purchase Balmacean outright, the magnificent place they occupy in Scotland. But, though they have frequently raised their figures to a fancy price, they cannot induce the owner to part with it. The fact that they merely lease the place does not prevent them from spending a mint of money on it. It is now far more luxuriously fitted up than Balmoral; the Scotch royal residence, and Mar Lodge, the Duchess, or rather, Princess of Fife's place, pales into insignificance compared with it.

The Bradley-Martins have been so long in England that one almost forgets their rise to influence in the social world. There is a success due to riches—at least, so it would appear, and, in fact, such success makes small impression on the thoughtful. Yet, when you look into it, you find many things that arouse your admiration. It is no mean thing to make an entrance in the London world of fashion. It requires a deal of tact and knowledge of men and women. The Earl of Craven, the son-in-law of the Bradley-Martins, passes most of his time looking after his forty thousand acres, and in attending to his duties as county magistrate near his Warwickshire home. Lady Craven is keenly interested in poultry farming, and at Coumbe Abbey has bred birds that have stirred up the keenest sort of competition amongst English fanciers. Moreover, it is agreed on all hands that the boy-and-girl marriage of 1893 has turned out more pleasantly than the wisecrackers of that date predicted. And the Countess of Craven grows prettier as she grows older.

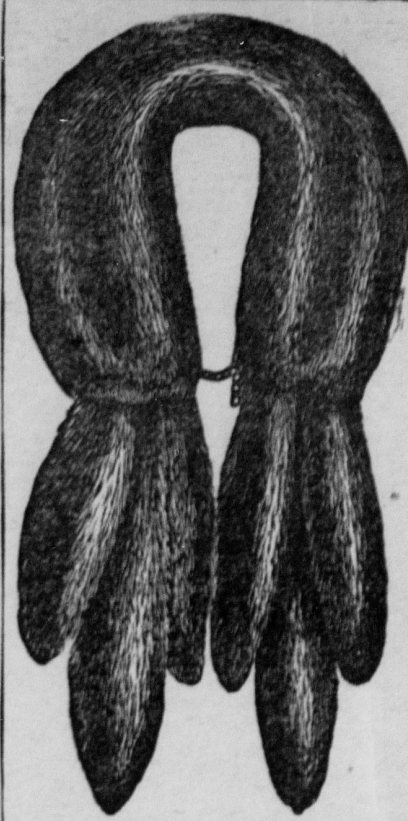
Prince Nanseta Pehassnez Montezuma, who claims to be the lineal descendant of the famous Aztec King of that name, is a small, olive-skinned youth, with large, heavily-fringed gray eyes, a full, red mouth and long hair. He wears civilian clothes, a broad-rimmed sombrero, and usually carries an interesting, carved cane.

van Calava.

"Yes, father, it was right here. It was our baby, and you saved it for us. The fire's out. There's no danger. And I've bought the old home, father, and you can go back if you want, and never work or want any more!"

But Jonas did not hear. A great peace came over him. He knew only that "Sonny" held him; that "Sonny" would take care of him; that his long journey was at an end.

Through the midnight air came the sound of great bells. All over the city the joyous message was ringing—ringing in "Sonny's" ears—that Jonas had come home.



Fabulous Cost of Solomon's Temple

Solomon's Temple flourished before the days of modern "Graft," but it may be wondered what became of all the jewels and precious stones, for the talents of gold, silver and brass used in the construction of the temple were valued at about thirty-five billions of dollars, and the jewels about the same, according to Villapandus. The consecrated vessels of gold amounted to two and three-quarter billions; of silver two and one-half billions; the vestments and musical instruments to eleven and one-quarter millions.

There were ten thousand men employed to hew timber, seven thousand as burden carriers, twenty thousand as levers of stones, thirty-three hundred overseers, all of whom were employed for seven years and upon whom Solomon bestowed as a gift thirty millions of dollars. Adding the food and wages the total would be over four hundred and fifty millions of dollars. The costly stone and timber equalled twelve billion more and the whole total has been carefully estimated as \$77,521,965,535.

Crow and Parrot Fight.

Adam Forepaugh, the veteran showman, had a white parrot which had learned to say, "One at a time, gentlemen, don't crush," acquired, of course, from the ticket seller.

One day the parrot got lost, and after a long search Mr. Forepaugh was overjoyed to hear its familiar voice from an adjoining cornfield. He dismounted from his buggy, entered the cornfield and found the parrot in the middle of a flock of crows that had pecked him until he was almost featherless. As the crows bit and nipped, the parrot, lying on his side and defending himself with his claws, was repeating over and over, "One at a time, gentlemen, one at a time. Don't crush."

Colorado's Fine Capitol.

The State Capitol of Colorado was erected at a cost of \$3,600,000 and is constructed entirely of Colorado material. The exterior is of selected gray granite and the interior of polished marble and onyx. It stands in the center of a ten-acre tract and required about ten years to complete.

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"HE LAY STILL, THE PRECIOUS BUNDLE CLASPED IN HIS ARMS."

angry slam, he lifted the meat out of the pan with a fork and put it on a blue plate that rested, warming, on the edge of the stove.

Ye don't seem very glad to see me, Jonas." The Squire's voice was a cross between a whine and a snarl, and his black eyes gleamed malignantly.

Jonas continued his preparations for breakfast. He gave a final stir to the coffee, set the pot and the plate of meat on the table, and cut a thick slice of bread. Then, as he sat down to eat he looked up at the Squire with cold, hard eyes:

"I didn't ask ye to come in, Squire, an' I'll not ask ye to go long as ye behave yerself." He spoke very quietly, almost as though he were talking to himself. And as the Squire's face reddened with suppressed anger (for he had expected Jonas to cringe before him) Jonas calmly stirred his coffee, looking meditatively out of the window across the bleak, frozen hillside.

Jonas's indifference was too much for the Squire's temper and he let himself out with an oath. "Ah-h-h!" he snarled. "Ye may well say ye didn't ask me in, Jonas Updyke. But ye dassent ask me why I come. For though we've lived here in this valley nigh seventy year, boys together, and men together, this is the first time in forty year gone that I've crossed this here doornill. But it won't be the last, Jonas, it won't be the last, me boy." There was an uncanny sneer in his voice that grated on every fibre of Jonas's being.

"There wouldn't be no tears shed, Squire, if ye wasn't to come back no more. An' as for crossin' my step in forty year, nobody knows bettern' yerself how that happens."

The Squire opened his coat, adjusted his collar, and began impressively, emphasizing his words by tapping on the table with a fat forefinger:

"Jonas Updyke, let me ask ye a few questions. Maybe ye don't remember—seein' how old ye're gettin'—mebbe ye've forgotten Ann Eliza Wimbie that lived in this town as a girl some forty year back." He waited for reply.

Jonas nodded his head. "The best girl that ever lived, peace to her ashes," he replied reverently.

"And mebbe ye don't remember," went on the Squire in a louder voice, "thet for nigh five year I was a visitin' Ann Eliza Wimbie every Saturday night, and takin' her to meetin' ever Thursday evenin' in good weather and goin' drivin' with her, to say nothin' of buyin' her gum drops, an' cologne, an' sich." Again he paused, and again Jonas nodded, looking out of the window sadly, for Ann Eliza had been his wife for forty years, and less than two years before he had buried her in the little village churchyard.

The Squire's voice rose in passionate climax. His gestures became emphatic: "Mebbe ye ricollected, then, Jonas Updyke, thet 'bout that time ye

noticed, Jonas, I've bought up ye're notes, an' to-morrow when the sale comes off they'll knock the old place down to me at my own figger. To-morrow mornin' ye'll cook yer're last breakfast in this house, Jonas. Mind ye that, I've been awaitin' this moment for thirty year, ever since ye laid on the first mortgage. It's the sweetest day I ever drewed breath. Pack up ye're duds, ye white-headed pup, it's my turn now."

He dodged the heavy toe of Jonas's boot and hastened down the gravelled walk to his buggy at the gate. Jonas went back to the kitchen and cleared up the breakfast dishes. Then he sat own with his pipe to think it over. The Squire's words were no surprise. He knew that Barlow had bought up the notes; he knew that there was no hope for him after to-morrow. He had already packed his few clothes in a grip, and was ready, to-morrow, before the sale could begin, he would walk out and leave the old place, with all its memories, to its new owner.

Jonas's nature was self-contained, and he did not show his emotions. Yet, as he wandered about the house, thinking of Eliza, he came very near to tears. It was all so lonesome and forlorn. The dust lay thick on the parlor table, something he had never known in the old days. His mind went back, as it had done a hundred times during the week, to "Sonny," his son BILL—and a great sob welled up in his throat. If Billy were only there—but he put the thought resolutely away. Billy was not there; Billy was but a memory, and Ann Eliza was dead, and home was home no longer. Jonas was up long before dawn the next morning. As Squire Barlow had predicted, he cooked his last breakfast, and by sun-up he was ready to depart. He stepped out of the yard without a look back. The air was sharp with November frost, but he swung away down the road at a gait that set his heart pounding joyously. Over his shoulder, on a heavy cane, he carried his carpet grip-sack. In his pocket was money—not so much as he was sure, but enough to keep him for a month. And why worry beyond that, even at seventy years of age?

If you had asked Jonas whether he was bound he could not have told you, but he felt in his heart that he could make his way to one of the large cities and find work, for his spirit was yet young. It was his boast, admitted by his neighbors, that he had not aged a day, in look or manner, in the past ten years. So he strode on with a light step, and for a week covered about twenty miles a day, putting up at country hotels. The fresh air was like wine; the varying landscape was a delight. He lived again the days of sixty-three when he was tramped up and down the State of Tennessee, fighting and being fought, day after day, through that terrible campaign.