

goston that such thoughts could have been near her was enough to pain him. She was weeping as he again lay upon his shoulder. She found there still the rest and the peace. Knowing her own life, the immensity of his faith and trust in that other consolation, she found that she was indeed heartily words. If she had been indeed Beatrice, would he have loved her so? If it had all been true, the parting, the seven years' separation, the utter loneliness, the hopelessness, the despair, could she have been as true as he? In the stillness that followed she asked herself the question which was so near a greater and a dearer love than the one she was beginning to feel at least, she could have done. She could have been true to him even to death. It would not be so easy to be faithful when life was so near to death. In that chord, at least, no note rang false.

"Change in love—indifference to you?" she cried, all at once, hiding her lovely face in his breast and twining her arms about his neck. "No! I never meant that such things could be—they are but empty words, words one hears spoken lightly by lips that never speak the truth, by men and women who never had such truth to speak as you and I."

"And as for old age," he said, dwelling upon her speech, "what is that to us? Let some old man, some decrepit old man, be young, and fair, and strong, but would not you give up all for love's sake, each of us of our own free will, rather than lose the other's love?"

"Yes," she said. "It is better to think of it so. Then we need think of no other change."

"There is no other possible," he answered, gently pressing her head against his hand. "We have not waited and believed, and trusted and loved, for seven years, to wake at last—face to face, as we are today—only to find that we have trusted vainly and loved two shadows. I trust you and mine; to find at the great moment of all that we are not ourselves, the selves we knew, but others of like passions, of less courage and less faith. And if we could love, and trust, and believe without each other, each alone, is it not the more sure that we love to be together?"

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HE PLAYS BANKER.

All Alone in a Financial Emporium in a Boomless Town.

PEN PICTURE OF A DEAD CITY.

Free Shave in a Woodshed With a Legislator as Executioner.

THE BLONDE BEAUTY HAS GONE EAST.

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.) SOUTH HUTCHINSON, KAN., May 12.

HIS piece is written in the President's room of the Bank of South Hutchinson. The President is not here, however.

Neither is the cashier, nor the teller, nor the first or second book-keeper, nor the foreign or domestic correspondent or draftsman, whose duty it is to make drafts, and collect notes in their name, for you cannot raise the draft to the third power.

You will wonder why I am here all alone in a bank, and in a State where I am so well known, and you will naturally say that it is an odd situation, and you will wonder how soon I am going to stop writing and knock off the door of the vault; but I shall not try to defend it. It can take my time.

It is as safe as the office so popular on Madison avenue and Fifth avenue, which is conducted by the bright youth of New York, and which consists in selling valuable notes and then waiting for a reward. Sometimes a dog which is distasteful to the husband is offered to one of these boys, and a wife is sold in addition, if she has been drawn in. He keeps it until the wife offers five dollars for its return, and then he sneaks it around to the house, thus making a good profit on the deal.

Looming seems to be pretty well over and now that the law has gone into effect reserving 160 acres of land in each county for agricultural purposes there is nothing in the way of profit.

A North Carolina Experience. I had a strange and wild experience last month. I had been in the hills of North Carolina four days, and a beautiful maverick bull sprang like a bird of prey, and all over my face, because I was not within eight miles of a barber shop. I got on a late train at Baltimore. The Baltimore station was formerly a hog incubator, but it was found that the air was so bad that the piglets died off, and so it was condemned and made into a depot. I sat there three hours, and then I saw a man who had a copy of The American Republic for 1879, and it had been used to clean the lamps with. But I read all of it. Part of it I memorized.

There is a barber shop at Baltimore, and being Sunday it was closed while the proprietor scrubbed the clotting blood of the floor. I do not have myself yet, though I would like to have some one else do it for me. I heard a post of the other day. I stopped overnight at Knoxville, but left before the sun was up. I had a very bad evening I had to argue in the hall at Dayton, O., and would get there at 8:15 p. m. So I saw no chance to get shaved. I feel naturally great in my personal appearance, and I have a very good haircut. It has been known that I have a very good haircut, and I do not think it is wrong to add to one's personal beauty by shaving every five days.

Nearly stands the blacksmith and carriage shop of South Hutchinson, and the village smithy and the red fire of his forge glow gone together. On his door is written in blue paint, by means of a rather pen.

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her flushed scalp. She did not know whether to let her hair come down or ask some kind stranger to hold the dog. At that moment the car gave a great lurch, and with a sob she sat down in the lap of a man with a raspberry nose and deeply dyed anachronistic whiskers. As if she were still sitting there, and mingling with the dead, museum black of his long tube beard, I saw the loosened masses, the great wealth of insouciant and antique oak hair which belonged, apparently, to the salutaris blonde.

But she is not here now. Neither is the precocious Little Lord Fauntleroy who usually frightens people away from a hotel. He also has gone. You will not see him here now. You can almost enjoy yourself, it is so destitute of him.

The kicker has for the last few days that he was here, and then he found that one man could not do the matter justice unless he got a clerk who could speak several languages. He has now, and now you can only see the freckles on the front of the counter where he has kicked against his bill.

The Granaries of the Globe Laugh. Kansas generally add Hutchinson proper are in a more hopeful condition than for many years past. The abundant rains have

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Well, the old man did say "dreadful things" and she was very angry. He threatened the young man with a good horsewhipping, with the police, with everything. But forewarned is forearmed, and Willie Smith kept his temper, and he was the result of some years of experimenting, the only way to become thin, and what is more difficult still, to keep thin, is, first, no fluids; second, no food worth speaking of; third, constant walking.

How Fatty Davenport's Hercule Methods. This encouraged her to pursue her experiments further, and she turned her attention to the table, beginning by cutting off bread, next vegetables and then meat. The American Chopra diet, nothing but cold tea, summer winter, an eat nothing but beef, mutton, poultry, eggs and fish—no butter, soup or sauce or dessert. Very hard diet this, but it repaid her by retarding some of the fat.

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