

He stood there smiling, as if he had

rather enjoyed himself.
"Pick up your boots," he said, "and

had finished he pointed to the sink.

no puzzle to me.

He picked up my knife, the revolver,

old clay pipe.
"I really can't make this out," he said,

fists." I ask pardon, but you might have done better." He didn't seem to take that as cheek

at all. For a moment he didn't answer,

at all. For a moment he didn't answer, and sat sucking his little clay. Then he sighed and said: "I have sometimes thought so myself. But it is quite certain that you might have done better. How did you come to this?"

"I had no bringing up, and I read penny trashy novels."

be one of two things—either he would take me out and hand me over to the police, or else he would ask me to join him in prayer. I expected the latter. He did neither. He walked up I add down the room, with his hands behind him, saying to himself: "And I preach sermons—sermons sermons!" Sud-

BEFORE I COULD FINISH HE WAS SITTING ON ME AGAIN.

late." he said, " and in consequence I've

do you say? Will you come and help me to get some supper? Very well, then, come quietly. I don't want to wake the rest of the house."

ing you?"
"I was only thinking, that's all. It

"Speaking honestly, I expected more

talk—more parson talk, you know."
"And what do you mean by that?"
"Why the sort of thing I was always

hearing when I was a boy-about the sinfulness of it, and repenting, and

then, and told me there was a good chance for work at Enton mills. They were short-handed there for the mo-

ment, and he could give me a line to the foreman. "You tell me," he said, "that you are interested in machines,

"that you are interested in machines, and know a little about them; that might help you. If you can do anything at all special—anything, for instance in the way of repairs, when some trifle goes wrong—they'll soon find it out. Smart men that go there stop and work their way up. It's the rarest thing for them to be short-handed—in fact, you're in luck."

"Do you think it would do you any good if I talked like that?"
"Well, no."
"Nor do I." He changed the subject

become uncommonly hungry.

put them on

PART I.

As I passed the vicarage I thought As I passed the vicarage I thought that it looked a likely place. I walked on a few yards, and then, it seemed to me a pity not to see if the place was as good as it looked. So I went back and asked at the back door if they could

give me a job of work.

The kitchen maid said there was no work for me, and she was not inclined to talk. But she fetched me some bread and cheese, and I had a chance to look round; I marked the scullery window; It was out of sight of the road, fastened with the usual simple catch, with no bars or shutters. A regular invitation with the usual simple catch, with no bars or shutters. A regular invitation a window like that is. It seemed to me a one-man job, and just as good that night as any other night.

So that night, by half-past ten, I was in the shrubbery of the vicarage garden, smoking my pipe and watching the house. There was only one light; it was in the study windows downstairs.

it was in the study windows downstairs At eleven o'clock that light went out and another appeared in the upstairs window. "That's all right," I said to window, "That's all right, I sale myself, "Parson's finished writing his myself, "Parson's finished writing his sermon and gone to bed." When sermon and gone to bed." When



I HAD A CHANCE TO LOOK AROUND.

lay. I couldn't find anything better than the scullery window, but that was quite good enough. I was impatient to be-gin, but I did not consider it safe to start work until half-past twelve

start work until half-past twelve. The window gave me more trouble than I had expected; the catch was very stiff, and I had nothing but my pocketknife to force it back with. However, I got It back at last and opened the window very slowly, an inch at a time, making no noise. Then I got in.

I no sooner got my feet down on the scullery floor than I was knocked headlong and found a thirteen-stone weight on my chest. I asked it, speaking under difficulties, to get off again I was a bit dazed, for I had come down hard and bumped my head, but I saw the only thing to do was to sham drunk, and I spoke thickly. I undid one end of my collar, pulled my hair over my foreand I spoke thickly. I undid one end of my collar, pulled my hair over my fore-head, hung my lower lip, and put on a bleary stare. By the time that man had got off my chest, struck a match on the heel of his boot, and lit the candle behind him, I looked a complete drunk if ever any man did.

drunk if ever any man did. I could see now that the man who had knocked me over was Rev. William Lake himself. And the more I looked at him the more I felt sorry that I had

him the more I felt sorry that I had ever come.
"Well," he said, "you dirty little ginger-headed, two-penny-half-penny scoundrel, what are you doing here?"
I hiccoughed and answered: "Thor thish was my housh-nummer twenny Willetsh Terrish. Ain't this ri'?"
"That won't do," he said; "I heard you round the house an hour ago-or I shouldn't have been here waiting for

shouldn't have been here waiting for you. Hesides, drunken men don't open windows that way. You're not drunk.

I thought about it for a moment and saw that there was a good deal in what he said. So I dropped it. I fastened my collar again, sat up, and pulled off my cap.
"Very well," I said, "then what's the

move now?"

I suppose he saw my hand slipping round for he said quickly, "Have you any weapons?"

"Bless you, no! I only—"

Before I could finish he was sitting on me again. I tried a smash at him, but he caught my wrist, and nigh broke it. After that I didn't try again, It wasn't only that he was bigger, heavier and stronger than most again. It wasn't only that he was bigger, heavier and stronger than most
men; he was quick as light and you
could never tell from his eye what he
was going to do next. He went all
over me carefully, and took my knife
and the shooter and my jemmy. Then
I saw that the game was up.
"What a silly little liar you are!" he

"What a silly little liar you are!" he said.

As I have said, I saw that it was all up, and I couldn't make it any worse. I was a good deal disappointed, and I had been roughly handled, and altogether I was not in the sweetest temper. So I spoke out. I said that I did not want any (adjective omitted) preaching from a (substantive omitted) like himself. All I asked was what his (adjective omitted) move was.

"If you swear any more," he said, "I

his (adjective omitted) move was.
"If you swear any more," he said, "I shall be compelled to cause you conshall be compelled to cause you considerable physical pain."

I had a bumped head and a barked elbow." I was fairly copped, and my temper got the better of me again. It was foolish of me, but I may have thought that he, being a parson, would not actually strike me. Anyhow, I said that if he wanted to know what he seems a queer way for a parson like me, and no word about the police—mever a word. First you give me a thrashing and then you give me supper."

"Well, you can't deny that you

maid that if he wanted to know what he was I could tell him. I did tell him in a few words. I omit the words.

Never in my life have I had such a thrashing as I got then. He hit only with the open hand; if he'd have used his fists he'd have killed me. There was no getting away from him, and no giving him anything back. It was ding-dong all over my face and head until I dropped in a heap, bleeding like a pig and nearly sick. It finished me.

a pig and nearly sick. It linished me.
"You're boss," I said, "You can give
your orders." I only wanted to see."



And the most distressing forms of itching, burning, bleeding, and scaly skin, scalp, and blood Eumours, and points to a speedy cure when all other remedies and the best physi-OF CURE TREATMENT. — Warm baths, TICURA SOAP, gentle applications of Ra , wintment), and mild doses of CU-RESOLVENT (the new blood purifier).

work the next day. It's important that you should apply early before every-thing's filled up."

I thanked him again, and asked him to put me on the right road. What I wanted was to get him out into the dark. He came out of the house with dark. He came out of the house me, showed me which turn to take, and said good-by.
"Come and see me again, I have much to say to you when the right time comes." I thanked him and said good-

walked until I heard his front doo I walked until I heard his front door shut, and then I ran just about as hard as I could go. I passed one policeman, and he tried to stop me, but I dodged him and got away. I was on the out-skirts of the village then, and once

skirts of the village then, and once past him I had a lonely country road and nothing to fear.

You see, while I was on my back I had noticed the parson's watch chain. I took care not to look at it again, but kept it in my memory. While he was saying good-bye to me in the dark I got an easy chance. The parson's gold



NOW, THEN," HE SAID, "WHAT'S AMUSING YOU?"

watch and chain were in my trouser pocket, and he never had the least no-tion when I took them. My notion was now to get on to Enton about five, and take a workingman's train on to

"I really can't make this out." he said, "you're so small and clumsy. You've got a nasty temper, but you're not very plucky. What on earth made you think of trying to be a burglar?"

"I don't know," I said. "But there's one thing I'd like to ask you, and no disrespect. What made you think of being a parson—a man of your build and strength, and so handy with your fists." I ask pardon, but you might I chuckled to myself. He'd called me a ginger-headed scoundrel, stopped me swearing, spoiled my little game, and given me a thrashing, but I had the better of him in the end. There was his

better of him in the end. There was his watch and chain in my pocket, and in less than four hours I should be handing them over to like and getting three or four sovereigns for them.

As I walked along it gradually began to grow light, and somehow or other I lost my spirits. I stopped chuckling; the more I thought about the neat way that I had word off that parson the "I had no bringing up, and I read penny trashy novels."

He tapped his foot impatiently on the carpet: "Well, well—go on."

"Then I was led away by bad companions and took a drink and gambling, and not knowing what it was to have a mother's tender—"

He got up and interrupted me. "Now drop all that." he said. "I want facts; tell me the story of your life. How did you come to this?"

PART II.

"The more I thought about the neat way that I had scored off that parson the less I felt inclined to laugh about that or anything else. I got angry about nothing, it may seem queer, but I was angry with the parson for having stood out there in the dark, close and the more I thought about the neat way that I had scored off that parson the less I felt inclined to laugh about that or anything else. I got angry about nothing, it may seem queer, but I was angry with the parson for having stood out there in the dark, close against me, and given me my chance. I called him all the names I could lay my tongue to for his foolishness, I was interest. The more I thought about the neat way that I had scored off that parson the less I felt inclined to laugh about that or anything else. I got angry about nothing. It may seem queer, but I was angry with the parson for having stood out there in the dark, close against me, and given me my chance. I called him all the names I could lay my tongue to for his foolishness, I was just as angry with myself, though for no sensible reason. Then I began to get nervous and took fancies, though I heard steps coming after me, and imparted him all the names I could lay my tongue to for his foolishness, I was in the more I thought about the total countries. heard steps coming after me, and in-agined there was a policeman waiting to catch me behind every big tree I passed. I didn't enjoy that walk. I wished to heaven that parson had tak-en me out by the scruff of my neck and handed me over to the police when he first caught me, though I don't know why I wished it. "Who wants his

first caught me, though I don't know why I wished it. "Who wants his blooming ticker?" I said out loud, pulling it out of my pocket. "Strike me if I won't pitch it over the hedge and be done with it!"

But I didn't. I pulled myself together, and argued with myself. "If you can afford to throw money away." I said to myself, "that's the first I've heard of it. You just plug on until you get to Enton Station, and don't give way to such silliness." It's easier to argue with yourself than it is to make yourself see the force of it. I went on, but I couldn't stop thinking. I wished I had never come near the vicarage. I wished I had got my shooter out and wished I had got my shooter out an

wished I had got my shooter out and finished the parson on sight. I wished I had never been born, I wisned I was dead. The further I went the more down-hearted I got. I had never felt anything like it before.

At last I had done my nine miles and stood outside Enton Station. I stood there for about a minute, and then I made up my mind. "I chuck this," I said, "and take that forsaken ticker back to the parson again,"

said, "and take that forsaken ticker back to the parson again,"

I was as tired as a dog when I got to the station; but as soon as I had made up my mind that seemed to pass off. I made my way back a good deal quicker than I had come. The sun shone and the birds sang, and you could see we the birds sang, and you could see we were in for a rare fine day. I met some workingmen on the road, and passed a good morning to them. I could have said good morning to the very policeman that I had dodged a few hours before, and not been afraid of him. I felt afraid of nothing, and up to fighting any man of my own weight.

As I drew near the vicarage I didn't feel quite so chirpy. I had a mind to go through with it. They told me the vicar had breakfasted early and was in his study, and would see me there.

in his study, and would see me there.

The vicar was standing up when I went in, with his hands in his breeches pockets, and that curious smile on his face. He looked a fine man.

"Good morning," he said, "You're soon back." I put the watch and chain on the

table. "I—I—I've done a damned dirty trick, and I'm ashamed of myself." "Ah!" he said; "this is good. This is a start." He went on with what I suppos

CHEMICAL ANALYSIS and a careful micro-scopical examina-tion of the urine, is a valuable aid in determining the nature of many chronic diseases, particularly those of the nervous system, blood, liv-er, kidneys, and bladder. These aids make it posper."
"Well, you can't deny that you wanted both of them badly. What else should a parson have done? What did you expect—tell me honestly."

bladder. These aids make it pos-sible to treat such

aids make it possible to treat such diseases successfully at a distance, without personal examination of the patient. Thus Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Gravel, and other Diseases of the Urinary Organs, "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, Dropsy and many other maladies are successfully treated and cured without personal consultation with the physician.

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rarest thing for them to be short-handed—in fact, you're in luck."

I thanked him, of course. I had meant if he let me off to go on to Enton. But I had no intention of going near the mills or getting regular work of any kind. However, I did not want to annoy him by telling him that I preferred my own way of living, especially as he seemed so pleased with his idea about the mills. After supper he sat down and wrote a line or two to the foreman, whom he seemed to know well. As he was writing it the clock struck three. "You will start at once," he said, "so as to be there early. You won't be able to work that day, after helps, up all light but you got heard."

ONCE HISED, ALWAYS IN FAVOR. Dr. PIERCE'S

won't be able to work that day, after being up all night, but you can begin ONCE USED, ALWAYS IN FAVOR.

A Mother's Story.

SHE RELATES THE EXPERIENCE OF HER DAUGHTER.

Sick From Childhood-Given up By Physicians She at Last Regains Her Health. From the Herald, Titusville, Pa.

Learning that the daughter of Mrs. J. J. Moore, who lives near Titusville, had been suffering with ills peculiar to her sex for a number of years and had been fully restored to health, a reporter of the Herald was detailed to investigate the case.

The reporter accordingly drove out to the her daughter's health, Mrs. Moore said: "Yes, it is true, my daughter who is now eighteen years old has been in poor health from childhood. About a year ago her men-ses began to come but were very irregular and finally stopped altogether for three or four months.

and finally stopped altogether for three or four months.

"Later, in March of this year, she became very sick; her color all left her and she was as pale as a ghost. She was taken with a cough, with bleeding of the nose and severe hemorrhages. She became so weak that she could not leave her bed. Her cough became more and more aggravated and it looked as if consumption would soon take her away.

"Local physicians were consulted, numerous patent medicines were used, but she continued to get worse and was finally given up by the physicians, who said she could not recover, and all hopes for her getting up again were lost.

were lost.

"My son one day chanced to pick up a book telling of Pink Pills for Pale People, and taking it home he handed it to his sister with the remark, 'here is something for pale

with the remark, 'here is something for pale people.'

"She read it through carefully, and thinking it might possibly benefit her I procured a box at the drug store of Mr. T. W. Reuting, of Titusville, and after she had used them only three days we noticed a marked improvement in her condition, and after taking the contents of two or three boxes, she had entirely recovered, and is now the picture of health. realth.
"Her cough has entirely left her, she has

rosy cheeks and her meases now are regular, and she is a stout, healthy girl and all from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale

and she is a stout, healthy girl and all from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"I do not hesitate in giving Pink Pills the entire credit, and have frequently recommended them to my neighbors, some of whom report equally as good results.

"My husband, who has been bad with kidney difficulty for nearly twenty-five years, found it necessary to get up a number of times during the night, has been using Pink Pills of late, and after only a few days finds the difficulty almost entirely removed."

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some people would have called parson talk, and I had that feeling in my throat as if I were swallowing eggs



PUT THE WATCH AND CHAIN ON THE TABLE.

chole until I could stand it no longer But I needn't go into that.

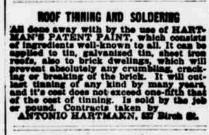
An hour afterwards I was on my way again to Enton Mills—and he with

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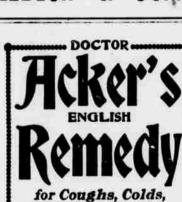
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Leader's Price, 5c 42 inches bleached pillow casing, Leader's Price, 7tc a yard

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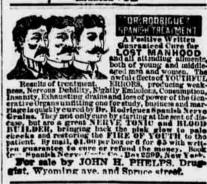
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