

THE HILLS OF THE OTHER SIDE

Behind the river the mist floats upward. The hills are blue and white. There is a certain magic about the scene. The mist is like a veil, and the hills are like a dream.

CIRCASSIA

Where the rough mountain road led up from the valley beneath it turned abruptly into a narrow gorge, and there, in the dusk of the falling evening, Kendall Trance came upon a strange scene. A first he distinguished the two figures; and the respective attitudes they held.

But it was the girl who replied, standing there with heaving chest and a frown dark as midnight upon her straight brows. "He is not my father."

"I can help myself if he did!" she suddenly spoke, the defiance of her mood turning largely against this would-be defender. "I don't want none of your jaw."

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Postoffice made his way but with difficulty, to the station. Thus letter, addressed to Kendall Trance reached its destination a week late than it should have done.

Written by a cousin, a woman (a young woman), it began with a cry of despair at the recent conditions of his life, and then eagerly broke to him the glad news. "The good news that I have all I wish, dear Kendall, and that will bring you back to us in honor, back to the place which is waiting for you and in which we all feel that you will do great things yet!"

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A 'BLUFF' THAT WORKED

How a Little Man Avoided a Fight with a Big One. The big man was just drunk enough to be spoiling for a fight. That was apparent to every one in the cafe. He hadn't been there ten minutes before he picked a quarrel with a man three sizes smaller, who had been quietly minding his own business in a corner of the room.

"You are mistaken," quietly responded the other. "You're a liar," thundered the big man, "and if you know what that means you'll fight."

"Certainly," was the rejoinder, without a tremor of perturbation. "But it must be after I've finished eating; I never allow trifles to interfere with my dinner. Waiter, hurry up with that porthouse steak! Never mind if it is a bit rare."

"Oh, just a little bluff," he replied. "I wasn't any more anxious to fight with that brute than the rest of you were, though. I knew he was a brute, but I wouldn't have had a quarrel with a man so much smaller than himself to start a quarrel on. I just sold the water that it would be worth a dollar to let him know that I was a bluff."

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A WAR WOUND

Troubled Him for Years and Threatened to End in Paralysis. Science Cases to His Relief. Last and Best Day He is Well Man. From the Post, Pittsburgh, Pa.

In a comfortable home, located on a gentle slope of his ancestral heritage, and situated about one mile or more without the thriving village of Leeburg, Pa., lives Edward Miles Duff. Mr. Duff is a veteran of the war, and has been a member of the 12th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, the 10th Maine, and the 1st Maine.

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A PREHISTORIC HOLE

Discovery of a Party of Explorers in Montana Mountains. A few weeks ago a number of well-known residents of Butte led here on a prospecting expedition to the Big Hole country. Among the number were W. D. Clark and Thomas J. Howard. They are men of unimpeachable veracity, who number their friends by the hundreds in this city. This latter statement is perhaps made necessary by what is to be told.

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Makes the Weak Strong

Hood's Sarsaparilla tones and strengthens the digestive organs, creates an appetite and gives refreshing sleep. Got Hood's Pills the after-dinner pill and family cathartic.

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Tree Planting in France

The French Government has decided to plant a million trees in the devastated regions of France. The trees are to be planted in the devastated regions of France, and the work is being done by the French Government.

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