
$\left\lvert\, \begin{aligned} & \text { house in Crosshill, one of the suburbs } \\ & \text { of Glasgow. A bright fire was burn- } \\ & \text { ing in the grate, and a shaded la } \\ & \text { a conp in } \\ & \text { a corner of the room diffused a soft }\end{aligned}\right.$ t was 5 'clock in the afternoon of
dark November day. The clerks in
the office of the great manufacturing
tirm of Coleman $\&$ Parker were all
working at high pressure. At 6 working at high pressure. At would sound, and the army of oper-
ttives, 3000 strong, would pour from
the gates tike a turbulent flood. Six the gates like a turbulent flood. Six
’'clock was also, nominally, the hour
for stopping work in the office, but if there was any stress of work punctual-
ity was not enforced so rigidy then
as at hour of arrival in the morning Suddenly, through the molicking.
thand hree times in quiek succession, the strident clang of the manager's bell.,
"There yon are again, Hinde,
said a young fellow of about 26 to his Hinde, the firm's foreign corre-
pondent, who was tall, fair and cleanshaven, with well-opened, wide-set,
lark bue eyes that looked the world
in the face dauntlessly, rose from his stood, smiling.
"Thight you are, Fraser,", he re-
plied. © The old man is getting very
iond of my society He we ent quickly up the office to the
door of the manager's room, knocked
nud went in. sud went in.
When he manager, was standing ounting, thearth-
-ug, his back to the fire, with a tele-
zram in his haut





















 Sion mannaers wining iol: he will be certain to ask as soon as
hee comes in tomorrow morning if the are the only person in the office that
knows Spanish; it is too late to send the message out of the office for trans-
lation; so it is upon you that the re-

An hour later Hinde was sitting in
the cosy little drawing room of a
 and on the occasional table and phano
were evidences of a refined taste of
their owner. In the centre of the mantel shelf
stood a full-length plotograph of
Hinde himself. He was taiken stand-
ing erect one ing erect, one hand grasping the lapel
of his coat, his head thrown back, and to defy the universe.
He sat now in his chair facing the
photograph and soliloquized:
"Yos, fine, independent sort of a chap, quite
ready to say 'Come on' to anyone, and ready to say 'Come on' to anyone, and
certain that it won't be you that will
get the worst of the fight. And now yon've said it, and hope yourre satis
fied. What right has a poor beggar
like you to indulge in the luxury of a
conscieuce? Heiglo! Well gane your ain gait, and you know
what the result will be. We hereby
give you notice to give you notice to leave our employ-
ment., In plaia words, Dick Hincle,
your pernickety conscience ling got the 'sack,' and Isobel-ah! my darilin
Isobel!'- his voice sottened, ndd hi
brigat eyes grew dim as he mur
nured: nured:
"I could not love thee, dear, so mucb,
Loved I not honor more." A pair of soft bands covered his
eyes; there was a musical laugh be-
hind him, and a merry voice demanded:
in tur "And, who is this Miss Homor that
you love so much, sir? I shall keep
you blinded till you telil me. Do you
want to met want to make me jealous?"
Hinde gently ritised the hands from
his eyes, and smiled np to the swee young face that was looking down on
hinn over the back of the chain.
"Ah! you witch," he said, tenderly,
"when I am with you I am always
flind to everything save your dear face."
He rose nud took her in his arms,
and their lips met in a loover's kiss.
Some minutes went past withont a spokeu word from either, so delightful
is the conversation that, can be carried
on in certain circumstances by the
onngua of the eyes. Then Isobel
sighed happily, blushed, and said:
sod
Oh, Dick, von're dreadful I Ion't
 even more charming than usnal when
it is ru\#ted. These littee carls abont
yonr neck are like waves of gold, only
they nere a thooskand times more beau-
tiffil than gold. Yon must remember,
darling how long it is since I saw you
last. It is twenty-why, it's tweutylast. Ho is , weuts-why, it's tweuty-
one hobers Masters glanced at the clock
on the mantelpiece.
"You are wire", "You are wrong, sir," she cried,
haghing. "It is exatly twenty-two
hours now. And, by the way, she
added, "you are late tonimbt, "Were you very busy at the office?"
Hindes face fell.
"Sit dowu, darling." he said gravey. "I have something to tell you."
Isobel's siry manner disappeared in
moment. "Is there anything wrong, dear?",
ane nske, as Dick led her to a chair.
and sat down beside ber io replied, and then he related the events of the afternoon.
Sto girl listened intently to his
story, her brighty young face growing
serious as he proceeded.
 is hard, indeed, is it not, especially
wheu we were looking forward to being
narried soon?
"Oh! my own love"" cried "Oh! my own love!" cried Isobel,
"ising him tenderly on the forehead,
"you have made me so happy." He yes filled with tears, but they wero
ears of joy. "It is hard, and yet it is not hard. Yon could not have done
otherwise, and you know, Dick, we
can wait. Better so than that, smiled bravely, and an Dick took her her
to his heart without a word, she said,


| partner's room that gentleman was seated at a desk absolutely bare of all papers save the cablegram that had arrived the previous day. Mr. Coleman was the son of the founder of the tirm and a man of about 45. He came little into contact with the general of- fice staff, as most of his orders were conveyed through Bunting, and he made it a rule not to interfere with his manager's arrangements. His manner was sharp and decisive, but the clerks the firm for some time had a great |
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THE GREAT DESTROYER. SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT
THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.







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