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SYNOPSIS.

In the New York home of James Brood, his son, Frederic, receives a wireless from him. Frederic tells Lydia Desmond, his fiances, that the message ansoutcess his father's marriage, and orders Mrs. Desmond, the housekeeper and Lydia's mother, to prepare the house for as immediate home-coming. Brood and his bride arrive. She wins Frederic's likeing at first meeting. Brood shows dislike and veiled hostility to his son. Lydia and Mrs. Brood mut in the jade-room, where Lydia works as Brood's secretary. Mrs. Brood is startied by the appearance of Ranjab, Brood's Hindu servant. She makes changes in the household and gains her hashand's consent to send Mrs. Desmond and Lydia away. She fascinates Frederic. She begins to fear Ranjab in his unsumny appearances and disappearances, and Frederic, remembering his father's East Indian stories and firm besief in marke, fears of marie for Dawes. father's East Indian stories and firm beset is marke, fears unknown evil. Bansh performs feats of muric for Dawes
and turge. Frederic's father, jealous, unjustic owners his non from the dinner table
as dreak. Brood tells the story of Ransh's Me to his guests. "He killed a womsh's Me to his guests infatuation for her,
who was unfaithful to him. Yvonneplays with Frederic's infatuation for her,
free landand warms her that the thing
must not go on. She tells him that he
still loves his dead wife, whom he drove
from his dead wife, whom h

## CHAPTER X-Continued.

"And now, Mr. Brood, may I ask why you have always intended to tell me this dreadful thing?" she demanded, her eyes gleaming with a fierce, accusing light.

He stared. "Doesn't-doesn't it put a different light on your estimate of him? Doesn't it convince you that he is not worthy of-"

"No! A thousand times no!" she eried. "I love him. If he were to ask me to be his wife tonight I would rejoice-oh, I would rejoice! Someone is coming. Let me say this to you, Mr. Brood: You have brought Frederic up as a butcher fattens the calves and swine he prepares for slaughter. You are waiting for the hour to come when you can kill his very soul with the weapon you have held over him for so long, waiting, waiting, waiting! In God's name, what has he done that you should want to strike him down after all these years? It is in my heart to curse you, but somehow I feel that you are a curse to yourself. I will not say that I cannot understand how you feel about everything. You have suffered. I know you have, and I-I am sorry for you. And knowing how bitter life has been for you, I implore you to be merciful to him who is innocent."

The man listened without the slightest change of expression. The lines seemed deeper about his eyes, that was all. But the eyes were bright and as hard as the steel they resembled.

"You would marry him?" "Yes, yes!"

"Knowing that he is a scoundrel?" "How dare you say that, Mr.

"Because," said he levelly, "he thinks he is my son." Voices were heard on the stairs, Frederic's and Yvonne's. "He is coming now, my dear," he went on and then, after a pause fraught with significance, "and my wife is with him."

Lydia closed her eyes as if in dire pain. A dry sob was in her throat. A strange thing happened to Brood the man of iron. Tears suddenly rushed to his eyes.

## CHAPTER XI.

A Tempest Rages.

Yvonne stopped in the doorway. Ranjab was holding the curtains aside for her to enter. The tall figure of Frederic loomed up behind her, his eark face glowing in the warm light that came from the room. She had changed her dress for an exquisite erchid colored tea-gown of chiffon under the rarest and most delicate of lace. For an instant her gare rested on Lydia and then went questioningly to Brood's face. The girl's confusion had not escaped her notice. Her husband's manner was but little less convicting. Her eyes narrowed.

her welcome. "Are we interrupting?"

of annoyance on his cheek. "Lydia is her face. tired. I sent Ranjab down to ask

sagerly. "I'll walk around with you, Lydia. It's raining, however. Shall I get the car out, father?"

"No, no!" cried Lydia, painfully conscious of the rather awkward situation. "And please don't bother, Freddy. can go home alone. It's only a step."

"I'll go with you," said Frederic decisively. He stood between her and the door, an embarrassed smile on his lips. "I've got something to say to you, Lydia," he went on, lowering his

"James, dear," said Mrs. Brood. shaking her finger at her husband and lips, "you are working the poor girl too hard. See how late it is! And against-" how nervous she is. Why, you are trembling, Lydia! For shame, James."

Brood interrupted, his tone sharp and incisive. "The end is in sight. We're a bit feverish over it, I suppose. You see, my dear, we have just the conquest. Then she motioned him escaped captivity in Lhasa. It was a away. Brood's voice was heard in the bit thrilling, I fancy. But we've doorway. She had, however, planted stopped for the night."

am a little tired," stammered

Lydia. "We are working so hard, you

know, in order to finish the-"

"So I perceive," said Yvonne, a touch of insolence in her voice. "You stopped, I dare say, when you heard his arm linked in Lydia's. Frederic the vulgar world approaching the inner temple. That is what you broke into and desecrated, wasn't It?"

said, coldly. "Certainly. The place you were escaping from when we came in."

It was clear to all of them that gleam of defiance died out of them Yvonne was piqued, even angry. She as he spoke. deliberately crossed the room and threw herself upon the couch, an act said, and reached out her hand to the so childish, so disdainful that for a girl, who approached reluctantly, unfull minute no one spoke, but stared certainly. "I confess that I was jealat her, each with a different emotion. ous. Why shouldn't I be jealous?

Lydia's eyes were flashing. Her lips parted, but she withheld the angry She drew the girl down beside her. words that rose to them. Brood's exanger to one of incredulity, which wife was jealous!

Frederic was biting his lips nervously. He allowed Lydia to pass him on her way out, scarcely noticing her so intently was his gaze fixed upon Yvonne. When Brood followed Lydia man sprang eagerly to his stepmother's side.

sible that you are jealous? Of Lydia?" Why should I be jealous of her? She

hasn't the blood of a potato." "I can't understand you," he said in great perplexity. "You-you told me



Listened Without the Slightest Change of Expression.

tonight that you are not sure that

you really love him. You-" She stopped him with a quick ges-Her eyes were smoldering. "Where is he? Gone away with her? Go and look, do."

"They're in the hall. I shall take her home, never fear. I fancy he's trying to explain your insinuating-" She turned on him furiously. "Are

you lecturing me? What a tempest in a teapot." "Lydia's as good as gold. She-

"Then take her home at once," sneered Yvonne. "This is no place for her." Frederic paled. "You're not trying

to say that my father would-Good "Ranjab said you were expecting Lord, Yvonne, you must be crazy! us," she said slowly. She came for Why, that is impossible! If—if ward haltingly, as if in doubt as to thought-" He clinched his fists and glared over his shoulder, missing the "Of course not," said Brood, a flush queer little smile that flitted across

"You do love her, then," she said, her voice suddenly soft and caressing. Frederic interrupted, a trifle too He stared at her in complete bewilderment.

"I-I-Lord, you gave me a shock!" He passed his hand across his moist forehead. "It can't be so. Why, the very thought of it-"

"I suppose I shall have to apologize to Lydia," said she, calmiy. "Your fath- marks that were almost certain to She moved toward the door, eager to ther will exact it of me, and I shall come from his father. Brood was obey. Well, I am sorry. How does afraid of-himself! He was holding it sound, coming from me? I am bimself in check with the greatest difsorry, Lyuia.' Do I say it prettily?"

"I don't understand you at all, Yvonne. I adore you, and yet, by dreaded and yet courted. Restraint heaven, I-I actually believe I hated lay heavily yet shiftingly upon all of you just now. Listen to me: I've been them. treating Lydia vilely for a long, long time, but-she's the finest, best, dearwith an exasperating smile on her est girl in the world. You-even you, Yvonne-shall not utter a word

"Ai-e! What heroics!" she cried

you are angry, my son. Yes, you are almost as splendid as your father. He, too, has been angry with me. He, too. has made me shudder. But he, too, has forgiven me, as you shall this instant. Say it, Freddle. You do forgive me? I was mean, nasty, ugly, vile-oh, everything that's horrid. I take it all back. Now, be nice to me!"

She laid her hand on his arm, an appealing little caress that conquered him in a flash. He clasped her fingers in his and mumbled incoherently as he leaned forward, drawn resistlessly nearer by a strange magic that was

"You-you are wonderful," he murmured. "I knew that you'd regret what you said. You couldn't have meant it."

She smiled, patted his hand gently, and allowed her swimming eyes to rest on his for an instant to complete an insidious thing in Frederic's mind, and it would grow.

Her husband re-entered the room. was lighting a cigarette at the table. "You did not mean all that you said a moment ago, Yvonne," said Brood "The inner temple at Lhasa," he levelly. "Lydia misinterpreted your jest. You meant nothing unkind, I am sure." He was looking straight

into her rebellious eyes; the last

"I am sorry, Lydia, darling," she You are so beautiful, so splendid." "Forgive me, dear." And Lydia, whose

pression changed slowly from dull honest heart had been so full of resentment the moment before, could swiftly gave way to positive joy. His not withstand the humble appeal in the voice of the penitent. She smiled first at Yvonne then at Brood, and never quite understood the impulse that ordered her to kiss the warm, red lips that so recently had offended. "James, dear," fell softly, alluringly into the hall to remonstrate, the young from Yvonne's now tremulous lips. He sprang to her side. She kissed

him passionately. "Now, we are all "Good Lord, Yvonne," he whispered, ourselves once more," she gasped a they came to the lower hall. that was a nasty thing to say. What moment later, her eyes still fixed inwill Lydia think? By gad, is it pos- quiringly on those of the man beside her. "Let us be gay! Let us forget! "Jealous?" cried she, struggling with Come, Frederic! Sit here at my feet, for the fear she betrayed. Far from her fury. "Jealous of that girl! Poof! Lydia is not going home yet. Ranjab, the cigarettes!"

Frederic, white-faced and scowling, remained at the window, glaring out into the rain-swept night. A steady sheet of raindrops thrashed against the window panes.

"Hear the wind!" cried Yvonne, after a single sharp glance at his tall, motionless figure. "One can almost imagine that ghosts from every graveyard in the world are whistling past our windows. Should we not rejoice? We have them safely locked outsideni-e! There are no ghosts in here to make us shiver-and-shake."

The sentence that began so glibly trailed off in a slow crescendo, ending abruptly. Ranjab was holding the lighted taper for her cigarette. As dark, saturnine face. She was saying mirrors above her. She shivered as if from her lips as they descended the calculably brief period their gaze re- from the others, and it puzzled him. a mystery. Then the Hindu lowered so glad, so happy we are out of that his heavy lashes and moved away. house-you and I together." The little by-scene did not go unnoing was lost.

imagination carries you a long way. Are you really afraid of shouts?"

She answered in a deep, solemn lieve in ghosts. I believe the dead warm, living bodies of ours. They feel that they are there, but-ah, who knows? Their souls may conquer ours and go on inhabiting-

his eyes were full of the wonder that he felt.

"Frederic!" she called imperatively. 'Come away from that window." The young man joined the group

The sullen look in his face had given way to one of acute it quiry. The new note in her voice produced a strange effect upon him. It seemed like a call for help, a cry out of the darkness. They were all playing for time. Not

one of them but who realized that something sinister was attending their little conclave, unseen but vital. Each one knew that united they were safe, each against the other! Lydia was afraid because of Brood's revelations Yvonne had sensed peril with the message delivered by Ranjab to Frederic Frederic had come upstairs prepared for rebellion against the caustic re-

ficulty. He knew that the smallest spark would create the explosion he

A long, reverberating roll of thunder ending in an ear-splitting crash that seemed no farther away than the window casement behind them brought sharp exclamations of terror from the lips of the two women. The ironically. "You are splendid when men, appalled, started to their feet.

storm when we came in-just a steady, for both of you."

gentle spring rain." "I am frightened," shuddered Yvonne, wide-eyed with fear. "Do you in the morning?" said Frederic, grin-disappointed. The curtains hung think-"

There came another deafening crash. The glare filled the room with a brilliant, greenish hue. Ranjab was standing at the window, holding the curtains apart while he peered upward across the space that separated them from the apartment building beyond the court.

"Take me home, Frederic!" cried Lydia, frantically. She ran toward drew her down to him and kissed her the door. "I will come," he exclaimed, as they



Frederic, White Faced and Scowling, Remained at the Window.

frightened, darling. It's all right. Listen to me! Mrs. Desmond is as safe as-

"Oh, Freddy, Freddy," she wailed, breaking under a strain that he was not by way of comprehending. "Oh, Freddy, dear!" Her nerves gave way She was sobbing convulsively when

In great distress, he clasped her in his arms, mumbling incoherent words of love, encouragement-even ridicule his mind was the real cause of her unhappy plight. He held her close to his breast and

there she sobbed and trembled as with a mighty, racking chill. Her fin- his gentle words of reassurance. She gers clutched his arm with the grip of one who clings to the edge of a precipice with death below. Her face was buried against his shoulder.

"You will come with me, Freddy?" she was whispering, clinging to him as one in panic. "Yes, yes. Don't be frightened, Lyd-

dy. I-I know everything is all right now. I'm sure of it."

"Oh, I'm sure too, dear. I have always been sure." she cried, and he understood, as she had understood. Despite the protests of Jones, they

dashed out into the blighting thunshe spoke her eyes were lifted to his derstorm. The rain beat down in tor- about the room and-remembered. It rents, the din was infernal. As the there were no ghosts, when his eyes door closed behind them Lydia, in the continued. He dreamed on, his blinksuddenly fastened on hers. In spite ecstasy of freedom from restraint bitof herself her voice rose in response terly imposed, gave vent to a shrill Lydialike treasures in the enchanted to the curious dread that chilled her cry of relief. Words, the meaning of heart as she looked into the shining which he could not grasp, babbled "Foom. in the presence of death! For an in- steps. One sentence fell vaguely clear fast in bed, sir?" It was Lydia who mained fixed and steady, each reading He was sure that she said: "Oh, I am

Close together, holding tightly to ticed by the others, although its mean- each other, they breasted the whirling sheets of rain. The big umbrella was "There's nothing to be afraid of, of little protection to them, although Yvonne," said Brood, pressing the held manfully to break the force of hand, which trembled in his. "Your the cold flood of waters. They bent their strong young bodies against the wind, and a sort of wild, impish hilarity took possession of them. It was voice that carried conviction. "I be freedom, after all. They were fighting a force in nature that they understood come back to us, not to flit about, as and the sharp, staccato cries that we are told by superstition, but to came from their lips were born of an lodge-actually to dwell-inside these exultant glee which neither of them could have suppressed nor controlled. come and go at will. Sometimes we Their hearts were as wild as the tem pest about them.

Mrs. Desmond threw open the doo as their wet, soggy feet came slosh "Never!" he exclaimed quickly, but ing down the hall. Frederic's arm was about Lydia as they approached, and both of their drenched faces were wreathed in smiles-gay, exalted smiles. The mother, white-faced and fearful, stared for a second at the amazing pair, and then held out her arms to them.

She was drenched in their embrace No one thought of the havoc that was being created in that swift, impulsive

contact. . . "I must run back home," exclaimed Frederic. Lydia placed herself be

tween him and the door. "No! I want you to stay," she cried He stared. "What a funny idea!" "Wait until the rain is over," added Mrs. Desmond.

"No, no," cried Lydia. "I mean for him to stay here the rest of the night. We can put you up, Freddy. I-I don't want you to go back there until-until tomorrow."

A glad light broke in his face. "By love, I-do you know, I'd like to stay. you find a place for me?" His voice was eager, his eyes sparkling. "Yes," said the mother, quietly, al

Lydia's bed, Frederic. She can come in with me. Yes, you must stay. Are you not our Frederic?" "Thank you," he stammered, and his

eyes fell.

Frederic. "There was no sign of a dear, how wet you are! A hot drink covert though intensely eager look

"Would you mind asking Jones to clothes.

Ten minutes later, as he sat with them before an open fire and sipped the toddy Mrs. Desmond had brewed, to him, and yet he was conscious of he cried: "I say, this is great!"

Lydia was suddenly shy and embarrassed.

"Good night," she whispered. Her fingers brushed his cheek lightly. He passionately.

softly, his cheek flushing. She went quickly from the room.

Later he stood in her sweet, dainty wonder. All of her intimate, exquisite ally. belongings, the sanctified treasures of her most secret domain were about of the perfume bottles and smiled as able thing. Is this right?" he recognized the sweet odors as being a part of her, and not a thing unto themselves; grinned delightedly at his own photograph in its silver frame that stood where she could see it the in the morning; caressed-ay, caressed -the little hand mirror that had reflected her gay or troubled face so many times since the dear Christmas day when he had given it to her with his love. He stood beside her bed where she had stood, and the soft rug seemed to respond to the delightful tingling that ran through his bare feet. Her room! Her bed! Her domain! Suddenly he dropped to his knees

and buried his hot face in the cool, white sheets, and kissed them over and over again. Here was sanctuary! His eyes were wet with tears when he arose to his feet, and his arms went out to the closed door.

"My Lyddy!" he whispered chokingly.

Back there in the rose-hued light of James Brood's study, Yvonne cringed and shook in the strong arms of her husband all through that savage storm. She was no longer the defiant, self-possessed creature he had come to know so well, but a shrinking, trembling child, stripped of all her bravado, all her arrogance, all her seeming guile. A pathetic whimper crooned from her lips in response to was afraid-desperately afraid-and she crept close to him in her fear.

And he? He was looking backward to another who had nestled close to him and whimpered as she was doing now-another who had lived in terror when it stormed.

## CHAPTER XII.

The Day Between.

Frederic opened his eyes at the sound of a gentle, persistent tapping on the bedroom door. Resting on his elbow, he looked blankly, wonderingly was broad daylight. The knocking ing eyes still seeking out the dainty

o'clock. Or will you have your breakspoke, assuming a fine Irish brogue in imitation of their little maid of all

"I'll have to, unless my clothes have come over?"

"They are here. Now, do hurry." He sprang out of bed and bounded across the room. She passed the garments through the partly opened

He was artistic, temperamental. Such as he have not the capacity for haste when there is the slightest opportunity to dream and dawdle. He was a full quarter of an hour taking his tub and another was consumed in getting into his clothes. He sallied forth in great haste at nine-thirty-five and was extremely proud of himself. although unshaved.

His first act, after warmly greeting Mrs. Desmond, was to sit down at the plano. Hurriedly he played a few jerky, broken snatches of the haunt-

ing air he had heard the night before "I've been wondering if I could remember it," he apologized as he followed them into the dining-room. "What's the matter, Lydia? Didn't you sleep well? Poor old girl, I was a beast to deprive you of your bed-"I have a mean headache, that's

all," said the girl, quickly. He noticed the dark circles under her eyes, and the queer expression, as of trouble, in their depths. "It will go as soon as I've had my coffee." Night with its wonderful sensations was behind them. Day revealed the

shadow that had fallen. They unconsciously shrank from it and drew back into the shelter of their own misgiv ivings. The joyous abandon of the night before was dead. Over its grave stood the specter of unrest, leering. When he took her in his arms later on, and kissed her, there was not the shadow of a doubt in the mind of

I-I really would, Mrs. Desmond. Can either that the restraining influence of a condition over which they had no control was there to mock their endeavor to be natural. They kissed as most serenely. "You shall have through a veil. They were awake once more, and they were wary, unconvinced. The answer to their questions came in the kiss itself, and constraint fell upon them.

Drawn by an impulse that had been "I will telephone to Jones when the struggling within him for some time, storm abates," said Mrs. Desmond. Frederic found himself standing at

"Good Lord, that was close," cried | "Now get out of those coats, and-oh, | the dining room window. It was a sly. that he directed at another window far below. If he hoped for some sign of send over something for me to wear life in his father's study he was to be ning as he stood forth in his evening straight and motionless. He would have denied the charge that he longed to see Yvoune sitting in the casement, waiting to waft a sign of greeting up a feeling of disappointment, even an-

noyance. With considerable adroitness Lydia engaged his attention at the piano. Keyed up as she was, his every emo tion was plain to her perceptions. She had anticipated the motive that led "Good-night, my Lyddy!" he said, him to the window. She knew that it would assert itself in spite of all that he could do to prevent. She waited humbly for the thing to happen. pain in her heart, and when her readlittle bedroom and looked about him ing proved true, she was prepared to with a feeling of mingled awe and combat its effect. Music was her only

"How does it go, Freddy-the thing you were playing before breakfast?" him. He wandered. He fingered the She was trying to pick up the clusive articles on her dressing table; smelled air. "It is such a fascinating, ador-

He came over and stood beside her. His long, slim fingers joined hers on the keyboard, and the sensuous strains of the waltz responded to his touch He smiled patiently as she struggled last thing at night and the first thing to repeat what he had played. The fever of the thing took hold of him at last, as she had known it would. Leaning over her shoulder, his cheek quite close to hers, he played. Her hands dropped into her lap. Finally she moved over on the bench and be sat down beside her. He was absorbed in the undertaking. His brow cleared His smile was a happy, eager one.

"It's a tricky thing, Lyddy," he said, enthusiastically, "but you'll get it. Now. Haten."

For an hour they sat there, master and pupil, sweetheart and lover, and the fear was less in the heart of one when, tiring at last, the other contentedly abandoned the role of taskmaster and threw himself upon the couch, remarking as he stretched himself in luxurious ease:

"I like this, Lyddy. I wish you didn't have to go over there and dig away at that confounded journal. I like this so well that, 'pon my soul, I'd enjoy loafing here with you the whole day long." Her heart leaped. "You shall have

your wish, Freddy," she said, barely able to conceal the note of eagerness



Played a Few Jerky, Broken Snatches of the Haunting Air.

in her voice. "I am not going to work today, I-my head, you know, Mother telephoned to Mr. Brood this morning before you were up. Stay here with me. Don't go home, Freddy. I-

"Oh, I've got to have it out with father sometime," he said, bitterly. "It may as well be now as later on. We've got to come to an understand-

Her heart was cold. She was afraid of what would come out of that "understanding." All night long she had lain with wide-staring eyes, thinking of the horrid thing James Brood had said to her. Far in the night she aroused her mother from a sound sleep to put the question that had been torturing her for hours. Mrs. Desmond confessed that her husband had told her that Brood had never considered Frederic to be his son, and then the two lay side by side for the remainder of the night without uttering a word and yet keenly awake. They were thinking of the hour when Brood would serve notice on the in-Lydia now realized that the h

was near. "Have it out with father," he had said in his ignorance. He was preparing to rush headlong to his doom. To prevent that catastrophe was the single, all-absorbing thought in Lydia's mind. Her only hope lay in keeping the men apart until she could extract from Brood a promise to be merciful, and this she intended to accomplish if she had to go down on her knees and grovel before the man.

"Oh, Freddy," she cried, earnestly. why take the chance of making a bad matter worse?" Even as she uttered the words she realized how stupid, how ineffectual they were, "It can't be much worse," he sai

gloomily. "I am inclined to think he'd relish a straight-out, fair and square talk, anyhow. Moreover, I mean to take Yvonne to task for the thing she said-or implied last night. About you, I mean, She-" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

tion of generosity towards others, I

and goes to the Governor. The will affect seventeen men in Sa service. It provides that employed twenty years' service may be rett on half pay excepting those whom tirement has been otherwise arrange by law. The vote was 111 to 35. The House dropped the Senate giving banks a lien on deposits of depositor who may become insolv The Walton third class city be

STATE

Retirement Bill Passes.

Harrisburg.-The Senate bill

establish a State employes retirens

few days ago defeated the Sensie changing the third class city law. The House passed the Senate providing for witness fees in con before registration commissionen first and second class cities, and committed to the Elections Coram the bill prohibiting nominations

amend the commission govern

Act of 1913 was passed finally a

House and sent to the Senate.

bill was drafted by a committee solicitors of third class sizes

makes numerous changes, althous was stated that it does not ster non-partisan feature. The Season

papers after the primary. The stamp tax bill, one of the nue raisers, was postponed, and Ramsey bill for boiler inspection third class cities defeated. AN Se appropriation bills were passed first reading. The Senate bill rem ing widths of sidewalks along per highways was passed.

SENATE BILLS PASSED. Giving park commissioners in class cities right to acquire

needed for park extension. Validating annexations to boro Providing that boroughs shall ; damages for laying out or wide streets and the county not be h liable.

Creating a system of municipal erence information in the legislat reference bureau. The House amended and passed bill to permit County Commission

to make Memorial Day appropriati to Spanish war veterans, which I been recalled from the Governor. The Sproul Senate bill carry funds for roads was reported to nouse, carrying \$9.500,000, an incre

of \$1,000,000 as compared with way it passed the Senate. House bill increasing the salaries County Commissioners in count having a population up to 150,000. House bill repealing about 300 of

lete, expired and superceded laws. Requiring the free education in public schools of children who are mates of orphan asylums. Limiting the time within which begin actions in trespass for malici

prosecution and false imprisonment one year, and conspiracy in th years after the injury complained House bill prohibiting the hunti for wild birds and wild game by naturalized foreign-born res

and further prohibiting them

owning dogs. Regulating the assessment of i ages for the appointment of priv property for public park or parkw

purposes and to exempt property appointed from taxation in certain cumstances. House bill designating the State surance Commissioner as the per upon whone service of all legal I cesses shall be made in the case of

surance companies organized outs of Pennsylvania. House bill reorganizing the ployes of the State Treasury and creasing salaries in certain cases. Creating a commission to const

and revise the building and loan Prohibiting the gift or sale of ri of any kind to minors under eight years of age.

Orphan Asylum, Tacony, Phila House bill increasing the salaries county auditors. House bill providing that the ope

Appropriating \$4,000 to St. Vinces

tion of clay quarries containing minous coal shall come under jurisdiction of the eDpartment Mines. Two Berks county bills relating

the incarceration of persons conviof penitentiary offenses. Providing for the employment

convicts in the penitentiaries, Hs ingdon Reformatory and other cor tional institutions at the work of F ducing supplies and building mate for the institutions of which they BILLS SIGNED BY GOVERNOR

Fixing salaries of court criers. terpreters and tipstayes in coun containing between 250,000 and 1.00 000 population. Revising Act of May 22, 1878.

lating to banking companies so they may bring suit for recovery property. Amending Act of May 14, 1874. extending jurisdiction to persons !

ing an undivided interest in land coal or timber thereon and give right to compel partition.

Enforce Law Against Fishermen Harrisburg. - Orders have b

ssued to all wardens of the State D partment of Fisheries to enforce newly-approved State law probil unnaturalized foreign-born reside from fishing. A similar law preven them from hunting. The new fish provides for a fine of twenty of for each violation or a day in for each dollar of fine, and any naturalized foreign-born person remains in the State ten days is deemed a resident under the act

RECALLED OFFICER TO DUTY | looking for trouble of some kind, but | they needed some sort of cover.

Sight of Shoulder Strap Brought to Soldler a Realization of His Responsibilities.

Preston of the United States army saved his men at the fight at Wounded Knee by remembering the sentiment of the old French proverb: Nobility necessitates noble conduct. He was holding his men in line before Indians fired. Everyone was

it was the unexpected thing that happened.

The Indians were hovering about with their blankets round them when the signal was given by one of them. There is a story that Lieut, Guy and in an instant every buck threw away his blanket and stood reven' f with a gun in his hand. The redskins fired. They had every advantage of the soldiers, for they outnumbered them and had taken them wholly by surprise. The soldiers ran They did not mean to run far, but

But Preston, looking back over his shoulder to see if the Indians were man looks back at a dangerous foe, saw the strap on his shoulder and experionced a shock. it occurred to him at the instant

well-defined object in his stopping, duty was what saved the day .- [tion, if it contents me to be in a posibut when the rest of the men saw Youth's Companion. him standing there, without cover, following, or for whatever purpose a and returning the fire of the Indians, they turned back, and in five minutes It was all over, and the Indians were beaten. It would have been nothing short of

My ideal of human intercourse would be a state of things in which no man will ever stand in need of any that he was running away with the in- a slaughter had Preston gone with the his satisfaction from the great social in it for the sake of the profit it yields signia of rank that his government rest, for there was no cover until the tides which own no individual names. to my own self-complacency. I do had conferred upon him; that he was, top of the hill was reached, and that No man can play the delty to his fell hope the reign of benevolence is over:

Benevolence.

must be remarkably indifferent at bottom to the gross social inequality which permits that position, and instead of resenting the enforced humiliation of my fellow man to myself, in other man's help, but will derive all the interests of humanity, I acquiesc in a way, the representative of a great was so distant that the indians would low man with imposity—I mean spirituatili until that event occurs I am sure the nation, and that he ought not to run. have had an easy time pickin, off the ual impunity, of course. For see: If reign of God will be impossible.—He stopped. Of course there was no men as they ran. Preston's idea of I am at all satisfied with that rela-