THE FULTON COUNTY NEWS, MCCONNELLSBURG, PA



CHAPTER XX-Continued. -14-

and draw back from them. They convict you, James."

"Loving me! Good heaven, woman,

"Loving you in spite of myself," she

cried, beating upon the table with her

myself and I loved you for Matilde.

near me all the time, battling against

my insane desire for vengeance. You

ments when you were so vividly re-

minded of Matilde Valeska. At those

Your soul was striving to reach the

"I have thought of her-always of

"I know how well you loved her,"

she declared slowly. "I know that you

went to her tomb long after her death

cried, starting up, cold with dread.

"I am going down to him!"

here-this is a document requiring me

She shrank slightly as he stood over

pity in his face than condemnation.

She looked for the anger she had ex-

pected to arouse in him, and was

dumfounded to see that it was not re-

vealed in his steady, appraising eyes.

"Your plan deserved a better fate

"Have-have you no pain-no regret

"Yes," he said, controlling himself

with difficulty. "Yes, I know all these

and more," He picked up the pack

age of letters and glanced at the sub

scription on the outer envelope. Sud-

denly he raised them to his lins and,

with his even closed, kissed the words,

that were written there. Her head

drooped, and a sob came into her

throat. She did not look up until he

began speaking to her again, quietly,

even patiently. "But why should you,

even in your longing for revenge-why

should you have planned to humiliate

could have done? Was it just to your

life, that you should turn him into a

would you have gained in the end? His

loathing, his scorn-my God, Therese,

"I have told you that I thought of

everything. I was mistaken. I did not

stop to think that I would be taking

him away from happiness in the shape

of love that he might hear for someone

else. I did not know that there was a

my heart softened and my purpose lost

most of its force. He would have been

walk down. He will find that if he

and how its inhabitants enjoy them

The people frequent the cafes of

skulking, sneaking betrayer?

did you not think of all this?"

than this Therese. It was prodigious!

-I can almost pity you."

-no grief?" she cried weakly.

her-when you were in my arms.'

rificed ns-"

are you going?"

home to his own."

her

soul of Matilde. Ah, all these months

what do you-

"No, I do not forget, James. There "Now I can see why you have taken up this fight against me. You-you was but one way in which I could hope to steal him away from you, and I know she was innocent," he said in a went about it deliberately, with my low, unsteady voice, eyes open. I came here to induce him

to run away with me. I would have But what you do not understand is everything out for him. He could have taken him back to his mother's home, how I could have brought myself to had his Lydia, even though he went to her grave, and there I would have the point of loving you." told him what you did to her. If after hearing my story he elected to return to the man who had destroyed his mother, I should have stepped aside and offered no protest. But I would hands. "I have tried to convince my. have hurt him since he was a babe. have taken him away from you in the manner that would have hurt you the worst. My sister was true to you. 1 treacherous body. I hated you for would have been just as true, and after you had suffered the torments of hell, She loved you to the end. She never it was my plan to reveal everything to hated you. That was it. The pure, you. But you would have had your deathless love of Matilde was constantpunishment by that time. When you by fighting against the hatred I hore were at the very end of your strength. for you. I believe as firmly as I bewhen you tremble ' on the edge of ob- lieve that I am alive that she has been livion, then I would have hunted you out and laughed at you and told you the truth. But you would have had have only to recall to yourself the moyears of anguish-years, I say."

"I have already had years of agony, pray do not overlook that fact," said times I am sure that something of Ma-"I suffered for twenty years. I tilde was in me. I was not myself. You was at the edge of oblivion more than have looked into my eyes a thousand ence, if it is a pleasure for you to hear times with a question in your own. me say it. Therese."

"It does not offset the pain that her suffering brought to me. It does not I have known that you loved Matildesounter-balance the unhappiness you not me. You loved the Matilde that gave to her boy, nor the stigma you was in me. You-" put upon him. I am glad that you suffered. It proves to me that you secretly considered yourself to be in the wrong. You doubted yourself. You were never sure, and yet you crushed the life out of her innocent, bleeding heart. You let her die without a word to show that you-

"I was lost to the world for years," he said. "There were many years when I was not in touch with-"

"But her letters must have reached you. She wrote a thousand of-" "They never reached me," he said

significantly. "You ordered them destroyed?" she cried in sudden comprehension.

"I must decline to answer that question."

CHAPTER XXI.

Revenge Turned Bitter.

She gave him a curious, incredulous amile, and then abruptly returned to her charge. "When my sister came home, degraded, I was nine years of age, but I was not so young that I did not know that a dreadful thing had happened to her. She was blighted beyond all hope of recovery. It was to me-little me-that she told her story over and over again, and it was I to whom she read all of the pitiful letrs she wrote to you. My father wanted to come to America to kill you. He did come later ou, to plead with you and to kill you if you would not listen to him. But you had gone-to Africa, they said. I could not understand why you would not give to her that little baby boy: He was hers and She stopped short in her recital and covered her eyes with her hands. He waited for her to go on, sitting as rigid as the image that faced him from beyond the table's end. "Afterwards, my father and my uncle made every effort to get the child away from you, but he was hidden-you know how carefully he was hidden so that she might never find him. For ten years they searched for him-and you. For ten years she wrote to you, begging you to let her have him, if only for a little while at a time. She promised to restore him to you, God bless her poor soull You never replied. You scorned her. We were rich-very rich. But our money was of no help to us in the search for her boy. You had secreted him too well. At last, one day, she told me what it was that you accased her of doing. She told me about Guido Feverelli, her music-master. I knew him, James. He had known her from childhood. He was one of the finest men I have ever seen." "He was in love with her," grated Brood

himself." "And what did he think of you?"

"If you had not come upon us here,

him.

he would have known me for who I am and he would have forgiven me. I had asked him to go away with me. He refused. Then I was about to tell him It is the most important thing in the the whole story of my life, of his life and of yours. Do you think he would have refused forgiveness to me? No! He would have understood." "But up to that hour he thought of you as a-a what shall I say?"

"A bad woman? Perhaps. I did not care. It was part of the price I was to pay in advance. I would have told him everything as soon as the ship on which we sailed was outside the harbor yonder. That was my intention, and I know you believe me when I say that-there was nothing more in my "And why I have hated you, al-e? mind. Time would have straightened away with me. Once away from here, do you think that he would ever return? No! Even though he knew you to be his father, he would not forget that he has never been your son. You self that it was not I but the spirit of Do you understand? I do not hate you Matilde that had come to lodge in my now. It is something to know that you have worshiped her all these years. You were true to her. What you did

long, long ago was not your fault. You believed that she had wronged you. But you went on loving her. That is what weakened my resolve. You loved her to the end, she loved you to the Well, in the face of that, could I end. go on hating you? You must have been worthy of her love. She knew you better than all the world. You came to me with love for her in your heart. You took me, and you loved her all the time. I am not sure, James, that you are not entitled to this miserable, unhappy love I have come to feel for you

"You-you are saying this so that I may refrain from throwing you out in-

'I shall ask nothing of you. If I am o go it shall be because I have failed. I have been a blind, vain-glorious fool. The trap has caught me instead of you, have lost-everything!' "Yes, you have lost everything," said

was revealed to you. I know that years he stendily. ago you made an effort to find Fever-

elli. You found his grave, too, and you "I cannot ask you to stay here-

could not ask him, man to man, if you after this." had wronged her. But in spite of all "But I shall not go. I have a duty that you brought up her boy to be sacto perform before I leave this house. I intend to save the life of that poor boy "I-I-good God, am I to believe downstairs, so that he may not die be you? If he should be my son!" he lleving me to be an 'evil woman, a faithless wife. Thank God, I have ac-"He is your son. He could be no complished something! You know that other man's son. I have her dying he is your son. You know that my sisword for it. She declared it in the ter was as pure as snow. You know presence of her God. Wait! Where that you killed her and that she loved you in spite of the death you brought

to her. That is something. That-" Brood dropped into the chair and "Not yet, James. I have still more buried his face on his quivering arms. to say to you-more to confess. Here! In muffled tones came the cry from his Take this package of letters. Read soul. "They've all said that he is like them as you sit beside his bed-not his deathbed, for I shall restore him | me. I have seen it at times, but I would not believe. I fought against it, resoto health, never fear. If he were to die, I should curse myself to the end lutely, madly, cruelly! Now it is too of time, for I and I alone would have late and I see! I see, I feel! Damn you -oh, damn you-you have driven me been the cause. Here are her letters -and the one Feverelli wrote to her. to the killing of my own son!"

This is her deathbed letter to you. And She stood over him, silent for a long this is a letter to her son and yours! | time, her hand hovering above his You may some day read it to him. And head.

imperative knock. It was repeated sev-

eral times before either of them could

summon the courage to call out. They

were petrified with the dread of some-

thing that awaited them beyond the

closed door. It was she who finally

CHAPTER XXII.

The Closed Door.

The doctor blinked for a moment.

'Well, are we to send for an under-

Brood started forward. "Is-is he

"Of course not, but he might as well

be," exclaimed the other, and it was

out of patience. "You've called in an-

hear that a Preabyterian parson is in

don't you send for the coroner and un-

dertaker and have done with it? I'm

"For God's sake, Hodder, is there

"I'll be honest with yoc, Jim. I don't

believe there is. It went in here,

above the heart, and it's lodged back

haven't located it yet, but we will Had

Yvonne came swiftly to his side.

he conscious? Does he know ?"

there by the spine somewhere.

any hope?" cried Brood.

The two were leaning forward with

alarm in their eyes, their hands grip-

taker?" demanded Hodder irritably.

Doctor Hodder, coatless and bare-

called out: "Come in!"

ping the table.

blessed if I--"

dead?"

and degrade him even more than I plain to be seen that he was very much

sister's son that you should blight his other doctor and a priest and now I

What

armed, came into the room.

not an inconsiderable amount, James. give him back to you and Matilde, for

There was more of wonder and ing at his bedside. He-"

He was loyal to Lydia and to it's as bad as all that."

nanded Brood scornfully.

-" He choked up suddenly.

deal to him in his fight for recovery. It will make life worth living for him." Hodder stared for a second or two. 'He'll need a lot of courage and if anything can put it into him, he'll make a better fight. If you get a chance, say it to him, Jim. I-I-if it's got anything to do with his mother, say it, for pity's sake. He has moaned the word a dozen times-' "It has to do with his mother," Brood cried out. "Come! I want you to hear

it, too, Hodder." "There isn't much time to lose, I'm afraid," began Hodder, shaking his head. His gaze suddenly rested on Mrs. Brood's face. She was very erect. and a smile such as he had never seen before was on her lips-a smile that puzzled and yet inspired him with a positive, undeniable feeling of encouragement! "He is not going to die, Doctor Hodder." she said quietly. Something went through his body that warmed it curiously. He felt a thrill, as one who is selzed by a great overpowering excitement. She preceded them into the hall. Brood came last. He closed the door behind him after a swift glance about

the room that had been his most private retreat for years. He was never to set foot inside its -my own love, not Matilde's."

to the street-" hours, an age of imprisonment. "No!" she cried, coming to her feet. and I shall take the consequences. I approached, but watched them with

"You despise me?"

come to again and-well, it may be the you have said all that to me putore, last time he'll ever open his eyes. Yes, Lydia." "What is your object in keeping me

away from him at such a time as this, attended him. Doctor Hodder and the "I'll go-at once," said Brood, his Mrs. Brood?" demanded Lydia. "You face ashon. "You must revive him for refuse to let me go in to him. Is it be- her magnificent courage, her almost a few minutes, Hodder. There's somecause you are afraid of what-" thing I've got to say to him. He must

"There are trying days ahead of us, be able to hear and to understand me Lydia," interrupted Yvonne. "We shall never have got beyond the form of a have to face them together. I can mere hope. There was something pospromise you this: Frederic will be itively startling in her serene convic-"You'll have to be careful, Jim. He's saved for you. Tomorrow, next day ready to collapse. Then it's all off." perhaps, I may be able to explain less a skeptic than the renowned "Nevertheless, Doctor Hodder, my everything to you. You hate me to Doctor Hodder confided to Lydia and husband has something to say to his day. Everyone in this house hates me her mother that he now believed in son that cannot be put off for an in--even Frederic. There is a day com- the supernatural and never again stant. I think it will mean a great ing when you will not hate me. That the dampuess of death on the young was my prayer, Lydia. I was not praying for Frederic, but for myself." Lydia started. "For yourself?

might have known you-"You hesitate? Perhaps it is just as

denly intervened to take the whole well.' matter out of nature's hands. It was "I want to say to you, Mrs. Brood, that it is my purpose to remain in this not in the books that he should get house as long as I can be-' well; it was against every rule of na-

"You are welcome, Lydia. You will ture that he should have survived that be the one great tonic that is to refirst day's struggle. He was marked store him to health of mind and body. for death and there was no alternative. Yes, I shall go further and say that Then came the bewildering, mystifyyou are commanded to stay here and ing change. Life did not take its exhelp me in the long fight that is ahead pected flight; instead it clung, flickerof us."

"I-I thank you, Mrs. Brood," the girl was surprised into saying. Both of them turned quickly as the great shears of death could not sever door to Frederic's room opened and James Brood came out into the hall, the tiny thing that held Frederic's His face was drawn with pain and soul to earth. There was no hour in anxiety, but the light of exaltation was in his eyes.

wildered scientist and his assistants did not proclaim that it would be his "Come, Lydia," he said softly, after last, and yet he gave the lie to them. he had closed the door behind him. Hodder had gone to James Brood at "He knows me. He is conscious. the end of the third day, and with the Hodder can't understand it, but he sweat of the haunted on his brow had seems to have suddenly grown whispered hoarsely that the case was stronger, He-"

"Stronger?" cried Yvonne, the ring the doctor but an agent governed by a of triumph in her voice. "I knew! I could feel it coming-his strengthwalls again. In that single glance he even out here, James. Yes, go in now, bade farewell to it forever. It was a Lydia. You will see a strange sight, hated, unlovely spot. He had spent an my dear. James Brood will kneel beage in it during those bitter morning side his son and tell him-

"Come!" said Brood, spreading out On the landing below they came uphis hands in a gesture of admission. on Lydia. She was seated on a win-"You must hear it, too, Lydia. Not dow ledge, leaning wearily against you, Therese! You are not to come

the casement. She did not rise as they in." "I grant you ten minutes, James," steady, smoldering eyes in which there she said, with the air of a dictator. was no friendliness, no compassion. "After that I shall take my stand be-They were her enemies, they had killed side him and you will not be needed." She struck her breast sharply with her clinched hand. "His one and only and then fell before the bitter look hope lies here, James. I am his salvation. I am his strength. When you come out of that room again it will

be to stay out until I give the word for you to re-enter. Go now and put spirit into him. That is all that I ask of you."

He stared for a moment and then lowered his head. A moment later Lydia followed him into the room and Yvonne was alone in the hall, Alone? Ranjab was ascending the stairs. He came and stood before her, and bent his knee.

"I forgot," she said, looking down upon him without a vestige of the old dread in her eyes. "I have a friend, after all."

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Joy of June. On a warm morning toward the middle of the month of June Frederic and Lydia sat in the quaint, old-fashioned courtyard, in the grateful shade

power to thwar! death, at least in this **REWARD OF INSOMNIA** instance, had its effect, not only on the wounded man but on those who nurses were not slow to admit that SLEEPLESS INDIVIDUAL SOME RECOMPENSE. scornful self-assurance, supplied them

with an incentive that otherwise might

would say "there is no God." With

man's brow, a remarkable change had

occurred even as he watched for the

last fleeting breath. It was as if some

secret, unconquerable force had sud-

ing but indestructible, to its clay and

would not obey the laws of nature.

For days and days life hung by what

we are pleased to call a thread; the

any of those days in which the be-

out of his hands! He was no longer

spirit that would not permit death to

claim its own! And somehow Brood

understood far better than the man of

science.

At Least He Can Rest His Body, and Listening for the Coming of the tion that Frederic was not to die. No Day is Pleasure to Be Appreciated.

Few men are more to be pitled that

the confirmed "insomniac." Few me seek more pity. Whose cannot alas must retail his tale of trouble to his associates, friends and chance at quaintances. He expects consider tion and unconsciously demands at miration.

But as a matter of fact, nearly en ery wakeful person in culpably responsible for his wakefulness. The longer he stays awake the more nervous and more irritated he becomes. He com to dislike himself, to dislike nature, b dislike a world so poorly stranged His wakefulness is a tense mental strain, more wearying than a days labor. The wearler he becomes the more resentful he feels, and he rage against his helplessness.

All of which is sheer folly. Going to bed is as much for the purpose of resting the body as of resting the mind. If the mind refuses to rest, the body should be given a fair chance Counting to impossible numbers and such artificial devices are usually vain. The best plan is to lie relaxed and st ease thinking of something altoreth agreeable. A reading lamp at the head of the bed and a handy book may be resorted to. Even if one stays awaks thus for hours his body is resting and in the morning he is partly refreshed. Actual insomnia is very rare Fear of insomnia, or "insomnlaphs bia." is the ailment from which most sleepless persons suffer.

But if sleeplessness cannot be put aside there is a certain reward for The true story of the shooting had long been known to Lydia and her the sufferer. He can listen for the mother. Brood confessed everything coming of the day, which is a pleasto them. He assumed all of the blame ure denied to healthy sleepers. Just for what had transpired on that tragic now he hears the first heralding of morning. He humbled himself before dawn at about 3:45. The herald is a them, and when they shook their rooster in some neighbor's back yard heads and turned their backs upon Heretofore that rooster has been him he was not surprised, for he knew greatly disliked and the neighbor has they were not convicting him of asshared in his fowl's unpopularity sault with a deadly firearm. Later Raucous crowings have awakened on the story of Therese was told by many a querulous slumberer. But him to Frederic and the girl. He did when one is wide awake the cheer his wife no injustice in the recital, welcome to the new day is altogether Frederic laid his hand upon the soft agreeable. Chanticleer calls and calls brown head at his knee and volced the and at length he has his answers; oth thought that was in his mind. "You are wondering, as I am, too, er roosters near and far send back their sanction of his message of optimism and confidence. And if the lis-

the dawn.

loudest.

tone.

what is to become of Yvonne after today," he said. "There must be an end, and if it doesn't come now, when will it come? Tomorrow we sail. It is certain that she is not to accompany us. She has said so herself, and father has said so. He will not take her with him. So today must see the

end of things." "Frederic, I want you to do some thing for me," said Lydia, earnestly. "There was a time when I could not have asked this of you, but now I implore you to speak to your father in her behalf. I love her, Freddy, dear. I cannot help it. She asks nothing of any of us, she expects nothing, and yet she loves all of us-yes, all of us. She will never, by word or look, make a single plea for herself. I have watched

A few more minutes pass and as oriole commences to sing, or perhaps a wren. And the busy English sparrows cluck and chirp right beneath the window. There comes a faint rumble from the awakening city. The milkman clatters to the back do

clatters away again. A little moralize

breeze stirs the curtains, and a breath

of it, fresh and cool, comes to the

crumpled bed. A laborer passes whis-

tling on his way to work, but it seems

a droway whistle. The robin's music

seems to subside into a sleepy mono-

sound of the fitful wind in the maple

There is the almost soundless

tener peers beneath the window shade

there is the first showing of the was

mystic light which bathes the birth of

Ten minutes more and a robin be-gins his song. Once well begun he

does not cease for a long time. When

the light grows strong the robin be

comes less enthusiastic and his song

is intermittent. Only at the day's be-

ginning does he sing his best and



"Perhaps. Who knows? But if so be never uttered so much as one word of love to her. He challenged you. Why did you refuse to fight him?"

"Because she begged me not to kill him. Did she tell you that?"

"Yes. But that was not the real reason. It was because you were not sure of your ground."

"I deny that!" "Never mind. It is enough that poor Feveralli passed out of her life. She did not see him again until just before she died. He was a noble gentleman. He wrote but one letter to her after Lydia Desmond. When I came to know, that wretched day in this house.

have it here in this packet." She drew a package of papers from her bosom and laid it upon the table happy? I could not give him the kind see. He opened his eyes a few min-There were a half dozen of love that Lydla promised. I could utes ago, Mrs. Brood, and my assistant before him. letters fled together with a piece of white ribbon

Wherein Conditions Are Different

From Those That Prevail in

American Citica.

Life in Vienna offers many incon-

gruities to the American. First, he

sums of money, that he cannot pos

sibly afford to live anywhere except in

caution to equip himself with large own house.

only be his mother's sister to him. He is certain that he whispered Lydia was not in love with me. He has al. Desmond's name. Sounded that way "But one letter from him," she went ways loved Lydia. I fascinated him- to him, but, of course-" on. "I have brought it here for you to just as I fascinated you. He would not "There! You see, James ?" she cried, read. But not now! There are other have gone away with me, even after whirling upon her busband. setters and documents here for you to you had told him that he was not your "I think you'd better step in and see consider. They are from the grave, son. He would not do that to you, him now, Jim," said the doctor, sud-Ah, I do not wonder that you shrink James, in spite of the blow you struck | denly becoming very gentle. "He may

TELLS OF LIFE IN VIENNA, have a whole house to himself.

"He is not going to die," she said at to share my fortune with her son. It last, when she was sure that she had is a pledge that I took before my fa- full command of her voice. "I can ther died a few years ago. If the boy promise you that, James. I shall not ever appeared, he was to have his so from this house until he is well, I mother's share of the estate-and it is shall nurse him back to health and

"And What Did He Think of

He is independent of you. He need now I know that he belongs to both of drooped as he passed close by her n ask nothing of you. I was taking him you and not to her alone. Now, James, tionless figure and followed the doctor you may go down to him. He is not down the hall to the bedroom door. It conscious. He will not hear you prayopened and closed an instant later and he was with his son, A knock came at the door-a sharp,

For a long time, Lydia's somber, piteous gaze hung upon the door through finement, but there was a healthy glow which he had passed and which was to the skin and a clear light in the closed so cruelly against her, the one eye. For a week or more he had been who loved him best of all. At last she permitted to walk about the house and looked away, her attention caught by a into the garden, always leaning on the queer clicking sound near at hand. She arm of his father or the faithful Hinwas surprised to find Yvonne Brood du. Each succeeding day saw his standing close beside her, her eyes strength and vitality increase and each closed and her fingers telling the beads night he slept with the peace of a that ran through her fingers, her lips care-free child.

moving in volceless prayer. The girl watched her dully for a few moments, then with growing fascination. The incomprehensible creature was praving!

Lydia believed that Frederic had stant when her stanch heart had failed not himself. She put Yvonne down as her; there had been distress but never the real cause of the calamity that had despair. If the strain told on her it fallen upon the house. But for her, did not matter, for she was of the James Brood would never have had a fighting kind. Her love was the susmotive for striking the blow that tenance on which she throve despite crushed all desire to live out of the un- the beggarly offerings that were laid happy boy. She had made of her hus- before her during those weeks of famband an unfeeling monster, and now ine. she prayed! She had played with the emotions of two men and now she mood brought the touch of sadness to begged to be pardoned for her folly! her grateful heart. She was happy the library. Hang it all, Brood, why An inexplicable desire to laugh at the and Frederic was happy, but what of plight of the trifler came over the girl, the one who actually had wrought the but even as she checked it another and miracle? That one alone was un-

more unaccountable force ordered her to obey the impulse to turn once more to look into the face of her companion. Yvonne was looking at her. She had ceased running the beads and her hands hung limply at her side. For a full minute, perhaps, the two regarded each other without speaking.

"He is not going to die, Lydia," said ute; when the strange defiance that Yvonne gravely. held all of them at bay would dis

safe with me, but would he have been to let up on the ether for awhile, you The girl started to her feet. "Do you appear and they could feel that she think it is your prayer and not mine no longer regarded them as adversathat has reached God's ear?" she cried | ries. in real amazement

> "The prayer of a nobler woman than rancor in the heart of Lydia Desmond. either you or I has gone to the throne," She realized that her sweetheart's resaid the other. covery was due almost entirely to the

Lydia's eyes grew dark with resentremarkable influence exercised by this "You could have prevented woman at a time when mortal agenment. allcies appeared to be of to avail. Her

"Be good enough to remember that absolute certainty that she had the

quite willing to be quoted as stating that he hoped conditions would improve soon so that he might be kept

There was no longer a symptom of

A Pathetic Letter.

In the height of the great cotton situation many interesting letters were received by representatives and sena tors from Dixle. The following onemost pathetic in spite of its odd spelling-was received by Senator Bank-

ter closely all these weeks. There of the south wing and almost directly was never an instant when she re beneath the balcony off Yvonne's bouvealed the slightest sign of an appeal. She takes it for granted that she has no place in our lives. In our memory, yes, but that is all. I think she is reconciled to what she considers her fate and it has not entered her mind to protest against it. Perhaps it is natural that she should feel that way about it. But it is-oh, Freddy, it is emerging into the sunshine of security. His face was pale from long con-

lieve it's altogether up to him. There is a barrier that we can't see, but they do-both of them. My mother stands between them. You see, I've come to know my father lately, dear. He's not a stranger to me any longer. I know what sort of a heart he's got. He never got over loving my mother, and Yvonne knows that she loved him to As for Lydia, she was radiant with happiness. The long fight was over. was in Yvonne that attracted him from She had gone through the campaign the first, and she knows. He's not against death with loyal, unfaltering likely to forgive himself so easily. He courage; there had never been an indidn't play fair with either of them, that's what I'm trying to get at. I don't believe he can forgive himself any more than he can forgive Yvonne for the thing she set about to do. You see, Lyddy, she married him without love. She debased herself, even though she can't admit it even now I love her, too. She's the most wonderful woman in the world. She's got Times there were when a pensive the finest instincts a woman ever possessed. But she did give herself to the man she hated with all her soul. and-well, there you are. He can't forget that, you know-and she can't, Leaving me out of the question altohappy, unreculted, undefended. There gether-and you, too-there still rewas no place for her in the new order mains the sorry fact that she has beof things. When Lydia thought of trayed her sister's love. She loves her-as she often did-it was with an him for herself now, and-that's what

Indescribable craving in her soul. She hurts both of them. It hurts because longed for the hour to come when they both know that he still loves Yvonne Brood would lay aside the my mother." mask of resignation and demand trib-

"I'm not so sure of that," pro nounced Lydia. "He loves your mother's memory, he loves her for the wrong he did her, but-well, 1 don't see how he can help loving Yvonne, in spite of everything. She-

"Ah, but you have it from her that he loved my mother even when she was in his arms, because, in a way, she represented the love that had never died. Now all that is a thing of the past. She is herself, she is not Matilde. He loved Matilde all the time."

taxes and live on next year. If they

are selling merrytoriums in New York

wisht you would see what it will cost

to buy me one for the amount of my

detts, good for six mos.

"Yours truly,

(TO BE CONTINUED.) "Gents: I have heard that forrein Nome was 2,600. The gold output of countries in Europe are issuig merry-1905 was about \$2,500,000, nearly all toriums, so that the people can put off piacer. paying there detts a while. Now, I have 18 bales of cotton and owe detta Height of Absurdity. "Look at those two chumps having amounting to about six hundred dollars. I can't sell my cotton for enough to pay out and leave anything to pay

heated argument about the merits and demerits of an automobile." "Do you mean the two men examinng a car across the street?" "Yos "

"Umph! To make matters worsh neither one owns the car they are wrangling about."

is accepting hospitality may decline to | trades." Witness the varied and un | tate to complain of the times. He was He will find that he can ride up- have a drink, but in all likelihood he usual service rendered by one of them ward in an elevator, but that he must will accept a clean collar, in a single day: In Vienna the retired chorus girls His first job was to rebottle some wants to see anything of the place, are pensioners, the flower girls are wine; then he cleaned a pipe for an busy. grandmothers and the messenger boys invalid bachelor. After that he clipped

We

selves, he must stay out all night, are men. These grown-up messenger a dog for an 'actress; next he beat a When he comes home late he must tip boys are known as "commissioners." carpet for a boarding-house keeper: will find, unless he has taken the pre- the doorkeeper in order to get into his They are dressed in distinctive unithen he curried a cabman's horse, pol forms and are licensed to perform ished an officer's sword, and after many kinds of work other than runpacking a trunk for a departing trav-Vienna so constantly that peddlers of ning errands. It would doubtless be a flat. No one except the nobility and linen derive a smart income from sales more correct to style them "men of

eler wound up the day by helping a plumber deliver a bathtub extremely rich foreigners can hope to to be used on the spot. The guest who all chores" rather than "Jacks of all Yet the "commissioner" did not hest head:

doir. He lounged comfortably, yet weakly, in the invalid's chair that had been wheeled to the spot by the doglike Ranjab, and she sat on a pile of cushions at his feet, her back resting against the wall. Looking at him, one would not have thought that he had passed through the valley of the shadow of death and was but now

leaves. And then, and then .-- Cleve terrible! If he would-would only unbend a little toward her. If he-"Listen, Lyddy, dear. I don't be some 300 well-equipped stations along our 10,000 miles of coast and is he'll never get over knowing that manned by surfmen skilled in all the ways of the sea. If an institution is the day she died. We know what it the lengthened shadow of a man, our lifesaving service was the shadow of Sumner I. Kimball, a Yankee from the state of Maine, who took hold in 1871 when they had only a few clum#

boats housed in huts and manned by volunteers along a part of the easters now achieved, and he retires with an inspiring record of past service and of

constructive work for the future. It is

by such men that the state is built-Collier's Weekly, Gold Discoveries in Alaska. Gulch gold was discovered in Anvil creek, near Nome, in September, 1898. Diggings in the ocean beach were first worked in July, 1899. The "rush" was one of the most remarkable stampedes in American mining history. The town soon had hotels, banks, stores, several, newspapers, weekly mails

from the United States, and for a part of the year its population was estimate ed at 20,000. In 1900 it was the lars est aettlement in the district. The rapidity of its growth and its isolation raised prices to extraordinary heights. and in other respects created remarkable conditions. But by the year 1903 the population had already greatly decreased. In 1910 the population of

const. When he was retired this year his organization covered all our coasts and had alded over 28,000 distressed vessels, carrying over 180,000 persons, of whom 1.455 were lost-about as many as perished on the Lusitania Mr. Kimball's unending struggle was with congress, first for adequate support and then for pensions for retired or disabled life savers. Both ends are

land Plain Dealer. Our Service by the Sea. When you go to the beach this summer you will see the drill of the coast guard, not of the lifesaving service. The latter has been merged this year with the revenue cutter service to form the new organization which has