Van Rensselaer Dey, Author of "The Brotherhood of Si-"The Quality of a Sin," Etc.

Copyright, 1901, by Frederic Van Rensselaer Dev.

60--00--00--00--00--06 [Continued from last Week.]

CHAPTER III. HAD BEEN TAUGHT TO BE A MAN. URING the remainder of that day Craig Thompson impressed everybody who knew him with the idea that he was on the point of having one of his dreaded "fits," but if any one of them had studied him closely he would have known better, for the expression of his face was childlike in its gentleness. But his loquacity was gone, for he was think-ing. He had volunteered and been accepted as the intermediary between son and father, and his interview with Richard Maxwell had left upon him an impression which he was endeavoring, without success, to define. Lisle had objected to intermediation, believing the direct way to be the best, but Craig

herdsman who had charge of an outlying bunch of cattle. Richard Maxwell was a natural martinet. Clockwork was not more exact than were the rules of his life, from which he never deviated. His employees liked him, but at the same time they feared him. The slightest disobed the outcome of Lisle's disobe dience was regarded as a resignation from his employ, and Lisle was in this

ber, so threatening, so fierce and so repellent that strangers instinctively avoided them and then looked again to discover the cause. But it was undiscoverable. The more one looked the more obscure seemed the reason for avoidance, for the surface glance upon them, although searching and deep had nothing in it of those qualities which at first repelled. His eyes were undeniably large, and they described a perfect oval. If eyes can be intensely black, his were so, and in hue the long lashes which fringed them and the rather heavy brows that shaded them

You would not have said that Lisle's eyes were like his father's, but you would have insisted that Richard Maxwell's eyes were like his son's, with the difference that where the glance of the elder man repelled that of the younger

Lisle Maxwell's training had been all that the heart of a young man could desire, and his father had been his tutor in everything. Particularly had his branch of knowledge which properly should belong to young manhood, and Lisle could not remember when anybody save his father had waited upon his wishes-at least until he was old enough to go abroad. After that the cowboys instructed him in riding and lasso throwing. He could ride like an Apache Indian, rope the wildest steer that ever trod the ranges of Nevada, shoot from the back of his galloping horse with revolver or rifle infinitesimal articles thrown into the air by his admiring instructors; he could leap from his horse to the ground and mount again while the creature was upon a mad run and could cast his handkerchief or his hat upon the plain and then, dashing past at the topmost speed of his horse, pick it up again; he could catch and mount and successfully ride the wildest and most untamed to do well, better even than his instructors, and as a proficient in every mauly sport-in marksmanship, horsemanship and courage-he was known and admired throughout that wide circle which had its yearly rendezvous in

the Smoky valley.
Richard Maxwell had lived up to the statement he made to his lawyer 17 years ago. Lisle Maxwell was a boy in every generally accepted sense of the word. He had grown up as a boy and lived as a boy. He had studied as a boy and thought as a boy, and he had no conception of what girls and women were other than that they were something to be religiously avoided. Regarding the question of sex, his father had kept him as profoundly ignorant as a babe, and the words "girl" and ssion of a thought, and that not observed much difference between were uglier, more brutal and dirtier. Throughout all his studies, and they were manifold and thorough, books calculated to direct his thoughts into channels which might reveal to him his real identity had been rigorously excluded, and he had no more idea who and what he really was than he pos sessed 17 years ago when sleeping upon his father's arm he was stolen away from his mether's loving care. That is why the masculine pronoun is used now in referring to him.

One can understand how such a man as Richard Maxwell might accomplish all this without once making a mistake. Every question asked by the growing child was answered directly, concisely and decisively and with words that bordered so nearly upon the whole truth that they left that part which was unrevealed apparently un-worthy of mention. There was a code of morals on that ranch compared with which the rigid rules of a Shaker settlement would be a travesty, and the cowboy who once forgot or neglected them related his forgetfulness thereafter in the employ of another man than Richard Maxwell. The interior of the house where Lisle

had passed all these years was lavishly extravagant. Nothing was left to be desired. Abyssinia's greatest king could not have provided a happier valley for a new Rasselas, with the exception that there was no Dinarbis with whom to share its joys. The entire place, inside and outside, presented the spectacle of the abode of a man who had regulated his whole life to the fulfillment of one idea and had succeeded. Seventeen years had not, in a single particular, witnessed the avoidance of ther alone. one of the multitudinous cares rendered necessary for the fulfillment of a theory such as his, utterly impracticable in its conception and scientifically Impossible of completion, and yet Liste Maxwell had arrived at the age of 18 "No sir" Maxwell had arrived at the age of 18 "No, sir."

without once imagining that woman is "You know that I did not wish you dash at full speed straight toward the again. The hooting of the crowd of substances. a necessary quantity in existence and in the perpetuation of mankind,

with Richard Maxwell, for she had not nastened her work of development. had done for Lisle what she rarely does for woman. Muscular development had kept pace with feminine ing about the figure of Richard Maxwell's son to suggest that he was not what he appeared to be. The sun it. had browned his naturally olive tinted skin so that the rich, red blood beneath could only suggest its presence by imparting a deeper tinge, and his coarse, dark hair, through which glistened a faint suggestion of burnished copper, was kept half shorn, so that it fell in wavy and rebellious masses be-neath the broad brim of his Texas

had tothing suggestive of the feminine about it. The loose garments in which yet imperceptibly different from those of his companions, due in every who never forgot nor neglected an

ombrero. She had given his brilliant yes a certain boldness of expression

thing that had to do with his purpos Lisle's voice was a rich contralto rather soft for a man, to be sure, but sufficiently strong nevertheless. In a drawing room, issuing from the throa of a society belle, it would not have been out of place. There was reall convinced him that his own way was preferable and had dispatched him on nothing masculine about it, yet it w supposedly important errand to a heavy enough for a youth of 18. Craig he said that it was "kinder cooing, lil

Craig's interview with the ranch owner had been short, and when he came away after it was over he was no better informed concerning what

would be than he was before it began. The only change that had taken place respect as subservient to him as they in the appearance of Richard Maxwell were. Maxwell was a handsome man since that night 17 years ago when he too. Although his hair and perfectly trained mustache were as white as snow, there was not a line upon his the white hair and the bronzed skin perfect face. His eyes were his most which time and exposure had impartremarkable features, for there was ed. In all other respects he was the within their depths something so som same. He and Thompson were known to each other. During the time that often met, so that no introduction was necessary.

"How are you. Maxwell?" was Thompson's greeting when they met, and they shook hands cordially.

"Glad to see you, Thompson," was the rejoinder. "The boys are getting the stock in rather earlier than usual this year, are they not?" "A little. There's more of it to get Jim Cummings?"

in. I've got three or four thousand extra. You must have as many." "More, I think."

"I see you've brought your kid along with you this time," said Thompson, ramming home a wad of tobacco with you. which he was replenishing his pipe. "Fine lad that, Maxwell."

He did not look up as he made the remark. If he had, he would not have seen the slightest alteration in the expression of his companion. But Max-When he did, it was to ask a question. "He has arrived, then?" he asked

quietly. "Yes; about an hour or two ago. met him out on the ridge while I was chasing a steer that would have given me a deuce of a run if it hadn't been | haughtily. for young Lisle's rope. He said be

send him to me?" said Maxwell.

"No. I shall follow my old custom a

horse that ever belonged on Crescent and Cross ranch. There was nothing along those ranges that man could do which be had not been taught to do and to do well better even than his in.

best 5-year-olds in my bunch that Dick Maxwell Is madder'n a hornet, only he'll be hanged if he'll show it." Then he mounted his horse and dashed away in the direction that Lisle had taken.

best 5-year-olds in my bunch that Dick Maxwell as in show, and then is when you must have your peepers behind as well as in front of you. The boys like to have the games mixed up with a fight or two, and then is when you must have your peepers behind as well as in front of you. The boys like to have the games mixed up with a fight or two, and then is when you must have your peepers behind as well as in front of you. The boys like to have the games mixed up with a fight or two, and then is when you must have your peepers behind as well as in front of you. The boys like to have the games mixed up with a fight or two, and then is when you must have your peepers behind as well as in front of you. The boys like to have the games mixed up with a fight or two, and then is when you must have your peepers behind as well as in front of you. The boys like to have the games mixed up with a fight or two, and then is when you must have your peepers behind as well as in front of you. The boys like to have the games mixed up with a fight or two, and then is when you must have your peepers behind as well as in front of you. The boys like to have the games mixed up with a fight or two, and then is when you must have your peepers behind as well as in front of you. The boys like to have the games mixed up with a fight or two, and then is when you must have your peepers behind as well as in have your peepers behind as well as in the loop was released from his and the loop was released from h

what I'm trying to find out. I'll be working order, so that you can use any blamed if I know whether he was mad of them at short notice. Do you know or pleased. Are you going back if he him by sight?" tells you that you've got to?"

"Certainly."

But I wouldn't do it!" "You do not know my father." "Correct. I don't. But I know on, speedily forgetting everything that Craig Thompson. Craig and me are Craig Thompson had said, for his mind woman" were to him only terms for does lots of things that I don't approve been suggested to it by his sojourn in of. That would be one of 'em. 1 the Smoky valley and which were desthought he had been taught to regard as repugnant. Indian women—squaws—he had seen frequently, but he had a seen frequently, but he had a seen frequently but he



'How are you, Maxwell?" was Thomp-son's greeting this: I managed to give him the im-

ression that you hadn't any idea of oming here; that you were only looking on to the scene over the ridge when my steer came along and that you had help me in; that I asked you to do it.

"Thank you; yes." "Well, there he comes. Now you can noly minute."

"Is this the beginning of continued disregard of my wishes, Lisle?" asked Lisle had paced the 150 yards and fac-Richard Maxwell as soon as he was ed about to return. Then, up at the with his son, but without expressing head of the line, a horseman was seen

"I did."

"That is going against my wishes." I cannot always be guided by them The time will come when I will his one instance I have anticipated it. growth, so that as yet there was noth- I have seen the camp. I will return home now if you order me to do so." "I wish you to do so. I do not order

"Then I will remain. If the surroundings here will contaminate me, it better that it should happen in your esence than in your absence.'

Very well, you may remain for a you to return you will do so without

there was a poise about his head which had taken place (for Lisle did not regard it out of place to repeat the con ation to him), was delighted. "Lisle," he said, "you've got more

yours, I'd like it. They'll grow, though, after awhile."

CHAPTER IV.

A LASSO DUEL. CHARD MAXWELL did not, however, send his son away but he did the next best thing from his standpoint of the

ly at his side on one pretext or another, so that Lisle had very little chance to follow out any inclinations that were original with himself. His father's watchful restless eyes and keen intelligence anticipated everything which might have embarrassed his theories or created interrogation points in the mind of the youth, and day after day passed without incident other than those of such constant occurrence that they had ceased to be noticeable. It was rarely, too, that Craig Thompson found an opportunity to converse with his young friend, for whom he had conceived such a strong and unaccount

One day, when the work of sorting Maxwell had spent in Nevada they had and separating was nearly completed, Craig rode over to Maxwell's camp and asked for Lisle, and one of the men having pointed him out, at some distance, where he was riding slowly to ward the slope of the mountains, Craig gave chase and soon came up with

> "Say, Lisle," he said as soon as they were side by side, "do you remember "No; I never heard of him," was the

"Well, he thinks he has heard of you I thought he had gone east, but he's shown up here, and he's looking for

"Looking for me? I don't know him. Who is he?" "He's the fellow that worked for me that you winged—the one who said

that. Remember now?" "He's minus a bit of one of his ribs, he's a bad egg if there ever was one.

"Who sald you did? Not I. I would with upraised knife awaiting him. wasn't coming to the round up, but I not be here preaching to you if I thought out to a distant bunch of mine, and cause he knows that if I had a handle that's where he is now, I reckon. I to take hold of that would prove that wish I had a kid like him."

to take hold of that would prove that he was looking for you I'd make mince "If you see him before I do, will you meat of him in no time. He hasn't said continued to face him, never taking his the greatest praise was the calm anand mess with my own outfit. Thank you all the same."

he's up to something. All that I wanted to say on this matter is for you to Lisle's father. "I'll bet a dozen of the The games will be coming on in a day possessed of life and hatred and was best 5-year-olds in my bunch that Dick or so now, and then is when you must eager to fall upon its prey. They met half a mile outside of the you and opens the ball in what these upon the head and fell harmless camp.

"Say, Lisle," exclaimed Craig when bey had pulled up their horses and take a hand in for it was the said in what these aside, and another chee went up from the spectators. Cumbings laughed they had pulled up their horses and were walking them along side by side. take a hand in, for if we did we'd have seven or eight outfits going all at once, "how does the old man look when he's and there'd be a graveyard started

"Call me Craig; it's easier. That's do is to keep your 'trinkets' in good "Yes-that is, I will remember him if

I see him. "Well, that's dutiful. I approve of it. "All right; that's all. I'm going back

He went away then, and Lisle rode reasonably well acquainted, and he was busy with other problems that had

them and the men except that they turning over in your noddle while you time for play arrived. There was a are getting ready for the interview. It's broad stretch of level ground near the center of the valley, and that was selected for the place where exhibitions of skill in horsemanship and the use of various weapons were to take place.

The first entertainment on the programme was a foot race, and Richard Maxwell was requested to measure off the distance to be run. This he declined to do, whereupon Lisle volunteered to act. His services were ac cepted, and he dismounted from his horse, leaving it in the care of one of



Jim Cummings

his men while he started off alone down that stretch of open ground. Craig Thompson saw him leave his work the thing out as you think best, horse and go to the center of the but if you have a row with the old man ground, where, after marking the point ou're welcome in my outfit at any of beginning, he began to pace the dis-

He touched his spurs to his horse and rode on, leaving Lisle to meet his fament, this is just the chance that Jim

Cummings will take." Nothing occurred, however, until to detach himself from the surrounding

nament ground. He was bending well forward in his saddle, his right arm was raised above him, coiling and twisting like a long and sinewy serobliged to decide for myself. In pent was the loop of his terrible lasso, more feared on the plains as a weapon of offense than all other known imple-

ments of warfare.

did not know the meaning of such an act. An old grudge was to be settled. Stant. Both were true. Cummings' There were true. A long standing feud was to come to arms were pinioned at his sides, but melody changed, and presently a su standing that if at any time I desire an end one way or another. A duel to Lisle, with admirable forethought, kept perb voice, in tender contralto, floated pombrero. She had given his brilliant byes a certain boldness of expression which does not belong to women, and craig Thompson, when he heard what the man on the ground was practically at t force and sand behind that pretty girl face of yours than half of the men out Many of them were aware of the incl- fraught with tremendous excitement. In the sand, you've got more could not and would not interfere, but it was a fraction of time that was lower upon his breast, tears stood in the sand, you've got more could not and would not interfere. But it was a fraction of time that was lower upon his breast, tears stood in the sand, you've got more could not and would not interfere. yonder. If, now, you could only sprout a hair or two on that upper lip of Cummings and Lisle Maxwell, and holsters. It leaped up again, the arm the includy cased he did not move

> with a single shot. that he was an object of attack he glanced toward the spot where he had ing his one free hand into one of his left his father. He saw him start forward as if to run to his assistance, and he saw Craig Thompson, who had hastened to his side as if he antici pated the move, seize him around the body and hold him firmly, and he could imagine what the ranchman said, although of course he could not hear it. "Keep back, Dick; keep back! The

kid'll be enough for him, and besides the boys would put a rope around you before you had gone a dozen steps." That was what he did say, and after ward he retained his grasp upon Rich ard Maxwell's arm, fearful of what he might do in the excitement that was to

Lisle smiled, well pleased. He realzed thoroughly the danger of his position, but he was not afraid. As he turned his eyes back again toward his antagonist be drew his revolver and with deadly aim. antagonist he drew his revolver and raised it, but as he glanced along the barrel he saw that if he fired there was mminent danger that the bullet might pass through or beyond its objective point and injure one of the spectators who formed the group around his father. He thrust it back again into his testifying to their joy and relieving the belt and drew his knife, smiling when pressure of suspense under which they he heard a cheer go up from the crowd | had labored, Craig Thompson rode out in admiration of his coolness and bray- to Lisle and met him. ery. Then, planting his feet wide apart, he waited.

He knew that if that fatal loop once settled around his shoulders he would a speech to them fellers now, short and be dragged down to certain and horri- to the point." ble death. Cummings knew it, too, But Lisle scarcely heard him. He that you were cut out for a girl and all and so did the men who looked on.

There was a hideous grin of exultahe rode slowly toward his intended vicbut he's about as good as ever, and dim. There was no need for haste. He'll hurt you if he gets a chance. Then he spoke in a clear, ringing voice which every and twisted, writhed and hissed one heard. ed and twisted, writhed and hissed one heard. "I do not fear him," said Lisle above and around his head as he advanced to the attack, and Lisle stood

Twice Cummings rode all the way had to have some help to get that crit. that you were afraid. But I want to around him, toying with the lasso and Dead silence followed his words, and ter in, so I persuaded him to come along. Then he volunteered to ride warn you about this fellow. He hasn't jeering in an ecstasy of fury, circling made any breaks, and he won't, be to the left and decreasing the radius to the left and decreasing the radius his hat, saluted them all and cantered with each turn, playing with his in-to his father's side. But the only words

anything; not a word; not he, but he eyes from the hand that held the rope. nouncement Then Cummings perceptibly increas-"Sure. I say, Maxwell, have you messed with anybody yet?"

Then Cummings perceptibly increased the speed of his horse, describing the corners of his eyes and grins like the circles still more narrowly. Riding may invite Mr. Thompson to accompany the circles still more narrowly. madly at last, he approached nearet ny us if he cares to do so." And then and mess with my own outht. Thank you all the same."

"Humph!" thought Thompson as he moved away from the presence of the moved away from the presence of the conduction to take you unawares.

The conduction of the presence of the conduction that I want and nearer to his intended victim, the deadly rope never ceasing to writhe and twist above his head, as if it were horse and rode away.

quickly for another throw. In a mo ment he was ready, and the circling behow does the old man look when he's and there'd be a graveyard started and. eh?"

"Was he angry, Mr. Thompson?"

"Call me Craig: it's easier. That's do is to keep your 'trinkets' in good with unflinching courage. Three times the horseman made the turn. Then Lisle saw him rise in his stirrups. The deadly loop left his hand. It seemed to hang in midair over his head in serpentine curves which changed their forms with every fraction of those perflous seconds which seemed like hours. Lisle made no further effort to dodge. He knew that such tactics must soon become futile; that ultimately the rope must encircle him. It were better that it should do so now while he was fresh and still master of every faculty. He remained perfectly still and waited un-til the loop was almost upon him, and then, with a quick motion, he placed there's one thing that you might be the round up was completed, and the his hands in the position that one asgether and directly above his headand so permitted the coil to encircle

It fell true and accurately. The horse ridden by Cummings was pulled back upon his haunches, and then, impelled by the cruel spurs and tight rein of its naster, it wheeled and leaped away. As the coil tightened around him Lisle managed to seize the rope beyond the knot with his left hand. His right hand still grasped the knife. Then came that awful jerk. He was drag-ged from his feet headforemost to the earth. As he fell he succeeded in edge touched the tightened rawhide,

and it parted. Instantly he was upon his feet again. did not know it. He turned and ran everything resumed its accustomed with all his speed toward the nearest up of spectators.

mob. It thought that he was running But that mob did not know Lisle Maxwell. "Somebody's horse!" he shouted as

A man spurred toward him, disgrasp. It was Craig Thompson. But

Lisle did not see him. He only saw he horse. In an instant he was in the saddle with Craig's lasso firmly in his grasp. He was shaken and breathless by the experience through which he had just passed, but he was upon equal he gloried in the consciousness of his wn superior ability. Something new other loop and was riding madly back cased within the roughest and hardest

be cheated of its sport after all. The kid was game. He would not run

their horses elliptically. Swiftly and Richard Maxwell was not present. silently they rode round and round, Craig was smoking his pipe on the vetheir riatas twisting and hissing like randa, lolling back in one of the comcolling snakes in the air above them. fortable chairs, when he heard the pl-Lisle saw and recognized him instantly, and if he had not the loud The first throw must be the last, for if ano. shout that went up from the spectators one failed the other would succeed. would sufficiently have warned him, for there was not a man there who mark the victor in that strange duel.

Strategy alone could "I'm in just the mood for some music. Couldn't you sing something for a

the death was to be fought in their his right hand poised in the air, so that out to him. With increasing power is presence, and, although everybody the lasso in settling over him caught swelled into the pathetic air of Ashcy of the other, that was regarded as his own fault, one that he should not They remained stock still, straining got where he was, forgot everything have committed while an enemy was upon the ropes and holding them taut. near at hand, one with which they The tableau lasted only an instant, now they were to witness the final act. straightened out and stiffened with Lisle left the piano and went out to The "code of the plains" permitted the deadly aim, there was a loud report, man attacked in such a manner to and Jim Cummings pitched headlong make use of any weapon at his com- from his saddle to the earth. His horse, mand, and the unerring marksmanship | frightened, started away. Lisle would of the youth was familiar to every man have been dragged down and killed there. Every one expected to see him even then had not his right arm been pull his revolver and curtail hostilities | free. He dropped the pistol and seized the reins, digging the spurs into Thomp At the instant when Lisle discovered son's horse, chasing the other, and rid-

wekets. When he drew it forth it contained a clasp knife. He opened the blade with his teeth and cut the rope. While the cowboys were cheering and throwing their sombreros into the air, firing their pistols and otherwise

"Kid," he said, and his voice was husky with emotion, "I'm proud of you! Hang me if I ain't! Just make

cantered to the center of the ground and raised his right arm to enjoin sition on the face of the horseman while lence. When it was achieved, he rose in his stirrups and turned his head slowly from side to side until he took The lad could not escape. The loop of in all who were there. Then he spoke

"If there is any other person here who thinks that I was cut out for a woman and spoiled in the making now is the time to speak," he said. after waiting sufficient time he raised

"We will take the trail in an hour,

CHAPTER V.



that others had known of him, but it was true, and when at the close of the second day they arrived at the ranch Lisle remembered with surprise that he had never known his father to be so companionable with a stranger before, but in this case he had appeared to find much that was congenial in their tastes. It is possible that his own intense love for Lisle permitted him more readily to appreciate the good qualities of another who also loved him. It may be that he intuitively foresaw the time when Lisle would need a friend and that he discovered in Thompson the man whom

he would select for that position. Thompson's ranch adjoined Maxwell's, although 30 miles separated the buildings which the respective owners called home. In that land of magnifi cent distances such an interval of space was trivial, but Richard Maxwell had always isolated himself from his neighbors in a way that utterly repulsed friendly advances, so that he was known more as a ranch owner than as a man, but now he volunteered every outward demonstration that he desired to create more friendly relations with his nearest neighbor.

During the journey to the ranch Lisle's father permitted it to be understood that he preferred that no reference should be made to the lasso duel. He seemed to have blotted it out of his memory as utterly as though it had not occurred.

At home the old life was taken up where it had been left off, and with the exception of the presence of a guestand within the memory of Lisle an inas it had always been. Studies were class men are wanted. resumed at the point where they had been abandoned, occupations recom There was blood upon his face, but he menced where they had broken off, and routine, for the master of Crescent and Cross never permitted anything to in-

A howl of derision went up from the terfere with the rules of his daily life. But the week of Thompson's stay came to an end, and Lisle was surprised when he remembered that during the entire time he had rarely been "Somebody's horse!" he shouted as he ran. "Lend me a horse and a alone with their guest—never, in fact, except at such times as they passed upon the broad veranda, where the ounted and thrust the bridle into his old frontiersman loved to sit and smoke his stories and anecdotes with whole some advice that was always given in his inimitably blunt and forcible manner. Lisle was often astonished by the deep learning of the strange man, whose customary disregard of correct ground with his antagonist now, and English was at once a mixture of assumption and carelessness. The youth's intuition revealed to him that behind had awakened within him, and he and beneath the rough exterior of his dashed into the arena, eager for the new friend there existed a fund of tenombat. Not half a minute had passed derness and sympathy most profound. since the cutting of the lasso, and yet He was like a lump of rich quartz-Cummings had found time to tie an- the intrinsic value was all there in-

On the other hand Craig also me with surprises which puzzled him greatly, although he made no comment unless to Lisle in person. One nists approached each other, guiding of them came during an evening when

"That's right, boy," he called out,

There was no reply in words, but the except a memory that the song con jured up. His head sank lower and his tightly clasped hands, and when him, but Craig Thompson was not

aware of his approach until he felt a touch upon his shoulder. Then he started up with a cry as one the has been rudely awakened from a

"Come here, boy," he said in a tone at shook with emotion. "I want to look at you. Who taught you that

ong? Who gave you that voice? What range mixture are you?" "Craig," said Lisle in surprise, not heeding the questions, "what is the matter? Are those tears in your eyes—

ars because I sang to you?" "Yes, they're tears. Do you think that I am ashamed of them? Men shed ears only when they are necessary to keep the heart from bursting. Mine burst long ago, but somehow I got it together again, and maybe the cemen I used wears a little with time. Any how, that song of yours opened a seam or two in the old wound. That song brings back memories, and memor are p'izin things to have around if they ain't just the sort that a feller wants Who taught you that song?"

"Nobody. I learned it myself. It came with some music that father ordered years ago. He does not like it. I never sing it to him. I have not sung it before in a long time. I do not know why I thought of it tonight."

"I do. It was just my heart speaking to yours, Lisle. Will you be offended, boy, if I tell you that you have got a voice like a woman's-just like the voice of a woman whom I used to know, the sweetest and best woman who ever lived? She was my sister, Lisle, and she used to sing that song N to me. I liked it because her name was Alice, like the song. It's a good many years since I saw her, Lisle, and I don't know whether she is alive or dead. Dou't you see, kid, why my callous old heart filled up with tears so that it would have burst if I hadn't shed a few?"

"I am sorry, Craig, very sorry, that I selected that song." "Don't you be sorry; be glad. It saved me from one of my fits, for one of 'em has been coming on ever since

I have been here." "Shall I sing something else for you?" "No; don't sing; don't play. I don't Sunbury.... Lewisburg... vant to get the taste of that one out of my mouth. Sit here and talk with me. We won't have another evening together for a long time-maybe nev-

"Why do you say that?" "I'm going to light out in the mornthink I am older than your father, don't Pittsburg

"I should say that you are, by several years." "Well, I reckon I am in some ways. -to his say. I look about 58, but I'm only 43. Do you know what I am getting at?"

(To be continued.)

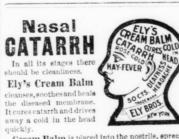
Dizzy?

Then your liver isn't acting well. You suffer from biliousness, constipation. Ayer's Pills act directly on the liver. Lewistown Je. Sunbury ar For 60 years they have been the Standard Family Pill. Small doses cure. All druggists.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the 50 CTS, OF DRUGGISTS, OR R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

Don't Be a Second Class Man. You can hardly imagine a boy sayng: "I am going to be a second class man. I don't want to be first class and get the good jobs, the high pay. Second class jobs are good enough for me." Such a boy would be regarded | Williamsport .. as lacking in good sense if not in sanity. You can get to be a second class man, however, by not trying to be a first class one. Thousands do that all

Second class things are only wanted when first class can't be had. You wear first class clothes if you can pay for them, eat first class butter, first class meat and first class bread, or, if ou don't, you wish you could. Second class men are no more wanted than any other second class commodity. They are taken and used when the better article is scarce or is too high shortening his left arm and reaching shortening his left arm and reaching vited guest had never before been a priced for the occasion. For work ed its hold upon the knife. The keen part of the household—it was the same that really amounts to anything first



Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spreads ver the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is immediate and a cure follows. It is not drying—does not produce sneezing. Large Size, 50 cents at Drugor by mail: Trial Size, 10 cents by mail ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

J. J. BROWN. THE EYE A SPECIALTY

Eves tested, treated, fitted with glass es and artificial eyes supplied.

Market Street, Bloomsburg, Pa. Hours-10 a. m. to 5 p. m. Telephone 1436

MORE LIVES ARE SAVED | T.ACKAWANNA RAILROAD.

Consumption, Coughs and Colds

Sore Throat, Croup and Whooping Cough. MOCURE. MOPAY. Price 50c. & \$1. Trial Bottle Free.

Needed in Every Home THE NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION OF WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

A Dictionary of ENGLISH, lography, Geography, Fiction, e New Plates Throughout 25,000 New Words of W. T. HARRIS, Ph.D., LL.D.

Rich Bindings 2364 Quarto Pages 5000 Illustrations The International was first issue 1890, succeeding the "Unabridge

he New and Enlarged Edition of the New and Enlarged Edition of the ternational was issued in Octob 200. Get the latest and best. Webster's Collegiate Dictionary G.&C. MERRIAM CO.

Publisher

Springfield, Mass.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD, TIME TABLE

In Effect May, 25, 1902. A. M. P. M. P. M 11 26 3 42 7 00 A. M. F.M.

Harrisburg ... | A.M. | P.M. | P.M. | P.M. | P.M. | A.M. | Pittsburg..... lv 7 10 7 10 7 00 3 60 8 0 Pittsburg..... lv

Washington | P. M. 2 M A M A M Washington | V 1 40 | 75 | 19 55 Baltimore | 11 100 4 40 8 40 11 40 Philadelphia. | 11 20 4 25 8 30 11 40 Harrisburg ... lv | 3 35 | 7 55 211 40 2 5 20 Sunbury ... ar | 5 00 | 9 36 | 1 08 2 5 05

P. M. A M A M P M A.M. AMP the time, so that second class men are a drug on the market, remarks Suc-

For further information apply to Ticket Agents J. B. HUTCHINSON, J. R. WOOD.

EXECUTRIX'S NOTICE Estate of George W. Myerly, late of

of Montour and state of Pennsylvan ia, deceased. Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to the said estate are required to make payment, and those having claims or

demands against the said estate, will

make known the same without delay

Gen'! Manager. Gen'l Pass'n'r Ag

borough of Danville, in the county

MRS. HARRIET S. MYERLY, Executrix of George W. Myerly, Deceased. Danville Pa., December 10th, 1902. 344 Ferry Street

-BLOOMSBURG DIVISION

Shoes Shoes

Stylish!

Bicycle, Cymnasium and Tennis Shoes.

AND THE

Snag Proof Rubber Boots

A. SCHATZ.

A Reliable

For all kind of Tin Roofing

Job Work.

NO. 116 E. FRONT ST.

PEGG

-AT-

C. E. CLARKE, Gen. Superintendent. T. W. LEE, Gen. Pass. Agen

Cheap! Reliable

THE CELEBRATED

Carlisle Shoes

A SPECIALTY

Spouting and Ceneral

Stoyes, Heaters, Ranges, Furnaces, etc.

PRICES THE LOWEST! QUALITY THE BEST!

JOHN HIXSON

The Coal Dealer

SELLS

COAL

-AND

TIN SHOP