

Beaumont Kennedy Copyright, 1905, by Sara Beaumont Kennedy 

"You must not go in there. It is no but I love you with all my heart. You place for you." There was more than know what I have to offer you, dear, protest in his voice. There was posi- but will you come with me as my tive command, which, perhaps, was the wife?" reason why she walked directly under It was as if a bomb had exploded at the auctioneer's red flag into the express office, already thronged with the. curious buyers.

"I never was at anything more citing than a dry goods bargain sake This will be positively like Monte. Carlo."

"Our uncle will disapprove"-

of most things I do since you took up the role of social mentor for the family. That year abroad spoiled you, Adolphus. You have never been endurable since you took to patent uppers and a monocle. Now, Nick would Nick's eyes were on Nellie and into have brought me in here without a them there flashed a radiant joy as at word of remonstrance and lent me a sign from her he approached the every penny out of his pocket if I table. needed it to bid with-lent me even his tents as my fortune, sir?" car fare and walked home uncomplainingly and carried my parcels."

"If he had not happened to see an old woman or a lame cat to help over the crossing, in which case, very likely, he would have laid the parcels down and quite forgotten to pick them up." "Perhaps, for Nick is a bit absentminded, but he is perfectly adorable when it comes to giving a girl her own

"My brother is happy in winning your good opinion. It is my misfor- tage,' tune"-

what curious people!" "They are the drift from the street.

None of our set ever"-

"There, the auctioneer is beginning the old horse sale. again. It will be perfectly delightful to buy something and not have the least idea what it is-so weird and

mysterious!" "Nellie, surely you are not going to

bid out loud in this crowd!" "I certainly am. There is no harm in it, and I am sick to death of the right angle rules by which you and uncle measure my life. Wonder what that woman found in her parcels? There

goes up a bandbox. I shall bid on "Nellie, don't!" he first commanded, then entreated vehemently, but she was as a deaf adder that stoppeth her

ears. "Fifty cents," she called, in answer to the auctioneer's challenge, at the same time stepping upon an empty box by the wall, so that she was in plain trembling steps of the infant as he tot-tered to his mother's knee! A year or view of the whole crowd.

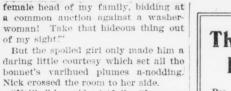
"Seventy-five cents!" screamed a feminine voice across the hall. "One dollar," flashed back Nellie, her

color rising, her eyes shining, for her fully endeavoring to trace them with cousin's voice came up to her in agitated whispers.

"One fifty," came from her opponent. "Two dollars," cried Nellie, pushing Adolphus' hand from her sleeve.

"Three dollars," shrieked the other gradually yields to its easy and smooth woman, nervously counting the change performance. in her purse. No one else was bidding, the entire crowd having centered its attention on the nervous woman and the "swell" girl, and there were cheers and counter cheers as the blds rose dollar by dollar until at last the coveted box was knocked down to Nel-

She was still laughing and flushed with her triumph when they emerged from the door over which flew the red most of the winning material in ourflag, but Adolphus feit miserable and selves is because of a magnified idea and this feeling was not abated when he saw the astonishment in the eyes of Miss Curtis, whose landau happened at that moment to pass, for Miss Curtis was the personifica-tion of rigid conventionality. He countin an unlucky day. began "Nellie, we must talk seriously. The



"Nellie," he said wistfully, "I am go-ing away for good; my uncle and I have agreed it is best. He has forbidden me to speak to you of marriage (and that is the cause of our quarrel),

the old man's feet. The words of in-terruption he would have uttered were only splutterings of anger. By the table the girl paused, trembling and going from white to red. Then her

uncle found his voice. "Out of my sight, sir! Your disobe-

dience shall cost you dearly. I dis-own you-I cut you off without a "Of course he will. He disapproves penny for your impudence! Your in-f most things I do since you took up heritance shall be"—he glanced about for the most worthless thing in sight, and his eye lit on the empty box on the table-"that trash, sir! Take your inheritance and go!" He was pointing to the door, but

> "You give me this box and its con-"Yes."

"Then I am content, for you have given me that which I most desire in

The old man looked sharply at the two smiling faces. "What mummery is this?" he demanded. Then he, too, approached the table and peered into the box where Nick's eyes were fastened.

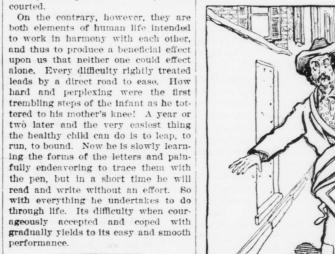
justing his glasses. "If you please, sir, it is Nick's herianswered Nellie shyly.

"No, it's your fault; you are so was a hole through which the rogue frightfully conventional. Dear me, of a girl had thrust her dimpled hand. And that was how Nellie obtained her uncle's consent and how Nick won

### Difficulty and Ease.

courted.

There is not that conflicting antagonism between difficulty and ease that is commonly imagined. Many per-sons count the former as the bane of existence, to be avoided as far as possible, and the latter an agreeable friend, whose presence is always to be



# SUCCESS THOUGHTS.

The best in others will only come out to meet the best in you. The man with an idea has ever

One reason why we do not make the SUDDENLY AT HIS FEET WAS A YELLOW the boy which had been lost at the of the great superiority of others who one final stand, do things in the world. No matter what you are doing, think Mr. Noble's Promise Given. In the early stages of his ministry the Rev. Mr. Noble preached for some time in a village in Maine. One day a committee called upon him to settle with him for his services, and, after stammering awhile, signified to him grily. that his further services were not de-



It was a narrow alley, running be tween the back yards. It was intended for the convenience of the butcher's and seized the exuberant musician oy and the grocer's boy and the ash

man. Distinctively it was not intended for men of Pasquale Venetti's stamp. Indeed, a sign at either end announce this in no uncertain terms.

"Beggars, Peddlers and Street Musilans Keep Out," it read.

But to Pasquale Venetti warning signs in English had no terrors from the simple fact that written English was beyond his ken. Therefore as he eame trundling the ancient hurdy gurdy up the street he looked into the alley. saw its possibilities-the ease with which coins could be tossed from the back windows-and, forsaking the asphalt pavements, where, to use his own expression, he could "no getta de biz," he turned into the alley and, unlimbering his musical battery, sent up the quavering strains of "Lindy, Lindy, Yo' Is Ma Ladylove." It is a hard, cold world. Pasquale

ground away patiently, and whenever a face appeared at any of the win-

all the whole world."

choice assortment of selections, ranging from the classic to ragtime, no coins wrapped in white paper came "What is that?" he cried, ad-

For in the side of the pasteboard box

raised an upper window and, with a

his heart's desire as the aftermath of

He whistled, he danced, he sang. He smiled his best and bowed his lowest. He tried the intermezzo and "Ma Filipino Man" with an equal lack of success. He had his labor for his pains. He moved to the far end of the alley



"And the sooner it's over the better,

The man started up. Whatever re-

ow," said the girl, choking.

"Very well," he said curtly.

lifference," she said wearly.

also. She took a step forward.

"Robert," she said with wide, fright-

"I might say"- he began slowly.

put it in his pocket.

changed the face of the world.

however, before the back of an imposing house. With a As a rule no, good comes from criti- sinking heart he sent up the jerky bars all looking for! Did you not see me cising others. Anybody can do that, of a march from a popular light opera. but the man who can accept his own The house, like all the others, was unhonest estimate of himself and resolve responsive. Then he shifted to raged the meeting as one more misfortune to profit by it has achieved something. time. He decided to play through his repertory anyway. If it failed, he In an unlucky day. Neille's excitement waned as they walked, and by the time they entered her uncle's gate she was strangely si-lent. Adolphus evidently took this for lent. Adolphus evidently took the for -Success. Now, it happened that in the big, dim back parlor of the imposing noise sat back parlor of the imposing noise sat would go back to the asphalt pave- quired the little matter kept quiet," retwo young people, and a single glance showed that they were not happy. The man sat very stiff and straight in his chair and bit his lips. The girl was seated on a low divan. Her face was flushed and her eyes glowed an-"It is far too much to forgive this

stifled.



burst of gratitude he began the repertory all over again, and such was his Copyright, 1905, by Robert Jermain Col elation that he essayed to heighten the effect by singing in a high, squeaky

The orgy was soon over, however, hey march together like that always." or a patrolman came down the alley girl waved her hand lightly toward ile of militia that paraded down The thought of the yellow coin in his avenue. Her companion did not pocket enabled Pasquale to bear this er immediately rdeal with equanimity. "You must reduce your complaint to "Alla right, alla right!" he protested ecific charges, Miss Breen," said the nildly as he was hustled past the

me amusements"

warning signs and dumped unceremoniously on the asphalt pavement.

#### The Ruling Passion

The ruling passion is often very strong in death. A senator from Tennessee discovered this some years ago. Among his constituents was a certain man who came to him regularly twice a year for the purpose of obtaining a pass to Baltimore. The man and his family had served the senator when he was first making his way up the ladder of politics, and as a result of this he always obliged him, and had, morever, a soft place in his heart for the man. He obtained for him a position in one of the departments at Washing-

ton; but this did not seem to be enough, for regularly at the end of dows he smiled expansively, removed each six months he applied for his his battered hat and bowed profoundly ticket to Baltimore. One day he sickand even essayed a joyful shuffling of ened and was reported to be dying. his feet while he turned the crank. The senator, very much grieved, im-But, despite all these blandishments, to mediately called upon him. say nothing of the appeal made by a

"Joe," he said, leaning over and speaking very softly, "is there anything I can do for you?"

The sick man looked up with a flash jingling to his feet. To be sure, one fat cook came out to the back gate and after he had played half through the in a whisper: "Yes, senator; please get me a pass hurdy gurdy's assortment gave him a

## penny, and an old gentleman had to Baltimore."-Harper's Weekly. Shipshape on Land.

thundered "Get out of this!" had flung One of the quaintest charitable insti-tutions in the world is the Royal Alfred him a dime. But 11 cents from such a promising alley! Pasquale resented his ill treatment and moved farther up the Home For Aged Seamen, which houses

> of London. It is supported entirely by voluntary contribution. The main idea has been to make the place as homelike as possible, and to this end an effort has been made to preserve in large measure the environment to which the inmates are accustomed.

cabins, as on shipboard, and in place of the familiar iron cots these veterans of the sea turn in at night in bunks and stow their clothes and other belongings precisely as they would on board ship. Day and night the hours and half hours are struck on a ship's bell in the main hall, and even in the mess room the atmosphere of the sea is retained as an ald to appetite. The house governor is himself an old sea captain of forty years' experience in commanding men, and his rule is entirely along nautical

### A Discreet Servant.

A certain duke was dining in full kilt dress at a highland anniversary dinner, his piper standing behind his chair. At dessert a very handsome and valuable snuffbox belonging to one of the guests was handed round. When the time came to return it to its owner the snuffbox could not be discovered

anywhere. A search was made, but with no result, the duke being especialminute, she answered:

donned the kilt-which he had not worn in the interval-for the annual dinner. As he was dressing he happened to put his hand in his sporran and there, to his astonishment, found last year's dinner. He turned to his

merely said 1 nad no theories," of erved Roscommon "Very well, here is a fact for you I know a man that told a girl of hi ambition to be a painter. Then h asked her to marry him. Now, thi girl didn't care a hairpin for art, and the only idea she had about it was that artists were always poor an shabby. She was just ready to fall in love with him, and if she had

Wen are such monotonous creatures. (Men are such monotonous creatures, for a living. If he only had sense (nough to tell her how prettily her hair hone in the lamplight he wouldn't be sour old bachelor now, and she"— "It looks just as well in the day

Mark Twain's Definition.

It is told of Mark Twain that during

a conversation with a young lady of

his acquaintance he had occasion to

"What is a dry dock, Mr. Clemens?"

"A thirsty physician," replied the hu-

Important Point For Johnny.

hides with, pa?. Father-Yes, my son.

But if you ask any more questions

this evening you'll find that a slipper

In the End.

overtakes us all.- Philadelphia Bull

Nearly as Good.

He is called the undertaker, but he

Johnny-Don't they use bark to tan

mention the word dry dock.

morist.-Boston Herald.

ght," remarked Roscommon, addressing the mirror behind Madge. "I hope the subject doesn't bore you

ung lawyer at length. "What, for Miss Breen," he went on, "but you tole, renders man so tiresome to have made an impossible condition You say a man should know the girl "I'm sure I don't know what makes That is well if he can. But now sup m so. I only know that he is," re- pose the one thing he knows about her turned the girl. "He—I mean they—all wear forever the same kind of clothes, valk with the same stride, stick to the attracts him." "Then let him surprise her into some

"Are true to the same friends," fin- revelation of herself." ned her listener for her, "and, worst They were silent for a long time aft-II, persist in expressing admiration er this. The short winter day was al-

for the same girl in the same words. You must find it monotonous." most gone. They could yet see each other through the twilight. "Miss Breen, did you ever hear that orotested his companion, with a blush. "I am discussing fact, and that is always personal," replied the man. "It suddenness. His tone was harsh and is true, isn't it?" Roscommon had a had a ring of self satisfaction in it.

qulet habit of persistence. He did not Madge Breen turned impulsively and talk much, but what he did say was then looked away, but not before he apt to start his companion into a fran- was aware of the hurt, disappointed tic garrulity of self defense. expression in her wide open eyes. "What do you mean?" asked the girl. "No, and I hate you for telling me

"You certainly would not accuse me of bragging about the number of my admirers. I was only speaking in a general way." Roscommon was silent, and the girl afternoon Roscommon's voice grew went on:

"I refuse to testify against myself, ion and said: but you must give me create for the money—that you had no heart. I KHEW Bloomsburg ing a few other women. Besides, I money—that you had no heart. I KHEW Bloomsburg have read the novels written by crea-they lied, but I wanted you to prove it to me. You have shown me the girl I Willow Grine Ridge Willow Briarcreek but you must give me credit for know- "They told me you cared only for have read the novels written by creative to me. You have shown me the girl a willow Grove say a good word for the ingenuity of man, yet their heroes all make love in not rich. Madge, and if I were I should have been way."

with a rather gay set, but a few months after she came out her father had lost most of his money. For the last three years that he lived he insisted on her accepting many invitations, although they were able to do little entertaining. Her liveliness of speech and manner, a trifle defiant, masked a hurt pride. She with a capacity for being loved. Do you

too easily to su't her high spirit. They "And you haven't once said, 'I love too easily to suit her high spirit. They gave her flattery in plenty, which comforted her as little as gold offered to a starving woman. She was all heart slight variation from the usual f and had almost no vanity. When her Do you suspect I shall do it all?" father died she was hungry for some one to lavish her affections upon. Yet out, no matter when no one had divined this. The impressibility plied Roscommon. sion had gone about that she would marry anybody for money. She hated poverty, but she hated a lie still worse. When they entered the house she took off her hat and stood a moment beside love me never let me find it out.'

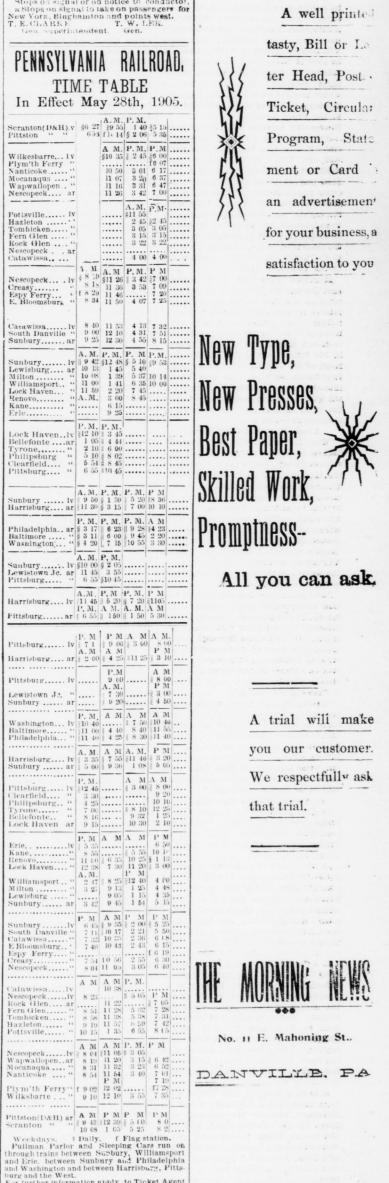
a table. "You may sit down," she said con descendingly to Roscommon. "I shall stand up awhile. You haven't made

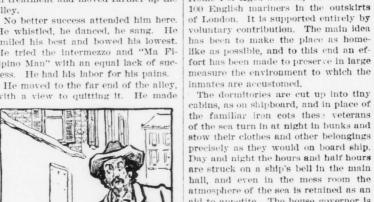
me tired yet." "If you were one of these unvarying men how would you propose to a girl?" asked the young man gravely. Miss Breen promptly sat down. After she she asked. had rested and meditated for half a

"It would depend on the girl. That's On the next anniversary he again the very point. Instead of having a formula, such as you men hand down from father to son, I should study the nature of the woman and find words to appeal to her and to her alone. If she loved flowers, I'd spend my last does just as well. dime on a rose. They say a battle was lost once for want of a horseshoe.

More women's hearts are lost for want







time has come"-"No, it hasn't come." she said, interrupting him good naturedly, "so stop right there. I don't know whether this is a lecture or a proposal of marriage-your private talks with me vi-brate between these two subjectsbut I am in no mood for either. For

heaven's sake, Adolphus, throw that glass away. I hate to be spied at like that!"

With a reproachful sigh he removed the offending glass and said: "Nick not only lectured you yesterday; he positively scolded you, and"-

"And I deserved it, but I answered him back spitefully, like the little beast I am, and he-he hasn't even noticed me since." She turned her head so that he did not see the quiver of her red lips, the passionate protest of her

eyes. All their set knew that her dictatorial old uncle intended she should marry Adolphus, who satisfied his social ambitions, while Nick, who cared nothing for society, smoked a pipe and forgot to have his trousers creased. was a thorn in the old man's side. Between these two were constant disagreements, which Nellie had hitherto of them were contributed by men. managed to make up, but yesterday there had been a quarrel of unusual violence, and there was even some talk of Nick's leaving the house. It was of this she had been thinking as she followed her purchase home.

"Adolphus," she said as they mount-ed the steps, "can't you do somethinganything-to patch up this new quarrel between Nick and uncle? It isn't Nick's fault that he is-that he was -was born different from you and uncle.'

"I quite agree with my uncle about this slumming business. A man in Nick's position owes something to-to appearances."

into the house.

In the library, to stem the tide of Adolphus' wooing, she hastily opened her box and lifted out the contents, a quaint and curious bonnet of a decade ago, a bonnet with a scooped brim piled high with flowers and nodding plumes. As she put it on her head, shricking with laughter, her uncle and Nick entered the room, both of them showing in their manner strong excitement. The girl paused in her pirouet-ting and paled at the sight of the stern faces. Her uncle saw her strange headgear and angrily demanded its origin. Adolphus explained very carefully, not forgetting his own expostulations against the caprice. The old man turned wrathfully upon the girl.

"You and Nick are of a piece in your attempts to humiliate and make a satack of me. My niece, the have got."-Boston Herald.

time," she was saying. "I have forgiven and forgiven-eternally forgiven "What does this mean, gentlemen?" -and now I am tired." asked the parson. "Why," replied the spokesman, with The man replied coldly. some hesitation, "the people have got "Perhaps you are right," he said in strained voice.

the impression that you are inclining to universal salvation." "Gentlemen," answered Mr. Noble, "I never have preached that doctrine, but if I ever should I promise to make the people of this town an exception." monstrance he was about to make he

-Boston Herald.

Women and Pins. It seemed as if it would take a whole paper of pins to mend that torn dress.

sired.

The wearer appealed to her car neighbor. "Have you any pins?" she asked. The woman had none, but passed the query on, and in a little while every

assiduously. At the sight of the man in the window he smirked and bowed passenger was feeling along concealed edges and turning back lapels. At last sixteen pins were produced. Fourteen bitterly. "We never need them as much as the women, but somehow we carry

them and they don't," said one of the latter .- New York Post. CHANGING THE SUBJECT.

What Lincoln Said When Harvey

Ended a Two Hours' Talk. The late Hon, Charles W. Slack told the following of the Hon. Peter Harvey, the friend and biographer of Daniel Webster:

Mr. Harvey was a large man with a small voice and that pomposity of man-ner that many very diffident men pos-sess. Above everything he valued and,

"Stuff!" she scoffed and ran by him prided himself upon his friendship with the "great expounder." The first year of the War of the Rebellion he went to Washington, and on

his return was asked how he liked President Lincoln. "Well," he said, "Mr. Lincoln is a very singular man. I went on to see

him, and told him that I had been an intimate personal friend of Daniel Webster: that I had talked with him so much on the affairs of the country that I felt perfectly confident I could tell him exactly what Mr. Webster would advise in the present crisis, and thereupon I talked to Lincoln for two solid hours, telling him just what he should do and what he should not do,

and, will you believe it, sir, when I got through all Mr. Lincoln said was, as he clapped his hand on my leg, 'Mr. Har-vey, what a tremendous great calf you

"Why, this is the snuffbox we were put it away in my sporran?" "Yes, your grace."

ly anxious about it.

piper and said:

"Then why did you not tell me?" de manded the duke "Because I thought your grace re

sponded the piper, with a knowing wink.

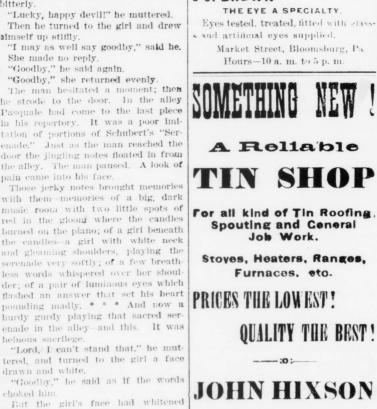
Forming Characters.

No human being can come into this world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happines not only of the present but every sub-sequent age of humanity. No one can letach himself from this connection There is no sequestered spot in the universe, no dark niche along the disk of nonexistence to which he can retreat from his relations to others, where he can withdraw the influence of his ex Istence upon the moral destiny of the world. Everywhere his presence or absence will be felt. Everywhere he will have companions who will be better or worse for his influence. It is an old saying and one of fearful and fathom less import that we are forming char-acters for eternity. Forming characters! Whose? Our own or others? Both and in that momentous fact lie the peril and responsibility of our exi The girl pulled a ring from her finger and laid it on the table beside the nce. Who is sufficient for the thought?

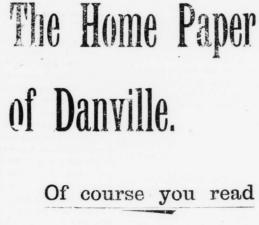
Thousands of my fellow beings will yearly enter eternity with characters man. He took it without a word and differing from those they would hav carried thither had I never lived. The "All you could say would make no sunlight of that world will reveal my finger marks in their primacy forma The man rose and strode to the wintions and In their successive strata of Pasquale was grinding away thought and life .- Elihu Burritt.

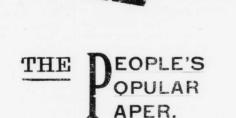
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## and shuffled his feet. The man smiled J J. BROWN



of a chocolate drop than are dreamed tin. of in your philosophy." "I have no philosophy that will fit the race of women," corrected the law-"Did you succeed in breaking your randfather's will?" ver. "I'm glad to hear you admit your ig-"No, but we managed to bend it so norance!" laughed Miss Breen. that a few more thousand dollars "I did not say I was ignorant, i oozed out of the family tree," 1





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