## THE WEEK of PROBATION.

By MARTHA C. SANFORD.

Copyrighted, 1998, by the Associated Literary Press. Dor/thy's love affairs had come to a crisis. Three proposals in as many weeks put literally a stop to her co-quetry. A decision had to be made.

So she composed a form letter, brief and noncommittal, and mailed a copy to each of the three anxious aspirants.

to each of the three surface as follows:

If read as follows:

My Dear Mr. —: Please do not come to see me again for a week or until I give you permission. I am thinking things your, Very cordially yours, DOROTHY BRETT.

Not that Dorothy seriously meant to do any tall amount of thinking. The week of probation would save her all that trouble. The test would be simple ugh. Of the one whose absence uld make her heart grow fonder of that one Dorothy would feel sure She wondered dreamily why all girls did not resort to a solution so com-mendably automatic. It was so silly to allow oneself to be consumed for a prolonged period with nerve racking doubts and feverish fantasies. All one had to do was to assume a passive frame of mind—and wait.

When Reginald Warren received

Dorothy's laconic instructions he laugh

ed long and confidently.

"So Dorothy actually believes it's necessary to think it over," he commented. "Bless her heart, she shall be allowed that privilege if she wants it. As if there could be the least doubt!" Right here Reginald broke off his solloquy and whistled, for in sorting

over his mall he had come upon an-other envelope in Dorothy's handwrit-ing. It bore the name of Mr. Robert Butler, but was addressed by accident to Reginald's street and number.

Reginald balanced the letter tentatively in his hand. "How many more, I wonder?" he asked himself. "Shall I forward it to Butler or return it to Dorothy?" In a misguided moment he decided upon the latter alternative.

Dorothy was furious when the came back to her. She recognized Reginald's handwriting and immediately consigned him to the oblivion he de-



SHE WAITED IMPATIENTLY FOR CENTRAL TO GET THE NUMBER.

How did he dare treat her the pen humorously, for that was what he had done, of course! She could tell it from the rollicking style of the penmanship. Had he been a gentleman he would have forwarded it to Robert and spared her the humiliation of knowing what a telltale blunder

his rival's hasty faux pas-temporarily, his rival's hasty faux pas—temporarily, that is—for, receiving no warning to the contrary, he continued to call upon Dorothy and found her so engagingly gracious that his emotions soared once more to the point of a proposal. Simultaneously Dorothy's hospitality fell to the freezing point, and the following morning she mailed Robert his delayed ultimature.

The week of probation went by with

she argued, with proverbially feminine been discussing apartment house life logic. "It's positive proof that he's inlogic. "It's positive proof that he's indifferent. Well, he'll find out that I can be indifferent too. I'll write to—I'll write to Reginald Warren this very bave you in your dat?"

She took up her pen with an air of determination. One beginning after another was dashed boidly off, read over with misgivings and finally counted 'em."

"Blessed if I know," said Jim, "My wife can tell you. I can't. Never counted 'em."

"Well, isn't he a birate"

spasmodic outbursts.

"Oh, I was just writing to you, Mr. Warren!" was Dorothy's more or less

had written to tell you?" she asked de-

ensively. Reginald laughed easily.

"Because I knew what you would write, dearest, and the week of my en-forced absence is up tonight, you

The amazing assurance of this lover struck Dorothy dumb for the moment It was as though the man's real charcter had revealed itself in a flash. He had taken her answer for granted. Dorothy's vacillating little heart grew hot with rebellion and prompted her to take recourse in very daring strategy.
"I was writing to tell you that I am

engaged to some one else," she announced bravely.

Reginald stared at her. Slowly the situation dawned upon him.
"So Mr. Butler is the lucky man, then?" he answered sneeringly. "I did not realize that he was a rival until I got his letter by mistake. Doubtiess that was your acceptance of him, Miss.

certainly take pleasure in congrat ing him at my first opportunity. Good

ght."
"No, no; wait!" called Dorothy as soon as she could recover from the shock of this man's anger. But it was too late.

"Heavens!" she gasped. "Suppose he announces my engagement Butler!" She rushed to the telephone and wait-

ed impatiently for central to get the

number.
"Is this Mr. Butler? This is Dorothy
"Is this Mr. Butler? The is Dorothy
"Is the Mr. Butler? This is Dorothy Brett. Brett. What? You recognized my voice the very first word? You were expecting me to call up?" (Dorothy made a very little face.) "Well, I just wanted to tell you that I am engaged to Ned Hamilton. What? You say he to Ned Hamilton. What? You say he denied it this very afternoon? Well, you see, I wanted to tell you about it myself! Why, thank you. Mr. Butler. I'm sure we shall be. Come to see me. Good night."

Again Dorothy waited with the re eiver close to her little pink ear, this time with almost dancing anticipation. "Oh, Ned, is this really you? Where have you been all this week? It seems a month. It's my own fault. Well, Ned, could you possibly come over this evening? You can't? Got to take whom to the theater? Oh, your sister! Goodness! I thought you said Leices-ter somebody. Well, do find some one else to take her. You see, I just telephoned Mr. Butler that you and I are engaged and— That's what I said— engaged! I had to. Um-hum. Now

Ned put on his "seven league boots"

and hurried.
"Dorothy," he gasped when he reached her, breathless, but happy, "do you really mean that I'm the lucky

at his boyish incredulity.

"Why, I don't know, dearest, I gues why, I don't know, dearest. I guess I was a bit shaky about Butler and that Warren fellow. Warren's been boasting, in fact, that you'd soon an-

boasting, in fact, that you'd soon announce your engagement to him."
"The little beast!" exclaimed Dorothy, flushing. But her anger died down as suddenly as it came.
"Oh, Ned, I'm so happy!" she whispered, for by this time Ned had her in his arms and was making up for lost time. "It was awfully risky of you "It was awfully risky of you leaving me alone for a whole week,' she chided. "I came very near accept ing Reginald Warren not more than ar nour ago."

Ned loosened his hold of her slightly,

"Out of spite," Dorothy added roguishly, "'cause you didn't care enough to come for your answer."

But you asked me not to come till you gave me permission," he reminded

"Didn't you see the special postscript on the inside of the envelope-on the

flap?"
Ned drew the envelope from his pocket. It had been cut open at the top. He folded back the flap.
"If you get very anxlous," he read, "you needn't wait."
"Dorothy," he exclaimed, kissing her rapturously, "if I had only known!"
"Men have no curiosity," she sighed happily, "and no imagination. They lose a lot of fun."

An Extraordinary Dinner.
Sir Frank Lascelles had some exciting experiences in the course of his diplomatic career. He was with Sir Edward Wales to Park last 200 Edward Malet in Paris in 1870 during the siege and the commune and told the story of an extraordinary dinner which they had at the embassy shortly after a cannon ball had driven in the front wall and reduced the kitche ruins. A general retreat was made to the cellar. And here the two Englishmen solemnly arrayed themselves in dress clothes and sat down to dine in as much "state" as possible, amid a hopeless jumble of treasured bric-abrac, valuables, clocks, china, etc., not a scrap of the usual ceremony and etiquette was waived despite the in-congruous surroundings. "It looked like the haunt of brigands," Sir Edward wrote to a friend, "who had just ransacked a stately castle and brought the booty hither, while in the center in vivid contrast of neatness with disor-der was the table laid out for dinner, with its white tablecloth and silver candlesticks and, to crown incongrui-ties, Frank Lascelles and myself in evening dress and white ties, waited on by the stately butler and embassy servants."-London Tit-Bits.

### A Human Oddity

ver with misglyings and finally dis-arded.

Reginald himself interrupted these

man opposite. "Wonder if he knows how many ingers and toes he has?"—

New York Gobe.

A Golf Outrage. The Earl of Wemyss was on a Fife "Dorothy—my own!" Reginald exuled by an o'd cad de. His lordshift claimed jubilantly.

She saw the gleam of happiness that lighted his eyes and quickly drew her hand away from his ardent clasp.

"How did you dare to come before I had written to tell you?" she siked detailed by an o'd cad tie. His lordship got his ball on one occusion so near the hole that to play it was, as it appeared to him, superfluous. So he simply tipped it in with the toe of his boot.

The caddie revolted instanter, threw days the clubbed legical beautiful.

down the clubs and looked horrified. to say, "Hang it, me lord, gowf's

### Satin Ashes.

Small Neille read aloud from her Sunday school lesson as follows: "And the king of Nineveh covered himself with sackcloth and sat in ashes.'

This was a puzzler, and finally she said, "Mamma, what kind of ashes is satin ashes?"—Chicago News.

Fault Finding.

Nothing is easier than fault finding.

No talent, no self denial, no brains, no character is required to set up in the grumbling business, but those who are moved by a genuine desire to do good have little time for murmuring or com-

Most people who rob Peter to pay Paul forget the last part of the con-

tract.



days without flesh food.

amidst the mountains, where the snow

fields fed its springs. It was two full

days' journey thither, but we took much longer to make it, as we kept halting to hunt the adjoining moun-

tains. On such occasions Ammal wa

left as camp guard, while the white hunter and I would start by daybreak and return at dark utterly worn out

and return at dark utterly worn out by the excessive fatigue. We knew nothing of caribou, nor where to hund for them; and we had been told that thus early in the season they were above tree limit on the mountain sides

Until within a couple of days of turning our faces back towards the lake we did not come across any cari

bou, and saw but a few old signs; and

we began to be fearful lest we should have to return without getting any, for our shoes had been cut to ribbons by

of flour, and therefore had but little to eat. However, our perseverance was destined to be rewarded.

The first day after reaching our fin

camp, we hunted across a set of sp and hollows, but saw nothing live. The next day we started early, de-

mined to take a long walk and follothe main stream up to its head, or least above timber line. The hunt struck so brisk a pace, plungh

through thickets and leaping fro log to log in the slashes of fallen the ber, and from boulder to boulder crossing the rock-slides, that I cou

hardly keep up to him, struggle as would, and we each of us got severs ugly tumbles, saving our rifles at th expense of scraped hands and bruise

bodies. We went up one side of the stream, intending to come down the other; for the forest belt was narrow enough to hunt thoroughly. For two

or three hours we toiled through dense

hemlock forest; and no sooner had we

entered it than the hunter stopped and pointed exultingly to a well-marked game trail, in which it was easy at a

glance to discern the great round foot

prints of our quarry. We hunted carefully over the spur and found several trails, generally leading down along

the ridge; we also found a number of

beds, some old and some recent, usual

beds, some old and some recent, usual-ly placed where the animal could keep a lookout for any foe coming up from the valley. They were merely slight hollows or identations in the pine-needles; and, like the game trails, were placed in localities similar to those that would be chosen by black-fall deer. The carbon droppings were

tail deer. The caribou droppings were

also very plentiful; and there were signs of where they had browsed on the blueberry bushes, cropping off the

growth

the sharp rocks, we were almost

[Copyright, 1893, by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Published under arrangement with G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. much hardship and some little hunger, and have worked violently for several

camped on the shores of Kootenai Lake, having with me as companions, John Willis and an im-passive-looking Indian named Ammal. Coming

across through the dense conferous forests of northern Idaho we had struck the Kootenai River. Then we went down with the current as it wound in half circles through a long alluvial valley of mixed marsh and woodland, hemmed in by lofty moun-tains. The take itself, when we reached it, stretched straight away like a great flord, a hundred miles long and about three in breadth. The frowning and rugged Selkirks came down sheer to the water's edge. So straight were the rock walls that it was difficult for to land with our batteau, save a e places where the rapid mountain

torrents entered the lake. We had come down from a week's fruitless hunting in the mountains; a week of excessive toll, in a country where we saw no game-for in our ig norance we had wasted time, not going straight back to the high ranger from which the game had not yet do scended. After three or four days o rest, and of feasting on trout—a wel-come relief to the monotony of frying pan bread and coarsey salt pork-w were ready for another trial; and earl; one morning we made the start. Having to pack everything for a fortnight' se on our backs, through an exces ively rough country we of course traveled as light as possible, leaving almost all we had with the tent and

We walked in single file, as is no essary in thick woods. The white hunter led, and I followed, each with rifle on shoulder and pack on back Ammal, the Indian, pigeon toed along behind, carrying his pack, not as we did ours, but by help of a forehead band, which he sometimes shifted his breast. The traveling across through the tangled, brush choked for-est, and along the bowlder strewn and precipitous mountain sides, was incon

ceivably rough and difficult.

An hour or two before sunset w were traveling, as usual, in Indian file, beside the stream, through an open wood of great hemlock trees. There was no breeze, and we made no sound as we marched, for our feet sunk noiselessly into the deep moss Suddenly the hunter, who was leading, dropped down in his tracks, point ing upward; and some fifty feet be yond I saw the head and shoulders of a bear as he rose to make a sweep at some berries. He was in a hollow where a tall, rank, prickly plant, with broad leaves, grew luxuriantly; and he was gathering its red berries, rising on his hind legs and sweeping then down into his mouth with his paw and was much too intent on his work to notice us, for his head was pointed the other way. The moment he rose again I fired, meaning to shoot through the shoulders, but instead, in the hur ry, taking him in the neck. Down he went, but whether hurt or not we could not see, for the second he was on all fours he was no longer visible Rather to my surprise he uttered no sound—for bear when hit or when charging often make a great noise—so I raced toward the edge of the hollow, the hunter close behind me, while Am-mal danced about in the rear, very much excited, as Indians always are in the presence of big game. The instant we reached the hollow and looked down into it from the low bank on which we stood we saw by the sway ing of the tall plants that the bear was coming our way. The hunter was standing some ten feet distant, a hemlock trunk being between us; and the next moment the bear sprang clean up The week of probation went by with no word or sign from the third handle of Dorothy's overfull loving cup. This unpardonable negligence piqued her not a little.

"Ned might at least have taken the trouble to find out if I really meant it," she argued with preverbility famining. out of the hollow in our direction; but when he saw the hunter so close he turned for him, his hair bristling and his teeth showing. The man had no cartridge in his weapon, and with his pack on could not have used it any-how; and for a moment it looked as if he stood a fair chance of being hurt. As the beast sprang out of the hollow he poised for a second on the edge of the bank to recover his balance, giving me a beautiful shot, as he stood side-

ways to me: the bullet struck between the eye and ear, and he fell as if hit Our prize was a large black bear, with two curious brown streaks down his back, ore on each side the spine We skinned him and camped by the carcass, as it was growing late. To take the chill off the evening air we built a huge fire, the logs roaring and crackling. To one side of it we made our beds—of balsam and hemlock boughs; we did not build a brush lean-to, because the night seemed likely to be clear. Then we supped on sugarless tea, frying-pan bread, and quantities of bear meat, fried or roasted— and how very good it tasted only

Owls to Kill Off Sparrows

They have discovered a way to thin out the obnoxious English sparrows in Erie, Pa. Two owls which have taken

possession of one of the squirrel houses in a tree on the courthouse lawn at Erie have launched forth into the spar-

row eradication business. Janito

avery noticed that the number of birds

was rapidly diminishing and the other day discovered the secret when he had

occasion to look into the squirrel house. He found the place literally filled with

nes and feathers which formerly had astituted parts of the anatomies of

Terrifying, Indeed.

Giving me a beautiful shot, as he stor

sideways to me.

berries, and also apparently of where

they had here and there plucked a mouthful of a peculiar kind of moss

or cropped off some little mushrooms

But the beasts themselves had evident

ly left the ridge, and we went on.

After a little while the valley be

came so high that the large timber

ceased, and there were only occasional groves of spindling evergreens. Be-yond the edge of the big timber was a

large boggy tract, studded with little

pools; and here again we found plenty of caribon tracks. A caribou has an enormous foot, bigger than a cow's,

and admirably adapted for traveling

over snow or bogs; hence they can pass through places where the long

slender hoofs of moose or deer, or the

the brutal game butchers for slaughter-

An anthority upon chemistry was lecturing before a well known woman's club and illustrating his remarks with experiments. All went well un-til he paused a moment and then said-"I'm very sorry, but I must ask any of the ladies who use face powder containing bismuth to leave the room during this experiment, as the gases I am about to set free have a peculiar affinity for bismuth and turn it pur

Whereupon the entire audience save three courageous sisters rose and fied from the room.

ing the more helpless animals. Spread ing out his great hoofs, and bending his legs till he walks almost on the joints, a caribou will travel swiftly over a crust through which a moose breaks at every stride, or through deep snow in which a deer cannot flounder fifty yards. Usually he trots; but when pressed he will spring awkwardly along, leaving tracks in the sno almost exactly like magnified imprints of those of a great rabbit, the long marks of the two hind legs forming an angle with each other, while the forefeet make a large point almost be-

The caribou had wandered all over the bogs and through the shallow pools, but evidently only at night or in the dusk, when feeding or in coming to drink; and we again went on. Soon the timber disappeared almost en-tirely, and thick brushwood took its The morning after killing Bruin, we again took up our march, heading up stream, that we might go to its sources place; we were in a high, bare alpine valley the snow lying in drifts along valley, the snow lying in drifts along the sides. In places there had been enormous rock-slides, entirely filling up the bottom, so that for a quarter of



The hunter crouched down, while I ra noiselessly forward.

a mile at a stretch the stream ran un derground. In the rock masses of this alpine valley we, as usual, saw many conies and hoary woodchucks.

The caribou trails had ceased, and

it was evident that the beasts were not ahead of us in the barren, treeless recesses between the mountains of rock and snow; and we turned back down the valley, crossing over to the opposite or south side of the stream. We had already eaten our scanty lunch, for it was afternoon. For sev eral miles of hard walking, through thicket, marsh, and rock-slide, we saw no traces of the game. Then we reached the forest, which soon widened out, and crept up the mountain sides; and we came to where another stream entered the one we were following. A high, steep shoulder between the two vallyes was covered with an open growth of great hemlock timber, and in this we again found the trails and beds plentiful. There was no breeze, and after beating through the forest nearly to its upper edge, we began to go down the ridge, or point of the shoulder. The comparative freedom from brushwood made it easy to walk without noise, and we descended the steep incline with the utmost care, scanning every object, and using every needles, nor to strike a stone or break a stick with our feet. The sign was very fresh, and when still half a mile

or so from the bottom we at last came on three bull caribou.

Instantly the hunter crouched down, while I ran noiselessly forward begind turned to him with a sudden seriwhile I ran noiselessly forward behind the shelter of a big hemlock trunk until within fifty yards of th grazing and unconscious quarry. They were feeding with their heads up-hill. but so greedily that they had not seen us; and they were rather difficult to see themselves, for their bodies har-monized well in color with the brown tree-trunks and lichen-covered boul-

The largest, a big bull with a good but by no means extraordinary head. was nearest. As he stood fronting me with his head down I fired into his neck, breaking the bone, and he turn-ed a tremendous back somersault. The other two halted a second in stun ued terror; then one, a yearling, rushed past us up the valley down which we had come, while the other, a large bull with small antiers, crossed right in front of me, at a canter, his neck thrust out, and his head—so coarselooking compared to the delicate out lines of an elk's-turned towards me. His movements seemed clumsy and awkward, utterly unlike those of a deer; but he handled his great hoofs deer; but he handled his great hoofs cleverly enough, and broke into a headlong. 'attling gallop as he went down t's hillside, crashing through the saplings and eaping over the fallen logs. There was a spur a little beyond, and up this he went at a swinging trot, halting when he reached. the top, and turning to look at monce more. He was only a hundred yards away; and though I had not in tended to shoot him (for his head was not good), the temptation was sore and I was glad when, in another second, the stupid beast turned again and went off up the valley at a slashing



Mixed. Mrs. Browne She's forever

Mrs. Browne-Sne's rorever com-plaining, but I think she merely lacks stamina. Mrs. Malaprop—Oh, no; she's got it; at any rate, that's what the doc-tor calls her disease. She can't sleep, you know.-Exchange

Willing to Take Chances. The Man—I'd give anything if you would kiss me. The Maid—But the scientists say that kisses breed disease. The Man—Oh, never mind that. Go ahead and make me an invalid for

# ------Journey's End }

By Forbes Dwight.

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The mad gallop up the bridle path ended at the bridge across the little pond. The girl drew rein close to the tone parapet and, calming her restive steed, whose every nerve seemed a-quiver with the excitement of the wild dash, sat quietly on the saddle staring with pensive eyes at the un-

ruffled water below. Dean ranged his own horse beside the girl's, smiling as he watched the glowing color in her cheeks. All about them the trees flaunted the gorgeous tints of late autumn-scarlet, ocher and more subdued shades blending into a splendid, farreaching vista. The crisp, clear air stirred the blood

The girl laughed, a trifle uneasily. "We shouldn't be doing such things," she said severely.

"Of course not," said Dean, with a chuckle. "We should have maintained a staid pace. We should have contented ourselves at the most with a measured trot. It's tremendously wicked the way we smash all the conventions of this park. We'll have a mounted officer on our trail yet. Pleasant prospect that. A glorious gallop, all the same, wasn't it, and well worth the risk of incurring the displeasure of

"Yes; it was glorious," the girl admitted.

nitted. "Still, we shouldn't do it."
"That's where half the fun comes
h," said he. "Hang their old park in," said he. "Hang their old park and its rules! Do they think we'll limit



TAKE ME TO YOUR GENTLE OLD CLERGY MAN."

ourselves to a funereal pace such a

"We really ought to," said she. Dean laughed. It was a pleasant, almost boyish laugh. His big shoulders were squared defiantly.

"The things one ought to do are generally unpleasant," he observed. "Come on. We'll let them out once

more. The girl shook her head.

"No! Oh, no!" she demurred.
"Afraid?" he questioned.

at times," she said. "You tempt me to do reckless things. I don't know why it should be so, but it is. I would nev-er in the world have thought of riding here with any one else as I have with you just now, and the strange part of it all is that I enjoy it so immensely."
"Enjoy what?"

"Doing the reckless things you inspire.'

Dean leaned toward her quickly. "I wish it were so," he declared. "I wish I really might inspire you to reckless deeds. I wish I might"-"Now, please," the girl begged, with

"Oh, all right!" said he good natured-"On, all right!" said he good natured-ly. "I know the subject is tabooed.

"Il observe the conventions von've im-posed upon me and keep my tongue to the funereal pace."

He sat for a time staring silently into

the water. At last he straightened himself in the saddle

"I'd like another gallop," he remarked, "a wilder one, a madder one. I'd like to get out of this little old park and go somewhere where there's a lev-el stretch of road and no hampering rules of pace."

A light came into the girl's eyes. She threw back her head and gathered up "So would I," she declared, a trifle breathlessly.

Dean swung about to face her. There was a quiet smile on his lips.
"Come, then," he said simply.

"We really shouldn't," she objected.
"Come," he repeated.
"I'm afraid when you speak in that

fashion. He turned the horse from the bridge and headed for the gate at the farther side of the park. The girl followed si-

"Where are you going?" she asked as

he turned through the gate and made for the road that led into the coun-"To a place where we can let then

out to our hearts' content," said he.
Up the road through the afternoon sunshine they went at a sober pace, but once the city was fairly behind them Dean quickened the pace. Faster they went and faster until they were teaming along at a mad gait. Across level stretches and over the low hills they sped. The two horses had caught the spirit of the gallop and tore along at their best pace. The girl's cheeks were glowing; Dean's eyes sparkled with the arcitament of it.

iney paused many on the crest or a hill. Far behind them lay the city, its position outlined against the sky by a smudge of blue smoke. Ahead of them lay a ragged line of hills, behind which glowed a sky red with the embers of the sunset.

"Well, that was a ride," said Dean.

turning to the girl.
"Wasn't it?" she cried. "But we
must be starting back. See, the sun
has set. It will be quite dark if we

don't hurry.' "I wish I might inspire you with a

thorough recklessness," he said.
"You have," she said breathlessly. "Then let's go just one more mile."

"Then let's go just one more mile,"
he urged.
She hesitated.
"Come," she cried at last.
Down the hill they thundered, acrossa bridge that spanned a little brook
and up the rise on the other side.
Again they drew rein. The gorgeous
twilight colors were fading. Below
them lay a little village, its lights already beginning to twinkle in the
gloom.

gloom.
"Enough recklessness?" said he. "Now I'm afraid of you again," said

she.
"Oh, no, you're not afraid of me," he said, with a strange gentleness, "You're afraid of a few old, time worn conventions. You're afraid of all those plans that have been made for your future-afraid to answer your own heart and go against them. You are afraid of yourself—that you may some time do as you want and thwart your mother's scheming for you. But you're not afraid of me."

She began to tremble.

"We must go back," she cried,

"Look," said he. "Do you see that
spire with the cross on it? Well, bein the rectory is a gentle old clergy-man. He's watching this road down hill even now. Dorothy, he's expecting

"Oh!" she cried, turning her face

away.
"Shall we disappoint him?" he asked. There was a long pause; then with-out looking at him the girl started her horse down the hill. At the foot of it she stopped and resolutely faced Dean. Her cheeks were burning, but her eyes

never faltered,
"I am afraid of you," she said, "be eause you will always have your way with me. You will rule me as you like. do with me as you please, even as you have done this afternoon. Yes, I am very much afraid of you—but—but take me to your gentle old clergyman. I am very happy even in my fear.

### IRVING AND MONTAGUE.

One of Their Practical Jokes That Scared Their Friends

In Scott's "The Drama of Yesterday and Today" the author tells of a practical joke played by Henry Irving and Harry Montague upon a number of their friends, and "in its execution was seen the first dawning glimmer of that tragic force that was ultimately to find expression in Hood's 'Dream of Eugene Aram' and 'The Bells.'" Irving and Montague, hitherto the best allies, began to quarrel on their way to a pienie, and their friends feared some tragic

consequences. After function both of the men disappeared. Smale's face turned deadly pale. He felt that his worst fears were being realized. With one wild cry, "They're gone—what on earth has become of them?" he made a dash down the Dargle over the rocks and bowlders, with the remainder of the picnic party at his

At the bottom of a "dreadful hollow behind the little wood" a fearful sight presented itself to the astonished friends. There on a stone sat Henry Irving in his shirt sleeves, his long hair matted over his eyes, his thin hands and white face all smeared with blood,

and dangling an open clasp knife.

He was muttering to himself in a savage tone: "Fve done it! I've done it! I said I would!"

Tom Smale in an agong of fear rushed up to Irving, who waved him on one side with threatening gestures. "For God's sake, man," screamed the distracted Smale, "tell us where he is!" Irving, scarcely moving a wusele, pointed to a heap of dead leaves and in sepulchral tones cried: "He's there-I've done for him! I've mur-

dered him!"
Smale literally bounded to the heap and began flinging aside the leaves in every direction. Presently he found the body of Harry Montague lying face downward. Almost paralyzed with fear, Smale just managed to turn the head around and found Montague convulsed with laughter, with a pocket handkerchief in his mouth to prevent an explosion. Never was better acting seen on any stage.

A Unique Symbol of Freedom

A curious custom is observed in the village of Great Bookman, Surrey, England. When the wife of a tradesman goes off for the usual summer holiday to the seaside one or two ex-pert climbers ascend at midnight to the roof of the house and insert old brooms in the chimneys as a sign that the head of the house has the super vision of the domestic arrangements in addition to his ordinary work.

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