A TENDER CONSCIENCE

The Darky Had Both a Sin and a Love Affair on His Mind.

By HARRY VAN AMBURG.

In the spring of 18- I went to Louisville, Ky. One of the servants in the house in which I was staying called Tom was the most melancholy negro I ever saw. He was an excellent man and extremely conscientious. Indeed, such trivial omissions or commissions in the line of his duty so troubled him that I was inclined to suspect him of hypocrisy. But, becoming curious to ow whether or not he was honest, I purposely left money in an exposed position in my room, to which he had free access at any time. But Tom never took a penny. One day when he was brushing my clothes I said to him: "Tom, what makes you so lugubrious"

"I's got a great sin on my conscience."
"Sin? What kind of a sin? You

haven't ever killed any one, have

'Well, confess to me, and I'll give you absolution."

'Wha' dat?" "Never mind. Tell me about this

great sin you have committed."
"Well, sah, I don' b'long to dis state.

I was borned down in Tennessee. De name o' de place war Athens. My mas'er owned a heap o' niggers on de plantation outside de town on de road leadin' up to Nashville. De manor house was a big square buildin', painted white an' galleries runnin' all around de fou' sides. Back o' dat war de nigger cabins, standin' all in a row an' whitewashed lak a tablecloff.

"We was all happy on dat planta tion, fo' we had a good marstr. Some ob de niggers dat abolitioners had been talkin' to war pinin' fo' liberty, as dey called it, but we didn' hab no use fo' dat on de Coolidge plantation, 'cause



"YO' TURN 'LL COME SHO'."

Mars' Coolidge war de finest, kindest gen'leman in de souf. He had de soft-est heart for niggers an' would worrit we didn't git eberyt'ing we wanted than he would ober he own

chil'en.
"When de wah come on Mars' Coo lidge he raised a regiment at he own expense an' war de cunnel ob it. I nebber fo'git de mawnin' befo' he went wid de sojers down to Pittsburg Landin' to fight de Yankees. He sent one ob de niggers fo' me. When I went to him he was a-standin' on de gallery below stairs all dressed up in

plantation I hab de mos' conference in gave him something to help him to yo'. I'm goin' to leab my fambly under feel better and asked:

''Mars',' I said, de wet comin' into my eyes, 'I rudder hab a Yankee bayonet poked in bof my eyes dan be on-richeous to de trust.'
"Dat war in de spring ob de nex'

vea' arter de beginnin' ob de wah. yea arter de beginnin' ob de wan.
One mawnin' some men comin' up de
Tennessee riber said dat a terrible
fight was a-goin' on at Pittsburg Landin'. Dat place war fa' away, but mist'ess an' de chil'n turned white at
hearin' 'bout it. But dere was trouble
negret bone dat we don' know, pothin'. nearer home dat we don' know nothin'

"'Bout dis time a nigger named Mose Phillips, owned by Maja' Sam Phillips, on de Columbia pike, died an' lef' he wife a widder woman. Dat man had got de gai I wanted. All de niggers wanted her. If dere is black angels dat gal was one of 'em. Seon's I hearn Sam war dald I reckoned all dem niggers wha' wanted he wife ud be puttin' in applications wid her mars' to marry her an' if 1 wanted her I'd bede' not be foolin' 'bout, but jis' chuck in my own application. But de Phillips plantation was 'bout thin teen miles away—I mought 'a' knowed dat number ud bring bad luck—an' I had to go dere fo' to put in de applica-

'What I gwine do? I didn' lak to leab mist'ess and de chil'n wid de Yankees fightin' down at de Landin', an' I knowd if I didn' I'd lose de widder. But I argy'd it war mighty far down to wha' de fightin' war goin' on an' no sojers ud likely come up to de plantation. De debbil tempted me, an' I mounted old Bill—de hoss I allus rode-to go ober to de Phillips planta

I didn' go twill de middle ob de night, 'cause I didn' want mist'ess to know I'd gone away an' lef' her an' de chil'n widout p'tection. I just sneaked off like a dog dat had been

"Old Bill had de heaves an' wa I rode under de stars twill I sor a light wha' de sun comes up, an b a sudden I hearn some tened, an' I hearn anudder soun' lak de fus, den anudder an' anudder.

'it's cur'us how de debbii makes us lieve what hain't so. De sun war

gwine to rise cl'ar, an' dey wa'n't no sign o' storm, but if I gwine go on an' git de widder I got to b'lieve it war storm. Ef it war guns, dey war Yankee guns, an' I got to go back to look out fo' mist'ess an' de chil'n on de plantation. I t'ink nobody hab said nothin' 'bout Yankee sojers bein' souf of Nashville, so dat can't be Yankee guns. Dat make it sartin dat it's guns. Dat make it sartin dat it's thunder. 'Git up, Bill,' I says; 'I'm gon' on.' "Fust off I had bad luck gittin' dar

"Fust off I and but lets given as when de funeral war goin' on. I knowed I mus'n't wait, but I sor Ben, de nigger wha' had de secon' chanct befo' de wildder married Mose, crowdin' in to git de fust chanct now, an' dat made me hot to git ahead ob him. dat made me hot to git ahead ob him. He sor me an' come up to me, an' he says, says he, 'Tom, yo' want de widder?' 'Yes,' I says, says I, 'I does.' 'Got Mars' Phillips' p'mission?' 'No,' I says, 'I hain't.' 'I hab,' he says.
"I t'ink nothin' could be done twill atter de funeral, so I goes hurryin' to Mars' Phillips for p'mission. Mars' Phillips for p'mission. Mars' Phillips knowed me—he t'ink I mighty

Phillips knowed me-he t'ink I might; fine nigger—so he glb me de p'mission, an' I went back to de cabin wha' de widder jist come home from the fu-neral. Dare I see dat nigger Ben jist comin' out. He looked at me kind o qua', but I goes in de cabin.
"'How yo' do, Tom?' says de widder,

says she "'How yo' do yo'self?' says I. 'I sekon yo' feel porely, seein' yo' los'

'Yes. I nebber git anudder sich man as dat. He war mighty fine man."
"You mought try," says I. 'Yo' know
I wanted yo' befo' yo' married Mose."

'Reckon yo' did.

"'An' I want yo' now.'
"'Yo' mighty flatterin', Tom,' says
she, 'an' I mought be willin', but yo're

sne, an I mought be winn, but yo re
too late. I jis' promised Ben a few
minute befo' yo kem in.
"I got up mighty quick an' says
goodby an' was goin' out when de
widder called me back an' says, says

'If Ben goes to glory befo' me I'll tak' yo, Tom. Don' feel bad 'bout it. Yo' turn'll come sho'.'

"When I goes out I see wha' I gwine done—leaben mist'ess an de chil-'en to go lak a fool atter a 'oman wid anudder nigger ahead o' me, an' I knowed well enough dat de guns I hearn off in de east dat mawnin' at sun up war Yankee guns. It war de debbil tole me der war thunder. I jis' mounted Bill, an' I lam him twill I got to de plantation. It war full o' Yankee sojers.
"Dey had gone into de manor house

"Dey had gone into de manor house an' war a runnin' off wid all de silber an' all de furniture an' clothes dey could kerry. When I come up mist'ess war standin' on de gallery, lookin'

drefful.

"'Tom,' she said, 'whar yo' been?
A man rode up to de plantation at
5 o'clock dis mawnin' an' tole us de
Yankees was marchin' down de pike to Huntsville. I knowed dev'd be here to day, an' I wanted yo' to hide de val'a-

"I'membered Kunnel Coolidge stand-"I membered Runnel Coolidge standin' in dat same place on de gallery an'
sayin' to me, 'Tom, I'm gwine to leab
my fambly under yo' car'.' I just
dropped my head down, an' I hain't
ris' it up since.
"Dem sojers come from anudder
kentry wha' dey been used to kerry off
all de val'ables dey kin git dere hands

all de val'ables dey kin git dere hands on, an' dey jis' cleaned out de town an' all de plantations round it. Eberyt'ing Mars' Coolidge lef' in my car' war tooken, 'cladin' de pianny. Ef I hadn' been runnin' atter a 'owan dat war busy buryin' her fus' husban' an' had 'membered wha' Kunnel Coolidge said to me an' what I said to Kunnel Coo e I'd been thar to hide all de val'es. I had a place all fixed fo' dat away up in de trunk o' one o' de trees a' dere war a rotten hole. I war n' to put 'em in a box I'd made fo' a pu'pose, an' I had a ladder ready fo' to git up to de hole, that war kiv ered all over wid branches. But goin' atter dat widder dat I didn' git nohow kep' me from doin' all dis, an' I hain't

gray uniform wid a heap o' gold braid twisted on he arms, an' he said to me: "'Tom, ob all de niggers on dis distressed if possible than before. I

"Are you still hoping for third place with the widow?"

"Reckon not," he replied. "Ef I marry dat 'oman I hab my sin always hefe' me!

oefo' me."
On leaving Tom I told him he had better get married and have a family of his own. It might ease the burder he bore. He needn't wait for the wo-man who had slipped twice through his fingers. There were plenty of good

But Tom said he had never loved but always have ill luck in proposing to

first saw him. But a couple of years later I returned and found him a trifle more cheerful. The second husband of his love had died, and Tom was No. 3. I asked him if he had hurried away to out in his claim on hearing that she was in the market again.

"No, sah," he replied very soberly.

"There war lots o' time. She'd had de smallpox."

Westminster Abbey. The full legal title of Westminster abbey is "the Collegiate Church of St. Peter, Westminster." Very few people have heard the famous burial place men, but included among other so designated. A collegiate church, as distinguished from a parish church, is one that is administered by a "college" of priests instead of an individual rector or vicar.-Westminster Gazette.

Jock Scored.

"Well, Jock," said a laird to one of
his tenants, "you are getting very
bent. Why don't you stand up
straight like me, man?"

"Eh, mon," replied Jock, "ye see that
field of corn o'er there? Weel, ye'll
notice that the full heids hang doon
an' the empty eens stan' stracht up."

—London Telegraph.

Platt's Response

Thomas C. Platt was asked once upon a time whom he considered the greatest Republican politician of his

day and generation.
"I have often wished," was Platt's response, "that I had been Quay's office boy for six months or more."-

_0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0 Planning to Convert the World :

O convert the entire world-this in a nutshell, is the aim of new religious movement that is attracting worldwide attention. The inspiration and backbone of this colossal undertaking is the lay-

men's missionary movement, which numbers among its supporters and workers men high in the world of finance and various lines of successful business life. They come from every Protestant church in the land regard less of creed and expect to carry the gospel to every non-Christian in the world within the next thirty-five years. The figures furnished by the lay-

men's missionary movement give one some idea of the immense task it has set out to accomplish. The population of the entire world is 1,500,000,000. Of this number only one-third are Christians, and to fulfill the vow taken will require a great sum, the amount needed being estimated at \$55,000,000 annually, which means \$1,925,000,000 to complete the work.

"This will strike many as some wild scheme that will fall through almost before the work has begun," said J.



J. CAMPBELL WHITE

Campbell White, general secretary of the laymen's missionary movement, in eaking of their plans recently, "but have every assurance that this great religious propaganda, the great est the world has ever known, will go on successfully to the end. Back of it are wealthy and enthusiastic men from all the Protestant churches, who will devote much of their time and oney to the work. The common non has been that so vast an under taking would require several genera-tions, if not centuries. The other be-lief is that when Christ said 'Preach gospel to every creature he meant people in every age to do it—in er words, that it is the clear duty of the present generation of Christians to carry or send the message of Christ to the entire non-Christian world of

our generation. The chairman of the executive committee of the laymen's missionary movement is Dr. Samuel B. Capen, a Boston merchant. He is a member of the Boston chamber of commerce and serves on its committee on metropoli-tan and municipal affairs. Dr. Capen has recently been relieved of some of his business responsibilities in order that he may have more time to devote to the movement.

The movement has already begun

with a three days' convention in Chi ago called to discuss ways and means



addresses were not confined to the lay-men, but included among others Dr. Isaac Taylor Headland, head of the Methodist university in Peking; the Rev. C. P. Anderson, archbishop of the West Indies; Silas H. McBee, editor of the Churchman, and Ambassa-dor Bryce. It was the first time in the history of the world that Protestant churches, representing every denomination, met on common ground nation, met on common ground wage the greatest propaganda Christianity ever known.

Parts of Speech.
Teacher—Thomas, what are the parts

of speech? Tommy Tucker (after an exhaustive mental effort)-It's the way a man talks when he stutters.

The Better Scheme.

"The man who knows just what he wants is bound to be successful."
"Not half so much as the man who knows how to get what he wants."— Cleveland Leader.

Base gains are the same as losses .-

THE FIVE **CONSPIRATORS**

They Laid a Plot For Assassination and Were Betrayed.

By PETER SCAREZOFF.

[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Asso-ciation.] Prince Treboutskol, minister of the interior to the czar of Russia, sat in his office examining police reports "This," he said to himself, "notes conspiracy that gives no particular conspiracy that gives no particulars. This charges one supposed to be devoted to the government with being implicated in a plot to assassing the emperor on his coming trip to meet the kaiser of Germany."

At this moment an attenda and announced that a young the window of the control of the

and announced that a young ... we do to speak with his highness o matter of great importance to him.

"Are you sure she has no weapo concealed under her clothes?" asked

the minister.

"We can search her."

"Do so. Then if you are satisfied admit her." Presently a girl of twenty, with the light hair and blue eyes of the north, entered. She was trembling.
"What do you wish?" asked the

"To warn your highness of a conspiracy

"What object have you in warning me? Do you act purely from loyalty?
"No. I love one of the conspirators. "No. I love one of the "What is the conspiracy?"

"A plot to assassinate you. There re five of them. They will station are five of them. They will station themselves at the bridge across the



SAW ONE OF THE MEN SHE HAD BETRAYED

Neva between your office and your coming, another will throw a bomb under your carriage, a third will be ready at the other end of the bridge to shoot you in case the bomb fails; the fourth and fifth will be ready to act in case you escape all of the first

The minister paled. He stared a the girl, waiting for her to proceed. "I will give you the names of these men," she continued, "on condition that you follow a plan I have conceiv ed whereby one of them whom I love

will live, while the others may be exe cuted. They have persuaded him to join them and given him the most dan gerous position. I am willing that they should die, but I wish to save

"I must protect him as well from his associates as from you. If he receives immunity they will kill him, believing that he has betrayed them. Therefore when you arrest them arrest him as well. Sentence them all to be shot but at him fire a blank cartridge."

"Upon my word," said the prince. "What a head you have for such matters! But supposing 1 prefer to pun ish these men in my own way."

"Then my lips are sealed. "I can send you to Siberia."

"That would not move me."
The prince arose from his desk and walked the floor in deep thought, then turning to the girl, said:

out my part of the contract."

"No. If you suffer my lover to be ley that harmed I shall take it upon myself to relieve the state of your tyranny."

Other transport of these ley that his existing the property of the prope

what you would prevent my doing. If the first fails the second will take up the work. If both fail there will be a third and a fourth to carry it on."

"Very well. Now tell me the rest of this plot."

The minister turned to the conspirators. There are two others to carry out faith with y

The girl gave the information required and had no sooner left the quired and had no sooner left the minister than the prince notified the police to locate every one of the conspirators and when this was done to am not devoid of justice. I could not police to locate every one of the con-spirators and when this was done to

deemed expedient to satisfy the people who are cognizant of the case. But in this instance no trial was needed. The name of the man to be spared was Krikoff, and the police had a descrip-tion of him, so that there should be no

Another Way.
"Why don't you throw away this old "But that would make me feel waste-

"Then give it away and feel charltable."-Washington Herald. Exercise is the chief source of im provement in all our faculties.-Blair.

Papa's Plan Prevents Proposal. He (impecunious)—But you say your-self that your father is anxious to get you off his hands. She—Yes; that's why I don't think he'll listen to you.—

mistake made concerning him. The orders were to take the men separately into the prison yard, stand them up against a wall and proceed in accordance with the secret orders given the

governor of the fortress.

At the same moment that the conspirators were arrested the police appeared at the home of Vera Scerevich. the girl who had given the information and took her into custody. This was something on which she had not count

ed. She thought she had laid her plans so well that the minister would not dare to suffer harm to come either to her or to her lover. This move on his part filled her with alarm. Moreover, the police came upon her so sud-denly that she had no time to com-municate a word to any one. She was taken to the same fortress as the con In the morning, hearing a drumbeat

under her window, she looked out be tween the bars and saw one of the men she had betrayed led across the prison yard. Several soldiers with muskets on their shoulders accompanied him. He was white as a sheet Indeed, it was evident that he was go ing to his execution. The party disap peared behind a wing of the prison Vera listened and presently heard a volley. Then she knew it was all over with the condemned man. She shud dered. For the first time the fearful

dered. For the first time the fearful selfishness of her treacherous act came to her in its full force.

Another drumbeat recalled her to the window. She would not have gone, but she wished to see if her lover would pass. No; it was another of the consulrators whom she had of the conspirators whom she had handed over to his death. He, too, nanded over to his death. He, too, was followed by a firing party. He, too, was deadly pale. Like his predecessor, he was soon lost to view behind the prison wing. There was a horrible interval—a volley.

In like manner Vera saw four of the conspirators marched by her prison window. They disappeared—the in-

window. They disappeared—the in-terval of suspense, the volley. Every time one of the condemned men passed she vowed that she would not go to the window to see the next man marched to the death she had pre-pared for him. But every time she was impelled to go lest the man should be her lover. By the time the fourth man had passed she had been thrown into a mental condition bordering on insanity. Surely she was being pun-ished for her infamous act. She had lost all expectation that the minister would keep faith with her as to spar-ing Krikoff. When for the fifth time the drum sounded she saw her lover marched past her window. He looked up, and she saw an expression of loathing on his face at recognizing her. By the movement of his lips she knew that he cursed her. She gave a wild shriek. She knew that he had been told what she had done. She heard the volley. Hardly had

the echoes of the shots died away when again came the tap of the drum. She started. She had counted those who had passed, and there were five all those concerned in the conspiracy, all the names she had given. For whose execution could this drum tap be the signal?

Suddenly the door of the room in which she was confined was thrown open, and there stood an officer of the "Come!"

Terror stricken, she arose and staggered out with him. He led her down a staircase and out into the prison yard. There stood a firing party. Supported, for she was unable to walk alone, she was marched around the wing behind which the others had disappeared. On reaching a certain spot she was placed with her back to the wall; her eyes were bandaged; heard the words "Aim! Fire!" T was a volley. Consciousness left her, and she fell forward on her face.

Then she knew that she was not ead, for she felt herself shaken over paving stones. She was in a carriage. Gradually her full consciousness came back to her. She felt for a wound but found none. She had not been ex-ecuted after all.

ecuted after all.

The carriage stopped before the house to which she had gone the morning before to inform the minister of the conspiracy. A man got down from the box and, opening the door, commanded her to alight. She did so and tottured to the doer, which steed open. tottered to the door, which stood open An attendant conducted her to the of fice of the minister. He sat at his fice of the minister. He sat at his desk writing. Standing in a row near him were the five conspirators whom she had seen going to execution, every man alive. One of them was her lover. He did not look at her. The men stood rigid; the minister went on writing. The waliting for what should. writing. The waiting for what should urning to the girl, said:
"I accept your terms. I presume you rish some guaranty that I will carry ut my part of the contract."
"No. If you suffer my lover to be."

"But suppose I put you where you will be powerless."

"There we have the state of your tyranny."

"But suppose I put you where you will be powerless."

"You see that I have more than kept

arrest them simultaneously. That night they were taken to the fortress of St. Peter.

Trials occur in Russia when it is

As the men filed out Krikoff turned his back to Vera. She fell in a heap on the floor. Coral That Shocks

On the coast of the West Indian islands a curious kind of coral is found, called "millepoca." This has a most extraordinary property which makes the people who know it very shy of handling it. The moment you pick up a piece a sort of electric thrill runs through you and an agonizing pain shoots through your jaws. You feel as if every tooth and every nerve and muscle connected with them was burning. The acute pain lasts gener-ally for about half an hour and slowly passes off, but the effects do not disappear entirely for hours. The reason of this curious shock or poisoning is a mystery.

HIS SUBSTITUTE.

A Long Absence That Nearly Lost a Loved One.

By LOUISE WINTER. [Copyright, 1910, by American ciation.]

"And there's this to be said in favo of marrying into the navy-you neve lack for an escort. If your husband is away on sea duty there's always some classmate of his to tote you around and play substitute." Margery had listened at the time to this de fense of the service, but as it was her cousin, not herself, who was marrying nto the navy she did not pay much attention to the argument. A year later, however, when

became engaged to Lieutenant Jim Allen she recalled it thoughtfully.

For Margery was a southerner. Her ppearance proclaimed that fact even before her delightful accent established it beyond question. She met Jim while she was visiting her cousin at a northern navy yard and became engag-ed to him after three weeks of ardent wooing, and then she went home to Altamara with his ring on her finger and his image firmly engraved on her heart. Jim went to sea. It was easy enough to be loyal while she stayed quietly in Altamara, for she knew every man in the town and had been engaged to half the boys in her set,

but being engaged really was different.

A cousin of her father's who lived in New York wrote and asked the girl to visit her for the winter. Her parents insisted upon her accepting the invita tion. The day she arrived in New York she slipped Jim's ring from her finger and put it on the chain she wore about her neck. It would save her a ot of troublesome explanations

New York was a revelation. It was ner first glimpse of the metropolis, and she wrote glowing accounts of the theaters, restaurants and parties to Jim. Her cousin had three daughters, and the house was never dull. A letter from Jim one morning brought her up guiltily. She was going motoring with a man who claimed a distant relation ship and who had been most attentive ever since her arrival.

Jim's letter said that a shipmate of



SHE AWOKE WITH A START.

his had just been ordered to the Ne York yard and he had promised to look Margery up as soon as he ar rived. His name was Prater and he would be sure to turn up in a fe days. Margery sat beside M Wagram very soberly that day, usual flow of easy chatter silenced. Wagram glauced at her curiously, divined that something was amiss, he was troubled, but he feared to the position of confidence he gained step by step by an injudiciou question, so he held his peace.

Prater called the next day. He was older than Jim, a hatchet faced man o thirty, with small, shrewd eyes and a lurking smile at the corners of his thin lips. He delivered message from Jim and then began to lay plan for her entertainment as if he though she had been moping disconsolatel before he came. He invited her to te at the yard, and she felt obliged to accept. The day was decided upon, and then he left. Cousin Kate received the

halting confession with great tact.
"My dear child, it was your se and you had a perfect right to keep If you take my advice you will go being silent. We will have tea wi Mr. Prater and thank him for t charming courtesy, and in return, you wish, I will ask him here to diner. Then your Jim will have nothin to complain of."

It seemed so simple that Marger felt a load slipping from her, and sh threw both arms about Cousin Kat and embraced her impulsively.

The ten at the yard was as delightfu as six bachelors could make it, and, a there was no open allusion to Jim Margery soon got over her momenta embarrasment and enjoyed hersei thoroughly. Prater scarcely left he side; he was most attentive, and he made her feel that he had gone out o his way to do her honor. He accepted Cousin Kate's invitation to dinner with alacrity and proved himself a most en tertaining dinner guest. Then he is vited them all to dine on board the sta

tion ship, and Margery felt the meshe tightening about her. service were long, and they were reach ing out. She had been on the point of slipping away, and they were stretch ing out to recapture her. And in the ten days that followed she saw Prate

almost daily and Wagram but twice.
"It's different. In the service I car
accept Mr. Prater's escort; he's Jim'
friend," she vouchsafed to her cousin as the latter ventured to protest agains her going alone to the matinee with

the naval officer.

"And Miller Wagram is a relative You can go with him better than with a stranger."

"Ah, but he isn't a stranger; he's Jim's substitute," and Margery forced a gay little laugh.
"He's what?" Cousin Kate was shocked, and somehow the explanation sounded rather lame. To tell the truth, Margery was miserable. She had reached a point where she felt that she had to come to a decision. I'm's out. reached a point where she felt that she had to come to a decision. Jim's outline had become hazy, his lovemaking stereotyped. She felt the distance between them was widering hourly, while Wagram was a real personality to be reckoned with. His flowers, his candy, his books, were all pleasures she must take into account, and now she must either decide to go on with a shadow or cast it aside and confess that she was mistaken in the strength

of her affection for Jim. Prater came home with her after the matinee and stayed until Cousin Kate felt obliged to ask him to remain and dine. He accepted, and in the even-ing Wagram called. Prater's intuition told him that this was Jim's most for-midable rival, and he was hostile in consequence.

When Margery went up to her room she had come to the conclusion to write to Jim at once and break off her engagement. Fearing lest her resolve might weaken in the morning, she sat up till after midnight trying to word her letter so that it should not sound too cruel and yet to show that her decision was final. When she sealed the envelope she was not satisfied, and it was a white faced, tearful eyed Mar gery who crept into bed and sobbed herself to sleep. She had not dreamed the actual break would hurt so much.

Wagram came in the morning to es-cort her to church, and she kept him waiting beyond the traditional half hour, and it took her so long to dress that she forgot to mail the letter lying on her desk. The day was a busy one, and she had scarcely time to think, but when Wagram tried to draw her away from the others, suggesting that he had something of importance to tell her, she put him off.

"Not tonight," she urged.
"Then tomorrow. Will you listen to me tomorrow, little girl?"

She nodded, not daring to trust her-self to reply. In the morning she would post the letter to Jim, and in the afternoon she would tell Wagram what she had don't what she had done. Nevertheless, in spite of the fact that she had stifled all regrets, her sleep was broken, and when she awoke her head ached so frightfully that she could not raise it

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon she crept downstairs for a cup of tea. Her cousins had gone to a musicale, and the house was very quiet. The tea re-freshed her, and she curled up on the sofa in the library and rested cozily among the cushions. She awoke with a start to find a tall, clean shaven man looking down at her, a heart full of love and longing in his honest eyes, She stared up at him, wide eyed, a

"Margery, my darling, have I fright. ened you? I wanted to take you by surprise, sweetheart, so I told Prater not to tell you I was on my way home. But now, Margery, speak. Aren't you glad to see me?'

He was terrified at her continued si-lence. This was scarcely the girt whose memory had never left him day or night, whom he had loved during the long, dreary months he had spent in the tropics. She had changed; she was no longer a dainty child; she was was no longer a damity chind; she was a woman. And then he grew tender. Women were made of softer stuff than men. She knew what his coming portended, and she was a bit afraid. In a little while she would forget and give herself up only to the joy of their reunion. He had been too impetuous. He should have let the maid announce him. But as he had been as sure of her as himself he had insisted upon going in alone. At the sound of his voice Margery

felt her heart str painfully, and as she kept on staring at him his dear face gradually blotted out all memory of that other till when he paused and of that other till when he paused and the silence between them grew em-barrassing. A rush of feeling swamp-ed all other emotion, and she put up her arms suddenly. "Jim, oh. Jim! I am so glad!" she cried, and the rest was lost as he gathered her close to his breast. About an hour later, when Jim's ring was again on her finger and they, sat side by side on the soft, her hand

sat side by side on the sofa, her hand in his, he spoke of Prater.

"He is a fine fellow, and I'm sure you got on famously together," he said. "Yes," Margery admitted. Then, with a burs, of confidence, she added, "Nevertheless, Jim. 1 think, after all.

I don't care for substitutes." She blushed as she said it, and Jim in-terpreted it in his own fashion. "Still, with Prater, darling, you were "Still, with Prater, darling, you were perfectly safe. You were in no danger of falling in love with him, no matter how he felt about you."
"No, dear"—Margery snuggled a little closer—"I wasn't in any danger of forgetting you for Mr. Prater." But had she been perfectly honest she would have said that Prater was not the substitute of whom she was thinking.

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