

ATTACK ON TENER WAS BOOMERANG

Reputable Editors Repudiate Journalistic Mendacity.

NOT A SINGLE DIRECT CHARGE

Candidate For Governor Helped Rather Than Injured by the Work of the Mud Slingers.

Reputable newspapers throughout Pennsylvania are presenting and condemning the disgraceful journalistic attacks that have been made on John K. Tener, the Republican nominee for governor.

Misrepresentations of a scandalous character have been made in the attempt to ruin the reputation of Mr. Tener, but investigations into the facts of the case have shown that Mr. Tener has acted in a thoroughly honorable and upright manner in every transaction that has been referred to and through which his political enemies have sought to place him in a false light before the people.

The efforts of a sensational newspaper to have it appear that Mr. Tener, through his connection with the Public Utilities Corporation, has placed himself in a position to forfeit the support of his fellow citizens as a candidate for governor, have failed signally.

Not a solitary fact has been submitted showing that Mr. Tener should be criticised for any act in relation to this company. While it is admitted that up to date the enterprise has not been profitable, reputable business men who are interested in the corporation are convinced that it will ultimately be successful.

Mr. Tener met the attack upon him with a prompt and sweeping avowal of any wrongdoing.

"It is a palpable attempt to besmirch my character," said he, "and to question my integrity, without the slightest justification and without a scintilla of fact to base an intimation of wrongdoing upon my part."

"The article," he declared, "is an effort to promote the selfish and pecuniary interests of a mercenary and degenerate publication. There is absolutely nothing to conceal. I became connected with the company through W. L. Christman, a reputable attorney in Philadelphia. When I found I could not give the time to the company I severed my connection with it absolutely, never having accepted any of its stock. My relations with the company were entirely straightforward and honorable in every respect."

Mr. Christman, to whom Mr. Tener referred, is one of the leading members of the Philadelphia bar and a man of the highest reputation in the community. He is now president of the company, which was formed, among other things, to construct a railroad on the coast of Oregon to open up a big lumber field. Mr. Tener was voted \$50,000 worth of stock, but declined to accept it. He was connected with the company for but two months, when he resigned.

Men of Affairs Interested.

A number of well known business men are on the board of directors of the company, including Simeon Merrill, president of the Yost Manufacturing company, of Meadville, Pa.; William B. Margerum, a merchant in the Reading Terminal market, Philadelphia; General Russell Thayer, who is also a director in the Philadelphia and Suburban Elevated Railroad company; Colonel William Bender Wilson, formerly of the Pennsylvania railroad, and for whom the Pennsylvania legislature voted a medal of honor for distinguished services during the Civil War; W. W. Pinkerton, of the Pinkerton Construction company; Frederick Schoff, a manufacturer, who has been prominent in many civic movements in Philadelphia, and Thomas Bromley, Jr., who is a member of the Committee of Seventy, and has been active in a number of reform movements in the Quaker City. General Thayer was among the first to declare that Mr. Tener's connection with the company was entirely honorable. He predicts the ultimate success of the enterprise.

Throughout the several publications care has been exercised to avoid directly charging Mr. Tener with any specific act of wrongdoing, but by innuendo and by linking him with promoters who were identified with the unsuccessful companies taken over by the Public Utilities Corporation, an effort is made to discredit Mr. Tener.

In commenting upon the attack on Mr. Tener the editor of the Pittsburgh Gazette-Times, among other things, says:

"Mr. Tener says his relations with the company were 'straightforward and honorable in every way.' As far as his friends are concerned his reputation of the slander was scarcely necessary; they know he is an honest man, and they do not question his integrity. But it is just as well that he should denounce the attempt to besmirch his character, as he has done for the information of the people of the state, before whom he is appearing as the Republican nominee for governor."

"As for this bit of sensationalism which has been introduced into the campaign, it is a disgrace to journalism. It is essentially a low-grade political trick, partly intended to attain the meanness of partisan ends and partly to achieve a feat of commercialism of the most despicable character."

Black Hand Methods.

In commenting upon the fact that the newspaper which printed the sensational story solicited orders for the sale of the paper two days in advance of its publication as a campaign document, the Gazette-Times says: "Instead of publishing its alleged revelations in the usual course of business as a purveyor of news and thus conveying to the public such information as it deemed proper without regard to politics, it served a sort of Black

BERRY DEALS WITH LIQUOR INTERESTS

On Local Option Platform But Pledged Not to Work For It.

HYPOCRISY OF THE MAN

Accuses Both His Rivals, But Cannot Deny That He Made Compacts With Saloon Men.

William H. Berry, the Keystone Party nominee for governor, has up to date failed to reply to the charge that he made a deal with liquor men and representatives of liquor interests both prior to and at the Allentown convention, to win the support of saloonkeepers and others affiliated with the liquor traffic in his effort to win the Democratic gubernatorial nomination.

Although it is some time since Mayor Liebel, of Erie, formally charged Mr. Berry with holding a conference with "Jim" Shively, the liquor men's state representative, at Allentown, with a view to getting the votes of certain delegates in the Democratic convention, Mr. Berry has made no specific denial.

The charge is now made that during the gathering of Democrats at Harrisburg, when the date for the state convention was being determined upon Mr. Berry met representatives of the Lackawanna county Democracy, who are largely interested in the whisky and brewery business, and gave their such assurances that he was promised the votes of the delegates to the Democratic state convention.

When the Lackawanna delegation reached Allentown they wanted a direct interview with Mr. Berry, and they were closeted with him in a room on the Hotel Allen for some time. Then and there Berry assured them that he was elected governor he would do nothing to further the cause of local option and they could depend upon him to be absolutely neutral.

So satisfactory were the guarantees given them by Mr. Berry that every man in the delegation when the roll was called in the Democratic convention voted for William H. Berry.

Liquor Men For Berry.

In this delegation there were five saloonkeepers and one collector for a brewery. There were a number of other liquor men in various delegations in the Democratic convention who voted for Mr. Berry upon assurances received from him.

And yet Mr. Berry in his nightly speeches talks about liquor men having dominated the convention as well as nominated both his competitors and would have it appear that he is the implacable foe of the liquor interests. He is running upon a local option platform adopted by the Keystone Party state convention, yet he is under pledge to the liquor men of Lackawanna county and elsewhere to do nothing, in the event of his selection, to promote the cause of local option.

Mr. Berry has been accused of hypocrisy by men who have known him for years and who have watched his vacillating course in politics, and every day seems to bring forth fresh evidence to bear on their allegations. Preaching politics in churches on Sunday, and on weekdays making deals with representatives of the liquor traffic, seems to come quite natural to Mr. Berry.

Fahrenheit of Long Standing.

It was about 1720, at Amsterdam, that Fahrenheit made his first thermometer, which has served as a model ever since.

Living Cheap In Jamaica.

Among the 800,000 inhabitants of Jamaica there are 100,000 who live on an average income of about 12 cents a day.

Hand blackmailers' notice upon Sena Penrose that unless he withdraw Mr. Tener within 48 hours it would publish certain exposures to prove the latter's unfitness for the governorship. Aside from the fact that Senator Penrose has neither the power nor the authority to withdraw Mr. Tener and that the miserable creature making this threat knew Mr. Penrose would do nothing of the sort, the effect of this preliminary publication was to subject Mr. Tener to grave suspicions without redress or the opportunity to defend himself for two whole days during a critical stage of the state canvass. Here was the real infamy of this wretched sensationalism though the story as it finally appeared is hardly less shameful in construction.

"The whole affair, however, turns out to be a 'flash in the pan.' There is nothing to show either culpability or wrongdoing, unfitness or dishonesty on Mr. Tener's part."

Upon every hand citizens are denouncing the authors of the attack and the fact has been demonstrated that the unwarranted criticisms have helped rather than hurt Mr. Tener in his canvass for the governorship.

Bitterly resenting the work of the journalistic mud-slingers, Republicans everywhere are evincing a keen interest in the campaign and are determined to emphasize their contempt for the slanderers by rolling up a great vote for Mr. Tener and the full Republican ticket on election day.

From the methods now being resorted to by the Keystone Party managers almost anything may be anticipated in the way of despicable campaigning in the closing days of the canvass. The masked man with still letto is abroad and Mr. Tener has been picked as the victim. Every conceivable form of malice and venom will be employed in the desperate game to elect Berry governor.

These men recognize the strength of Mr. Tener with the people and they are driven to desperation and thugery in their mad attempts to stem the tide of popular sentiment that is sweeping Mr. Tener on to victory.

NEIGHBORS SHOW FAITH IN TENER

Business Men of His Home Town of Charleroi Indorse Him.

HIS TOUR OF TRIUMPH

Republican Nominee For Gubernatorial Honors Greeted Everywhere by Immense Audiences.

A dispatch from Charleroi, the home town of John K. Tener, tells of the quick action of the neighbors of the Republican nominee for governor, following the journalistic attacks made upon him, in expressing their absolute faith and confidence in him and their interest in his candidacy.

For twenty years John Tener has been doing business in his community, and never in all that time has he been accused of doing any person out of a penny. He is connected with a number of business ventures—in fact, with everything that goes to make up the industrial life of that section. Naturally there are some who do not agree with everything he does, but no one doubts that he is open and above board in all his actions and thoroughly honest. The manner in which he has met his accusers is the action of an honest man. "I have nothing to conceal; I court investigation of my every action, private or political," he says.

Dozens of persons in Charleroi and the surrounding towns who, before the publication of this malicious yarn, were either considering the voting of some other ticket or at least lukewarm in the matter, have expressed themselves in no uncertain manner since it came out. Recognizing it for what it is, a political canard of the first water, they are now unqualifiedly for Tener and the whole Republican ticket. They have no use for "reformers" who stoop to such despicable measures.

Last week was held the regular monthly meeting of the Charleroi Business Men's association, of which Mr. Tener is a member.

This organization is composed of all of Charleroi's progressive, hustling merchants, manufacturers and business men generally. Its president is a man formerly lined up with the anti-Tener faction in Washington county. Much of the hustling in behalf of Mr. Tener before the State convention was done by the association. And now it comes out unequivocally for him in a set of resolutions drafted by a committee composed of John B. Schaffer, John H. Bowers and William Kirk.

Business Men Speak Out.

Following are the resolutions, adopted unanimously: "Resolved, That we, the members of the Charleroi Business Men's association, knowing our fellow member, Hon. John K. Tener, to be a man of good, sound judgment, unquestionable integrity and rare business qualifications, and one who has done much for the interest of Charleroi, and believing that a business administration has proven to be the best for the state of Pennsylvania, and feeling assured that Hon. John K. Tener is thoroughly competent to fill the high office of governor and will give the people a good, clean administration, and uphold with honor the sacred duties of this position, we heartily endorse his candidacy, and wish him every success on Nov. 8.

"J. H. BOWERS, President.

"M. ADAMS, Secretary."

State Treasurer C. Fred Wright, who has been making the tour of the state with Mr. Tener, is enthusiastic over the success of the trip and says the meetings are much larger than even those of the Stuart gubernatorial campaign four years ago.

"Mr. Tener is making a splendid impression," said Mr. Wright, "and is winning votes for the Republican ticket wherever he goes. There can be no question about his popularity in all of the counties of his home territory, even beyond the confines of his congressional district.

"Mr. Tener stands well with his neighbors and those who know him best throughout western Pennsylvania. At every place we stopped the leading and most representative citizens, men of affairs and men who are the leaders in their respective communities, were on hand to greet Mr. Tener and to evince an interest in his campaign.

CROSSES STREET LIKE CHILD

Dog Puts Paw In Mistress' Hand When Dodging Traffic.

A dog that carries his mistress' bag and one that carries his master's newspaper or cane have been familiar sights on New Yorkers on Fifth avenue. A dog that crosses the crowded street walking close beside his mistress with his paw in her hand has not been seen often enough to cease to attract attention.

Mistress and dog regularly cross a crowded thoroughfare in this way, paw in hand, close together. People watch them as they stand together on the curb waiting for a chance to cross. With perfect unconcern they start forth side by side when the chance comes. When the opposite curb is reached the dog drops to a quadruped once more.

Hard to Write Hongkong.

While the mail service between Hongkong and Europe has steadily improved during the past year, that to and from the United States has become less and less satisfactory.

Swiss Own Railway Monopoly.

The government owns a majority of the railroads and owns and operates all the telegraphs and telephones in Switzerland, manufacturing the equipment for all except steel rails.

A SINGULAR DUEL

Story of a Meeting In an Ancient Ruin in Italy.

By MARIA G. MORGAN.

It was moonlight in Rome. A carriage stopped before a building occupied for apartments in the Piazza del Esquilino and received a single person, who before entering gave the coachman her directions, whereupon he drove down the Via Carour to the foot of the Esquilino hill, threaded a street leading to the Coliseum, towering massive and dark against the bright sky, circled it and, entering a street leading southward, finally drove up before the baths of Caracalla. A woman opened the door from within and stepped out of the carriage.

Walking up to the little building where lives the keeper of the ruin, she was admitted, evidently by appointment, and, passing over the curved walk that led to the great structure, passed in under shadow.

The remains of the baths of Caracalla are one of the great ruins of antiquity. Built at the height of Roman splendor by one of the worst and most luxurious of the Roman emperors, it was finished in imperial style, and from it at a later date were taken several of the most famous antique pieces of statuary.

The moon, standing almost directly overhead, shone down on the woman who paced back and forth within the central part of the ruin. A thin robe falling from her shoulders covered her whole figure, and as she walked it floated gracefully behind her. Her quick, nervous step it was evident that something of moment was on her mind and likely that she was impatiently waiting for some one to join her.

Presently hearing carriage wheels she listened. They stopped where her



"YOU WILL FIGHT!"

own had stopped, and she heard footsteps approaching. A man entered, paused, looked about him and called: "Margaret!"

"I am here," a voice replied, and the girl who had waited stepped out from shadow into moonlight. She waited for him in the center of the enormous space in which she stood, and he advanced toward her.

"Now, in the name of all the gods," he said in broken English, "will you tell me what new freak is this that leads you to summon me here at this time of night?"

"Perhaps you have forgotten, my prince, how, sitting on our broad veranda in New Mexico, you fired the ranchman's daughter's imagination with tales of those wondrous ruins in the city to which you were going to bring me as your bride. You were a Claude Melnotte expatiating upon your palace in Rome instead of on the Lake of Como. Can you blame me for desiring a last meeting with you here within these indestructible walls, where, especially since I have been obliged to wait for you, I have been able to feed my fancy with the shadowy forms of Romans, dead near 2,000 years, coming and going to bathe, to drink, to flirt, to while away their time in languorous indolence. There; I can see the emperor entering, waving back his slaves, for whom even in this vast edifice there is no room. He passes through to his private bath."

"Enough of this fancy flight, Margaret. I understood that all was over between us. I knew you for a wild antelope of the prairie, a woman with all the desire for freedom of the red men of your country. And I knew that you were loved as well as feared; that you were the idol of ranchman and cowboy. I loved you and wished you for my wife. You know that I, whose ancestors were sovereigns over a portion of this fair Italian land, have inherited the Fabian blood. You know that my fortunes are wrecked, my palace in not much better condition than this ruin."

"Yes, and so long as my father was supposed to be the sheep king of New Mexico you wished to bring me here with a dowry to rebuild it. When the great blizzard came, destroying his flocks by thousands, and he was obliged to start again from a single pair, the process seemed so slow that your love cooled."

"My love was the same. My interests demanded other things."

"And so, my prince, we have at last got down to the bottom facts. 'This that you have done is European, not American. Over here you princes of the blood are in certain matters very sensitive. You cannot bear that another should tread on your aristocratic toes—not that you cannot endure the pain, but that within those toes runs the blood of a Fabian. But when you come to America and are kindly received you do not consider that the heart of a ranchman's daughter is of any moment compared with the whim or the interest of a prince of Italy.'"

"I have expressed my sincere regrets."

"Your regrets will not wipe out the stain put upon an American girl any more than regrets would restore a slight done you had one of your countrymen robbed you of a wife. You know how that injury would be avenged."

"I do."

"At the point of the sword. And it is at the point of the sword that your slight to the ranch girl must be atoned for. A girl's heart is as sacred as a prince's honor. She is not to be robbed of it any more than the prince is to be robbed of his wife. Were we in my country, instead of yours, you and I could 'fan the hammer' in each other's face, we could throw the larinet, the one who won to have the privilege of kissing the other. Those are barbarous ways, not fit for a prince of the blood. Your European ways are far more attractive. There is romance in the air in Italy. When the Italian comes to our wild western country his sentiment lies dormant and he considers only his interest. Then a heart is nothing to him. A cowboy's shooting match is a thing to him. But here in his land of art, poetry, music, where he is reminded by works that have endured for centuries of the loveliness of a Marcus Aurelius and the shame of a Nero, it is well that he should pay the penalty of his heartlessness at the point of a Damascus blade and within the walls of an emperor's baths."

With the last words she threw back the wrap that thus far had covered her and displayed a woman's fencing costume. In her left hand she held two rapiers. Taking one of them by the blade, she held the hilt toward the prince.

"Do not shrink from it, my prince. It is of gold. And did a Fabian ever shrink from handling a sword? Could there be anything more befitting a prince than settling his affairs with a golden hilted blade, the moonlight pouring in through breaches in the walls of the baths of Caracalla?"

As the prince shrank away Margaret advanced.

"I will not fight you—a woman—a woman I have loved, love today. I cannot. Is there nothing that will appease you? I will sign a paper admitting my error. I will—"

"You will fight."

By this time she had forced the handle of the sword into his hand. Then she put herself in the attitude of a fencer.

"Hold!" he cried. "A sword is not your weapon. Desist and I will go to your home and if I must defend myself will do so at the point of the weapon you know so well how to use—the revolver. In God's name, do not force me here now to die or take your life."

"On guard!"

"I will break my engagement. I will marry you."

"I will not break my engagement."

"What do you mean?"

"I am to marry a rancher of New Mexico, but not till I have wiped out the stain put upon me by a prince of Italy."

There was something in the last words as merciless as a wave rolling in on a stormy beach. The prince had no choice but to die or defend himself. Two of those gentlemen called carabinieri, the national Italian police, who go always in pairs dressed in swallow-tailed coats, cocked hats and swords hanging by their sides, happened to be walking along the road that led past the ruin when they heard sounds of the clash of steel. They stopped and listened. Fancying the noise came from within the walls, they hurried there to find two fencers, the one attacking, the other defending himself. The carabinieri stepped between the two and demanded their swords.

"What—prince?" exclaimed one of them. "You here fighting at this time of night, and without attendants?"

"It was not premeditated."

"And you," asked the officer of Margaret—"who are you?"

"An American woman."

"Gentlemen," said the prince, "this affair must go no further. You know that his majesty would not wish it known that a man of my rank was found fighting with a woman under such singular circumstances. Besides, the lady's name should not be connected with such an affair."

"I have nothing to conceal," said Margaret.

Then all left the ruin. Margaret was put into her carriage and the coachman told to drive her home. The prince, after a long conversation with the carabinieri, entered his own carriage and returned to the city.

The next morning early Margaret left Rome, having received a polite message from the king's chamberlain that his majesty considered her too dangerous a person to be permitted to go free among the noblemen of Italy. A month after her departure she was married at her home in the far west, settled down to the raising of sheep and babies and became not only a domestic, but in certain respects a prominent woman. But the story of her duel in the baths of Caracalla was never divulged till years afterward.

The Pardon Paperweight.

Under the headline "A Queer Municipal Gift" a Vienna paper tells this story: "In the year 1869 a private soldier stationed at Sals killed an officer of his regiment and was condemned to be shot. Comrades who knew the extenuating circumstances, friends, priests, relatives—all pleaded in vain for mercy, the colonel in whose hands the matter rested insisting on the death penalty. The day came and the man was taken to the place of execution. Six members of his regiment, armed with rifles, one of which contained a blank cartridge, took their places as executioners. The man's eyes were bandaged and with arms securely pinioned he stood ready for the volley, shouting 'Comrades, aim well' when a mounted courier dashed into the crowd waving a white flag, crying 'Pardon!' He was Lieutenant Baron du Mont, with the colonel's pardon, which would have been useless had it arrived one minute later. The municipality secured the five bullets from the firing squad, had them silvered and mounted in the form of a tiny pyramid on a silver plate, and this, suitably inscribed, is known as the 'pardon paperweight,' the only one of its kind."

HE WHO WAITS.

Wooded and Won His Bride as a Poor Young Man.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

"Yes," said Fred Livingston as he skillfully threaded the maze of tables in the hotel dining room and led his mother and cousin to desirable places in a cool corner. "I rather pride myself on having found rooms for you here in the Crag House. They claimed they were filled to the brim, but I flung my purse, the eagle screamed, and they passed the trick. How do you like it, Stella?"

The girl, half smiling at her cousin's rattling talk, was idly watching the gay scene of which she was a part.

"It's lovely, isn't it, Aunt Ju?" murmured the girl in a low tone that she might not interrupt Fred, who was ordering the meal. "I wonder if we will meet any acquaintances here."

Mrs. Livingston patted her stiffly arranged white puffs, pushed in a loose hairpin and twinkled her earrings with a slight toss of her head. "I trust we shall not meet any undesirable acquaintances," she said significantly.

Stella Hewitt flushed rosily, and her pretty teeth closed on her red lip. "To



"WHO WERE YOU SMILING AT, STELLA?"

borrow Fred's smile, I suppose desirability is gauged by the scream of the eagle on the dollar."

"Vulgarity is not wit," returned her aunt tartly.

Fred turned a rubicund, good natured countenance toward them.

"Wrangling again?" he asked cheerfully. "What about now?"

Mrs. Livingston stared coldly at her son, and Stella merely acknowledged his question with a contemptuous little smile.

"Did you notice the chap that took our order?" asked Mr. Livingston, no whit abashed by their coolness.

"You mean the waiter?" Mrs. Livingston's strongly marked brows were elevated.

"Yes, the waiter. He's in my class at college. Don't get excited, however. Lots of those chaps work their way through in this sort of way. They wait on table at these summer hotels and make a pretty penny."

"What is his name?" demanded Mrs. Livingston.

"Schneider," returned Fred nonchalantly—"a mighty nice little Dutchman too."

"Was that waiter at the Pines in Bellamy, the one who presumed to speak to Stella on the street one day—was he a college student?" This time Mrs. Livingston's voice was vibrant with eagerness.

Stella's color faded, leaving her face singularly white and strained. "Is it necessary to bring me into the discussion, Aunt Ju?" she asked disdainfully.

Fred looked uncomfortable. "You mean Forrest, Jim Forrest, I suppose. Oh, yes, he's a senior now. Good fellow too."

"I should think he might find a more dignified method of obtaining an education," sniffed Mrs. Livingston.

"Didn't uncle keep a chophouse?" asked Stella, with sudden clearness of tone.

"Hush!" Mrs. Livingston's face crimsoned angrily. "How dare you, Stella!"

"I'm sure he told me that once he kept a chophouse and an oyster parlor. He said he waited on the customers himself," persisted Stella wickedly.

physician to see them. The week that followed was a strange one for Stella Hewitt. Proud and high spirited, resenting the love-making of her cousin, abetted by his mother, who was Stella's guardian as well as aunt, the girl found herself deeply interested in the individuality of the man who waited on the table. He had never presumed by so much as a glance upon the incident in the dining room, and Stella liked him the better for it. One day she had met him on one of the mountain paths, and she had stopped and thanked him prettily for the service.

"I'm going to let you thank me some other time," he had said gravely. Just at that moment Fred had appeared, and he had uttered some sharp words that divulged the fact that he knew who the waiter was.

The next day the waiter disappeared, and two days afterward Mrs. Livingston found it convenient to move on to another resort. Stella understood and smiled a bitter little smile.

Now she felt a little throb of exultation that her instinct had not been wrong. She had recognized in the man who had saved her life some claim to distinction. She admired him for his pluck and perseverance. She felt that he was more to be respected than Fred, who lazily accepted what the gods (and his industrious father) had provided and was without ambition of any sort. If one excepted his desire to wed Stella.

Desert was served, and Stella, playing idly with her spoon, looked across the large room and saw Jim Forrest looming large in the distance, bearing a tray carefully poised on one palm. Their eyes met across the intervening space, and Stella smiled. Forrest did not return the greeting.

"Who were you smiling at, Stella?" demanded Fred hastily.

She did not reply.

Mrs. Livingston had seen, however, and so it was the very next day they gave up the rooms Fred had engaged and went back to town where there would be no doubt as to who would serve the soup and where there were no dangerous candelabra on the table.

September came, and Fred went back to college, a rejected suitor. Stella was most unhappy with her aunt, who could not conceal the bitter disappointment she suffered in her son's failure to win Stella.

The girl was very gentle with the older woman, who chided her with ingratitude and coldness. At last she sent Stella away for a long visit to another relative in the west, while she turned her thoughts to other matters and tried to forget the failure of her cherished plans.

In March Fred suddenly married a pretty girl—the sister of one of his classmates—and his college career came to an abrupt close.

One night at dinner a telegram was brought to Mrs. Livingston. She read it and uttered a startled exclamation. "Why—Stella is married!" she exclaimed.

"To whom?" asked Fred.

"She doesn't say—merely 'Will be with you during our honeymoon. Let her explain.' Who can it be? She hasn't mentioned any one in her letters."

"Some cowpuncher," guessed Fred a little drearily, then with an animation, "I say, mother, you remember that chap, Jim Forrest, who was on table at Bellamy last summer—the one who saved Stella's life?"

"Yes."

"Why, he's turned out to be all sorts of a big gun. Seems his father made him work his way through college—told him he didn't care what he did so long as the labor was honest—and now the old man's dead and Forrest is worth a cool ten million!"

Mrs. Livingston flushed deeply. "It would have made a splendid match for Stella," she said regretfully. "But that's always the way. If she had chosen him it would have turned out he was a beggar."

"You could trust Stella to pick out the right party, only, you see, you scared them both off, mother. I don't believe either one of them thought of love or anything else. He was merely polite, and Stella was grateful to him. If they had been left alone it might have developed into a pretty romance, eh, Florrie?" He grinned across at his pretty little wife.

She nodded wisely. "Poor old Stella," she said condescendingly.

The letter from Stella never came, but Stella came herself, with her husband in tow—none other than big Jim Forrest himself.

"I won her as a poor man," he said proudly to Fred, "first as a waiter, and afterward I met her on the Rose Leaf ranch, in Wyoming, of which I am part owner. As a cowpuncher I made her love me and I have only told her today that she won't have to count the pennies, and, say, she's disappointed. I do believe!"</