

THE COURAGE OF FEAR.

There be who are afraid to fear,
The myriads of Hope!
Their watchword cannot lend me cheer...

Hast thou that courage of the lost,
Past theirs, that reach their goal,
Who'er thou art, I thee respect—
Thou Conqueror of my Soul!

A Debt Discharged.

By EDITH BASS.

"Hallo, Lonesborough, old chap!
Who would have thought of seeing you
in Boston just now! I had an idea you
were in the White Mountains, or some
where equally remote."

stranger, and was possibly taking you
in. I did not realize that she belonged
to our set. Forgive me, old man, I've
no doubt she's all she should be, and
I offer the lady and you my heartiest
congratulations."

"Don't chaff, old man, it's no joke
this time. I'm bowled over completely.
She is the loveliest woman I have
ever seen, and as good as she is beau-
tiful. And she loves me! Why, man,
she might marry anybody. I can hard-
ly believe my good luck."

"Great Scott! has it gone as far as
that? Well, come into the club and
tell your father-confessor all about it,"
said Lonesborough looking half wist-
fully, half humorously at Carstairs.

Men who only know Lonesborough
superficially were apt to call him
gloomy and taciturn. He certainly was
inclined to shun his fellows and live
rather a hermit's life; at least, he
avoided the society of women, and so
had acquired a reputation for unso-
ciableness. But if there were a tender
spot in his heart it was for young Car-
stairs, a man some fifteen years his
junior. They had been friends ever
since Carstairs had come to Boston five
years before with college honors thick
upon him, and had begun to mount the
rungs of the journalistic ladder with
enviable rapidity.

"You'll be my best man, won't you,
Hugh?"
"By all means, dear boy. Is the hap-
py event to be soon?"
"Within about two months, I hope. We
have nothing to wait for, and I mean
to start house hunting at once."

Lonesborough pulled himself to-
gether, away from the memories of the
past that had threatened to over-
whelm him at the sight of her face,
and his set lips uncurled.
"No," he said, "I have come from
town on purpose to see you, but I am
afraid you will not find my visit a
pleasure when you hear the reason. I
have come to ask you to break off your
engagement with Cyril Carstairs."

"Break off my engagement with Cy-
ril!" she repeated. "But why? By
what right do you?"
"Never mind my right," he interrupt-
ed. "Cyril is my friend, and you are
not fit to be his wife."

"Oh, well, that does certainly alter
matters a little; I imagined she was a
stranger, and was possibly taking you
in. I did not realize that she belonged
to our set. Forgive me, old man, I've
no doubt she's all she should be, and
I offer the lady and you my heartiest
congratulations."

"You don't understand, Cyril," said
Lonesborough, in a hollow tone. "I
must tell you. Thank God! It is not
too late. You have never heard the
story of my life, but you shall now.
When I was just about your age it was
wrecked cruelly and heartlessly by
that woman."

"Old man," he said, quietly, "I never
believe in raking up the past. I am
sorry, heartily sorry, that it was Vera
who caused you pain, but what she did
ten or more years ago cannot affect
me now. I love her so well that I will
hear nothing but what she chooses to
tell me."

Cyril faced his friend with a stern
light in his dark blue eyes.
"Hugh," he said, "I don't want to
quarrel with you, so if you value our
friendship you will be silent. The past
is done with, the present and the future
are mine." He laid his hand on
Lonesborough's shoulder. "Don't let us
speak of this again, old man. I want
to keep your friendship as well as my
wife's love."

"I have been unjust to you—I did not
credit you with one good impulse. We
have both something to forgive."

It was the afternoon of the next day
when Lonesborough stood face to face
with the woman he had prayed never
to see again. In contrast to his lined
and haggard face her beauty appeared
all the more brilliant, and even in the
midst of his trouble he found himself
wondering how long he had dealt so
lightly with her.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," she
began, hurriedly, in that soft, low
voice the very tone of which re-opened
still further the wound that had never
healed. "I hardly recognized you. Are
you staying in the neighborhood?"

"No," he said, "I have come from
town on purpose to see you, but I am
afraid you will not find my visit a
pleasure when you hear the reason. I
have come to ask you to break off your
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not fit to be his wife."

"Would it not be better to say so to
him?" asked the woman, softly, but
her bosom heaved angrily, and she
clenched her white hands together.

"You are right," she went on, "I
do not love him in that way. There is
only one man I ever loved like that.
Hugh," she said, with a little gasp, "I
will throw Cyril over if you will marry
me!"

Lonesborough started back with a
gesture of horror and repulsion.

"I always loved you," she cried,
Sincerely, "and I have repented—oh! I
have never ceased repenting—that I
treated you so badly."

"I marry you!" cried Lonesborough,
in a hoarse voice. "God forbid!" He
looked at the purple blotch on which
they were standing. "My love for you
is dead," he said. "As dead as last
year's flowers."

"I will do as you wish, Hugh," she
said, in a low voice. "I will break off
my engagement with Cyril. Poor boy!
He will get over it. He is not the kind
that suffers long. It is you—you who
have suffered." She went on, with pas-
sionately looking at his hollow cheeks, his
dark hair sprinkled with gray, and
through my fault. I will make what
a reparation I can—I will pay my debt
to you. For your sake, Hugh, not for
his. I will give up my chivalrous
young lover who believes in me, and
perhaps some day you may think less
hardly of me than you do now."

"Thank you," he said, gently.
There was a long pause. Vera was
struggling to regain her composure,
and Lonesborough was fighting a bat-
tle with himself. At last he spoke:

"You will hurt him as little as you
can," he asked.
"Yes," she replied, "I will be very
gentle with him. He shall keep his
faith in me—and in you. You shall not
lose your friend."

Longshoremen in China earn thirty
cents a day.
The National Mine Workers of Amer-
ica now have 325,000 members.

Minnesota painters, decorators and
paper hangers have formulated plans
for a State organization.

Rumors of further trouble are afloat
in connection with the engineering
trade in the Clyde (Eng.) district.

Chinese barbers work on percentage,
the employer receiving seventy per
cent of the earnings and the journeymen
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THE JEFFERSON SUPPLY COMPANY
Being the largest distributor of General
Merchandise in this vicinity, is always
in position to give the best quality of goods.
Its aim is not to sell you cheap goods but
when quality is considered the price will al-
ways be found right.

N. HANAU
I am closing out my stock of dry goods and clothing and ladies
and gents' furnishing goods at 25 per cent less than cost. Am
going to quit business.

First National Bank
OF REYNOLDSVILLE.
Capital Surplus \$50,000
\$25,000

BON TON BAKERY
JOHN H. BAUM, Prop.,
For good first-class baked
goods such as fine Marble
Cake, English Wine Fruit
Cake, French Fruit Dev-
iled Cake, Angel Cake,
Lady Fingers, Jelly Drops,
Kisses, Maroons and
lots of other good cakes.

EVERY WOMAN
DR. PEARL'S
PENNYROYAL PILLS
Statistics show that in 50 years the
average height of British men has
grown an inch. The present average
height for a man of 30 is 5 foot 3 1/2
inches.

SPORTING BRIEVITIES.
Bobby Walthour, the speedy cyclist,
has given up the racing game.

The Austrian Automobile Club has
declined its intention to participate in
the international cup race of 1904.

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Accounts of early writers show that
squirrels must formerly have been
amazingly numerous. Golman says
that the gray coat was a fearful
scourge to the colonial farmers and
that Pennsylvania paid \$8000 in boun-
ties for their scalps in 1749 alone.

Automobiles in Spain.
An automobile service has been es-
tablished between quite a number of
smaller towns in Andalusia. Both
freight and passengers are carried, and
the service is said to give very satis-
factory results. Some of the freight
automobiles have been constructed in
Spain, while those for the passenger
traffic are chiefly of French origin.

The Council of Scottish Associations
in London recently passed a resolu-
tion protesting against the abolition
of the kilt and distinctions of the
Highland regiments. Lord Roberts,
to whom the resolution was forwarded,
replies that there is no intention to
interfere with the dress and specific tar-
tans of the Highland regiments, ex-
cept that the color of the service dress
must be like that of the rest of the
army.