

ESTRANGEMENT.

When the eternal springtime throves
In sites from countless years,
The idle river never drows
Into the smiling sea.

"NUMBER TWENTY-NINE"

The vast, mud-colored building
loomed out of the fog as the doctor's
brougham drew up with a jerk under
the portico.

Sir Kenneth Brandon was one of the
few London doctors whose names are
familiar abroad. He had made one
big discovery; he had done a great deal
of useful work, and at 40 he was already
making a big income.

Inside the large hall a lady was
already waiting for him—a fair, high-
bored face, with something of the look
of a student modernized by a slightly
bored air, such as is often seen in a
cultivated woman of the world.

They met as people meet who are
more than interested in each other.
For some time past Lady Sibthorpe
had known that he liked her, and for
some time past she had almost made
up her mind that she might accept
him.

In the "Catherine ward" the fifty
blue coverlet beds faced themselves
in the gloom of the long room. Here
and there the firelight illumined the
bland, unsmooth features of a nurse
under her smooth hair and with cap—
the sexless features of a woman who
has learned to witness suffering with-
out a sigh.

On seeing Sir Kenneth Brandon Sister
Catherine hurried forward as super-
intendent of the ward.
The doctor introduced the two wo-
men to each other, and for a while
Lady Sibthorpe, notebook in hand, was
absorbed with statistics.

"Now take me around to your pa-
tients, Sir Kenneth," she said when
she had done.
Sister Catherine moved forward.
They stopped at every bed. Lady Sib-
thorpe asked questions in a business-
like way, and Sir Kenneth, whose
"hospital manner" was proverbial,
addressed the patients in the same
tone he would have employed to a
duchess. His way with women was
one of the things for which he was
justly famous.

All three approached the bed. The
patient's back was turned to them, but
as steps approached, she tossed over
and lay on her back, her weakly,
vicious face, with its flush of color on
each cheek bone, looking sharply em-
bodied against the whiteness of the pil-
low. There were streaks of gray in
the dark hair, and the eyes—slaty,
eyes, which had once been blue—were
bloodshot and red-lidded.

EDMUND'S RANCH.

—the fashionable physician and the
pitiable outcast on the hospitable mat-
tress—knew each other she had never
not the smallest doubt. But the three
moved to the next bed, smiling and
chatting as they went. Presently Sir
Kenneth Brandon urged a consultation
at the other end of London at 5 o'clock,
and offered to drive Lady Sibthorpe
back, as she had sent away her car-
riage. They were both rather silent
as they were bowled along westward.

A few nights afterward, they met,
by accident, at a dinner. It was a
brilliant party. Sir Kenneth, in fact,
was delighted, for he was deputed to
take Lady Sibthorpe down to dinner.
Sir Kenneth had never realized how
devoted he was to her before. And
yet there was an expression in Lady
Sibthorpe's eyes to-night which he had
never seen there, and which he could
not quite understand.

"I see from the papers that you
have been in Paris the last few days,"
she said, as they ate their soup. "I
hope you have saved Europe one of its
exorcised heads?"
To any one but you I am profes-
sionally tongue-tied," whispered the
doctor gallantly. "Her majesty is
now out of danger. I was, in fact,
able to leave Paris by the 11 train—
just in time to dine here to-night.
But I haven't opened a single letter or
telegram."

"And your articles on the hospi-
tality?" said the doctor, bending his
head and his side. "I hope you're
going to let us down easily."
"Ah! my article will be on quite
another question," said Lady Sib-
thorpe. "I have been curiously inter-
ested in a case which is typical of
one of the great problems of modern
society. I have been three times to
the 'Whitechapel' since that day—"

"I wish to heaven you would not
run any such risk! We doctors are
hardened, you know, but there is al-
ways the fear of infection for delicate
women."
"By that poor creature—No. 29—"

"Ah!" sighed Sir Kenneth, frown-
ing slightly, as he reached out his
hand toward his champagne glass.
"Dear Lady Sibthorpe, those are ter-
rible cases. They are cancerous evils,
eating away the very life of our social
system."

"My dear doctor," urged the lady in
her most delightful drawl, "you for-
get what Mr. Lecky says, No. 29, on
the contrary, is the martyr of civiliza-
tion!"
"Possibly," replied the physician,
dryly, "but meanwhile—"

There was a burst of laughter from
each side of the table. A well known
Q. C. was telling the latest joke. In
the pause that followed, Lady Sib-
thorpe studied the menu, and Sir
Kenneth fingered some grapes on his
plate. How much did she know? It
seemed to him an eternity before she
spoke again.

"I have taken 'No. 29' as a typical
case. The woman seemed to be what
we are now agreed to call a 'morally
deficient' person. Yet, properly
trained and protected, 'No. 29' might
now be able, well, and a tolerably
useful member of society. Think of
it! That pitiable woman was barely
forty."

"My dear lady," said Sir Kenneth
slowly, "you have probably only heard
half her story. 'Do you really know
anything about her?'"
"Yes," said Lady Sibthorpe, abrup-
tly. And as she looked him straight
between the eyes, the doctor knew
that she was aware of the whole
story. "I'm not sentimental," she
added, with a smile, "but I've taken
a fancy to have the wretched creature
decently buried—in some little church-
yard. She shall rest now—for good.
Shall I undertake the necessary
arrangements? or would you perhaps
prefer—?"

EDMUND'S RANCH.

—the fashionable physician and the
pitiable outcast on the hospitable mat-
tress—knew each other she had never
not the smallest doubt. But the three
moved to the next bed, smiling and
chatting as they went. Presently Sir
Kenneth Brandon urged a consultation
at the other end of London at 5 o'clock,
and offered to drive Lady Sibthorpe
back, as she had sent away her car-
riage. They were both rather silent
as they were bowled along westward.

A few nights afterward, they met,
by accident, at a dinner. It was a
brilliant party. Sir Kenneth, in fact,
was delighted, for he was deputed to
take Lady Sibthorpe down to dinner.
Sir Kenneth had never realized how
devoted he was to her before. And
yet there was an expression in Lady
Sibthorpe's eyes to-night which he had
never seen there, and which he could
not quite understand.

"I see from the papers that you
have been in Paris the last few days,"
she said, as they ate their soup. "I
hope you have saved Europe one of its
exorcised heads?"
To any one but you I am profes-
sionally tongue-tied," whispered the
doctor gallantly. "Her majesty is
now out of danger. I was, in fact,
able to leave Paris by the 11 train—
just in time to dine here to-night.
But I haven't opened a single letter or
telegram."

"And your articles on the hospi-
tality?" said the doctor, bending his
head and his side. "I hope you're
going to let us down easily."
"Ah! my article will be on quite
another question," said Lady Sib-
thorpe. "I have been curiously inter-
ested in a case which is typical of
one of the great problems of modern
society. I have been three times to
the 'Whitechapel' since that day—"

"I wish to heaven you would not
run any such risk! We doctors are
hardened, you know, but there is al-
ways the fear of infection for delicate
women."
"By that poor creature—No. 29—"

"Ah!" sighed Sir Kenneth, frown-
ing slightly, as he reached out his
hand toward his champagne glass.
"Dear Lady Sibthorpe, those are ter-
rible cases. They are cancerous evils,
eating away the very life of our social
system."

"My dear doctor," urged the lady in
her most delightful drawl, "you for-
get what Mr. Lecky says, No. 29, on
the contrary, is the martyr of civiliza-
tion!"
"Possibly," replied the physician,
dryly, "but meanwhile—"

There was a burst of laughter from
each side of the table. A well known
Q. C. was telling the latest joke. In
the pause that followed, Lady Sib-
thorpe studied the menu, and Sir
Kenneth fingered some grapes on his
plate. How much did she know? It
seemed to him an eternity before she
spoke again.

"I have taken 'No. 29' as a typical
case. The woman seemed to be what
we are now agreed to call a 'morally
deficient' person. Yet, properly
trained and protected, 'No. 29' might
now be able, well, and a tolerably
useful member of society. Think of
it! That pitiable woman was barely
forty."

"My dear lady," said Sir Kenneth
slowly, "you have probably only heard
half her story. 'Do you really know
anything about her?'"
"Yes," said Lady Sibthorpe, abrup-
tly. And as she looked him straight
between the eyes, the doctor knew
that she was aware of the whole
story. "I'm not sentimental," she
added, with a smile, "but I've taken
a fancy to have the wretched creature
decently buried—in some little church-
yard. She shall rest now—for good.
Shall I undertake the necessary
arrangements? or would you perhaps
prefer—?"

MT. VERNON IN 1759.

Washington Hoped to Find Happiness
in Seclusion.
In a letter from Mount Vernon, dated
July 10, 1759, Washington wrote as fol-
lows: "I am now, I believe, fixed in
this seat, with an agreeable partner for
life, and I hope to find more happiness
in retirement than I ever experienced
in this wide and bustling world."

This was no utopian dream, trans-
cendently indulged amid the charms of
solitude. It was a deliberate purpose
with him, the result of innate and endur-
ing inclination. Throughout the whole
course of his career agricultural life ap-
peared to have been the ideal of his
existence which haunted his thoughts,
even amid the stern duties of the
field, and to which he recurred with
unflinching interest, whenever unable
to indulge his natural bias.

They met by chance.
The young man was necessarily restricted
in such sparsely settled districts, but
the young people rode out a great deal,
and Nell was the best lady rider in that
part of the country. One lovely June
day Ray asked Nell to ride, and they
took the road to the Murdock ranch,
which Ray had named "Willow Glen."

"Possibly," replied the physician,
dryly, "but meanwhile—"

There was a burst of laughter from
each side of the table. A well known
Q. C. was telling the latest joke. In
the pause that followed, Lady Sib-
thorpe studied the menu, and Sir
Kenneth fingered some grapes on his
plate. How much did she know? It
seemed to him an eternity before she
spoke again.

"I have taken 'No. 29' as a typical
case. The woman seemed to be what
we are now agreed to call a 'morally
deficient' person. Yet, properly
trained and protected, 'No. 29' might
now be able, well, and a tolerably
useful member of society. Think of
it! That pitiable woman was barely
forty."

"My dear lady," said Sir Kenneth
slowly, "you have probably only heard
half her story. 'Do you really know
anything about her?'"
"Yes," said Lady Sibthorpe, abrup-
tly. And as she looked him straight
between the eyes, the doctor knew
that she was aware of the whole
story. "I'm not sentimental," she
added, with a smile, "but I've taken
a fancy to have the wretched creature
decently buried—in some little church-
yard. She shall rest now—for good.
Shall I undertake the necessary
arrangements? or would you perhaps
prefer—?"

"I have taken 'No. 29' as a typical
case. The woman seemed to be what
we are now agreed to call a 'morally
deficient' person. Yet, properly
trained and protected, 'No. 29' might
now be able, well, and a tolerably
useful member of society. Think of
it! That pitiable woman was barely
forty."

"My dear lady," said Sir Kenneth
slowly, "you have probably only heard
half her story. 'Do you really know
anything about her?'"
"Yes," said Lady Sibthorpe, abrup-
tly. And as she looked him straight
between the eyes, the doctor knew
that she was aware of the whole
story. "I'm not sentimental," she
added, with a smile, "but I've taken
a fancy to have the wretched creature
decently buried—in some little church-
yard. She shall rest now—for good.
Shall I undertake the necessary
arrangements? or would you perhaps
prefer—?"

"My dear lady," said Sir Kenneth
slowly, "you have probably only heard
half her story. 'Do you really know
anything about her?'"
"Yes," said Lady Sibthorpe, abrup-
tly. And as she looked him straight
between the eyes, the doctor knew
that she was aware of the whole
story. "I'm not sentimental," she
added, with a smile, "but I've taken
a fancy to have the wretched creature
decently buried—in some little church-
yard. She shall rest now—for good.
Shall I undertake the necessary
arrangements? or would you perhaps
prefer—?"

MT. VERNON IN 1759.

Washington Hoped to Find Happiness
in Seclusion.
In a letter from Mount Vernon, dated
July 10, 1759, Washington wrote as fol-
lows: "I am now, I believe, fixed in
this seat, with an agreeable partner for
life, and I hope to find more happiness
in retirement than I ever experienced
in this wide and bustling world."

This was no utopian dream, trans-
cendently indulged amid the charms of
solitude. It was a deliberate purpose
with him, the result of innate and endur-
ing inclination. Throughout the whole
course of his career agricultural life ap-
peared to have been the ideal of his
existence which haunted his thoughts,
even amid the stern duties of the
field, and to which he recurred with
unflinching interest, whenever unable
to indulge his natural bias.

They met by chance.
The young man was necessarily restricted
in such sparsely settled districts, but
the young people rode out a great deal,
and Nell was the best lady rider in that
part of the country. One lovely June
day Ray asked Nell to ride, and they
took the road to the Murdock ranch,
which Ray had named "Willow Glen."

"Possibly," replied the physician,
dryly, "but meanwhile—"

There was a burst of laughter from
each side of the table. A well known
Q. C. was telling the latest joke. In
the pause that followed, Lady Sib-
thorpe studied the menu, and Sir
Kenneth fingered some grapes on his
plate. How much did she know? It
seemed to him an eternity before she
spoke again.

"I have taken 'No. 29' as a typical
case. The woman seemed to be what
we are now agreed to call a 'morally
deficient' person. Yet, properly
trained and protected, 'No. 29' might
now be able, well, and a tolerably
useful member of society. Think of
it! That pitiable woman was barely
forty."

"My dear lady," said Sir Kenneth
slowly, "you have probably only heard
half her story. 'Do you really know
anything about her?'"
"Yes," said Lady Sibthorpe, abrup-
tly. And as she looked him straight
between the eyes, the doctor knew
that she was aware of the whole
story. "I'm not sentimental," she
added, with a smile, "but I've taken
a fancy to have the wretched creature
decently buried—in some little church-
yard. She shall rest now—for good.
Shall I undertake the necessary
arrangements? or would you perhaps
prefer—?"

"I have taken 'No. 29' as a typical
case. The woman seemed to be what
we are now agreed to call a 'morally
deficient' person. Yet, properly
trained and protected, 'No. 29' might
now be able, well, and a tolerably
useful member of society. Think of
it! That pitiable woman was barely
forty."

"My dear lady," said Sir Kenneth
slowly, "you have probably only heard
half her story. 'Do you really know
anything about her?'"
"Yes," said Lady Sibthorpe, abrup-
tly. And as she looked him straight
between the eyes, the doctor knew
that she was aware of the whole
story. "I'm not sentimental," she
added, with a smile, "but I've taken
a fancy to have the wretched creature
decently buried—in some little church-
yard. She shall rest now—for good.
Shall I undertake the necessary
arrangements? or would you perhaps
prefer—?"

"My dear lady," said Sir Kenneth
slowly, "you have probably only heard
half her story. 'Do you really know
anything about her?'"
"Yes," said Lady Sibthorpe, abrup-
tly. And as she looked him straight
between the eyes, the doctor knew
that she was aware of the whole
story. "I'm not sentimental," she
added, with a smile, "but I've taken
a fancy to have the wretched creature
decently buried—in some little church-
yard. She shall rest now—for good.
Shall I undertake the necessary
arrangements? or would you perhaps
prefer—?"

A CURIOUS WEDDING PRESENT.

There was a fine old gentleman in
this city—he died not many months
ago—who from the humblest begin-
nings made his way steadily up to
commercial fame and immense wealth
all by the manufacture of soap. "and
a New Yorker the other day," said with
all his wealth and prosperity he never
forgot how a poor man feels or lost
any of his considerations for the rights
of others. Pride never puffed him up
or made him ashamed of his business
or his early history.

"His wife was as intensely pursu-
e-pround as he was simple, though her
origin was as humble as his own, and
his daughter took after her. This
child married well, as they say; that
is, a young swell about town proposed
to her on account of the great wealth
he knew she would inherit. When the
engagement was settled the daughter
and mother asked the old man what he
was going to do in the way of setting
the young people up in life.

"Here they ran up against an unex-
pected snag. The old boy would give
nothing in the way of a dowry. He
thought the bridegroom should support
his wife unaided, till her father's will
gave her a share of his estate. The
young man would be prevailed upon to
do as to give his daughter a wedding
present. What this would be he hesi-
tantly refused to say just then. On the
wedding day, however, his gift to the
bride was a deed for a handsome house
in a fashionable street, completely fur-
nished in costly style from top to bot-
tom.

"The bridal tour had been arranged,
so no stop was made by the happy
pair to examine the new house. All
through the honeymoon they talked
of the pleasure they would have in go-
ing over the house, examining the
pictures and plate and entertaining
their friends in it. Great was the deli-
ght with which they entered their new
home on their return. The carpets
were velvet, the hangings of silk
and lace, and the furniture hand-
carved, the pictures old masters, the
linen of the finest, the silver-plate
was everywhere, even in the kitchen.

"The bridegroom was delighted,
but the bride's cheeks were crimson,
and her eyes flashed a fire that tears
could not quench. Ever where she
looked she saw familiar objects that
filled her with rage. Snatching a
heavy silver salver from the table, she
showed to her husband, engraved on
it minutely but with elaborate detail,
the representation of a bar of soap
with her father's well-known trade-
mark on it.

"This queer crest was everywhere
about the house, worked into carved
furniture, woven in the linen and
hangings, and even painted on the
carriage and stamped on the harness
which were presented with the house.
It was the old man's greatest pride,
that trade-mark and what it stood for,
but whether he had it put on his
daughter's things out of sheer sim-
plicity of heart, or whether he intended
it as a rebuke to her foolish pride, I
never found out."

Inhabitants of Cheese.
Dr. Adametz, a Swiss scholar, has
been taking a census of the inhabit-
ants of a cheese. The microscopic ex-
amination of one "gramm" of a fresh
Emmenthaler cheese, such as is sold
in England under the name of Gruyere,
contains no fewer than 90,000 so-called
microbes. This prodigious encamp-
ment, after seventy days, proved to
have increased to a tribe of 800,000.
Another sort of cheese contained with-
in a single "gramm" board and lodg-
ing for about 2,000,000 microbes,
while in a "gramm" cut from the rind
of the same cheese, Dr. Adametz found
about 5,000,000 of these inhabitants.
A piece of cheese upon our tables, of
a few pounds weight, may consequent-
ly contain more microbe inhabitants
than there are human inhabitants in
the whole world.—American Rural
Home.

A Generous Banker.
A pretty anecdote comes from Brus-
sels illustrating the generous spirit of
a banker of that city. The banker is
fond of outdoor exercise. At an ex-
hibition of his skill in skating he
made his autograph on the ice in a
very artistic manner. Some gentle-
man having admired the signature,
proceeded to write above it as follows:
"On demand I promise to pay for the
benefit of the poor the sum of 5000
francs."

He Believed It.
Sharpson—"Do you believe in that
foolish superstition that if you find a
piece of money on the street Monday
morning it will bring you luck?"
Phlatz—"Um—yes. I found a five-
cent piece on the street one Monday
morning about ten years ago. I bought
a paper with it. First thing I saw
was an ad of a merchant that wanted
a business manager. I applied for the
place and got it. The merchant was
a woman. I managed her business
for six months, married her, and in
less than a year she sold out and ran
off with another man. It was all owing
to my finding that five-cent piece."

We Live Longer.
Twenty years ago the average age
of man and womankind at death was
computed at forty-one years. Now it
is placed at 43 1/2 years for man and 40 1/2
years for women, being an increase of
2 1/2 years in the average duration of
human life, owing to improved con-
ditions.

A Pure Brine.
The water of the Great Salt Lake,
Utah, is one of the purest and strong-
est brines known, holding in solution
twenty-two per cent. of chloride of
sodium (pure salt) with but a slight
mixture of other salts.

Oregon Races.
An Oregon town has been enjoying
some queer foot contests. One foot
race over plowed ground and another
over railroad ties, each for a large
stake, are among the queer events.

The Arizona Cattle Co.,

Range, San Francisco Mountains.
BRAND:
Horse and mule brand on left hip as shown in cut. Sheep, ewe, horse in left ear and split in right ear. Ewes, horse in left ear and split in right ear. Range near Morrison Lake, Mogollon Mountains. Postoffice address, Flagstaff, Arizona.

Horse and mule brand on left hip as shown in cut. Sheep, ewe, horse in left ear and split in right ear. Ewes, horse in left ear and split in right ear. Range near Morrison Lake, Mogollon Mountains. Postoffice address, Flagstaff, Arizona.

Horse and mule brand on left hip as shown in cut. Sheep, ewe, horse in left ear and split in right ear. Ewes, horse in left ear and split in right ear. Range near Morrison Lake, Mogollon Mountains. Postoffice address, Flagstaff, Arizona.

Horse and mule brand on left hip as shown in cut. Sheep, ewe, horse in left ear and split in right ear. Ewes, horse in left ear and split in right ear. Range near Morrison Lake, Mogollon Mountains. Postoffice address, Flagstaff, Arizona.

Horse and mule brand on left hip as shown in cut. Sheep, ewe, horse in left ear and split in right ear. Ewes, horse in left ear and split in right ear. Range near Morrison Lake, Mogollon Mountains. Postoffice address, Flagstaff, Arizona.

Horse and mule brand on left hip as shown in cut. Sheep, ewe, horse in left ear and split in right ear. Ewes, horse in left ear and split in right ear. Range near Morrison Lake, Mogollon Mountains. Postoffice address, Flagstaff, Arizona.

Horse and mule brand on left hip as shown in cut. Sheep, ewe, horse in left ear and split in right ear. Ewes, horse in left ear and split in right ear. Range near Morrison Lake, Mogollon Mountains. Postoffice address, Flagstaff, Arizona.

Horse and mule brand on left hip as shown in cut. Sheep, ewe, horse in left ear and split in right ear. Ewes, horse in left ear and split in right ear. Range near Morrison Lake, Mogollon Mountains. Postoffice address, Flagstaff, Arizona.

Horse and mule brand on left hip as shown in cut. Sheep, ewe, horse in left ear and split in right ear. Ewes, horse in left ear and split in right ear. Range near Morrison Lake, Mogollon Mountains. Postoffice address, Flagstaff, Arizona.

Horse and mule brand on left hip as shown in cut. Sheep, ewe, horse in left ear and split in right ear. Ewes, horse in left ear and split in right ear. Range near Morrison Lake, Mogollon Mountains. Postoffice address, Flagstaff, Arizona.



RAY'S DECLARATION.

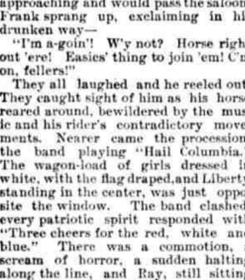
on account of a beautiful glen with rip-
pling water that ran through the place.
They rode to the spot Nell indicated,
and viewed it from every point, talking
over plans with great interest, he try-
ing to think of the best way of telling
her his love and she using her utmost
skill to prevent it. But Ray felt the
time had come to speak, and he finally
gave up all effort to be diplomatic and
said:
"After all, Nell, it will make no dif-
ference to me what sort of a house I
build here if you are not in it as my
wife. Nell, you know it is my dream
to buy a big farm by the name of
Willow Glen. You know I love you
dear. Do you—can you—love me well
enough to marry me?"

Nell's merry face paled, and she said
falsely:
"Mr. Ray, I ought not to have come
to-day. I did not want you to ask me
to be your wife! I can not—marry
you."

Ray was confounded. He had not
hesitated about declaring his love be-
cause he never doubted Nell. He had
thought by long dream by night to
call you mine! You know I love you
dear. Do you—can you—love me well
enough to marry me?"

"What is it, Nell?" he managed to
articulate. "Why can't you marry me?
You do love me!"
He made this assertion with his
pleading eyes full upon her agitated
face.

"Oh, Ray, how can you!" she cried,
a great wave of rose color stealing over
her face. "Well, yes, Ray, I can't deny
it. I do love you! But—motioning
him away, "I can't marry you because
I will not marry any man
who drinks!"



THEY MET BY CHANCE.

assisting the cowboys to "paint the
red on the Fourth, and early
that morning they started off with
man, jacks, and Nell and her father
soon followed. The young men re-
paired to their favorite saloon, and
then ensued a round of treats, after
which a party of eight sat down for a
game of cards. Frank was consider-
ably muddled and soon grew silly, and
his speeches caused roars of laughter in
the group.

Soon there came a sound of music,
and as it came nearer the young men
became aware that the procession was
approaching and would pass the saloon.
Frank sprang up, exclaiming in his
drunken way—
"Mr. a-goin'! Why not? Horse right
out 'ere! Easies' thing to join 'em! 'em
on, fellows!"

They all laughed and heeled out.
They caught sight of him as his horse
reared around, bewildered by the music
and his rider's contradictory move-
ments. Nearer came the procession,
the band playing "Hail Columbia."
The wagon-load of girls dressed in
white, with the flag draped and Liberty
standing in the center, was just oppo-
site the window. The band crashed,
every patriotic spirit responded with
"Three cheers for the red, white and
blue." There was a commotion, a
scream of horror, a sudden halting
along the line, and Ray, still sitting
at the card table, heard dis-
tinctly: "He's dead! Oh, he's dead!"

In Nell's voice, the usually silvery tones
fraught with grief and terror. Then,
as if in pantomime, he saw the sun-
shiny-haired golden-crowned Liberty
standing in the center, with just oppo-
site the window. The band crashed,
every patriotic spirit responded with
"Three cheers for the red, white and
blue." There was a commotion, a
scream of horror, a sudden halting
along the line, and Ray, still sitting
at the card table, heard dis-
tinctly: "He's dead! Oh, he's dead!"

"With God's help, not another drop
of liquor shall ever pass my lips!"
"Taking his hat he left the room with
a firm step."

The Fourth of July had come again,
but Ray felt sick whenever he thought
of a demonstration. He stayed at home
alone, and if retrospection is good for
man, he surely should have been ben-
efited. He sat under a tree about four
o'clock in the afternoon, when he heard
foot beats, and glancing up saw—could
he believe his eyes?—Nell Edmunds, sit-
ting quietly on her horse, gazing at
the spot she had selected for building. Ray
readily saw she had come because she
believed him to have gone away. From
his position he could see her earnest,
sad expression, and at last saw her
hand and murmur—
"O, Ray, Ray! How can you be so
cruel!"

In an instant he was beside her, cry-
ing eagerly—
"But how did I know you could trust
me?"



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

They all laughed and heeled out.
They caught sight of him as his horse
reared around, bewildered by the music
and his rider's contradictory move-
ments. Nearer came the procession,
the band playing "Hail Columbia."
The wagon-load of girls dressed in
white, with the flag draped and Liberty
standing in the center, was just oppo-
site the window. The band crashed,
every patriotic spirit responded with
"Three cheers for the red, white and
blue." There was a commotion, a
scream of horror, a sudden halting
along the line, and Ray, still sitting
at the card table, heard dis-
tinctly: "He's dead! Oh, he's dead!"

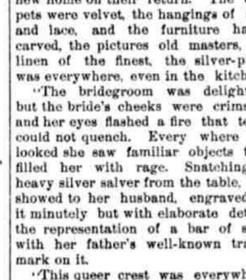
In Nell's voice, the usually silvery tones
fraught with grief and terror. Then,
as if in pantomime, he saw the sun-
shiny-haired golden-crowned Liberty
standing in the center, with just oppo-
site the window. The band crashed,
every patriotic spirit responded with
"Three cheers for the red, white and
blue." There was a commotion, a
scream of horror, a sudden halting
along the line, and Ray, still sitting
at the card table, heard dis-
tinctly: "He's dead! Oh, he's dead!"

"With God's help, not another drop
of liquor shall ever pass my lips!"
"Taking his hat he left the room with
a firm step."

The Fourth of July had come again,
but Ray felt sick whenever he thought
of a demonstration. He stayed at home
alone, and if retrospection is good for
man, he surely should have been ben-
efited. He sat under a tree about four
o'clock in the afternoon, when he heard
foot beats, and glancing up saw—could
he believe his eyes?—Nell Edmunds, sit-
ting quietly on her horse, gazing at
the spot she had selected for building. Ray
readily saw she had come because she
believed him to have gone away. From
his position he could see her earnest,
sad expression, and at last saw her
hand and murmur—
"O, Ray, Ray! How can you be so
cruel!"

In an instant he was beside her, cry-
ing eagerly—
"But how did I know you could trust
me?"

The Fourth of July had come again,
but Ray felt sick whenever he thought
of a demonstration. He stayed at home
alone, and if retrospection is good for
man, he surely should have been ben-
efited. He sat under a tree about four
o'clock in the afternoon, when he heard
foot beats, and glancing up saw—could
he believe his eyes?—Nell Edmunds, sit-
ting quietly on her horse, gazing at
the spot she had selected for building. Ray
readily saw she had come because she
believed him to have gone away. From
his position he could see her earnest,
sad expression, and at last saw her
hand and murmur—
"O, Ray, Ray! How can you be so
cruel!"



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

They all laughed and heeled out.
They caught sight of him as his horse
reared around, bewildered by the music
and his rider's contradictory move-
ments. Nearer came the procession,
the band playing "Hail Columbia."
The wagon-load of girls dressed in
white, with the flag draped and Liberty
standing in the center, was just oppo-
site the window. The band crashed,
every patriotic spirit responded with
"Three cheers for the red, white and
blue." There was a commotion, a
scream of horror, a sudden halting
along the line, and Ray, still sitting
at the card table, heard dis-
tinctly: "He's dead! Oh, he's dead!"

In Nell's voice, the usually silvery tones
fraught with grief and terror. Then,
as if in pantomime, he saw the sun-
shiny-haired golden-crowned Liberty
standing in the center, with just oppo-
site the window. The band crashed,
every patriotic spirit responded with
"Three cheers for the red, white and
blue." There was a commotion, a
scream of horror, a sudden halting
along the line, and Ray, still sitting
at the card table, heard dis-
tinctly: "He's dead! Oh, he's dead!"

"With God's help, not another drop
of liquor shall ever pass my lips!"
"Taking his hat he left the room with
a firm step."

The Fourth of July had come again,
but Ray felt sick whenever he thought
of a demonstration. He stayed