

wish—Aileen—please go—and leave us here alone, for the present.”

Aileen felt her heart almost cease to beat. Her ruse, she feared, was failing. She made one more despairing effort to redress the situation. “But—daddy,” she said in distraction not to be concealed, “you—frighten me so. Your blessing—”

“No!” cried her father. “No! You can have no blessing—I—I mean—I cannot think of anything but business—just now!”

“But,” she insisted, “I thought you would be so pleased to know that I—love Nelson so dearly. I was sure you would rejoice in my happiness.” She knew he could not subject Nelson to added humiliations, and certainly not to disgrace, after this.

Her father tore at his collar. He felt he was choking with the fierce emotions he was trying to conceal. To see Aileen so pale and distraught sent a pang of regret and anguish to his breast; yet to sanction, or seem to sanction, her engagement to Wooster, after all that had happened, seemed more than was possible to human nature. He could not wholly consent to confirm her choice, neither could he now enact the rôle of cruelty which the situation seemed to demand. He was baffled, as well as enraged.

“My child, please leave us—for the moment,” he repeated. “You and I will talk of this question later.”

“But there isn't anything wrong?” she insisted, craftily determined to gain her point.

Major Van Twiller struggled fiercely with his rage at Wooster, for his secondary piece of chicanery, as he conceived it, before he could answer. “No,” he finally said disjunctedly “only—annoyance of business.”

“Oh, I am so glad—so glad!” Aileen cried in an acted joy she was far from feeling. “I won't interrupt any more,” and kissing her father she went swiftly to Wooster and took his hands, which she pressed with a grip that meant far more than the ordinary clasp of lovers' fingers. “Good-night, beloved,” she said in a murmur that the Major heard, “good-night,” and she left them there alone.

The thing was done. She knew her father could not arrest her lover now, that his scheme and his anger were blocked. Almost fainting with reactionary weariness, she went slowly to her room.

For a time there was silence between the two men, standing face to face, with the table between them.

“Well, sir,” said the Major finally, “was this little episode of yours planned for this occasion?”

“Major Van Twiller, you do your daughter wrong!” answered Nelson with heat. “Such a question is clearly outrageous.”

The older man was too angry, too puzzled, to think. He only knew that his guns were spiked irreparably.

“Don't work it out in my mind tonight, but I won't be outwitted so easily! You shall answer for this! Don't you count on my sparing Aileen—even with that announcement going all over town. You will hold yourself in readiness to come here when I send you word, or I'll send a man to find you—with a warrant! Now, sir, good-night!”

“Good-night,” said poor Wooster, and he took his hat and departed.

(To be continued next Sunday)

Synopsis of Previous Chapters

AILEEN, the daughter of Major Van Twiller, a retired American army officer, persuaded Nelson Wooster, who had become her fiancé that evening, to open her father's safe and place in it a diamond necklace belonging to her mother, refusing to explain the reason for her request. The Major caught Wooster in the act of closing the safe and accused him of theft and threatened him with arrest and disgrace. Wooster refused to mention Aileen's name in connection with the matter. Van Twiller consented to postpone the exposure until the following day, so that Wooster could attend a little friend who was to undergo an operation at a hospital.

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This Washer Must Pay for Itself.

A MAN tried to sell me a horse, once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And, I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said “all right, but pay me first, and I'll give back your money if the horse isn't all right.”

Well I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't “all right” and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the “1900 Washer.”

And, I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machines as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But, I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell all my Washing Machines by mail. (I sold 200,000 that way already—two million dollars' worth.)

So, though I, it's only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now I know what our “1900 Washer” will do. I know it will wash clothes, without wearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand, or by any other machine.

When I say half the time I mean half—not a little quicker, but twice as quick.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, in less than 12 minutes, without wearing out the clothes.

I'm in the Washing Machine business for Keeps. That's why I know these things so surely. Because I have to know them, and there isn't a Washing Machine made that I haven't seen and studied.

Our “1900 Washer” does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman. And, it don't wear the clothes, nor fray edges, nor break buttons, the way all other washing machines do.

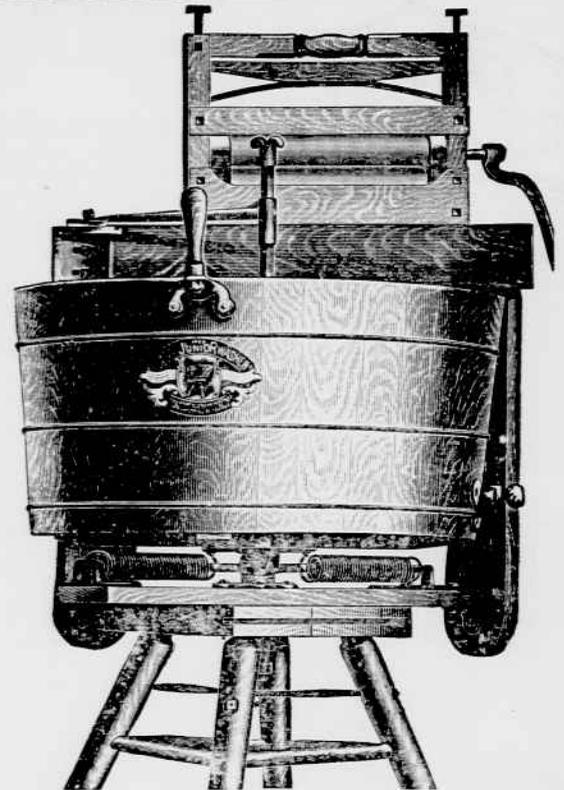
It just drives soapy water clear through the threads of the clothes like a Force Pump might.

If people only knew how much hard work the “1900 Washer” saves every week, for 10 years,—and how much longer their clothes would wear, they would fall over each other trying to buy it.

So said I, to myself, I'll just do with my “1900 Washer” what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only, I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer to do it first, and I'll “make good” the offer every time. That's how I sold 200,000 Washers.

Let me send you a “1900 Washer” on a full month's free trial! I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket. And if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight that way, too. Surely that's fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the “1900 Washer” must be all that I say it is? How could I make anything out of such a deal as that, if I hadn't the finest thing that ever happened, for Washing Clothes,—the quickest, easiest and handiest Washer on Earth. It will save its whole cost in



a few months, in Wear and Tear on clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in Washerwoman's wages. If you keep the machine, after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60c a week send me 50c a week, 'till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Now, don't be suspicious. I'm making you a simple, straightforward offer, that you can't risk anything on anyhow. I'm willing to do all the risking myself! Drop me a line today and let me send you a book about the “1900 Washer,” that washes Clothes in 6 minutes. Or, I'll send the machine on to you, if you say so, and take all the risk myself. Address me this way,—R.F. Bieber, Gen. Mgr. of “1900 Washer Co.,” 744 Henry St., Binghamton, N.Y., or 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada. Don't delay, write me a post card now, while you think of it.

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WHY QUARLES FAILED

FORMER SENATOR QUARLES of Wisconsin, who after the expiration of his term was appointed by President Roosevelt as United States District Judge in his State, told a friend why, in his opinion, he had failed of reelection.

“I do not think,” he is quoted, “that I went to the Senate with the same sort of feeling that General Sheridan had when he went into the army. In reply to a question I put to him after the war, he told me why he had succeeded. He said that when he was at West Point he made up his mind that he would be a little better cadet than his first who was next to him. When he got his first promotion, he said he was determined to be a little better officer than the one who was over him. When he got to be a colonel, he said he resolved to be a little better colonel than any colonel he knew. When he was made a general, he said to himself that he would be a little better general than any general in his class. And when he got to be major-general, he made a similar resolve.

“It is a good rule for a young man, and I think it will win out everywhere except in the United States Senate. There is so much talent in that body that a new man must have a good deal of confidence in himself, plus some assurance, to say to himself that he will be a little better Senator than any member of that chamber.”

WHAT WILL END WARS

AT a recent dinner given by a Democratic club in New-York several of the politicians were discussing the subject of international arbitration.

“It seems to me,” said Mayor McClellan, “that The Hague Tribunal is going to prove a most effective means of putting a stop to war; and I think our Government is wise in doing all it can to persuade the Powers to adjust their differences by reference to that Court, instead of slaughtering one another in the old-fashioned way.”

“Oh,” said “Tim” Sullivan “the Court at The Hague is all right in its way; but it never will be the means of preventing war. Wars of course will become obsolete in time; but it will be due to the fact that the guns are becoming so much bigger all the while that eventually a new national debt will be created every time one is fired.”

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