GIVE YOUR "BEST" TO YOUR HOME

Not to Business, the Union, the League, to Social Functions, Nor to "That Insatiable Shrine," the Women's Club, but to the Home Circle—Most People Give Latter Only Frazzled Ends of Their Time and Talents.

By CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS, D. D., Author of "The Redemption of David Corson," "The Loom of Life," Etc.

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In every one of us there is a "best" and "worst." We have cream and skim milk, silk and fustian in our make-up. It is a test question. "What do you do with the best that is in you?"

Some men give the best that is in them to their business. If there is justification for any error, it is for this one. Business is terribly exacting. Competition was never so fierce. Men were never so consecrated to money getting. Others are putting their noblest powers into rival enterprises, and if we do not follow their example we shall get lost in the shuffle.

Some men give their best to their boon companions. It is at the midday lunch or at the evening banquet or at the "union" or the "league" that you see the full display of their mental resources. All their powers are saved up to be consecrated upon these altars. It is there that their wit, their grace, their energy are all consumed.

As for the women, many devote their supreme talents to society. It is for the afternoon tea, the evening reception, the card party that they nurse their strength. Thither they bring their sweetest smiles and their most captivating manners. There they wear their brightest jewels and their daintiest gowns.

Many lavish their greatest gifts upon the "club." To that insatiable shrine they carry offerings of intellectual, moral and spiritual graces of which their husbands and their children never dreamed. Nothing is too good for the club! Time, money, strength, cheerfulness, courage, purpose, life itself are thrown into that bottomless pit with all the abandon of devoteeism. "And how is your mother getting along?" asked her teacher of a little girl who had just told of the arrival of a baby sister. "Oh, mother wasn't there—she was at the club!" the child replied.

It is to none of these objects, however good (and not even to the church, nor to the community, nor to philanthropy) that we ought to give our "best"; but to our homes. It is in our homes that we ought to wear our best clothes and our richest jewels. Put them on, now and then, just for your husband and your children. Don't you think it would do them good to see you in all your loveliness? It is in our homes that we ought also to put on our best manners; there we ought to wear our most smiling faces; there we ought to display our richest mental resources.

But what are the facts? People give to their homes the frazzled ends of their time, their strength and their talents. There is something both piteous and monstrous about the niggardliness of our life at home. Men come back to it wrung out like sponges and squeezed out like oranges. They say they cannot help it. Well, give them the benefit of all the doubt there is. The exactions of the outside world are terrible. But, after all, it is not so much "necessity" as lack of correct ideas that accounts for most men bringing home nothing but the dregs of their best selves. Women pour their strength into the toil of mere housekeeping with the reckless waste of prodigals and have nothing left but quivering nerves and exasperated tempers for the evening hour at the fireside. They exonerate themselves by describing the tyranny of cooking and cleaning and mending. But who does not know that a higher conception of domestic life and nobler ideals of motherhood and wifehood would make them save up the best of all their fund of energy for the contact with children and husband?

The fundamental and unpardonable error always and everywhere is the failure to perceive the relative values of things. It is the creation of a true home atmosphere that is the first business of all married people. Every power of body, mind and spirit is primarily indebted to this great end and its achievement is worthy of the exercise of your highest talents. Of your "highest" talents, I say!

And right here, believe me, we shall find the almost universal trouble. It is because most people do not like to play their "best parts" to such "small audiences," that you see so little high art on the diminutive domestic stage. "What!" we say, away down out of hearing in our souls, "you don't think I can put forth my best efforts to be brave and cheerful and witty and charming in this little, pitiful domestic circle, do you? I need a greater arena for my talents. How can I work myself up to my highest pitch before this petty, unappreciative audience? There's my old father or mother—half senile and wholly self-centered. There's my wife (or my husband) tired and stupid to a degree. Besides these—there is no one but the children, and they aren't old enough to appreciate my powers! No, indeed! I can't tell my good stories here! I can't put on my grand manner in this poor presence!"

For shame! At your own fireside you are in the most sacred spot on earth. This little audience ought to move you as deeply as the 60,000 people who used to gather in the Roman amphitheater. Have you any story too good to tell that group of beloved beings? Do you know where there is any crowd before whom you ought to try harder to show off all your best gifts and graces? How polite you were to those rich ladies who came into the store to buy silk dresses today! How charmingly you entertained those people who came to make their party call! You put your best foot forward sure! Why not do it at the evening meal for the benefit of your loved ones? It seems such a pity to show everybody else the best side of your nature and them the worst. If you can be considerate and sweet-tempered and charming everywhere else, why not at home?

Of course, it cannot be denied that homes are dull places sometimes. We get old and accustomed to each other. Trouble comes to sadden us. It's very hard to rise above the atmosphere of grief and melancholy that comes with the advancing shadows of life. But we owe all the light and sweetness there is in us to that sacred group of beings who assemble around the fireside. We built it. We gathered these people there. The responsibility for their happiness is upon our shoulders. And if we can only come home with a smile on our faces and tell them our funniest stories, sing them our best songs, show them our sweetest manners, perhaps we can transform their sadness and gloom into happiness and good cheer.

IF YOU DO NOT KNOW YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

THAT—

There have been excavated something like 81,000,000 cubic yards for the Panama canal. The French company actually collected $260,000,000 and expended about $156,000,000 in work. We propose a different construction, and it will make use of but about half the work that has been done, and the total cost to this government, including purchase price, is estimated at $184,000,000, but it is liable to run to $212,000,000.

There are 30,000 colored teachers in the United States, 300 lawyers and 800 doctors.

In the prisons of the eastern states fully one-third of the convicts are educated men.

Presidents of two of our large insurance companies draw $150,000 per year salaries; Mr. Rudd's salary as director of the South African Gold company was $350,000; one of the rollers in the United States Steel company's mills gets $21,000—not bad for day labor—Clinton Dawkins, a banker in London, gets $250,000; Madame Heglon of the Paris opera draws $20,000 per year; the lord chancellor of England gets $50,000; the archbishop of York, $65,000; the Turkish minister of finance gets $40,000; the grand vizier, $80,000; Samuel Spencer, the railroad man, gets $125,000 a year, and, all things considered, tho it is said money cannot be saved on a salary, some salaries are not bad things to have.

The world is producing 700,000,000 tons of coal, of which amount the United States produces 268,000,000 and the United Kingdom 227,000,000.

The world produces 3,000,000,000 gallons of wine per year.

MR. E. Z. MARK PURCHASES SOME SILVERWARE.

1. STRANGER—Mr. Mark, I represent the Bunkoe Silver Company. I have here a full set of silver forks and spoons for all uses. They were made for a man by the name of Murphy and marked with the letter M.

2. STRANGER—I have just come from your house and by a strange coincidence this silver exactly matches the set you have. Mrs. Mark says she would very much like to have this set, as it would make a full complement of silver in case of a dinner party. I will sell it twenty-five per cent lower than what you paid.

3. MR. E. Z.—Yes, yes, it is exactly like the lot I purchased last week. The letter M is my initial, too. Well, as Mrs. Mark says she wants them, I'll buy them. That will be two hundred dollars. Here is an order on my cashier.

4. MR. E. Z.—Mary, I bought to-day that——
MRS. MARK—Oh, E. Z.! We've been robbed again. Some one got in while I was out and stole our new set of silver! What is this? A full set you bought! Heavens! It is our very own! You booby! You have bought your own silver from the thief who stole it. E. Z., your brains rattle in your head.

UP-TO-THE-MINUTE FASHIONS . . . . .

A Daily Hint of Practical Value to Journal Readers of the Fair Sex.

The fashion pictures given daily in this department are eminently practical, and the garments pictured can be reproduced easily from the paper patterns, which may be obtained at trifling cost thru The Journal. The models are all in good style, pretty and original in effect and not too elaborate for the ambitious amateur to reproduce.

GIRL'S APRON 4620.

TO BE MADE WITH OR WITHOUT THE BERTHA AND SLEEVES.

Pretty and attractive aprons are always charming in addition to serving a practical end and are much in demand both for school and playtime. This one allows of making either with or without the bertha and sleeves and can be worn over the frock, or the guimpe only as preferred. As shown it is made of lawn with the bertha of needlework and a finish of tiny frills, but all materials used for the purpose are appropriate.

4620 Girl's Apron. 6 to 12 years.

The apron consists of the yoke, which is fitted by means of shoulder seams, front, backs and sleeves. Both front and backs are gathered at their upper edges and joined to the yoke and over this yoke the bertha is arranged. The sleeves are gathered at their upper edges and slip on easily over the frock. At the back is a sash of the material which is attached at the under-arm seams.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (10 years) is 3 yards 36 inches wide, with ¾ yards of allover embroidery for bertha.

The pattern, 4620, is cut in sizes for girls of 6, 8, 10 and 12 years of age.

In ordering pattern fill in this coupon:

PATTERN NO. ——

Size .....

Name .....

Address .....

CAUTION—Be careful to give correct Number and Size of Patterns wanted. When the pattern is bust measure you need only mark 32, 34, 36 or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years."

Pattern for this garment will be sent postpaid on receipt of 10 cents. Be sure and mention number of pattern. Address
PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT, JOURNAL, MINNEAPOLIS.

BUYING, SELLING AND BUILDING

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Emma R. Raglin and husband to Joseph Leachman; lot 11, Cornell's rearrangement, $2,500.

Anthony Murphy to Mary Labelle; lot 10, Seallum Gates' addition, $1,100.

Phebe Louise Pendleton to Jeanette Dickey; lots 6 and 7, Stephens' addition to Wayzata, $450.

Ole Sigstad and wife to Ole Dragseth; lots 13 and 14, block 11, Palmer's addition, $200.

Charles Beckhofer and wife to Frank H. Holt; in section 14-28-24, $500.

Colonial and United States Mortgage company to John McMath; part of lots 1 and 2, ~~block~~ 2, Baker's addition, $500.

Susan D. Cowdrey, executrix, etc., to Miller Publishing company; part of lot 4, block 88, Town of Minneapolis, $6,000.

Carrie S. Fawkes and husband to Mary S. Chandler; lots 11, 12 and part of lot 10, block 1, amendment to Calhoun Park, $6,000.

David F. Hallet to Delbert L. Hallett and wife; part of lot 4, block 10, J. G. Lennon's addition, $100.

Minnesota Loan and Trust company, administrator, to Robert Roberts and wife; lot 8, block 2, Pitman's subdivision, $1,250.

Emma D. Bowman and husband to Hannah Tenneson; lot 2, block 12, Baker's Second addition, $3,000.

Six minor deeds, $109.

Total, 17 deeds, $21,709.

BUILDING PERMITS.

Louis Lundgren, 2215 Filmore street NE, dwelling, $1,500.

Three minor permits, $340.

Total, four permits, $1,840.

CRADLE, ALTAR AND GRAVE

BIRTHS.

Nelson—Mr. and Mrs. Ole, 2335 Twenty-fourth avenue S, a son.
Wojdiak—Mr. and Mrs. K., 408 Marshall street NE, a daughter.
Longa—Mr. and Mrs. John, 45 Tenth avenue NE, a daughter.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Eugene B. Whittemore and Angy Maude Cliff.
Joseph Stein and Frida Buls.
Edward W. Evenson and Rowena Pattee.
James T. Driscoll and Ludmila F. Kolar.
Frank M. Wiberg and Louisa Cederberg.
Frank Waltas and Florence L. Taylor.

DEATHS.

Johnson—John M., 111 W Thirty-fourth street.
Folliea—Jay J., 821 Minnehaha avenue.
Trocke—Christina A., 1615 Madison street NE.
Jackson—Mons, 2901 University avenue.
Poehler—Agnes H., 91 Highland avenue.
Coughlin—Mrs. Mary, city hospital.

Mlle. de Flaudre has been given the degree of doctor of science by the faculty of sciences of Paris, with honorable mention.

WEATHER PREDICTIONS FOR THE NORTHWEST

For Minneapolis and Vicinity: Fair and cooler to-night and Friday.

Weather Now and Then—Minimum temperature to-day, 10 degrees; a year ago, 5 degrees.

Minnesota—Generally fair to-night and Friday, except snow flurries in northeast portion to-night; cooler; brisk to high westerly winds.

Wisconsin—Snow flurries in north portion to-night; cooler in west portion to-night; Friday, fair and probably cooler; high westerly winds.

Iowa—Fair to-night and Friday; probably cooler Friday and in northwest portion to-night; brisk westerly winds.

North and South Dakota—Fair to-night and Friday; cooler to-night and probably in east portion Friday; brisk westerly winds.

Montana—Generally fair to-night and Friday; westerly winds.

Upper Michigan—Probably snow to-night and Friday; high westerly winds.

WEATHER CONDITIONS.

The temperature has continued to rise in the whole country except in the southwest and in western Assiniboia, the greatest twenty-four hour rises being from 24 degrees to 34 degrees in Minnesota and the Dakotas. This morning's temperatures are above 32 degrees in nearly all of Minnesota, Manitoba, the Dakotas and Montana. There is considerable cloudy weather in Minnesota and thence eastward to the coast and also in the south. Rain was falling this morning at New Orleans and Montgomery, and it was snowing at Buffalo, Escanaba and Green Bay.

—T. S. GUTRAM, Section Director.

MINIMUM TEMPERATURES.

Observations taken at 8 a. m., seventy-fifth meridian time. Minimum temperatures in last twenty-four hours.

Minneapolis	10	Bismarck	0
St. Louis	24	New York	4
Buffalo	18	Washington	8
Chicago	16	Jacksonville	34
Duluth	6	New Orleans	42
Calgary, Alberta	30	Helena	32
Prince Albert, Saskatchewan	22	Miles City	38
Swift Current, Assiniboia	26	Denver	18
Winnipeg, Manitoba	4	El Paso	28
Kansas City	26	Portland	38
Omaha	18	San Francisco	44
Huron	2	Los Angeles	40
Moorhead	8		

EMPRESS WILL TRAVEL IN YELLOW AUTOMOBILE

Dowager Boss of China Buys One with a Yellow Satin Chair and Yellow Curtains.

New York Sun Special Service.

Tacoma, Wash., Jan. 7.—The steamship Tacoma brings news that the Chinese empress dowager is so weary of strife and worry at Peking that she proposes to move in automobiles as soon as possible to Hsian, the capital of the Shen See province, which is to be renamed Changan, meaning "City of Eternal Peace."

That was the name of Hsian when it was the capital of China over 1,000 years ago during the Tang dynasty. In mandarin circles it is believed that Peking will soon be abandoned by the court, no matter how the Manchurian crisis ends.

Seven automobiles have been purchased in Europe for the trip of the empress. One for her personal use was set up and tried last month. It has a magnificent yellow satin chair in the center, with jeweled clocks, enameled frames, mirrors, reading lamp and a rich yellow brocaded curtain.

ENJOYED SWIM IN SUB-ZERO WEATHER

Young Eskimo Found the Water's Temperature Reminiscent of Home and Was Delighted.

New York Sun Special Service.

New York, Jan. 7.—Looie, an Eskimo lad who was brought from Greenland by the Baldwin expedition two years ago, and who since has been a protege of William Ziegler at his home in Great Island Darien, astonished the residents yesterday by taking a plunge in the sound.

He dived around in the water for some time, and, while residents stood on shore, their teeth chattering and the thermometer registering 10 below zero, the little Eskimo declared the water was fine. Looie is 15 years of age and has a private tutor. He says he likes this country.

THE SPOILING OF A SENSATION

The shabbily dressed woman got up at Fifty-ninth street to leave the car. The fat man across the way was the first to spy the pocketbook on the vacant seat.

"Hi!" he shouted, "you5ve left your pocketbook!"

The woman next to him made a frantic grab at the departing passenger, overbalanced herself and fell sprawling in the aisle. An old gentleman with a curly white beard poked the shabby woman in the back with his cane and was glared at. The young clerk in the corner caught her by the arm and was rudely repulsed as she stepped off. The guard gave the bell rope two jerks and the train moved on.

Then the woman in the seat next to the one vacated by the shabby one suddenly awoke to the fact that there had been some excitement. She looked up from the book she had been reading, shook out her dress, picked up the pocketbook and placidly resumed her novel.

The fat man growled something about all being fish that came to her net; the woman next him remarked that the shabby woman probably needed it more than the well-dressed finder. This encouraged the benevolent old gentleman to go out on the platform and speak to the guard.

As soon as they had passed Sixty-sixth street the guard entered the car and approached the well-dressed woman. The other passengers looked on expectantly.

"Say, lady," he began, "better give me that pocketbook. I'll turn it in at the end of the run, and the other lady can get it."

"I don't know what you are talking about," retorted the novel reader, tartly.

The other passengers murmured loudly. Feeling that the car was with him the guard became aggressive.

"Come, come," he said, roughly. "That don't go here. I'm talking about the pocketbook you copped off the seat of the poor dame next to you. Give it up, now. There was lots of 'em seen you take it."

The well-dressed woman flushed. "Is that the pocketbook?" she asked, holding it up that all in the car might see. There were murmurs of assent. She opened the book and took out a visiting card. Then she showed the same name in the back of her watch case. "It slipped off my lap," she explained, "and fell when the other woman rose."

The guard stammered an apology and walked back to the platform, treading on the benevolent passenger's toes as he did so. The fat man became very much interested in his paper, and the benevolent one got off at Seventy-second street to wait for the next train.

The experiment of serving honey at a Sunday school picnic was tried recently in Kansas. The bees in the neighborhood learned of the affair and the picnic disbanded a bit suddenly.

The automobile principle has been applied in Paris to baby carriages. The nurse sits behind and regulates the speed, which does not exceed a moderate figure.

THE MAIN CHANCE

A THOROLY WESTERN STORY OF REAL PEOPLE

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

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CHAPTER XXXI.—Continued.

Crossed Wires.

"They say freezing to death's an easy way,—but I don't believe I'd prefer it."

"Oh, it's you, is it? I wondered who the busy man was." She was interested in the lineman, the points of whose climbers were shaking down the ice coasting of the pole as he ascended.

"Won't you order that man to come down? It isn't nice to make him risk his life for a wire or two."

"He's not my man," said John, beating his hands together, "he's fixing telephone wires, and besides, he's not taking any chances."

Evelyn half turned away to continue her walk, still with her eyes on the lineman.

"Poor rfellow; it must be very cold up there."

"Yes, polar expeditions are usually that way."

"Wretched man, to pun about a human life in peril!" The lineman was sitting on one of the cross beams, and Evelyn started ahead, Saxton following.

"Is that the overcoat?" she asked, over her shoulder.

"What overcoat?"

"The one that's in the newspapers. Aren't you the man in the gray ulster who runs the trolleys?"

"I've been too busy to read the papers, so I don't know."

"It might pay you to join a current topics class and learn what's going on."

"That presupposes a little knowledge. I'd never pass the entrance exams."

"You needn't be afraid, they they probably carry a prep. department."

"My wires are down and the trolley isn't running."

She laughed, and it was pleasant to hear her, John thought.

"Is that the kindof things you say? They are making you out a humorist."

"There's no harder lot. Who is this enemy that's undoing me?"

"There's a certain person called Raridan. He's always telling me of the things you say."

"The villain! I merely lecture him for his good; and so he thought I was joking!"

They had reached the Porter grounds where the walk had been cleared, and they stamped the snow from their shoes on the cement pavement and walked on together. Evelyn dropped her tone of raillery, and John asked about her father. John had followed Mr. Porter's sickness thru Raridan's reports, and had called at the house only a few times since the banker's seizure. They entered the gate at the foot of the hill and walked up the long slope to the door.

"Won't you come in?" she asked.

"I oughtn't to; there's work waiting for me down town."

She sent the maid who let them in for hot water, and threw down her furs in the hall while it was being brought. The tea table had been moved into the library during Mrs. Whipple's visit, and Evelyn left John to revive the fire while she went to speak to her father. Saxton had not taken off his coat, and when she came back he stood buttoning it as if he meant to leave.

"It's historic, but not exactly a handsome garment;" she said, shaking the tea caddy.

"You shake the caddy when you can't hit the ball: new rule of golf." He had buttoned his ulster to the chin, and really intended to go. She poured the steaming water into the tea pot, and walked to the fire with folded arms, shivering.

"Of course, if you prefer your uniform!" She spread her hands to the flames. Her mood was new to him; he felt suddenly that he knew her better than ever before; and this having occurred to him as he stood watching her, he accused himself instantly. He had no right to be there; no one had any right to be there but Warry Raridan! She had turned swiftly and was smiling at him. The darkness had fallen suddenly outside. The maid went about closing blinds and turning on the lights. He felt, by anticipation, the loneliness that lay for him beyond the soft glow of this room. This was, after all, only a moment's respite.

Evelyn was back at the tea table. She held a lump of sugar poised above a cup, and looked at him inquiringly, as tho of course he was staying and wished his tea. He unbuttoned the coat and threw it on a chair.

"One lump, thanks!"

"It was the sandwiches that did it, I'm sure," she said, passing him a plate of bread and butter.

"I should like to refute your statement, but candor compels me to admit its truth," he answered. "I just happen to remember that I haven't had luncheon yet. Excuse me if I take two."

She went to the wall and pushed a button.

"You're a foolish person and I'm going to punish you. Father's beef tea is ready day and night, and"—she said to the Swedish maid,—"bring some more hot water and the decanter."

"J'y suis; j'y reste. I think I have died and gone to Heaven."

"You don't deserve Heaven. Why didn't you tell me?"

"That I wanted a sandwich? They advised me against it as a kid. We are taught repression in Massachusetts and I try to live up to my training."

He pronounced beef tea no such deadly drug as it was reported to be, and he drank it until she was content. He concocted a hot toddy while she twitted him about his use of the tea-table implements for so ignoble a use; and she made him talk of his work and of the Traction company's affairs.

"Mr. Wheaton has explained about it," she said, "and Warry too. Warry seems to be very much interested in some work he is doing in connection with it."

"Yes, he does his work well, too!" said John, with enthusiasm. He had no right to be there; but being there he could praise his friend. He told her in detail about some of Warry's work. Warry had, he said, a legal mind, and knew the philosophy of the law as only the old-time lawyers did. He rose and replenished the fire and went on talking. Some amusing incidents had occurred in the adjustment of legal questions relating to the receivership and he told of them in a way to reflect the greatest credit on Warry.

"It looks awfully complicated—the receivership and all that. Father has begun to ask questions, but we don't encourage him."

"I'll have a good deal to explain and apologize for, when he is able to take a hand," said John."

"I'm sure father will be grateful. Mr. Wheaton and Warry are very enthusiastic about your work." She laughed out suddenly. "Warry says you have made two cars go where none had gone before."

"They have a joke down town in refutation of that. They illustrate the erratic service of the Varney street line by saying that the cars are like bananas—short, yellow and come in bunches."

He walked to the fireplace and took up the poker. "I have been prodigally generous with Mr. Porter's wood. It burns awfully fast." The flames had died down to a few uncertain embers which he touched tentatively with the poker. "When it goes out I'll have to go with it."

"That joke is poor, Mr. Saxton. You can hardly sustain a reputation on sayings of that sort." She put down her tea cup and went over to the fire and poked the ashes gravely.

"One might construe those actions in two ways," he said, meditatively, as if the subject were one of weight. "One cannot tell whether the sibyl is trying to encourage or to blight the dying flame. Just another poke in that corner and it will be gone."

Evelyn menaced the ember with the iron rod but did not touch it.

"The lady's position is one of great delicacy," continued John. "Between her instinct for self-defense and her gracious hospitality, she wavers. A touch might revive the flame, or it might extinguish it utterly! She hesitated between two inclinations—"

"Why should you intimate that I hesitate?"

"Her seeming reluctance to apply the poker to the crucial point speaks for itself," continued John, solemnly, while Evelyn still hung over the fitful flame, which was growing fainter and fainter. "She's clearly afraid of the chance of resuscitating the fire and thereby saving a poor guest from the cold, hard world."

Evelyn administered a gentle prod; the burnt fragment of wood fell apart, the flame flared hopefully once and then passed into a wraith of itself that curled dolorously into the chimney.

"You see you made me do it," said Evelyn, turning on him. He looked at her very seriously and there was no mirth in his laugh.

"Good night," he said, and came toward her. "I feel like a burnt sacrifice."

"But you brought it on yourself! I wish, tho, you'd stay to dinner. Sandwiches aren't very filling."

"In wholesale lots they are. Mine were seven; and my strength is as the strength of ten because the punch was pure."

He had buttoned himself into his ulster, which magnified his tall broad figure, and was walking toward the door. His time was now filled with congenial work, which he was doing well, but still he did not quite lose that air of injury, of having suffered defeat, which had from the first touched her in him.

When Grant, who had not returned to school after the Christmas holidays, came in, she was still standing by the fire. He had been coasting on the hillside, and was aglow from the exercise.

"I met Mr. Saxton outside and asked him to stay to dinner," said the boy, helping himself to sandwiches at the tea table.

"I asked him, too," said Evelyn, "but he couldn't stay. I didn't know he was a friend of yours, Grant."

"Well, he's all right," continued Grant, biting into a fresh sandwich, and unconsciously adopting one of his father's phrases. "He doesn't guy me the way Warry does. He talks to me as if I had some sense, and he's going to let me ride on the trolley plow the next time it snows. He's a Harvard man. I want to go to Harvard, Evelyn."

The girl laughed.

"You're a funny boy, Grant," she said.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A Disappearance.

The iron thrall of winter was broken at last. Great winds still blew in the valley, but their keen edge was dulled. Their errand was not to destroy now, but to build. Robins and bluejays, coming before the daffodils dared, looked down from bare boughs upon the receding line of snow on the Porter hillside. The yellow river had shaken itself free of ice, and its swollen flood rolled seaward. Porter watched it from his windows, and early in March he was allowed to take short walks in the grounds, followed by his Scotch gardener, with whom he planned the floral campaign of the summer. Indoors he studied the alluring catalogs of the seedsmen, an annual joy with him.

Grant was still at home. He had not been well, and Evelyn kept him out of school on the plea that he would help to amuse his father. Porter was much weakened by his illness, and tho he pleaded daily to be allowed to go to the bank, he submitted to Evelyn's refusal with a tameness that was new in him. Fenton came several times for short interviews; Thompson called as an old friend as well as a business associate, but he was prone to discuss his own health to the exclusion of bank affairs. Wheaton was often at the house, and Porter preferred his account of bank matters to Thompson's. Wheaton carried the figures in his head, and answered questions offhand, while Thompson was helpless without the statements which he was always having the clerks make for him. Porter fretted and fumed over Traction matters, tho Fenton did his best to reassure him.

He did not understand why Saxton should have been made receiver; if Fenton was able to dictate the appointment, why did he ignore Wheaton, who could have been spared from the bank easily enough when Thompson returned. Fenton did not tell him the true reason—he was not sure of it himself—but he urged the fact that Saxton represented certain shares which were entitled to consideration, and he made much of the danger of Thompson's breaking down at any moment and having to leave. Porter dreaded litigation, and wanted to know how soon the receivership could be terminated and the company reorganized. The only comfort he derived from the situation was the victory which had been gained over Margrave, who had repeatedly sent messages to the house asking for an interview with Porter at the earliest moment possible. The banker's humor had not been injured by the fever, and he told Evelyn and the doctor that he'd almost be willing to stay in bed awhile longer merely to annoy Tim Margrave.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

Defective Page