AWAKE

And Look at These

BANKRUPT PRICES!

Boys' \$3 Russia Calf Bals, only \$1.95. Men's \$5 Russia Calf Bals, only \$2.65. Men's \$3.50 Calf Welted Bals, only \$2.15. Ladies' \$3 Hussia Calf Blucher High Sho only \$1.85

Ladies' \$3 Russia Calf Blucher Oxfords

Ladies' \$2.50 Patent Tip Dongola Oxfords, only

Ladies' \$2 Russet Oxfords, only \$1.19. Misses' 62 Russia Calf Lace Shoes, only \$1,39 THOUSANDS OF OTHER SPECIAL VALUES DURING THIS GREAT SALE AT

BANKRUPT PRICES.

THE WARREN SHOE HOUSE,

GEO. W. RICH, 919 F STREET.

Remember number, as we have no branc

A BUTTE ROMANCE.

The Canadian Girl Who Waited for Her Lover to Make His Fortune.

[From the Cleveland Plaindealer.] BUTTE May 30 .- Life in Butte has its ro mance now and then, and the story of Angus McQueen proves it. Fifteen years ago he was plodding along in a small Canadian village, feeling constantly that in the wide world out side there was a field where he could accomplish greater things. He tied his bundles to gether and left the home of his childhood. This was not all. He had failen in love with a pretty, little modest girl, and they were enthe wedding, for Angus insisted that he could the wedding, for Angus insisted that he could not think of taxing any girl from her home until he had a home to offer her in return. And thus were affairs between them when he shook the dust of Canada off his feet and came to the United States.

The young man drifted out into Montana.

The young man drifted out into Montana. There was plenty of work for willing hands, and Angus was no sluggard; he worked hard, he worked early and late, but luck did not attend him. Eight years of the same dreary routine went by, and during that time Angus went back to his old home twice. On both occasions he had long talks with the girl, who was patiently waiting for him, and feeling at each visit more and more despondent he tried to convince her that she was wasting her life for a fancy, told her in so many words that he did not believe he ever would be rich enough to dare to marry, but the girl was braver than he, and would not be relinquished.

he, and would not be relinquished.

Six years ago Angus reached the end of his lane and found the turn. He struck pay dirt one day, and in a few weeks realized that he was worth something like \$50,000. He did not telegraph the good news home; he did not take the first train home; he did not even write to the dear ones there of his cood not take the first train home; he did not even write to the dear ones there of his good fortune. Prosperity had not phased him in the least, but it caused him to set a mark he should strive to reach, and when that should be attained he determined to go home, and if his promised wife was still true he would marry her and make her happy. The months rolled by and Angus McQueen had got a foothold in Butte. Here he got track of a mine located in the center of the town that to him seemed able to realize all his hopes if he could secure it.

He easily learned the owner's name, but his the cashy learned the owner's name, but his whereabouts was another matter. With the same persistence, however, that had characterized his whole life, he began to search for him. Fortune having once smiled upon him, now seemed lavish of her favors, and he lound his man. He did not attempt any double dealing. He told the owner many things about Butte that he did not know, and offered him \$25 000 cash for his holding. The offered him \$25,060 cash for his holding. The one real him \$20,000 cash for his holding. The proposition was accepted, the papers made out, and Angus became the proprietor of a mine that in less than three months proved to be in truth what in fancy he had dreamed. Then began his little scheme for a romance. The excuse he sought for going suddenly home came upon him in a most unpleasant manner. asant manner: he received a dispatch that

his mother was very iii, At a moment's notice he started for Canada, and there, hap-pily, found his mother recovered. He also found his girl waiting for him still. Again he went through the arguments he had used before, but the girl said no; she did not care for money, and she said she would not be a drag upon him. She had confidence in his ability to earn enough to live on, and that was all she asked. Angus was overjoyed, but repressed all emotion. He merely said: "Well, get ready and we will get married and go back West together." This they did; a quiet wedding took place and two weeks later they were settled in a pleasant home here in Butte.

The faithful Canadian lass had in the end of only found a handard lass had in the end for money, and she said she would not be

here in Butte.

The faithful Canadian lass had in the end not only found a husband, but a rich one, too. A pretty story, but with a shrug of the shoulders you ask, is it true? Well, if you do not believe it come to Butte and have a chat with Mrs. Angus McQueen. Then you will.

Not Trustworthy.

There were tears in her eyes, and yet the light of hope illumined her countenance. "Darling (she came and laid her trembling hand upon his arm), let us not be disheart ened. Can we not believe that the day will yet dawn?" He shook his head. "My posi-tion," he answered sepulchrally, "is such that I feel reluctant to express a definite conviction upon such matters." And pressing a handkerchief to his eyes the forecast officer of the weather bureau tottered from the pres-ence of the girl he adored,—Detroit Tribune.

Too Young. Father-You are very backward in you arithmetic. When I was your age I was in cube root. Boy-What's that? Father-What? You don't even know what it is? My! my! That's terrible! Here! Give me your pencil. Now terrible! Here! Give me your penell. Now we'll take, say, 1, 2, 3, 4, and find the cube root. First you divide—No, you—Let me seeum—yes—no—Well, never mind—I guess you're to young to understand it, anyway.—Good News.

"Chicago Liz."

BY MRS. L. P. CUTLER IN SUNDAY MERCURY

Mrs. Hannigan, better known in the Blue Jay mining camp as "Chicago Liz," had closed her bar for the day. It was Sunday, and though prohibition laws and Sunday license laws had but little effect in that wild community, "Liz," according to a miner's words, was 'a damned strange woman about some things, aclos'n' of her bar Sundays and shettin' herself up tight as a drum every night couldn't get no drink after that time, be it ever so bad with him. That boy as has growed up alongside of her says Liz was a good Christian woman once upon a time, and done a heap o' good, but I puts it to you now, pard, if that is a likely story, when she is a conin' a bar in a minin' camp and more 'n that come from Chicago?"

But murmurs were in vain. Liz had friends in the camp to back her rules, and they were powerful friends. Left some years before a childless widow by a husband she idolized, whose loss drove her half insane and made her turn against the God she worshipped, she had, notwithstanding, lived her life squarely and honestly as she knew how, until alone in a great city she drifted down to starvation's point. Driven like a stormtossed cird, a strain of gypsy blood in her broke loose and she thought of the wide, wild West.

William)

THE LAND OF SUNLIGHT

Southern California Jaunt of the W. N. P. A.

ITS JOYS AND ITS SORROWS

The Lizards and Centipedes and Landlords and Beautiful Scenery-The Switzerland of America-The Clorious San Gabriel Valley and Picturesque Passadena.

A land of sunny days, Of winds whose soft caress Doth lull to sweet forgetfulne

Of days enwrapped in mellow haze, And nights where fairy-lingered sleep Doth soothe the restless pulses of the deep;

A land where Winter bath fair Summer wed. And these, their gentle progeny, are bred. Yes, married and gone to housekeeping, to stay. A beautiful corner of the earth blessed

ever-vernal Spring, where days and nights are one sweet dream, where the winds softly caress and soothe into forgetfulness the very aches and pains of afflicted humanity, and they bless the hand and brain that led them to this lovely spot. Such was the uni versal opinion of our party as we rode in the tally-ho, up and down, in and out, around the plateaus of the old and new Spanish-like San Diego.

And oh! the beautiful sunsets at this land locked town by the sea! The peculiar softness of the atmosphere is said to accrue from the sait ocean breeze kissing the hot desert current sweeping out from the interior, making it as mild the year round as the Ægean

sea-the paradise of invalids The great harbor line, in crescent form, covers an area of twenty-five miles. A reach or arm of land twelve miles long forms a rim or reef, respectively divided into North and South Beach, and is connected by alow, narrow sand-spit. The North Beach is in broad irrigated acres of chapparel and fields of harley where the sunter ran prac-

irrigated acres of chappare and heids of barley, where the semateur hunter can prac-tice on the shy quail and rabbits. The "Hotel Del Ceronado," located on the South Beach, is the largest pleasure resort hotel in the world, under one continuous roof. It covers nearly five acres, with 10,000 feet of flooring in dining hall alone, with its feet of flooring in dining hall alone, with its circular ball room or music hall measuring 11,000 feet of flooring, its canopled ceiling, with winding staircase leading to the observatory, reminding one of the plan of the Capitol at Washington on a smaller scale, and to which our party climbed as if at home, and were rewarded by one of the finest ocean and harbor views that could be imagined; an ocean steamer coming into port, the United States man-of-war Monterey lying at anchor in the San Diego bay, with the jolly tars flying about the silvery ribbon of water in their dories.

the silvery ribbon of water in their dories the silvery ribbon of water in their dories, singing as they kept time with the measured dip of their cars—a beautiful picture indeed. On Point Loma is a government lighthouse, which seems to be so high (500 feet) that another has been built on the sand point below of more practical advantage.

About the hotel parks are luxurious flora, header-rows of Marvarettes and Monterey co-

nedge-rows of Marguerites and Monterey cypress, which line the avenues, and white rows of calla lilies form borders to flower beds, the patio or court sheltered by palms and cling-ing vines over endless fretwork of arbors, all lays lovely sight around us. An electric ratiway connects this great caravansary with the San Diego ferry. We gazed into Old Mexico (fifteen miles south) with no envy in nextee different mines south with the eavy our hearts. Mr. Babcock, the hotel manager, showed the bath houses with hot and cold sea water; the well-stocked museum, with its at-tendant professor to instruct the searcher in practical demonstration of facts, such as the practical demonstration of facts, such as tuess of lizards and centifiedes; the wonderful mineral spring that bubbles out of the sandy conglomeration in the relation of a "Providence Spring" to the briny surroundings, furnishing abundance of fine mineral water for table use and bottling for exportation, said to be a nerve toole. There is no hay fever no majoria no cold sames no hay fever no majoria no cold sames no hay for table use and bottling for exportation, said to be a nerve tonic. There is no hay fever, no maiaria, no cold snaps, no heated term, no loss of appetite, no languor, no insomnia, 300 days in the year of sunshine and cool nights. We are told to make excursions to Mexico, to Old Town San Diego, to arrike their bells in the quaint tower at the historic ruins of the old Mission church, visit the Details of the cold district the cold of the Portugese colony and their vineyards; see the Fortugese colony and their vineyards; see the ostrich farms carried on with great suc-cess here; see the remnant of the Pueblo In-dians from Isleta, the same rich band who loaned money to the United States govern-ment to carry on the Mexican war, still liv-ing, we suppose; talk with Mr. C. F. Lummis, their guardian, who says they have come to see California and the great "Fiesta;" but we prefer to talk with the great writer and ex-plorer, the man who has mastered their lan-guage and studied their hieroglyphics as no other writer has had the courage to do, by living with them for a decade. We must ee the bronchos and bulls at the race grounds see the bronchos and bulls at the race grounds ready for the morrow's races, Spanish games, processions: all this to be seen in a half day, and Sunday at that, for Christian women. What could we do but see what we could, send regrets for the rest, with promises to the kind and hospitable people and to ourselves that, with carrying home memories we could never forget, we had promised to come again. The grand "Fiesta" was a great success, although the women visitors were too timid to remain for the fight.

women visitors were the large-bearted host of the Horton house, Mr. W. E. Hadley, who receited a rhyme upon receiving us in the parlor on Sunday morning, thus:

On these beautiful ladies of mine."

Some thought he said "thine;" we argued "mine" was all right when we discovered his good care of us. Upon being assured it was original, we responded by the W. N. P. A. salute and forgave him, if he would us. We were showered with floral blessings in bouquets at each plate at breakfast—a delicate compliment, which we thoroughly enjoyed. At this home-like hostelry we were shown the very room in which was written the novel "Ramona," with seenes laid in this charmed region. Boxes and bouquets of flowers were sent in by citizens during the day, and the quiet Sabbath night interspersed by callers, among whom were the mayor of San Francisco, Mr. Ellert, and Miss Madge Morris Wagner, the poetic author of the "Liberty Bell." Mrs. Gen. U.S. Grant has a home here, but her daughter-in-law was quite sick, and we drove by in the tally-ho, leaving each our cards for her, with regrets and sympathy.

Of all the places visited which we should remember as woman's work, where each were "Oh! grace divine shall ever shine On these beautiful ladies of mine." emember as woman's work, where each were et loose to take all the roses and callas they cleased in Miss Sessions' gardens, she, a

Her husband had been in the office of the president of one of the great Western roads. With desperate courage she sought this mighty magnate, trembling lest he might refuse her. Her name procured her instant admittance from that noble-hearted man and a kind reception. She faltered forth her prayer for a pass.

She had not thought. Anywhere, What

She had not thought. Anywhere. What did it matter?

"Denver," she answered, haphazard. He looked at her hand, at her full, red mouth a-quiver, her cheeks aglow, her great dark eyes heavy with unshed tears.

At his ready, cordial assent, she could not refrain to burst into sobs, and sorely ashamed, she rose and walked to a distant window.

In the room was a young man whose kindling eyes had never left her since she entered. He was a big, broad-shouldered, statuesque fellow about 20—one of those men who look as if they were made to protect women. He had a face as beautiful as the youth John the Baptist in Del Berrecchio's famous painting, with its perfect features, mustache of down, rose-leaf skin, and dreaming, seraphle bue cyes.

eyes.

Why is it that men of his stamp are so often fatal to women? Because timid and guarded though our sex may be, we cannot look into such a face and not trust it.

He approached the president, "What is the matter with the lady?" he

asked in a low tone.
"She is the widow of one of my employes,
Jem. She wants a pass to Denver. But
there must be something more than that the

matter."
Then he rose and went to Liz and said kindly:

"Mrs. Hannigan, I fear there is something very much the matter. If there is anything I can do, pray let me know it. Your husband was in my employ for years. Let me act as a triend, a brother." New England teacher, having lost her voice, came to the Italy of America to recover her health. A few acres of the city park reservation was turned over to experiment on some of her theories of irrigation. Over the Mesa she dug, irrigated, and planted, and has developed some valuable theories in small-fruit culture; has tried systems of development of hillsides and slopes by irrigation which are of great value to the city "dads," which she freely gives to them as they gave of land to her—all a woman's work, and an invalid at that, but not an invalid now.

A great honomet found at our "Demarara"

invalid at that, but not an invalid now.

A great bouquet found at our "Demarara" bore the kind adden of our host, Mr. Hadley, on Monday noon, the San Diegan Sun and Union representatives waved farewell, and on we sped back to "the City of the Angels," feeling we had left some of the angels behind in Mrs. Jennie W. Snyder and the wife of the Union editor, both members of the Southern California Woman's Press Club, resident at the extreme south point of the state. Our invited guests for this trip were our esteemed host of the S. P. R. (Dr. May) and Prof. G. W. James, of the Mount Lowe Echo Magazine, both of whom declared they had enjoyed themselves.

The Los Angeles Press reception committee

The Los Angeles Press reception committee accompanying us to Mount Lowe (the de-ceription of which we must give herein) was

as follows:

Mrs. Mary E. Hart, representative of the International Press Association; Mise Louise A. Off, editor of the New Californian, Los Angeles; Mrs. May E. Bensen, editor of the woman's department in the Twentieth Century Farmer, Los Angeles; Miss A. A. Chevaleiller, editor of the International Magazine of Truth, New York; Mrs. Earl Schutze, correspondent of the New York Cartaina at Work; Mr. Wilhard E. Allen, editor of the Twentieth Century Farmer, Mrs. Clara F. Bouring, the Times; Mrs. Mary Ives Todd, Los Angeles Herald; Mrs. R. E. Miller, Contra Costa Gazette The men's press club, represented by Mr. H. Z. Osborne, of the Los Angeles Express, was also present.

A day in Pasadena is a feast of fruits and flowers and beautiful homes, with one of Ray mond's fine hote is near by: but to add to it the climb on the Mt. Lowe Great Incline Cable railway, with the enjoyment of Echo mountain scenery, is more than one can men-tion in a paragragh. Words are tame to de-scribe the grandeur of the Sierra Madre range, covered with eternal snow, and its valleys of summer verdure together. leys of summer verdure together. "From-orange groves and roses to snow." was a trip given to the W. N. P. A. excursion party through Prof. T. S. C. Lowe, its founder. The terminal railway from Los Angeles to Pasa-dena, the home-city of San Gabriel valley, tendered by the G. A. R. Mr. W. Wincup, esq. accompanied by Supt. W. H. Knight, of the electric trolley line to Rubio Canyon, and the electric trolley line to Rubio Canyon, and the kind care of Prof. G. W. James, our esteemed aditorial friend of the Mt. Lowe Echo (a weekly paper with fine illustrations), we arrived in one hour and forty minutes into the heart of the canyon. Professor Lowe had a special party, too, in the person of the second assistant postmaster general, J. Lowry Bell, Postmaster Van Dusen, of Los Angeles, and Railway Mail Superintendent Flint—a pleasure combined with business of United States mail service to inspect governmental service. The Terminal Railway is understood to be a beginning of another transcontinental road,

beginning of another transcontinental road, the Pacific terminus of which is to be at San Pedro or some point—probably the great Long Pier. San Gabriel Valley is one beauti-ful garden and Passadena its bissui bower. Orange blooms were plucked for our pleasure at two stations, with fruit on the same stem, verifying the well known couplet:

"Oh! would I were an orange tree,
That busy plant;
Then would I ever laden be,
And never want
Some fruit for him (them) that dresseth me

The motor road to Rubio canyon is a con-tinual ascent through fields of fruits, affaira, poppy, and lastly rocks -rocks and heather. The pretty coloring of poppies gives us rea-The pretty coloring of poppies gives us rea-son for its selection as the state floral emson for its selection as the state floral em-blem. Hotel Rubio, at the terminus of the trolley, is a curious structure, like one house over another, fitted into the canyon as if grown there, half hidden in the luxurious foliage and tail forest trees, 2,200 feet above sea level. It has a fine dining room, 110 by 35 feet, and resting on its roof lays the great platform on which runs the trolley trains and from which starts the great incline. Also on this level is built house number two with railroad offices, the sanctum of the Mt. Lowe. "Echo," and a finely constructed and well-lighted music hall, pronounced by Professor lighted music hall, pronounced by Professor Konski "the most perfect building to play in possible to be conceived." Water supply is from mountain springs, called chemically pure. In the Summer evening trains convey the pleasure seekers of three cities to this the pieasure seekers of three cities to this grand amusement and resting place, where uplifted nature uplifts the sordid mind and revivifies the overworked brain and body. Thousands thus bless the hands that have extended, the brain that planned, and the deep pockets that furnished the means for the development of this resort. Here are furnished first-class lectures of science and travel, have the statement of the statement of the second of the s

balls, parties, banquets, everything to enter- the ticket man 100 tons, with never over five tons weight on | conning lessons actual strain; with cog wheels for breaks in machinery, and triple action in case of accident by one motive power, it makes the lift positively safe until worn out. Words fail to express the seene that opens to view in the ascent, and as we seemed to rise on wings we found the eagle's eyrie at the top—the Echo Mount Chalet, at which a banquet was given in honor of the "Women of the Fress of the Great East and the Great West," Prof. Lowe heartily greeted all in the reception pariors, and turned over the further duties of host" to his lieutenant Prof. James, who gave a most poetic and enthusiaspart of the washington contingent by cur president, Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood, saying: "This has been the red-letter day of the en-tire journey to myself and traveling compan-ions. It is the culminating delight of our California trip thus far, and we gratefully acknowledge our indebtedness to Professor Lowe, the distinguished man whose genius made this pleasure possible." Major Samuel Walker, of Washington, one of our party said also: "The master renius of the man dis-"The master genius of the man di-

of his God and Creator." Mrs Hart of Los Angeles responded for the local press in a happy expression of fra-ternity, and we were most royally entertained all round.

plays and demonstrates the wisdom and the

The construction of a large mountain house is going on and is nearly completed; also the extension of the incline cable rail-way up Mount Lowe, the peak where is begun the great observatory buildings in which is to be set a 37½-inch reflecting telescope. This is the pet scheme of the professor—the acme of his hopes and ambitions. He says that the Sierra Madre chain and this highest point (2,000 feet higher than the Lick observatory) is superior to any now occupied because of (2,000 feet higher than the Lace because of is superior to any now occupied because of climatic effects on instruments, the sea fogs, climatic effects on instruments, the portion of climatic effects on instruments, the sea logs, cloud making, and a survey of a portion of the stellar zone favorable here and as yet un-explored. We responded to all, even the stellar zone, for, in the words of the forty-second verse of our rollicking excursion song,

we have faith in what we see and point up to the professor for what we cannot see.

The noted guests were met, prominent among whom was the timely arrival of Dr.

mered out words that betrayed to him her situation. She was alone, wretched; yea! "Bless my soul, why didn't you appeal to us? The company never suffers the widows of its employes to come to absolute want. Take this, madame. Oh! think nothing of it. It is customary."

it. It is customary."

Poor Liz she was proud enough in her way, but she grabbed at that fifty-dollar bill. A lightning flash seem to gleam through her disordered brain. Fifty dollars! friends with the company! Why need she go off on that wild journey, ignorant and unknowing of the world and its ways as she was?

But impending fate was at her eibow.

"Here, Jem, you are going to Denver this week. Can't you take my old friend's widow under your charge?"

under your charge?"
"Mr. Chudleigh, Mrs. Hannigan."
Again the kindling eyes rested on the
attractive, though tear-washed face.

"With pleasure," he eagerly responded. He did take her, and after a year of com-He did take her, and after a year of com-paniouship in Denver they pushed out for the Blue Jay mining camp, in which Jem owned a share. His funds had run low, and after hastening to start Liz in business pretty sure to bring in "the dust," he went into the office of my brother-in-law, ex-Judge C., to read mining law and wait patiently for that dig-nitary to push his mine. But the mine had not panned out as was expeted, and for three years he had lived more or less on what was expressed in his favorite toast, "Liquor and Liz."

To express her fidelity, her devotion, her tender little ways and cares for thousand tender little ways and cares for him—I simply cannot.

She never asked herself where it was to end, living in that blind dream of love which finds nothing like itself this side of heaven.

As we have said, the bar was closed, but there were two inmates behind those barred doors—her lover and herself.

Varicocele! Ruptures!

25,000 Ruptured People Are Killed

yearly in America alone from the severe and unnatural pressure of trusees.

Severe truss pressure causes tumors, abscesses, kidney and bladder diseases, nervous debility, varicocele, impotency, rheumatism, spinal, brain, and other serious or fatal diseases. If you are ruptured and have been disappointed in physicians and trusees, let me cure you. I can do it without operations, pain, or detention from business. Cures warranted. Thirty years in rupture practice. Free examinations every day from 8 to 4 o'clock.

DR. PARKER. III4 G Street N. W.

Lewis Swift, the veneral "great comet finder" of the Warner Observatory at Bochester, N. Y.—come to stay, the this great project over which he will be the scientific guiding star.

Echo mountain gets its name from the wonderful double echoes heard from the peaks above and beyond as the bugler gives the herdsman's call of an echo song. All being photographed with our baby member of the press (the four-months-old burro pet), we hurried forward to hear the effect of our own W. N. P. A. salute called back from canyon and towering cliff, while in these weird voices of answering tones we were charmed even to of answering tones we were charmed even to exaltation with this great Switzerland of exaitation with this great Switzerland of southern California, its giorious San Gabriel valley and picturesque Passadena (with its miles of orange and lemon groves) lying beneath us like a map; its old San Gabriel mission and San Pedro harbor and the great sounding sea further over near the horizon—all, all giving praise to the Great Giver of the good and beautiful.

E. B. S.

WOMAN AT THE TICKET WINDOW This One Took Her Time While Fifteer

Waiting Men Counted the Seconds. This is simply another version of the old, old story of the woman and the ticket agent and fifteen waiting, impatient men with no means of redress. It was at the Cortlandt street station of the Pennsylvania Railroad one morning last week. Time, 9 o'clock, and the Long Branch train was to leave in ten Four women rushed into the station, breath-

less, but chattering away at a lively rate. One of the quartet, a tail, angular woman

with umbrella, last summer's hat and gown made over and retrimmed. a parcel evidently containing lunch and other incidental articles essential to the make up of a mature spinster of the conventional type, was conspicuously the leader of the party. She surveyed the in-terior of the waiting room critically, and then spotted her victim in the window, and the sign "Ticket Agent" over it. Flouncing up to the window she began the attack.

"What time is it?" she snapped in a tone that caused the ticket seller to drop some papers and assume a defensive attitude. "Nine-one exactly, madam," was his reply, delivered in a firm tone.

"Are we in time for the 9.10 train?" "Oh, yes, mailam."
"Thanks. The reason I asked was because I did not know whether the time table meant the train left from here or the other side of the ferry. You know time tables are so unreliable unless you get new ones right along. and the one we looked at was one we had and the one we looked at was one we had inst year, so we were not sure, you know."

The agent simply bowed and smiled sardon-ically. The other women were conversing quietly in a corner, and several men entered and formed in line behind the woman at the window.

"Oh now that I think of it, I wish you would give me a new time table. I may not use it, but then it's a handy thing to have around if I should happen to want it." The agent handed over one of the pamph-lets and looked down the line of waiting men.

who were becoming impatient. There were eight men in the line now, and they all looked anxiously at the woman. Every moment watches were pulled out and replaced with increasing anger on the part of the owners. The woman glanced over the new time table and was satisfied.

and was satisfied.
"You'll have to hurry, madam, if you want
to get that 9.10 train; it's 9.05 now."
"Oh my, yes. Now I want a ticket," she
said, and began a search through her pocketbook. She finally found a dollar bill and laid "Where did you say you were going?" said

sain at hand.

But the climb of the "White Charlot" to "To Long Branch."

"To Long Branch."

"To Long Branch."

"Do you want a single or excursion?"

queried the agent in that peculiar mechanical manner that school children employ when

"Dollar fifty for excursion, madam," "Excursion, of course,

"That includes a parlor car, doesn't it?"
"Oh, no," was the terse reply.
Now there were fifteen men in the line, and Now there were litteen men in the line, and very impatient ones at that. Some groaned aloud and others made sharp remarks, but the woman had not finished her business with the ticket seller.

"Why, they didn't cost that last year."

"There has been no change in the rate, You've only got three minutes for the train, maden."

"Goodness! yes, and-oh! how stupid-I

"Goodness! yes, and—oh! how stupid—I want three more tickets."

Then began another search through the pocketbook, and a \$5 bill came forth. She got the tickets and examined each as carefully as she might a piece of mustin on a bargain counter. She finally moved slowly away, and the next moment there was a series of hoarse shouts and the line of fifteen men dashed passed the window like the charge of a regiment of cavalry. They threw their money in and caucht their tickets on the fly. The woman, having assured herself that she The woman, having assured herself that she

The woman, having assured herself that she was all right, summoned her three companions, and they hurried along to the ticket taker. There was another blockade here. The leader at first decided that she would take charge of the tickets. Then a discussion followed, and she changed her mind and handed each of the others her respective ticket. The line of men meanwhile reached the ticket taker, and they brushed by the women like a streak of lightning.

Then the women found that they would have to hustle if they were going to get the boat, and they ran, too. One of them attempted to get by without having her ticket junched, and she had to return. The others stood in the gateway so the man could not close it and waited for her. The quartet reunited and ran down the gangway, and reached the boat just as the deckhands loos-

reached the boat just as the deckhands loos-ened the cable chains, ened the cable chains.

The fifteen martyrs who had marshalled up on the after deck with expressions of blissful expectancy groaned aloud again as the women stepped on the boat. But when the Jersey shore was reached the quartet did not precede them in the race for the train. The 9.10 train was six minutes late in starting that morning.—New York Sun.

In the pantry near by Mike, her right-hand ssistant, an Irish boy of eighteen, was washing glasses.

She sat with her chair atilt against the wall She sat with her chair atilt against the wall and her arms folded, not a dignified attitude, but her face was full of a wid, tragic, passionate pathos, and her tones were deep and rough with the tempest at her heart. Chudleigh stood on his feet leaning against the bar shelves, a half deflant look in those "seraph eyes," as a New York belle had named them.

"I tell you," she said, with a certain long-drawn catching of her breath between words, which a physician would have understood at once, "I tell you I know it and that is enough.

nce, "I tell you I know it and that is enough. have told you before. I declare it again, that I'd rather be in the grasp of a tiger of the East India jungles, than in the arms of a man I love, who is hankering after another woman. Yes! Ten thousand times, for the tiger's claws would dig my heart's blood, and the accursed Yes! Ten thousand times, for the tiger's claws would dig my heart's blood, and the accursed dream of life would be over, while the man would let me live on through a hell of his own making. I tell you I'd never forgive treachery—why couldn't you have listened? Play a fair game every time and I'd for give anything. Had you said: 'Liz, my thoughts have wandered away from you, and I think I oubgt to tell you," I would have answered, as God sees me, 'Go with the one you love and be happy. The heart cannot always control its impulses. Don't worry about me, laddie, I'll live through it.' But no! you would take me in your arms when you—no, I wouldn't say loved, a man like you don't know what love is—when you were wanting another woman all the time. You dandled me, kissed me, cheated me out of my soul, out of the best feelings the human heart can know, robbed me, cheated me in this way when you knew that if I had known the truth I would have stooped to a dog—yes, a dog—sooner than to you.'

His face grew scarlet. He bit his lip as she spoke till the red blood started.

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"Look here, Liz—you are wild. You can't speak now, so I get a chance for a word. I do love you, no matter how things look. I think more of one hair of your head than I do of that girl's whole body."

She sprung to her feet.
"Begone! before I kill you where you stand."

But in a moment she was in her chair.

But in a moment she was in her chair again, her hands clasped to her head, dazed, half fainting. He spoke in a gentle, subdued voice in keeping with his face, without an angry gesture, though it was a saying in the mining camp, that "Old Judge C—was not afraid of man or devil," and Chud played him an aven second.

the mining camp, that "Old Judge C—was not afraid of man or devil," and Chud played him an even second.

"Hear reason, pet. It suits me to marry old man Darby's daughter and manage his money and his ranches, while the millionaire lords it in Europe. He's willing. He loved my father and he loves me. Why, can't you see, it's the biggest stroke of luck that ever fell to a man? I'm frank enough now, sin't I? Well, I'll be more so, since you will have it. I'm fond of the girl, and, damn it, I'm not all bad. I'll be good to her. But give you up! The wildest thought of it never crossed me. I'll be here every day or so. It's none of her business. Things will go on the same. I offered to marry you when I first knew you. You said you'd never marry me. You became my—my dear friend of your own free will."

"Do you suppose I would have fettered your young life, placed myself as a stumbling block between you and a fairer future? No! I welcomed self-sacrifice for your sake. But not this—not this. To know that another woman rests at night in your arms, that another woman pillows your bables on her breast. Oh! my God! if there be a refuge for me away from him, away from her, let me find it."

She rose again, and swayed on her feet as she did so.
"Give me some wine, quick!"

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He handed her a giass of old port, and the hand which touched his own was icy cold. She drained the wine and turned to leave him, but he caught her in his arms and gathered her to his heart with a thrill of unspoken fear. He looked into her face closely. A dead gray hue had replaced her usual roseate tints. In the beautiful, deep, Irish blue eyes, with their curling black lashes, an arid tearless despair had replaced the dreamy gaze of love. He dared not kiss her, but rested his lips on the satiny richness of her bluish black hair. The wine gave her strength, and she unclasped his twining arms and flung him from her. He handed her a glass of old port, and the and which touched his own was icy cold. him from her.

"Don't dare to follow me," she cried, and fled out into the open air. She did not stop until she came to a clump of cottonwood trees, perhaps an eighth of a mile from the camp, and threw herself down prone at the foot of

and threw herseif down prone at the foot of one of them.

"The air was sharp and piereing, the sun dazzling. Far as the eye reached rose the rough crags and peaks and boulders of the stern old Rocky mountains, broken only by one peep at the distant range of the Sangse de Cristo shining with its purity of untrodden snow, with spots of vapor of a delicious blue between.

between.
She beheld nothing in the wide desolate immensity. Even that awful spasm of jealous feroeity was for the moment overcome by the deadly fear which crept over her at the acute physical pain her excitement had thrown her into. Her brenth came in quick, hard gasps, with a sense of suffocation, of the passing away of all things; a knife seemed piercing her heart.

her heart.
"An I to die as I saw my mother and my sister die? Have I the same allment which makes the heart's mental wounds fatal at Her mind flew back to the scenes of her youth. She saw the peaks clothed in verdure of her own dear mountain land. She was in the hig rambling southern house in old North

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MONEY TO LOAN.

Carolina. She smelt the flowers, she heard the soft whisperings of the wind in the pines. Hark! that music in the air! It is her mother's voice singing "God be with you till we meet again." The hymn was on her lips an hour before she died.

What had she brought her life to aince then? She could take hold on no future-see none. Everything seemed to have come to a dull, dead stop. Life was a midnight, moonless and starless. Hush! that tender voice again; "In the valley of the shadow. Even then shall Thy hand lead me and Thy right hand uphold me."

right hand uphold me."
"Mother! Mother! Oh! God forgive."
She could feel her limbs growing cold and colder. A literal darkness swept over her vision.

Just then her lover reached her. He bent

Just then her lover reached her. He bent over her and half raised her, in an agony of aroused love and fear. He saw the glazing shadows in those glorious eyes, felt the awful death chill in the cheek he pressed, saw the faint, acute struggle for the fleeting breath. "Oh! Liz, my own girl, rouse yourself. You've been most as bad as this before and I've brought you to. Oh! why didn't I bring wine. I can't stand this. Liz, for God's sake, for Jem's sake, look at me as if you knew me. Don't go—don't leave me. Why, I should feel as if I had killed you. I should curse myself forever."

curse myself forever."

She struggled in his arms, tried fearfully for strength, and whispered, "Jom, it's no use. Tell me you will never—never—" "So help me God, never! My wife! My wife! I'll never call another woman by that

"Kiss me once again, Jem." With a groan he laid his lips on hers and

received her last sight in tife.

Bend down your head

For the last time—the sad, last time
Set your last seal upon her mouth
The day is din with Winter's rime,
The wind is from the tearned south.

And she—is deat.