

of you!" He turned to Elizabeth. I don't wonder you let that youngster supplant me. I didn't treat you right, anyway."

After an awkward silence George commanded them: "Take hands, both of you; I'm going to bless you and go!"

When they protested that it had not yet gone this far with them he seized each by an arm and drew them together before him. "Now, if you want to please me before I go, do as I tell you!"

"George, I'm deucedly ashamed that I didn't come aboard about my love for Elizabeth." John softened. "I was a sneak, and your big-heartedness makes me feel—"

"That'll do, Kid. Take hands!" he insisted, nervously.

"On her account, George, I must assure you that she never has promised me anything. She wouldn't while you held her to her engagement. Of course she couldn't just throw me out of the house, and so—"

"Elizabeth, take his hand and promise him everything right now!"

As they stood before him he rejoiced to see their happiness. "Is there anything else I can do for you two happy ones?" he questioned.

John fervently grasped his hands. "You're the most generous man on earth!" His voice was thick with emotion.

Elizabeth raised her arms and threw them wildly about his neck, expressing her gratitude

with a fervent kiss.

Then George departed. He walked to the corner and turned into another street. From there he ran the remaining three squares to the telegraph office. Hastily picking up a pencil, he wrote:

Miss Beatrice Craig: Will be back tomorrow. Don't make any engagements for the evening, as I must see you. George.

"Please rush this," he requested the operator.

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The Bull Mooster.

Jesse Garrett of Bennington, Kan., has a rooster.

The rooster's name is Riley, of Plymouth Rock ancestry.

Like other roosters, Riley can crow to beat the band. They do say, however, out in Bennington, that every time one mentions Roosevelt's name in Riley's hearing he stops crowing for his harem of hens and crows for T. R.

But there is one drawback to Riley's crowing for T. R., and that is this: Unless there's a chair near by he won't crow for the colonel. If there's a chair handy Riley will mount the back of it and crow as often as any one says "Roosevelt."

Mr. Garrett is now trying to teach Riley to give the regular bull moose call.

Last year 4,525,000 grey squirrels, 1,500,000 white hares, 200,000 ermine and 12,250 sables were killed in Siberia to provide various garments of fur.