## AGREATSECRET

## SHALL IT BE DONE.

CHAPTER XI.

Poor Peggy felt, as the door of the salon closed behind her and she crept with downcast head along the hall, as if the last faint inducement to continue to exist had gone. As she sneaked along the hall, blind and deaf to everything but her own unspeak. able humiliation, she suddenly felt a hand laid gently on her arm just when she passed through the doorway which led to the staircase. She started with a low cry of nervous terror. It was only Gerald, who was looking kind and sympathetic. He had just returned from Calais, and was taking off his driving-gloves.

"What's the matter, Miss Beresford?" "O-O-O! Everything's the matter. I-I fell into the water, and M. and Madame Fournier, and—and my father and everybody saw me-all-all over mud! O, why wasn't it dee-e-ep enough to drown me !" sobbed she.

"Who is it? What has happened?" asked in French a bright man's voice unknown

to her. She turned her head and saw that the last, ! worst blow of all had fallen. By her side, looking down at her with much amused astonishment, was a tall, slight, handsome young fellow, a little too showily dressed for an English gentleman, who was twirling a very small dark moustache into neat upturned points, and smiling serenely as if it were the only possible expression for one's face when looking at a woman.

"Mdlle. Beresford?" he asked, still smiling, with his head inquiringly on one side, he examined the limp, crushed, shabby little person, of his future bride.

"May I introduce M. Victor Fournier?" said Gerald hastily, in a coaxingly gentle tone, which caused the bridegroom-elect to look at him with raised eyebrows, but without relaxing the chivalrous duty-smile.

It was such an informal ceremony altogether, this ghastly finale to a most ghastly incident, that Victor, after making a deep bow, which she answered by a drooping and deepondent curtsy, good-naturedly held out his hand, and received, on the lavender gloves he wore for this coremonious call, the impress of three muddy little fingers. She saw at once what she had done, but by this time her despair had reached the point of recklessness, and she looked up at him with the solemn face of one for whom misery has exhausted its terrors.

"I am very sorry I have spoilt your glove, monsieur," she said, in slow, halting French ; " but you will forgive me to-morrew, when I have left this horrible place."

"Not horrible so long as mademoiselle remains here," said Victor, readily, with another bow, bravely keeping up the smile in the face of circumstances. "I have the pleasure to hope that this desolate place will long be enlivened by mademoiselle's presence.

The idea of her presence enlivening any place just now was such an unmistakable ioke that Peggy looked up with a forlorn little curl of the lips which was meant for a smile. Gerald, who felt that the situation was becoming every moment more awkward, and who was afraid that she might burst either into tears or into a fit of equally disconcerting laughter, suggested that she had better run up stairs and change her wet boots, and gave her a little fraternal push toward the staircase.

"Adieu, moasieur," said she, with a strong British accent, bowing to Victor. "Au revoir, mademoiselle," said he bendlog low to her.

wrenched off her soaking, spoilt little boots ahe had begun to sing aloud to herself in a cate that despair and driven her to a policy of insolent, open defiance. She was quavering out the first verse of "The Vagabond" for the third time, when a sharp, precise little rat-tat sounded or taide her door.

"Who is it?" she called out in the " Vagabond" manner.

"It is I, Miss M'Leod," said a thin voice.

"Can I come in, Miss Beresford?" Miss Beresford limped across the waxed

to enquire whether it is your intention to de- ed briskly into the room. cend to the salon previous to the departure of M. and Madame Fournier and their son, and whether, in that case, I could afford you

sha'nt come."

returned the girl's furious look by a vacant istically already in possession of a theory because he has nobody to do it for him, stair of her little light eyes which was meant to express contempt. Then she turned and though ! not without weak points. The pins him to a piece of cardboard as an intewas sweeping toward the door, when her inforce back her tears, and to bear a brave himself was standing by it; and he suggest-

" Miss Beresford ! Margaret ! Peggy !" he cried imploringly. "Come out and speak to me; come to the door. Do, do?"

let her face appear at a one inch aperture. proach, "why did you send this woman up which was only known to Lord Keighley, Paris started at seven, and Mr. Shaw had to to me! Don't you think I'm miserable Mr. Shaw, and perhaps to M. de Breteuil.

away."

to show she had forgiven him.

you said you'd lend her something to wear. And, Peggy, do be good, there's a dear girl, and dress and come down. Say you

will-quick-to please me. He drummed and tapped at the door affectionately as he spoke, and Miss M'Leod took the opportunity to make conciliatory advances on the other side; so after some excited remonstrance on the part of Peggy Gerald was sent to call Delphine, who was active if not particularly neat-fingered , and the little housekeeper having brought from her room a black silk dress of her own, and some carefully folded lace, and a coral necklace, she and Delphine proceeded to array the reluctant Miss Beresford in them, and to pin and fold and to fasten the bor rowed garments until Peggy, as she was led out into the corridor where Gerald was anxiously waiting for her, looked like a rather pretty little stage Puritan, in a dress which was very short for her in front and very lorg behind.

"Now you look lovely," whispered Gerald, with honest admiration, as he allowed Miss M'Leed to pass them down the stairs, and followed with Peggy's arm tightiy in his; "and Victor will be delighted with you, and it will be all right. Mind you don't fall," he added tenderly-he didn't know how tenderly-making her walk slowly down the stairs and noting her appearance with much pride. "You don't know how wretched it made me to see you look so unhappy; and I felt I would have done anything, anything to make it all right again for you."

And they stopped at the foot of the stairs. "Oh Gerald, you are a dear good fellow," said Peggy gratefully, squeezing up one of his hands in both hers, and looking at him with penitent affection. "You've made everything seem different; you've made that little snappish Miss M'Leod angelically good to me; and now I feel quite clean and happy and not a bit afraid of those dreadful Fourniers. And I will try to please them -to please you. You're just like a brother

to me, indeed you are !" So he took the fraternal privilege quite simply and naturally, and was surprised and a little hurt when she shrank back as he kissed her cheek.

"Are you angry? Don't be offended with me. You would let your brother kiss stranger," suggested the blunt Smith. But

"I-I don't know," said she rather shyly. "Nobody has ever kissed me before."

Gerald had nothing to say to this, but he believed it; and it gave him a great deal to English clerk rose abruptly and said he thick about afterward. He lingered there with her for a moment, until a loud, ob | try to surprise or frighten either the gamestrusive, chuckling laugh above their heads | keeper or his daughter into a confession, if made them both look up, to discover Del- tney had anything to confess. The little phine craning her neck over the top of the | man himself seemed rather nervous, and as staircase till she was blue in the face, to get he rubbed up the spectacles through which a good view of them.

And he crossed the hall and opened the ticed that his face was moist and that his salon door, and whispered, "Be as bright little fat hands were trembling. as you can," as she, with her heart beating very fast, and a terrible feeling of the awful conduct she had to atone for, passed him, and went into the room.

Miss M'Leod had already heralded her reappearance. And she looked so modest, ture of such horror that everybody in the so fresh and charming, with the bright color room was uncomfortably impressed by it. brought by shame and excitement to her served to enhance the good impression she somebody." now made by her gentle self-possessed man-And Gerald thrust his arm through that ner; and Madame Fournier, a good-natured, fected by this speech was Mr. Smith. He upon the mother she had lost.

toneless, uncertain sort of manner, to indi- his daughter was making; Gerald grew But the old cure's superstitious earnestness, quite joyous over it; Victor, indifferent as without affecting their reason, had depressed as he was, seemed relieved by the change in | the spirits of all his hearers; Mr. Shaw behis bride-elect. The stiffness of the cere- gan to grow restless, looked constantly at monious call was lost in the singularity of his watch, and said that he should like to circumstances which attended it, and the start as soon as possible. Miss M'Leod formal conclave had grown into a most har- begged him to have tea first, and led the monious gathering, when a new arrival sud- way into the salle-a-manger, where the denly checked the chatting tongues and table had been spread for him by her orlaughter, and brought back the thoughts of ders. the whole party from love and marriage, foor with a scowl on her face, unlocked and such comparatively cheerful subjects, and as he sat down he said, looking at Gerthe door, and admitted the visitor haughti to robbery aud outrage. Yet the intruder ald, who had followed him into the room, Miss M'Leod was haughty too, and looked good-humored enough; and it was that he was glad to leave the boy in the being even smaller than the younger lady, only the remembrance of the gloomy circumshe had to tilt back her head to a very stances which had caused him to be sent for painful angle in order not to be outdone in which cast a cloud upon the assembly as recting him; "it is not I, but Mr. Beresplump little Mr. Smith, with his round ford, whom Gerald has to thank for every-"I have come, by Mr. Staunton's desire, black head and twinkling black eyes, walk- thing."

the Fourniers rose to take leave; and when | thoughtful, and an unusual intensity in his Mr. Beresford, who had not yet recovered manner arrested the attention of both his any assistance in the matter of preparation from the fatigue of his long journey from hearers. "The kindness of a shrewd philo-Nice, took advantage of their departure to scpher ought perhaps logically to be consi-"No, I've seen quite enough of them. If retire to his own room as the lamp was my father sent for me, you can tell him I brought into the salon, the rest of the party, left to themselves, gradually became silent shouldn't wonder if Gerald decides that he The housekeeper raised her eyeglass, and listeners to Mr. Smith, who was characterabout the robbery which was ingenious, than to Mr. Beresford, who metaphorically theory was that the robbery had been ardignation was checked by a sudden sense of ranged and carried out by the servants of the piteousness of the shivering, bare footed the railway company, one of whom had enmiserable little figure before her, trying to tered the compartment at Paris while he of the autocrat of "Les Bouleaux." front while the mud and the water still ed that it must have been the guard himself dripped from her spoilt dress, and her teeth who, accustomed to walking the length of chattered with the cold. Then there was a the train while it was in motion, to examine know that his heart is just as warm as if he knock at the door, and they heard Gerald's the tickets, according to French custom, were only an ordinary man." had availed himself of this accomplishment to execute the robbery his accomplice had on eating toast in a dogged manner which grees of latitude, sweeping over populous both to whistle and the officer to release the prepared. The weakest point in this theory implied that his opinion was unchangwas the difficulty of suggesting any means ed. When he rose and went into the property and the lives of thousands of done the dog bolted through the open door. Miss Beresford rushed to the door and by which the servants of the railway com- salon, Miss M'Leod left the room to tell people. The district it has now flooded ex- "Call the next case," was the comment the pany could have learnt that Mr. Blair had Mr. Beresford that his guest was going. It "O Gerald," she cried, in a vehement re- a very large sum of money about him, a fact was nearly half-past five, and as the train to

cussion until the appearance of another visi- hands with Peggy, and the next moment Gerald thrust his hand through the crack, tor, M Durand, cure of the parish, a devotand Peggy instantly put her fingers into his ed admirer and adherent of Mr. Beresford, in, leaning on the arm of the little housewhose philosophy he took as a joke, and keeper. "Miss M'Leod, what have you been whose lavish charity he held up as an evisaying to her? Kiss her, tell her you didn't dence of true religion, which, while saving an effort to come and bid you good-bye," mean to be unkind, and help her to dress | the soul of the donor from infernal torment, | said he, as he sat down in his large carve ! as quickly as ever you can, as you promised," preserved the bodies of his poorer co-parish- armchair by the stove, and held out his hand said he, with eager volubility. "You know ioners from the pinch of cold and hunger, a to Mr. Shaw. His manner was rather less balanced by a little adversity.

trial which the simple-minded cure was not dry and reserved than usual, and it was spiritual enough to underrate. He, too, had with some human warmth of tone that he to hear the story of the railway robbery, gave his departing guest a few shrewd inand he differed altogether from the ingeni- structions as to his treatment of the Paris ous Mr. Smith and the practical Mr. Snaw, police officials, with whom his errand would being inclined to attribute the misfortune bring him in contact. boldly to supernatural agency.

accursed during these latter years," said the except to the head of the Department himold man, whose eyes, shining brightly out self," he said. " And now I will not deof his worn, parched, and shriveled face, tain you, for I know you have a call to burned with the fires of strange beliefs picked up among the peasants, whose friend and | time." seavant he had been so long. "France is suffering for the sin of rejecting her kings and insulting her Church. Both these in stitutions are of God, and can it be wondered at that when a nation casts off His service, it should fall under the dominion of the devil ?"

"But the devil can find no use for bank notes; and if he could, he is clever enough to make forgeries that would be cashed at any bank," said Mr. Smith.

terested; Gerald watched Peggy, and Mr. Shaw wished that this well meaning old simpleton had remained at home with his breviary.

mischief, in doing evil for evil's sake," said us in war, in compulsory education for minds which do not cry out for knowledge, in starvation for bodies which do cry for to you, poor fellow." bread. He has, they say, during the past winter taken bodily shape to plague the fresh outrage, diabolically planned, diaboliof Darkness himself?"

A short silence, during which the rest of the party glanced at Mr. Shaw, as if expecting him to take up the challenge; but fond of talking as he was, he apparently felt that to talk about clues to a man like the cure was beneath him.

which broke in after old M. Duand's gloomy tones. "I don't know about the devil, but I know somebody who is mixed in this business, or at least in part of it; and that's old Monnier the gamekeeper "

Mr. Smith and M. Duraud were rather astonished by this blunt and decided assertion; but the account of his seeing a stranger at the cottage, and of the utterances of the little boy whom he had found in the wood on the evening of Peggy's arrival, was listened to with attention by them.

"Perhaps Babette would account for the Gerald's anecdotes had made some impression upon him, for after a rambling discussion of the alleged apparitions in the neighwould go to Monnier's cettage at once, and he was wont to boast he could see into a di-"Come along, Peggy," he said hastily. fficulty as a hawk into the night, Gerald no-

"Hallo, Snith !" cried the young fellow. "Are you furking the walk down the avenue for fear of seeing the black stranger and his attendant wolf?

The cure sienced him by a look and ges-

"Tuese are not matters to be laughed at," cheeks, and the humble pleading look in said he solemnly and sternly. "Whether her eyes, as her father, after a mollified the apparitions which have frightened the glance at her, introduced her formally to peasant, are real or imaginary, I myself can M. and Madame Fournier, that the remem- | vouch that their reported appearance has brance of her first bird like entrance only never failed to be followed by calamity to

Curiously enough, the person most afof his friend, and led him back to the salon, honest, commonplace Flemish woman, whose tried to hide the fact, and nodded to Mr. stones of the courtyard for the sand of the Master Tommy's father and mother were began pulling off her wet ulster with a de- band's eyes when he married her, but who he should be back in time to drive him into fiant determination to take he final depart- had since acquired boundless empire over Calais. But he was not himself; and as ture from "Les Bouleaux" in it as soon as him, drew the girl toward her in a motherly the rest heard him cross the hall, go out at it was dry. There was consolation in the manner to which she was quite unaccustom- the front door, and slam it violently after on Miss M'Leod's arm. thought of speedy action, and before she had ed and aske i if she could look upon her as him, Gerald laughed, and suggested that the sturdy little clerk was not quite so Mr. Beresford noticed the good impression strong minded as he liked to be considered.

He was much touched by her kindness, kind care of such a friend.

"Friends," chirped the little lady, cor-

"I don't know about that," said Mr. In the pause which followed his greetings | Shaw slowly. He was looking grave and dered of more value than that of a simplehearted woman. Yet in the long run I owes more to you who mend his stockings,

resting specimen." Gerald looked surprised, but Miss M'Leod was indignant at the implied disparagement

"If you knew Mr. Beresford better," she said, with dignity mitigated by a pleasant sense of over-praised modesty, "you would

Mr. Shaw said nothing to this, but went enough? Do make her come out, do take her The theory, such as it was, served for dist there was no time to be lost. He shook call on Madame de Lancry before that, the door opened, and Mr. Beresford came

"Above all, do not let your clue, what-"Our unhappy country is most clearly ever it may be, go out of your possession, make in Calais, and you have not much

Mr. Shaw thanked his host, shook hands with him, with the cure, and then turned to Miss M Leod.

" [ am sorry not to be able to say goodbye to Mr. Smith," said he, as he pressed her little thin dry band warmly; "he promised to drive me into Calais, but he has not come back yet, and so-"

" U yes, he has come back," interrupted the housekeeper acidly, "but not in a fit state to drive anybody, I'm afraid. I mes Miss M Leod looked snocked, Peggy in- him up-stairs just now, on his way from Mr. Beresford's room to his own, and-"

"Hush, you mustn't tell tales," interrupted Mr. Beresford indulgently. " The cabaret at the end of the avenue is a little too near, "The devil delights in making useless and poor Smith's tastes are a little too convival. As long as my business doesn't the cure, degmatically. "He has plunged suffer from his pleasures I excuse him. He will be all right in the morning, and a good deal ashamed of not having kept his word Mr. Shaw excused him readily enough.

and left the room, accompanied by Gerald miserable inhabitants of this very district and by Peggy, who had made up her quar What, then, more likely than that this rel with him. They were all three crossing the hall toward the front door, which was cally carried out, leaving no clue, admitting open, and through which they saw the of no solution, was the work of the Prince carriole standing ready in the courtyard, when the big Delphine came clattering from the kitchen like a charging dragoon, and seized Mr. Shaw with muscular grip, her round rosy face convulsed with terror.

" Monsieur, monsieur, don't go to night ; wait till to morrow, do, do wait, or some misfortune will happen to you sure enough It was Gerald's fresh young voice It will indeed. Ask M. le Cure. He knows; he will tell you you must not go."

you mean ?" said Gerald, une si!y.

"O, M. Gerald, the wolf has been seen about to night! It means il. luck; tell monsieur not to start to night."

"What a silly girl you are, Delphine !" said the young man, as he pushed her saide to follow Mr. Shaw, who was already outside the door.

Standing on the stones of the courtyard, with the feeble light from the little lamp over the hall-door shining on his kind, grave face, on his gray moustache and beard, he was waiting for Gerald to come out, and looking at him affectionately. grow less. Peggy, who was watching him, suddenly borhood had gone on for some minutes, the slipped down the step and put her hand again into his.

"Do you believe in those superstitions of the old priest and of Delphine?" she asked in a rather frightened whisper.

" No, my dear, not a bit. Do you?" " No-o, not exactly-at least, I mean of course not, not at all But still I wish-I wish you weren't going to-night; I should like you to stay a little longer, now I know you are so kind and such a great friend to Gerald. The fact is," she burst out in a different tone, excitedly drawing his hand up to her breast and looking at him anxiously, "all these mystery and robbery stories have made me nervous and silly, and-and -you are sure you'll be safe, aren't you ?"

" My dear child, whether the train will or will not carry me quickly and safely to snobs will object when the postman leaves Paris is my only care. Of wolves, in the a card from "Wales" at the boarding house, flesh or in the spirit, I have no fear at all, I assure you. Gerald, my boy, we really

must not linger any longer.' He shook the girl's clinging hand again ; got into the carriole and drove off.

avenue, Peggy, who was watching it fade into the darkness, was startled by a voice behind her. She turned quickly, and saw

"Do you think you could catch them up and tell them to drive fast, as fast as they can?" he asked, with earnestness most foreign to his usual dry, hard manner.

"I-I'll try," stammered Peggy. And she sped out over the stones along the soft avenue until she came up with the carriole just as it turned into the high-road.

Both men were startled by a breathless voice which broke upon their ears as the little face looked up at them. They were sitting in the front of the carriole, side by

broken with excitement and exertion.

horse, the little sibyi had dropped behind them and was lost to them in the darkness | were a telephone, you know. of the avenue.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

If the news just received from Hong Kong

is accurate, one of the greatest calamities of modern times has befallen the people who inhabit the lower part of the valley of the Hoang-Ho. This great river has again burst its banks, a large and densely populated region has become a deep lake, and the missionaries report that millions of peo-000 people who inhabit the central plain of | feel good, too." the empire. This magnificent volume In a country court in England recently of water rising in the mountains of Thi- there was a trial to determine the owner. bet and flowing for 2,500 miles through ship of a dog. The judge couldn't make out China, has changed its lower course ten from the evidence which claimant was the times since history began to record its er- real owner, so he made one stand on each ratic tendencies. It has moved its mouth side while an officer held the dog in the from south to north over an area of four de- middle of the room. Then he told them plains, and destroying a vast amount of dog at the same moment. When this was tends far south of its recent course, and ages ago was the region through which the river flowed. European engineers have reported that it is within the power of science to save the whole of this mighty plain from these disastrous overflows and changes in the river bed. Great embankments have from time to time been built along the banks, but everything that has so far been "I could not let you go without making | done is wholly inadequate to curb the way. wardness of this most disorderly of rivers.

Prosperity is apt to be dangerous unless

## JOLLITIES.

There are no rounds of drinks in the lad. der of success.

The man who is slow to express an opinion might just as well send it by freight.

A young man may have an honest ring in his voice while talking to his best girl, but it dosn't go unless he has an engagement ring in it.

It has been discovered that the Irish tenants do not pay any quicker when charged by the police than when charged by the landlords.

A hygienic writer says that " no woman can walk in a corset." A great many wom n do " walk in it," but it is only by a tight squeeze.

Rice birds seil for 20 cents a dezen in Georgia. The amateur sportsmen down there can have pretty good luck for a dollar.

It is said that the Czar of Russia generally wears a smile on his face. It is also currently reported that he occasionally takes one in his mouth. Smith-It costs the City of New York

several hundred dollars a week to keep Sharp in Ludlow Street Jail. Jones-Yes, but he cost the city more than that when he was out of it. Father-Come, Bobby, you are all thred out; so hurrah off to bed. Bobby (with a slow and reluctant movement)-Pa, you

oughtn't to tell a boy to hurry when he's all tired out. Men gossip more than women-men who belong to clubs-and there is no sense in crediting every doubtful tale to Dame Rumor when Master or Old Man Rumor has

put the yarn afloat. Barber (to countryman in chair)-1ou don't get shaved very often, I guess, sir ? Countryman-Don't get shaved often ! I cum to town oncet a month, mister, an'b' gosh, I git shaved every time I cum !

A tailoring concern at Crawfordsville, Ind., offers a marriage license to every "Don't be silly, Delphine. What is it young man who will buy his wedding suit of them. The opposition establishment will do well to offer a decree of divorce.

"Wat dat, jedge? Yer ax me wat my wocashun am!" "Yes; what is your vocation? I mean what do you do for a living?" "Ah, yesser, yesser; Lunderstands yernow. Wat I does for a livin' is-my wife takes in washin." The fact that ninety five cigar factories

have shut down in Havana will not disurb the equanimity of our smokers. They know that the supply of "Havana" cigars turned out in New York tenement houses will never Several papers are praising the conduct of James D. Fish in the penetentiary. This shows the great value of probibitory laws. See how easy it is for a man to be good in

the penitentiary, when for the very life of him he can't behave himself in good so-"Haven't named your new boy yet, Ben ?" "Well, no, not yet. You see, there's a dead lock in the house. Wife wants him named Alice, for her mother, and I want to call him Benjamin, for his

father." "Why don't you compromise ?" "How?" "Name him Ben Hur." The Prince of Wales has taken to the common, cheap, every-day postal card. As a general thing a man doesn't like to receive so public a communication, but few of the

no matter who reads it. "Singular, isn't it, what queer superstitions some people have? Now, there's Johnson; he says he never can bear to pass the young fellow tore himself away from an open door." "Yes I know it. I saw the excited Delphine, and both gentlemen him dive into five saloons while going a quarter of a mile yesterday morning. That's

going to the theatre, and he was in grief because he couldn't go too. "Shut up, you inconsiderate brat," growled his father. her father standing in the doorway leaning "didn't you hear me say I only had two seats?" "And to think," whimpered Mas. ter Tommy, "that if you hadn't married mamma I might have gone along."

Do you remember the text this morning. Bobby ?" inquired the minister, who was dining with the family. "Yes, sir. "The last shall be first and the first shall be last, "And do you know what that means !" "I don't believe it means much. I'm never first, or even second ; I'm always last," said hungry Bobby.

Miss Waldo-I met that young Mr. Wabash, of Chicago, this afternoon on Bea-"Drive, drive fast, very fast, as fast as |con street, Mamma. Mother-Did you, my you can!" panted she, in a voice shrill and dear? He is wealthy, is he not? Mile Waldo-Yes; his manners are crude, though. And before they could stop the fat old He lifted his hat politely enough, but said "Why hello, Miss Waldo !" just as if one

"Sir," said the prisoner, "I did not pay this man for my refreshments because I know nothing of the value of money. I am a child of genius." And what is your age?" The Terrible Disaster in China. asked the justice. "Forty-two years." "Then it is time you were weaned," and his Honor gave him thirty days away from the

Bobby had been a pretty good little boy all day and his father was very much pleased. "You will find, Bobby," said the old man, "that virtue is its own reward. I mean by that, that every time you do what ple are homeless and starving. The river you ought to do you will feel good over it. is populatly known as "China's Sorrow," Do you understand?" "Oh, yes," respondand for centuries it has been a source of ed Bobby, intelligently, "and now, pa, if great suffering and anxiety to the 170, 00. you'll give me another piece of pie you'll

judge made, although the litigants stormed.

"Why did Methuselah live 900 years?" Because, my boy, there was no good reason why he should die. There was nothing to make him tired of life. There were no dudes, no politics, no Anarchists, no rail. roads, no schools, no books, no newspapers, no elections, no baseball clubs, no picnicswhy should Methuselah want to die and go heaven? What was the matter with the to earth? A man wouldn't want to live 900 years now, if he could, unless he was a fool, and then nobody else would want him to live ninety days.