IRVING BACHELLER

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me was at his desk writing and at the same time giving orders in a querulous tone to some workman who sat beside him. He did not look up as he spoke. He wrote rapidly, his nose down so close to the straggling, wet lines that I felt a fear of its touching them. I stood by, waiting my opportunity. A full bearded man in his shirt sleeves

came hurriedly out of another room. "Mr. Greeley," he said, halting at the blbow of the great editor. "Yes, what is it?" the editor demand-

ed nervously, his hand wabbling over the white page as rapidly as before,

his eyes upon his work. "Another man garroted this morning

on South street." "Better write a paragraph," he said, his voice snapping with impatience as he brushed the full page aside and began sowing his thoughts on another. Warn our readers. Tell 'em to wear brass collars with spikes in 'em till we get a new mayor."

The man went away laughing. Mr. Greeley threw down his pen, gathered his copy and handed it to the workman who sat beside him.

"Proof ready at 5!" he shouted as the man was going out of the room. "Hello, Brower!" he said, bending to his work again. "Thought you'd blown out the gas somewhere!"

"Waiting until you reject this artiple," I said.

He sent a boy for Mr. Ottarson, the city editor. Meanwhile he had begun to drive his pen across the broad sheets with tremendous energy. Somehow it reminded me of a man plowing black furrows behind a fast walking team in a snow flurry. His mind was "straddle the furrow" when Mr. Ottarson came in. There was a moment of silence, in which the latter stood scanning a page of the Herald he had brought with him. "Ottarson," said Mr. Greeley, never

slacking the pace of his busy hand as he held my manuscript in the other, "read this. Tell me what you think of It. If good, give him a show." "The staff is full, Mr. Greeley," said the man of the city desk. His words

out me with disappointment. The editor of the Tribune halted his hand an instant, read the last lines, scratching a word and underscoring

"Den't care!" he shrilled as be weron writing. "Used to slide down hill with his father. If he's got brains ave'll pay him \$8 a week."

The city editor beckoned to me, and I followed him into another room. "If you will leave your address," he said, "I will let you hear from me when we have read the article."

With the hasty confidence of youth I began to discount my future that very day, ordering a full dress suit of the best tailor, hat and shoes to match and a complement of neckwear that would have done credit to Beau Brummel. It gave me a start when I saw the bill would empty my pocket of more than half its cash. But I had a stiff pace to follow and every reason to Took my best.

CHAPTER XXII. TOOK a walk in the long twi-

light of that evening. As it began to grow dark I passed the Fuller house and looked up at its windows. Standing under a free on the opposite side of the ave- lodgings. mue, I saw a man come out of the door and walk away hurriedly with long strides. I met him at the next corner.

"Good evening," he said. I recognized then the voice and figare of John Trumbull. "Been to Fuller's," said he.

"How is Hope?" I asked. "Better," said he. "Walk with me?" "With pleasure," said I, And then he quickened his pace.

We walked awhile in silence, going so fast I had hardly time to speak, and the darkness deepened into night. We hurried along through streets and alleys that were but dimly lighted, com: ing out at length on a wide avenue passing through open fields in the upper part of the city. Lights in cabin windows glowed on the hills around us. I made some remark about them, but he did not hear me. He slackened pace in a moment and began whispering to himself. I could not hear what he said. I thought of bidding him good night and returning, but where avere we, and how could I find my

We heard a horse coming presently at a gallop. At the first loud whack 's he turned suddenly and, ' my arm, began to run. the darkness of the a spell of rare once of

nuch of

me mey must have some connection with the odd experience I had gone through. In a moment they had passed out of sight. We were not aware that we had witnessed a spectacle the like of which had not been seen in centuries, if ever, since God made the heavens-the great meteor of 1860.

"Let's go back," said Trumbull. "We came too far. I forgot myself." "Dangerous here?" I inquired. "Not at all," said he, "but a long

way out of town. Tired?" "Rather," I said, grateful for his evident desire to quiet my alarm. "Come," said he as we came back to the pavement, his hand upon my shoulder. "Talk to me. Tell me-what are

you going to do?" We walked slowly down the deserted avenue, I meanwhile talking of my

"You love Hope," he said presently. "You will marry her?" "If she will have me," said I,

"You must wait," he said. "Time

He quickened his pace again as we came in sight of the scattering shops and houses of the upper city, and no other word was spoken. On the corners we saw men looking into the sky and talking of the fallen moon. It was late bedtime when we turned into Gramercy park.

"Come in," said he as he opened an

I followed him up a marble stairway, and a doddering old English butler opened the door for us. We entered a fine hall, its floor of beautiful parquetry muffled with silken rugs. High and spacious rooms were all aglow with light.

He conducted me to a large smoking room, its floor and walls covered with trophies of the hunt-antlers and the skins of carnivora. Here he threw off his coat and bade me be at home as he lay down upon a wicker divan covered with the tawny skin of some wild animal. He stroked the fur fondly with his hand.

"Hello, Jack!" he said, a greeting that mystified me.

"Tried to eat me," he added, turning Then he bared his great hairy arm and showed me a lot of ugly scars.

I besought him to tell the story. "Killed him," he answered.

"With a gun?" "No, with my hands." And that was all he would say of it.

He lay facing a black curtain that covered a corner. Now and then I heard a singular sound in the roomlike some faint, far night cry such as I have heard often in the deep woods. It was so weird I felt some wonder of it. Presently I could tell it came from behind the curtain, where also I heard an odd rustle like that of wings.

I sat in a reverie, looking at the silent man before me, and in the midst of it he pulled a cord that hung near him, and a bell rang.

Then he rose and showed me out things carved out of wood by his own hand, as he told me, and with a delicate art. He looked at one tiny thing and laid it aside quickly. "Can't bear to look at it now," he

"Gibbet?" I inquired.

"Gibbet," he answered. It was a little figure bound hand and foot and hanging from the gallows

"Burn it!" he said, turning to the old servant and putting it in his hands. Luncheon had been set between us the while, and as we were eating it the butler opened a big couch and threw snowy sheets of linen over it and silken covers that rustled as they fell.

"You will sleep there," said my host as his servant laid the pillows, "and

well, I hope." I thought I had better go to my own

"Too late, too late," said he, and I, leg weary and half asleep, accepted his proffer of hospitality. Then, having eaten, he left me, and I got into bed after turning the lights out. Something woke me in the dark of the night. There was a rustling sound in the room. I raised my head a bit and listened. It was the black curtain that hung in the corner. I imagined somebody striking it violently. I saw a white figure standing near me in the darkness. It moved away as I looked at it. A cold wind was blowing upon my face. I lay a long time listening. and by and by I could hear the deep voice of Trumbull as if he were groan:

ing and muttering in his sleep. When it began to come light I saw the breeze from an open window was stirring the curtain of silk in the corner. I got out of bed and, peering behind the curtain, saw only a great white owl, caged and staring out of wide eyes that gleamed fiery in the dim light. I went to bed again, sleeping until my host woke me in the late

morning. After breakfasting I went to the chalet. The postman had been there, but he had brought no letter from Hope. I waited about home, expecting to hear from her, all that day, only to see it end in bitter disappointment.

New York was a crowded city even then, but I never felt so lonely anywhere outside a camp in the big woods. The last day of the first week came, but no letter from Hope. To make an end of suspense I went that Saturday morning to the home of the Fullers. The equation of my value had dwin-'led sadly that week. Now a small action would have stood for it-nay,

n the square of it. pe and Mrs. Fuller had gone to ga, the butler told me. I came with some sense of injury. I of the crowd, using his shovel for a y to be done with Hone. There staff. help for it. I must go to work hing and cease to worry and e of nights. But I had nothout read and walk and wait. had come to me from the Evidently it was not lan-

to see there was no very demand for me in "the um," as Mr. Greeley callin to see, or thought I did, ad shied at my offer and nning me. I went to the Mr. Greeley had gone

to Washington; Mr. Ottarson was too busy to see me. I concluded that I would be willing to take a place on one of the lesser journals. I spent the day going from one office to another, but was rejected everywhere with thanks. I came home and sat down to take account of stock. First, I counted my money, of which there was about \$50 left. As to my talents, missocrough taven, if a man came late to dinner they were all out. I had some fine clothes, but no more use for them than a geose for a peacock's

I decided to take anything honorable as an occupation, even though it were not in one of the learned professions. I began to answer advertisements and apply at business offices for something to give me a living, but with no success. I began to feel the selfishness of men. God pity the warm and tender heart of youth when it begins to harden and grow chill, as mine did then; to put away its cheery confidence forever; to make a new estimate of itself and others. Look out for that time, O ye good people that have

sons and daughters! I must say for myself that I had a mighty courage and no small capital of cheerfulness. I went to try my luck with the newspapers of Philadelphia, and there one of them kept me in suspense a week to no purpose. When I came back, reduced in cash and cour-

age, Hope had sailed. There was a letter from Uncle Eb telling me when and by what steamer they were to leave. "She will reach there a Friday," he wrote, "and would like to see you that evening at Ful-

I had waited in Philadelphia, hoping I might have some word to give her a better thought of me, and that night after such a climax of ill luck-well, I had need of prayer for a wayward tongue. I sent home a good account of my prospects. I could not bring myself to report failure or send for more money. I would sooner have gone to work in () scullery.

Meanwhile my friends at the chalet were enough to keep me in good cheer. There was William McClingan, a Scotchman of a great gift of dignity and a nickname inseparably connected with his fame. He wrote leaders for a big weekly and was known as "Waxy" McClingan to honor a pale ear of wax that took the place of a member lost nobody could tell how. He drank deeply at times, but never to the loss of his dignity or self possession. In his cups the natural dignity of the man grew and expanded. One could tell the extent of his indulgence by the degree of his dignity. Then his mood became at once didactic and devotional. Indeed, I learned in good time of the rumor that he had lost his ear in an argument about the Scriptures over at Edinburgh.

I remember he came an evening soon after my arrival at the chalet when dinner was late. His dignity was at the full. He sat awhile in grim silence, while a sense of injury grew "Mrs. Opper," said he in a grandiose

manner and voice that nicely trilled the r's, "in the fourth chapter and ninth verse of Lamentations you will find these words"- Here he raised his voice a bit and began to tap the palm of his left hand with the index finger of his right, continuing, "They that be slain with the sword are better than they that be slain with hunger, for these pine away, stricken through want of the fruits of the field.' Upon my honor as a gentleman, Mrs. Opper, I was never so hungry in all my life." The other boarder was a rather frail man, with an easy cough and a confidential manner. He wrote the "Obituaries of Distinguished Persons" for one of the daily papers. Somebody had told him once his head resembled that of Washington. He had never forgotten it, as I have reason to remember. His mind lived ever among the dead. His tongue was pickled in maxims; his heart sunk in the brine of recollection; his humor not less unconscious and familiar than that of an epitaph. His name was Lemuel Franklin Force. To the public of his native city he had introduced Webster one Fourth of July-a perennial topic of his lighter

CHAPTER XXIII.

WAS soon near out of money and at my wits' end, but my will was unconquered. In this plight I ran upon Fegarty, the policeman who had been the good angel of my one hopeful day in journalism. His manner invited my

"What luck?" said he. "Bad luck," I answered. "Only \$1 in my pocket and nothing to do."

He swung his stick thoughtfully. "If I was you," said he, "I'd take anything honest. Upon me wurred. . u ruther pound rocks than lay idle." "So would I?"

"Wud ye?" said he, with animation, as he took my measure from head to

"I'll do anything that's honest." "Ah, ha!" said he, rubbing his sandy chin whiskers. "Don't seem like ye'd been used t' hard wurruk."

"But I can do it," I said. He looked at me sternly and beckoned with his head. "Come along," gaid be.

He took me to a gang or Irishmen working in the street near by. "Boss McCormick!" he shouted. A hearty voice answered, "Aye, aye, counselor!" and McCormick came out

"A happy day t' ye!" said Fogarty. "Same t' youse, an' manny o' thim!" said McCormick.

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"An' what?" said the other. "A job for this lad. Wull ye do it?"

"I wull," said McCormick. And he I went to work early the next morning with nothing on but my underclothing and trousers save a pair of gloves that excited the ridicule of my fellows. With this livery and the righteous determination of earning \$2 a day I began the inelegant task of products. "pounding rocks"-no merry occupation, I assure you, for a hot summer's

day on Manhattan Island. We were paving Park place, and we had to break stone and lay them and shovel dirt and dig with a pick and

vor," said Fogarty.

My face and neck were burned crimson when we quit work at 5, and I went home with a feeling of having been run over by the cars. I had a strong sense of soul and body, the latter dominated by a mighty appetite. McClingan viewed me at first with suspicion in which there was a faint flavor of envy. He invited me at once to his room and was amazed at seeing it was no lark. I told him frankly what I was doing and why and where. "I would not mind the loaning of a few dollars," he said. "As a matter o' personal obligement I would be

Brower, indeed " would." I thanked him cordially, but declined the favor, for at home they had always taught me the danger of borrowing, and I was bound to have it out with ill luck on my own resources.

most happy to do it-most happy,

"Greeley is back," said he, "and I shall see him tomorrow. I will put him in mind o' you." I went away sore in the morning.

but with no drooping spirit. In the middle of the afternoon I straightened up a moment to ease my back and look There at the edge of the gang stood

the great Horace Greeley and Waxy McClingan. The latter beckoned me as he caught my eye. I went aside to greet them. Mr. Greeley gave me his

"Do you mean to tell me that you'd rather work than beg or borrow?" said

"That's about it," I answered. "And ain't ashamed of it?" "Ashamed! Why?" said I, not quite sure of his meaning. It had never occurred to me that one had any cause

to be ashamed of working. He turned to McClingan and laughed. "I guess you'll do for the Trihune." ne said. "Come anti see me at 12 io-

And then they went away. If I had been a Knight of the Garter I could not have been treated with more distinguished courtesy by those hard handed men the rest of the day. I bade them goodby at night and got my order for \$4. One Pat Devlin, a great hearted Irishman who had shar-



"Thunder! I had forgotten all about ed my confidence and some of my

doughnuts on the curb at luncheon time, I remember best of all. "Ye'll niver fergit the tolme we wurruked together under Boss Mc-

And to this day, whenever I meet the good man, now bent and gray, he says always: "Good day t' ye, Mr. Brower, D' ye mind the telme we pounded the rock under Boss McCormickin

Mr. Greeley gave me a place at once on the local staff and invited me to Meanwhile he sent me to the headquarters of the Republican central campaign committee on Broadway, opposite the New York hotel, Lincoln had been nominated in May, and the great political fight of 1860 was shaking the city with its thun-

I turned in my copy at the city desk in good season, and, although the great editor had not yet left his room, I took a car at once to keep my appointment. A servant showed me to a seat in the big back parlor of Mr. Greeley's home, where I spent a lonely hour before I heard his heavy footsteps in the hall. He immediately rushed upstairs, two steps at a time, and in a moment I heard his high voice greeting the babies. He came down shortly with one of them clinging to his hand.

"Thunder!" he said. "I had forgotten all about you. Let's go right in to

He sat at the tead of the table and I next to him. I remember how, wearied by the day's burden, he sat, lounging

heavily, in careless attitudes. He stir-

red his dinner irto a hash of eggs, potatoes, squash and parsnips and ate it leisurely with a poon, his head braced often with his left forearm, its elbow. resting on the table. It was a sort of letting go after the immense activity of the day, and a casual observer would have thought he affected the uncouth, which was not true of him. He asked me to tell him all about my father and his farm. At length I saw an absent look in his eye and stopped talking, because I thought he had ceased to listen.

"Very well, fery well!" said ha.

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a mosed up at nim, not knowing

what he meant. "Go on! Tell me all about it," he added.

"I like the country best," said he when I had finished, "because there I see more truth in things. Here the liehas many forms-unique, varied, ingenious. The rouge and powder on the lady's cheek-they are lies, both of them; the baronial and ducal crests are lies, and the fools who use them are liars; the people who soak themselves in rum have nothing but lies in their heads; the multitude who live by their wits and the lack of them in others-they are all liars; the many who imagine a vain thing and pretend to be what they are not-liars, every one of them. It is bound to be so in the great cities, and it is a mark of decay. The skirts of Elegabalus, the wigs and rouge pots of Mme. Pompadour, the crucifix of Machiavelli and the innocent smile of Fernando Wood stand for something horribly and vastly false in the people about them. For truth you've got to get back into the woods. You can find men there a good deal as God made them-genuine, strong and simple. When those men cease tocome here you'll see grass growing in-Broadway."

I made no answer, and the great commoner stirred his coffee a moment in silence.

"Vanity is the curse of cities," he continued, "and Flattery is its handmaiden. Vanity, Flattery and Deceit are the three disgraces. I like a man to be what he is-out and out. If he's ashamed of himself it won't be long before his friends 'll be ashamed of him. There's the trouble with this town. Many a fellow is pretending to be what he isn't. A man cannot be

strong unless he is genuine," One of his children-a little girlspoke, 'He put his big arm around her, and that gentle, permanent smileof his broadened as he kissed her and patted her red cheek.

"Anything new in the south?" Mrs. Greeley inquired. "Worse and worse every day," he

said, "Serious trouble coming. The Charleston dinner yesterday was a feast of treason and a flow of criminal rhetoric. The Union was the chief dish. Everybody slashed it with kiknife and fabbed it with his fork. It was slaughtered, reasted, made into mincemeat and devoured. One erator spoke of 'rolling back the tide of fanaticism that finds its root in the conscience of the people.' Their metaphors are as bad as their morals."

He laughed heartly at this example of fervid eloquence, and then we rose from the table. He had to go to the office that evening, and I came away soon after dinner. I had nothing to do and went home, reflecting upon all the great man had said.

I began shortly to see the truth of what he had told me-men licking the hand of riches with the tongue of flattery, men so stricken with the itch of vanity that they groveled for the

(To be continued.)

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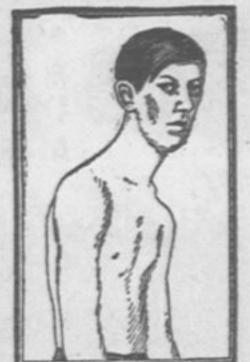
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