

STRONG AND STEADY

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER XII.

Walter went up to his room, and hastily packed his trunk. He felt wronged and outraged by the unfounded charge that had been made against him. Why, he argued, should Mr. Drummond so readily decide that he had cheated him out of five dollars? He felt that he could not, with any self-respect, remain any longer under the same roof with a man who had such a poor opinion of him.

He was not sorry that his engagement was at an end. He had obtained some knowledge of the dry goods business, and he knew that his services were worth more than his board. Then, again, though he was not particular about living luxuriously, the fare at Mr. Drummond's was so uncommodiously poor that he did sometimes long for one of the abundant and well-cooked meals which he used to have spread before him at home, or even at his boarding house while a pupil of the Essex Classical Institute.

He was packing his trunk, when a step was heard on the stairs, and his door was opened by Mr. Drummond, considerably to Walter's surprise. "The fact is that Mr. Drummond, on realizing what a mistake he had made, and that Joshua was the real culprit, felt that he had gone altogether too far, and he realized that he would be severely censured by Walter's friends in Willoughby. Besides, it was just possible that Walter might, after all, recover a few thousand dollars from his father's estate, and therefore it was better to be on good terms with him. Mr. Drummond determined, therefore, to conciliate Walter, and induce him, if possible, to remain in his house and employ."

"What are you doing, Conrad?" he asked, on entering Walter's chamber. "Surely you are not going to leave us." "I think it best," said Walter, quietly. "You won't—ahem!—bear malice on account of the little mistake I have made. We are all liable to mistakes."

"It was something more than a mistake," Mr. Drummond said. "What had you seen in me to justify you in such a sudden charge of dishonesty?" "Well, Conrad, I was mistaken. I shall be glad to have you come back to the store as before."

"Thank you, Mr. Drummond, but I have decided to go back to Willoughby for a short time. I want to consult Mr. Shaw about my future. It is time I formed some plan, as I shall probably have to earn my living."

"If you have made up your mind, all I have to say is that my humble dwelling will be ever open to receive you in the future. Perhaps, after a short visit at your old home, you may feel inclined to return to my employment. I will give you a dollar a week, besides board."

Mr. Drummond looked as if he felt that this was a magnificent offer, for which Walter ought to feel grateful. But our hero knew very well that he could command better pay elsewhere, and was not particularly impressed. Still, he wished to be polite.

"Thank you for your offer, Mr. Drummond," he said; "but I am not prepared to say, as yet, what I will do." "I hope," said Mr. Drummond, rather embarrassed, "you won't speak of our little difference to your friends in Willoughby."

"No, sir; not if you wish me not to do so." By this time the trunk was packed, and Walter, locking it, rose from his knees. "If it won't be too much trouble, Mr. Drummond," he said, "I will send my trunk to-morrow."

"Certainly. Why don't you wait till to-morrow yourself?" "As I am ready, I may as well take the afternoon train. I will go down and bid good-by to Mrs. Drummond."

Mrs. Drummond had just come from the kitchen. She looked with surprise at Walter and her husband, whose presence in the house at that hour was unusual. "Conrad is going home a short time on business," explained Mr. Drummond. "I have offered him increased pay, if he will return to the store. I hope he may decide to do so. Our humble roof will ever be ready to shelter him."

have made against my son?" asked Mr. Drummond, turning to Walter. "I can, but I am sorry to be obliged to do so. I picked up this letter a day or two since, and intended to give it back to Joshua, but it escaped my mind. I would not have exposed him if he had not tried to charge me with theft."

He placed in Mr. Drummond's hands the letter already given, announcing to Joshua that he had drawn a blank. Mr. Drummond read it with no little anger, for he detected lotteries.

"Unhappy boy!" he said, addressing Joshua. "I understand now what became of the five dollars. This decides me to do what I had intended to do sooner. I have supported you in laziness long enough. It is time you went to work. Next week you must go to work. I will take you into my store; but as I am not sure of your honesty, if I find you appropriating money to your own use, I will put you into a shoe shop and make a shoemaker of you."

This was an alarming threat to Joshua, who had a foolish pride, which led him to look upon a trade as less respectable than the mercantile profession. He slunk out of the house, while Walter set out on foot for the railway station, three-quarters of a mile distant.

CHAPTER XIII. "Give me a ticket to Willoughby," said Walter. "Five minutes later he was occupying a seat, or, rather, half a seat, for there sat next to him a brisk, energetic-looking man of about thirty years of age. He had been reading the morning paper, but apparently he had got through with it, for he folded it up and put it in his pocket."

"Fine day," he said, briskly. "Yes, sir, very fine," answered Walter. "Some people are affected by the weather; I am not," pursued his fellow traveler. "I feel as smart one day as another. I'm always cheerful. I've got too much business to do to mope. When a man's got enough to busy himself about, he hasn't time to be in the dumps."

"There's a good deal in that," said Walter. "Of course there is. Push along, keep moving, that's my motto. Are you in business?" "No, sir, not at present."

"I'm in the subscription book business—got an office in New York. We send out agents every day to canvass for our publications. Lots of money in it." "Is there?"

"Yes, I need to be an agent myself, and, though I say it, I don't think there are many agents that can get ahead of me. Sometimes I used to make twenty dollars a day. At last I thought I'd like to settle down, so I bought partnership, and now, instead of being an agent, I send out agents."

"Isn't twenty dollars a day pretty large for an agent to make?" asked Walter. "Yes, there are not many who do it, but plenty make from five to ten right along. You look as if you would make a good agent."

"What makes you think so?" asked Walter. "You look smart." "Thank you," said Walter, laughing. "I am afraid you won't think so much of my ability when I tell you that I have been winning for the last three months for my board."

"It's a shame. You'd better come with us. We'll do much better by you than that." "I am going to consult some friends about my future plans. If you are willing to tell me a little of your business, I will think of what you propose."

"I have with me our latest publication. It's going like wildfire. Just the thing to please the people. I will show it to you." Walter looked with interest while his new acquaintance drew out from a carpet-bag, which he had beneath the seat, a good-sized parcel wrapped in brown paper. Untying it, he produced a bulky octavo, in flashy binding, and abounding in illustrations. He opened the book and turned over the leaves rapidly.

next day, he walked over to the house of Mr. Shaw, his father's executor. Mr. Shaw was in his office, a little one-story building standing by itself a little to the left of his house. He was busily writing, and did not at once look up. When he saw who it was, he rose up and welcomed Walter with a smile.

"I'm very glad to see you, Walter," he said. "I was just wishing you were here. When did you leave Stapleton?" "This afternoon, Mr. Shaw. I have just reached Willoughby. What progress have you made in settling the estate?"

"I can give you some idea of how it stands. There will be something left, but not much. After paying all debts, including Nancy's, there will certainly be a thousand dollars; but if you pay Nancy's legacy, that will take half of this sum."

"The legacy shall be paid," said Walter, promptly. "No matter how little you may have, I am glad there is enough for that."

"I honor your determination, Walter, but I don't think Nancy will be willing to take half of what you have left." "Then don't let her know how little it is."

"There is a chance of something more. I have made no account of the Great Metropolitan Mining stock, of which you hold shares to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars, cost price. How those will come out is very uncertain, but I think we can get something. Suppose it were only five per cent, that would make five thousand dollars. But it isn't best to count on that."

"I shan't make any account of the mining stock," said Walter. "If I get anything, it will be so much more than I expect."

"That is the best way. It will prevent disappointment." "How long before we find out about it?" "It is wholly uncertain. It may be six months; it may be two years. All I can say is that I will look after your interests."

"Thank you, I am sure of that." "Now, as to your plans. You were at the Essex Classical Institute, I think?" "Yes, sir."

"What do you say to going back for a year? It is not an expensive school. You could stay a year, including expenses, for the sum of five hundred dollars."

"It would consume all my money; and as long as I am not going to college, my present education will be sufficient."

"As to consuming all your money," said Mr. Shaw, "let me say one thing. I received many favors from your father, especially when a young man just starting in business. Let me repay them by paying half your expenses for the next year at school."

"You are very kind, Mr. Shaw," said Walter, gratefully, "and I would accept that favor from you sooner than from any one; but I've made up my mind to take care of myself, and paddle my own canoe." (To be continued.)

Stronger than They Thought. On arriving at Barbados, with two small tugboats which had safely made their way from Philadelphia, Mr. Robert H. Hepburn found people greatly surprised that such small boats could make such a voyage. In his journal quoted by Mr. Neville B. Craig in "Recollections of an Ill-fated Expedition," he says: "We treated the matter coolly, but would willingly have transferred the privilege of keeping up the national name for reckless adventure to some one else for the remainder of the trip. It was just about one year since Captain Symmes had left Barbados for Para with some such craft as ours, and was never heard from after word."

AMUSEMENTS AT THE CHICAGO THEATERS. McVICKER'S THEATER. "The Man of the Hour," with a splendid cast and the tasteful scenic equipment furnished by Wm. A. Brady and Jos. R. Grimmer, has begun a limited engagement in McVicker's Theater, Chicago, and is filling the spacious playhouse to its capacity. The intense interest of the Broadhurst play; its rich humor and its delicious comedy make it an ideal play for entertainment purposes, and at the same time the lesson it drives home—the lesson of honesty in politics and in life itself—is presented with such force the spectator is benefited as well as entertained.

In the company which is presenting the piece at McVicker's are Orrin Johnson, Robert A. Fischer, Harold Russell, Geo. C. Staley, Thomas Meighan, Bennett Southard, William DeWing, Samuel Forrest, Samuel C. Hunt, Basil West, Frank Russell, Edward Calver, Frances Ring, Louise Everts and Kate Lester; a notable company of players.

GARRICK. Theosophists, spiritualists and members of the New Thought cult and others have been attracted to the Garrick Theater, Chicago, since the opening of "The Witching Hour," and these people have all found much in the play to comment. A recent visitor to the Garrick Theater, Chicago, said: "There are more kinds of entertainment in 'The Witching Hour' than was ever furnished in one play before in the history of the drama. There is comedy of the richest sort; sentiment of the tenderest and truest kind, melodrama of the most gripping and absorbing interest, and a powerful sermon thrown in. The piece is a play, a poem, and a prophecy."

MAJESTIC. For the headline of the Majestic Theater, week of March 23d, no less an attraction than Will M. Crosby and Blanche Dayne has been secured. Mr. Crosby has written more smart vaudeville comedies than any other man in the business, not only for himself but for others, and as a character actor of infinite humor he is absolutely unsurpassed. He and Miss Dayne will play on this occasion "Town Hall Tonight," which is quite as much a classic in its way as Rip Van Winkle. Coran, the greatest of all ventriloquists, who has lifted this art out of the rut in which it remained for some years, is another brilliant feature on this bill. La Gardena and her Spanish troubadours, one of the most brilliant dancing and singing acts in the field of vaudeville, Madame Comelli's trained Mexican dogs are so far beyond the average animal act that they have won plaudits everywhere. Kelly and Keel, the character actors, offer a convincing sketch entitled "The Vandeville Exchange," in which they find opportunity for character work quite equal to that seen on the best dramatic stages. Dumond's Minstrels provide another musical novelty which is represented to be highly interesting, while the Krocman Brothers, acrobatic clown, amply cap the climax of acrobatic nonsense. The bill as a whole promises varied entertainment of a high order.

AUDITORIUM THEATER, CHICAGO. Following the precedent established at the big Auditorium last fall of giving the theater-going public big shows at bargain prices, the management announces that the English Opera Company, which has just finished ten weeks of phenomenally successful business at the International Theater, will inaugurate a season of pretentious but opera revival productions next week beginning Monday, March 23d. All of these revivals will be sumptuous, staged, and for this engagement the company has been augmented to one hundred singers. The opening production will be Smith & De Koren's "Robt Hood," the merriest and most musical of all comic operas of recent years and the greatest success of the famous Bostonians. Notwithstanding the stumpy nature of this revival and the experienced organization that will sing it, the popular prices now in vogue will be maintained—75 cents for the entire main floor and 25 and 50 cents for the first balcony every night and Saturday and Sunday matinee. The highest price at the Wednesday matinee will be 50 cents, with 1,500 seats at 25 cents.

The company for "Robt Hood" will be the largest singing organization that has ever been assembled in this country for English opera, and the cast will be the best singing cast that has ever been organized for a comic opera at popular prices.

BASKET BALL NEWS. The Independents won from La Grange last Saturday night in a slow game by the score of 36 to 7. The La Grange boys were no match for the locals, who were strengthened by James and Puffer, of the Seneca club. The Hull House team failed to appear for their game with the Crecents so the "Dubs" tried to take a fall out of that team. But they were defeated in a close game. Score: 26 to 25. Wells starred for the winners, while James and C. Carner did the best work for the losers.

The Seneca Athletic club's crack team will invade Kewanee on Saturday the 21st, and they have billed a strenuous program for the day. Leaving Chicago at 11 a. m. and arriving at Kewanee at 3:40 p. m., they will make a grand rush for the Y. M. C. A. building where they are scheduled to play the high school team at 4:00 o'clock. At 8:00 p. m. they tackle the Y. M. C. A. team and a warm game is anticipated. About twenty of the faithful rosters have planned to make the trip with the team and have promised to give the local boys plenty of encouragement. The party will return on the 6:08 train, Sunday morning.

Hydrocephalus. "He isn't exceedingly clever, is he?" "Clever? I should say not. Why, if an idea should get into that fellow's head you could hear it splash."—Kansas City Times.

As It Should Be. First Farmer—I hear you struck off last week. Second Farmer—Yes. First Farmer—How's it running? Second Farmer—Smoothly.

In employments requiring quickness and dexterity of the hands women are far more valuable than men.

THE HAWKINS WATER LIFT PUMP ONE AND A HALF GALLONS OF SOFT WATER FOR EVERY GALLON OF CITY WATER. H. J. HAWKINS, PLUMBING AND HEATING 43 SOUTH MAIN STREET TELEPHONE 951

To-day we want to talk to you about "Catarrh cures" During the past few months we have been publishing what some of our good friends have called "heart-to-heart talks" on patent medicines. That name suits us all right—"heart-to-heart talks" is just what we have intended. There can't be anything more serious to a sick man or sick woman than his ailment and the remedies he or she takes to cure it. Our talks have been "heart-to-heart." Every word we have printed has been written in absolute earnestness and sincerity, and judging from what our customers tell us, we have not been talking in vain. We are convinced that our frankness has been appreciated, and that our suggestions have been welcomed—which naturally encourages us to continue. To-day, and perhaps for some time to come, we want to talk about that big class of remedies known generally as "catarrh cures." Broadly speaking these are the patent medicines that have been the chief targets for the attacks of the "Ladies' Home Journal," "Collier's Weekly" and other magazines which are waging such a lively warfare against patent medicine abuses. As we have pointed out in previous talks, it is not our business to pass judgment on the crusade of these well-known, highly-respected publications. The public alone must be the judge and jury. Our business, as we see it, is to carry in stock a complete line of patent medicines, and to sell those medicines at the lowest possible price. We sell hundreds—yes, thousands of bottles of so-called "catarrh cures," and know nothing of their ingredients. The manufacturers advertise them, the public demands them; we order them from the manufacturers, and sell them at the lowest price. That is absolutely as far as our knowledge goes. The manufacturer keeps his formula a secret. It may be good, or it may not—we don't know, and we have no means of finding out. Naturally, we would rather sell a rem-

Resall MUCU-TONE There is no guess work with us on Resall Mucu-Tone. We know what it is made of. Not only do we know, but we will give you a copy of the formula. There is no secret about any Resall remedy—we make them—one thousand of our leading druggists all over America—in our great co-operative laboratories at Boston, Mass. We own the laboratories, and everything in them, and we operate them just as skillfully as our combined brains and money will let us, and just as honestly as honest men know how. The ingredients of Mucu-Tone The chief ingredients of Mucu-Tone are Gentian, Cubeb, Cascara Sagrada, Glycerine, and Sarsaparilla. Gentian is recognized in medicine as one of the greatest tonics ever discovered. It is the foundation on which Mucu-Tone is built. Gentian combines in high degree the tonic powers of all the known "bitters," with none of the disadvantages applying to them. Cubeb has long been recognized as a specific in the treatment of all catarrhal conditions. Its action is prompt and its benefits almost irresistible. In whatever part of the body the inflamed or diseased condition of the mucous membrane exists, the use of Cubeb has been recommended by the best physicians for many generations. Cascara Sagrada is especially introduced for its necessary laxative properties. The combination of these with Glycerine and Sarsaparilla makes Mucu-Tone a remedy that attacks catarrh from every point, gradually restores and rebuilds the diseased tissues to their former health and strength, promotes digestion and creates a normal appetite. Large trial bottle, 50c. For Sale Only at This Store. MODAFF'S PHARMACY The Resall Store