STRATIONS of CDRHODES COPYRIGHT BY CHARLES SCRIBNERS SONS

MARTER XXIV-Continued. --12--

ad climbed the steps of the veranda when he heard called softly from the depths of the great wicker lounging half hidden in the veranda In a moment he had placed of the chairs for himself, moing tato it wearily.

naw you at the gate," she said. men are still holding out?" we are holding out. The plant is and it will stay closed until can get another force of work-

There will be lots of suffering," she "It's no use," he said, answering her

There is nothing in me to There was yesterday, or the day beand suggested.

Perhaps. But yesterday was yesand today is today. As I told or a little while ago, I've changed

"No." she denied, "you only think have. But you didn't come here a tell me that?" Mot I came to ask a single ques-

How is Mr. Galbraith?" "He is a very sick man." Ton moun that there is a chance t he may not recover?"

"More than a chance, I'm afraid." After a moment of silence Griswold ald "I did my best; you know I did

Her answer puzzled him a little. could almost find it in my heart hate you if you hadn't."

the summer night were rustling the leaves of the lawn make and the lappings of tiny waves the lake beach. At the end of it, swold got up and groped for his

"I'm moing home," he said. "It has with kerosene." been a pretty atrenuous day, and there another one coming. But before I Will you let me know immey, by phone or messenger, if Mr. th takes a turn for the better?" "Cortainly," she said; and she let way good-night and get as far as hefore she called him back There was another thing," she bewith the sober gravity that he mever be sure was not one of many poses, and not the least al-"Do you believe in God,

t, but he made shift to answer It with becoming periousness. "I suppose I do. Why?"

"It is a time to pray to him," she said suffly; "to pray very earnestly Mr. Galbraith's life may be upper Shawnee street.

. He could not let that stand. Why should I concern myself, spedally " be asked, adding: "Of course,

I'm worry, and all that, but-" "Mayor gaind," she interposed, and he left her chair to walk beside him | chair.

to the steps. "I've had a hard day. ma Kanneth, boy, and I-I guess it has on my nerves. But, all the same, ment to do it, you know." He stopped and looked down into said I should, but not until this fight

he eyes whose depths he could never ally fathom. "Why don't you do it?" he demand-

oh, God doesn't know me; and alden, I thought-oh, well, it doesn't itter what I thought. Good night." And before he could return the mentaking word, she was gone

Raymer's prediction that the real would begin when the attempt mid be made to start the plant with when was amply fulfilled the militant week which folwed the opening of hostilities. Each in day saw the inevitable inof lawlessness. From taunts ad abuse the insurrectionaries passed the to violence. Street fights, when the trampish place-takers came in any Merable numbers, were of daily merance, and the tale of the woundat area like the returns from a bat-By the middle of the week Rayand Griswold were asking for a seeds a posse to maintain peace in schoolhood of the plant; and setting their first definite hint anmeone higher up was playing a game of politics against them.

Ma gentlemen: I've done all the free and a little more," was herin's response to the plea for

mp have you?" rasped Griswho was by this time lost to tense of expediency

as that," said the chief peace ofturning back to his desk; and so lie little conference ended. ne been maintaining," com-

symer, as they were de-

forced to make a concession repeatedly urged and argued for by the older the guarding of the company's property be entrusted to a picked squad of the ex-employees themselves.

During these days of turmoil and rioting the transformed idealist passed through many stages of the journey down a certain dark and mephitic valley not of amelioration. Fairness was gone, and in its place stood angry resentment, ready to rend and tear. Pity and truth were going; the daily report from Margery told of the lessening chance of life for Andrew Galbraith, and the stirrings evoked were neither regretful nor compassionate On the contrary, he knew very well that the news of Galbraith's death would be a relief for which, in his heart of hearts, he was secretly thirst-

CHAPTER XXV.

"Well, it has come at last," said Raymer next morning, passing a new

ly opened letter of the morning delivery over to Griswold. "The railroad people are taking their work away from us. I've been looking for that in every mail." Griswold glanced at the letter and

handed it back. The burden was lying heavily upon him, and his only comment was a questioning, "Well?" At this, Raymer let go again.

"What's the use?" he said dejectedly. "We're down, and everything we do merely prolongs the agony. Do Alleance again, broken only by the you know that they tried to burn the plant last night?"

"No: I hadn't heard." "They did, They had everything fixed; a pile of kindlings laid in the corner back of the machine shop an-

"Well, why didn't they do it?" queried Griswold, baif-heartedly. After want you to promise me one the heavens have fallen, no mere ter restrial cataelysm can evoke a thrill.

"That's a mystery. Something happened; just what, the watchman who had the machine shop beat couldn't tell. He says there was a flash of light bright enough to blind him, and then a scrap of some kind. When he got out of the shop and around to the place. there was no one there; nothing but the pile of kindlings."

Griswold took up the letter from the railway people and read it again. The query took him altogether by When he faced it down on Raymer's desk, he had closed with the conclusion which had been thrusting itself upon him since the early morning hour when he had picked his way among the aldewalk pools to the plant from

"You can still save yourself, Edward," he said, still with the coloriess note in his voice. And he added: "You know the way."

Raymer jerked his head out of his deak and swung around in the pivot-

"See here, Griswold; the less said about that at this stage of the game the better it will be for both of us! he exploded. "I'm going to do as I settled, one way or the other!

Origwold did not retort in kind

"The condition has already expired by limitation; the fight is as good as settled now," he said, placably, "We are only making a hopeless bluff. We can hold our forty of fifty tramp workmen just as long as we pay their board over in town, and don't ask them to report for work. But the day the shop whistle is blown, four out of every five will vanish. We both know that." "Then there is nothing for it but a

receivership," was Raymer's gloomy "Not without a miracle," Griswold

admitted. "And the day of miracles is

Thus the idealist, out of a depth of hitherto unplumbed. But if he could have had even a momentary gift telepathic vision he might have seen a miracle at that moment in the pre liminary stage of its outworking

The time was half-past nine; the place a grottolike summer house on the Mercaide lawn. The miracle workers were two: Margery Grierson, radiant in the daintiest of morning housegowns, and the man who had taken her retainer. Miss Grierson was curiously examining a photographic print; the pictured scene was a well-littered foundry yard with buildings forming other words, Mr. Bradford, an angle in the near background. Against the buildings a pile of shav ings with kindlings showed quite clearly; and, stooping to ignite the pile, was a man who had evidently looked There to reply to any such | up at, or just before, the instant of had a round, pig-jowl face; his briswhich means that we shall tling mustaches stood out stiffly as if in sudden horror; and his hat was on the

> back of his head. courthouse stairs; and gized. "The sun ain't high enough yet adjetion came true. Later to make a clear print. But you said he mard was withdrawn; I hurry, and I reckon it will do.

the very act, didn't you?" sae | fares into the street upon which the complish by setting fire to the works?" I pouring from the tall central stack of "It was a frameup to capture public | the plant, and it had evidently prosympathy. There's been a report cir- voked a sudden and wrathful gatherculating 'round that Raymer and Gris- ing of the clans. The sidewalks were wold was goin' to put some o' the ringleaders in fail, if they had to make a

to the owners, themselves." Miss Grierson was still examining the picture. "You made two of these! hindrance. Though it was the first prints?" she asked

case against 'em. Clancy had it fig-

film."

them effective?" Broffin handed her a large envelope. unsealed. "You'll find 'em in there. men among the strikers, namely, that That part of it was a cinch. Your govought to fire that man Murray. as payin' Clancy in checks!" Again Miss Grierson nodded.

"About the other matter?" she inquired. "Have you heard from your messenger?"

Broffin produced another envelope. It had been through the mails and bore the Duluth postmark.

"Affidavits was the best we could do there," he said. "My man worked it to go with MacFarland as the driver of the rig. They saw some mighty fine timber, but it happened to be on ently. the wrong side of the St. Louis county line. He's a tolerably careful man. and he verified the landmarks."

"Affidavits will do," was the eventoned rejoinder. Then: "These papers are all in duplicate?"

"Everything in pairs-just as you or-

Miss Grierson took an embroidered chamois-skin money book from her bosom and began to open it. Broffin raised his hand.

"Not any more," he objected. "You overpaid me that first evening in front of the Winnebago." "You needn't hesitate," she urged.

"It's my own money." "I've had a plenty." "Then I can only thank you," she

said, rising. He knew that he was being dismissed, but the one chance in a thousand had yet to be tested.

"Just a minute, Miss Grierson," he begged. "I've done you right in this business, haven't 1?" "You have."

"I said I didn't want any more money, and don't. But there's one other thing. Do you know what I'm nex and the whole thing saturated here in this little jay town of yours "Yes; I have known it for a long

> "I thought so. You knew it that day out at the De Soto, when you was tellin' Mr. Raymer a little story that was partly true and partly made up-

> "Every word of the story about Mr Griswold-the story that you overheard, you know-was true; every sin-



Miss Grierson Was Curiously Examining a Photographic Print.

gle word of it. Do you suppose ! should have dared to embroider it the least little bit-with you sitting right there at my back?"

Broffin got up and took a half-burned cigar from the ledge of the summer house where he had carefully laid i

at the beginning of the interview. "You've got me down," be confessed, with a good-natured grin. "The man that plays a winnin' hand against you has got to get up before sun in the morning and hold all trumps, Miss Grierson-to say nothin' of being a mighty good bluffer, on the side." Then he switched suddenly. "How's Mr. Galbraith this morning?"

"He is very low, but he is conscious again. He has asked us to wire for the cashier of his bank to come up." Broffin's eyes narrowed.

"The cashier is sick and can't come, he said. "Well, someone in authority will

come, I suppose. Once more Broffin was thinking in terms of speed. Johnson, the paying

hastily, and forthwith made his escape. The telegraph office was a good ten minutes' walk from the lake front, and in the light of what Miss Grierson "It ain't very good," Brown apolo- had just told him, the minutes were

er Broffin's hurried departure. Miss Miss Grierson nodded. "You caught Grierson drove by quieter thorough that you can use it on me, do you?"

filled with angry workmen, and an excited argument was going forward at one of the barred gates between the ured out that the fire'd be charged up locked-out men and a watchman inside

of the yard. The crowd let the trap pass without time she had been in the new offices. "Yes; here's the other one-and the | she seemed to know where to find what she sought; and when Raymer "And you have the papers to make took his face out of his desk, she was standing on the threshold of the open door and smiling across at him.

"May I come in?" she asked: and when he fairly bubbled over in the fort to make her understand how welcome she was: "No; I mustn't sit down, because if I do, I shall stay too long-and this is a business call. Where is Mr. Griswold?"

"He went up town a little while ago, and I wish to goodness he'd come back." "You have been having a great deal

of trouble, haven't you?" she said.

come to help you cure it." Raymer shook his head despond-

"I'm afraid it has gone past the curing point," he said. "Oh, no, it hasn't. I have discovered the remedy and I've brought it

with me." She took a sealed envelope from the inside pocket of her driving coat and laid it on the desk before him. "I'm going to ask you to lock that up in your office safe for a little while, just as it is," she went on. "If there are no signs of improvement in the sick situation by three o'clock, you are to open it-you and Mr. Griswold-and read the contents. Then you will know exactly what to do, and how to go about it." Her lips were trembling when she

got through, and he saw it. She was going then, but he got before her and shut the door and put his back against

"I don't know what you have done, but I can guess," he said, lost now to everything save the intoxicating joy of the barrier-breakers. "You have heart of gold, Margery, and I-"

"Please don't," she said, trying to stop him; but he would not listen. "No; before that envelope is opened before I can possibly know what it contains. I'm going to ask you one question in spite of your prohibition; and I'm going to ask it new because, afterward, I may not-you may not-that is, perhaps it won't be possible for me to ask, or for you to listen. I love you, Margery: I---"

She was looking up at him with the faintest shadow of a smile lurking in the depths of the alluring eyes. And her lips were no longer tremulous when she said: "Oh, no, you don't If I were as mean as some people think I am, I might take advantage of all this, mightn't 1? But I sha'n't. Won't you open the door and let me go? It is very important."

"Heavens, Margery! Don't make a oke of it!" he burst out. "Can't you see that I mean it? Girl, girl, I want ou-I need you!"

This time she laughed outright. Then she grew suddenly grave.

"My dear friend, you don't know what you are saying. The gate that you are trying to break down opens upon nothing but misery and wretchedness. If I loved you as a woman ought to love her lover, for your sake and for my own I should still say no-a thousand times no! Now will you open the door and let me go?" He opened the door and she slipped

past him. But in the corridor she turned and laughed at him again.

"I am going to cure you-you, personally, as well as the sick situation- hate him. About this other matter-Mr. Raymer," she said flippantly | ten minutes before three o'clock this Then, mimicking him as a spoiled child might have done. "I might possibly learn to think of you-in that way-after a while. But I could never, never, never learn to love your mother and your sister." And with that spiteful thrust she left !

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Gray Wolf. As it chanced, Jasper Grierson was in the act of concluding a long and apparently satisfactory telephone conversation with his agent in Duluth at the moment when the door of his private room opened and his daughter en-

He hung the receiver on its hook those women. and was pushing the bracketed tele | asked me, I told him No. You weren't phone set aside when Margery crossed the room swiftly and placed an envelope, the counterpart of the one left with Raymer, on the desk

"There is your notice to quit," she said calmly. "You threw me down and eleven in the morning, an admirand gave me the double-cross the other day, and now I've come back at you,"

Another man might have hastened to meet the crisis. But the gray wolf phaeton between half-past two and was of a different mettle. He let the three through the overcrossing suburb envelope lie untouched until after he there were signs of an armistice aphad pulled out a drawer in the desk. found his box of cigars, and had lei- reached. Pottery Flat was populated surely selected and lighted one of the fat black monstrosities. When he tore on the street corners arguing peace- the grand hotel, and you become the the envelope across, the photographic fully. Miss Grierson pulled up at one wrint fell out, and he studied it care- of the corners and beckoned to a fully for many seconds before he read the accompanying documents. For a little time after he had tossed the papers aside there was a silence that bit. Then he said, slowly

does the game stand, right now?"

"Those papers and that picture are said coolly. "What did he hope to ac- Raymer property fronted. Smoke was copies; the originals are in a scaled envelope in Mr. Raymer's safe. If you haven't taken your hands off of Mr. Raymer's throat by three o'clock this afternoon, the envelope will

Jasper Grierson's teeth met in the marrow of the fat cigar. Equally without heat and without restraint, he stripped her of all that was womanly, pouring out upon her a flood of foul epithets and vile names garnished with bitter, brutal oaths. She shrank from the crude and savage upbraidings as if the words had been hot irons to touch the bare flesh, but at the end of it she was still facing him hardily.

"Calling me bad names doesn't change anything," she pointed out, and her tone reflected something of his own elemental contempt for the euphemisms. "You have five hours in which to make Mr. Raymer understand that you have stopped trying to smash him. Wouldn't it be better to begin on that? You can curse me out any time, you know."

Jasper Grierson's rage fit, or the mud-volcano manifestation passed as suddenly as it had broken out. Swinging heavily in his chair he sympathetically. "I'm sorry, and I've took up the papers again, reread them thoughtfully, and then swung slowly to face the situation.

> "Let's see what you want-show up your hand." "I have shown it. Take the prop of riosity broke bounds. "I can't underyour backing from behind this labor trouble, and let Mr. Raymer settle acle?"

> with his men on a basis of good-will and fair dealing." "Is that all?" "No. You must cancel this pinefand deal. You have broken bread toss of the pretty head. "What dif-

I'm not going to let you be worse than an Arab." Grierson's shaggy brows met in a reflective frown, and when he spoke the bestial temper was rising again. "When this is all over, and you've

gone to live with Raymer, I'll kill him, he said, with an outthrust of the bard jaw; adding: "You know me, Madge." "I thought I did," was the swift retort. "But it was a mistake. And as for taking it out on Mr. Raymer, you'd better wait until I go 'to live with him, as you put it. Besides, this isn't Yellow

Dog gulch. They hang people here." "You little she-devil! If you push me into this thing, you'd better get Raymer, or somebody, to take you in. You'll be out in the street!"

"I have thought of that, too." she said, coolly; "about quitting you. I'm sick of it all-the getting and the spending and the crookedness. I'd put the money-yours and mine-in a pile and set fire to it, if some decent man would give me a calleo dress and a chance to cook for two." "Raymer, for instance?" the father

cut in, in heavy mockery. "Mr. Raymer has asked me to marry him, if you care to know," she

struck back. "Oho! So that's the milk in the cocoanut, is it? You sold me out to buy in with him! "You may put it that way, if you

like: I don't care." She was drawing are out of the deep water and in a on her driving gloves methodically and working the fingers into place. and there were sullen fires in the brooding eyes. "I've been thinking it was the other

one-the book writer," said the father. Then, without warning: "He's a damned crook." The daughter went on smoothing the wrinkles out of the fingers of her

gloves. "What makes you think so?" she inquired, with indifference, real or skillfully assumed

straight. I've been keeping cases on smaller plotter returned the corre-

"Never mind Mr. Griswold," she insuppose that is enough to make you she had dared hope. afternoon I shall go back to Mr. Raymer. If he tells me that his troubles are straightening themselves out, I'll get the papers.

"You'll bring 'em here to me?" "Some day; after I'm sure that you have broken off the deal with Mr. Galbraith."

as far as the door before he stopped her with a blunt-pointed arrow of con-"I suppose you've fixed it up to marry that college-sharp dub so that

his mother and sister can rub it into you right?" he sneered. "You can suppose again," she returned, shortly. "If I should marry him, it would be out of pure spite to Because, when he

counting on that, were you?" And having fired this final shot of contradiction she departed. After Miss Grierson had driven home from the bank between ten ing public saw her no more until just before bank-closing hours in the afternoon. As she passed in the basket parent, even before the battlefield was ards of existence had not changed for again, and the groups of men bunched

young iron-molder "Anything new, Malcolm?"

"You bet your sweet life!" said the "So that's your raise, is it? Where men did, on a plane of perfect equality and vard looking neat, for the children "You don't think I'm fool enough to orders from the big federation, at all; give you back your ammunition so and that crooked guy, Clancy, was a any untidiness to that particular spot.

"He has gone?" she said. "He'd better be. If he shows himself 'round here again, there's goln' to be a mix-up."

Miss Grierson drove on, and at the iron works there were more of the peaceful indications. The gates were open, and a switching engine from the railroad yards was pushing in a car load of furnace coal. By all the signs the trouble flood was abating.

Raymer saw her when she drove under his window and calmly made a hitching post of the clerk who went out to see what she wanted. A moment later she came down the corridor to stand in the open doorway of the manager's room.

"You are still alone?" she asked. "Yes; Griswold hasn't shown up since morning. I don't know what has become of him."

"And the labor trouble, is that going

to be settled?" He looked away and ran his fingers through his hair as one still puzzled and bewildered. "Some sort of a miracle has been wrought," he said. "A little while ago a committee came to talk over terms of surrender. It seems that the whole thing was the result of a-of a mistake."

"Yes." she returned quietly, "it was just that-a mistake." And then: "You are going to take them back?"

"Certainly. The plant will start up again in the morning." Then his custand it. How did you work the mir-

"Perhaps I didn't work it." "I know well enough you did, in some way."

She dismissed the matter with a with Mr. Galbraith as a friend, and ference does it make so long as you



"You Can Wade Ashore Now, Can't You?"

place where you can wade ashore? You can wade ashore now, can't you?" He nodded. "This morning I should have said that we couldn't; but now-" he reached over to his desk and handed her a letter to which was pinned a telegram less than an hour

She read the letter first. It was a curt announcement of the withdrawal of the Pineboro railroad's repair work. The telegram was still briefer: "Disregard my letter of yesterday;" this, "He's got too much money to be and the signature, "Atherton." The spondence with a little sigh of relief. It had been worse than she had "He is my friend, and I thought, and it was now better than

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WONDROU Stand in Solitary Grandeur, But Lack Nothing That Makes for Comfort

of Traveler. You may climb up the heights by the aid of railways, funiculars, racksand-pintons, diligences and sledges, Jasper Grierson let his daughter get and when nothing but your own feet will take you any further you will see in Switzerland a grand hotel, magically and incredibly raised aloft in the

> It is solitary-no town, no houses nothing but this hotel bemmed in or all sides by snowy crags and made impregnable by precipices and treacherous snow and ice. At the great redrawing of the may

> of Europe, when the lesser nationalities are to disappear, the Switzers will take armed refuge in their farthest grand hotels and there defy the mandates of the concert. For the hotel, no matter how remote it be, lacks nothing that is mentioned

> in the dictionary of comfort. Beyond its walls your life is not worth twelve hours' purchase. You would not die of hunger, be At best you might hit on some

zation that laughs at mountains, avalanches and frost.

pearant's cottage in which the stand-

Tent for the Children. be expected and required to keep

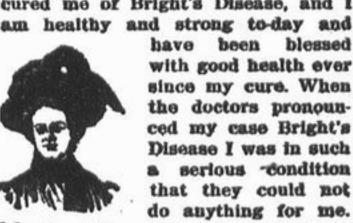
ideal Resort. Nodd-"How is the Bingbang restau-

Dorothy was so homestck at her live party that the hostess' mother sugne ed that it would be better for her to go home. Dorothy gladly accepted the idea, but a few minutes later, answering a timid knock at the door, the hostess' mother found Dorothy bathed

"Well, Dorothy, I'm glad to see you again. Did you decide to come back?" "No. m'm, I f-f-forgot t-to say I hahad such a nice time!"-Christian Register.

CURED OF BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

L. Crawford, Medfield, "Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me of Bright's Disease, and l



kept getting worse. My limbs from my ankles to my knees swelled and my eyes were so swollen that I couldn't see. As a last hope I thought would give Dodd's Kidney Pills a trial. I gradually improved and kept on taking them and they cured me thoroughly."

Dodd's Kidney Pills, 50c per box at your dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Dodd's Dyspepsis Tablets for Indigestion have been proved. 50c per box.-Adv.

Mobilized.

"Are you not afraid that moths will get in the house, now that your wom-

en-folk are away?" "Oh, I suppose they will, but I'll give 'em a warm reception. I've got four quarts of moth balls piled on the diping room table, and if a moth shows above the trenches i'll start a bombardment and keep it up all the evening, but I'll force the moth to surren-

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Unmerited Slight. "A foreigner, visiting in this country, says American men merely make money for women to spend."

"Well, isn't that true?"

needn't talk as if we didn't know what we were about." Fiction. "What kind of fiction does Fleecer

"I guess so. But, confound it, he

When all others fail to p Try Denison's Coffee

Its Nature. "Is this condiment hot?" "It can't be: it's ch'lly sauce."-Bal-

timore American.

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nerves became firm. appetite good, step elastic, and I lost that weak, tired feeling. That was six years ago and I have had three fine healthy children since. For female froubles I always take Lydia E. Pinkham's

a charm. I do all my own work. "- Mrs. A. F. KREAMER, 1574 Electric Avenue. Lackawanna, N. Y. The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the standard remedy for female illa.

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tressing ills peculiar to their sex should

be convinced of the ability of Lydia E.

Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to re-

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store their health by the many genuine and truthful testimonials we are constantly publishing in the newspapers. If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Safe Diabetes Remedy

In diabetes the nutrition is impaired

-this results in an excess of sugar in the blood, and the failure of the food to nourish, hence a gradual wasting away while eating well. Symptoms of this disease are increased thirst, excess of urine, emacistion and dry skin often with sweet

"I had diabetes and was given up by all doctors of my town. I took Warner's Safe Diabetes Remedy and am now perfectly well."—Rev. Alvin H. Morton, Sand Point, Idaho. Sold by all druggists, or sent popaid on receipt of price, \$1.25. Wester for sample and information. WARNER'S SAFE REMEDIES OF

is fishing rod the other morning for the fly. me hours later he returned wild- (chorus, "There always does!") the scales. ed and weary, and to his friends he fish endeavoring to haul Mr. Scrip-

clously and his teeth snapping vi- in one day.

shallow water, where he playing fast and loo

a ciach to compare Scrip-) splash and a giant fish that looked | water and picked him-(chorus, "Ay, 1114 pounds. This is a record. But | a new one, ture with the well-known gospel vari- with the silvery sheen on its scales, go on; he slipped off the book, didn't -Mr. Scriptune recollected sudden buy?") Mr. Scriptune is quite indiglike a German torpedo, leaped sev. he?") No. Mr. Scriptune lifted the ly-the law says that no angler may nant when people ask him why he Mr. Scriptume set out with his lit. eral feet out of the water and seized mammoth fish, his tail flapping fero take more than ten pounds of trout didn't cut off and return a pound ish odor. and a half of the trout's tail, and thus

> fame and fortune beckoned, but there World. Inasmuch as trout are not known also threatened the stern face of the Mr. at laboring vallantly to lure the Mr. Scriptune, to him enotement honesty. Duty and honesty triumphed. tMr. Scriptune says so, and he rant?" Tom-"Wonderful! I was it cought to know), and the record trout there with my wife for an hour th

Mohawk river in search of trout. A terrible struggle here ensued clously and hung him on his pocket | What was to be done? On one side | keep within the law.- New York tune into the depths and drown him. to have pockets, it is supposed that law. On the other side duty and