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The Golden Barrier
 By A. W. PEACH

From his window overlooking the village square Attorney John Stephens had seen the springs or 40 years work their magic spell on the gray grass left after the receding snows. He was the only lawyer in the town, and the secrets hidden under his white hair were the secrets of generations. He knew the stories and lives of his people, and their interests were his.

So, when he saw a dapper, stylish, polished man come up the street from the station he became suspicious, knowing the type that spread trouble wherever they go. He saw the man was coming to the office.

He did enter, greet the lawyer cordially and skillfully state his mission. He wished to engage Stephens to act as the local attorney for his firm at a salary that made the old attorney start.

"Just what do you want in return for that salary?" Stephens asked.

With assurance the other explained, and Stephens, old in the ways of men, read the purpose.

"Mr. Amiens," the old lawyer said quietly, "I have read that in your city there is a firm that offered to sell post-holes, and the proposition you have is worse than that. You should be jailed for representing it. My advice to you is to go on—leave the people here alone. You will bring nothing but regret."

The other smiled. "Sorry, but I can't accept your invitation. I have other business here. In fact, I was asked to come."

Stephens watched the well-groomed figure cross the street and enter a



store over which was the sign, "William Joslyn." With a grunt of disgust the lawyer leaned back.

"So Will is after another scheme to get rich fast," he said to himself, and lapsed into musing.

The romance of the village was centered in William Joslyn and Emma Adams. Emma had inherited the wealth of her father and lived in the old mansion on the hill. William had loved her, and still did; and she loved him—of that the old attorney was certain.

The one thing that stood between Will and her was her money. Whether she knew that or not, Stephen did not know. He sighed over the matter, had chatted with William, but that firm, quiet, old-fashioned and set individual could not see how he could live upon his wife's money and keep his own respect—and he had little money of his own.

Now, so the lawyer mused, he was probably going into a get-rich-quick scheme to get the money he wanted in order to have the right to speak to Emma.

"It's a queer world and there are a lot of queer people in it," Stephens said as he rose from his chair.

That evening he met the calm-faced, patient Joslyn and warned him against investing in the Starr Investment company. Joslyn thanked him for his advice, and then went on to say that he had invested in it—all he had.

"You stand to lose every cent of it," the lawyer said.

"I stand to win, too. I am tired of waiting for my ship. I am going out to meet it," was the quiet answer.

"Tired of waiting," the lawyer said to himself as he went to his office for his evening smoke. "He'll have a longer wait still."

Three months went by, and then came the shock. He discovered that there was a rumor around the village that Emma had invested all her fortune in the Starr company. The old lawyer, getting the rumor straight, immediately set out for the Adams home.

Like some picture of other days come to life she came to meet him, as simple, honest and beautiful as one of her roses.

He asked her anxiously about the situation—whether it was true that she had invested in the firm. She nodded. Stephens looked at her in despair and wrath. "Miss Adams, your father and his father trusted me. Why did you not come to me for advice? That firm is a

gang of crooks operating within the law and just a statute or two out of jail. You will lose every cent—and I know it."

She was smiling into her lawyer's eyes, and she said simply, "I am not worrying."

He stared at her, wondering, but when he was on the way home he guessed the reason behind her madness.

"Of all wild dreams of foolish hearts in love! She wants to lose the money so that chump of a Puritan Joslyn will ask her to marry him; and that fool to get rich, so he can, has invested in the same crazy scheme—good heavens!" the angry lawyer muttered to himself.

Once more in his office, he slammed down his hat and stood in thought—to be aroused by his telephone. He answered it and heard Miss Emma's sweet voice say, an odd note of pleasure in it, "Dear old friend, I just got my mail; and they write me that for several reasons the investment failed and my money is gone."

He dropped the receiver with a groan. "And you want me to get the word to Joslyn! Never. I'll get the money back!"

To plan was to act; and the evening train carried the old lawyer to the city miles away. The next morning he was hot on the trail of the Starr Investment company.

He found them, and grimly held on until he was ushered into the splendid private office of Amiens, who greeted him with the same smooth manner as months ago in the office in the village.

Swiftly the old attorney told his errand and his purpose—to save for Miss Emma Adams the fortune her father had won by hard toil; and as quietly as ever the lawyer spoke the promoter explained why the money could not be reached.

Stephen rose, his white hair ruffled, his eyes aflame, knowing himself defeated. "You and your kind shelded by the law though you are, should be hanged! You—you—"

"Wait," said the other. "We have some sentiment sir, at least. I was in love once myself. Besides, our business is a big one."

The lawyer stood, puzzled by the words, and watching the white fingers searching through some papers.

"What we have done, my dear sir, is so to arrange matters that, in a word, the money Miss Emma invested with us is credited to the account of Mr. Joslyn, and here is the certified check we are sending Mr. Joslyn. You see, there was a bit of romance in my own life, and I heard the story of Emma and Will while in your pleasant village, and after verifying facts, I thought we might do this. I imagine when the facts come out, there will be a marriage in your town. William's investment succeeded, Emma's failed. You get the idea? And now, would you care to act for us in your village?"

The old lawyer looked into the smiling, inscrutable face. "Act for you? Never! But I'll take your case on the last judgment day! Good day!"

HONEST PEOPLE IN MAJORITY
 Experiment Made by New York Newspaper Would Seem to Prove Fact Beyond Dispute.

A widely known New York newspaper some time ago had one of its representatives take twelve pocketbooks, each containing a nominal sum of money, some checks that were to all appearances perfectly good, a few papers of legal nature, apparently valuable, and the address of the owner. At different sections of the city, including the Bowery, the East side, the lower West side, business localities, residential sections; all kinds were included—he would slip one of these purses out of his pocket and walk briskly along about his business.

Everywhere he went, someone would either pick the purse up or call his attention to it, but by perseverance he succeeded in "losing" the entire twelve without being noticed.

During the next week nine of the twelve were mailed to him—contents intact! Yet some of us immediately distrust a man who kicks about a balance of \$4.50.—From System.

Heathenism in Lithuania.

It is maintained that in certain parts of Lithuania. In isolated corners and secretly, the old rites of the heathen cult are observed even today. Almost every piece of furniture is beautifully ornate. The wood carving of the peasants is of marvelous delicacy and the gift they have for colors has already been remarked by the whole artistic world. "In the long winter months such works are carried out by each member of the family, and reputations spread there as rapidly as elsewhere. The ability and the industry of the Lithuanians fathered the following proverb: "A Lithuanian goes into the forest leading his horse and returns from there with the horse harnessed to a carriage."

Had Long Sitting at Whist.

The curious fascination cards possess for their devotees is illustrated by the following story of Lord Granville, at the time England's ambassador to France: One afternoon, when he was about to return to Paris, he repaired to Graham's to have a farewell game of whist, ordering his carriage to be at the door at 4. When it arrived he was much too deep in the game to be disturbed. At 10 o'clock he sent out word that he was not ready and that the horses had better be changed. Six hours later the same message was sent out, and twice more the waiting horses were changed before he was compelled to leave the table, after losing \$10,000.

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To Clean Oil Painting.
 Take the picture out of the frame and lay a clean towel soaked in clean water over it. Keep the towel wet with clean water for two or three days. Change the towel two or three times. Wipe the picture with a wet sponge until little trace of dirt is left. Repeat the process if necessary until the picture is clean. When clean, rub dry and apply clear linseed oil.

Cause for Rejoicing.
 Leonard was walking with his nurse and met a friend of his mother, who proceeded to engage him in conversation in a most effusive and enlivened manner. On parting with her, Leonard was silent for a long time, and then said with a gentle sigh of thankfulness: "I am so glad, Sarah, that I've got a nice, gloomy mother."

Some Remarkable Shooting.
 A play was being given by a group of soldiers, the hero of which was to shoot blank cartridges at a row of bottles standing on a shelf, while another soldier, well concealed, was to break each bottle in turn with the point of his bayonet, thus pretending that the hero was shooting the bottles. Through some misunderstanding the hero started shooting at the wrong end of the row, while at the other end the bottles were being broken.

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