BY BRET HARTE,

CHAPTER V.

The two man kept their secret. Mr. Poindexter convinced Mrs. Tucker that the sale of Los Cuervos could not be effected i the notoriety of her husband's flight

been fairly forgotten, and she was forced to accept her fate. The sale of her diamonds, which seemed to her to have realized a singularly extravagant sum, enabled her to quietly rainstate the Pattersons in the tienda, and to discharge in full ber husband's liabilities to the ranchero and his

humble retainers.

Meanwhile the winter rains had ceased, It seemed to her as if the clouds had suddenly one night struck their white tents and stolen away, leaving the unvanqu ished sun to mount the vacant sky the next morning alone, and possess it thenceforward unchallenged. One afternoon she thought the long sad waste before her window had caught some tint of gayer color from the sunset; a week later she found it a blazing landscape of poppies, broken here and there by blue lagoons of lupine, by pools of daisies, by banks of dog roses, by broad outlying shores of dandelions that realtered their lavish gold to the foot of the hills, where the green billows of wild cats carried it on and upward to the darker crest of pines. For two months she was dazzled and be vildered with color. She had never before been face to face with this spendthri!t Californian Flora, in her virgin wastefulness-her more than goddesslike prodigality. The teeming earth seemed to quicken andthrob beneath her feet; the few circuits of a plough around the outlying corral were enough to call out a jungle growth of giant grain that almost hid the low walls of the hacienda. In this glorious fecundity of the earth, in this joyous renewal of life and color, in this opulent youth and freshness of soil and sky it alone remained—the dead and sterile Past-left in the midst of buoyant rejuvenescence and resurrection, like an empty churchyard skull upturned on the springing turf. Its bronzed adobe walls mocked the green vine that embraced them, the crambling dust of ts court yard remained ungerminating and unfruitful; to the thousand stirring voices without its dry lips alone remained mute, unresponsive, and unchanged.

During this time Don Jose had become a frequent visitor at Los Cuervos, bringing with him at first his niece and sister in a stately precision of politeness that was not lost on the proud Blue Grass stranger. She returned their visit at Los Gatos, and there made the formal acquaintancs of Don Jose's grandmother-a lady who still regarded the decrepit Concha as a giddy muchnaha, and who herself glittered as with the phosphoresc nce of refined decay. Through this circumstance she learned that Don Jose was not yet fifty, and that his gravity of manner and sedateness was more the result of fastidious isolation and temperament than years. She could not tell why the information gave her a feeling of annoyance, but it caused her to regret the absence of Poindexter, and to wonder, also somewhat nervously, why he had lately avoided her presence. The thought that he might be doing so from a recollection of tht inuendoes of Mrs. Patterson caused a little tremor of indignation in her hot pulses. "As if -- " but she did not finish the sentence even to herself, and her eyes filled

Yet she had thought of the husband who had so crueily wronged her less feverishly, less impatiently than before. For she thought she loved him now the more deeply, because, although she was not reconciled to his absence, it seemed to keep alive the memory of what he had been before his one wild act separated them. She had never seen the reflection of another woman's eyes in his; the past contained no haunting recollection of waning or alienated affection; she could meet him again, and clasping her arms around him, awaken as with a troubled dream without reproach or explanation. Her strong belief in this made her patient;

she no longer sought to know the particu-

lars of his flight, and never dreamed that her

passive submission to his absence was partly due to a fear that something in his actual presence at that moment would have destroyed that belief for ever.

For this reason the delicate reticence of

with tears.

the people at Los Gatos, and their seclusion from the world which knew of her husband's fault, had made her encourage the visits of Don Jose, until from the instinct already alluded to she one day summoned Poindexter to Los Caervos, on the day that Don Jose usually called. But, to her surprise the two men met more or less awkwardly and coldly, and her tact as hostess was tried to the utmost to keep their evident antagonism from being too apparent. The effort to reconcile their mutual discontent, and some other feelings she did not quite understand, pro duced a nervous excitement which called the blood to her fair cheek and gave a dangerous brilliancy to her eyes-two circumstances not unnoticed nor unappreciated by her two guests. But instead of reuniting them, the prettier Mrs. Tucker became, the more distant and reserved grew the men, until ed to him a silent but half-compassionate Don Jose rose before his usual hour, and with more than usual ceremoniousness departed.

"Then my business does not seem to be with him?' said Poindexter, with quiet coolness, as Mrs. Tucker turned her somewhat mystified face toward him. "Or have you tanything to say to me about him in ment of the hacienda with a new sense of

"I am sure I don't know what you both mean," she returned with a slight tremor of voice. "I had no idea you were not on good terms. I thought you were! Its very awkward." Without coquetry and unconsciously she raised her blue eyes under her lids until the clear pupils coyly and softly hid themselves in the corners of the brown lashes, and added-"You have both been so kind tome."

"Perhaps that is the reason," said Poin dexter, gravely. But Mrs. Tucker refused to accept the suggestion with equal gravity and began to laugh. The laugh, which was at first frank, spontaneous, and almost childlike, was becoming hysterical and nervous as she went on, until it was suddenly checked by Poindexter.

"I have had no difficulties with Don Jose Santierra," he said, somewhat coldly ignoring her hilarity; "but perhaps he is not inclined to be as polite to the friend of the husband as he is to the wife."

quickly, her face becoming pale again. flushing; "but-

"You want to say," she interrupted coolly, "that you are not friends, I see. Is that the reason you have avoided this house?" she continued, gently,

"I thought I could be of more service to you elsewhere," he replied, evasively." I have been lately following up a certain clue rather closely. I think I am on the track of a confidante of-of-that woman."

A quick shadow passed over Mrs. Tucker's face. "Indeed!" she said, coldly, "Then I am to believe that you prefer to spend your leisure moments in looking after that creature than in calling here?'

Poindexter was stup fiel. Was this the woman who only four months ago was almost vindictively eager to pursue her husband's paramour? There could be but one answer to it-Don Jose. Four months ago from his cynical pre-eminence. Now he managed with difficulty to stifle the bitterness of

"If you do not wish the inquiry carried on," he began, "of course-" "I? What does it matter to me?" she

said coolly. "Do as you please." Nevertheless, half an hour later, as he was leaving, she said, with a certain hesita ting timidity, "Do not leave me so much

a'one here-and let that woman go." This was not the only unlooked for sequel to her innocent desire to propitiate her only | the lagoon. If it contained visitors for Los friends. Don Jose did not call again upon | Cuervos they had evidently taken a shorter his usual day, but in his place came Dona Clara, his younger sister. When Mrs. road which intersected the highway at right Tucker had politely asked after the absent | angles a mile further o1. It was with som : Don Jose, Dona Clara wound her swarthy arms around the fair American's waist and replied, "But why did you send for the abo-

gado Poindexter when my brother called?" "But Capt. Pointexter calls as one of my friends," said the amazed Mrs. Tucker. "He is a gentleman, and has been a soldier | season served as a reception hall, she was and an officer," she added with some

"Ah, yes, a soldier of the law-what you call an oficial de policia-a chief of gendar mes, my sister; but not a gentleman-a cam-

arero to protect a lady."

Mrs. Tucker would have uttered a hasty reply, but the perfect and good natured simplicity of Dona Clara withheld her. Nevertheless she treated Don Jose with a certain reserve at their next meeting, until it brought the simple minded Castilian so dangerously near the point of demanding an explanation which implied too much that she was obliged to restore him temporarily to his old footing. Meantime she had a brilliant idea. She would write to Calhoun Weaver, whom she had avoided since that memorable day. She would say she wished to consult him, He would come to Los Cuervos. He might suggest something to lighten this weary waiting-at least, she would show them all that she had still old friends. Yet she did not dream of returning to her old Blue Grass home. Her parents had died since she left. She shrank from the thought of dragging her ruined life before the hopeful youth of her girlhool's compan-

Mr. Calhoun Weaver arrived promptly, ostentatiously, cracularly, and cordiallybut a little coarsely. He had-did she remember?-expected this from the first. Spencer had lost his head through vanity, and had attempted too much. It required fore sight and firmness as he himself-who had lately made successful "combinations" which she might perhaps have heard of-well knew. But Spencer had got the 'big head," "As to that woman-a devilish handsome woman, too!-well, everybody knew that Spencer always had a weakness trat way-and he would say-but if she didn't care to hear any more about her, well, perhaps she was right. That was the best way to take it." Sitting before her, prosperous, weak, egotistical, incompetent, unavailable, and yet filled with a vague kindliness of intent, Mrs. Tuckor loathed him. A sickening perception of her own weakness in sending for him, a new and aching sense of her utter isolation

and helplessness, seemed to paralyze her. "Nat'rally you feel bad," he continued, with a large air of a profound student of human nature. "Nat'rally, nat'rally you'ra kept in an uncomfortable state, not knowing jist how you stand. There ain't but one thing to do. Jist rise up, quiet like, and get a divorce agin Spencer. Hold on! There ain't a Judge or jury in California that wooldn't give it to you right off the nail, without asking questions. Why you'll get it by detault if you wanted to-you'll just have to walk over the course! And then, Belle"-he drew his chair nearer her-"when you've settled down again - well I -I den't mind renewing that offer I once made ye, before Spencer ever came round ve-I don't mind. Belie, I swear I don't! Honest Injin! I'm in earnest; there's my

Mrs. Tucker's reply has not been recorded Enough that half an hour later Mr. Weaver appeared in the courtyard withtraces of tears on his foolish fage, a broken falsetto voice, and other evidence of mental and moral disturbance. His cordiality and oracular predisposition remained sufficiently to enable him to suggest the magical words "Blue Grass" mysteriously to Concha with an indication of his hand to the erect figure of

hand!"

farewell. At about this time a slight change in her manner wes noticed by the few who saw her more frequently. Her apparently invincible girlishness of spirit had given way to a certain matronly seriousness. She applied he :self to her househal a cares and the improveduty and a settled earnestness, until by degrees she wrought into it not only her instinctive delicacy and taste, but part of her own individuality. Even the rude rancheros and tradesman who were permitted to enter the walls in the exercise of their calling be gan to speak mysterionsly of the beauty of this garden of the almarjal. She went out but seldom, and then accompanied by the one cr the other of her female servants, in long drives on unfrequented reads. Oa Sandays she sometimes drove to the half ruined mission church of Santa Inez, and hid herself during mass in the dim monastic shadows of the choir. Gradually the poorer peopla whom she met in these journeys began to show an almost devotional reverence for her, stopping in the roads with uncovered heads for her to pass, or making way for her in the tienda or plaza of the wretched town with dumb courtesy. She began to feel a strange sense of widow-hood, that, while it at times brought tears to her eyes, was not without a certain ten ler soluce. In the sympathy and "Mr. Poindexter!" said Mrs. Tucker, simpleness of this impulse she went as far as to revive the mourning she had worn for her

of her condition to eligible bachelors strange to the country, that she was obliged to put it off again. Her reserve and dignified manner caused others to mistake her nationality for that of the Santierras, and in "Dona" Bella" the simple Mrs. Tacker was for a while forgotten. At times she even forgot it herself. Accustomed now almost entirely to the accents of another language and the features of another race she would sit for hours in the corridor, whose massive bronzed cholosure even her tasteful care could only make an embowered mausoleum of the past, or gaze abstractedly from the dark embrasures of her windows across the stretching a'marjal to the shining lagoon beyond that terminated the estuary. She had a strange fondnessfor this tranquil mirror, which under] the sun or stars always retained the passive he would have smiled compassionately at it reflex of the sky above and seemed to rest | did come yer. And mebbe I'm that much her weary eyes. She had objected to one of a habitobal lunatic. but thinking so, I of the plans proposed by Poindexter to re- calkilated you'd know it without tellin'." deem the land and deepen the water at the embarcadero, as it would have drained the lagoon, and the lawyer had postponed the improvement to gratify her fancy. So she | they were apparently satisfied with her igkept it through the long summer unchanged save by the shalow of passing wings or the lazy files of sleeping sea fowl,

On one of these aftercoons she noticed a slowly moving carriage leave the high road | and got away by the embarcadero. The onand cross the almarjal skirting the edge of ly thing wantin' to prove that idea is to cut without waiting to go on to the regular sense of annoyance and irritation that she watered the trespass, and finally saw the vehicle approach the house. A few moments later the servant informed her that Mr. Patterson would like to see her alone. When she entered the corridor, which in the dry surprised to see that Mr. Patterson was not alone. Near him stood a well dressed handsome woman, gaz ng about her with goodhumored admiration of Mrs. Tucker's taste and ingenuity.

"It don't look much like it did two years ago," said the stranger cheerfully. "You've improved it wonderfully.'

Stiffening slightly, Mrs. Tacker turned inquiringly to Mr. Patterson. But that gentleman's usually profound melancholy appeared to be intensified by the hilarity oi his companion. He only sighed deeply and rubbed his leg with the rim of his hat in gloomy abstraction.

"Well!-go on, then," said the woman laughing and nudging him. "Go on-introduce me-can't you? Don't stand there like a tomb stone You won't? Well, I'll introduce myself." She laughed again, and then, with an excellent imitation of Patterson's lugubrious accents, said: Mr. Spencer Tacker's wife that is-allow me to introduce you to Mr. Spencer Tucker's sweetheart that was! Hold on! I said that was. For, true as I stand here, ma'am-and I reckon I would'nt stand here if it wasn't true-I haven't set eyes on him since the day he left you.'

"Its the Gospel truth every word," said Patterson, sti red into a sudden activity by Mrs. Tucker's white and rigid face. "Its the frozen truth and I kin prove it. For I kin swear that when that there young woman was sailin' outer the Golden Gate Spencer Tucker was in my barroom; I can swear that I fed him, lickored him, give him a hoss, and set him on his road to Monterey that very night."

"Then where is he now?" said Mrs. Tacker. suddenly facing them.

They looked at each other and then look. ed at Mrs. Tucker. Then both together replied slowly and in perfect unison. "That's -what-we-want - to-k now." They seemed so satisfied with this effort that they as deliberately repeated. "Yes-that'swhat-we-want-to-know."

Between the shock of meeting the partner of her husband's guilt and the unexpected revelation to her inexperience, that in suggestion and appearance there was nothing the extravagant extremes of hope and fear suggested by their words, there was som 3thing so grotesquely absurd in the melodramatic chorus that she with difficulty sup-

pressed a hysterical laugh. · That's the way to take it," said the woman putting her own good-humored interpretation upon Mrs. Tubker's express on. Now look here! I'll tell you all about it." She carefully selected the most comfortable chair, and' sitting down, lightly crossed her hands in her lap. "Well, I left here on the 13th of last January on the ship Argo, calcolliting that your husband would join the ship just inside the heads. That was our arrangement, but if anything happened to prevent him, he was to join me in Acapulco. Welt! He didn't come aboard, and we sailed without him. But it appears now he did attempt to join the ship, but his boat was capsized. There now-don't be alarmedhe wasn't drowned, as Patterson can swear to-no, cate Mim! not a hair of him was hurt -but I-I was bun lled off to the end of the earth in Mexico, alone, without a cent to bless me. For, true as you live, that hound of a Captain, when he found, as he thought, that Spencer was nabbed, he just confiscated all his trunks and valuables and left me in the lurch. If I hadn't met a min down there that offered to marry me and brought me here I might have died there, I reckon. But I did, and here I am. I went down there as your husband's sweetheart; I've come back as the wife of an honest man, and I reck on it's about Equare!"

There was something so startlingly frank, so hopelessly self-satisfied, so contagiously good-humored in the woman's perfect moral uncon ciousness that even if Mrs. Tucker had been less preoccupied her resentment would have abated. But her eyes were fixed on the gloomy face of Patterson, who was beginning to unlock the sepulchres of his memory and disinter his deeply buried thoughts.

"You kin bet your whole pile on what this Mrs. Capting Baxter-ez used to be French Inez of New Orleans-hez told ye. Ye can take everything she's onloaded. And its only doin' the square thing to her to say she hain't done it out o' no cussedness, but just to satisfy herself, now she's a married woman and past such foolishness. Tucker was at the tienda the day after she then g ave a detailed account of the interview, with the unnecessary but truthful minutiæ of his class, adding to the particu-"I beg your pardon," said Poindexter, parents, but with such a fatal accenting of he visited the Summit House and was surthere, nor had he ever sailed from Monte-)

"But why was this not told me before?" said Mrs. Tucker, suddenly, "Wny not at the time? Why," she demanded almost fiercely, turning from the one to the other, "has this been kept from me?"

"I'll tell ye why," said Patterson, sinkbe, I got to lookin' elsewhere. I knew the track of the hoss I lent him by a loose shoe. I examined, and found he had turned off the high road somewhere beyond the lagoon, jist as if he was makin' a bee line here."

"Well," said Mrs. Tacker, breathlessly. "Well," said Patterson, with the resigned tone of an accustomed martyr, "mebbee

With their eyes fixed upon her, Mrs. Tucker felt the quick blood rush to her cheeks, although she know not why. But norance, for Patterson resumed, yet more gloomily:

"Then if he wasn't hidin' here beknownst to you, he must have changed his mind agin know how he got a boat, and what he did with the hoss. And thar's one more idea, and ez that can't be proved," continued Patterson, sinking his voice still lower, "mebbee it's accordin' to God's laws."

Unsympathetic to her as the speaker had always been and still was, Mrs. Tucker felt a vague chill creep over her that seemed to be the result of his manner more than his

"It's this! Fust, I don't say it means these warnings afore now, ez coming only to folks ez hear them for themselves alone, and I reckon I kin stand it, if it's the will of God. The idea is then -that-Speacer Tucker-was drownded in the boat-the idea is"-that it was no living man that kim to me that night, but aspirit that kem out of the darkness and went back into it ! No eye saw him but mine-no ears heard him but mine. I reckon it weren't intended it should." He paused, and passed the flap of his hat across his eyes. "The pie, you'll say is agin it" he continued in the same tone of voice-"the whiskey is agin it -a few cuss words that dropped from him, accidental like, may have been agin it. All the sam : they might have been only the little signs and tokens that it was him "

But Mrs. Baxter's ready laugh somewhat | ly, rudely dispelled the infection of Patterson's gloem. "I rackon the only spirit was that which you and Spencer consumed," she said cheerfally. "I don's wonder you're a little mixed. Like as not you've misunderstood his plans." Patterson shook his head. "He'll turn up yet alive and kicking! Like as not then. Poindexter knows where he is all the

"Impossible! He would have told me," said Mrs. Tucker quickly.

Mrs. Baxter looked at Patterson without speaking. Patterson replied by a long lugubrious whistle.

"I don't nn lerstand you, "said Mrs. Tucker drawing back with cold dignity.

"You don't?" returned Mrs. Baxter, "Bless your innocent heart! Why was he so it now he knowsr I'm here, if he didn't know where Spencer was?"

"I can explain that" interrupted Mrs. Tucker hastily, with a blush of confusion.

"That is-I_-"

"Taen mebbee you kin explain too," broke in Patterson with gloom significance, "why he has bought up most of Spencer's debts himself, and perhaps you're satisfied and why the Don don't see it at all."

mean?"said Mrs. Tucker. "I offered to sell it remained glittering on the surface of the

Patterson arose from the chair, lookel bones of the missing outcast Spencer Tuckdespairingly around him, passed his hand er! sadly across his forehead, and said: "It is come! I knew it would. It's the warning! It's suthing betwixt jim jams and doddering | ever a foul decaying quagmire of the winter this yer ranch nearly two years ago to Don Jose, and now you-

chilled them.

She was standing upright and rigid, as if stricken to stone. 'I command you to tell me what this means!" she said, turning only her blaz ng eyes upon the woman,

Even the ready smile faded from Mrs. Baxter's lips as she replied hesitatingly and submissively: "I thought you knew already that Spencer had given this ranch to me. I told it to Don Jose to get the money for us to go away with. It was Spencer's idea

"You lie!" said Mrs. Tucker. There was a dead silence. The wrathful blood that had quickly mounted to Mrs. Baxter's cheek, to Patterson's additional bewilderment fa led as quickly. She did not lift her eyes again to Mrs. Tucker's, but slowly raising herself from her seat, said, "I wish to God I did lie; but it's true. And it's true that I never touched a cent of the money, but gave it all to him!" Sae laid her hand on Patterson's aim, and said, "Come! let us go," and led him a few steps toward the gateway. But here Patterson paused and again pressed his hand over his melancholy brow. The necessity of coherently and logically closing the conversation impressed itself upon his darkening mind. Then you don't happen to have heard anything of Spencer ?" he said, and vanished with Mrs. Baxter through the gate.

Left alone to herself, Mrs. Tucker raised her hands above her head with a little cry, interlocked her rigid fingers, and slowly brought her palms down upon her upturned face and eyes, pressing hard as if to crush out all light and sense of light before her. She stood thus for a moment motionless and silent, with the rising wind whispering without and flecking her white morning dress with gusty shadows from the arbor. Then But that ain't neither here nor there. The breast, still pressing hard, she slowly passed them without extra trouble. We find no sailed and after his boat capsized." He them off as if she were stripping herself of ure to the waist and with another cry cast some loathsome garment. Then she walked quickly to the gateway, looked out, returned to the corridor, unlocsening and takher beauty, and dangerous misinterpreting | prised to find that Spencer had never been | ly and deliberately re-arranged the chairs | delphia Times,

and adjusted the gay colored rugs that draped them and quietly re-entered her chamber.

Two days afterward the sweating steed of Capt. Poindexter was turned loose in the corral, and a moment later the Captain entered the corridor. Handing a letter to the decrepit Concha who seemed to be utterly ing with crushed submission into a chair, disorganized by its contents, and the few "When I found he wasn't where he ought to | curt words with which it was delivered he gazed silently upon the vacant bower, still fresh and redolent with the delicacy and perfume of its graceful occupant until his dark eyes filled with unaccustomed moisture. But his reverie was interrupted by the sound of jingling spurs without, and the old humor struggled back into his eyes as Don Jose impetuously entered. The Spiniard started back, but instantly recovered himself.

"So I find you here. Ah!-it is well!" he said passionately, producing a letter from his bosom, "Look! Do you call this honor? Look how you keep your compact!"

Poindexter coolly fook the letter. It contained a fewwords of gentle dignity from Mrs Tucker, informing Don Jose that she had only that instant learned of his just claims upon Los Cuervos, tendering him her gratitude for his delicate intentions, but pointing out with respectful firmness that he must know that a moment's further acceptance of his courtesy was impossible.

"She has gained this knowledge from no word of mine," said Poindexter, camly. "Right or wrong, I have kept my promise to you. I have as much reason to a cuse you of betraying my secret in this," he alded, coldly, as he took another letter from his pocket and handed it to Don Jose.

words. "And that idea is?" she suggested | neither. It reminded Poindexter that as he It seemed briefer and colder, but was had again deceived her, she must take the government of her affairs into her own hands much to anybody but me. I've heard of henceforth, Sae abandoned all the furniture and improvements she had put in Los Cuervos to him, to whom she now knew she was indebted for them. She could not thank him for what his habitual generosity impelled him to do for any woman, but she could forgive him for misunderstanding her like any other woman-perhaps she should say like a child. When he received this she would be already on her way to her old home in Kentucky, where she still hoped to be able by her own efforts to amass enough to discharge her obligations to him,

"She does not spaak of her husband-this woman," said Doa Jose, scanning Poindex. ter's face. "It is possible she rejoins him,

"Perhap: in one way she has never left him. Don Jose," said Poindexter signific int-Don Jose's face flushed, but he returned

ca elessly, "And the rancho -naturally you will not buy it now?" "On the contrary, I shall abide by my of-

fer" said Poindexter quietly. Din Jose eyed him narrowly, and then

said, "Ah, we shall consider of it." He did consider it, and accepted the offer. With the full control of the land, Capt. Poindexter's improvements, so indefinitely postponed, were actively pushed forward. The thick walls of the hacienda were the first to melt away before them : the low lines of corral were effaced, and the early breath of the sum ner trade winds swept uninterruptedly across the now leveled plain to the embarcadero, where a newer structure arose. A more vivid green alone markkeen to hunt me up at first, shadowing my | ed the spot where the crumbling adobe walls friends and all that, and why has he dropped of the casa had returned to the parent soil that gave it. The channel was deepened the lagoon was drained until one evening the magic mirror that had so long reflected the weary waiting of the Blue Grass Penelope lay dull, dead, lustreless-an opaque quagmire of noisome corruption and decay to be put away from the sight of man forever. On this spot the crows-the titular tenants of Los Cuervos-assembled in tumultuous conit isn't to hold the whip hand of him and gress, coming and going in mysterious clouds keep him from coming back openly. Pr'aps or laboring in thick and writhing masses, as you know why he's movin' heaven and earth | if they were continuing the work of imbeyond the recollection of that guilt that to make Don Jose Santierra sell the ranch, provement begun by human agency. So well had they done their work that by the end of "Don Jose sell Los Cuervos! Bay it, you a week only a few scattered white objects

> The same spring a breath of war swept idiocy. Here I'd hev been willin' to swear land before which such passing deeds as that Mrs. Baxter here told me she had sold these were blown as a vapor. It called men of all rank and condition to battle for a nation's life, and among 'Stop!" said Mrs. Tucker in a voice that | the first to respond were those into whose boyish hands had been placed the nation's honor. It returned the epaulets to Poindex. ter's shoulders, with the addition of a double star, carried him triump antly to the front, and left him at the end of a summer's day and a hard won fight sorely woun led at the door of a Blue Grass farmhouse. And the woman who sought him out and ministered to his wants said timidly as she left her hand in his, "I told you I should live to repay you."

quickly drying soil. But they were the

THE END.

Ingleside Reflections.

I have a morbid love of truth. It is wrong I know. It is evenfalse to use a microscope when all others employ a field glass.

There is a wide distinction between gossip and the intelligent discussion of character. There is an element of the ridiculous in a

man who is graceful at all times and in all A child's questionings serions y answered supply the chief's basis for that child's edu-

How I hate an Irish woman. She occupies the whole atmosphere. She breathes up all

the air; and leaves one gasping, for lack of The one thing which most agitates the world is that dreadful question of expense. We wish for God, for He completes time.

We wish for love for that completes life. -[San Francisco Ingleside. The Antiquity of Advertising.

In all ages people seem to have needed a reminded of their wants and the advertisemention of the peripatetic advertisements which now greet our eyes on street corners, in various outre and ridiculous garbs, but perhaps they may have had their origin from antiquity and the peripatetic philosophers, who studied and discussed their ing off her wedding-ring from her fingers as learned theories while perpetually perambulating the walks of the gymnasium.-[Phila-