

The Pilot's Wife.

"Mind, Dolly, you must be home by six—not one minute later."

"Wouldn't a quarter past six do, aunt?"

"Well, Dolly, I do believe if you were to get Ireland for an estate, you'd be asking for the Isle of Man, just to make a little potato-garden. Instead of being thankful to me for sparing you for a whole day, you begin to grumble because I won't let you stay out part of the night as well. But you always were ungrateful, from the time you were a baby."

"But, aunt—"

"I won't listen to another word about it, Dolly! Back at six you must be, or, so sure as you stand there this blessed day, I never again will let you go to see this grand friend of yours. It's little good you'll get from her company, I'm thinking—a fine lady, set up with book-learning." And Mrs. Lynch, strong in the consciousness of being herself quite uncontaminated by book-learning, disappeared through the back-door, leaving poor Dolly standing in the middle of the spotted kitchen with a woe-begone face and eyes from which the tears were just ready to fall.

"This too bad, uncle," she said, addressing an elderly man in a blue knitted jersey, who was seated on a bench just outside the open door, smoking a short pipe and reading the newspaper.

"A quarter of an hour won't make much difference, my girl," he answered placidly.

"No difference to aunt," replied Dolly; "but it makes the difference of an hour and a half to me—Don't you see, uncle, if I have to be back at six, I must leave Marshport by the half-past three train; but if I might stay out till a quarter past, the five train would do? It's very hard."

"It do seem hard," said her uncle in a meditative tone.

"If you were to speak to aunt—"

"Why, then, Dolly, haven't you lived long enough with your aunt to know that once she says a thing she sticks to it? She's a right good woman; in fact, there's few like her; but she do make up her mind on a thing tight."

Perceiving that her uncle's intervention was not to be counted on, and indeed quite aware that it could be of little use, Dolly abandoned her attempt at coaxing him, and turned her attention to a little looking-glass that hung in a corner of the kitchen, began to readjust her black straw hat and crimson neck-ribbon. In spite of the plainness of the aforesaid hat, from which her aunt had just insisted on the removal of a large bunch of poppies, the picture that met her view was so satisfactory that Dolly for the moment forgot her grievance and smiled back at the reflection of her own round childish face. Presently her uncle, who had apparently been revolving the matter in his mind, spoke again.

"I tell you what, Dolly: if you were to ask Martin Delany to meet you at the railway station with his car, you might wait till the five train and be here by six all the same."

Dolly paused to consider this scheme. "No, no, uncle," she said after a moment's hesitation. "I'd sooner come by the early train than ask Martin Delany to do anything for me."

"There's no one would do it more willingly, my lass, if you'd only think so. However, please yourself about that. I hope you'll have a pleasant day, even if it's not to be a long one." And the old pilot, putting his pipe, still alight, into his pocket, took his way by a steep path cut in the cliff to the beach below.

It still wanted some minutes of the time at which Dolly ought to start in order to catch a train at the railway station, some two miles off, and she remained standing at the window, looking out over the sun-lighted sea and watching the tall mast of a ship in full sail sink below the horizon. She was roused by the recollection that it was time to be off, and looking up at the old-fashioned clock which stood in a corner of the kitchen, she saw that it wanted five minutes to the hour when she should start.

"You old busybody!" she said half aloud, addressing the clock. "But for you, aunt would never know whether I could be home at six or half-past. If I could be home at six or half-past, I wonder could I? She hesitated a moment; then softly opening the back door, peeped cautiously out. Her aunt was in the little field behind the cottage, busily engaged in spreading clothes upon a hawthorn hedge to dry. Closing the door, Dolly mounted a chair in front of the old clock, and with trembling fingers moved back the hands exactly a quarter of an hour. Then, terrified at her own audacity, she hastily left the house and set off at a brisk pace in the direction of the railway station.

"I declare," said Mrs. Lynch as she entered the kitchen a few minutes afterwards, "it's earlier than I thought. What a hurry Dolly was in to be off. She might have waited a little longer. Not that she'd have been a bit of use dressed out as she was. Them girls are a terrible trial, to be sure."

According to the opinion expressed by the old clock, it still wanted four or five minutes of six when Dolly re-appeared. Her aunt greeted her with a sniff of surprise. "So you managed to get home in good time, after all. I hardly thought you would. So much the better for you, though. Here, take off your things at once. I'm ready to drop, from all I've had to do this blessed day."

"So you waited for the five train, after all," whispered her uncle, as she passed, laden with the tea-tray. "You must have run all the way from the station, child."

"I did come very fast," said Dolly, turning red.

"'Twas a risk, my lass. Supposing now that the train had been a bit late, run your best and you would not have been here in time. However, you're all right, as things turned out. Who's that coming up the path?" he added, as he caught sight of a dark figure at a little distance.

"It's Martin Delany again," said Dolly in a tone of annoyance. "I can't make out what he wants coming here so often."

"It's easy to see what he wants," said the old man with a chuckle; "he wants you, Dolly!"

"I'm thinking he'll have to go on wanting me, then," said Dolly, continuing to arrange the cups and saucers with a good deal of superfluous clatter.

"It's a pity you couldn't turn your mind to him, then; a fine young fellow like him with a good farm of his own."

The entrance of its subject cut short this discussing. He really was a good-looking young fellow, tall and well built, with an open honest expression of countenance. He greeted Dolly with a mixture of friendliness and shy embarrassment, receiving decided shoulder in return. Old Lynch and his wife, however, fully made up for their niece's want of cordiality, and in a few minutes all four were amicably seated at the tea-table.

"Did you see your friend, Dolly?" asked her uncle.

"O, yes, uncle; and she's not a bit changed. You wouldn't believe how glad she was to see me."

"Who was that, Miss Dolly?" asked Martin.

"Don't you remember Ellen Farrell?" said Dolly, turning to him with more friendliness than she had hitherto shown. "Her that was pupil-teacher in the National School here. She went to be nursery governess to some people at Marshport, and they took her abroad with them, and now she's come home quite a lady. Only think—she's able to speak French! I heard her talking to the French maid they brought home with them, and Ellen's French sounds nicer somehow than the Frenchwoman's."

"Speaking French doesn't make a person a lady, Dolly," said her uncle in a moral tone. "There's sailors down at the port can curse and swear in half-a-dozen different languages. By-the-by, talking of sailors, we had a visitor to-day while you were out."

"A visitor, uncle?"

"Yes, a sailor chap, a foreigner. Italian, I take him to be by his speech. He was a handsome fellow, with big dark eyes and white teeth, and dressed in bright colors like a girl. He had on a blue shirt, as bright or brighter than Dolly's gown, and a scarlet cap and gold rings in his ears. He was a civil-spoken chap, too; that is, as far as he could speak English at all. He had fallen on the rocks below, and cut his hand, and he came here to have it looked to. The Missus always has a soft spot in her heart for a sailor, because of our boy Tom, that's in foreign parts—so she bound it up for him, and tied one of my best handkerchiefs around it to make it look smart—and then she made him sit down and eat a bit of dinner with us. He was walking on to Marshport, he said, I couldn't make out what ship he belonged to; some foreign name that I couldn't catch."

"I'm sorry I wasn't here to see him," said Dolly.

"Well, Dolly," said her aunt, "let it be a lesson to you to stay at home in future."

"Miss Dolly doesn't often take a holiday," said Martin.

"She doesn't often get one, Mr. Delany," said Mrs. Lynch, "nor won't, while I have the charge of her."

Tea over, the two men established themselves, with their pipes on the bench outside the cottage door, while Mrs. Lynch and Dolly put away the tea-things. The latter contrived to seize the opportunity of her aunt's absence from the room to rectify the little bit of mischief she had accomplished in the morning, and enable the clock to maintain its hitherto unimpeachable character for veracity. Precisely as the usual nightly salute boomed out from the Admiral's flagship in the bay, the clock gave the first stroke of nine.

"Well," said old Lynch, "that is a wonderful clock, to be sure. There's hardly ever half a minute's difference between it and the gun; and when there is; I think it's the gun that do be wrong and not the clock."

(To Be Continued.)

A PERUGIAN'S DISCOVERY.

Prof. Axenfeld, of Perugia, has discovered that three fifths of all men of distinction are first-born children; the other two fifths are either second or third children, or else the youngest of very large families. Among the first he points out Luther, Dante, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Confucius, Heine, Schopenhauer, Goethe, Ariosto, Mohammed, Shelley, Erasmus, Milton, Byron, Moliere, Carlyle, Rossini, Talleyrand, Buffon; among the last Loyola and Franklin, both thirteenth children; Schubert, a fourteenth child. The professor thinks this arises from physiological reasons and a law of nature.

TRICHINOSIS EPIDEMIC.

The most serious epidemic of trichinosis on record happened in 1865. In the little town of Hedersleben, in Saxony, a butcher killed three hogs and made them into sausages. They were eaten by a large number of the inhabitants of the town. Several hundred persons fell desperately ill and over 100 persons died.

FUTURE ARMS AND ARMIES

WILL THEIR PERFECTION SERVE TO PREVENT MORE WARS?

Any Attacking Party Now at a Disadvantage—Earthworks to Look Like Gigantic Moie Hills—The Prospect of General Slaughter and Starvation—Armes Fear the Fate of the Kilkenny Cats.

A pamphlet recently published in the form of a synopsis and criticism of the work of Jean de Bloch, the Russian Imperial Counsellor of State, is creating somewhat of a sensation in Europe. It is a sort of scarecrow for the great military powers. As far as possible it tends to show the impossibility of any great war in the near future, and it raises the question, Have the continued improvements in armament reached a point where a battle might be like the famous one of the Kilkenny cats? The following are some of the salient points in the pamphlet:

"Up to the present time, as a rule, nations have waged war with hardly one-tenth part of the means of destruction at their disposal that they possess to-day. The progress realized in war material belongs to the common domain, so that all the armies stand about equal in that respect. It is needless to say that no one power can obtain over the other powers a superiority which would insure success in war.

"The result of all these improvements in armament constitutes no superiority for any one power. It simply characterizes the general increase of the

DEADLY EFFECTS OF WAR

for all nations. The natural consequence of the improvements in the implements of destruction was the seeking out of available means of protection, and in a battle in the open field these are now reduced to little or nothing. In the first place modern tactics require the construction of fortified works, and several military writers are of the opinion that the future war will consist of a struggle for the capture of a series of entrenched positions. Each body of men charged with the duty of defending positions will make earthworks and dig trenches. Consequently, leaving out the special corps of engineers, all the infantry and even the cavalry will be provided with the material properly belonging to pioneers. Each particular soldier will seek to create for himself in one way or another a shelter from which he may fire under cover. The military chessboard of the future, therefore, will be dotted all over by shelters more or less extensive, which will give it the aspect of a vast territory dotted all over with gigantic mole hills.

"The assailant will also seek to put himself under cover in trenches, behind heaps of stones and trees, and every time he can he will dig for himself, by means of his spade, a little hole, from which he will continue to fire up to the moment when the opportunity arrives for him to rush forward."

M. Jean de Bloch thinks that the attack of an entrenched position would be so murderous for the assailant that the latter would sacrilegiously attempt it. From this opinion the conclusion seems to be that the defensive will always have an advantage over the offensive. No one has the slightest idea of what a future battle will be. All that military writers have said upon the subject is full of contradictions. We find ourselves in the presence of

A GREAT UNKNOWN

X, as it is called in mathematics. The soldiers and Generals are ignorant of the fate that awaits them in any future war.

"Modern arms, up to the present, have never been tried under the same conditions as they will be tried in a war between two great powers. There is reason to believe that with the modern tactics the action of small units must become more and more difficult on account of the great distance that must exist between the opposing forces, the length of the line of battle, &c. Now this task, in a great measure, will fall to the lot of the officer of the reserve, whose courage and intelligence cannot be doubted but who, nevertheless, have not had the necessary experience. It remains, therefore, to be seen how these enormous masses can be led and mobilized in case of a European war. That is a problem of which a very imperfect idea can be gained with the forces, relatively small, that are brought into action during the great autumn manoeuvres. Count von Caprivi was perfectly right when he said in the German Reichstag that the nations of Europe had become afflicted with a monomania of numbers. As a matter of fact, since the adoption of universal military service the powers are endeavoring to call under the colors all men able to carry arms. The forces that the great powers had on hand in 1896 were as follows:

Germany	2,550,000
Austria-Hungary	1,304,000
Italy	1,281,000
France	2,554,000
Russia	2,800,000

"By adding these figures together we find that the Dual Alliance had, in 1896, 5,354,000 men and the Triple Alliance 5,135,000 men. Consequently the two alliances stand about on an even footing as regards numbers.

"Everybody in the military world knows that the morale of an army is of the very highest importance; but at

the present day we don't know what the morale of an army can be, since we have not had any great war for thirty years. Since the Franco-German war very great changes have been produced in the social strata of different peoples, both from a material and an intellectual point of view. The moral state of a people is reflected absolutely in its army. Consequently the morale of an army is nothing more than the condition of mind of a nation. It would be interesting, therefore, to know what would be the moral state of the modern armed masses in case of defeat, or even of victory if the campaign should be continued for any great length of time.

"The armament of the war fleets yields; nothing to that of the land forces as regards material that it has for its destruction. The progress that it has realized is even more striking. Just now there seems to be a preference for fast cruisers armed with

RAPID-FIRING GUNS.

Endeavors are also made to improve torpedo boats, whose mission it is to approach the enemy without being seen and to fire a torpedo at him at short range, so as to strike the vessel below the water line. If the manoeuvre succeeds, the loss of the ship is certain. But these torpedo boats have to count with rapid-firing artillery, and it is admitted that, if they are seen in time, they can be sunk by the projectiles of the latter. How will naval warfare of the future be carried on, and what will be the aspect of the future naval battle? So far as the fleets are concerned, the Dual Alliance and the Triple Alliance are about equal. But England remains and follows with tenacity her aim, and that is to maintain a fleet as strong as the fleets of any two other powers.

"But the powers which at enormous pecuniary sacrifices, are continuing to augment the number of their ships and to improve their armament are dealing with a problem which they can never solve. It is evident that if the enormous masses of workers are thrown out of employment the result will be a gigantic perturbation in the economy of life. The people who live by means of industry and commerce will suffer the most from the calamities of war. Factories and shops being shut up, millions of workmen living from day to day upon their wages will be with their families, thrown into the most awful misery. Supposing that a general war should occur which should last for a year, Germany would 36 days, and Austria 274 days, France 36 days, and Austria 7 days."

Although the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine by Germany constitutes one of the principal causes of the present armaments in Europe, M. von Bloch is of the opinion that the question can never be finally determined by war, and that a future war would only have the effect of increasing the present misunderstanding between France and Germany. Moreover, all humanity would curse the instigators of a war that would occasion to Europe such unexampled misery. It is probable that France will finally be obliged to consent to an entente with Germany.

AID FROM THE HILLS.

Open-Air Treatment for Consumptive Adopted in England.

At a time when the attention of Prince and people alike have been directed to the terrible mortality caused by the ravages of consumption, it is gratifying to learn that a sanatorium has just been established in England for the express treatment of patients suffering from tuberculosis. This establishment, unique in many respects, is situated on the top of the Mendip above the level of the sea, where fine scenery and pure, bracing air will undoubtedly prove wonderful factors in the work of healing.

Two fully-qualified medical men who have themselves been cured by the system adopted at Norderch, in the Black Forest, which cure is to be followed in the new sanatorium, are responsible for the well-being of the inmates. A course of hygienic treatment carefully directed, is prescribed, and his life out of doors.

The salient features of the treatment are an abundance of nourishing food, a carefully regulated amount of exercise, rest and pure air.

The food provided is of a simple but nourishing character, and each is encouraged to persevere in taking a certain prescribed quantity. The capricious appetite of the invalid soon improves with this regular mode of living; dyspepsia becomes a thing of the past, and a cure has begun. A larger quantity of food can now be assimilated, the waste ceases, and an increase in weight is soon noticeable.

"Whichever way the wind doth blow," its free ingress is unimpeded, windows are kept open day and night, and fullest advantage is taken of the fresh country air.

No housemaid's duster ever waves over this original establishment, for it is sapiently maintained that dust removed from one spot inevitably flies to another, and cannot be satisfactorily disposed of by the usual methods practised by good housewives. And dust, as everybody knows, is a happy hunting ground for bacilli.

Overcrowding, unnatural excitement, the eating of tainted foods, and the impure and smoke-laden atmosphere of great towns are all responsible for the growth or encouragement of phthisis. Pure air, sunlight and suitable nourishment are all simple weapons to fight such a deadly enemy.

Blood Poisoning

TERRIBLE SUFFERING OF A PRISONER

EDWARD COUNTY FARMER. Hospital Treatment Failed to Benefit Him and His Life Was Despaired of—Well and Strong.

From the Belleville Sun.

A reporter of the Belleville Sun recently had an opportunity to interview a cure made through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The subject of the cure is Mr. William H. Conklin, a well known farmer who lives in Amelia, Virginia, the reporter drove over to see Mr. Conklin he was under the impression that he would find a partial invalid, but to his surprise found a stalwart robust man of six feet, actively engaged unloading logs from a steamer. On making known the object of his visit the reporter was invited into the house and Mr. Conklin gave his story as follows:

"You can see for yourself that my condition is now one of good health, and yet I have been near death's door a year ago last summer I injured my hand, with the result that I was poisoned set in. A doctor was called in and the usual treatment given, but the hand apparently got well and I started to work. It soon turned out, however, that the poison had not entirely got rid of and it spread through my whole system. The doctor was again called in, but looking upon my case as critical, advised me to go to the hospital at Belleville. This I did and remained there throughout the month of October, 1897. My condition was desperate, and as I was not making any progress toward recovery, I may frankly say that I gave my case up as hopeless. Believing that I could not recover, I asked to be taken home. I then tried various treatments with no better results. I could not walk without help, and I was doubled up like a jack-knife. At this stage I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and sent for half a dozen boxes. After using the first half dozen my appetite returned and night sweats which had been the bane of my sleeping hours deserted me. Knowing that the pills were helping me I sent for a further supply. Meantime a swelling came in my hip, which finally broke, and from that on my progress was more rapid and I am again as sound as ever, and able to do a day's work with any one. I can only add that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills brought me to my present state of good health and so long as I live I shall praise the remedy that brought me back from the verge of the grave."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE EIGHTH WONDER.

Famous Palace Built By Philip II. of Spain Between 1563 and 1584, was called "the eighth wonder of the world."

It was at once a temple, a palace, a treasury, a tomb and a museum. The edifice stands about 3,000 feet above the sea, facing the mountains, with its back toward Madrid. It is a rectangular parallelogram, 740 feet from north to south, and 580 from east to west. The building covers 500,000 square feet of land, or nearly 12 acres.

The redeeming qualities of the enormous structure are size, simplicity and situation. It seems to be a part of the mountain on the slope of which it rises. It still looks grand, even among mountain buttresses. Otherwise, its disappointments. Its architecture has little in form or color to commend it, and it lacks the prestige of antiquity, sentiments do not express any religious or skeleton of what it was. The living monks who swarmed in its courts are here no longer. The revenues on which they lived have been taken away. The French soldiers stole and carried away many of its golden ornaments in 1808. Its best pictures have been removed to Madrid. The building has suffered from neglect, exposed to hurricanes and winter snows. It is now used as a seminary, where about 200 youths receive secular education.

HE WAS CONSIDERATE.

Cinchy—Look here, old man, why didn't you offer me back the \$10 I let you have a year ago?

Hardegree—Oh, I would if I hadn't been afraid of hurting your feelings.

In what way?

Why, I didn't like to give you the impression that I thought you needed the money.

THE TELLER WOULD'NT TELL.

Mrs. Brown—"Our language is full of misnomers. For instance, I met a man once who was a perfect bear, and they called him a civil engineer."

Mrs. Smith—Yes, but that's not so ridiculous as the man they call teller in a bank. He won't tell you anything. I asked one the other day how much money my husband had on deposit and he just laughed at me.

THE ROBBER WAS ROBBED.

INTERESTING STORY TOLD BY THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

His Own House Visited by an Enterprising Beggar With the Jimmy-The Veteran Gave Him Some Good Advice.

"Often," said the retired burglar, "I used to take a nap before starting out in the morning. It depended on how far I was going. If I wasn't going very far, I'd take a nap; lying down maybe about half past 10 or 11 and getting up about half past 12. This used to kind of rest me and tune me up. Then I'd come down stairs and look my bag over and see that my tools were all right, and trim my lamp, if it needed trimming, and then if there was any time left, I'd sit down."

"One night when I'd set down like that I went to sleep again, but pretty soon I knew there was somebody going up the stairs from the hall to the second story. This room that I was in opened into the hall, and from where I sat by a table in the room I could see through the door the stairs on the other side, going up from right to left. I suppose I must have felt that man in my sleep—I am that sensitive—for he didn't make a breath of noise."

He woke up to see him, through the banisters, by the dim light of a lamp that we always left burning in the upper hall. He was hugging the wall as he went up, so as not to make the stairs settle and creak under him, as they were likely to do if he walked on 'em up the middle; he knew how to go up and down stairs, quietly, anyway, but he made me uncomfortable, all the same. I dunno, he seemed to be a sneaky sort of a cuss, somehow, and because he went quietly, but there was something about his way of going,

EVEN IN THE DARK

that I didn't like.

"Of course, I might have stopped him right there, but to tell the truth he surprised me just a little bit; and of course he didn't know that, but kept a-going all the time, and in half a minute he was up to the top and then I thought I'd let him go and see him when he came down. You know it seemed kind of queer to me to think of 'anybody robbing my house. And then a minute later it made me laugh too, to think what a disappointment the house would be to the young man—for I felt certain he was a young man—because I knew he wouldn't find enough in it to pay for getting his jimmy sharpened if he broke it there. Would I be in the business if I had anything of my own?"

By this time, I heard him, or felt him, or both, coming down again. It's a good deal easier to go up a stairs without making any noise than it is to come down 'em; and presently I sees him through my door and through the banisters, hugging that wall again, same as he did going up, and coming slow, and when he gets within three or four steps of the bottom, I takes my lamp and steps into a room in front of the one I was in that had a door opening into the hall in front of the foot of the stairs, and when he steps down that last step I just steps out into the hall in front of him and opens my lamp on him."

"Well, say, he kept his nerve surprising, sure, though I had the bulge on him, decided, and he knew it. When I told him to move into that room, the one with the door further back, where I'd been sitting when I see him going up the stairs he went, without any question, and when I got him in there I says to him:

"Now, you put down what you got."

"He didn't make any pretence of not doing it; he just got the things out of his pockets and put 'em down on the table, and I'm blest if he didn't give me a better idea of my own house than I'd ever had before; my stuff he'd gathered up was

WORTH CARRYING OFF.

I didn't know we had so much in the house, or I never realized till then that the poorest kind of folks are likely to accumulate in the course of time more or less things of value. He laid down there on the table an open-faced gold watch, the missus's, and some silver spoons and napkin rings that I knew she always used to carry upstairs nights. Then there was some trinkets and some old-fashioned gold jewelry; all this stuff of some value, not great, but quite a respectable little haul, too, and it made me feel like a man of property, to look at it all in a heap like that. When he'd got through and had touched his pockets around to see that he'd got everything, and dropped his hands, I says to him:

"Is that the whole business?"

"Everything," he says, and then I give him a little talking to. He was a young man, but a pretty tough-looking young man, he was too, sharp and resolute and all that, but a hard face; he'd gone into this because he wanted to, and he was going to be a tough one. He'd sloped over a little here, that was because he was young and eager and in too much of a hurry; he'd come in here an hour ahead of time; if he'd a-wated till the right time he'd have found me gone and got what there was to get without the slightest trouble. But he'd get over that soon enough and get a grip on himself and settle down to business, and then he was going to be a tough one sure. I suppose I might as well have talked to a cigar sign, but I did talk to him.

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