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 Paid Up..... 1,000,000
 Reserve Fund..... 1,000,000

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Interest allowed on Savings Bank deposits of \$1 and upwards. Prompt attention and every facility afforded customers living at a distance.

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 Axle Grease and Hoof
 Ointment, go to

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 The Harnessmaker.



Why Go Around..

With an ill-fitting ready-made suit, when you can get a first-class fit, made to order in the highest class of workmanship for about the same money?

We have a large stock of SCOTCH TWEEDS, WORSTEDS and SERGES, and we guarantee satisfaction.

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 MERCHANT TAILOR.

W. D. CONNOR
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 And Dealer in —

Pumps of all Kinds.
 Galvanized and Iron Piping;
 Brass, Brass Lined
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Pumps from \$2 upward.
 SHOP open every afternoon.
 All REPAIRING promptly and properly attended to.

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DURHAM FOUNDRY



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The best in the world.
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C. SMITH & SONS

Uncle Terry
 CHARLES CLARK MUNN
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"Tell me, Alice," he pleaded.

stepped out of the boat. Only a few steps up a mossy bank offered its temptation, and with quick gallantry he drew his coat off and spread it for her to sit upon.

"It's nice and cool here," she said, "but we must not stay long. Blanch will be waiting."

Frank had thought many times of what he would say and how he would say it, but now that the critical moment had come his well chosen words vanished. He had remained standing and for a moment looked at Alice as she sat with her head hidden face, and then his heart-burst came.

"Miss Page," he said in a low voice, "you must know what I want to say, and—and I've come all the way from Maine to say it, and can you—is there any hope for me? Is there just a little?"

He paused, but no answer came, only her head sank a trifle lower, and now even the tip of her chin was invisible beneath the hat. It may be the movement emboldened him, for in an instant he was beside her on the ground and had one hand a prisoner.

"Tell me, Alice," he pleaded, "is there any chance for me? Say just one word—only one! Say 'yes!'"

The prisoner hand was at his lips now, and then she raised her face, and—oh, divine sight!—those blue eyes were filled with tears.

One instant flash of heaven only, and then a change came. She arose quickly and, turning away, said half petulantly: "Oh, please don't speak of that now and spoil our visit. Let us go back to the mill."

But still he held the little hand, and as she tried to draw it away he said pitifully: "Do you mean it, Alice? Is it no? Oh, don't let me go away without one word of hope!"

Then she raised her one free arm and, resting it against a nearby tree, pressed her face upon it and almost whispered: "Oh, don't ask me now! I can't say 'yes,' and I can't say 'no.'"

"I shall believe that your heart says 'yes,'" he responded quickly, slipping one arm around her waist, "and until you do say 'no' I shall keep on loving you just the same."

She drew herself away and, turning a piteous face toward him, exclaimed, "Don't, please, say another word now, or I shall hate myself as long as I live if you do."

For one moment he stood dumfounded, and then it dawned upon him. "Forgive me, sweet Alice, he said softly, "for speaking too soon. I believe I know why you feel as you do, and I shall go away hoping that in time you will come to know my mother better. And since you have said that you can't say 'no,' I shall anticipate that some time it will be 'yes.' Now we will go and gather lilies."

Then, as he led her to the boat, his arm once more stole around her waist, and this time she did not try to escape its pressure.

When, two days afterward, the brother and sister were ready to depart, Blanch put one arm caressingly around Alice and whispered, "Now, remember, you have promised to make me a visit next winter, and you must keep your promise."

And poor Romeo, standing by, had to look the love that was in his heart while he envied his sister her parting kiss.

CHAPTER XXIX.

WHEN Frank and his sister were away from Sandgate she said: "Well, my dear Ben Bolt, did you capture sweet Alice that afternoon? You must have made an effort, for she showed it plainly."

"No, I did not," he answered frankly, "but I made a break, and as she didn't take it amiss I feel hopeful. The fact is, sis, she is the most proud spirited girl I ever met, and mother is the ogre that stands in the way. If mother approves of Alice I am all right, but if she doesn't receive her with open arms it's all day with me."

"I could have told you that the day after we arrived there," answered Blanch, "and I am not surprised."

"Now—with a lover—"

"What has come over Frank?" Edith said to Blanch one day. "He has never been so well behaved in his life. First he quit idling and began to study law as if he meant to be somebody, then he deserted his crowd of cronies for us and has acted as if we were his sole care in life ever since. What is the meaning of it, Blanch?"

"It seems so good to have him devoted to us that I am not going to ask any questions," answered Blanch.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE last day of August dawned fair in busy Boston. Summer sojourners were returning. John Nason's store was filled with new fall styles, the shoppers were crowding the streets, and the hustling, bustling life of a great city was at flood tide. Albert Page, full of business, was in his office, and Frank Nason was studying hard again. Small fortunes were being won and lost on State street, and in one smoke polluted broker's office Nicholas Frye sat watching the price of wheat. The September option opened that day at 78½, rose to 79, fell to 76½, rose to 78 and then dropped back to 76. He had margined his holdings to 71, and if it fell to that price his \$60,000 would be gone and he—ruined. For many nights he had had but little sleep, and that made hideous by dreams filled with the unceasing whir and click, click, click of the ticker. He was worn and weary with the long nervous strain and misery of seeing his fortune slowly clipped away by the clicker's tick that had come to sound like the teeth of so many little devils snapping at him. To let his holdings go, he could not, and, lured on and on by the broker's daily uttered assertion that "wheat could not go much lower, but must have a rally soon," he had kept putting up margins. Now all he could possibly raise was in the broker's hands, and when that was gone all was lost.

Frye sat and watched the blackboard where the uneven columns of quotations looked like so many little legs ever growing longer. Around him were a score of other men watching the figures. No one cared whether another won or lost in the great gambling game that ruins thousands.

It was the caldron filled with lies, false reports, fictitious sales and the hope and lust of gain that boiled and bubbled, heated by the fires of hell. And ever around that caldron the souls of men were circling, cursing their losses and gloating over their gains.

And Frye was muttering curses. So fast came the quotations that the boy could no longer record them. Instead he called them out in a drawing singsong:

"September wheat now seventy-three—the half—five-eighths—a half—five-eighths split—now a half—three-eighths—a quarter—seventy-three!" Frye set his feet hard together and clinched his hands. Only 2 cents in price stood between him and the loss of all his twenty years' saving. All the lies he had told for miserable gain, all the miserly self denial he had practiced, all the clients he had cheated and robbed, all the hatred he had won from others, availed him not. His contemptible soul and his life almost now hung by a miserly 2 cents.

"Seventy-three—a quarter—an eighth—seventy-three—now seventy-two seven-eighths—three-quarters—five-eighths—three-quarters split—now five-eighths—a half—a half!"

Pandemonium was raging in the Chicago wheat pit, and the ticker's teeth clicked like mad.

"Seventy-two—a half—a half—three-eighths—a half—three-eighths—a quarter—seventy-two!"

Cold beads of sweat gathered on Frye's forehead. One cent more and he was ruined.

"September wheat now seventy-one seven-eighths—seven-eighths—three-quarters—seven-eighths split—now the three-quarter—five-eighths—a half—a half—five-eighths—a half—a half again—three-eighths—a quarter—an eighth—a quarter—an eighth—a quarter—split—an eighth—"

"Seventy-one!" Frye was ruined. He gave one low moan, the first and only one during those three long weeks of agony.

The devil's teeth kept snapping; the endless coils of tape kept unwinding. The boy continued his drawl, but Frye paid no heed. Only those spider legs on the wall seemed kicking at him, and that fatal seventy-one—one—kept ringing in his ears. He arose and staggered out and with bowed head made his way to the office.

Whir-r-r-r! Click, click, click! Seventy-one—one—one! It was the last he heard, and then he sank forward on his desk in a stupor.

At this moment Uncle Terry, with Frye's letter in his pocket and righteous wrath in his heart, was speeding toward Boston as fast as steam could carry him.

The clear, incisive strokes of an adjacent clock proclaiming midnight awoke Frye. He raised his head, arose, lit the two gas jets and sat down.

Seventy-one—one—one! They brought it all back to him, and now, alone in his misery, he groaned aloud, and with his despair came the dread of the morrow, when he must go forth crushed, broken, despairing, penniless.

All would know it, and all would rejoice. Out of the many that hated or feared him not one would feel a grain of pity, and he knew it.

Then his past life came back to him. He had never married, and since he had looked down upon his dead mother's face no woman's hand had sought his with tenderness. All his long life of grasping greed had been spent in money getting and money saving. No sense of right or justice had ever restrained

him. Year after year he had added to his hoard, carefully invested it, and now it had all been swept away!

He took a pen and wrote a brief letter. Then he went to his tall safe, opened both doors and, taking a small, flat packet from an inner till, returned to his desk, placed that and the letter in one long envelope and sealed and directed it.

Once more his head sank forward on the desk, and he remained thus, living over the past three weeks of agony, and then there smote upon his tortured nerves the sound of many clocks striking 1. It sounded as if they were mocking him, and from far and near, some harsh and sharp, some faint in the distance, came that fatal, one, one, one! He arose and, going to a small locker in his room, grasped a half filled bottle of liquor and drank deeply.

He arose again and, taking a letter opener, crowded bits of paper into the keyhole of the door and up and down the crack. Then he closed the one window, turned out the two gas jets and opened the stopcocks again. An odor of gas soon pervaded the room, into which came only a faint light from the statehouse dome.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ALBERT PAGE had just finished reading his morning mail the first day of September when his office door opened and Uncle Terry entered.

"Well, well!" exclaimed Albert, springing to his feet. "How are you, Uncle Terry? How are your good wife and Telly, and when did you arrive, and why didn't you let me know so I could meet you?"

"Vaal," answered Uncle Terry, seating himself, "I got in purty late last night an' put up at a tavern near the depot."

"But why didn't you write or wire me, so I could have met you at the train?"

"The fact on't is," replied Uncle Terry, removing his hat and laying it on the floor beside him, "I've allus pulled my own boat in this world, an' I sorter goes agin to 'mother fellow.' Then, reaching into his pocket, drawing out a letter and handing it to Albert, he added: "Bout two weeks ago I got this 'ere from that thief Frye. I was 'spectin' the gov'ment boat 'long most every day an' so couldn't cum any sooner."

Albert read the letter and gave a low whistle. "Frye must have been either very hard up when he wrote," he said, "or else the other parties are crowding him, and this is his last effort to fleece you. I have heard that he has been speculating in wheat lately, and it may be he has got caught. I hope so, so it will be easier for us to bring him to terms. I have my plans all mapped out, and I think we had best go for him at once while he is likely to be in his office." Then, calling to Frank and rapidly writing a check for \$500 while that surprised young man was shaking hands with Uncle Terry, he continued: "Please go up to the station, Frank, and get an officer at once and step into the Maverick bank on your way back and get this check cashed. We will go prepared for the worst."

When Frank had gone Uncle Terry said: "There wa'n't no need o' yer gettin' money, Mr. Page. I've brung three hundred, which is all he asked fer."

"We may need more nevertheless," answered Albert, "and as I wish to make but one visit to Frye's office, it's best to go prepared." Then after filling out a writ of replevin he added: "Excuse me a moment, Mr. Terry. I will be back soon."

He was absent perhaps five minutes, and then Uncle Terry was astonished to see a strange man enter from an inner room. He wore a full black beard, smoked glasses, broad slouch hat and a clerical coat which was buttoned close to his chin. Uncle Terry looked at him in surprise, waiting for the stranger to speak.

"Don't you know me, Uncle Terry?" said the new arrival.

"By gosh, it's you, Mr. Page," exclaimed the old man, "or else I'm tuck with a change o' heart!" Then he added, with a laugh, "I'd never known ye 'cept fer yer voice."

"I'm all right, then, I guess," said Albert, "and now for my plan. When the officer comes we four will go at once to Frye's office. You will go in alone and open matters. Conceive to leave the door ajar, and when you get to talking the rest of us will creep up and listen. And here is where your wits must work well. Act as though you did not suspect anything wrong, but tell him you are discouraged and have put out all the money you can; also that you are poor and can't afford to waste any more on what you believe to be a hopeless case. Then ask him to return you the trinkets you gave him, as the girl values them highly; and right here is where you must contrive to get Frye to admit he has these trinkets. Most likely he will refuse to give them up until his fee is paid, and he may ask quite a sum. If you can settle the matter by paying him one or two hundred dollars I should advise it, but not more. If it comes to his refusal we will walk in at that point, and the officer will serve the writ. We can search his premises and even make him open his safe, and if we find what we want we will take it."

When Frank and the officer returned and the former had also donned a disguise, the four proceeded to Frye's office. It was early, and none of the other occupants on that floor had arrived. Uncle Terry knocked at Frye's door, but no one answered. He knocked again; still no answer. He tried the door; it was locked. Then he knocked harder; no reply. Then he stepped back to where the others were waiting. "That's nobody in thar," he whispered.

"or, if tndr is, ne's asleep." Albert went forward and listened. There was no sound. Then he stooped and tried to look through the keyhole; it was plugged.

"I smell gas coming out of the keyhole," he whispered to the officer. "You go and try it."

The officer did so. Then he took out a pocketknife and thrust the blade through the keyhole and peeped in. Then he beckoned to Albert.

"Something's wrong in there, Mr. Page," he said. "I can see a man's legs, and the gas is coming out of that keyhole enough to choke you. We'd best call the janitor."

That official was found, and he, too, peeped.

"I noticed a light in Frye's office when I retired last night," he said. "Depend upon it, there is something wrong." Then, turning to the officer, he added, "You are an officer of the law, and as I am in charge of this building I give you permission to open Frye's door on the score of public safety."

Grasping the knob, the officer threw his weight against the door, and it gave way. A cry of surprise escaped him. Frye was sitting in his chair, with head thrown back, staring at the ceiling and with mouth and eyes wide open. The room was stifling with gas, and the officer opened the window. In doing so he noticed the two stopcocks were opened, and he turned them off. Then he returned to the hall. When the room was fit to breathe in again all four entered, and the officer laid his hand upon Frye's face.

"Dead!" he exclaimed.

Albert noticed an envelope on Frye's desk directed to Silas Terry. He quietly put it in his pocket and joined with the rest in a search of the room.

"It looks like a case of suicide," observed the officer—"door locked, key-hole and cracks plugged, window shut and two gas burners open; safe unlocked and wide open, and here's a till with money in it!"

And then he added, "In the name of the law I must close the door and notify a coroner."

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NICHOLAS FRYE.

When Albert had finished reading the letter aloud he grasped Uncle Terry's hand and exclaimed, "Take those valuables back with you, but leave me the letter, and I will attend to the rest!" Then he added, "You are my guest as long as you can stay in Boston."

When, two days later, Uncle Terry was ready to depart Albert handed him a large package containing a silk dress pattern for Aunt Lissy, a woolen one for Mrs. Leach and a complete artist's outfit for Telly. "With these things," he said, "go my best regards for those they are for, and among them are the photographs of two sketches I made when I was with you that I want you to ask Miss Telly to paint for me."

When Telly opened her package she found two sketches of herself, one leaning against a rock with her face resting on her hand, the other sitting beside a flower decked boat with a broad sun hat in her lap.

CHAPTER XXXII.

IN a letter which Frank wrote to Alice soon after his return to Boston he said: "My mother and, in fact, all my people seem to think so much more of me since I have set about fitting myself for a profession. Father says he is growing proud of me, and that pleases me best of all, for he is and always has been my best friend. Of course I think the world of Blanch, and she seems to think I am the best fellow in the world. Little do any of them know that it is you for whom I am working, and always with the hope that you will deem me worthy of the prize. How many times I recall every moment of that one short hour on the

mill. Year after year he had added to his hoard, carefully invested it, and now it had all been swept away!

He took a pen and wrote a brief letter. Then he went to his tall safe, opened both doors and, taking a small, flat packet from an inner till, returned to his desk, placed that and the letter in one long envelope and sealed and directed it.

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