

no fame could pay me for doing it."

Mrs. Thundtner's eyes gleamed with laughter. "That's you all over. The son, and I wouldn't have you change a speck, not for anything in the world. No, not even if the dear Lord himself told me he was waiting to tempt me to a more exalted contemplation of things gravely. That's a mighty lucky thing, Mary." he replied, then his eyes twinkling just a trifle. "Lucky for you and a blamed sight luckier for me, 'cause I reckon I got to stay just like this."

At that moment the sound of your voices was heard from the twirling, shadowed avenue leading up to the house. Then a buggy drawn by a stepping bare mare came into view.

"That's Mary and Sam. Tuckers' new home," he said.

"That's Mary's home. I don't like the skittish horse Sam Tucker drives."

"That there mare o' Sam's ain't a bit more skittish than Mary Thundtner herself." Colonel Thundtner responded.

"I'll bet you're right. I'll bet you'll give Sam Tucker the surprise of his life one of these days. Just look at Ma honey! You'd think she was a kitten set right down by a saucer o' cream. She's so tickled. She's havin' as good a time as a kitten."

"I want no such young man as that Strickland in all the world, and right this minute she wouldn't give Tucker Strickland's little finger for Sam Tucker's whole body and soul and all in it."

Eph Tucker's money, though in

"Cause I reckon I got to stay just about here until the end of the month," said Mary. "At that time, the sound of your hooves will be heard from the twillies, and shadowed areas leading up to my house. Then a buggy drawn by a big stepping bay mare came into view."

"That's Mary and Stam Tucker down yonder," said Mrs. Todhunter. "And I'm glad Mary's home. I don't like it so skittish horse Stam Tucker drives." "That there mare o' Stam's ain't no bit more skittish than Mary Todhunter herself," Colonel Todhunter responded chuckling. "And they're both a good deal better than the surprise of his life to give Stam the surmise of his life one o' these days. Just look at him honey! You'd think she was a kitten set right on her hind legs!"

"I bet he's fished She's havin' as good times with Stam Tucker as if she were"

Strickland in all the world, and give this minute she wouldn't give Tom Strickland's little finger for Stam Tucker's whole body and soul and all the Eph Tucker's money thrown in boot!"

Mrs. Todhunter laughed lightly. "Mary's just beginning to receive company, Colonel Todhunter," she explained. "And, like all girls, she wants to have a good time with her beaux. I don't happen to be Tom Strickland, but that's handy if it'll be Stam Tucker. And if it isn't Stam it'll be somebody else."

"Mrs. Todhunter," returned the colonel, "you're wastin' your breath tellin' me things like that. I know Mary Todhunter, and I know you when you say Mary Todhunter's name. If she ain't no Stam Tucker, what you was the Eph Tucker, but so what can you do?"

Strickland will have his hands full bringing her to a standstill. I tell you.

By this time Mary and her escort reached the house and Stam Tudhner was assisting her from the buggy. Mary Tudhunter and the colonel advanced to meet them.

"You've come to stay to supper, Stam," said Mrs. Tudhunter. "I know you must be good and hungry, a Colonel Tudhunter will have old Jubber take your horse around to the stable. You and Mary come right in now."

Stam Tudhner gladly accepted the invitation, the colonel calling to Uncle Jupiter, the faithful family dog, to take charge of the bay mare and then the Tudhunters and the guest went in to supper.

**[TO BE CONTINUED.]**

It is an evident fact that the boy when it has long been a slave to emotion finds it next to impossible to break its chains. The mind may passionately desire righteous living, but the abused nervous system, fallen in iron habits, refuses the soul's behest. Canon Gore wrote that he was present at the death of a man with a pocket watch. The man pressed him to sincerely penitence and who believed in the forgiveness of sins.

He had said goodby to this world and the clergyman sat by his side waiting for his last moment to be given. Suddenly the sinking man exclaimed in a hoarse and painful whisper: "Look out for your watch."

They were his last words. He died in their utterance, and the clergyman's watch was found in his lifeless hand.

the nearness of the suffragettes' cause could be stolen. His effusive friend would not prevent the muscled from falling in with their old habits, but his mind (this so far) was not set against them. He said, "I shall be say'st protested to the last London Standard."

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\*ee Slow.

A rather diffident young man met a pretty girl last winter in Bernau. He danced with her, he wheeled with her to a hotel for strawberries and cream, and he bathed with her in the sea. He was a little bit of a dandy, and his pretty blue pool with its lining of azure tiles.

But he didn't propose. Was he too bashful? The girl one afternoon in tea garden offered to read his future to him, and, holding his big brown hand in her slim white one, she murmured as his finger moved delicately across her

"This line indicates that before you lies—happiness."

She paused, with downcast eyes. Nothing followed. The young man beside her, craning sheepishly, then lip curled in disdain, and she added a clear, cold voice:

"But this line indicates that you never overtake that future. You're slow."—New York Tribune.

**Nelson and Red Tape.**

When Nelson returned to England after he lost his eye he went to receive a year's pay as smart money, but could not obtain payment because he had neglected to bring a certificate from a surgeon that the sight was actually destroyed. A little irritated that the form should have been so complicated, he thought the fact was not apparent, and brought it with sufficiently notorious

time for the loss of his arm, saying they might as well doubt one as the other. \* \* \* On his return to the office the clerk, finding it was only the usual pay of a captain, observed that he thought it had been more. "Oh," replied Nelson, "this is only for an arm in a few days I shall come for an eye and in a little longer, God knows, my leg probably for a leg."

**Preaching and Practice.**

In Gladstone Lady Dorothy New found a conversationalist after her own heart. She sang his praises many times in her reminiscences, and once she told this anecdote of his method of self protection at public gatherings: "I remember his talking about the safety of the times and how putative men could now go unguarded even

ner table with two detectives pro-  
vided by Scotland Yard in order to  
over him standing in the room, while  
another was upstairs ready to mix  
the guests at the party which was  
ordained to be given. The Grand  
Marian's two guardians at the door  
were dressed as footmen, one stand-  
ing immediately behind his chair, while  
the other took up a position directly  
opposite on the other side of the table.

What is civilization? I answer,  
power of good women.—Emerson.











