SYNOPSIS.

David Amber, starting for a duck-shooting visit with his friend, Quain, comes upon a young lady equestrian who has been dismounted by her horse becoming frightened at the sudden appearance in the road of a burly Hindu. He declares he is Behari Lai Chatterii, "the appointed mouthpiece of the Bell," addresses Amber as a man of high rank and pressing a mysterious little bronze box. "The Token," into his hand, disappears in the wood. The girl calls Amber by name, He in turn addresses her as Miss Sophie Farrell, daughter of Col. Farrell of the British diplomatic service in India and visiting the Quains. Several nights later the Quain home is burglarized and the bronze box stolen. Amber and Quain go hunting on an island and become lost and Amber is left marooned. He wanders about, finally reaches a cabin and recognizes as its occupant an old friend named Rutton, whom he last met in England, and who appears to be in hiding. When Miss Farrell is mentioned Rutton is strangely agitated. Chatterji appears and summons Rutton to a meeting of a mysterious body. Rutton setzes a revolver and dashes after Chatterji. He returns wildly excited, says he has killed the Hindu, takes poison, and when dying asks Amber to go to India on a mysterious errand.

CHAPTER M. (Cortinue)

## CHAPTER VI. (Continued).

The servant brought from Rutton's leather trunk a battered blackjapanned tin box, which, upon exploration, proved to contain little that might not have been anticipated. A bankbook issued by the house of Rothschild Freres, Paris, showed a balance to the credit of H. D. Rutton of something slightly under a million francs. There was American money, chiefly in gold certificates of large denominations, to the value of, roundly, \$20,000, together with a handful of French, German and English banknotes which might have brought in exchange about \$250. In addition to these there was merely a single envelope, superscribed: "To be opened in event of my death only. H. D. R. Amber broke the seal and read the

enclosures once to himself and a second time aloud to Doggott. The date was barely a year old. "For reasons personal to myself

and sufficient," Rutton had written, "I choose not to make a formal will. I shall die, probably in the near future, by my own hand, of poison. I wish to emphasize this statement in event the circumstances surrounding my demise should appear to attach suspicion of murder upon any person or persons whatever. I am a widower and childless. What relations may surthat

have died or left me, however, the dis- | Rutton.

The signature was unmistakably remember, sir. I don't ordinarily gos-

about which I am wholly careless."

was unwitnessed.

ly rich, Doggott."

sterling."

for money

"What

me over

amaze

genuine—the formal "H. D. Rutton"

with which Amber was familiar. It

The Virginian put aside the paper

and offered Doggott the blank cheque

on Rothschilds'. "This," he said,

"makes you pretty nearly independent-

paper in a hand that trembled even as

his voice, and eyed it incredulously.

"I've never 'ad anything like this be-

fore, sir; I 'ardly know what it

"It means," explained Ambes, "that,

when you've filled in that blank and

had the money collected from the

Rothschilds, you'll be Worth-with

what cash is here-in the neighbor-

hood of forty-five thousand pounds

Doggott gasped, remporarily inar-

Mr. Amber," he declared earn-

ticulate. "Forty-five thousands pounds!

sstly, "I never looked for nothin' like this. I—I never—I—" Quite without

warning he was quiet and composed

again. "Might I ask it of you as a

favor, ser, to look after this"-he of-

fered to return the cheque-"for a

what to do with it."

while, till I can myke up my mind

"Certainly." Amber took the paper,

"I'd suggest that you deposit

folded it and placed it in his card-

"Yes, sir." Doggott took the slip of

an appi go on valeting until I'm too old; after that the money'll be a comfort, I

"I'll go, sir; it was 'is wish. I'll go with you to India, Mr. Amber." "Very well. . . ." Amber spoke

abstractedly, reviewing his plans. "But," he enquired suddenly, "I didn't mention India. How did you know-?" "Why-I suppose I must 'ave guessed it, sir. It seemed so likely, knowing what I do about Mr. Rutton.' Amber sat silent, unable to bring himself to put a single question in regard to the dead man's antecedents. an approving glance which passed But after a pause the servant continued voluntarily.

"He always 'ad a deal to do with persons who came from India-niggers-I mean, natives. It didn't much matter where we'd be-London or Paris or Berlin or Rome-they'd 'unt 'im up; some 'e'd give money to and they'd go aw'y; others 'e'd be locked up with in 'is study for hours, talking, talking. They'd 'ardly ever come the same one twice. 'E 'ated 'em all, Mr. him until I call, please. This is Mr. Rutton did. And yet, sir, I always Quain; I want to talk with him un-'ad a suspicion-"

Doggott hesitated, !owered his voice, his gaze shifting uneasily to the still, shrouded figure in the corner.

"What?" demanded Amber tensely. "I alw'ys thought per'aps 'e was what we call in England a man of color, 'imself, sir."

"Doggott!" "I don't mean no 'arm, sir; it was just their 'ounding him, like, and 'is being a dark-complected man the vive me are distant and will never syme as them, and speakin' their lanappear to claim what estate I may guage so ready, that made me think 'arm 'ad a little

pressed. "Very good, Mr. Amber. I'll

sip, sir; but you and him being so

thick, and everything appening to-

'ope you'll excuse me, sir."

night so 'orrible, I forgot myself. I

"God in heaven:" cried the young

man hoarsely. "It can't be true!" He

flung himself into his chair, burying

Yet irresistibly the conviction was

being forced upon him that Doggott

had surmized aright. Circumstances

backed to circumstance within his

knowledge of or his experience with

the man, all seeming to prove incon-

testably the truth of what at the first

blush had seemed so incredible. What

dld he. Amber, know of Rutton's par-

entage or history that would refute

the calm belief of the body-servant

And then Amber's intelligence was

smitten by a thought as by a club;

and he began to tremble violently, un-

controllably, being weakened by fa-

tigue and the strain of that endless.

terrible night. A strangled cry es-

caped him without his knowledge:

Sophia Farrell, the woman he had

promised to wed, nay even the woman

breed, a mulatto! His mind sickened

it as soon as possible in a New York his heart of hearts still he loved her, before I got her off. By that time it

bank for collection. In the meantime, still desired her with all his strength was blowing great guns and dead these bills are yours; you'd better and will; in his heart there was no from the beach. I had to stand off

whatever his daughter might be, he

her-even to marry her, if she would

affirmed Doggott respect | have him. He had promised; his word you? What's that there?"

An hour elapsed, its passing rau-

cously emphasized by the tin clock.

Amber remained at the table, his head

he loved with all his being-a half-

with the horror of that thought.

thing could never be.

of the dead man?

'Sophia!"

his face in his hands. "It can't!"

con

3 80,

visibly

him and Doggott found him sitting up, snapped the sustained Amber. He was with a haggard and careworn face, which had sustained Amber. He was not now on the edge of courses and posed in his eyes. "Doggott," he asked in an even

toneless voice, "have you ever men-

tioned to anybody your about Mr. Rutton's race?" "Only to you, sir."
"That's good. And you won't?"

"No. sir." "Have you," continued Amber, lookheard him mention his marriage?"

"Never, sir. 'E says in that paper 'e was a widower; I fancy the lady must have died before I entered 'is service. 'K was always a lonely man, all the 15 year I've been with 'im, keepin' very much to 'imself, sir."

Doggott disappeared to prepare a meal, but within five minutes a gunshot sounded startlingly near at hand. The Virginian's appearance at the door was coincident with a clear hail of "Aho-oy, Amber!"-unmistakably Quain's voice, raised at a distance of not over 200 yards.

Amber's answering cry quavered Quain topped the nearest dune, dropped down into the hollow, and was upon him.

"By the Lord Harry!" he cried, almost embracing Amber in his excitement and relief; "I'd almost given you up for good and all!"

"And I you," said Amber, watching curiously and somewhat distrustfully a second man follow Quain into the vale. "Who's that?" he demanded.

"Only Antone. We've him to thank. He remembered this old camp here-I'd completely forgotten it-and was sure you'd taken refuge in it. Come He dragged Amber in, the inside." Portuguese following. "Let's have a look at you by the light. Lord! you seem to be pretty comfortable-and I've been worrying myself sick for fear you-" He swept the room with over Doggott and became transfized as it rested upon the hammock-bed with its burden; and his jaw fell. "What's this? What's this?" He swung upon Amber, appraising with relentless eyes the bavoc his night's experience had wrought upon the "You look like hell!" he exploded. "What's up here? Eh?"

Amber turned to Doggott. "Take Antone out there with you and keep

showed it plainly. But two stances aided him to resover upon himself: Quain's compassionate consideration in forbearing to press his story from him, and Doggott's opportune appearance with a pot of coffee, steaming and black. Two cups of this restored Amber to a condition

comewhat approaching the ing away and speaking slowly, "ever He lit a cigarette and began to talk. For all his affection for and confidence in his friend, there were things he might not tell Quain; wherefore he couched his narrative in the fewest possible words and was miser ly of detail. Of the coming of the babu and his going Amber was fairly free to speak; he suppressed little if. any of that episode. Moreover, he had forgotten to remove the Token from his finger, and Quain instantly remarked it and demanded an explanation. But of the nature of the er rand on which he was to go, Amber said nothing; it was, he averred, Rutton's private business. Nor did he with joy. And with a bear-like rush touch upon the question of Rutton's nationality. Sophia Farrell he never mentioned.

Nevertheless, he said enough to render Quain thoughtful. . . 'You've set on this thing, I suppose?" he asked some time after Amber had concluded.

"Set upon it, dear man? I've no choice. I must go-I promised."

Quain went to the hammock-bed, turned back the sheet, and for several minutes lingered there, scrutinizing the stony, upturned face. "So!" he said, coming back. "Here's

news that'll help you some. You were blind not to see it yourself. Tort man's-was, I should say-a Rajput." He waited for the commen which did not come. "You knew "I . . suspected, tonight."

"It's as plain as print; the mark of his caste is all over him. But per haps he was able to disguise it a little with his manner-alive; undoubtedly, I'd say. He was a genius of his kind -a prodigy; a mental giant. That translation of the 'Tantras'-! Wonderful! . . : Well, he's gone his own way: God be with him. . When do you want to start?"

"As soon as possible-sooner. I've not a day to lose-not an hour.' "Urgent as that, eh?"

I knew what you know. I wish to

heaven I might go with you. But I'm

married now-and respectable. The

morning train leaves Nokomis at 7:30

"I'll get that on the train."

eastwards-'

You can make that, if you must. But

or the Lusitania, I don't know which

-sails tomorrow. You can catch

"That means a week more, and you

"I am; but by going westwards it's

As a matter of fact Amber was hop-

might linger somewhere en route, re-

membering that the girl had discussed

"Very well," Quain gave in; "you're

"There's no way of thanking you."

and tell him to get ready. You

"That's a comfort. Call Doggott now

tween steamers at Yokohama.

that, too. It's the quickest route,

"But I've decided to go west."

said you were in a hurry."



The Signature Was Unmistakably Genuine.

disturbed. . . . But you can bring | peered keenly into his face. "I wish

soused the motor-like a fool I'd left barely possible I may be able to trans-

the hatch off-and short-circuited the act or wind up the business on the

else to do. We beached about a mile make your mind easy. I'll take

thawed out and had a drink and a ever getting out. I can answer for

change of clothes, we had to wait two myself and Antone; and the two of

somewhere, shot to death by Rutton- to pack his hand-bag-it being obvi-

"You first," said Amber. "If you've you need sleep-rest."

us coffee when it's ready."

communicating door.

think.

and his reason cried out that the again. The oar broke and I had to

and will; in his heart there was no from the beach. I had to stand off

take care of them yourself until you wavering. Whatever Rutton had been, and make for the mainland—nothing the doctor. Now as for things here.

"It'll keep as we see as any-loved her. And more, the honor of below the lighthouse and I had the charge and keep the affair quiet. There's no reason I can see for its over getting out. I can answer for

exclaimed Amber in the unnamed danger that threatened to make a crossing in the launch now to trot along, and I'll take care

Quain motioned to Antone; the

Portuguese disappeared into the back

room with Doggott, who closed the

fretted about me, I've been crazy

about you-what time I've had to

Quain deferred to his insistence.

'It was simple enough-and damned

hard," he explained. "I caught the

Echo by the skin of my teeth, the

skimmy almost sinking under me. She

was hard and fast aground, but I man-

aged to get the motor going and back-

ed her off. As soon as that was all

coil. After that there was hell to way.

practicable. That's all for mine. Now of everything."

ing the night I came down. And that's haven't much time to lose."

right we got a wave aboard that

pay. I worked for half an hour reef-

. Yet in go overboard and get wet to my waist

His very soul seemed to shudder ing, and meanwhile we went aground ing the Rolands, with Sophia Farrell,

which he was pleased to christen as

do you know about Calcutta?"
"Little or nothing. I've Leen then
—that's about all."

"Precisely. Now I know the place, and I know you'll never find this gold-smith in the Machua bazar without a guide. The ordinary, common garden guide is out of the question courses But I happen to know an Englishman there who knows more about the dark side of India than any other ten men in the world. He'll be invaluable to you, and you can trust him as you would Doggott. Go to him to my name—you'll need no other inoduction—and tell him what you've

"That's impossible. Rutton pressly prohibited my mentioning his name to any one in India."
"Oh, very well. You haven't, have

you? And you won't have to. I'll



"Hang Your Promise."

take care of that, when I write and tell Labertouche you're coming." "What name?" "Labertouche. Why? You don't

cnow him." "No; but Rutton did. Rutton got that poison from him."

Quain whistled, his eyes round. 'Did, eh? So much the better; he'll probably know all about Rutton and'll take a keener interest."

"But you forget-" "Hang your promise. I'm not bound by it and this is business-blacker busines, than you seem to realize, Davy. You're bent on jumping blindfold and with your hands tied into the seething pool of infamy and intrigue that is India. And I won't stand for it. Don't think for an instant that I'm going to let you go without doing everything I can to make things as pleasant as possible for you. . No; Labertouche is your man.

And to this Quain held inflexibly; so that, in the end, Amber, unable to move him, was obliged to leave the matter in his hands.

A sullen and portentous dawn hung in the sky when the little party left the cabin.

Between two sand hills the Bengali lay supine, a huddled heap of garish color-scarlet, yellow, tan-against the cold bluish-gray of snow. At a word from Quain the Portu-

ound-heaven knows where. "Right-O!" agreed Quain. hand sought Amber's. "Goodby, and God be with you," he said huskily. Amber tightened his clasp upon the man's fingers. "I can't improve on that, Tony," said he with a feeble "Goodby, and God be with you." He dropped his hand and turned away. 'Come along, Doggott."

The servant led the way baywards. Behind them the angry morning blazed brighter in the sky.

In the sedge of the shore they found a rowboat and, launching it, embarked for the power boat, which swung at her mooring in deeper water. When they were aboard the latter, Doggott took charge of the motor. leaving to Amber the wheel, and with little delay they were in motion.

As their distance from the shore increased Amber glanced back. The "'Knew you'd say that. Very weil ! Sland rested low against the flaming This is Tuesday. The Mauretania- sky, a shape of empurpled shadows, scarcely more substantial to the vision than the rack of cloud above. In the dark sedges the pools, here and there, caught the light from above and shone blood-red. And suddenly the attention of the Virginian was arrested by the discovery of a human figure—a man standing upon a dunetop some distance inland, and staring steadfastly after the boat. He seemed of extraordinary height and very thin; upon his head there was a turban; his arms were folded. While Amber watched he held his pose, a living menace-like some fantastic statue bulking black against the grim red a tentative project to stop over be- dawn.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Fences Ward Off Rabbits. Owing to the increase of rabbits in certain parts of Australia a movement has been started in the Armidale district to construct a barrier fence along hours for the sea to go down enough us can wind things up. Get ready land. This will serve to ward off the the eastern side of Central New Engrodents, which now abound in the rough country along the edge of the tableland. These rabbits are beginning to crowd westwards, and are already making their presence felt on the adjoining country. The sugges-While they waited for the servant tion is to link up the rabbit-proof fena Bengali babu. . . . Quain, I've ous that to take the trunks with of the more settled area from Walcha ces which already exist along the edge lived in Purgatory ever since we part them was not feasible; while Quain to Glen Innes districts, and thus cut fixed—but I wouldn't be a gentleman, thought him sleeping but for his un-He was; the coming of Quain with Tanglewood until his return from In- bits are thick, and where there is no I look at it, there's naught for me but At length the young man called the ease of mind it brought had dia—Quain was possessed by an idea chance of keeping them under.

> if all the dear delightful tales that have to do wish fairles and imps and elves and hamadryads were to be destroyed. The world is sad enough as ries of all kinds. She declares that and dreader if children did not be-"Soon after that our friend calls me these stories are lies and ought not lieve in Fairy Fine-Ear and mothers

はまれる問題に (时日日日)

There are today more pe wer before asking the question, is right?" They have been ask this question by an arousal of con science from lethargy that at one time chains. In this reawakening the church has played a most important part, but its appeals have been seconded by moralists and even by statesmen. Today the question, "What is right?" is asked not only in personal morals, but in the larger affairs o life, and to the extent that there is greater effort for higher standards of morality and of religious practices.

The question is an old one. It has been asked by man since first he knew there was right which might be distinguished from wrong. It has been discussed in all its phases, and St. Paul in his letter to the Philippians exhorts them in the words of our text. He tells them that right is "what is true, what is honest, what is just, what is pure and lovely and of good re-His exhortation is as pertinent today as then, and his definition as complete. Let us first consider men, not things.

A great many men are true so far as their standards permit them to be. There are others who seek constant elevation of standards so that they may be nearer the ideal true man. To be a true man means to be truthful in thought, in speech, in act, to be devoid of dissimilation, to be right and to be just what you seem to be; to be loyal to all that is good and devoted to the furtherance of good. Such a man invariably answers the question "What is right?" correctly, and his answer has the respect of his fellow men.

A great many men are honest so far as the demands of relationship with other men may go, and few go beyond this point and are honest with themselves as well as with their fellows. In their transactions they have no doubts, no regrets, no sufferings of conscience. They make every transaction a closed transaction in every sense of the word. They are right. Such men are the examples of honesty that should be emulated.

Men are just in the measure that they mete to their fellow men; and some of them are just to the extent that they heap the measure to overflowing. They neither weigh to the ounce, nor exact their pound of flesh as old Shylock did. If anything, they are just to the point of generocity and he satisfaction of knowing that have given full value or full

in to all with whom they come in ast men are pure to the extent son millionaire who took his pastor them as immoral. There are

noxious. They think good, and as the torted: thought is the father of the act, they act well. These are the men at whom the finger of suspicion never points, but are always held as models after which we should pattern.

Men who are truly honest, just and pure, men whose thoughts are always upward, are men of good report. They have unassailable reputations supported by unimpeachable characters. They ask the question, "What is right?" from the innermost recesses of their souls, and answer it with all the enlightenment of conscience and spiritual guidance that God can give them. They are always men of good report and always will be so long as they possess the virtues that the apostle

has enumerated. I know that the apostle tells the brethren to "think of things that are true, honest, pure, lovely and of good report." It is by thinking of these things that men become honest, true and just. The apostle asks them not only to think but to reason, for he says that "if there is any virtue in these things, if there be any praise" thinking of them will bring them into their lives and cause them to be grateful for the good they receive. Men who think honestly, men who try to be conscientious gain for themselves all the good that can be derived from right thought and pure thinking. And that good is ability to think straight, and answer correctly the question, "What is right?"

Of course there is no absolute right. Men do not think alike. They have not the same standards, nor the same conceptions, and yet they have one standard of right and their conception of that standard will always grow better and better the more they study it. That standard was set by Christ Paul studied it, and his wonderful growth in spirituality enabled him to tell the Philippians what they should think about, for he knew that the man who was true, honest, just and pure, the man who regarded things that were elevating and of good report, would become the man who would be able sooner or later to answer more exactly the question, "What is right?"

You can follow Paul's prescription, especially if you ask for that guidance which has been promised you by that greatest exemplar of right

Woman's Rights.

During these days we hear a great deal of women's rights which are really women's wrongs. I know not whether women will ever get what they term equality with men. Man and woman are equal in the sight of God, but here below woman occupies a different station. She was created to be man's helpmate and to supplement what ire lacked. She was to be kind and gentle under long suffering. -Bishop J. J. Nilan, Roman Catholic Hartford, Conn.

toms of her the woman's tonic. cine, or tonic, has em results as Cardul. No ecord of so many years of

If Mrs. Garrett had taken sooner, she might have been A few doses of Cardul at the time will often save serious su and prevent a long sicku delay. Begin to take Cardui at

N. B.-Write to: Ledler Dept., Chattanooga Medicia tanooga, Tenn., for In-

FAILED TO WIN



"Scribb told me that he \$20,000 prize story." 'And did he get the \$20,000?' "No. The girl wrote and told him she had accepted his rival."

Too Late to Change

man can no more change his repstation than be can change his face. or his arms," said Senator La Foliatio at a banquet in Madison. "There was once a wicker old Madi-

aside and said: am going to detote the renoxious. They think good and as the

"'Do you mean John H. Good, the wealthy farmer ,or young Sam Good, the Socialist millionaire?"

They're All About Tailors. "All criticism," said Professor Brander Matthews in one of his brilliant Columbia lectures, "is, to a certain extent, personal and biased." He paused and smiled. "The Tailor and Cutter, a weekly paper," he resumed,

said in a recent leading article: " 'Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," Meredith's "Evan Harrington" and Kingsley's "Alton Locke" will be great classics when the ephemeral novels of today will have long since perished."

Would Arrest Him Anyway. Sergeant-'Alt! Take Murphy's name for talkin' in the ranks. Corporal-W'y, sergeant, 'e weren't

talkin'. Sergeant-Wasn't he? Well, cross it out an' put 'im in the guardroom for

deceivin' me.-Tatler. Overlooked.

Knicker-We can't carry revolvers any longer. Bocker-But they didn't take away

the girls' hatpins. SHIFT

If Your Food Fails to Sustain You Change.

One sort of diet may make a person

despondent, depressed and blue and a change to the kind of food the body demands will change the whole thing. A young woman from Phila. says:

"For several years I kept in a rundown, miserable sort of condition, was depressed and apprehensive of trouble. I lost flesh in a distressing way and seemed in a perpetual sort of dreamy nightmare. No one serious disease showed, but the 'all-over' sickness was enough.

"Finally, between the doctor and fa ther, I was put on Grape-Nuts and cream, as it was decided I must have a nourishing food that the body could make use of.

"The wonderful change that came over me was not, like Jonah's gourd, the growth of a single night, yet it came with a rapidity that astonished

"During the first week I gained in weight, my spirits improved, and the world began to look brighter and more worth while.

"And this has continued steadily, till now, after the use of thrape-Nuts for only a few weeks, I am perfectly well, feel splendidly, take a lively interest in everything, and am a changed person in every way." Mame given by Postum

Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

## HE TOOK MEAN ADVANTAGE. Broker Banked "Friend's" Check Aft. of great excitement, saying that a lit- with the same result. More for an has undertaken a campaign for

ing the box I 'aven't 'ardly any use him steadfast to his purpose to seek

except, of course, to tide her out in India or wherever she

I find another position." might be and to bear her away from

withdrawal.

even breathing.

I'm a bit too old to chynge had passed; there could now be no

"Beg pardon, sir, but I know; I upon it, his face hidden by his arms,

could live easy like a gentleman if I so still that Doggott would have

er the Borrower Thought He Had Protected His Money.

my w'vs; a valet I've been all my

life and a valet I'll die, sir. It's too

But with this money, Doggott-"

so what's the use of that? So the w'ye

lyte to think of anything else.

"See that heavily built guy who just came in?" said the broker to his friend in the cafe. "You may have noticed that he caught my eye, but passed on without a sign of recognition. Well, he's a promoter. He and I used to be great friends-ostensibly. He sushed

check for the sum. He always seemed

the check again and again it was re turned. A week later I tried again,

"A suicide; a friend of mine-the

man Rutton whom we were discuss-

not half. There's a man out there

Let the Fairles Afone! Another good but misguided wom-

Hair Indicates Strength.

Short, thick, curly hair is an indica

All human culture rests on a will ngness to make sacrifices to the

Ever rend the above letter! one appears from time to time.

him the cash and took his check. I outraged tone of voice asks what I er Goose is worse than a witch, and the Dame o' Dreams.-Rochester Post did not see him again soon, and on my mean by taking advantage of him that as for Lewis Carroll—well, this "Mrs. Express. epositing the check it came back way. He could not have been more Gradgrind," of Boston, would have him marked 'No funds.' I looked up his indignant had I double-crossed him in hanged on the highest hill. An, but bank, and found he did have a de- a straight deal. And that explains it would be a sad old world if all the into my office one afternoon in a state posit there at one time. I deposited why he no longer speaks to me."

tle deal he was putting through made amusement than anything else, I sent the abolition of "Mother Goose," \$50 necessary at once, and would I the check to the bank for the fourth "Alice in Wonderland" and fairy sto- it is, but it would be infinitely sadder save him a little trouble by cashing a time, and this time it went through! to have plenty of money, so I gave up on the telephone, and in the most to be tolerated. In her opinion Mothand fathers did not yield allegiance to