ESTABLISHED 1855.

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YORKVILLE, S. C., TUESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1908.

DOWN WITH THE BIG DITCH DIGGERS there are others whose interest in church work is enthusiastic and earnest. In addition to preaching services, Sunday schools Christian Endeavor

Interesting Sketches of Conditions in the number sermons Isthmian Canal Zone

HOME MAN TELLS STORY FOR HOME READERS city of Panama, where mass is said

Sights That Are to Be Seen Without Hunting---Strange and Unusual Weather are hundreds of years old and some Conditions---Remarkable Improvement in Health Conditions---Americans now crumbling in silence away as day Make the Dirt Fly.

Correspondence of the Yorkville Enquirer.

Zone, December 18.

shadows."-Dr. Canfield. sleigh bells-one may spend a part of sometimes all day. his affe pleasantly and profitably if he

taught many things they could not never sight-seekers, for there are al- Many of those who work with pick and crab grass. ways things which, for the mere be- shovel, carry their umbrellas with them There are, on the Isthmus, things the line of the canal and see scores of beautiful; things and persons delight- rocks or under dump cars and steam and tall grasses is so rank and intriful, as well as things and persons disagreeable, and even disgusting. One fer sickness from getting wet in the trable. The best as well as the only would probably not be contradicted tropical rains; so far the comfort as way to go through them, unless one should he make the assertion that folks well as the safety they afford, umbrel- wishes to get bruised and scratched, is before the doors of these squalld homes come, an interesting throng, "from las are much in demand. Greenland's icy mountains to India's "Since the more fair and crystal is the that lead up and across the hillsides to foul with the filth of the streets, are turbaned Turks and Hindoos as well as those who have spent a great part of Of these some have been lured here by

and blows over the drifting snows." along-cast up as wreckage and driftbabes, have listened to the cradle song; are or to have other than they have,

The Weather. What sorts o' wether have we here?

Wal, we reckon that we git our share O' all that comes an' goes, Truly the days here are days of sunshine and shadow; and one is very agreeable. One hour one may be walking along with little puffs of dust shine and again the frown of clouds. gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge and carry not an umbrella that he should be look-

fellow. are rainings without dampness within; and often shoes bewith books and with other articles of clothing. Though clothes be of the finest wool or books of the most beau-

even the beasts of the field and the Then it is that the huge, ugly lizards, with tropical inertia." But often, however, the cool winds make the noon-

The fogs here are not only disagreeable, but even furious in their densebreak of day and, in robbing the morn- across the valleys green, his heart has ing of sunshine and morning star, also a "touch of the woodland time," and he at practically every town in the Canal thatched huts on the mountain side doorway, always impenetrably closed. Zone. The Isthmian Canal Commission where at night the tiny candles flickuncomfortable, and at times, oppres- who ride, sive. The afternoons are the most of the day, for the sun, shining over the green hills, made dim in the disthe green hills, made dim in the distance by mists of smoke, gives to earth the Isthmus.

The day, for the sun, shining over the sun a touch of the Indian summer days in

|Carolina; and one, forgetting for a mo- | the farmer is heard, no waving fields EMPIRE, Isthmus of Panama, Canal ment his surroundings, feels as though of wheat or rustling corn is seen, and he were not far away from the sigh- none of the furrows "sweet wi' the

"To the Isthmian life are lights and ing pines and fields of cotton and corn. The dry season, which begins about Burns used to sing, are ever ploughed. Undoubtedly it is on the Isthmus of December first and lasts till some time For there is practically no farming ruins of the fallen church others have Panama that one, whether prying into in March, is, as the little boy said done on the Isthmus. In going across been builded and still the deep-toned the secrecies of the reclusive jungles about Xmas, "the bestest time o' all the Isthmus from Colon on the Atlantic bells chime out and the echoes, beautior viewing the valleys of greenest green the year" to many of the people here. to Panama on the Pacific, a distance of ful with solemn sweetness, mingle For then the empty functions of so- fifty-nine miles, one could hardly see with the roar of the surf. vinced that here, as 'tis written, "day ciety are hindered not, and public a place where even an attempt was unto day uttereth speech and night events, such as baseball, racings, ten- made at farming. unto night showeth knowledge." Here, his testings, and picnics are seldom may see a "patch" of corn planted in where the flowers blossom and fade in hurried to a finish or marred by the some cranny of a hill-side and which beauty away untouched by the blight sounds of thunder and flash of lightof frost; where folks never wear furs nings that declare that all, no matter cultivated that nothing but a few and where so many have lived and died how interested they may be in a game, scrawny, worm-wasted nubbings on the a frozen stream; where so often and at drenching. There is seldom more than dens of the natives, a few watermelons all times of the year the shouts and a passing shower during the whole of the quality of which is so songs of picknickers are heard, but nev- the dry season, but during the wet seaer, through all the years, the jingle of son it rains nearly every day and squashes and onions and the coarse All outdoor work on the canal is hin-

dered to a great extent during the wet flourish and Such as know not the tropics are season, for laborers, knowing the dis- grow in the Carolinas are found growomfort as well as the danger of getting wet here, quickly seek shelter. morning, noon and night, and it is not farming, it would be impossible to culcrouching for shelter against huge growth of tangled vines, scrubby tree shovels. People not infrequently suf- cate as to make them almost impene-

The uglier seem the clouds that in it

Travel.

Speaking simply, there are many ways of getting along on the Isthmus the little brown donkeys that stagger be earned. Some have just happened along under the weight of their burdens as well as the weight of their masters; the faithful and trusty little pack-horses; the honking automobiles with their smell of gasoline, and the ing than interesting to see how folks literally packed with almost every type sees folks clinging to the railings and standing in every attainable place he

even though he be a beggar clad in a beggar's garb. Even though the Panama railroad charges five cents a mile fare on its road, it makes no effort to find tobacco smoke unpleasant have to "grin and bear it" till the journey is negroes smoking the foul cigarettes

the country is too hilly for traveling by ways. Save where, in a few places, the sthmian Canal Commission has built wheel of carriage to go, and it is chief-

cab-drivers or an auto that goes panthorseback riding, and there are among years old, even to the American offi-

severe kick in the ribs in order to

urge it out of the way of the reckless

the chiefest and prettiest towns of the Isthmus, is built on a cluster of hills; and this cluster of hills is encircled with hills. If one walks much here it

When one who has been to the Isth- make daily visits to commission hospi- electric lights glow.

there are others whose interest societies and Bible Study classes have been organized and hold weekly meetings. And for the benefit of the great sermons are preached in Spanish as well as in English. The Roman Catholic church has been

established on the Isthmus since its first discovery, and practically all of the native population are of that faith. every Sunday, and the bishop of the diocese resides there. In the above have fallen to decay, and the ruins are walls and cover with green the mass

back in the States, Sunday in Panama, the money that should go to buy bread and clothes for the liquid poison that slowly and with a death-like sureness wastes their lives away.

unpalatable potatoes that are so keenly

and dreaded enemy of the farmers-

to follow the little winding foot-paths

nals as wild hogs, deer, wild cat, mon-

warmly and dealt with quite treacher-

shambling across the street of Ancon

none other than a big. fat 'possum-

A much sought for man in the city

ber than those who seek to buy of him.

Some go to the baseball games that are

Some take the morning train for that

conspicuous places, and on Sundays It

the south!

The saloon lights-they beckon all along the way, And the clinking glasses call to men by day: And though little children hunger squalid homes apart,

whisky for a breaking heart.

where the dust of the unswept streets, an average about 265,000 pounds of exof words-home. Many of these places and sews on a tiny garment. Nearby, on an upturned box, can be seen empflies are buzzing and clinging, while on before which half-drunken men stand the father of the child in the cradle, stands and deals out the drinks as the cursing of the men drown in noise the Then as one passes on and comes ously. And only last week an employee was going from his office home about and filth, comes back, and he cannot help believing that should Christ come city of Panama from some vicinal hill as He looked out over the city of Jerusalem that He would weep over Pan-

ama even as He wept over the city outside whose gates He died.

cattle, some of the scrubblest and some The one thing of greatest importance thought about, talked about, written here to work. But even with a knowlcents a pound. But even at these prices, which would seem exorbitant whether the canal is really being dug. in the states, the demand is far great-A very brief visit here would convince them that the great work of digging who are certainly in a position to know dollar a gallon are much fewer in numbrought to a triumphant finish and that where in 1907 men are handling pick and shovel in 1914 the mighty

nal is seldom carried on on Sundays, som of the waters. and though during the day there is heard but seldom the sound of hissing the canal and realizes the immensity of in other places to have thrust upon him does not hesitate to say that so great the proof that the great mass of people here give very little heed and no obepeaceful, and mingled with the songs of the birds is that "sound of gentle needs but to feel the very earth tremstillness" everywhere. But as the day ble beneath his feet as the blasting is grows old and one hears the stir and done, and to see the huge expectant bustle of those "on pleasures tenths of the people it is spent more as that in the "big ditch" dirt as well as a day of revelry than as a day of rest. rock and other things are flying.

at the Panama lottery, or drink the day of the steam shovels—the machines so away in going the rounds of the saloons. Others gun in hand, are off to a-tive-ness" in the peppery sounds of looks upon the Panama canal as one the hills, while still others go to glory the hammers and picks; a dogged per-

inspiring sight at evening when, at the is a very usual thing to hear the cracks first sound of the "work-no-more" of the bats and the wild, delirious whistle, picks and shovels are placed "city of roses," but a shouts of the "rooters" and the cheer- away and the grumbling of the steam that the streets "are only alleys

Here no "whoa-haw" and "gee" of chaplains on duty; and besides these carried on. On Sundays folks with barely 100,000 inhabitants.



J. P. MORGAN. the canal to photograph the steam cars that they may be hauled off and which is very low). Most of the blasting done in the "big ditch" is where genace against the embankment that seems so slow in crumbling away. One may get some conception of the great Colonel Latimer, who wears an eyemount of blasting that is done when

grand total of 1,838,486 cubic yards. said that without the dredges no digging, and without the steam shovels no accomplishment.

At present there are 36,000 workmen (6,000 of whom are Americans) employed on the canal, and all are regarded as performing excellent service Yesterday, as I sat with my pupil in under the division of authority that is effective and time saving. And so ing the sun sinking behind a headland, some, knowing this, have enthusiastically predicted that the Panama canal can be completed in five years time at a cost of \$100,000,000 less than the tion comes, also, the assertion that licoming to that end. The members of lately happened to him-I heard Mrs. the appropriations committee of congress after a recent visit here, returned professing themselves pleased with the progress made on the great ditch, satisfied with the methods in vogue, and pledging that a half decade will see the canal an accomplished fact. The abashed: nen now in control are saying but little, but they are performing remark-

Sanitary conditions here are proon Monkey Hill, where thousands of telling papa something, and she was the world's unknown, wos toiled and died here, lie sleeping in the silence of voiceless death. In the days and years here-at least, it will divert his when the French worked here, the thoughts from that dreadful matter. And some in the cemetery on Monkey Hill and at sent me away." down on the same spot and, as it door opened, and Basil Hawkstone engraves, fresh and flowerless, where on that day men who had died of yellow ever had been covered in that last wakeless sleep. But now it is different. nknown. The water supply is splendid and the health of the workers is at

weeping and the voice of agony go up work like this some one must suffer and some must die. Some who have ome here in all the beauty of physical look! Has anybody dared to annoy nanhood have left as cripples with you?" twisted limbs. Some who, strong of nuscles and sound of limb, have gone masses of ried back at night crushed and helpless as babes. Others, bent in toil, when they thought not of danger, have given But, as 'tis said, all these must needs

e that the canal may be finished; and though hundreds toil and suffer and die triumph shall be the end of it all. And in those days, the days of brother is engaged?" the centuries, all these things will have pulled off with a great deal of betting pile-drivers; and above all the din to life and so long as men shrink from Sutton?" I faltered. and no little carousing. On nearly there seems to be a note of triumph in death, these toils, these tears, these every Saturday during the dry season, the screaming and shricking of scores sufferings and these deaths will be posters with the announcement that a of whistles all through the clamorous honored by those who have known struggles or gloried in triumphs.

ROBERT G. LEE

Ispahan, Persia, is known as the stone, can you tell me where he now is thresome; but if one but saddle his horse and ride over the hills afar and horse and ride over the hills afar and by saddle his religious the religious the religious the religious the religious the religious the religious that the streets are only aneys because as everywhere is heard tween two high walls, without a sin-But, notwithstanding this, religious the sound of homeward hurrying feet gle window or opening to be seen— direct communication with him, then?" Tempest Island, and a powerful friend services are held regularly on Sundays -some to the dirty hovels, some to the merely here and there a low, narrow Zone. The Isthmian Canal Commission where at night the tiny candles flick- The ground is thickly coated with me for a long time!" maintains a corps of chaplains whose er, and others to the inviting homes dust, the streets are rarely straight duties are to hold their services, to builded by the commission, where the and never have they got any name. The sense of ruin is everywhere-here

PRINCE LUCIFER

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER XX.

Jetta Speaks Again

September is reddening the island woods. Nearly three weeks have passed since the night of Hawkstone's reurn, and lo! a wonderful change has come to Tempest Island. An army of invaders is in full possession of everything here-stlyish, well-dressed invaders, of the best possible manners. They came down upon us "like the wolf on the fold." Our quiet is gone

"There was never anything like it in ny time," says Mrs. Otway. "I reoice that Mr. Hawkstone can find it n his heart to gather these people about him-to look the world in the face again."

The long-closed guest-chambers are lung wide open. Yachts ride in the elegant gentlemen lounge in the stone noors on Hawkstone's blooded horses magnificence. Indeed, life has become

But not for Jetta Ravenel, the gov steam shovel will easily and deftly and I keep mostly to the schoolroom. 189 cubic feet (taking weight of rock at more so by her infirmity, shuns her gathered, and all eyes were fixed on The child, timid by nature, and made only 3,000 pounds to the cubic yard, father's guests, almost as much as I do. Vincent Hawkstone is here, thrusting Vincent has brought friends with

him from Whithaven-among them, a

ne is told that for an output of 850,000 glory in the tented field, and a blonde cubic yards of dirt and rock it takes on young man named Dudley, Vincent's partner in law. Yachtsmen are here, and fashionable matrons with fair the Nile, a Whithaven judge with two Of the 1,838,486 cubic yards, 1,816,439 stylish daughters, a dashing brunette cubic yards were taken from the canal widow from Gotham, named Mrs. Van prism; and 1,033,719 cubic yards by the Dorn, and I know not how many more. steam shovels; also, 732,720 cubic Daily Mrs. Otway tells me of new aryards by dredges. So truly it may be rivals, but as these people are nothing to me, I find it difficult to remember their names. In the midst of all the

festive confusion, I seek only to be left alone with little Bee. Our schoolroom has old-fashioned windows, with deep, cushioned seats. one of these comfortable nooks, watch-

the child said: came over in a yacht from Newport last night, with a valet and a young \$230,000,000 sought. With this predic- lady. The servants brought him up to the house. He is a particular friend of get another wrap—I feel a chill." beral financial support will be forth- papa's, and some dreadful thing has Otway say so."

"You should not listen to conversation that is not intended for your ears,

My pupil paid no heed to this oft

repeated rebuke, but continued, unhis room-he must be very bad; but I saw the young lady walking in the

porch with papa this morning. She is ounced perfect, and as a result a new tall and fair and she loves dogs. Her nade grave is scarcely ever seen out name is Doris Rokewood. She was would be better for Mr. Sutton to come Oh, Mr. Hawkstone, he is determined nany mornings in succession the sun to let justice take its course'— Then yould shine upon a plot of green grass papa saw that I was listening, and he

Before I could reply, the schoolroom

"You have turned hermitess since my guests came, Miss Ravenel," he said,

the way of so many awe-inspiring peo-

He approached our window with an unwonted gentleness in his cold, stern

probably find my guests anything but awe-inspiring. How depressed you

I felt the blood leap to my face. "No; I am anxious about my-I mean

"Your brother?" "How do you know that?" "You have no living relative but a all my heart!" rother. My mother made me ac-

quainted with your history long ago." I looked him full in his gray eyes. you have a Miss Rokewood among your peared in the walk, and Miss Rokewood horseshoe gate under the pear-tree, guests. Is this the lady to whom my

He seemed ill at ease "Yes. She is here with her guardian; but the engagement is off." My heart sank.

"And is Gabriel still secretary to Mr "No." replied Hawkstone, gravely.

I leaned involuntarily against the window seat.

I shook my head in a forlorn way.

versation. "Miss Ravenel, will you do fatuation for Mademoiselle Zephyr is now amounts to about drawing-room tonight and play for my ers of which I have not been told? a ton and as low as 30 cents. Some guests? I sometimes find it difficult with a heavy heart I set about

to amuse such a company, particularly as I am not a society man."

I was his servant. He had the right

to command my time and talents, so

I answered, "Certainly!" and he thanked me and went away. I took tea with Bee in Mrs. Otway's room. Then I saw the child safely in do you hide yourself here?"—glancing bed, and having dressed myself in plain black, with no ornament save a cluster

ed to the drawing-room. It was full of people, laughing and talking like magpies. A little hush fell as I entered. Vincent Hawkstone was lounging near the plano, also a dark, elegant man with an eyeglass-

Colonel Latimer. Vincent gave me a long, devouring look, and presently came forward with a blonde girl in inner-dress of blue brocade. "Miss Ravenel," he said, wickedly, "here is a lady whom you ought to

know. Doubtless you have heard her name before-Doris Rokewood." bowed without a word. She was as white as a sheet. Gabriel's former bethat moment Hawkstone advanced and t through. Music has always been my particular passion, and I did my best

judge to the colonel with the eyeglass, "that's the sort of music to make old fellows like you and me young again!" Others songs followed. Compliments poured upon me from every side-queer whispers, also, reached my ears in the

"Where the deuce did Hawkston find such a handsome creature?" "Why hasn't he shown her before, sly dog?" "She's no end of a beauty." "And Vin- I say." cent's off his head about her!" "Wonder if we shall be allowed to have her

my shoulder. Her blonde face had ing it over land and tenants. He is grown gentle and gracious. I fancied unique, superb—the most fascinating

for the pleasure you have given me," And then she turned, as though she could not trust herself to say more, and vanished in the crowd.

Wednesday .- I descended to the garden this morning to gather a few they heard that!" flowers for the schoolroom. In a sheltered walk leading down the terraces to the old sea-wall, I heard the rumble of light wheels, and a thin, rasping voice saving:

"Go back to the house, Parker, and

"And leave you alone, sir?" "Yes, yes. Make haste! Would you have me get my death in this damp

looked, and saw, a few yards from the afford a second mistake of that sort. spot where I stood, an invalid chair, and in it a small man in a velvet skullcap, with a worn, sickly face as yellow as parchment. Hawkstone's dogs were frisking around the chair, and one, a huge English mastiff, jostled it so vio-

"Hi, there!" cried the sick man, as "Jane, Sarah, Maggie!—whatever your am that. You see, he is the sun round he espied my dress in the shrubbery. will you?"

blank way. "Beg pardon, young lady," he mut-

tered; "I saw only your dress, and mistook you for a servant." "You were not very far wrong sir," answered, cheerfully, "for I am lit-

tle Bee Hawkstone's governess." His cadaverous face put on a look that appalled me. I thought he was about to have a fit.

"Gabriel Ravenel's sister?" he roared. 'Don't come near me! Take your Bee. hands off my chair! Take yourself out of my sight!"

"If I do that," I answered, "you will Permit me to stay by you till your attendant returns. I fear you are very,

very angry with poor Gabriel!" His curious yellow face was con-"Poor Gabriel!" he sneered.

dare you mention his name in my presence. Girl, do you really love that unspeakable scoundrel?" "Do I love my one, only brother?" answered, indignantly. "Yes, sir, with

"Then, by my soul, I pity you!

pity you"just then Parker, the colored valet, ap- dials. As I did so a man opened the with him. As the latter espied me by and stood by my side. It was Vincent her guardian's chair, she darted for Hawkstone.

ward in lively alarm. "Guardy! dear guardy," she implor

"I have said nothing, Doris," he an-Parker, and move on."

"You must not mind Mr. Sutton,"

"I cannot!" he answered, in evident heart. I am glad, Miss Ravenel, that in Basil Hawkstone."

daily task. From the schoolroom window I saw Basil Hawkstone riding out rough the horseshoe gate with Miss Rokewood, both superbly mounted, and ollowed by a half-score of dogs. He ooked up and lifted his hat to me, grand as Sir Lancelot riding down to towered Camelot. The sunlight poured on his kingly head, his bronzed, scarred cheek, his magnificent figure. Then went on, and a few moments after I heard the swish of soft garments, the click of French heels, and that pretty runette widow, Mrs. Van Dorn, came flashing into my schoolroom.

TERMS ... \$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

"Have I discovered your den at last?" she laughed-she has beautiful white teeth, and she laughs continually. "I fell desperately in love with you last night in the drawing-room, my dear. So did everybody. As for the gentlemen, individually and collectively, you have quite turned their heads. contemptuously around my little king-"Beauty like yours was never born to be wasted on the desert air of

such a rookery as this." Bee was in the midst of a lesson. As politely as possible I tried to explain to Mrs. Van Dorn that I did not receive

"I have not tolled up two flights of stairs to be lightly driven away," she said, as she shook out the ribbons and You poor thing! I know that the life of a governess is far from gay. I had growing up, and I give you my word I made things uncommonly lively for all of them. Did you see Mr. Hawkstone look through these windows sometimes. a female Damon and Pythias; but really, she amazes me. Hearts are caught perfectly still, even in the furthest corin a scandalous way. He admires ners: but around the piano a crowd blondes-his wife was of that typeyou and I, unluckily, are brunettes."

"I beg you will allow me to proceed with my lesson, 'Mrs Van Dorn," I began, but she waved her bejeweled

hand, and went on, undaunted: "Every marriageable female in the house seems to be cherishing designs against Hawkstone. I call it outrageous. Has that little plicher big ears?

"She certainly will," I answered. "How awkward!" laughed Mrs. Van

Life here has a foreign flavor. Prince found Doris Rokewood standing at Lucifer is like an English baron, lord-Ravenel, I heard an odd thing last enel," she said. "Let me thank you night after you left the drawing-room. lected to be Hawkstone's wife—that you were brought from the south for that very fate. You should have seen how jealous all the ladies grew when

She gave me a look so shrewd and penetrating that I felt my cheeks burn. "Mrs. Van Dorn, you must not speak of such matters before my pupil," I

"It is true, then?" she cried, triumphantly. "Yes, I see. You lost the post of island lady, and so accepted the humbler one of governess? Well, that pects Hawkstone to make an ambitious marriage the next time. No man can enough"-

I started for the door, drawing Bee with me. Mrs. Van Dorn arose. "Nous verrons!" she yawned. "Since make you so uncomfortable, Miss lently that it began to roll down the Ravenel, I will leave you. I am going out sailing with our island lord when he returns from his gallop. He professes to admire a good sailor, and I

> fire at which more than one little moth seems determined to singe her foolish wings." And then she went away. An hour or two later I saw Hawkstone return from his ride with Doris Rokewood-saw him lift her from the saddle, she blushing and laughing at sweep down the garden walk to meet him, with hands full of autumn asters black eyes shining; but I did not want to look longer. I turned from the win-

The afternoon shadows were stretching long in the garden when Mrs. Otway brought to the schoolroom an inroll down the walk and come to harm. vitation for Bee and her governess to join a gypsy tea-party on the rocks.

dow, and hurried back to my books and

"Mr. Hawkstone bade me say, 'Will you do him the favor to come, Miss Ravenel," she said. "He is waiting for you in the porch."

My heart leaped into my throat, and then sank back like lead. "I have a headache, Mrs. Otway," I answered. "Bee may go, but I can-

And Bee went, in the care of Doris Rokewood, and I remained alone in the schoolroom till twilight began to gather, then I descended to the deserted garden, and sat down by the ancient

Members of parliament and officials of the house of commons are gratuitously supplied with snuff, swered, grimly. "Give me the wrap, \$1,000 a year being set apart for its purchase. The snuffbox is kept at the The valet obeyed. To my surprise, entrance to the house, and all are free Miss Rokewood caught me in her arms to replenish their private store. Fortimates as such, but to ward off the 'My poor, foolish boy! Oh, Mr. Hawk- she said, in a hysterical way. "He is objection aroused by improving habits not the ogre that he appears. Under the charge of \$1,000 was mixed up all his harshness he carries a kind or covered in the estimates as "lamp

* Minnesota derives an annual income of more than \$1,000,000 from its ore leases, which will increase rap-"Oh, no! Gabriel has not written to She went on after the wheeled chair, idly as time passes. The money goes leaving me puzzled and miserable. into a school fund, of which only the "My poor child, do not break your Plainly, Gabriel is in the deepest dis- interest is available, but all that goes heart over him," he began, and then grace with his kinsman and former paused abruptly, and changed the conpaused abruptly, and changed the con- friend, Mr. Sutton. I wonder if his in- dergartens to the university. The fund me the favor to come down to the his only sin, or has he committed oth- The royalties run as high as 75 cents