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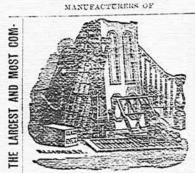
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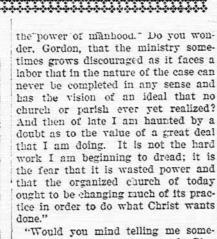
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"Would you mind telling me some thing in detail what you mean? Give me a page out of your day's work." Gordon asked with genuine interest. Falmouth was going through a crisis in his church life, and Gordon was beginning to have more than a very strong personal feeling for him.

with an air of relief. "Take yesterday as an example. The morning started off with a miscellaneous correspondence that took about fifty minutes. Then I worked on my Sunday morning sermon for an hour. At the end of that time I had to leave the study to hunt up a boy whose mother wrote me about his being sick at a boarding house on Ross street. I had to go in the morning because of engagements that filled every minute of my afternoons for the next two weeks. I found the young fellow in desperate condition, brought about by his own sin. It was a case that could not be turned over to others. I shall feel obliged to go and see him often, in order to meet the appeal of that mother. Back to my study in time to write a little on an address for next meeting of our local asquite near the church, and I was not asked to go out to the cemetery. The people were strangers to me and were in great trouble. Went back to the study to get word to our visiting committee to see this family as soon as possible. By the time that was done I started for the county hospital on Burke street to visit one of my church nembers, very seriously ill there. At 5 o'clock I was back at the church, where a committee of my Endeavor society had a special meeting to revise their constitution and to plan for the winter's campaign, and wanted my presence and advice. Owing to the

on Park avenue. Mrs. Falmouth was unable to go with me on account of the illness of one of our boys. When I left the wedding party, it was 9 o'clock. As I was getting into the carriage to go home a messenger boy brought a message asking me to call at the hospital, as my parishioner was in a critical condition and might die before morning. I went at once and stayed until midnight, when the patient's condition grew better, and I left for home. When I reached home, I found my wife sitting up with the boy, who had become quite sick. I sent her until he was better. Early this morning I was sent for by the family at whose place the funeral was held, asking me to call this morning, as one of the members of the family was in a serious condition. I called, and when I got to my study it was after 10 o'clock. It is Wednesday, and only a part of my next Sunday morning sermon is completed. I have not even selected a text for the evening sermon. The subject of my prayer meeting is Best Methods of Modern Bible Study.' I have partly prepared the service. I have three committee meetings tomorrow afternoon and an address in the evening on the 'Duty of Good Citizens In the Coming Municipal Campaign.' This is before the mass meeting arranged by the committee of fifty. There are five or six families in my parish in great need of my personal visitation, and two occurred yesterday, which deaths means funeral services tomorrow. My assistant has been on the sick list for nearly a month, and the church, of course, cannot well supply his place, although volunteers are doing some of his work. I am not complaining, Gordon. I have some of the best men and women in the city in my church membership. They are loyal and true, and

any man might well be proud of their "I am not complaining either about the bewildering number of calls on my time and sympathy from strangers and people entirely outside of my parish. It the un-Christian part of the community It is all a part of the profession which ten years younger. One of the young I deliberately chose. A doctor might as well complain that his work brings him face to face all the time with physical pain as the minister complain that his work brings him constantly an ten years ago." into the presence of sin sickness and spiritual ruin. This is what every true ministry means and always will mean, and the man who wants to shirk all that had better never enter the bus!ness of preacher and pastor. But the doubt that lately has begun to torment me is the doubt that all this that I am doing in and through the church is worth while doing through that organization. My ideals are constantly disap-With the exception of the minority that can be found in almost every church I am obliged to confess that my views of the real work a church ought to do are not accepted by my people, and I am going on with the pressure on me of all this miscellane ous machinery of service, tormented with the question, Is the church, after all, the best organization for doing work for humanity, or is the church even approximately doing the things

the service that I shrink from. I am

laid his hand affectionately on Paul just what else to say. His thought of the church had coincided too closely with the minister's to enable him to

seemed to need defense in the face of Falmouth's doubts. The minister smiled at Gordon rather

"I may be tired at present, but that does not account for my present position. Don't let it vex you," he added quickly. "I ought not to have delivered my little woe here. This house is the center of its own peculiar sorrows. God forbid that I should introduce into it my own selfish egotism or even my personal struggles for light in my own

"Always room for one more, I am sure," Gordon protested, but Falmouth the discussion. He had risen to go when Miss Andrews entered with a glow on her face that struck both men as a new look.

"Read that?" she said, putting a letter into Gordon's hand. The letter was from Mrs. George Ef-

fingham.

My Dear Miss Andrews-Pardon my delay in answering your beautiful letter. My grandson has been very ill, and the care of him has confined me constantly at his bedside. I am not quite as young as I used to be and begin to feel the weight of my years on my body, though my soul is still fresh and vigorous, thank God.
So poor Mr. Barton has passed on. shall enjoy having time enough to make his acquaintance over there. He was a brave and noble soul and is now enjoying his reward. I do not know that you were at all acquainted with him, of ourse, but it was, as you know, through his correspondence that I first was influ enced to think of your particular work as worthy place into which a little money might go for humanity's cake. In one sense therefore, he is the real donor of whatever seems to come from me.
On condition that my name is not used

anywhere on any buildings that may be erected and also on condition that the pa-pers do not get hold of the matter and ask for my photograph, with a biograph-ical sketch, I would like to give \$100,000 to Hope House to use in any way you and workers think best. When you have used that up, I will give another hundred thousand to be spent in the same or in any other manner you may decide.

Now, my dear friend, don't draw up any esolutions of thanks. Just simply cash the check I have today deposited with the Bank of Commerce and use it as quick as ou can to help those poor little children. don't see, myself, what you can do to better or brighten their lives very much. You said in your letter to me that the tenement house conditions themselves were getting worse all the time. If you put in parks and playgrounds, it will only help the situation in the way of relieving misery. It won't remove the cause of misery, will it? But the Lord knows that in this world of all kinds of trouble we are to do the best we can under condi-

tions as they are and hope some time to sociation. Home to dinner. Funeral get deep enough down to humanity's sin at 2 o'clock. The place happened to be and suffering so as to reach the real causes of human trouble and remove thom. When we get to that place, I am con-vinced we shall simply find that God and nan have got to work together like good friends to bring about results. With the best of wishes to you in your oble work and with prayers that those

children may have some good times to make up for all they suffer, I am heartily your friend, MRS. CAPT. GEORGE EFFINGHAM. John Gordon had read the letter

aloud so that Falmouth could hear, as Miss Andrews said she wanted him to know the good news. When Gordon finished, Falmouth exclaimed: "Well, if that isn't a tonic to restore one's faith in humanity! Two hundred thoutold; been living in the slums for a failure of part of the committee to be sand dollars! Why, Miss Andrews, prompt it was 6:30 before I left the you can work miracles with all that

"I could use a million without touching much more than the edge of all this misery," she said quickly, and then added with a self accusing tone: "God forgive me! What am I saying? This great gift from this old lady will save hundreds-yes, thousands-of lives. We can work miracles with it. We can do wonders, Mr. Gordon."

She was trembling with unusual emotion. It is nothing to be wondering about, good men and women in the cities. This great soul is beginning to see some gleam of light piercing the heavy blackness of childhood. Her soul is straining at the thought of the lessening of even some small degree of pain and anguish, as they have smitten

her these many, many dreary years. "It's like a story," Gordon said, while his eye gleamed and his figure tingled with the excitement of the news. "The first time I saw the old lady I had a dim idea that she was not real, but a sort of incarnation of some character in a novel that was too good to be simple fiction. After reading her letters I am sure my theory is true."

"Then maybe the check she mentions as being in the bank is fiction, too," Falmouth suggested. "And the next thing you know the old lady will vanish, and you will have to hunt for her in the pages of some colonial romance to which she has returned."

"Heaven forbid!" Gordon answered gravely, as if he actually feared it might be true.

Miss Andrews smiled. "I was in the Bank of Commerce this morning and was informed of the deposit there. So whether Mrs. Captain George Effingham is real or not, her check is certified as good for the amount." She laughed at the look of actual relief in

John Gordon's face. "It seems too good to be true," Gordon said, returning the laugh. "If I were an author, I would put the old lady into a book, if she has not already been immortalized. But you cannot persuade me that she is just ordinary flesh and blood."

Before night every one in Hope House knew of the great gift of \$200,is a compliment to the ministry that 000 to the settlement. The little group of residents at the supper table was turns to the church and the preacher in a fine state of excitement. Plans for comfort and help. All these things | were discussed for redemption of sur-I accepted when I entered the profes- roundings that would have shamed the sion. I would be a fool to act the baby | wildest tales of Aladdin and the slaves now that heavy burdens of trouble in of the magic lamp. Miss Andrews, other people's lives are rolled upon me. seated at the head of the table, looked

women spoke of it to John Gordon. "Do you notice how handsome Miss Andrews looks tonight? She must have been a remarkably striking wom-

"Not more so than now, do you think?" Gordon did not intend that the head of the house should hear, and supposed that the noise of general conversation at table had made it impossible for her to catch either the question or the answer. But a faint color appeared in Miss Andrews' cheeks as she turned to the young woman and said, with a laugh, "When I was as young as you, my dear Miss Hammond, I assure you I was quite noted for my good looks."

"We all think you have renewed your youth, Miss Andrews," Gordon spoke, and Ford led off a pleasant ripple of applause by saying "Hear! Hear!"

in its expression of joy over the new opportunity to help suffering humanity

Falmouth's arm. He did not know asking himself whether Miss Andrews had ever had a romance in her life.

The question went without an answer; indeed it was not much more than a vague suggestion prompted by come to the defense of the church as it Miss Andrews' appearance during the evening of that eventful day, and the next moment Gordon was busy talking over the innumerable plans and projects eagerly discussed at the table for using to best advantage the wonderful gift from the old sea captain's widow

"It all comes back to parks and playgrounds," was Miss Andrews' summing up when they had all had their say about the disposal of the money. "My heart has ached long enough at the sight of childhood's misery. can lessen its duration even if we cannot remove its cause. I know some of shook his head and refused to continue | you people have got model tenements on the brain. That's all right and good enough, but it's not the end and aim of our work entirely. Let us give starved nature a chance at nature itself. The first hundred thousand for breathing spaces, flowers, water, grass, trees; the next for buildings, additions to Hope House-what you will."

with Miss Andrews and Miss Hammond, who, next to Miss Andrews, had been the longest at Hope House, sat down to make a definite and positive plan for the transformation of the burned out district into an oasis for the desert of Bowen street that still was gone several minutes. When she swarmed with wretched and desperate

The evening that was marked by Hope House as a turning in its affairs large enough to be called a crisis Mrs. Constance Penrose was having a sharp | go with us?" interview with her nephew, Archie

"You are your own master of course, Mrs. Penrose was saying to her nephew, who lounged carelessly in one of the bow windows of the drawing room, "but at the rate you are going you will soon exhaust your resources. You are a spendthrift not only of your money, but of your health, which is worth more than money." "Oh, that's all right, Aunt Con-

stance," Archie answered, yawning. "I know when to stop." "Every gambler has said the same

"I'm no gambler, aunt." "You are. You stake your reputation and the good name of the family every

"What have I done to catch all this? Archie looked annoyed and also a little afraid. There was one person in the world who had the power to stir

fear in him, and that person was his

Aunt Constance. "You have never done anything. What have you ever done, Archie Penrose, to dignify or ennoble the name you bear. To your father's credit, if he was a money grubber he at least had a business. He actually did something besides hunt for pleasure all the time. You-you have no business. You waste every energy God gave you in senseless expenditure of time and means. And, in addition to all the

"If I am a fool to think it, am fool to wish for ic?" Mrs. Penrose stared.

"You don't mean to say you actually love Luella?"

"That's not saying much. Your soul has been reduced to the smallest common denominator."

came out from the bow window and stood in front of her, his hands clinched and his eyes angrily blazing. "What right have you to talk so, to me? How big is your own soul? What do you ever do for anybody but yourself? When it comes to wasting energy, who wastes more than you in what you call senseless ways? I may be useless and all that, but I don't toady to a lot of good for nothings like the Fourneys and the Carlisles and the Cranstons just to get into Washington circles next season." He was treading on dangerous ground now, for he had touched his aunt's real weakness as a society woman, and she was in the mood to be deeply angered at what he said. But he went on recklessly, and before he finished Mrs. Penrose had settled back again into the easy, care-

"I know what you invited the Fourneys here for the other night when that ass Emory and Gordon got off their stuff about the slums. But all that is of no account to me. You have no business to interfere with my affairs with Luella. That's my own business. If I can get her consent, I am going to marry her."

"It is kind of you to get her consent, Archie," his aunt said, with quiet

"You have no right to interfere," he said sullenly. "I don't mind saying I love her, and I am going to have her for my wife if it is possible."

"She will never have you. She loves peated the familiar prayers beginning a far better man than you ever can be, Archie Penrose."

"Who? John Gordon? He's a crank. Luella has broken with him." "Yes, her eyes looked it the other night. Did you see how her eyes followed Gordon all the evening?"

Penrose was in a torture of jealousy. He almost cried: "No, she didn't! I tell you she's broken with him."

you. Luella Marsh has too much sense to put her life into the hands of a man plague, pestilence and famine; from batwho never lifted his finger to help make a better world." • "You have set me the example by

your own conduct," the young man and schism; from hardness of heart and contempt of thy Word and Commandsneered feebly. He walked back into the bow window and sullenly turned his back on his aunt.

as the cause of most of the misery great privilege we go our ways with colossal egotism and monstrous selfishness, shirking all duties and burdens of citizenship and flinging our money into a riotous and demoralizing luxury of life that inflames the passions of the

vast inequality of human existence. "It is a fact, Archie, that we rich people, with a few noble exceptions so

ing to Hope House John Gordon was We have no place for service in our

enemies, persecutors, and slanderers, and

to turn their hearts; We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord. That it may please thee to give and preserve to our use the kindly fruits of the earth, so that in due time we may

enjoy them; We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord. That it may please thee to give us true repentance, to forgive us all our sins, negligences, and ignorances, and to endue us with the grace of thy Holy Spirit to nd our lives according to thy holy

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord. Son of God, we beseech thee to hear us. Son of God, we beseech thee to hear us. O Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world; Grant us thy peace.

O Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world: Have mercy upon us.

She whispered the words over in a sort of sobbing chant that found her at the close saying, "Have mercy upon me," instead of "us," And with the word she flung her arms over the desk and laid her head down on the book, crying convulsively.

The magnificent surroundings of that gorgeously furnished room gleamed all around her as she kneeled there, for the time being as wretched a soul as that sorrow smitten city housed, sunk in the horrible depth of a self accusation that was already a present day judgment, warning her of a future and smiting her to the earth with terror at the thought of a whole lifetime of power misdirected, of a wealth and social influence abused for selfish ends. When Luella called next day, she found Mrs. Penrose in fine spirits.

Archie had already arrived and was nervously walking up and down the drawing room. "There is no question about your love

for Luella?" Mrs. Penrose asked as the bell rang and Luella's step was heard

in the hall. Archie gave his aunt a look that

made her laugh in his face. "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die," she said carelessly as she turned to greet Luella.

Luella was in a state of unusual excitement. The prospect of seeing John Gordon and Hope House entered into the situation. The prospect of seeing Miss Andrews was perhaps a larger factor, for Penrose had in his fashion hinted of a possible interest on John Gordon's part toward this gifted wo-"Yes. We'll start from here promptman who had given her life to the people. So, for these two reasons, Luella was unusually excited, but in addition was the whole situation, which she realized was not yet by any means decided in her relation to John Gordon. "No need. You do all that is neces-She was apparently no nearer the sacsary without any help." She had evirifice of her social position than when dently not forgotten his indictment of ne had made that the test of her love. But none the less certain was it that she resented, as she had a right to do, the suggestion that John Gordon might give his love to some other woman, possibly to this one whom she had never seen, whom she was going to see spoke almost brutally, coming back now, why she did not know, aside from into the room. "If you feel that way, a certain curiosity that longed to be why do you ask me to go with her and satisfied.

As the carriage entered Bowen street all three of them looked with different degrees of interest at the sight of the double decker. Heaps of rubbish still covered the entire burned area, and the same melancholy groups of children were scattered about playing over the ruins. At the farther end of the area some men were taking measurements and talked carnestly. Among the men Luella thought she saw John Gor-

Going in through the archway which had bent over so much human trouble and sacrifice, they were greeted in the broad hall by Miss Andrews herself, who was just passing through to the library and stopped to greet the visitors as she saw them coming in.

"I am very glad to see you," she said simply as she shook hands with them all. "Will you come into the library? Our little front parlor has been turned into a hospital ward since the fire."

They all went in and sat down, while Miss Andrews thanked Luella for her gift, saying, "I ought perhaps to have called instead of acknowledging your kindness by letter, but my excuse for not doing so has been the work here." "Oh, I did not expect anything more," Luella murmured. What was the secret of Grace Andrews' power? She felt something more than common in this woman at once. While she was silently trying to analyze the matter Mrs. Penrose was asking questions.

"But you have not been here much longer than twelve years?" "Fifteen years next spring." "Pardon me, Miss Andrews, are you

related to the Clay-Andrews family of Baltimore?" "Mrs. Hamilton Andrews of Baltimore was my father's own cousin." "Then you belong to the Claytons of

West Virginia?". "One branch of the Claytons married

into the family." Mrs. Penrose pushed her inquiries one question further. "Wasn't your mother known all

Miss Rodney of Baltimore?" "Yes," Miss Andrews answered quietly. "If you know my family history, Mrs. Penrose, why do you ask me all

through the south as the beautiful

this?" The woman of the slums and the woman of the boulevard faced each other, and it was the society woman who felt abashed in the presence of her sister, who had given up so much to gain apparently so little.

"Pardon me, Miss Andrews, now that I have placed you, I cannot help wondering how you came to leave such a splendid social position for-for"-"For such a splendid social opportu-

nity?" Miss Andrews smiled her rare smile. And then in answer to Mrs. Penrose she recited softly George Mac-Donald's verses with a power that went deep home to Luella and made even Archie Penrose stop his nervous fidgeting, although he did not comprehend the meaning of the verses to the three women.

I said, I will walk in the fields. God said, Nay, walk in the town. said. There are no flowers there. He said, No flowers but a crown.

I said, But the fogs are thick and clouds are veiling the sun.

He answered, But hearts are sick and souls in the dark undone.

said. But the skies are black; there is nothing but noise and din. And he wept as he led me back. There is He said. There is sin.

I said, I shall miss the light, and friends will miss me, they say. He answered, Choose ye tonight if I must

miss you or they. I pleaded for time to be given. He said, Is it hard to decide?

It will not seem hard in heaven to follow the steps of your guide. There was a moment of intense still-

ness when she had finished. There was a hint of tears in Mrs. Penrose's That it may please thee to preserve all who travel by land or by water, all womeyes. Luella sat with her hands in her lap gazing at Miss Andrews intently. If John Gordon should love this other woman, would it not be the simple attraction of one soul that has obeyed the voice that says "follow me," at the cost of physical things, drawing another soul that is also living in obedience to the same voice?

> Miss Andrews suddenly rose and went to one of the windows that looked

out over the burned district. "Excuse me. I am, of course, specially interested in our plans at present. Mr. Gordon, with some of the residents, has been looking over the ground with reference to our new park. You have heard of our recent good fortune? We are living in a high state of excitement down here. A friend has given us \$200,000, and we are trying to see how much fun we can have in spending it. If you will come here, I can point out our proposed plan, or would you like to go out there? We

back. "We shall be interested to go outside and look over the plan there," Mrs. Penrose assented, and they all passed out and walked slowly down toward the group of men who were at the end of the street, opposite the block that had been the last to burn. As they drew nearer one of the men left the group and came down toward them. It was John Gordon, and even at that distance it was very evident that he was unusually roused about something. He was so absorbed in the matter that was exciting him that when he met Miss Andrews with her visitors

can look over the house when we come

for the first moment he spoke to her as if he did not recognize the others. "That scoundrel, Tommy Randall, Miss Andrews! Do you know what he has succeeded in doing?"

He had said that much when he realized who the visitors were. But even then the passion of the information he had come to give Miss Andrews was so strong that he simply bowed to Mrs. Penrose and Luella as if he were in the habit of meeting them every day in Bowen street, and nodded to Penrose, as if Penrose was a familiar sight in the neighborhood of Hope House.

"What has Tommy Randall done now?" Miss Andrews questioned, with a faint smile. "Tommy Randall does the heavy tragedy in Ward 18," she said to Mrs. Penrose.

"Randall has bought up lots all over this burnt district. He has closed contracts for half a dozen double deckers like the one Mr. Marsh had put up, John Gordon continued, entirely un mindful of Luella, or, at least, careless of the effect of what he said upon her. 'He has worked all this time we have been discussing the park plan. But how could we do anything?" Gordon spoke in despair, addressing Miss Anirews as if no one else were present We only had the money to purchase anything last night. We never dreamed that anything would get in the way of our purchase of at least half the area. Randall has secured his lots all over the district. If he puts up those double deckers, he ought to be arrested for murder. That is what the buildings

Luella flushed and then defiantly ooked at Gordon as he unconsciously said the last words looking at her. The expression on her face smote John Gordon into a sudden realization of all his surroundings. Miss Andrews stood quietly gazing over the dreary pile of rubbish. A man left the group at the point where Gordon had been standing and came walking deliberately toward "It's Tommy Randall. If he attempts

to insult you, Miss Andrews"-As he spoke Gordon laid his finger for a second on Miss-Andrews' arm.

"He will not insult me." "I almost wish he would insult some one so that I could have some excuse for knocking him down," Gordon an-

swered. Neither Miss Andrews nor Luella had ever seen him so angry. Mrs. Penrose watched all this with gleaming eyes. It had become exceedingly interesting to her. Archie was divided between his disgust at the horrible surroundings and his wonder at what would be the result of the encounter between Randall and Miss Andrews. Luelia had no thought for anything except that movement which John Gordon had made as if to protect Miss Andrews. And all of them faced the man as he came up, entirely ignorant of his purpose in seeking an interview, but two of them at least fully aware that, whatever it was, it concealed some evil, and one of them praying in her great, strong heart for some way of deliverance, that her love for the children of her desolate parish

The Bud of a Tree Among the curious things discovered but this new theory-it may, after all, be more theory than fact as yet-shows

the matter in an entirely different light. For example, if a bud be taken from a tree that is twenty-five years old with a natural life of fifty years and grafted on another tree it will not live as long as its parent tree is entitled to live, the

about mistletce is that it is supposed to grow on the oak tree. Mistletoe rarely grows on oaks. Most of it is

Cut Out. Girl - Who was that distinguished looking foreigner that was announced just now? I didn't quite catch the ti-

Other Girl-You won't either. Lil Bullion has made a catch of that.-Chicago

Tribune. The Best He Could Do. Wigg-Before they were married he

Record. If we are long absent from our friends, we forget them; if we are con-

Hazlitt. After a man is fifty you can fool him

Greatly Reduced.

fool him by saying he is pretty or sweet.

-Atchison Globe.

"Well, well, old man! This is quite a change! Last time I saw you you were among the Four Hundred. And now"-"Now I am clean back in fractions."-





"What right have you to talk to me so?" ARTH to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," said Paul Falmouth as he stood by the grave

of Rufus Gordon. Here to await the eneral resurrection in the last day and the appearing of the Lord Jesus Christ." John Gordon, with his sister and their aunt, Mrs. Hester Wayland, Rufus Gordon's only sister, stood on the other side of the grave. Mary was heavily dressed in mourning and clung to John Gordon's arm sobbing. Falmouth offered a brief prayer, pronounced the benediction and then came around to the three and shook hands silently. The crowd of acquaintances hat had known the distinguished financier departed, discussing as they went the future of the business involved by the death, and its relation to the son,

who was a stranger to most of the men

in the city, except as they had read of

"Strange how a man of Gordon's ex-

act methods can neglect such a thing.

his eccentric career at Hope House.

I remember now there was Judge Lewis of the circuit court neglected,' "Gordon isn't the first man to put off attending to a matter of that sort. I suppose the estate goes in absence of

a will to his son?" one of the visiting friends of the broker questioned. "Yes, and the son is a crank, I'm The speaker got into his autofad." mobile, and he and his friends were soon speeding toward the city at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Gordon's fad was a slum. The broker's

fad was a racing machine. There are fads and fads. "I think I could give a guess at Gordon's failure to make a will," quietly remarked another financier, who had

been present at the funeral.

His companion gave him a question-"He didn't have much of anything to will," was the answer. "How's that?" The exclamation expressed great surprise. "Gordon was

one of the solid men of the city." "It may be. But, mark my prophecy, the old man lost his cunning along to- to bed and stayed up with the child ward the last. Those who watched him closest saw signs of breaking down in him more than a year ago. He went too heavily into L. and D. stock. Conway's deal last spring turned out bad for Gordon. No one knows how hard he was hit at the time, but-you watch developments. If

the son gets the house and lots out of what's left, he will do well." "He was not"-"The old man was strictly honorable his relation to all trusts. All he lost was his own, so far as that goes.

But I am much mistaken if he did not lose just about everything." During the week that followed Rufus Gordon's affairs gradually became common material for gossip on the street. Ten days after the body of the "wealthy banker" had been put in the ground the business world knew that, with the exception of his home and a small annuity belonging to his daughter, the wealth of Rufus Gordon had vanished, dissipated in that kind of speculation which borders on gamuling so closely that the most conscientions business men cannot always de-

cide where legitimate business ends and the gambler's luck begins. Down at Hope House Paul Falmouth, who had come in to consult with Miss Andrews about some work his people had volunteered for her, was talking over John Gordon's affairs when he came into the library. Miss Andrews was called out, and the two men were left together. Since Barton's death Gordon had felt drawn toward Fal-There was something very mouth. wholesome and helpful about the man when one came to know the real man beneath the scholarly, refined, deeply

sensitive nature. "Then your father's death will really make little difference with your future? "Very little if any," Gordon answered

gravely. "Mary is going abroad for a

year with Aunt Hester. Poor Mary!

She is just about broken down with all

that has happened." "Then you will keep on here?" "Yes. There is nothing else for me to do. Father's business passes into the receiver's hands. Practically all he had, or all we supposed he had, is gone. Aunt Hester will take Mary into her

home when they return."

"Do you know I have had a great temptation of late, especially since the fire"-he was looking out of the window-"to give up my parish and come down here with you? Gordon's face lighted up. would be a great thing for us! But"-"But a 'cowardly thing for you to

Falmouth was silent a moment. Then

he leaned over and put a hand on John

I am prepared to negotiate loans do." You are right." Fulmouth said quietly. "Why should I run away from the hard work where I am? And yet, Gordon, no man knows, unless he has been in the ministry, the enormous demands on the profession. I am not speaking in boastfulness or complaint serve in the place where it will amount when I say that no profession requires

the power of manhood. Do you won der, Gordon, that the ministry sometimes grows discouraged as it faces a labor that in the nature of the case can never be completed in any sense and has the vision of an ideal that no church or parish ever yet realized? And then of late I am haunted by a doubt as to the value of a great deal that I am doing. It is not the hard work I am beginning to dread; it is the fear that it is wasted power and that the organized church of today

tice in order to do what Christ wants

"It will be talking shop." Falmouth smiled sadly and hesitated. "That's pardonable between friends," Gordon answered, with a look that showed the minister a little further into his affectionate nature.

"Well-you understand all right,"

church. "After supper I had a wedding over

friendship. pointed.

"Thank you all." The head of the house seemed genuinely embarrassed and looked more interesting than ever on account of it. "At this rate another \$100,000 gift would put me back in my teens." that most need to be done? It is not Sne spoke lightly, and her blue eyes filled with wonderful light, so beautiful only filled with a great longing to

So the next day Gordon and Ford,

humanity.

thing.

time you put your health and money up against the world, the flesh and the devil. If you have no respect for your own name, you ought to have some for

rest, you are fool enough to think Luel-

la Marsh will be the wife of the most useless man in the city."

"I do. I love her with all my soul." "Aunt Constance!" The young man

less attitude habitual with her.

prayer book. It was opened at the Lit-

any, and with whispering lips she re-

"If she has, she will never marry

"You're right, Archie," she replied calmly. "It's practically a case of pot and kettle. One is as black as the other. The guilt of nearly all unjust and wretched conditions in this city can without doubt be laid at the door of us rich people, who have the power that wealth can use, and use it for our ambitions. It is probably true that the judgment day will rightly condemn us Grace Andrews and John Gordon are living to relieve. We have it-absolutely in our power to change political and social conditions that create nearly all the human wrongs that exist in society, and instead of exercising that

That it may please thee to have mercy that the whole company was affected rare as to excite constant newspaper Bring your Job Work to The Times office. when I say that no profession requires to something."

You are tired out." John Gordon by it, and for the first time since comthat the whole company was affected by it, and for the first time since comthat the whole company was affected by it, and for the first time since com-

practically all the misery of the city. programme of life. We neither know nor care for the brotherhood. We exist for our own pleasure. And I suppose it

will be no more than fair that in the other world we shall long for a drop of water to cool our tongues while the Lazarus we despised here shall recline in Abraham's bosom. Do you ever think, Archie, of the time coming when things are going to be evened up, when the first shall be last and the last first? Of course God will never permit all this human injustice to continue for-

ever, and he will see to it that our earthly selfishness shall some time or other face some kind of a judgment." Archie turned around and laughed. It was a laugh that made his aunt shudder. It was the laugh of society at its worst, the pagan indifference that for all the centuries has faced humanity's

woes with dance and jest, and flung to the beggar the crumbs of the feast. "Well, aunt, you're a good one! Miss Andrews couldn't do better. Why don't rou offer her your services as lecturer? If you got off all that stuff in the drawing rooms, it would create a sensation, and of course it would fill the contribution boxes when they were passed for

Mrs. Penrose did not answer. She lay back in her chair, her eyes closed, and to Archie's great surprise when she opened her eyes tears were on the lashes. To his added surprise his aunt arose and went out of the room. She came back, she spoke as if nothing had

been said of an unusual nature. "Miss Marsh and I are going down to Hope House tomorrow afternoon to see Miss Andrews and the place. Will you

"To Hope House!" "I said so. Miss Andrews has invited me to come several times. I contributed a little at the time of the fire. So did Luella. Miss Andrews wants us to see what has been done. I have never been down there, neither has Luella. Of course you never have. If you care to go, I'll speak for Luella that she will not object to your escort." "Why, I'll go all right. Tomorrow afternoon?"

ly at 2." "All right." He started to go and then hesitated. "Promise me, aunt, you will not prejudice Luella against me."

her social weakness. "You'll see. Luella Marsh will be my wife one of these days." "She has my sympathy when the day arrives.' "Look here, Aunt Constance!" He

you tomorrow?" "I want you to see some human mis ery before you die. I want you to know that God has some good reason for the judgment he will some time deliver to your selfish soul."

And again he laughed the laugh that

centuries of idle society has not been

"How about yours?"

where Luella goes."

able to soften or civilize. "And mine, too," she answered, with a deep gravity that made her nephew stare in astonishment. "Well, I'll be here at 2," he said as from her. "I don't care

what your reason is, but I'll go any-



He simply bowed. least those who thought they knew her best would have been astonished if they had seen it. She went into her room and kneeled at a little desk upon which lay an open

with the words: From all evil and mischief; from sin; from the crafts and assaults of the devil; from thy wrath, and everlasting damna Good Lord, deliver us. From all blindness of heart; from pride,

vain-glory, and hypocrisy; from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitable-

Good Lord, deliver us. From all inordinate and sinful affec-tions; and from all the deceits of the world, the flesh, and the devil, Good Lord, deliver us. tle and murder, and from sudden death, Good Lord, deliver us. From all sedition, privy conspiracy, and

ebellion; from all false doctrine, heresy,

By the mystery of thy holy rec ma-tior; by thy holy Nativity and C cum-cision; by thy Baptism, Fasting, and Good Lord, deliver us. By thine Agony and Dloody Sweat; by thy Cross and Passion, by thy precious Death and Burial; by thy glorious Resur-rection and Ascension; and by the coming

Good Lord, deliver us.
In all time of our tribulation; in all time of our prosperity: In the hour of

death, and in the day of judgment,

Good Lord, deliver us.

of the Holy Ghost,

Good Lord, deliver us. Then turning the page she went on with the words: We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord. That it may please thee to succor, help, and comfort all who are in danger, necessity and tribulation;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

en in the perils of childbirth, all sick persons and young children; and to show thy pity upon all prisoners and captives; We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord. That it may please thee to defend and provide for the fatherless children, and poor and keeps constantly in sight the widows, and all who are desolate and op-We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

result in.

He was standing close by her, and the movement was perfectly natural. Luella noticed it and was also quick to note the color in Miss Andrews' face as she moved a little away from Gordon and said:

might find expression before God's sunlight and flowers closed to some of them on this earth forever.

[TO BE CONTINUED.] by the students of plant life is the fact that a bud taken from one tree and grafted on another carries the age of the original tree with it. It has always been believed that the bud so transferred began a wholly new life,

full fifty years, but only for the period of life then left to the tree, twenty-five years. Concerning Mistletoe. In "Wild Fruits of the Countryside" the author gives some interesting information about mistletoe. As a parasite it possesses many curious peculiarities, among others the fact that it is the only plant whose roots refuse to shoot in the ground. Another point

gathered from apple trees.

said he would be willing to die for-her. Wagg-Well, he has partially preved it. At any rate, he doesn't seem able to carn a living for her .- Philadelphia

stantly with them, we despise them .by saying he is smart, but you can't

Baltimore American.