John Grant, a native of county Antrim, Ireland, but for many years past a resident of Greenville, died on Sunprobable that young Proctor will come to day, aged 73 years, at his home on Fall day, aged 73 years, at his home on Fail street. His death was a hard blow to the wife whom he leaves behind and a cause of real grief to those who knew and appreciated his sterling worth. It was, too, the close of a career more full of the checkered romance of reality than are the novels that men write,

Mr. Grant became engaged to the wife who survives him while they were yet boxes, the cars rattling by, at the head of his young people in their neighboring cane. McMurray thought he had been drink-homes in county Autrim. He was a ing. "I am sorry I troubled myself about who survives him while they were yet Catholic and she a Presbyterian, and because of that difference the parents of the young girl forbade the match. She was sent to America, and young Grant followed her here. Then she was recalled to England whither her faithful lover soon went again. Afterwards friend!" she having been again sent to this country, young Grant made an appointment to meet her in Liverpool and they were to be married. But there was some misunderstanding, and the disappointed lover enlisted in a British regiment bound for India. He afterward found that the ship that carried him out passed the incoming vessel from America on which his intended was coming to keep their

Mr. Grant served eighteen years in India, passing through in that time some of the most thrilling experiences of the horrible Sepoy mutiny. He was at the storming of Belbl and reached Campore with his regiment a little afhe terrible massacra of the English on there. After his Indian expees, he served eight years longer to he army in different parts of the world, being twenty-six years in all.

Leaving the army, Mr. Grant came to Amiries to search of the waman he had ewern to wed so many years before, Landing in New York, he was robbed of out of which he dow its supplies of arisines. all the money he had and in his eq. Great deeney of thentitons corrywhere, but being formed for the civil war. He was sent West and served through the war, people. But when it ettnes to looking out in At the close of the war, he came to like world from a starring body, a sum is and martille, where he found his intends over settient of right and wrong. and firthe living quietly, and they were lie took off his black out carefully, married, he being then more than filty bong it say, there his black has pears sid. -- Greenville News, 10th hast. down his balk, and so down is his skirt

tween the rows of grapes and had thus ploughed under when full grown. Mr. grages were retting, and to his emperior, deals which must be artiful today. other rolling was prevented. He mand one to there perced second each sent for the come after on left him, liking it wine early in June or July. Others in think of it as been. He entered the dir. his vicinity had tried the asset success-

## Succesy for Sewspaper Res.

resides in New Mexico, where he has a ranch of fifteen bundred a res, and is interesting blesself in a foundling as" tittle girt, of ourse, must go to an arytima-sociation, to be conducted on vegetarian. But the unior brought her keep for a week, principles, and a part of his mission to be cheer her up a bit. He tick her to the Indiana is to secure furty infants. The bought her a guy little shift suit (it was Doctor is surgeon for the association. a finit time with him just there he stuffed by with appears and caramon; and in the thart and surrounding cities. He is the place on his time with him just there is the stuffed on his time with him just there is the stuffed on his time with him just there is the stuffed on his time with him just there is not in the stuffed on his time with him just there is no him to be successful. passions are aroused principally by the use of animal food. He expects to make when the papers were out toward merning. good children as well as long lived ones by feeding them offe meal a day of light work, and joked him about it roughly enough but they were pleased when he kept her week after week, and used to be coming in pervegetarian det.

with great earnestness on the subject of buying all sorts of expensive and useles of miracles as follows: "My beloved things for "poor Durbrow's haby." friends, de greatest of \$11 miracles was So it went on for years. There was always miracle is dey .idn't bust,"

## Hand to Hand.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

[Completed]

PART H.

Later in the afternoon the major stood eaning against a pile of bales in front of the leaning against a pile of bales in front of the ware house, loftly tapping his chin with his pinchbeck headed cane and listening to Mr. McMurray. That gentleman, in his anxiety lest the church should actually lose Proctor, had resorted to the desperate remains of an appeal to Standish. The old man kept his malicious eyes fixed upon him, and grinning with enjoyment of his embarrassment, but under the grin he looked haggard and

"So the ber has a mind to take the part of his old friend! He'd stick by the hulk be-cause it's going down! Tut! tut! There's

I only thought it likely, from my knowledge of you, you might presume on your acquaint-ance with the lad and his generous nature to to do with it what he would. raw him into trouble, and I warn you what "It will ruin him to be known as even my

friend. I understand."
McMurray besitated. After all, why not Standish a hint of the detective on his

sick! If he would escape, all difficulty could be over. "Inquiries of a significant

I do not know to what part of your past

BORANTIC AND VARIED CAREER ENDED. with a victors wink that made the deacon

"And if he comes, I am not to see him?" with an attempt at a jocular tone that had more terrible force in it even to the cold blooded hearer than any painful outery. "Why, man, I am pushed nearer to the wall today than anybody knows. As for this boy—well, no matter what he is to me. I gave up something for him once. It seems as if I had the right to ask his help now, when—when death has me by the throat." He looked vacantly, quickly about him, at the it," he said, with dignity. "Good day, Maj. Standish."

"Good day," effecting a flourishing bow with his unsteady hand. "Take old Dan to point your next sermon, will your I've lived by my wits. I've made myself the companlon of poets-of nobles, sir! And now when the end comes, dann it, man, I haven't a

Mr. McMurray hurried nervously away, picking his steps among the boxes and bales. Standish stood a moment looking at the ground, and then turned and stumped up the narrow rickety stairs that led to the top of the building. He did not know what especial sin of old times was coming back to give him the last blow, nor did be care. .That was all fair enough. It seemed to him sometimes, comparing his life with that of other men, that he had lived just like a beast from bour to hour, out of whatever impulse was in him. He was ready to meet any old abomination "I've had the dance, and I'il pay the piper," be said, kirking open the door of his room and going in.
"But—the boy?"

Now the major's cocklest was in reality a parent room covering the whole sixth story of the watehouse. The beame overfired, the windows, the pine floor, wore as clean as lines and scrattling could make them. It leaded, in fact there hig white plain with a was a grate with a good fire, a tent led nearly numbe, a table with press and paper laid in come order, the "Man of our Day," out of which the singer furnished chitmaries at his meaning notice for The Camera, and

known. His wirderd, dully, Mudeline was now At a meeting of the American Hor- that if that girl undertite to write a built Mr. Cramer of Ohio had sewn nate be- never failed to hit the sail pitray on the head. There were a round ridy-puly bevery powerented the rat. This has been posted buttony little com, one of the Burgardy sort, for arconal years. The cate were red, fresh and pumpert. Madeline had left it In was like her empriore, the major thought the what for would, his thoughts would go back to the girl and brille years do had life

There was the door to law little room a lat.

amphotoge curving old Durkeye, her father was dond, the ranger settled up the estate there were billing drive, and for assets, on and the little girl of 5, just ever the monales res on one meal a day, breakfast. The her my une her prayers again, and then bundling home is an experiment in-rocked and creaked over her seem old duty A negro preacher addressed his flock croup or nettle rash, and fell into the habit

bout de leaves and de fishes. Dere was the air the child breathed, and no doubt 5,000 loaves and 2,000 fishes, and de when she came to be a young lady she learned twelve 'postles had to eat dem all. De to think in a scrappy, itemizing, newspaper way; but Madeline's life was in fact as cleanly, and sweet, and tender among these nien, as if she had been one of any reschud garden of girls, perhaps more so. Whatever garment of lies the major chose to put on as armor, or to perk and vaunt himself in out among other men, he never were it into "the cockloft," Nobody could account for the almost pathetic tenderness of his love to the girl. It was more than seemed due for her

father's sake, or even her own. Once, however, he had said to her, "You came to take the place of a child that I lost." That was the only time he had hinted at the secret of his former life. He kept it bidden even from himself.

It came to him to-day, and would not be thrust aside. In a few hours it would be known to all the world.

John Proctor was his son. He remembered well now the last day when he had called the boy by that name. It was a dreary, rainy season in Novemb r, three or four years before he took Madeline. He sat by a hotel window with Jack on his knee. It was a week since he had come from Richmond, leaving the child's mother dead there. He had spent the week going from one newspaper office to another, vaunting and vaporing, and drinking hard, but with a ing by her grave, on which the rain pattered, with her child's life left in his hands.

Mary's boy would have grown into a truthful, God fearing man if she had lived; a contleman, too; the class which Standish, with all his tawdry bragging, watched far off with jonlous awa. Now- What could be make of the boy! He took the little chap's hands in his, and pulled him closer, trying with his bleared eyes to penetrate the future. find have been made for you this week, Maj. Like father, like son; it was so always. For self, whether it was the taint of the teher shop or some flaw in his make up he did not know, but he was labeled every where "And you'd better not set too-closely, Man." for contempt. Even here, where he was a granger, he was specied already, he was a granger, he was specied already in initial of a factor of the factor of

man. He was sore and galled by the snubs he had met with today. He sat quiet in the gaudy hotel parlor, holding Jack close while the servants lighted the lamps and people came and went; he looked steadily at the cost

of what he meant to do.
"I'll take the weight of your old father off of you, Jack," he said at last, stooping to kiss the fat, red little face. "Good-by, my son,"
He did take it off. He entered the boy under the name of Proctor at a fashionable boarding school, setting aside the entire sum he had saved with which to start a paper in Philadelphia. "I can scratch for myself," he

"Let the lad have everything he wants," he urged his governess one day. "His father had the best blood in Virginia in his veins, madam. And teach him religion. His mother"- but he broke down her, "She's

yonder," he said quietly at last, glancing up. The governess nodded, and understood him. So the feint succeeded. Of what it cost himself, he said nothing; it had lifted the boy at once, he thought, into a pure region of glories of the Proctors, in the course of years, grew and multiplied readily in the major's handling. There were times when he became confused himself, so real had Jack's illustrious family grown, "Remember your father the general, lad!" he would cry, when urging the boy to manliness or courage. "Noble

"Damned if I know whether there was a Gen, Proctor or not!" he would mutter perplexed to himself afterward.

Well, there was the end of it all now, The lie had been played successfully for years, yet now all Jack's world was to know it was a lie. Sitting by the fire in his shirt sleeves, tapping his knees with his chinay fingers, the major went-over it this afternoon.

"There's nobody who knew me in Virginia, and knows try name is Richard and not Dan. that can't tell about the key," He saw no way of escape. "If to call bimself my friend as my son?" And to-day, Jack's fate stood in the helance, on McMurray had said. Again and again the major resemed round the droper circle.

"On one side the charge of a great charge, woulds, and the women he lower on the other-me." There was nothing beyond storing to the fire. The guawing hanger stone to drug him down, till non or other of

pared his hand with a query checkle great his hig, hongry, cheminatic leady; that glattered hantily toward the pile of MRS on which as privilelar had drawn for months, promily removings for a moderat of the gentles which The storic was taken.

He stood quirt a mounts, and then appear is face with his bugged white bandlesvice It was strangely enoughed and given. He would be a closel and book libers from the orcivily chaires a lection full of duck inverse liqued, from which he half filled a golded, which he placed ready on the meatest sinif-thers, as thereigh dealining the officery, he took out a view sini full of white persons, and had It is his product. Unforting a deal, for took out as out fruites account fillis, palices with ago, and legun testing over the heaven, to

Sees, Jun. 11, Julya, only shill of Richard of Many Standah," He read it over, as he had done yeary day

fitte he gave the key up. He fattend find through the best for him to those words so he rould in any others in that book. It was the only page which he ever read. Size

find written them there. "The known whether Fre hand her and you, boy." He opened a knife and out the and and stroped over the fire irresolpte. After all, his said bold on life for a good many years had been through that sage; as it teges at crisp, he glanced up quickly at the polist, then our of the square documen window. Lights were beginning to gloun in the house beyond the felosylkill, the sky surmed red as cionalog in the frosty son-set, while wisps of feathery smoke from some passing steamer watered across it. The world gave him a friendly look-for the last.

He threw the paper in the fire, put out his hand for the goldet-when there was a sud-ien soft Surry behind bim, and two nervous little hands were clapped over his eyes. The next thing was a hearty kiss right on his

"Of course it is not me! there are so many pretty girls stealing in to kiss you without leave! Oh dear, I'm quite frozen, Uncle

She looked as if she were; her chubby, dimpled face was blue, and the rimy drops stood in her eyes. She perched herself up on the major's chair, beating her hands in their woolen gloves together. "If you only could unlace my beots! My feet haven't had a bit of feeling for an hour. Five miles did they tramp, I didn't want to break the note for car fare. It's the half yearly pay day, you know. Just look at it," fumbling in her bosom under her sack and bringing out warm and crisp a bright new note. "I couldn't sleep until we'd both seen it and—gone balves!" winking with both eyes and laughing all over in the most ridiculous, lovable way. The major had taken off her shoes, and stood with them in his hands looking down at her. She was so alive with beauty,



warm blooded and happy! She seemed to come to him like sudden youth or summer in this last desperate hour. There hung about her even the faint sount of room. It seemed so easy to come back to sit down beside life little-daughter, who loved him with all her bonist heart, and he happy and fully and alive as always.

Dat he know what he had to do. ther hag are you going Lockey, Made "Until to-morrow-unies you would rather

I would go to-night," quickly.

"Yes, I would rather. I have some business there will be some men here after awhile—it wouldn't be best for you to stay."

"Very well," Maddy nodded, turning her stockinged feet about before the fire. She never asked questions, but she generally frund out all that she wanted to know without them. "How long can stay, Uncle Dan!" taking off her hat.

"In two hours will be time enough. Let me have you long as I can."

"Isn't that a lovely hat?" poising it on her little fat fist, and looking over it steadily into his gaunt, changeless face. "The brown plume is just the shade of my hair. Been hard at work on The Camera lately, dear?" "They've needed nothing for two weeks."

"Oh!" She was quiet a minute. "Just put that hat carefully away in my room, won't you! and bring me my slippers. They're in the lower drawer. You have the keys." She sat motionless until the door closed behind him, and then like a flash she was in the pantry cupboard, which was empty, as we know, and back again by the fire. She took up the gobiet and smelled it. The major, coming back, glanced at it jealously, but it stood where he left it, and Maddy was leaning lazily back in her own low chair. She was pale, and the water stood in her eyes," "You're not well, child?"

"No. Sit down by me, Uncle Dan. I'm tired and I'm hungry, that's all. I ordered a miraculous little supper as I came along. It will be here presently." She took his big will be here presently." She took his big hand as he sat by her, dingering it over, hold-ing it now and then to her cheek. Something else than hunger had been at work with him. They were both too old soldiers to be beaten, as he was today, by a little wholecome fasting. But what was the sere! She

did not know where to thruse her probe.
"They've raised my mlary, Uncle Dan, did "Ma I did not. I'm glad of it, my dar-

ing. You can go through the world alone pretty will now, Maddy?

He made a grillace. "If one only cares for hard work and money-yes. Due I'm street of being alone. I mean to either come. home, or you coust come to me. Though a near of your talents would be wasted in a

form integraly, her face turned from him.

t of his ligs. He did not warm in his re-I have the elemental torth of his bay a source. For, on the chark ticked every the mountain f this best hour, nature grew alread has "Toll our smoothing about him, Uncle Dan-

fracrytice, & startled bins: 8 was an transpir fitale, and therry, and plessing

I suppose John has been excessful, the the cope at less, with me offices. "He told som nes he would never come hard of wellhalf to horself, electing or the sad on her-terd, top brown ayes fined at the fine har-hands present to her breast. "I glough inner to would find some little dross in the word, good given come brack; I know he would.

"You Carle Dan." "I'll tell you almed Jurk," in on unatternity bond, barets votes. "The is a room of mork now-a lander in his sect. They've punious are not yours or rains, and his ways are not note. They would look upon him on tainfed if he much friends of shifting Bober tion like us. He's in a world the door o which is shot to you and too. It will be the more very when we are dead. He will be inside, but when I come the offer will be shut-

A miller comprission bette through her face. Disspirel, kissulde little face as it. was, there was a latinet mobility in it, great steadiness and strongth. "I think you're un-just to us, and to Jack," she said firmly, standing before him. "I tell you the boy is on the road to sue

cost, and he must go on," herried. "Nomean to stand out of his way. It will be quite easy for me to do it-quite easy." Some suspicions of years ago were combe back to ber, "I think I understand," sla aid, ... Is Jack willing that you should give

What could it matter to him! Ashabby old liar and braggart, as McMurray called nic. I saw his church to-day, and the house where he will live. So grandly furnished

"Churches and furniture!" with a contemptuous shrug. "What are they to Jack?"
"I saw the women he is to marry." "Ah! the woman"-"A daughter of McMurray's-a delicate.

white rosebud of a girl. He has everything now the world can give, Jack has. There's but one bar in his way, and that won't be

But Madeline had turned to the window. her face toward the sun that was going down. It was some time before she came When she did, she stood by the mantel shelf ooking down at him. "Does the woman

"I thought so. It was her face." "She only has known him a little while?" "Withrow told me they met last month in Chicage. The match was arranged there."
She looked at her hand. There was a thin gold ring on one finger—a cheap little trifle; such as a school boy would give. It had been there so many years that it bound and pained the woman's full grown finger. It had done "One month?' she said to herself again and

The sun was down, but the reflection from the snow on the roofs threw a pleasant brightness into the many windows, while the clock ticked cheerfully the last hour of daylight away. A noise below broke the silence into which they had fallen. The stairs were long and rickety, and steps could be beard creaking from one flight to the other.

"It's Jack?" The major spoke hoursely, standing up. He had been thinking it over as he sat. However false and disreputable his course had been since he was a man, he at least was right, he thought, in this act of its

to close it. At that moment Maddy caught sight of a yellow bit of writing on the hearth, stooped, picked it up. Ste nodded as she read it without surprise.

"His son! And Jack wants the old man

now to deny it! Not to stand in his way? The first hint about that poor white rabbit Clara had turned her blood to gall. She was suddenly bitter and unjust as death to Jack, to whom she had given her whole life of

patient, sweet tempered trust.

The steps came nearer. The poor old major backed toward the inner door, his uncouth face white and wet, "I'm not well. I'm going to lie down on your bed. Take him away with you, Maddy. I can't see either of you to night." Yet even then it gave him a vague pleasure to hear how light and gay and resolue the boy's steps were.

Maddy came quictly between him and the door. "No, we will both see this Jack, who puts you out of his way."

The door opened. There was the old short, stout built Jack! The old sturdy, honest face under the same fur can the twitch in the mouth ready to make a joke at anybody or at himself. couth face white and wet, "I'm not well.

"Why, Maddy! I did not hope to see you here, little woman," giving her a brotherly shake of the hand, and so figuratively setting her aside. How the dull morbid shadows that had filled the room crept aside before him! Madeline felt that her life had been bim! Maleime feit that her life had been but a passionate droam. Practical, commont sense people on the same plane of society saw each other a month ago in Chicago, and mar-ried rationally. And why should a prac-tical, rational man encumber himself with this late discovered father, with his un-doubtedly unwholesome fancies and stagey

bearty manner was embarramed-"I came have no secrets from Maddy?"
"Don't speak, buy! For God's sale!

little while I will set it all right! Wall one

per," he mostiored. "I'll not drug duck hore." He rease hard to a moment, a bage better. A num can't be arrested by letters

"Robert Signification in dead, Juck," pering and mattering over a par-imment sheet.

"In he, sir? indifferently, Jark was standing awkwardly about, for Madeline, whom he had then to notice new, was sugressed, in tying up some drawings of here, which she was going to take away with her. The weight not have one votige of here'd in her old home, she thought. The old man would go With his see to the delicate little resched of a girl. As for her, what did it matter that she had no home, poledy on earth but them? that her life had held nothing but them?

The drawings looked like masterpieces of art to Jack; he bud heard of Maddy's genius. How cold and still she had grown in these flow cold and ctill she had grown in these two years! It might be devotion to art and to her work. She looked as impassive and abstracted as if she had gone into some height unknown to him, from whence she would look down on all his fancies and his— Jack never remained long in doubt about

wthing. "Maddy!" He crossed the hearth rug to the corner where she stood and took up her hand. "The ring! It's gone." Haddy glanced down carelessly. "Ring! Yes; I remember now. That ring was too small. I took it off long ago." Jack's eyes twinkled; he held her wrist. tight. "How long ago! Within the hour! See how red and bruised the poor little hand

The pity was too much for heroic Maddy. She gave a sob, but held the tears back in her wet, miserable eyes. Jack never knew in all his life how deep the bruise went when that ring came off. He looked at her steadily, closer, closer; lifted the burt hand till his breath touched it, then kissed it. Just as he used to kiss her lips long ago; is no man had touched them since; as they never would be

She drew back. "You have no right to play with me in that way." At the first tone of her altered voice, Jack stood startled and grave. "What do you mean, Madeline! You meed not feign that you did not know I loved you when I went away two years ago!"

"You were under no promise to me," quickly. "I have no right to repreach you." "No promise. But I loved you." "And now little Clara has taken my place," with icy compoure. "I do not think that

"That poor little creature! Oh, Madelin That touch of conte

"I don't know," said Mr. Jack, whose conscience twinged him with certain moonlight walks in Chicago. "She was very considerate and kind to me, Madeline. Her father was auxious for me to take the First church here. But I'd made up my mind to that little home in the west—if you would go with me."

"I always thought you'd come for me," said honest Maddy.

The major was looking at them over his



They sot together in a shaded corner. nt. "Why. God bless you, children! You better for yourselves than I did for

seen them. "It will be hard work to live at first. But we three are old commundes, and

know how to rough it."

"This is a deplicate of Robert Standish's wilt," said the major, striving to be legal and lucid, "and by it I find certain demonstrate." m-well, I don't know, to tell the truth, if it's a fortune or a more competency, Jack. But it's easign for us alt or give Mo-Murray and his retract Camera-the go by for life. We may start a national imagazine with it," in his old bragging tone.

There will be no more of this for then, father," glancing around. The hare fours, and pinethed poverty and the work out ski man with his whose hair to the midst thaind Just engry and now continually.

It is long year toy usual disser hour," said the sunjor, leftily. He rose with alsorthy to

offer. "But there's that between you and father, which they will bush to find in to

## BUCCESS.

his rival. He tries to get more and better news and special afficies in advance of his heighbor, and in that way gives his news-paper a standing for enterprise and ship-ity a Venter Coales in Stunbine.

Proprietary medicines spring up by the dozen every day, but you seldout hear of any outside those manufactured in your own section of the country. Every prepar-ation is born under a lucky or unlucky regardless of the energy or money pos-sessed by the pien who are interested in pushing their sale. None succeed without spent in puffing medicines that never sold the original stock shipped to wholesale druggists. It is a game of chance where you cannot estimate the risk. Results cut very little figure with the salesmen, for if the stuff will sell it will go off their hands with searcely an effort, because their best customers are the chronic in-valids, who are thicker than flies around.

a molasses cake. a molasses cake.

Nevertheless, I would prefer to take a new medicine out on the road than handle any of the old ones which have been advertised from the cliffs of the Pacific coast. to the rocky banks of Labrador. Amerito the rocky banks of Labrador. Americans are experimentative, and will buy a new nostrum without any recommendation, for the simple reason that they have heard nothing against it. St. Louis leads the country in sales of quinine, malarial specific and billious antidotes, and some of the local mantifacturers will glear millions from two articles that originated here within the last two years; but which are already beginning to elicit notice.—George Haskell.

Results of Overtraining.

While San Francisco pays closs after tion to European Inshions in dress it turn nishes more examples of originality is styles than most large cities. This is particularly frue of the wearing of wraps and overcoats. For this the glorious elimate is largely responsible. In New York on a fine stimute day the lady who would parade Broadway in a heavy sealskin ulster would certainly be regarded with more than interest. Equally istemishing in the metrogodis would be the sight of a lady at middle later, strolling through the streets in a thin, close floting dress without mill, wrap or tippet. Such anachronisms pass unnoticed in San Francisco, however.

There is no climatic or factionable decree that forbids the appearance of the scalskin water anywhere, and it does active service throughout the year. Occasionally it does duty under trying excumstances, for the fog or wind of a summer day is likely to give place at any moment to studinmed sunshine that makes the thermometer 10 degs, in the shade. Strangers from older communities, where the scalskin tilster comes into fashion only for a brief space in the twelvements, are smazed at its perennial reign in Sea Francisco. The fair sex are not the only ones who present sharp and strange contrasts, in the matter of overdress. The overcoat is not often a necessity in San Francisco, and is worn more for style than comfort as a rule.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Umbrellas of Italy: They make no umbreflas in Italy according to the English sies. The trim tightly rolled umbrella of England as the United States is unknown, except is the hands of a tourist. Even the most ac

would weave into a thefiling story by the congregation. Every age was re-sented. There were griffaled old star whom the women were using for a mules, and infants too young to do a thing but lie in their mother's shawles ing an Apache a la fullivan. There we cute little boys and girls just old end to toddle by their parents' and strop, stare, stare at everything saw. This same staring seemed to pretty general with the entire parenty general with the entire parenty were all too much occupied a staring to taft. I never saw such a legathering so silent. Scarcely one of a spoke as they trudged away to the wing room, and when they reached it still said nothing, but found seate benches, on nucks and on the func nches, on packs and on the floor and about them, literally stricken d

punished with death. Over here is a matter of a year or two, and then we they are in prison they are better fed when they are free, so that detection little terror for them. They are antiwith light profits, and seldom try to pose of more than a couple of do and storekeepers."-New York Tele