A Tale of English Life.

By Walter Besant.

"When people have got no money they must keep themselves. The Dean eame to see us this morning. You know there was no one respected father more than the Dean. He says that we we must be brave and make the best of things."

we must be prave and make 430 best-onlings."

"Yes—but, my child, I cannot bear to think of your having to work. These pretty hands should do nothing but pits) with pretty things."

"As for Naomi," said the owner of the pretty hands, "she is so clever with he needle that she is quite sure to get of good place somewhere. She says that she could not take a situation in the own to be reminded all day long how we have come down. So she will go to London, and I must go with her. Then I shall be near you, Harry; and perhaps—perhaps—

"Perhaps what, dear?"
"Perhaps, before long, you will be able to take me away for good, and then I will work at nothing harder than to please you, dear."
"Dear Ruth, I ask for nothing betten There could be nothing better. But—"You have not told your people about me? Why not tell them and have done They can but refuse to east upon me, I suppose."

They can but refuse to call upon me, I suppose.

You don't understand, dear child. They are ambitious. They want to get into society, you see, and they expect me to help them. Well, we are rick snough. I suppose, and we've got a big house in Palace Gardens, but my grand father kept a shop. We are only in trade as it is, although we have out offices and our clerks instead of out counter and our shopmen. See now, Ruth, my father will give me a partner; whip when I am five and twenty. That is in six months; then I shall be independent. Let us get along, somehow, till then. I cannot have my darling or dered about by some scoundrel shop-walker, or working her fingers to the bone."

one."
The girl shock her head.
Naomi would not hear of such a thing, she said, unless it was properly understood and was acknowledged. No, Harry, I must be independent of you until.—"

'If I can afford to maintain you dear,

"II can afford to maintain you dean why not?
"No, not even if I have to go lower down the ladder, Harry. Can't you set that it is impossible? I can wait for you. And I don't suppose that I shall drag you down with me, shall I?"
"She said, this with a laugh, but like many light words they were prophetic. She was, although she knew it not, to drag him lower—lower; her hand was to be upen his head pushing him down, down, down.

drag nin to the top of the top of

You are not without friends," said the young man; "you have me."

The wind freshened and the rain beat

The wind freshened and the rain best upon their faces.

"I am full of terrors," said the girl. "It seems as if something dreadful would happen to me." 'You have me to protect you, Ruth.' Her lover's words were brave, but somehow they lacked that subtle quality which insures confidence.

"Yes, Harry, I have you, and you have your own people as well; and they are not likely to welcome the daughter—of the county bookseller. Let me go home."

CHAPTER IIL THE CITY MEECHAND

chief-the sole partner-the head the house—sat in his private office



THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE.

No study or smoking room of any counting house was more comfortably fundished than this private office. A pile letters unanswered lay upon the reat table beside the blotting pac; the fallow basket contained the letter high he fad written or signed; then ere bundles of papers tied up and in-orsed. On either side of the fireplace rere ouncies of papers tied up and indrosed. On either side of the firsplace
was a long, low chair; on a small table
in the window stood the luncheon tray.
The chief had taken his chop and pint of
elaret, and was now sitting in one of
hose low chairs. his feet strutched out
before him in complete physical case:
In the rooms without he knew that his
managers, heads of departments, and
lieris were all diligantly at work for
him. It makes man comfortable out
to think that people are at work for him
liests of us, when we are not consolved
at work have got the feeling of unprofitable service. Not so Mr. John Stoke,
et Threadneedle street, city. He knew
that his people were working for him to
the the structure of the feeling of unprofithis people were working for him to
that is salled a pretty time. As he

tonce are organ oerween his lips that tune melbdiously rung in his ears. The same tone rings out every day for all the great city morehants. It was first set as a carillon by Diok Whittington in the towar of St. Michael's, Paternoster Boydl, for the solace and delectation of all rich merchants for all time, and to turn the their their tone of the tune can only be heard by rich man, but I have been told that they are something as follows: "Merchant, take thin ease while the treasure grows, wise is he who reaps winst another sows." I believe there is more to the same effect. Mr. John Stote was

asse while the treasure grows, wise is he who reaps winst another sows. I believe there is more to the same effect. Mr. John Stoke was now a man of 55 or so. The kind of face and the expression upon it are now uncommon in the city—they belong to a certain type of city men—and those who have it are generally successful. It is a masterful face. If any of Mr. John Stoke's servants fall in their duty they know better than to ask for meroy from such a face. Nelson himself did now reckon more conditently than Mr. John Stoke on every man doing his duty. He was not exactly popular with his servants, because he bought his labor of he bought his goods—at the cheepest rate—and because he exacted from labor, a from goods, the utmost profit. The law of political economy, which makes any his construction of the cheapest market, when applied to labor, does not, somehow, lead to a contented and happy service. It is a law, when applied which only allows people to be happy when it is troken. A good many laws, moral, pelitical audooctrinal, possess the same characteristic. Nobody likes being bough at the cheapest; we all want a faisoy price to be gat upon our work, especially if we have grown gray in the service. Now Mr. John Stoke allowed no allusions on this subject in his office, and had no respect for gray hairs or for length of service, or for anything in the world except his own intorests.

He lay back in his chair and watched the wreaths of smoke, listening to that pleasant tune—the parable of Dives quite forgotten. Presently he flegan to think. Mr. John Stoke was one of those persons who are gifted with the power, Not so; otherwise the majority of mankind would not be as sheep running whithersover they are driven, and bleating at their leader's command. But let me continue to be polite. This man had a little coup in his mind, a trife that would probably bring him in twenty thousand or so, and he was turning to the reside, lunch, and cigar send some men into mentai sleep. To this man they only gave the opportunity of unint

some men into mental sleep. To this man they only gave the opportunity of uninterrupted thought.

Presently the door opened and a young man stood in the doorway—a tall and handsome young man—you have already seen him in the walk by the river side.

"Come in, Harry, come in," said the chief, pleasantly; "shut the door and come in."

already seen him in the walk by the river side.

"Come in, Harry, come in, "said the oblet, pleasantty; shut the door and come in."

"You said you should want to speak to me about half-past two."

"Yes, I did. Well, my boy, I thought that we might have a few words, perhaps two or three, just to understand each other. Sit down. Take a cigar! No? Well, you are five-and-twenty today, are you not?

"It is my birthday." The young man looked anxious, yet expectant of some pleasing announcement. One can only be five-and-twenty once in life. Besides, things had been promised.

"Yes," his father continued, looking critically at the seh of his cigar. "Yes, yes, five-and-twenty once in life. Besides, things had been promised.

"Yes," his father continued, looking critically at the seh of his cigar. "Yes, yes, five-and-twenty. I was a partner before that age—before we sank the shop and became an office."

"There was the shop, though, to begin with," said the son.

"Undoubtedly; and a very good shop, too. We mustn't forget the shop. Not likely it will be forgotten. People talk about it when they go home from my dinner parties; when they have had a fortnight among my birds, with champagne up to the eyes every night, they snigger over the shop in the train going home; when they have been on a cruise in my yaoht, with everything of the very best—oh, yes, the more you do for 'em the better they remember it; the more they sneer and snigger. Our friends, dear boy, will notreadily forget the shop. It is their only consolation when they consider the prosperity of the firm. If it wasn't for feeling how green they get with enyp I'd never have any old friends in the place at all."

"I don't see why we should want to forget it, father."

"I don't see why we should want to torget it, father." forget it, father."

No, there is no absolute necessity for forgetting anything. However, we are now, Harry, pretty high up the tree. I don't think there can be many men in the city likely to cut up better than your father. Very good, then." He looked at his sen for a whole minute as if seeking for the best way to go on. "Very good, then," he repeated. "I've always,

mg tor me pest way to go on. "Very good, then," he ropeated, T've always promised and always intended to take you into partnership at five-and-twenty, and now, Harry, I have sent for you to say that I am willing to carry out that intention, and to give you a bithday present worth having."

'Oh," said Harry, with a great sigh.

'On c nditions, of course. Heng it, do you suppose that I am going to admit any one, even my own sons, into my house—the house I have made—to share my income, except on my own terms?"

Well, sir, "and Harry. "I always supposed you would have your own way in everything, whether I am to be a partner or not."

partner or not. "You are right, my boy. My own way

t mean to nave. Let these are not my conditions. Now sit there, and dear tanswer a single word till I've done. You've had your ling. Harry, that you can't deay. You've lived in your can dhambers, and you've had a good allow-ance, and nobody ever asked any nasty, ones what you did with your, money. Yery well, then, nowthat's all over. A partner in my house has got to take his place—his own place, mind—in society. The young man turned pele. I've been offered a beronetey. Well, I won't have it; I mean to be made a peer. Do you hear that' I shall be Lord Thingamy, and you shall be the Honorable Harry. Yery well, then —he marked his sentences with short pulls at his cigar—"that's understood. Next thing, how is, that peerage to be advanced and made take a respectable place? Money' not enough! Land' that isn't enough! Politics? I'm too old and you are too stupid. Your brother Joe—the Honorable Joe he will be, may take up politics in the family interest; not you. By marriage, my boy—the young man again changed color, but this time he became crimson—"if you want to get any good out of your rank you must marry into the same blood as that into which your children will be born. By marriage, Harry. That's my condition. As to my having my own way, I should like to see anybody in my own way, of course I shall have my own way. I should like to see anybody in this house wanting to have any way that own way. I should like to see anybody in this house wanting to have any way that wasn't mine. You will have to marry to please me. Po that, and you shall have whatever you like—you shall be a partner to begin with; you shall have no work to do; you shall have no work to do; you shall have fashion, land, and rank.

and rank."

Harry made no reply. His color had now gone back to pallor, and his hand trembled.

"Those are my condition," said his father. "Have you anything to say?"

His son opened his mouth but no sound came forth.

"Perhaps I can help you, Harry." His father threw his head back and watched the blue-white wreath curling over his



"MY OWN WAY I MEAN TO HAVE."

face. "I am sure Lean help you. There is that little girl you have been fooling around for six months."

"What about her?

"I know all about her. She's a girl in an Oxford street fancy shop; her sixtler is employed at a Regent street dress, maker's. They are respectable girls, which makes it the more dangerous."

"I've given my—my word to that girl," said Harry, but with an apprehensive glance at his masterful father.

"I don't care what you have given her.

You've got to get rid of her."

I must keep my word." The son got up and stood before his father with dog"

You've got to get rid of her.

"I must keep my word." The son got up and stood before his father with dog.

up and stood before his father with dogged face.

When two obstinate faces gaze upon each other, one or the other has got to give in; everybody knows that.

"I said, Harry, that you've got to ged rid of her. As for your word, or any other mess you may have got into, you, must get out of it the best way you can, I suppose money will do it."

"I must marry her; I will marry her! But there was a weakening in his face is his father's look became more obstinate.

"Well, sir," said the older, "I am not

ise his father's look became more obstinate.

"Well, sir," said the older, "I am not going at my time to give in to anybody. My money's my own, I suppose, to do what I like with. Now, sir, here is my offer—a partnership, a great future, an estate, a peerace, the foundation of a family—that is what I offer you, on certain conditions. If you refuse you can go straight out of this office and never come back again. You shall have no mensy—not a brass cent. There's you' choice; take it. I'll give you an hour to inake up your mind—no, I won't give you half-an-hour—no, I won't give you shalf-an-hour—no, I won't give you even a quarter of an hour. Damn it all, sir, I'll give you five minutes—live minutes to choose. Now!"

He took out his watch, one of those great gold things which you can buy for a hundred and twenty pounds or there-abouts; and held it in his hand. Harry stood before him; the obstinacy gone clean out of his face, pale and trembling.

"Well, sir?" His father put back his

bling.
"Well, sir?" His father put back his watch accept the conditions," said the

Sunday afternoon is the time when all the 'prentice youth of London, male and female, are walking out together. If it is summer they are in the park, that of Batterses, Finchley, Hampstead, Victoris, West Ham, or Southwark, proudly arm-in-arm. If it is the winter they are on their way out to tea. This after noon should have been numbered with those of the sweet spring season, because it was nearly the end of Aprill but a cold northeast wind and occasional driving showers forbade the thought of spring. On the north side of the Pall Mall a girl walked up and down the pavement. BUNDAY AFTERNOON.

bail a girl walked up and down the pavement.

y She had called at a certain house, and, being turned away, continued as it waiting for some one, and resolved to see that person, to walk up and down before the house. She began about three in the atternoon; at four, at five, at six, she was still walking there. No body noticed her—not even the half porters of the Carlton and the Reform Clubs opposite. The evening was accold that people harried along the street without looking, at each other. Besides, Pall hall is not a crowded Sunday thortoughters. Therefore no one cuticed the girl. She was a fair, Egithaired girl, she was a fair, Egithaired girl.

thin, but tall and graceful. If anyone had stopped to look at her instead of herrying along as if lashed with a whigh this abominable wind, he would have remarked first-generally, that here was a girl in trouble. Indeed, if anxiety were ever depicted upon any face, it was upon this girl's face; an anxiety which showed itself in a trembling of the lips, in quick, short sighs as the walked, in eager glances, along the street as if she were asking when—when would he come?

It was at seven o'clock, just as the sun was setting and the lessening light like a messenger proclaimed the fact from its hidden lord, that he did come. He hurried into Fall Mall from St. Jamee street, and walked rapidly along, looking down: a young man.

I accept, he had replied shortly. Mark that this man, who seemed to the girl so noble and so brave, had become suddenly at the touch o' his father's hand the merest cur and coward of a man; he had promised a thing which wanted, to carry it through, the falsest, the cidest, the cruelest of hearts. Fear of poverty and dread of his father's anger were the ruling forces which transformed a lover, manly, true and tender, into a cur. The thing makes one tremble. Under what influences, brother of mine, should we two put off the armor of the kright and rever the reaven tail of the mongrel cur?

Yet this man, who was going to do so mean and villainous a thing at his father's bidding, had so much of his father's courage in him that he was ready to tell the girl in so many words, face to face with her would have been a row

meant.

"Come," he said, "I was going to write
to you, that there would have been a row
afterward. Better have it out in words."

"Harry— hat is it? What has hap.

pened? Why do you look so strange?"
"Come up stairs," he led the way.
His chambers were on the first floor.
He raked up the low ashes of his fire

and threst on some coal.

"Sit down," he said 'you must be cold."
She waited for him to take her in his arms and kiss her, as was his wont. He offered no caress at all. She sat down, however, and warmed her hands and feet. She was very cold. Then she extend up again

infered no caress at all.

In over year, and warmed her hands and feet. She was very cold. Then she started up again.

Something has happened, Harry. What is it? Tell me instantly."

It was growing dark now. The young man lit the lamp and pulled the curtains slowly, as if taking as much time as possible over the joo.

"It is a fortnight since I have heard of you or seen you. What does it mean? And, Harry, I must tell you—"

"Don't tell me anything. Look here, Ruth, it's all over."

"All over? How can it be all over?"

"I say—it is all over."

"No you mean that after all you will the young the your darkers be permission?"

"Not quite; I mean what I say; Ruth. It is all over."

"Harry!" She sprang to her feet, tired no longe, nor cold, but fired with a sudden strength. "Harry, what do you mean!?"

"We had a very pleasant time in the August holidays, hadn't we, Ruth? I shall always look back to that time in the old town when we used to sit and make love in the garden under the mulberry tree. Yes—I shall never have such a time again. But that's all over. Pity that good times never last—"

"I don't understand you to day, Harry. Why can't you look me in the face? What have you done?"

"When I came back to town I found out that it wouldn't do. I couldn't exactly explain to you why it wouldn't do. Besides, to tell the truth, the start was and the proper have to the little the truth, the start was all over."

"When I came bask to town I found out that it wouldn't do. I couldn't exactly explain to you why it wouldn't do. Besides, to tell the truth, I hoped it wouldn't do. I might have been made a partner without conditions or—or anything may happen. The truth is, of cqurse, as I suppose you guess," he raised his eyes and faced her boildly, "that they want me to marry a lady." lady." --She received this brutality without

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Need of the Indians.

Mrs. Collins, a Maine girl, who has been out among the Dakotas as a missionary, says the way to civilize the Indians is by nurses rather than by preachers or teachers. Instruction in the care of the sick, the nature of the disease and the proper use of medicines releases them from the influence of the "medicine man." It is diuence of the 'medicine man." It is these who, working on the superstitious minds of the Indians, are the greatest obstacles to their civilation. The Indians have been peculiarly susceptible to epidemic diseases, which have created greater ravages than war and privation combined. Miss Collins instances an epidemic of messles in which cleanliness and nursing saved every life but that of a ohild whose grandmother was a medicine woman. When the influence of a medicine man is gone as a healer of the body he has lost his power as a fluence of the "medicine man." the body he has lost his power as a spiritual director and the Indian's mind is open to the words of the Christian teacher and preacher.—

"Oh, Edith! there's that lovely escort you had last summer, the Count de Lusk, selling ribbons at the further counter!" "So it is. Don't let us recognize him, dear. He will prefer to re-main incognito."—Port Jervis Gazette.

"Sing?" said the specialty artist to the manager, "I can sing to beat the oand." However, on his appearance that afternoon it was noticeable that the orchestra, as usual, had the bette of the contest.—Indianapolts Journal.

Mrs. A.-I am surprised that your hard as you say. What does he do! Mrs. B.—The last thing he did was to calculate how many times a clock ticked in the course of 1,000 years—smisdelphia inquirer. A REMARKABLE PH

the Poer.
Last spring, in the city of a coccurred one of the most infunerals ever witnessed. The which bore the dead man what by sixty pallbearers, and each the sixty owed his life, under the ministration of him they hind the hearse walked 800 me hardly one of whom but wa hat to the dead man for his ability. to the dead man for his ability there.

here. Two hundred and ninety-three riages followed, and these in tender of attended by a large number of on foot.

Who was this man who belay who was the hearts of the Who was he that he should be over tr 15,000 persons it one of cause they would look upon his cause they would look upon his more? Sas he a great generatively honored statesman?

No. He was a simple East Sin

No. He was a simple East sustician, whose patients were deal the tonement districts, and mourners were the poor to whom ministored.

Dr. Aronson inherited a small crity from his father, and carly corn his father, and carly corn find that his life should be a service for others. He made has enses his specialty, and studied except his performance in the service for the service for the service for others. He made has the back in Bertin, and in the best in Europe. When he came back in Europe. in Europe. When he came backs in Europe. When he came backs York he was unknown, save to clans, but he immediately open his own expense, a hospital fe sumptives in the poorest part city, and threw himself heart as into the work of alleviating the of friendless patients.

It was his custom when called

to attend a poor family, to leave dollars on the table behind him. bestowal of these gifts neither nor race was recognized.

A friend said of him: "He i

man who took peculiar pleasure a ing other people happy. He of clared that if he ha dollars, he would spend his life hing around in the tenement die and relieving the poor. He himself once said: "I like

cover a case where a hard lands pushing a poor tenant to the wall it is my delight to come in at the moment, raise my hand and a halt, with a check for the amount

halt, with a check for the amount by the tenant. Then real bappa seen in the face of the one relien "A rean"s life is so short at bet was wont to say. "It would be a matter to make the world bapp, oneself, too, if each person woll contribute all he possibly could relief of the suffering."

Sevent years ago a case of the suffering of the suffering.

rener of the suffering."
Several years ago a case of a poisoning occurred on the Eas of New York. The patient was a woman, and she was critically a sicians to whom applications had made had refused to take the est cause of the exceptional risk a treatment that was required. treatment that was required.

treatment that was required.
The right when Dr. Arosones
it was the night of his brother's
ding, and he was dressed to atte
He was told that the woman aw
unless she were operated upon
two hours. He threw off his dra
burried to her bedside, and pen
a successful operation. A fer unried to her bedside, and perh a successful operation. A fer after he himself was taken dorn blood poisoning, contracted to sufferer, and for weeks linger tween life and death. Then a wonderful and beauthing was seen. Hundreds came daft

Then a wonderful and beauth was seen. Hundreds came day quire for the good physician of people knelt together in the around his doorstep, and prayed for his recovery. The man was beloved because he had greaty and grandly given. When he re netoved pecause he has greated and grandly given. When her the said he would gladly under same again to save life.

At last came a day when a return from a call on a poor and return from a call on a poor and the same again to save drought.

ed patient this good man dropp ed patient this good man drow upon the sidewalk, near his or step, his end thus coming, it we just as he had long secretly her prayed that it might come.

prayed that it might come.

The end came, we have saw who can predicate an end of filled with the spirit of Him saw pre-eminently, the Helper and men' of men? Remarkable Knives

In connection with a In connection with a manuscheffield is a suite of shown which are exhibited, besides the class of work produced, a of invaluable curiosities. Oak these is the celebrated North which a number of the exposition. exhibited during the exposition exhibited during the exposition comprising a richly curved point of the comprising a richly curved point of the comprising and comprising the comprising the comprising views of the control of the constraint of Another marvel of constraints with 1,806 hade for every year in the branch of the was commenced in since that time one blade added each year.

Italians Not All Hairs
Italy offered a loan of 830
other day, and he shamounted to fifteen times in
The largest offerings were in
and Milan. and Milan.

Why do people have potal

us a consider

Sarsaparilla

d's Pills cure all Liver ille. 25 cents.

Phenomenal Child. _{siana} folks are m**arveling at a**r tyear-old colored boy who reads tyear-old colored boy who reads hing, writes, preaches, and lec-trace boy was born in Arkansas, at four years is said to have picked volume of Talmage's sermons and in to read, although he had never na to read, atthough he had never taught to read. He has lectured preached to large audiences in va-

owns in Louisiana and recently ched at New Orleans. and Colds Believed in 10 to

Minutes.

the thor pull of the breath through the supplied with each bottle of Dr. charles of the property of the supplied with each bottle of Dr. charles of the nasal passages are the surface of the nasal passages and eligibiting the supplies and the pressure of the supplies of the su

The Mind Brighter at Noon.

would be interesting to know how Americans there are whose memwould not be more or less stirred their attention was called to the thof McGuffey, of "McGuffey readfame. The number of people who thave "gone through" McGuffey's is have gother through the kis during their school days is proby far larger than one would dare estimato; even as a guess. The ks came into use early and their hor's name probably enjoyed as g a period of prominence in the onl room world as that of any other n. In the days when they were first poinced schools were not what they in this time of cultured degener-The desks were ruder and in the ry districts there were often only hes. A big but untrustworthy in one corner alternately chilled place or filled it with acid fumes. ks cost more and were kept longer, more than one treasured McGuffey been passed down the family line eldest to youngest. The selections austere pages became as familiar the dog-ears on the corners and the promising attempts at art on the fly-Hundreds of persons who years ago sincerely hated the any text-books imposed would glad of a chance now to see one of ooks they used and call up its asbe satisfaction at the close of an ustrious and painstaking life of owing that if he made several hun-d thousand enemies in the task of ating young America, he won them about hey grew up.

DOMESTIC MARTYRS.

ots of women suffer constantly,

d seidom utter complaint.

Good men rarely know the pain
dured by the women of their own
usehold, or the efforts they make to ear cheerful and happy when they ht to be in bed, their suffering is

ally so great.
Our habits of life and dress tell dly upon women's licate organiza-



d, but we will impress upon every these are the never-failing ms of serious womb troubl inless relieved at once, a life will lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-

nd never fails to relieve the distre troubles above referred to; it has

rutent pears.
It gives tone to the weath, strengths the muscles, banishes backache d relieves all pains incident to

The coolness is refreshing; the roots and herbs shvigerating; the two together animating. You get the Y combination in MIKES Rootbeer. Mi ouly by The Churtes & Allen Day

depiction of

UPT. M Jones Por stituted Gold an One mo ago, J. V the Mint

communi the melte taining t that a cle vealed a bullion of ard ound apprised Mint at Mr. P

Mason,

States A Mason r 15. 1895. tion was one man nearly \$ had stole The in er things cal chan Mints, ar

Mr. M his last t home in (York Su of how finally by Upon I he took finer's de by the su the bullio

officials.

that delig from Jun formatio Intenden mind, we all the b and refir once: Mr. Ha was only as thorou

that, he office onl shortage made hir Before had been ities in (about the its depar ed to P Chairma Committe

For the

business

nervous

relied up melter ar appointe Jones wa tendent o partment The wo for five d brought "melts" been del period sp of the Mi cording

Mr. Mo being ma ally anno as white a theft o covered. Mint, wo oyster. "I bave

large per

assaved.

answer n "Wéll, suppose sbout it." tendent o "Yes, si put into

your hear

knowing The ass and then I don't the "All rig Mason. this disco melts we \$75,000 in

er discov someone tween Ju nearly \$1 son had t

cially sub the office asked for says and "Certal

FATE ADD

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