

A PRETTY COMPANION

By Louise Bedford

CHAPTER XIII

To Clarice, the consciousness of a new lover, who waited only for the faintest sign of encouragement from her to declare himself, brought undoubted consolation for the effort it had cost her to renounce the old love; but Janetia drooped and pined for some tidings of the man who had taken her heart by storm and held it fast—Harry Merivale.

direct his steps toward the Horsa guards or Wellington barracks, that she might gaze in admiration at the fine, strapping soldiers who were to be seen there, and every time she pinched his arm and exclaimed: "Oh, Jack, look at that lovely soldier!" his heart gave him a pang at the thought that he was only a draper's assistant, with nothing in common with the military but the handling of red cloth!

by nature a coward, but for the memory of her he swore an oath to himself to do his duty without sparing himself in the coming fight.

Woman's Glance for Man

When you grieve, and let it show, And may tell me nothing more, You have told me, o'er and o'er, All a woman needs to know.

The Feud of the Fergusons.

BY KATE M. CLEARY. (Copyright, 1901: By Daily Story Pub. Co.) "There's a buggy comin' over the hill," announced Mrs. Ferguson. "Well, if I don't believe something's gone wrong with the gear!" She was peering eagerly between the sitting-room curtains of warm red chenille. "Come here, an' see, Lizzie—your eyes are younger'n mine."

But the girl sitting listlessly by the little open stove did not stir nor speak. Her bright bit of knitting had fallen neglected on her lap. Upon it her slender brown hands lay clasped in the idleness of indifference.

name, ain't it, Tom Sands? Hiram, no went to Chicago with cattle. He says for you to make yourself to home till he gets back. The house is took keer of by old Detsy Lynch. She ain't much account. You better stop right here till the boss is home. Got your buggy out of kilter, didn't you? Lizzie, you pint out the barn to him. We'll have supper soon's I can get some spice cake stirred up an' the pork fried. You set the table, Lizzie!" And she bustled off into the buttry.

Leslie looked at her lover. Her face was lovely in its sudden illumination. Her eyes were sparkling. She put up an imperious little hand and laid it on Rene's lips.

"Come here and see Lizzie." "I'm praise it? And he said he never eitt such pickles—which is sayin' the truth—if I did make 'em! He knows my family too, and how high my father held his head when he drove his own covered carriage as well as a buggy. What was the matter with you? You didn't have a word to fling to him?"

Leslie looked up with a weary little pout. "Why should I? I supposed it was Ellis Dix that you—" "Ellis Dix! 'e echoed Mrs. Ferguson with an unabashed change of opinion. "What is Ellis Dix to a man that will likely come in for all Hiram Sands' property—let alone a man that knows a lady an' the best of cookin' in the county when he sees 'em?"

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STORMS ON BAIKAL.

Tempestuous Times on One of Siberia's Great Inland Seas. The part of the Siberian railroad that will skirt the southern shores of Lake Baikal has not yet been built. It involves difficult engineering, and the railroad authorities decided, for a few years, to use ice-breaking steamers, to barges to take, load them with passengers and freight cars and thus ferry trains across the lake.

Clinging to Polish Language.

The Poles who inhabit the province of Posen, a part of the former kingdom of Poland, wish to maintain the public use of their language, but this authorities do not approve of their desire.

The interest bill of the city of New York amounts to more than \$13,000,000.

WHITE FEATHER

There is no need to mention the name of his regiment here. That is a secret that belongs to the army alone. Suffice it to say that his comrades are proud of his name.