

The End of The Story.

The editor pro tem of the County Journal sat gloomily in his office, frowning heavily and biting viciously at his mustache.

Things stood in his way. The editor in chief had been called hastily away leaving Hugh Elliot in charge; and as that young man was ambitious, this had been much to his delight.

Before leaving the editor had placed before Hugh the matter to be used in the next issue, including the conclusion of a story begun the previous week. This story it was which had proved the snare to Hugh.

On looking over it he discovered to his dismay, that the final pages were missing. He had looked for them anxiously, but in vain—hence the confusion about the desk. The story could not be left unfinished, neither could he take it upon himself to substitute another. Suddenly his brow cleared, and a good natured smile lit upon his face.

'Ha, the country's saved!' he exclaimed. 'I'll write an end to the banged thing myself.'

Brushing aside the cluttering papers, he placed what there was of the 'banged thing' before him.

He laughed to himself as his ever too ready sense of the ridiculous caught the humor of the situation.

Evidently the personages in the story were approaching a crisis. The characters who seemed to be most prominent were a tall, dark man and a short light one; a beautiful young lady and a peculiar personage named No-mo King, who seemed to be treated by all with exceedingly familiarity.

Hugh pondered over the situation and vainly endeavored to find the natural ending of it all. He had not read the first part, and consulted himself by hoping that very few others had. It occurred to him to read it now, but as luck would have it, a copy of the last issue was not at hand, and he did not take the trouble to look one up, thinking, gloomily, that quite likely it wouldn't be any help if he had it; and then too, he thought longingly of the club grounds.

Things went swimmingly now. Each character made several high-sounding remarks and went off the stage. The beautiful young lady had a pathetic interview with the light man, in which they resolved to part. The tall, dark man, who was no doubt the villain, as villains were always dark in stories (so Hugh reasoned) and, of course, no story was complete without one, made some malicious remarks about retribution and vengeance, and bowed himself off with all the smiles and grace that accomplished villains are supposed to possess. Then No-mo King sang a touching song and ended the whole thing with a general remark on the vanity of life, and the story closed, leaving the heroine in a swoon.

The manuscript, thus artificially completed, was handed in with the other materials for the next issue of the Journal, and then Hugh put the desk in order, and much elated by his success as an author, started for the club grounds.

The paper came out on time with every department up to its usual standard of excellence. Hugh read his part production with great delight and was congratulating himself on having so successfully 'gotten out of a hole,' as he expressed it, when the unexpected happened in that peculiar way it has of doing.

The unexpected in this case came in the shape of a young lady, who walked into the office the day after the paper came out and demanded of Mr. Elliot to see the editor.

Hugh was not unaccustomed to the sight of young ladies; neither was he accustomed to such a peculiar mingling of chills and apprehension and thrills of admiration as he experienced when this particular young lady appeared on the scene.

She was a sweet-faced girl, in a dainty toilet of pink that suited her brown eyes and hair to perfection. But, in those same brown eyes was an ominous look that called into existence the chills of apprehension which he was also forced to acknowledge.

'I regret to say the editor is out of town,' replied Hugh, courteously, and most truthfully.

'Indeed, and may I ask who is taking his place?'

Here the chills of apprehension rose high in the ascendant, as the 'coming event cast its shadows before.'

'I have the honor,' he answered, wishing heartily all the honor there was in it belonged to anybody else.

'Then it is you I have to thank for so altering the story published yesterday that even its author can scarcely recognize it. May I ask if you consider your alterations an improvement?'

This was, then, as he had guessed, the author of that unended story.

'I must explain,' he said. 'You see, the last pages of the manuscript were missing. Unfortunately, I had not read the first part of the story, being so rushed' (with tennis though it was not necessary to explain that), 'and so had to guess at the ending. I am exceedingly sorry about it, but it could not be left unfinished, and as the end could not be found there was nothing else to do. Any amends that can be made will be done most gladly, I assure you.'

'You are very kind. What amends do you propose?'

'Well,' said Hugh, with a desperate attempt to defend his course; 'you know frequently the most popular writers now days end their stories tragically. As I have had no experience in that line, I thought I would probably come nearer right to follow their lead, having no idea of the correct ending. But, to speak of the story itself, was not the light man th-

hero, and the dark one the villain—that is, the offending party?'

'Certainly not. The light man was the only brother of the heroine, and there was no villain, as you call it, in the story. The dark man was her betrothed. And as to it being the fashion for stories to end sad I believe in love stories ending in the right way.'

'Oh so do I,' Hugh hastened to say. 'And I sincerely regret my mistake. But surely I did not do wrong to let the character No-mo King—make the concluding remarks? From the part he played throughout I judged he would be likely to do something to point at the end.'

'Oh, did you? Well he was the dog 'Great Caesar!' exclaimed Hugh, and then that irrepressible sense of humor asserted itself, and he burst into a ringing laugh.

'Oh, I do beg your pardon. I am sure I'm heartily sorry for my part in this thing,' he said with such an honestly pained sound in his voice that she could but believe him.

'And if there is any reparation I can make believe me, it shall be done. Shall I explain in the next issue, or will you not send the last sheets if you have the copy?'

'No,' she answered stiffly, moving toward the door. 'I'm sure you have done quite enough. I will not give you any further trouble about it. Good morning.'

'But, indeed,' he said, anxiously, 'it would be a pleasure to do anything you wish, if you will only command me.'

She did not answer, and Hugh opened the door for her, wretchedly conscious of a feeling of utter incapacity to cope with the situation.

He sat down in the editorial chair after she was gone and meditated on his sins.

'I was a regular brute,' he said, fiercely, jumping up so violently that the dignified editorial chair went spinning around like a top.

But some way he must gain her forgiveness. He did not know her name, nor, in fact, anything about her except—well, nothing but that he hoped he would see her again, and then he would find a way.

The day of the tennis tournament came, and came gloriously. Hugh Elliot passed his hours and thither at various calls, in all the glory of a white duck suit; now wielding a racket instead of the editorial pen.

Just as the game was being called, and the places allotted, he caught sight of a dainty figure, in white this time, which he recognized at once. It was his divinity of the brown eyes.

She was chatting with some of his friends, the Engles, and Tom Engle, the rascal, was hovering around her with all the assurance and gaiety of which he possessed such a generous share.

'Tom always was a lucky dog,' said Hugh angrily; while his wrath rose high against himself as he recalled the scene in the office.

Anyhow, here was a chance to show that there was at least one thing he could do well, and he vowed that he would make a brave fight on this occasion. Tom Engle also took his place on the field, and the fight was soon in earnest.

For two hours, with slight intermission, the battle raged. Hugh knew in his heart that he was playing superbly, and he felt, too, that the maiden in white was not totally oblivious to his fine strokes.

When the closing game was called Hugh found himself with Tom Engle as one of his opponents. The four players were well matched, and Hugh knew that this last game would be no trifling matter. To make it still more trying he observed that the little party with which Tom had been, including the brown-eyed girl, had approached their court to watch the game and the result.

When the prizes were awarded Hugh Elliot received the first gentleman's prize, a gold scarf pin in the shape of a ball and a quart, tied with the club colors.

Tom Engle was the first to congratulate Hugh on his victory, which he did without the slightest appearance of discontent.



ONE ENJOYS

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'And now come meet my cousin,' he said. 'Nice girl. Going to be here the rest of the summer. Have been looking for you for two or three days to have you come around.'

And Tom was leading him away, with the flash of victory still animating his face, when suddenly without any premonition again those horrible chills of apprehension overtook him, but this time unaccompanied by any thrills of admiration.

For, entering the club grounds and heading straight for them, was Mr. Page, the editor-in-chief of the Journal, who, having just returned, was anxious to consult with Hugh as to his success, and rightly guessed this was the place to find him. Thus, just as the young man approached the ladies, he came up, and, knowing Tom well, was presented also.

'Mr. Page ladies and Mr. Elliot, the champion of the day, and my ruthless conqueror. My cousin, Miss Ruth Somers, and my sisters you already know.'

Hugh bowed with mingled feelings of pleasure, embarrassment and pride; but there was a tinge of their late unpleasant meeting in the few words with which Ruth greeted him.

'I congratulate you on your victory Mr. Elliot,' she said; 'you played magnificently.'

'Thank you; I am glad there is one thing I can do in a civilized manner,' he answered, with a significance which she only understood.

Others soon joined the group, and Mr. Page took the first opportunity to ask Hugh about the paper.

'I hope you had no trouble during my absence,' he said.

'Not especially,' replied Hugh, hesitatingly, and knowing full well that every word could not but be overheard by Miss Somers. 'There were some few matters not quite as I had expected. You have seen the paper, of course?'

'Yes, and I am glad you got it out on time. Everything seemed to be up to the usual mark. There was, however, just one thing that somewhat surprised me. That was the story concluded from last week. It struck me as being—well, rather involved toward the end.'

'I regret that it was,' replied Hugh, 'and I am to blame for that. Unfortunately there had to be a slight alteration toward the end on account of an accident; that is, some of the concluding pages were missing.'

'Missing?' exclaimed Mr. Page. 'You don't say so. Well, how did you manage it?'

'Oh, I played author myself,' answered Hugh, with a grim smile. 'I regret the result was no better.'

'What, my dear boy you wrote the end? Why, you're a treasure, a jewel I thought you capable, of course, but scarcely thought you equal to that, not being in your line. I'm thinking of looking up a successor for some time in the future, and am glad to know where I may let my mantle fall.'

'It was abominable,' here Hugh could not help but put in, his endeavors to say the right thing from two points of view proving a serious task. 'I'd rather fix up everything else on the paper than do another love story. I know, besides, that the writer will never forgive me, which makes it worse.'

'Oh, was there any unpleasantness?' asked Mr. Page, hastily. 'Of course we don't want anything of that kind. Authors are very touchy and don't make a good deal of trouble sometimes.'

Hugh's face had fallen decidedly during these last remarks, and he saw that he stood a poor chance of advancement if his chief knew how very unsatisfactory to the author his conclusion to the story had been. But Miss Somers also had caught the hint and now turned a charming face to Mr. Page.

'Indeed, Mr. Page,' she said, sweetly, 'you said you would leave it to me to judge, and I assure you Mr. Elliot's part of the story was charming, and so like the up-to-date story. I must say I was exceedingly interested in reading it myself, and feel sure the author will make no complaints. More than likely the writer forgot to send the manuscript complete, anyhow. Authors are so careless. I think Mr. Elliot showed he stood a good chance of advancement for his ability.'

'So be it, then,' agreed Mr. Page, cheerfully, and walked away, leaving the two young people stranded together at some distance from their party, which had moved on during the conversation.

By a mutual impulse, as soon as Mr. Page was gone, they glanced furtively at each other, and what each saw in the other's face must have been reassuring, for, with out more ado, both immediately dropped their dignity and broke into such a hearty, good natured laugh at the turn the whole thing had taken that it would have been impossible after that to regain their distance, and made it seem like old acquaintances at once.

'Do you remember what you said to me the first time I ever saw you?' he asked, without further preliminaries.

'I said a lot of things, didn't I? Some hateful ones.'

'Never mind them. But you said, too, that you believed in love stories ending the right way. I'm thinking of a case where your ending could be used beautifully.'

'But I thought you liked two endings like one of Rudyard Kipling's stories, and I believe you couldn't think of any more. My ending might do for one, supposing there was such a case, and—'

'Let us suppose such a case. Go on.'

'Well, yours might do for the other, and you might have No-mo to sing. See; here he is.'

Oh, bother No-mo!

'And the heroine swooning, and the villain—that was what you called my hero. I believe—'

'In this story I'm thinking of, the villain and the lover are one, so one ending would be enough.'

'It seems to be rather involved, too.'

'Then let me untangle it, Ruth, and,

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After spending all my money for medicine which did little good, I gave up to die, when one day a paper on Paine's Celery Compound was brought to me. I at once procured the medicine and derived great relief from the first bottle. I slept better, ate better, and digestion improved. After using nine bottles I feel like a new man. I can truly say that Paine's Celery Compound snatched me from the grave and gave me a new lease of life.

I earnestly urge all sufferers to use Paine's Celery Compound, feeling sure it will cure them. Do not spend your money for medicines that cannot cure you. Yours truly, JOHN A. CHURCH.

since my miserable ending was published, let us live out your happy one together. That is the use I want to make of it, and will be far better than having it published.'

Here the villain looked so much in earnest that only one ending seemed at all possible, and Ruth answered, trying to speak very innocently and failing miserably.

'Of course it's a pity not to make some use of it. If you think my ending better than yours—'

'Never mind finishing your sentence, either, Ruth,' said Hugh, gladly. 'I do think you a better than mine. But if I had never written mine, perhaps we could never have lived yours as now we shall. So you see there is something to be said for two endings.'

'But I don't know,' began Ruth, with one feeble effort to resist the irresistible.

'Oh, never mind, I do. I'm a full fledged editor now, and am supposed to know all about love stories.'

'Whether you do or not,' added Ruth, saucily.

But here the villain takes matters in his own hands and the story becomes hopelessly involved.

'What is it I am chewing?' asked the man coming out of the drug store in response to a query from his companion.

'Why it is ginger root, and it is a fine thing to nibble on between meals. It is a great tonic, too, and a digester. Will you have a nibble?' and he extended a bit of the root to the other man.

'Thanks, no,' said the other. 'How long have you been doing it?'

'Couple of years or such a matter.'

'Have you tried to quit it since you began?'

'Of course not. Why should I?'

'Suppose you try to quit.'

'Why?'

'Simply to test the strength of the ginger habit. I had it once. A friend of mine talked to me just as you are doing and I, thinking it was a harmless kind of thing, bought a nickel's worth and tried it for indigestion, I think it was. Anyhow what ever it was, I tried the ginger, and before



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I knew what I was about it was as necessary for me to have ginger root to chew on as it is for a tobacco-chewer to have tobacco. Its stimulating effect had become a need I had to meet, and as soon as I felt the force of the habit I proceeded to break myself of it. I did it, as any bad habit almost may be got rid of but I want to tell you it was no easy job, and it you doubt me just you throw that away you have and try going without it for a week.'

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A happy mother who wants to testify in favor of Dr. Ed. Morin's Wine of Cresote and Hyposulphites called *Morin's Creso-Phates Wine*.

Mrs. St. Pierre, of the parish of Chateau Richer in Montmorency County says that her son Antoine became very sick last fall with an acute bronchitis. 'Our poor child,' says she, changed very quickly, having no sleep, no appetite and complaining of great pains. His father and I were desperate to see our child in so bad a state.

Every person who came to see him was convinced that he would not live until the winter.

We tried every known medicine without any benefit. He was getting weaker. One day we decided to have him try *Morin's Creso-Phates Wine* so well recommended by such large numbers of testimonials published weekly in so many newspapers. We did not regret this trial which gives us the greatest satisfaction.

We bought three 50 cent bottles; the first bottle gave him relief which we did not expect the second gave him the strength and courage to fight against his terrible disease and the third cured him completely. We shall never forget the wonderful effects of this wine and how our child whom we despaired of was cured.

We advise every person suffering from Cough, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Throat disease, Asthma, Grippe, Consumption, to use without delay this wonderful medicine.

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Paper Matches.

The days of the old fashioned wooden match are said to be numbered. Matches are to be made of paper. By a new process the paper is cut into strips about half an inch wide. These are drawn through and saturated with a flame producing material. They are then rolled into tubes and cut the length of ordinary matches and dipped in the phosphorus to form the head, which is lighted by striking in the same fashion as the ordinary wooden match. It is predicted that the match making industry will be entirely revolutionized by this new method. The matches are very much lighter, and are thought to be more reliable than the old sort. Paper of various kinds will be employed, that made from wood pulp being better adapted for this purpose.

Dangerous Insinuation.

Nellie—I know that I am not perfect. I realize that I have my faults.

George—Yes that's so.

Nellie (Indignant)—I have, eh? I like to know what they are. Just name one.

President Kruger will soon unveil a statue of himself at Pretoria. It is the work of a Boer sculptor named Van Bow, and represents Oom Paul in his usual clothes, including the stovepipe hat.