

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

ed he was even handsomer than she had thought him.

There was something noble in his face. It was frank, generous and brave.

'I beg your pardon for speaking to you again,' he began; but Ruby interrupted him with eagerness.

'I found out my mistake as soon as I got home,' she cried. 'It was a sixpence I gave you, not half-a-sovereign. I was so sorry.'

'It did not matter in the least,' said the man, with an air of quiet unconcern, which considering the subject, was in odd contrast with his shabby clothes. 'It did not matter in the least; only, I have been so unlucky as to lose that sixpence, and I want to ask you a favor.'

Ruby put her hand surreptitiously into her pocket, blushing all the while, as if she were committing a crime.

He stopped her.

'No! don't!' he cried hastily. 'Don't give me money. I don't want it; I mustn't take it. I ought not to have taken that from you last night. It's quite a different thing I was going to ask you.'

'Tell me what it is.'

And her voice was very soft indeed as she spoke to him.

'I want you to promise to tell no one you gave me that sixpence, if you have not already mentioned it.'

'I haven't mentioned it.'

'Then will you do me that favour? I ought to explain to you, perhaps, and yet I hardly know how to explain. I can only tell you this: I have lost that sixpence under circumstances which, if they became known, might bring trouble on someone who is very dear to me.'

He spoke with quiet earnestness.

His look was grave and serious.

Ruby, impulsive and generous, believed every word he said, without pausing to consider how strange a request he was making.

'I will never mention it to anyone—you may trust me,' she said with energy.

'I do trust you. Thank you, Miss Moreland.'

Again he raised his hat, again bowed with the frank, graceful courtesy of a gentleman.

The next moment, to Ruby's amazement he was gone, had vaulted over a low fence with the lightness of an antelope, and disappeared in a plantation of young fir trees. Her amazement was only momentary.

Two young ladies, friends of hers, came into sight on the road, and then she understood that he had quitted her in that hurried manner, so that she might be spared the embarrassment of being seen in his company.

She exchanged a word or two with young ladies when she met them, but declined to be detained, and walked home, deep in thought.

'How did he know my name? she mused. And he was most certainly waiting there in the hope of seeing me. He must have known I take a walk along this road every morning. Whoever can he be? I am quite sure he is a gentleman; but who is he, and why is he dressed like that? Is he really poor? Oh! I wish I knew. I wonder whether I shall ever meet him again?'

When she reached home, she found a visitor with her aunt—Mr. Prestwich the owner of Prestwood, a large estate in the neighborhood.

It was Mr. Prestwich whom Ruby had intended to consult concerning her gilded sixpence.

He had been her guardian, was now her best friend, and a magistrate into the bargain.

Ruby and her aunt consulted him when ever they were in the slightest difficulty.

'What, guardian, you here?' she cried gaily, as she entered the room. 'You must have got up earlier than usual this morning. Do you know it isn't eleven o'clock yet?'

The old gentleman looked up gravely.

'My dear, I have had very serious things to think about. Your aunt tells me you haven't heard the news yet?'

'What news?'

'A murder has been committed—a most terrible murder. Old Mr. Whittaker was found dead in the Moated Grange last night.'

'Oh, how dreadful! Do they know who did it?'

'Very little is known. Of course, various suspicions are afloat, but it remains to be seen whether they are well grounded.'

And then Mr. Prestwich went on to tell how Fergusson had found his master lying dead, stabbed to the heart, on his return from his usual Friday-night marketing, and how a letter which lay on the table seemed to cast suspicion on the old man's nephew, Reginald.

Ruby uttered an exclamation of dismay.

'Reginald Whittaker never did it!' she exclaimed with energy. 'Never, never! Oh guardian, you know how kind and gentle Reginald is. He to kill his uncle! Oh, how could anyone think of such a thing!'

'My dear, all manner of things have to be thought of,' said Mr. Prestwich. 'I should be very grieved to think evil of Reginald Whittaker. I always liked the young man; but we must remember we have known nothing of him for years; and I fear—I very much fear—he has been living a wild life since he went away to London.'

'I don't care what life he has lived,' cried Ruby with great vehemence. 'Reginald used to play with me when we were children; and he was always kind, never cruel. I know his nature almost as well as I know my own. He simply couldn't do a cruel thing.'

Mr. Prestwich knew better than to attempt to refute this feminine logic.

'Well, the matter is in the hands of the police,' he must leave it to them to find out the truth. That Detective Ferret is a very able man, not much escapes his eye. And, by the way, I forgot to tell you that

the murderer—cunning as he has been—has left one little clue behind him. Ferret picked up a gilded sixpence just inside the hall door.'

Ruby felt herself turning pale. She averted her face, so that neither Mr. Prestwich nor her aunt might observe her agitation.

'A gilded sixpence!' she repeated in a low voice. 'Is that what you said, guardian?'

'Yes, my dear. And as Fergusson is certain the coin was not there when he passed out, and it is highly unlikely it was dropped there by the poor old man himself, it is fair to suppose it was dropped by the murderer. It looks as if it had been worn on a watch chain, for there is a hole through it. The gilt is pretty fresh, and the date is that of last year.'

Her own sixpence!

The description tallied with it in every particular.

Ruby might well sit with averted cheek and down-bent head.

'Ferret thinks much of his find, and I don't wonder that he should,' resumed Mr. Prestwich. 'If only he can trace that sixpence to its last owner, he will lay his hand on the murderer.'

Ruby said nothing; she was in agony of doubt.

'What was she to do? What ought she to do? Those were the questions which agitated her mind.'

She Never Saw Heffelfinger Play.

'Pudge' Heffelfinger was one of the most popular football players that Yale ever produced. As long as he played football he was an idol, and received enough homage to turn a less level head than his proved to be. At present he is living quietly at his home in Minneapolis and is in business with his father, a well-known shoe manufacturer of that city. And one subject he discusses is football.

This story is told of a New York girl who visited Minneapolis several years ago. At a dinner she found herself seated by a big, broad-shouldered young man whose name she had not caught. As he was big, looked muscular, and did not touch wine, she divined that athletics would be likely to interest him.

'Do you play football?' she asked accordingly.

Not now, he answered with some embarrassment, apparently. She thought him shy.

But you have played? she queried encouragingly.

Yes—some, he replied.

You look as if you might play very well. These western colleges turn out some very fine players, she continued, a trifle patronizingly.

The best in the world! he responded emphatically.

Oh—hardly that! Of course they don't compare with the Yale and Harvard players. She thought it a trifle provincial of him to put his western colleges above Yale and Harvard. Have you ever seen one of the Yale Harvard games? she continued.

'Yes, I have seen Yale and Harvard play,' he admitted.

'I never miss a game if I can help it,' the girl rattled on; 'but I don't enjoy them as I used to when Heffelfinger played. Did you ever see him play?'

He looked thoughtful for a moment. 'No,' he answered.

'Well, you don't know what you've missed! If you really care for football you ought to see Heffelfinger play!'

'I'm afraid I never shall,' said the young man regretfully.

'Evidently he's not a real football enthusiast or he'd show more interest in the subject,' the girl thought to herself, and was about to begin on some other topic when a man across the table accosted the big, broad-shouldered young man beside her.

'Pudge,' he said, 'are you going to coach any this winter for the Minnesota team?'

'No; not this year,' answered the young man. A premonitory shiver went over the girl.

'Was it Pudge he called you?' she demanded breathlessly of the broad shouldered young man. She recalled a vague memory that Heffelfinger was a Western man.

'Yes, it was Pudge,' he had to admit.

'And your other name?' she asked her face a brilliant scarlet.

'Heffelfinger,' was the apologetic reply.

Hix—I understand Rounderly is going to write a novel under the title 'What I Told My Wife.'

Lix—Why doesn't he call it 'What I Didn't Tell My Wife?'

Hix—I suppose the publishers didn't want too big a volume.

The best way to make a girl sure you love her is to make her believe you can't think of her without shivering all up and down your back.

Freddy—Ma, according to my appetite it must be near dinner time.

Mamma—Yes, but your appetite is unusually fast.

A Famous Boat-Race.

The varsity races between Oxford and Cambridge are usually so close and exciting that the possibility of a good contest between them when one crew was a man short seems almost incredible. Such a race however, actually occurred in 1843, and the story of it is pleasantly told by Doctor Tuckwell in his 'Reminiscences of Oxford.'

'It was, I think, in 1842 that a new oar, Fletcher Menzies, of University, arose, under whose training the Oxford style was changed and pace improved, with prospect of beating Cambridge, which had for several years been victor; and the '43 race at Henley between the two picked crews of Oxford University and the Cambridge Subscription Rooms was anxiously expected as a test.'

In the last week Menzies, the stroke, fell ill, and the Rooms refused to allow a substitute. The contest seemed at an end when some one proposed that the Oxford seven should pull against the Cambridge eight. The audacious gallantry of the dea took hold. Georges Hughes of Oriol brother of Tom Hughes, and author of Tom Browns School Days, was moved from seven to stroke, and his place taken by the bow, Lowndes of Christchurch.

So, with the bow oar unmanned, the race began, the crew hopeless of more than a creditable defeat; but as their boat held its own, drew up, passed ahead, the excitement became tremendous, and when the Oxford flag fluttered up, the men on the bank, as the guard said of his leader in Nicholas Nickleby, went mad with glory carried the rower to the Red Lion, wildly raced the streets, like horses on the Corso at the Roman carnival, tore up a heavy toll bar gate and flung it over the bridge into the river.

The boat was moored as a trophy in Christchurch meadow at the point where Paeolus poured its foul stream into the Isis, and was shown for twenty years to admiring freshmen; until in 1867, rotten and decayed it was bought by jolly Tom Randall, mercer, alderman, scholar, its sound parts fashioned into a chair, and presented as the president's throne in the university barge.

One of the seven, John Cox, of Trinity, who pulled six, is still alive.

Transparent Mirrors.

Mirrors that one can see through are a new invention already coming into use. They are of so-called 'platinized glass,' being backed with a compound made of ninety-five per cent silver and five per cent platinum, and, optically speaking, they are exceedingly curious and interesting. Looking into a glass of this kind, one finds a first-rate reflection; it is a mirror and nothing more. At the same time, a person on the other side can see directly through it.

For example, a glass of this sort placed in front of the prescription desk in an apothecary shop perfectly conceals the prescription clerk and his apparatus. Thus the privacy of that department is secured, while on his part the clerk is able to survey the shop and see everybody who comes in just as if the mirror were ordinary glass. It is transparent to him, but is like any common mirror from the viewpoint of people in front. It is easily seen that the glass of this kind is likely to be useful for a good many purposes. It can be put in the doors of dark bathrooms, or of any other rooms where privacy is desirable and light is wanted. Anybody who has observed his own reflection in the plate glass windows of shops will understand the principle well enough. The effect is merely enhanced by an extremely thin coat of the platinum silver, which allows light to pass through, and yet furnishes an excellent looking glass. The process consists in pouring over plate glass nitrate of silver and platinum, and then applying Rochelle salts.

Consistent.

'Are you a believer in woman suffrage?' asked Mrs. Strong of one of her young friends.

'Indeed I am,' was the prompt reply. 'I think we should have the right to vote on every question, and to choose the government, and do everything that men can.'

'Then why were you not at our important meeting last Tuesday evening?' asked Mrs. Strong, with some severity.

'Why,' said her young friend, reproachfully, 'I couldn't go, dear Mrs. Strong, I just couldn't! Our maid was out, and mother doesn't like to be alone in the house at night, and besides, there wasn't anybody to come home with me after the meeting, and it's dark as dark can be at our corner, now they've moved the electric light!'

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A True Son Of Kansas. Hans Jensen, a Dane, who appeared before a Kansas judge in order to take out naturalization papers, very easily demonstrated his fitness for the privilege. 'Hans,' said the judge, 'are you satisfied with the general conditions of the country? Does this government suit you?' 'Yes, yes,' replied the Dane, 'only I would like to see more rain.' 'Swear him!' exclaimed the judge. 'I see that he already has the Kansas idea.'

'What are your four doing now?' 'The youngest is still studying, the second is clerk in a bank, the third is cashier there, and the oldest is in Canada.' 'She—Don't you think this beautiful sand the spare ocean, the golden moon, and all our surroundings have an effect upon your love?' 'He—It might; I hadn't just paid my hotel bill.'

Giles—Is it always soggy in London? Miles—I believe so. Giles—What a cliché the weather man over there must have!

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