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FROM THE LATEST BOOKS

"The plain man on a plain day wakes up, slowly or quickly according to his temperament, and greets the day in a mental posture which might be thus expressed in words: 'Oh, Lord! Another day! What a grind!'—From 'The Plain Man and His Wife' by Arnold Bennett.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS

2900-41—Baird & Howie, office, Marysville.
316.21—Eardley, A. E., res., 46 St. John street.
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The Lash of Circumstance

— BY —
Harry Irving Greene

Author of "Yosonde of the Wilderness"

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ed. almost immediately. But there is one thing which I must do before leaving. I must first see Mattie—Mrs. Dace, I mean—and have a long talk with her—perhaps several of them—and that may delay me for a few days. I love her better than all else in the world, and if she really cares for me, maybe she will give me another chance to recover myself financially. Of course, she will never know that I did this, and perhaps—perhaps— My voice broke and I choked as I vainly attempted to finish my sentence. I heard the click of a lock and felt the handcuff fall from my wrist.

"You have something more to learn which it hurts me to tell you, but which you must know. I have taken it into consideration in deciding to let you go. It is a part of your punishment, and while it will be bitter, you must bear it like a man. You will hardly see Mrs. Dace again. Richard Mackay has left the city for parts unknown, deserting his family and taking Mrs. Dace with him. The yellow evening papers are full of it."

CHAPTER XVII.

There is little more to tell. In the few following days I managed to scrape enough together to take me to the foreign country where I am now beginning life over, and have probably weathered the storm as well as could reasonably be expected. But of course I will never again feel just as I used to, and I don't believe that I will ever fall in love with another woman. In a business way I have done fairly well, having worked conscientiously for the last three years, and being once more on the road to moderate success. I have never seen or heard from Mrs. Dace since the time I left her shopping in the store upon the day when I stepped from paradise into hell at a single stride. She is probably floating down the Nile or yachting on the Mediterranean with Richard Mackay; enjoying herself to a greater or less extent, and I have no doubt thinking quite often of me. The thought of it still gnaws me most of the time, but of one thing I am confident to this day. And that is that she was really very fond of me and would, as she herself said, have preferred to spend her life with me rather than anybody else, had I possessed sufficient money. Therefore she wanted me to succeed and encouraged me to desperate chances, knowing as I myself did that it was the only chance of achieving fortune quickly; she not being one of the kind that is content to wait for what they want indefinitely. Therefore she goaded me on with the determination to make me and have me, or break me and discard me without losing any time in finding out which it was to be. As she partially confessed, luxury was her price, and the means to that end meant a man of means. Had I won I have no doubt that she would have married me and that we would have been happy had the money lasted. And I also believe that she was upon the verge of consenting to our immediate union when my disaster came. Neither have I any doubt but that Mackay was infatuated with the woman, saw that I was winning her, and started out to get rid of me. He probably learned of my speculations, and knowing that if he could wreck them it would effectively dispose of me so far as she was concerned, ruthlessly tore down the fortunes of many that I might be crushed in the crash. And he succeeded perfectly. Mrs. Dace, being convinced by him that I was ruined, and probably having been wavering somewhat between us; preferring me, but being tempted by his wealth, hesitated no longer when she became satisfied that I could not give her what she had made up her mind to have. Realizing as I did all along that we never could have been happy without considerable money, I would not have blamed her particularly for making the choice that she did had not Mackay been a married man. Even as it is, I bear her no ill will, and do not believe that she was an immoral woman. There was a great deal of good in her, but she was selfish and cared little for the sufferings of others provided she gained her own pleasures. The only fear I have of ever again committing a crime is

in case I should happen to run across that black scoundrel Mackay. If I should see him I am afraid I might run amuck. Bruce and Clara are married, and are happily spending the money of dead Uncle Abner, who cut me off with a shilling. And that brings me to the reason for writing this confession. Uncle Abner having passed in to the great beyond, I no longer have any fear that I will be prosecuted, and I never would be able to feel that I had made my fullest reparation unless I cleared Bruce. For in some way a few things leaked out, and while his friends have clung to him with the greatest loyalty, there are others who have always looked upon him with more or less suspicion since the night of the robbery. And I know that the consciousness of this is a cloud that forever hovers upon the horizon of their otherwise bright lives, and it is, therefore, my moral duty to dispel it. As for myself, it makes little difference if the truth is now known, as none of my former acquaintances know where I am and I shall never return to my old home.

Nor do I ask forgiveness or make apology beyond this statement. I was not a thief by nature and am thoroughly repentant. But I was young

and madly enraptured with the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, and took desperate chances to gain her. And my love for her, though passion filled, was pure. I wanted her for my wife. As I stole for her, so would I have slaved for her; fought for her; died for her. Therefore I only ask that you judge me as you would be judged had you been in my place. Caught helplessly in the maelstrom of love and gaming, I went down in the vortex.

The End.

AN ANCIENT GAME

Mrs. Rogers had the barrel of russet apples placed in the attic because they were not quite ripe enough to eat, and she warned her three boys, whose ages range from five to eleven years, not to touch them.

Then, one fairy day, when she sought the attic to get something from a trunk, she came full upon her sons, surrounded by apple-cores. At her approach two of the boys drew closer together; but the third, a little distance off, who lay on his stomach contentedly munching an apple, apparently paid no attention to his mother's entrance.

"Jack! Henry! William!" she exclaimed, reproachfully. "Whatever are you doing? And those apples! Didn't I tell you not to touch them?"

"Yes, mamma," replied Jack, the eldest, "but we're not really eating them; we're acting the Garden of Eden. Willie and I are Adam and Eve. Henry, over there, is the serpent, trying to lead us to our downfall by showing us how good the apples are."

"But," began the mother, as sternly as she was able, "you two must have been eating apples; Henry hasn't done it all. I see as many as ten cores around you."

"Oh, yes," returned Willie, the youngest, "we've all been taking turns being the serpent."

SETTIN'

A farmer was sawing wood, when it occurred to him that he ought to have the help of one or more of his five sons. Lifting up his voice, he called, but not a boy appeared. At dinner, of course, they all appeared.

"Where were you all about two hours ago, when I wanted and called for you?"

"I was in the shop settin' the saw," said one.

"And I was in the barn settin' a hen," said the second.

"I was in grandma's room, settin' the clock," said the third.

"I was in the garret, settin' the trap," said the fourth.

"You are a remarkable set!" remarked the farmer. "And where were you?" he asked of the youngest.

"I was on the doorstep, settin' still!"

A WEAK CHEST

"What's become of old Sammy Silk? I ain't seen 'im about for quite a long time."

"What! Ain't you 'eard? A two-ton block of stone fell on his chest and killed 'im."

"Ah! I always said he'd 'ave to be werry careful with that weak chest of his'n."

QUEER NAMES

An Englishman, coming by train to Glasgow for the first time, and passing Motherwell Junction, said to the gentleman opposite, with whom he had been chatting:

"Queer name, Motherwell. Is there a Fatherwell next?"

"No," was the reply; "but we come immediately to Bothwell!"

CAN-DID

Visitor:—"Can I see the mistress?" Servant:—"Yes, sir."

Visitor:—"Well, I am selling this can-opener, and it can open any can that can be opened by a can-opener; and if you can show me a can I can—"

But the door was shut.

HIS BALD HEAD

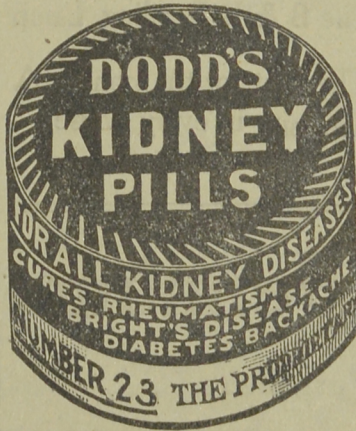
A very bald-headed man went into a barber's shop and, plumping himself down in the chair, said: "Hair cut!"

The barber looked at him a moment, and replied: "Why, man, you don't need no hair cut—what you want is a shine."

CHEAPER DRINKS

The Minister's Daughter:—"I'm glad to find you've turned over a new leaf, Muggles, and don't waste your money at the hotel."

Muggles:—"Yes, miss, I have it in by the barrel now, and that do come cheaper."



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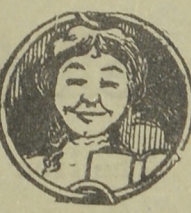
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