MIE GREAT K.E.A BY PAUL LEXESTER PORD, Author of The Har Pater Serling Lie.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.
When I turned about to go into my
I found Madge standing on the
form of 18 waving a handkerchief.
ald no attention to her and started

a paid no attention to her and started up my steps."
"Mr. Gordon," she said—and when I looked at her I saw that she was Eushing—"what is the matter?"
I suppose most fellows would have found some excuse, but for the life of me I couldn't. All I was able to early was:

would rather not say, Miss Cul-

"would rather not say, Miss Calen." How unfair you are!" she cried.

"You without the slightest reason

You without the slightest reason

You without the slightest reason

If the same of you will not

fell me the cause."

That made me angry, "Cause!" I cried. "As if you didn't know of a

cause! What you don't know is that

I overheard your conversation with

Lord Ralles night before lasty."
"My conversation with Lord

Ralles!" exclaimed Madge, in a be
wildered way.

Ballest" exclaimed Madge, in a bewildered way.

"Yes," I said bitterly, "keep up the
setting. The practice is good, even if
st decelves no one."

"I don't understand a word you are
saying." she retorted, getting angry
in turn. "You speak as if I had done
wrong—as if—I don't know what;
and I have a right to know to what
you saited."
"I don't see how I can be any clearet," I muttered. "I was under the stathorn, he was not be any clearet," I muttered. "I was under the stathorn, he was not be a sixtenet," I didn't want to be a listenet, but I heard a good deal of what
you said."
"But I didn't walk with Lord

walking. I don't want to be a intenser, but I heard a good deal of what you will be a seen of the cried. "The only person if walked with was Captain Ackland." That took me very much aback, for I had never questioned in my mind that it wasn't Lord Ralles. Yet the moment she spoke, I realized how much alike the two brothers' voices were, and how easily the blurring of distance and planking might have misled me. For a moment I was speechless. Then I replied coldy: "It makes no difference with whom you were. What you said was the essential part." "But how could you for an instant suppose that I could say what I did'to Lord Rallest' she demanded. "I naturally thought he would be the case to whom you work appeal content of the content of the country of the content of

and cried:
"Oh, you idiot!"
While I still looked at her in equal
amazement, she went on, "I beg your
pardon, but you are so ridiculous that



No death-bed farewell was ever more gloomly spoken.

I had to say it. Why, I wasn't talking about yoe, but about Lord Railes."
"Lord Railes!" I cried.
"Yes."
"I don't understand," I exclaimed.
"Why Lord Railes has been—has

"Why, Lord Ralles has been—has been—oh, he's threatened that if I rouldn't—that—"
"You mean he—!" I began, and hen stopped, for I couldn't believe

then stopped, for I couldn't believe my end of the burst out, "of course you couldn't understand, and you probably for despise me aiready, but if you knew how I scorn myself, Mr. Gordon, and wait I have endured from that man, you would only pity me.

**Light broke on me suddenly. "Do you mean, Miss Cullen," I cried hotty, "that he's been cad enough to force his attentions upon you by threats?" "The self self with the work of the self with the work of the wor

If I were only your brother." For the moment I really meant it.

"I haven't dared to tell any of them," she explained, "because I knew they would resent it and make Lord Ralles angry, and then he would tell, and so ruin papa. It seemed such a little thing to bear for his sake, but, ob, it's been— Lauppose you despise me!"

me!"

"I never dreamed of despising you,"
I said. "I only thought, of course—
seeing what I did—and—that you
were fond— No—that is—I mean
—well— The beast!" I couldn't help
exclaiming.

exclaiming.

"Oh." said Madge, blusking, and stammering breathlessly. "you must not think—there was really—you happened to—usually I managed to keep with paps or my brothers, or else run away, as I did when he interrupted my letter-witting—when you thought we had—but it was nothing of the property of

know how badly I have felt about that, and how I appreciate the sacrifice."

I had only meant that I had lost my heart, and, for that matter, probably my head, for I would have been ungenerous even to hint to Miss Cullen that I had made any sacrifice of conscience for her sake, and I would as soon have saked her to pay for, it in money as have o'th her." I began.

"I have felt," she continued, "that your wish to serve us made you do something you never would have otherwise done, for—Well, you—any one can see how truthful and honest—and it has made me feel so badly that we—Oh, Mr. Gordon, so one has a right to do wrong in this world, for it brings such sadness and danger to innocent—And you have been so generous—"

I couldn't let this go on. "What I did," I told her, "was to fight fre with the sald." I know we all tried to the sald." I know we all tried to the sald. "I know we all the sand." I know we all the sand. "I know we all the

respect, I was alluding to quite another thing."
"Time!" she asked.
"No."
"Something else you have stolen."
"I haven't," she denied.
"I haven't," she denied.
"You have," I affirmed.
"You mean the novel!" she asked;
"because I sent it in to 37 tonight."
"I don't mean the novel."
"I don't mean the novel."
"I don't mean the novel."
I don't mean the stricked wood, and those you gave bettified wood, and those you gave per triffed wood, and those you gave per you got to say so."
"I suppose that would be my very best course," I grouned,
"I hat people who force a present on one," she continued, "and then, just as one begins to like it, want it back."
Before I could speak, she asked hur-

Before I could speak, she asked hur-riedly: "How often do you come to Chicago?"
I took that to be a sort of command that I was to wait, and though longing to have it settled then and there, I braced myself up and answered her was—Madop dee what a duffer I was—Madop to see what a duffer I asked only because she was so



"I don't understand a word you are saying," she retorted. frightened and confused that she felt she must stop my speaking for a moment.

I did my best till I heard, the whistle the locomotive gives as it runs into yard limits, and then rose. "Good-by, Miss Cullen," I said, properly example to the stop of the stop of

Another Version.

Another Version.

Another Version.

Mrs. Lee was spending the aftermoon with Mrs. Washington on that being the action of the control of th

he shot the best cow for a deer."

Ashes Were What He Wanted.

Near Hilliard's soap factory, in Georgetown, Mass, there lived an individual who had been unfortunate enough to come under the supervision of the overseers of the poor. This board came to the conclusion that the unfortunate was burning too much wood, and remonstrated with him on the subject.

He was allent for a few momenta, and then said, very slowly and distinctly, as if amazed at their compilaint:

"Burnin' too much wood! And that when Joe Hilliard page 25 cents a bushel for ashest."

An Evil of the Age.

The scenery is too big for the stage. What shall we do?"

"Don't know. Looks like a bad case of overproduction."

UPTON SINCLAIR STRIKES BACK

Author of "The Jungle" Faces Prince of Packers With Awful Array of Pacts Calculated to Destroy the Infamous Industry.

In a recent issue of the Saturday Evening Post Mr. J. Ogden Armouri makes the assertion that the government inspection of the best treat slaughter-houses is an impregnable wall protecting the public from impure meat, and that not an atom of diseased meat indust awy into the products of the Armours. Mr. Upon Sincaira, suther of The Jungle' on Sincaira, author of The Jungle' on Sincaira, author of The Jungle' of two years, including much time spent in the Chicago stockyards as a workman; he is the best equipped outside authority on stockyard conditions, in Everyhody's Magazine for May Mr. Sinciair makes a starting the statement that J. Ogden Armouris the absolute and not the nominal head of the great packing house inclusive which bears his name Mr. Sinciair says: "I know that in the statement quoted Mr. Armour willfully and deliberately souties's knows to be also become the statement of the state

wall protecting the public from inpare meat, and that not at atom of
diseased meat finds its way into the
death read and the mean industry
for two years, including much time
age workman; he is the best coupled
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in the chicago stockyard candimines. I have seen the best dropped
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mine do the preat packing his bank, and
mines a should be gied to do so, madam,
"I way even marked beet with my
head of the preat packing his bank, and
it a should be gied to do so, madam,
"I way even market beet with my
head of the preat packing his bank, and
it as about the market.

"I have even market beet with my
head of the preat packing his bank
to a should be a startling the
ment quoted. Mr. Armour willfully
and deliberately state what he aboutown Co.'s Chicago plant, Thomas F. Dolan, of Boston. Mr. Sinclair in his article says:

"At the time of the embalmed-beef scandal at the conclusion of the Spanish war, when the whole country was convulsed with fury over the revelations made by solders and officers (including Gen. Miles and Fresident Roosewit) concerning the quality of the control of the

A termour a Co., a mad one or arrival and trusted men. When he read of the dathwate in the sarmy, he made an order of the dathwate in the sarmy, he made an order of the mour a Co., and this affaird it he took to the New York Journal, which published it on March 4, 1892. Here are some extracts from it:

"There were many ways of getting a round the inspectors—so many, in fact, that not more than two or three cattle out of 1,000 were condemned. It know early what I am writing a full like connection, as my print of the connection of the killings of the connection of the killing, print of the killing, print of the connection of the connection of the connection of the connection of the killings of cours, it is that no cours read that his precedent of the connection of the way to market.

There seen as much as 40 pounds of the market. The awful of the market of the author of the market of the author of the market. The awful of the there were the market of the author of the market. The weeks campaign as distinctly attributable to the mean the collections of the bureau of animal industrations of the bureau of animal industrations. The place of on the market. How the calves, My instructions from Mr. Pierre were to dispose of the caives by inding them until sight, or until the caives, My instructions from Mr. Pierre were to dispose of the caives by inding them until sight, or until the caives, My instructions from Mr. Pierre were to dispose of the caives by inding them until sight, or until the caives, My instructions from Mr. Pierre were to dispose of the caives by inding them until sight, or until the caives, My instructions from Mr. Pierre were to dispose of the caives by inding them until sight, or until the caives, My instructions from Mr. Pierre were to dispose of the caives by inding them until sight, or until the caives, My instructions from Mr. Pierre were to dispose of the caives by inding them until sight, or until the caives, My instructions from Mr. Pierre were to dispose of the caives and the caives of the caives of

AILING WOMEN.

Keep the Kidneys Well and the Kid-neys Will Keep You Well. Sick, suffering, languid women are learning the true cause of bad backs



ALING WOMEN.

Keep the Kidneys Well and the Kidneys Will Keep You Well.

State, suffering, languid women are learning the tree and to bud backers to be a suffering languid women and the suffering languid women are learning the tree and the suffering languid women and the suffering languid lang

Way with Him' That
Always Won.

Story is told of the late John Hay
Illustrative of that fine diplomatic
temperament that made his name
know all over the world, says the
American Speciator.
Some years ago Mr. Hay sent Mr.
Alexander Gunn, of Gereland, for his
perusal the manuscript of an interesting bit of work by Mark Twain, entitled. "A Couveration as it was at
The Mr. Hay have the of the
friend Gunn, a connoisseur of literature and art, would be much interested in what the former termed a "serious effort to bring back our literature
and philosophy to the chaste, Elizabethan stangard."

Now it appears that Mr. Gunn was
no delighted with Twain's sketch that
bethan stangard."

Now it appears that Mr. Gunn was
no delighted with Twain's sketch that
that Mr. Hay repiled as follows:
"The proposition you make to pull a
few proofs of Twain's masterpiece is
highly attractive, and, of course, highyi immoral. I cannot properly consent
to the suggestion, as I am afraid the
great mas would think I was taking
the superspection, as I am afraid the
great mas would think I was taking
the superspection, as I am afraid the
great mas would think I was taking
the superspection, as I am afraid the
great mas would think I was taking
the superspection, as I am a fraid the
great mas would think I was taking
the superspection, as I am a fraid the
special to the superspection, as I am a fraid
back the manuscript as soon as posstile; but II, in spite of my prohibition, you take those proofs, save me
one."

It was sweerfisous to add that, with
this hint, the proofs were "pulled"—
one for Mr. Hay and one for Mr.
Gunn.

KNIFED.