

school; in fact, they were both exceptionally fine students, which made the contrast all the more striking.

For Roger was remarkably unlike his brothers. He seemed to labor under the impression that he had been sent to college simply and solely for the purpose of learning to play football. Apparently nothing else had power to kindle the slightest enthusiasm in his sluggish breast, and his father and mother argued and expostulated with him in vain.

"Is there any prospective benefit to be derived from these hours spent in scrambling after a football?" his father questioned, severely; to which Roger merely responded in his usual off-hand style, "who knows but I may be elected captain of the varsity team next year?"

"Is that the height of your ambition?" his parent returned bitterly. "I am terribly disappointed in you, sir. I had hoped to make a professional man of you, not a professional athlete, and had even aspired to seeing you some day in our leading law office with my old friend, Wilkinson Smalley, but it's no use. Smalley wants only young men of the highest promise," and Mr. Bartlett sighed wearily.

"It does no good to talk to Roger," he confided to his wife afterward, for hardly ten minutes had elapsed after I had been remonstrating with him about the evils of football before he inquired if I wouldn't bring you down to see the game on Saturday, and informed me that he had saved two tickets for us."

Mrs. Bartlett regarded her husband helplessly. "What did you say to him then?" she queried.

"I told him 'certainly not,'" Mr. Bartlett exclaimed, "and I expressed my surprise at his daring to suggest such a thing. Show me some lasting benefit, or any abiding good, that is to be derived from this ridiculous game, I told him, and then come to me to abet you in such folly, but not till then."

And so Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett failed to witness that memorable game in which their youngest son gained for himself such enviable laurels. Once in the field, Roger was like one transformed. Keen, alert, cool, rising splendidly to every emergency, no one would have known him for the same slow, indifferent, easy-going specimen of humanity who grieved the ambitious souls of his parents by his small aptitude for Greek.

The great game over, the victorious team hastened back to their gymnasium with all possible speed; they had some little distance to go, as the gymnasium was not very near the ball



IN AN INSTANT HE HAD TACKLED HIM, grounds, so that in order to reach it they were obliged to traverse the center of the town and cross the railroad tracks.

Roger, who had been detained a moment or so longer than the others, reached the station a short time after they had crossed, and found the platforms crowded with people who were returning from the game, mingled with those who were alighting from incoming trains. As he stepped upon the platform he became conscious that something unusual was going on, and he immediately perceived that the eyes of the multitude were riveted upon a figure half-way across the tracks, a figure pausing there in bewilderment.

"There's a train coming each way," somebody gasped; "why doesn't he get off the track?"

The station agent and one or two other officials were shouting loudly, but the man, who was old and very deaf, appeared thoroughly dazed. As he was prepared to step on the track nearest him he had caught sight of one train coming down upon him, and he now staggered back and was about to plunge in front of the other downcoming express, when suddenly something very unexpected happened.

As the crowd of bystanders shrank

back with horror-stricken faces, convinced that they were about to witness the horrible fate which must instantly overtake the old man, a figure in a much-begrimed canvas jacket sprang out from among them, and clearing the tracks at a bound alighted beside the swaying form of the other.

A shudder, and a wave of pitiful regret swept over the motionless crowd. "He can never drag him back in time," they breathed; "they will both be killed—oh, the pity of it."

But our football man had no thought of dragging the unsteady figure in front of either approaching engine. In an instant he had tackled the man and thrown him flat upon the ground between the tracks, for all the world quite as if he had been an opponent on the football field; then he dropped lightly on top of him and lay there motionless, while the two trains thundered past on each side of them, and the crowd stood waiting spell-bound.

In much less time than it takes to describe the episode it was over, and what might have been a tragedy had proved to be only a bit of melodrama after all; yet as Roger jumped up and pulled the old man on to his feet, applause and cheers louder than any that had greeted him on the football field rang in his ears.

Abashed and quite overwhelmed by such an ovation Roger made haste to elbow his way through the crowd, and in so doing nearly overthrew his own brother Fred, who happened to be standing directly in his path.

"For heaven's sake was that you, Roger?" he cried, confronting him in astonishment.

"Do let me get out of this," his brother responded impatiently, "they needn't make such a fuss because I knocked the old duffer over," and he bolted in the direction of the gymnasium.

Saturday nights generally brought the scattered members of the Bartlett family together, as the collegians always made a point of coming home to spend Sunday under the parental roof tree.

On this particular Saturday evening all were assembled before Roger came in. Fred was all agog to describe the scene that he had witnessed, but he unselfishly held his tongue. "I'll not spoil his story for him, but will give him a chance to do justice to it," he mentally ejaculated, as he watched his brother swallowing his soup with unruffled composure.

But Roger said nothing upon the vital subject, and Fred looked at him with increasing surprise as he judicially set forth the respective merits of the opposing football teams, and called attention to their most vulnerable points.

"I'll turn in early to-night, I think," he yawned, as he withdrew from the dining room. "I put pretty solid work into the last half of that game," and he leisurely vended his way upstairs.

"I wish that Roger would put a little solid work into something else," his father volunteered, as he disappeared from the room.

At this, Fred, who had in times past repeatedly scoffed at his brother's athletic proclivities, instantly fired up.

"Father," he burst forth, "you're making a big mistake about Roger. He's got more genuine stuff in him than all the rest of us put together, and if it's football that's done it, the sooner that we all go in for the game the better," and then he proceeded to give a graphic account of the afternoon's experience, which caused his father to blow his nose loudly and repeatedly, while his eyes glistened with happy pride, and sent his mother weeping in search of the sleepy athlete, who couldn't understand what he had done that was worth making such a fuss about.

A few days later Mr. Bartlett received a note from his old friend, Wilkinson Smalley, which ran somewhat as follows:

DEAR BARTLETT—I hear that your Roger is going in for the law, and if so I want him. When he gets through with the law school you can hand him over to me; for he is just the material that I'm on the lookout for, and you may well be proud of him.

He scared me out of a year's growth the other afternoon, at the station, the young rascal, but in spite of that, I wish you would tell him to come round and take dinner with me some night, for I want to talk to him.

With kind regards to Mrs. Bartlett, believe me, ever your friend.

WILKINSON SMALEY.

When Roger came home the following Saturday, his father handed him the note remarking: "I'm afraid I haven't appreciated your football, old man, but I'm going to do better in the future; and, by the way, Roger, I hear that you're to play in the game at Springfield next week; is that so?"

Roger nodded.

"Very well, then," Mr. Bartlett continued, "your mother and I would like to have you get us the best seats that can be bought, for we've set our hearts upon going up to see you make the first touchdown."—Boston Transcript.

From Princess to Empress.

Princess Alix's wedding recalls the fact that it is over forty years since any princess became an empress on her wedding day. In 1853 Napoleon III married Eugenie and in 1854 Francis Joseph of Austria, espoused Princess Elizabeth. Both empresses reigned supreme as queens of beauty and fashion and both are now broken down by the deaths of their only sons under sad circumstances.

A Heavenly Waist Society.

Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt, in her travels around the world, found in China a Heavenly Foot society, the members of which are young men pledged not to marry women whose feet are smaller than natural expansion would produce. She suggests a Heavenly Waist society might be formed to advantage among the American youth.



the semblance of a pale, emaciated man, the brother of my wife's old friend and schoolmate.

I never liked Belle Hastings particularly well; there was something in her dark gray eyes that looked treacherous to me even in her girlhood, and now, after a two years' sojourn in wicked New York I fancied, as jealous men sometimes will, that she was no fit companion for my gentle Amy.

But my wife seemed radiantly happy when Belle and her brother took the house next door.

I said nothing, but at that instant I felt a curious sensation burning in my heart, and knew, but would not admit, even to myself, the fact that I was jealous of Arthur Hastings's nearness to my treasure.

For Arthur had loved her once in the days when they were boy and girl together, but he was poor and sickly, while I was quite the opposite, and although I never really doubted Amy's love, I sometimes found myself wondering if she had ever cared for Arthur.

I was not neglected in any manner. Amy was always there when I arrived, and the house was always as bright and cheerful as could be, but all her plans for ourselves were so interwoven with plans for our neighbors that the feeling that I was no longer foremost in her mind drove me nearly frantic with suppressed resentment. And one morning the rage in my heart overcame my will entirely.

"You think altogether too much of Belle Hastings and her brother," I said, with a meaning accent, when Amy had finished telling me some plan that she had made for her neighbors' entertainment.

My wife looked surprised and pained at my sudden outbreak, and replied with a little show of temper: "Belle is my best friend," she said, hotly, "and Arthur, poor fellow, is my best friend's brother."

"And your lover once," I retorted fiercely. "You should have married him if you regarded him so highly." And then, slamming the door, I left her for the first time in our married life without the usual kisses and caresses.

That night when I returned home I heard my wife and her friend talking softly together in the parlor. I was not overpleased to find Belle there, for I had fully made up my mind to apologize to my wife and try to establish the old affection, but just as I reached the parlor door, without in the least attempting to listen, I heard my wife talking in the most plaintive tones, as if her very heart was broken.

"Go to him, Belle, and tell him that I love him! Tell him that it is all a mistake—that he alone is the idol of



"YOU ROBBED ME OF MY HONOR!" my wife, and no other could take his place even for a minute."

I turned abruptly upon my heel and entered the study door, where I could not hear their voices, and then, with my brain in a perfect tumult of bewilderment, I sat down to reason out my wife's strange message. To whom was the message to be carried—to myself, her husband, or to Arthur Hastings? If to me, why should a bearer be necessary? and if to Arthur—but I could not harbor such a vile suggestion.

At first I felt angry at Amy for thus revealing our first disagreement, but Belle was her childhood friend, and women, the world over, will stick their toes to one another. I waited a little longer and then, hearing the parlor door open and close, concluded Belle had started to find me. I rose eagerly and opened the door, and in another instant, almost foolishly expectant, I was standing close beside her.

"Good evening," she said, sweetly, as she finished buttoning her glove. "I have been calling on Amy and did not know that you were home." Then, to my utter surprise and distress, she walked abruptly to the door, and with a pleasant nod, opened it and went out, to deliver, I suppose, my

wife's endearing message. I was satisfied now that my jealousy was not groundless. For fully five minutes I remained motionless in the hall, while the blood whirled madly through my veins and my heart pounded in my chest like the blows from a huge sledge hammer.

My first thought was to leave her at once, but there came the hideous thirst for vengeance. So she had tricked me, this gentle, saint-like woman, and the man who was the "idol of her heart" was that pale-faced rogue, her next door neighbor. I saw and understood everything now, even to the minutest details of their clever plans and plottings.

By dinner time I was calm and composed, but there was a distant haughtiness about my manner that repelled my wife in her treacherous advances. I knew her now, and acting could not deceive me. She looked at me wistfully and with actual tears shining in her eyes, but I ignored her glance completely and busied myself with the evening paper.

After dinner I went out and left her alone without so much as saying I was going, but about 9 o'clock I crept guiltily back and placed my ear at the keyhole of my own wife's chamber.

It was as I thought; Belle was there, and this was what I caught of a hurried conversation.

"He was thoroughly indifferent," Belle was saying, "and not only showed me that he resented my interference, but that he was disgusted at what he terms your 'fickleness,' and did not care particularly for any further demonstration. I am sorry for you, dear," she added, "but all men are not alike, I assure you, and my brother—" but here I lost the rest.

So it seemed that my worst suspicions had been verified. The message had been for Arthur Hastings, and he, the contemptible, pale-faced man, had declined her offer of affection.

In an instant the whole tide of my anger was turned toward him—the man who could scorn a woman's honor. I forgot that she had wronged me and disgraced herself, for my brain was burning at this man's audacious treatment. There was just a moment in which to act, for I could hear Belle coming across the floor, and turning the key quietly in the lock, I left her fumbling at the door and rushed almost headlong out to call upon my rival.

I burst into Arthur Hastings's presence in a state of almost furious anger, and without a word of explanation, I seized him by one feeble shoulder and nearly shook the breath out of his body.

"So you are the black-hearted scoundrel who has ruined my home and then declined my wife's affections?" I whispered hoarsely. "You are the meek-faced, skulking hypocrite who has pretended friendship for me even while you robbed me of my honor!"

I stopped then, suddenly, as I began, for the man had turned almost ghastly in the face and fallen heavily before me on the carpet.

What had I done? Had I really killed him in my fury? And then shame, for the horrible advantage I had taken, overpowered me completely, and flushed my face with a coward's crimson.

I stood above him now in horrible consternation, when suddenly the door flew open and my wife and Belle stood breathless before me.

"Oh, Charlie! Charlie! What have you done?" my wife shrieked excitedly, but Belle Hastings, apparently understanding all, rushed over and knelt beside her brother.

"It is I who have killed him," she said in a voice of agony.

"It is I who am to blame for this horrible error. I did not deliver your message, Amy, and your husband has heard and misconstrued it."

Paralyzed in every limb Amy and I stood silently and watched the wretched woman as she moaned over the prostrate form and caressed the ghastly features. Then while I, his murderer, remained mute with horror she raised her haggard eyes to my face again, while her dry lips could hardly express their language.

"He loved you, oh, so dearly, Amy, but he was honorable to the end, my brother, and would never wrong you or your husband. But I—," here she shuddered in mortal pain, "I loved him so dearly that I was false to you. I would have parted you if I could—but her calmness could endure no longer."

While Belle wept and wailed above her dead I turned one wild, appealing glance toward Amy, and in utter hopelessness my glance was answered.

Shivering with horror she took my hand and led me close beside my victim, then taking Belle's also in her own she forced her to look up while she whispered the words of our condemnation.

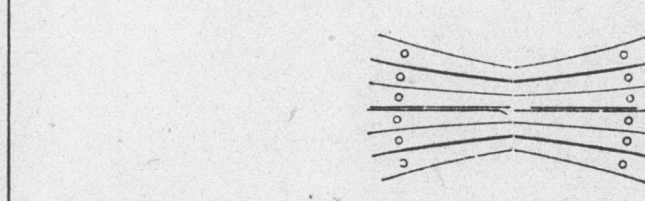
"We are all to blame," she said, "hobly," but God alone can read our hearts. He was innocent, poor, dear Arthur, but weeping will not bring him back, and now there is nothing left but to separate and keep his awful fate a secret." Then reverently we knelt and kissed the dead, and when we had arisen, she, the purest of us all, was able through her innocence to dream that I might be forgiven.

A Chicken Palace.

One of the caprices of the woman who is able to indulge her fancies is poultry-raising. It is said to be an expensive amusement, but that does not matter. Mrs. Robert Garrett has just built a poultry establishment at Uplands, her country palace, which cost her over \$8,000. The poultry-house is a beautiful structure, 250 feet long, adorned with towers and turrets, provided with a reception room and a library containing books on hen culture.



REWARD!
FOR ANY SMOBBY
FOUND IN MEN-
DERSON'S
NO.
1,000
SATIN CALF
SHOES.



NOT IN
1,000
Years will you find a shoe that fits, wears
and looks so well for so little money.

For Sale By
PORTER & YEOMAN,
RENSSELAER, - INDIANA.