## The Jungle

Copyright, 1905.

" 'The Jungle' is simply immense. I do not believe Mr. Sinclair realizes the power it is destined to work among American people. I have worked in Packingtown and can youth for the pictures he draw being true to life. They are terribly strong, horribly real, but not overdrawn."—F. C.

CHAPTER XXV.



URGIS got up, wild with rage; but the door was shut and the great castle was dark and impregnable. Then bit into him, and he turned and went away at a run.

did not wish to attract attention. His heart was thumping fast with triumph. He had come out ahead on that deal! He put his hand into his trousers pocket every now and then to make sure that the precious hundred

dollar bill was still there. Yet he was in a plight-a curious and even dreadful plight, when he came to realize it. He had not a single cent but that one bill! And he had to find some shelter that night-he had to change it! How could it be done?

Jurgis spent half an hour walking and debating the problem. There was no one he could go to for help—he had to manage it all alone. To get it changed in a lodging-house would be to take his life in his legal to have her life in his legal. take his life in his hands-he would almost certainly be robbed, and perhaps murdered, before morning. He might go to some hotel or railroad-depot and ask to have it changed; but what would they think, seeing a "bum" like him with a hundred dollars? He would probably be arrested if he tried it; and what story could he tell? On the mor-row Freddie Jones would discover his loss, and there would be a hunt for him, and he would lose his money. The only other plan he could think of was to try in a saloon. He might pay them to change it, if it could not be done other-

He began peering into places as he walked; he passed several as being too crowded, and finally, chancing upon one where the bartender was all alone, he gripped his hands in sudden resolution and went in.

"Can you change me a hundred dollar bill?" he demanded. The bartender was a big, husky fellow,

with the jaw of a prize fighter, and a three weeks' stubble of hair upon it. He stared at Jurgis. "What's that youse say?" he demanded. "I said, could you change me a hundred dollar bill?"

"Where'd youse get it?" the other in quired incredulously.
"Never mind," said Jurgis; "I've got it and I want it changed. I'll pay you

if you'll do it." The other stared at him hard, "Lemme his turn came.

see it," he said.

manded, gripping it lightly in his pocket. "How the hell can I know if it's good not?" retorted the bartender. Whatcher take me for, hey?"

Then Jurgis slowly and warily proached him; he took out the bill, and fumbled it for a moment, while the man stared at him with hostile eyes across the counter. Then finally he handed it

The other took it, and began to examine it; he smoothed it between his fingers, and he held it up to the light; he turned it over, and upside down, and edgeways. It was new and rather stiff, and that made him dubious. Jurgis was

watching him like a cat all the time. "Humph," he said, finally, and gazed at the stranger, sizing him up-a regged ill-smelling tramp, with no overcoat and one arm in a sling-and a hundred dollar bill! "Want to buy anything?" he de-

"Yes," said Jurgis, "I'll take a glass of

"All right," said the other, "I'll change it." And he put the bill in his pocket, and poured Jurgis out a glass of beer, and set it on the counter. Then he turned to the cash-register, and punched up five cents, and began to pull money out of the drawer. Finally he faced Jurgis, counting it out—two dimes. a quarter and fifty cents. "There's your change," he said.

For a second Jurgis waited, expecting to see him turn again. "My ninety-nine dollars," he said.

"What ninety-nine dollars?" demanded the bartender. "My change!' he cried-"the rest of

my hundred!" "Go on," said the bartender, "you're

nutty!"

And Jurgis stared at him with wild eyes. For an instant horror reigned in him-black, paralyzing, awful horror, clutching him at the heart; and then came rage, in surging, blinding floodssereamed aloud, and seized the glass and hurled it at the scoundrel's head. The other ducked, and it missed him by half an inch; then he rose again, and faced Jurgis, who was vaulting over the bar with his one well arm; he dealt him a smashing blow in the face, hurling him backward upon the floor. Then, as Jurgis scrambled to his feet again and started round the counter after him, he shouted at the top of his voice, "Help!

Jurgis seized a bottle off the counter as he ran; and as the bartender made a wild leap he hurled the bottle at him with all his force. It just grazed his head, and shivered into a thousand pieces against the post of the door. Then Jurgis started back, rushing at the man again in the middle of the room. This time, in his blind frenzy, he came without a bottle, and that was all the bartender wanted—he rushed at him, meeting him half way and flooring him with a sledge-hammer drive between the eyes. An instant later the screen-doors flew open, and two men rushed in-just as Jurgis was getting to his feet again, foaming at the mouth with rage, and trying to tear his broken arm out of its

"Look out!" shouted the bartender-

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"he's got a knife!" Then, seeing that the two were disposed to join in the fray, he made another rush at Jurgis, and knocked aside his feeble defense and sent him tumbling again; and the three flung themselves upon him, rolling and

A second later a policeman dashed in, and the bartender yelled once more— "Look out for his knife!" Jurgis had fought himself half to his knees, when the policeman made a leap at him, and cracked him across the face with his club. Though the blow staggered him, the wild beast frenzy still blazed in him and he got to his feet, lunging into the air. Then again the club descended, full upon his head, and he dropped like a log

The policeman crouched over him, elutching his stick, waiting for him to try to rise again; and meantime the barkeeper got up, and put his hand to his "Christ!" he said, "I thought I head. was done for that time. Did he cut

"Don't see anything, Jake," said the policeman. "What's the matter with

"Just crazy drunk," said the other. "A lame duck, too-but he most got me under the bar. Youse had better call the

"No," said the officer. "He's got no more fight in him, I guess—and he's only got a block to go." He twisted his hand in Jurgis's collar and jerked at him. "Git up here, you!" he commanded.

But Jurgis did not move, and the bartender went behind the bar, and after stowing the hundred dollar bill away in a safe hiding place, came and poured a glass of water over Jurgis. Then, as the latter began to moan feebly, the policeman got him to his feet and dragged him out of the place. The station-house was just around the corner, and so in a few minutes Jurgis was in a cell.

He spent half the night lying unconscious, and the balance moaning in tor-ment, with a blinding headache and a racking thirst. Now and then he cried aloud for a drink of water, but there was no one to hear him; there were oth ers in that same station-house with split heads and a fever; there were hundreds of them in the great city, and tens of thousands of them in the great land, and there was no one to hear any of

In the morning he was given a cup of water and a piece of bread, and then hustled into a patrol-wagon and driven to the nearest police-court. He sat in the pen with a score of others, until

stand. He took the oath and told his The prisoner had come into his saloon after midnight, fighting drunk, and had ordered a glass of beer and tendered a dollar bill in payment. He had been given ninety-five cents change, and had demanded ninety-nine dollars more, and before the plaintiff could even answer, had hurled the glass at him and away and leave her forever, and her eyes then attacked him with a bottle of bit- were red with weeping. She had been ters, and nearly wrecked the place.

Then the prisoner was sworn—a forlorn object, haggard and unshorn, with an arm done up in a filthy bandage, a cheek and head cut and bloody, and one ye purplish black and entirely closed. What have you to say for yourself?'

"Your Honor," said Jurgis, "I went into his place and asked the man if he could change me a hundred dollar bill. And he said he would if I bought a drink.

The magistrate was staring at him in perplexity. "You gave him a hundrded lollar bill!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, Your Honor," said Jurgis.

"Where did you get it?"

Jurgis was driven out to the Bridewell for the second time. In his tumbling around he had hurt his arm again, and so could not work, but had to be athead and his eye had to be tied up-and so he was a pretty-looking object when, the second day after his arrival, he went out into the exercise-court and encountered-Jack Duane!

The young fellow was so glad to see Jurgis that he almost hugged him. "By God, if it isn't 'the Stinker!' " he cried. And what is it-have you been through sausage-machine?"

"No," said Jurgis, "but I've been in a railroad wreck and a fight." And then, while some of the other prisoners gathered round, he told his wild story; most of them were incredulous, but Duane knew that Jurgis could never have made up such a yarn as that.

"Hard luck, old man," he said, when they were alone; "but maybe it's taught you a lesson."

"I've learned some things since I saw you last," said Jurgis, mournfully. Then he explained how he had spent the last summer, "hoboing it," as the phrase was. "And you?" he asked, finally. "Have you been here ever since?"
"Lord, no!" said the other. "I only

came in the day before yesterday. It's the second time they've sent me up on a trumped-up charge—they're trying to drive me out of Chicago. I guess I'll have to quit, too—I've had hard luck and can't pay them what they want. Why don't you quit along with me, Jur-

"I've no place to go," said Jurgis,

"Neither have I," replied the other laughing lightly. "But we'll wait till

we get out and see." In the Bridewell Jurgis met few who had been there the last time, but he met scores of others, old and young, of exactly the same sort. It was like breakers upon a beach; there was new water, but the wave looked just the same. He strolled about and talked with them, and the biggest of them told tales of their prowess, while those who were weaker or younger and inexperienced, gathered round and listened in admiring ilence. The last time Jurgis had hought of little but his family; but now he was free to listen to these menand to realize suddenly that he was one of them, that their point of view was his point of view, and that the way they kept themselves alive in the world was the way he meant to do it in future.

And so, when he was turned out of prison, again without a penny in his pocket, he went straight to Jack Duane. Duane had left an address, and offered him an asylum, and he accepted it with humility and gratitude. For Duane was a gentleman, and a man with a profession-and it was marvelous that he should be willing to throw in his lot with a humble workingman, one who had even been a beggar and a tramp. gis could not see what help he could be to him; he did not understand that a man like himself-who could be trusted to stand by any one who was kind to him-was as rare among criminals as among any other class of men.

The rendezvous was a garret-room in the Ghetto district, the home of a pretty little French girl, Duane's mis-tress, who sewed all day, and eked out her living by prostitution. He had left his address with her, she told Jurgis-he was afraid to stay there now, on account of the police; he was threatening to go were red with weeping. She had been arrested for street-walking, and was afraid she would have to go into a brothel, the police tax upon ind

pendent prostitution was so high. The new address was a cellar dive. The proprietor had never heard of but after he had put Jurgis through a catechism he showed him a back-stairs which led to a "fence" in the rear of a pawn-broker's shop, and to a number of assignation-rooms, in one of

which Duane was hiding.

He was going to leave the city that very night, he told Jurgis—the police were after him again. But he was without a cent and had first to get his car-fare. The other suggested that he try a freight-train, but Duane did not travel that way, least of all in midwinter. He was going to get the money, all right, and Jurgis should help him and share with him. Duane explained his plan; and as it was the other's first lesson. and was likely to be his last, Duane

found him examining the "swag." There was a gold watch, for one thing, with a chain and locket; there was a silver there were letters and checks, and two there was a twenty, five tens, four fives, and three ones. Duane drew a long breath. "That lets me out," he said.

all but the bills, and likewise the pic ture of a little girl in the locket. Then him!" Duane took the watch and trinkets down-stairs, and came back with sixteen dollars. "The old scoundrel said the case was filled," he said. "It's a lie, but he knows I want to get away."

They divided up the spoils, and Jurgis got as his share fifty-five dollars and some change. He protested that it was too much, but the other had agreed to divide even. That was a good haul, he said, better than the average. It would be enough to take him to New York, so he would wait until the next eveninghe was afraid to start in the daytime,

When they got up in the morning, Jurgis was sent out to buy a paper; one of the pleasures of committing a crime was the reading about it afterwards. "I had a pal that always did it," Duane re-marked, laughing—"until one day he read that he had left three thousand dollars in a lower inside pocket of his

but the newspaper reading led to a serious misfortune, none the less. There was a half-column account of the robbery-it was evident that a gang was operating in the neighborhood, said the paper, for it was the third within a week, and the police were apparently powerless. The victim was an insurance agent, and he had lost a hundred and ten dollars that did not belong to him. He had chanced to have his name marked in his shirt, otherwise he would not have been identified yet. His assailant had hit him too hard, and he was suffering from concussion of the brain; and also he had been half-frozen when found, and would lose three fingers of his right hand. The enterprising newspaper-reporter had taken all this information to his family, and told how they had received it.

Since it was Jurgis's first experience. these details naturally caused him some worriment; but the other laughed coolly —it was the way of the game, and there was no helping it. Before long Jurgis would think no more of it than they did in the yards of knocking out a bullock. "It's a case of us or the other fellow, and I say the other fellow every time," he observed. "Still," said Jurgis, reflectively, "he

never did us any harm." "He was doing it to somebody as hard as he could, you can be sure of that,"

say: "Three fingers gone! He will be worse off than poor Harry Wheeler!" And at that remark, made casually and carelessly, he was amazed to see his companion turn deadly pale, and start as if he had been struck in the face.
"What's the matter?" Jurgis cried.

"Harry Wheeler!" gasped Duane.
"Yes," said Jurgis, "what about him?" 'Yes," said Jurgis, Duane could hardly speak, for his

They had a room " said Jurgis. in the house where I lived. They-" "Who were they?" cried Duanef.

from a place in Connecticut-" And Duane reached over towards him. his hand shaking like an aspen leaf. "It's—it's the same people!" he whispered, breathlessly. "What—what was

the matter with his hand?" "He worked in a tin-can factory at the yards," said Jurgis; "and he'd had two fingers of his left hand cut off. And he could not play his violin any more

And Duane went all in a heap-he buried his face in his arms, and burst

did you tell me? Why did you have to say it just now-why couldn't you let me go away in peace? Oh, it's too horri-

and opened a big wholesale business in a town near by, and sold all its slaughter-house products at less than cost. Also, when the company tried to ship its products to Boston and New York, the trust, were never to be had on time, and the charges became so preposterous that don its property. So the bank was ruined also, and Duane's father killed himself. "And that was the Beef Trust!" the man cried, wildly-"and now ourned the card-case and its contents, my brother comes out here, and it maims him for life, and all but kills

He sat staring in front of him, twisting his fingers together nervously. "I can't go away from here now," he explight like that—and it was six months what may have happened since then!"
"Jurgis," Duane burst out, after a mo

ment's pause—"will you go out there for me and see if you can find them? I don't dare to show myself, but you can go. I know you didn't want to meet your people—"
"I'll go for you," said Jurgis, quickly.

'What do you want me to do?' "Find them," said Duane. "Find out how they are-take them some money

"Shall I tell them it's from you?" wouldn't take a cent if they knew-' "But they won't take it from me," ob-

"Go and see," cried Duane, wildly. "Go

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Reconect that a ten-acre farm goes each week to the one that sends in the largest club during the week. The week closes on Friday, at 6 p. m., but if you fail to get in during the week you expected to, the club simply counts on next week, and if it is the largest one, it gets the prize.

A WORD FROM COMRADE HERRON.

Probably no man in the Socialist movement has been more persistently lied about and maligned by the agents of capitalism than Comrade George D. Herron. Since the death of Mrs. Rand, mother of Mrs. Herron, the capitalistcontrolled daily press has worked overtime inventing new falsehoods and warming up old ones about this comrade and his noble wife. Up to this time Comrade Herron has kept silent, but so savage and grossly false have these stories be- huddled down in her chair, rocking hercome, and on account of their being self back and forth, wailing and wringused to discredit Socialism in the eyes of the unthinking, he has finally made a statement to the daily press which, with their usual unfair and unjust methods, they used only in part and that fastened, upon her; the face, now repulpart given obscure position. Following sive in its contortions, and the light hair, is the statement in full:

"A vong man last sport that effect of the conversions." These was a little in the conversions of the conversion of the convers

claimed suddenly. "I've got to pay the police, and stay-I've got to help them somehow! How could I leave them in a ago you saw them, and God only knows

for me!' "No, not yet. If you did I should have to try to find some work, for they

jected Jurgis. "I shouldn't dare to offer it

and see!"

is the statement in full:

So untrue and unjust are recent press reports concerning my wife and myself, and so terribly false their implications as to Socialist men and doctrines, that I feel compelled to give them an explicit public denial. Not that I have any hope of counteracting by means of a brief statement the effects of wide misstatements that have occupied pages in our daily journals, and that have been read by millions of people I can only hope that some of the serious-minded may read what I herein set forth, and accept it for the truth that it is.

1. According to these reports. Mrs. Herron and myself have recently inherited from her mother, Mrs. E. D. Rand, eleven millions of dollars, all of which sum is to be devoted to the destruction of the family and of religion. Now, Mrs. Rand never had eleven million dollars, nor one million dollars, to bequeath to anyone. Her whole estate does not amount to one-twelfth of what the press reports her to have left to her daughter. And the bulk of that twelfth does not go to Mrs. Herron at all, but is held by trustees to be equally divided.

one-twelfth of what the press reports her to have left to her daughter. And the bulk of that twelfth does not go to Mrs. Herron at all, but is held by trustess to be equally divided among Mrs. Rand's six grandchildren as they respectively become twenty-eight years of age, during which time one-half of the income is to be devoted to the founding of a school of Socialism in New York City with Mrs. Herron and Mr. Morris Hillquit as its trustees.

2. It is stated that there is gathered at Elmwood farm, our home near Metuchen, N. J.. a colony of people who are putting in practice the supposed doctrines that are destructive to the family and to religion. There is not, there has not been, nor has there been any intention or dream of having, a colony of any sort whatsoever at the Elmwood farmstead. The place was an old and neglected colonial farm, which we bought four years ago, in the first place, as a home for my father and mother, who are conservative Presbyterians and republicans, and also are the only people who have ever lived on the place, aside from the superintendent and the employes. We also thought of the homestead and land as a place where we could work out of doors in the Summer months, while giving hospitality to friends in need of rest, and while making a piece of practically waste earth fruitful and beautiful again. The only cottages on the place are those occupied by the farmer, the mechanic and the gardener. The persistent story of a colony at Elmwood farm is pure invention, and neither in fact nor intention has such a colony ever existed. It is to be hoped that this statement will forever set the matter at rest.

3. It is reported that I and my "followers".

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THE CAPITALIST CREED.

By Eliza Frances Andrews.
I levy my tribute on man and brute,
And I laugh to myself as I pocket the fruit
Of the toiling slaves. I make my booty
With "free labor" rot and protective duty,
While the blood of their babes is food for my
mills—
What care I for the cost when they foot the
bills?
Or Manmon, the real transfer of the cost when they foot the

bills?

For Mammon, the god by whose grace I rule,

Holds brotherly love the part of a fool;

And my creed is to bleed the guilible asses,

hupes of my greed, the masses, the masses. I revel in graft, I buy up the judges, The councils, the congress, the schools and the

The councils, the congress, the schools and the churches;
And when I invent some new kind of plunder To insure it against theological thunder I found a new college, endow a library, Or give to the church—and all will go merry. To pay for these choice philanthropical pills I put a fresh tax on my slaves in the mills. The daft, mad, raft, purblind asses, Tools of my craft, the masses, the masses.

I am safe with my spoils while the polls I can picket.

And see that they vote for the old party ticket;
I fill their ears with a lying report

Of the danger that lurks in the Socialist vote;
And like dull-witted cattle that haven't the

sense
sense
the dali-witted teather that have
sense
They drift with the current and never take n
They've got in the wrong political boat.
The besotted lot—the slavish asses—
Fooled by my wit—the masses, the masses.

## What Killed Him.

By Josephine Conger.

F you'd a' went after the doctor when I told you to, he'd a' been livin' yet. If you'd a' done your duty-if you'd a' cared-Oh, you're no human father! You're-" and she glared at him with unspeakable hatred, una. ble to finish her denunciation. Then she burst into uncontrollable weeping. He looked at her, and but for her ugliness would have pitied her. But as she sat,

ing her hands, he did not see the crushed soul and the hungry, bruised mother-heart of the woman. He saw only the limp, cheap clothing that hung, halfsive in its contortions, and the light hair, thin and tangled, upon her head. hin and tangled, upon her head.

Then he turned to the window and Main street., Dallas, Tex., tell be gause

street. A steady march of people passed of Cancer, and instructs in before his gaze. street. A steady march of people passed be patient. Tells what before his gaze. Working people they people they before his gaze. were, for the most part. The exceptions, ble guide in the manappel judging from their raiment, were beg- case. It advises the gars and prostitutes. No rich man ever treatment, and the reasons why. In short, passed along that way. But the man it is a book that you will value for its was not disturbed by this fact, as he gazed down upon the ever-passing prepaid, on receipt of ten cents, stamps throng. Neither was he thinking of the dead child lying on the bed near by. In that hour, when strange, incomprehensible death sat upon his threshold, his mind had traveled a thorn-strewn path back o the little schoolhouse where he and

the dead boy's mother had gone to school together. It was the smallest schoolhouse imaginable, located in a grove of elm trees. But he and Myra were children then, and it had never occurred to them that their school abounded in limitations. Indeed, it was the only place of learning that they knew, and, happily, it could not suffer from comparisons.

He used to "go by" for Myra and her brother Edgar during the school seasons, for their place lay on his road to the schoolhouse. He had frequent fights

with Edgar, but with Myra he never quarreled. Once he kissed her. That came to him now, vividly. He recalled how he had run away from her suddenly after he had done it. How, for the first time in his life, he was afraid of her. Afraid and ashamed, and inexpressibly happy. All the long noon hour he had



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the icy teeth of the blast kicking about the place. When he stopped again it was because he was coming to frequented streets and

to the floor.

wagon, Billy."

The bartender—who proved to be a

queried the magistrate.

I gave him the bill and then he wouldn't give me the change."

"A man gave it to me, Your Honor." What man, and what for?" "A young man I met upon the street, Your Honor. I had been begging."

Appeal to gasa who had been made the target of edious gis went one way and his friend the the price of cattle in the neighborhood, kid-gloved reformers.

other, walking briskly.

The latter arrived first, and Jurgis

tended to by the physician. Also his pencil, and a match-box, and a handful railroad-rates went up all of a sudden; of small change, and finally a card-case and the refrigerator-cars which it had This last Duane opened feverishly- to use, and which all belonged to the theatre-tickets, and at last, in the back part, a wad of bills. He counted them- the company had to give up and aban-

After further examination, they

and he was perfectly safe here.

party's vest!" Nothing like that happened this time.

said Duane. To which Jurgis made no response for moment or two. Then he chanced to

agitation. "I—I had a friend—" he panted. "What—how—"
"It was a fellow I met in the stock-

"His mother and sister. They came

-that was why it was so terrible-"

into tears. Jurgis started up in fright. "What-what is it?" he cried, wildly. "Who are they?"
The other sobbed: "Oh, my God, why

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