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FEAR & CARPENTER.

before you.

As Mr. Gardiner entered the pleasant dining room of his home, and greeted the noisy girls and boys who sprang forward to kiss him good morning, his eye caught sight of a note lying on his plate. Recognizing the handwriting of the 'squire he opened it, and as he read an expression of extreme perplexity spread over his face. Dropping the note he eagerly seized the morning paper, and hurriedly looked through it until he found an item which, when he had read, he walked slowly toward the bow window of the room, whistling softly to himself the first few bars of an old hymn tune. Men used to say that you could always tell that Abner Gardiner was puzzled when you heard that air. Picking up the note once more he read it, and whistled again.

"What is it, Abner?" asked Mrs. Gardiner.

"Nothing much; the squire wants to see me," answered her husband absently, and Mrs. Gardiner knew him too well to ask any more questions.

In order that you may see what it was that puzzled Mr. Gardiner so much, I will reprint the note:

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Oct. 24.

Homer K. Gardiner, Esq.:

DEAR SIR—AN item in The Republican of this morning has attracted my attention. You will find it in the fourth column of the first page under the headline, "Can This Be True?" I should be glad to confer with you before I answer it. Yours faithfully, WILLIAM T. JACKSON.

The item in question was short and read as follows:

CAN THIS BE TRUE?

A correspondent has sent the following note to us, and it seems to call for a reply from Mr. Jackson at once. Without any information on the subject we cannot answer the query, but we hope, for the sake of a man who is generally respected, it is not true.

To the Editor of The Republican:

SIR—Can you tell me whether the William Truesdale Jackson who has been nominated by the Democrats for the responsible position of county judge is the same William Truesdale

grasped the lawyer's hand and stammered out an apology for his mistaken though well meant advice. He offered to carry the note to the office of The Republican himself, and the 'squire, visibly gratified by this, acquiesced gladly.

To say that Mr. Jackson's answer to The Republican created a storm of talk is to put things in the mildest way. The orators opposed to the Democratic ticket made the most of the weapon which had been given into their hands. Able editorials filled the Republican papers, and the machinery of the Grand Army was used to increase the excitement. While enemies taunted the deserter friends implored Mr. Jackson to speak, but to no purpose. Entreaties and abuse seemed to pass him by with equal lack of effect. When he appeared at public meetings—for as soon as the county committee had decided he should not withdraw the squire showed he was not afraid to face any music going—there was at first a disposition to hiss on the part of some who were there. This, however, was speedily put down by the majority. It was impossible for these people, among whom he had lived true and blameless for many years, to tolerate open disrespect when shown to him, and once the man got a hearing there was little danger of his audience thinking of aught save his spoken thoughts.

Mr. Gardiner, shrewd as usual, and since that talk with the squire respecting him as he never had before, was the first to see the tide had turned, and seeing rejoiced greatly. It became apparent as the days went on, and the first shock wore off, that the impassioned appeals and able denunciations were rapidly losing their effect. Three days before the election a speaker who began a diatribe against "the coward" and "traitor" was fairly hissed into silence. Men said to each other that while desertion was a

in' me from the hill."

"Go!" said Isabelle almost fiercely. She threw a pile of gay wraps over what lay in the bottom of the boat.

"Now, pull for your life!" she cried to Genie. The boat shot out into the river. Just beyond the shadow of the willows they came upon a rude boat filled with nets and tackle, and propelled by an old fisherman whom they knew by sight.

"Mornin', ladies," he called out.

Isabelle summoned courage to nod and smile and reply "Good morning."

"Reckon that there hangin' is about over," he called over his shoulder as the distance between them lengthened. "The more they hang of that sort the better, I say. Good riddence to bad rubbish." A little farther on two boys paddled out from shore and paddled on in an opposite direction. But after this not another living soul was to be seen upon the river.

At last they came to the foot of their own steps, ceased rowing and tied their boat fast.

A terrible moment had arrived. The body must be lifted from the boat and borne into the house, and that quickly, lest they should be observed from the opposite shore. How they accomplished the task they never quite knew. It seemed to Genie More that some aid more than human must have been accorded her. Isabelle had great strength for one of her sex, and the power of love is mighty. She was almost desperate, for she did not yet know whether it was a living man or a dead body which she held in her arms—whether she were at the moment wife or widow.

At last their burden was laid upon the mattress, which had been spread upon the old work table.

The blanket was flung back, and the strangely revealed face of Carlos de la Rosa was revealed. It seemed like the face of death to Genie More.

vanced toward the door.

"It's his ghost," he groaned.

So little thought of fear had she had when she came to the lonely little house in Corinna that she had not once dreamed of providing herself with a pistol. How she regretted it at this moment! A heavy water pitcher was the only thing that offered itself as an offensive weapon. She seized it by the handle, and placed herself between the door and the bed.

"If they have come for Carlos they shall only take him over my dead body!" she muttered. But now the door opened, and by the pale light of the night lamp she saw a bulky figure enter. A long linen ulster was buttoned about it, a cap was drawn down over its ears, and its features were covered by a bit of crape. One fear, her greatest, departed at the sight. The officers of the law would not present themselves in such guise as this.

"Stop!" she cried, grasping the pitcher more tightly. "Not another step!"

The man uttered a brutish laugh, and simply grasped her by the wrist and took

expect those doctor girls to do something queer."

THE END.

A Musically Inclined Rodent.

For some time past a grand piano in an East End house has shown signs of indisposition. Certain chords invariably sounded dull when struck, and the brilliancy of tone which had been sold at a very high figure with the maker's name had disappeared. But nobody attributed the decadence of the instrument to anything but a little too much use perhaps. A surprise was in store for them.

The other night the household and a few guests were assembled in the music room. One of them, a lady of great ability as a pianist, sat down at the instrument and began to play. The muffled effect was more noticeable than ever. Somebody suggested that an inquest be held on the piano. Then one of the ladies without more ado lifted the cover of the piano—and—well, there was a panic.

A big rat jumped out from among the strings and galloped across the room. It escaped, of course, for everybody was too much astonished to attack it. There were screams and a great leaping upon chairs. When everybody cooled down the inquest proceeded. It was found that the rat had made a comfortable nest of paper among the wires. The rat had evidently a keen sense of the fitness of things as well as a love of music, for its nest was found to be made of selections from Beethoven's sonatas, with a few scraps of Chopin. There was not a trace of "Annie Rooney" or comic opera in the nest. How the rat got there, why it staid there, and what the effect of a musical training upon the rat is likely to be are still unanswered.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

—Order ice from the 12½ cent store.

blage. Of these, all but twenty-three were "recognized." First came a group of a dozen, who were "recognized" by people in the audience whose homes are in and about Natick. When all of them were "recognized" Swift Arrow responded gleefully: "Nice, ain't it?"

Deacon Parkhurst, whose garments Swift Arrow said smelled of sulphur, was greeted by a dozen or more "I know you" and "recognized."

Blake Windell was not "recognized" until Swift Arrow explained that he used to drink "firewater" twice a year for six months each time. "I know him," came from a weak voice in the gallery.

George Wilton Gosse, of Waltham, remarked that he died at the hands of a stupid doctor, who made a mistake in writing a perscription

Plumber Cheley said this was the first trip he had been permitted to make back to mother earth, and that all he had to say was that while Congress might close the gates of commerce it couldn't shut the doors to heaven, and he guessed hell was in the same fix.

Dr. Payne of East Preston, and Deacon Abner Churchill said they formely lived in Brunswick, Me. The latter said he didn't know as deacons got along any better in spirit land than other people did.

Lewis Bemis said he and his wife were happy in their spirit life.

A former resident of Waltham whose name was announced as Henry Whiting said he hoped the audience wouldn't take offense if he swore a little, as in spirit land people lived the same kind of lives as they did in the world below, for, he said: "You know they say an hone st damn is better than a hypocrite's amen.'