Aaron ich first inspired for that of your sex, gret, I confess that u have often heard

avor of female intel-

was his hand and er's through the d riding-she learngil, Horace, Terence, in the original belad and Odyssey. rue Burr was exact

but always kind. the smallest details of correcting himself her In her corresshe seemed to have for he reproves her for not answering her ping up her journal, rsunded her to undertwelfth year, howevto have overcome this, er, "lo triumphe! there misspelled in either or letter, which cannot you ever wrote before.' writes her, "When you ty in your letters, I am it in everything; for ntly observe that you one's mind for everything, peevishness are the

g himself "That minds can bear with equariving and unavoidable fe, and be affected only determine our subhe early instilled into iples of fortitude and stood her so well in rs of her life.

father was remarkable. writes of her at the age r dear little daughter times a day; calls eals and will not suffer be filled by any of the nnot hear to you spoken n apparent melancholy; her nurse is obliged to was one whole day inerything but your name. it is not of a common

welfth year of her life ho had been suffering dinner in honor of at which were the Bishork, Dr. Hosack, Volney her distinguished guests. herself with so much that her father was n he heard of it, and the oke of it in after years

of Richmond Hall Theodosia might envied by all the ladies Possessing unusual menwhe had inherited her features together with race and repose of manwas surrounded by evdle her father's position ates Senator, and one of Hant lawyers of his day, at him the most distinthe country, even his Hamilton, having freentertained there. Her er, preferred the comguests were more ruished exiles of the Revolution, among Volney, grand. Jes. te and Louise Philippe arried at the age of 18 on, a wealthy planter of C. If we are to judge writer (!) and extracts Mr. Alston had no easy sessing all the grace. wit of a Southern genoppositions and excuses net and put to flight. On 1, 1801, in Albany, N. Y., ther was residing during a member of the Legislaquietly married. g a few days in Al-York and Baltimore, they igton to witness the

of Thomas Jefferson as d her father, Auron Burr, ident. Thus parted fathnter, and as the sunshine y presence passed out of e gray mist of misfortune' sather round him. Now arisus courtships and poues, which ended in his rriage and separation and downfall. Of his politiand the hollow mockery as life, Theodosia knew her luxurious Southern as as happy as it is given a. Idelized by a fond huswas rapidly gaining polite; petted and sought elety and a host of friends s; spending her summers of South Carolina nond Hall, and returning er to take up the whirl of harleston. And when it there was nothing more plete her happiness, God highest mark upon her, the mother of a bright ing son, Aaron Burr Alston, t of his father and grand-

ack on the 20 years of her but sunshine and y but surely, howev-being woven which as well as her

"You will, I fear ose the habit of study, which would be a greater misfortune than to lose our head." His last request to her ausband was to do all within his pow to encourage her to improve her mind.

erly advice given, and then the duel was fought, and the next tidings the fond daughter received was that her re founded in what I more than in what I happy past blotted out by one crimson blurr. Not for an instant did she blame him, or did her faith in him falter. Had he not trained and instructed her! and "The King could do no wrong."

Soon followed the Mexican scheme. Mr. Alston advanced money for this to the amount of \$50,000, and Theodosia warmly approved it, not only for her father's sake but for her son's. What could be grander than that her boy should be heir-presumptive to the throne of Mexico, and she "Chief Lady of the Court and Empire?" know the sad outcome of this scheme, but in these later days, we are glad of the proof existing not only of her and her husband's innocence, but that of her father's and all connected with it of any treasonable intent towards the union.

Stunned and dazed, Theodosied and her husband left the home of the Blennerhassett's for South Carolina, while her father was taken a prisoner to Richmond. Here they soon joined him, and it was said her presence did more for him than the ablest counsel. Made the centre of a small court by her father's sympathizers and admirers, each vying in doing homage to her, Mrs. Blennerhassett says of her. You can't think with what joy and sure when you do the pride I read what Colonel Burr says of his daughter. I never could love one of my own sex as I do her," while Mr. Blennerhassett wrote, "I find that Luther Martin's (Burr's chief counidolatrous administration

of Mrs. Alston is almost as excessive as my own, but far more beneficial to his interest, as it is the means of his blind attachment to her father, whose secrets and views, past, present or to come, he is and wishes to remain ignorant of. Nor can he see a speck in the character or conduct of Alston. for the best of all reasons with him nemely, that Alston has such a wife."

Finally acquitted by the jury, but condemned by public opinion and pursued by his creditors, Burr was obliged to secretly escape to Europe. During the month of June, Theodosia met her father in New York, where he was in hiding, awaiting the sailing of a steamer. Here their last farewell was ition to divert her, and said, and to her he intrusted his pad to mention you in her pers and accounts, which she was to collect to provide for his maintenance in Europe.

Broken in health and spirit, and aden with the support and cares of her father, Theodosia returned home. where her husband, though kind and died, and she assumed devoted to her, no longer sympathized father's household. At with her father in his wild ideas. Beduring her father's ab- for her husband, in his devotion to tune in her father's behalf.

We can only imagine the suffering of this brave child during the four years of her father's exile, as she hears of his being driven from one country to another; barely escaping prison; living on dry bread and potatoes, while she, unable to collect his debts, is powerless to assist him. Nothing could be more inspiring, however, than her letters to him, praising his fortitude, in one of which she writes as follows:

"I witness your extraordinary fortitude with new wonder at every new misfortune. After reflecting upon this that boy at once our pride and hapsubject, you appear to be so superior piness is taken from us-is dead. We so elevated above all other men: I saw him dead. My own hand surcontempalate you with such a strange rendered him to the grave; yet we are mixture of humiliation, admiration, alive. But it is past. I will not conreverence, love and pride that very lit- ceal from you that life is a burden. superstition would be necessary to which, heavy as it is, we shall both make me worship you as a superior support, if not with dignity, at least being; such enthusiasm does your with decency and firmness. Theodosia character inspire in me. When I afterwards revert to myself, how insignificant do my best qualities appear! My vanity would be great, if I had not been placed so near you, and yet, my pride is our relationship. I had rather not live, than not to be the daughter of such a man."

seemed so feasible to Burr in the beginning; Theodosia now began to long for his return to America. And, in fact, never had the time seemed more propitious; Madison, the President and hics charming wife had been among reduced to premature old age and a her father's earliest friends, while in the Cabinet reigned either his social or political friends. To accomplish her purpose, she wrote to Albert Gallatin, Secretary of the Treasury, askhim to intercede in her father's behalf, and to Mrs. Madison, she wrote, "Madam:-You may perhaps be surprised to receive a letter from one with whom you have had so little intercourse for the last few years. But your surprise will cease when you recollect that my father, once your friend, is now in exile; and that the President only can restore him to me

and his country." "Ever since the choice of the people was first declared in favor of Mr. Madison, my heart, amid the universal joy, has beat with the hope that I, too, should soon have reason to reinice. Convinced that Mr. Madison would neither feel nor judge from the feelings or judgment of others, I had no doubt of his hastening to relieve a man of whose character he had been enabled to appreciate during a confidential intercourse of long continuance, and whom (he) must know incapable of the designs attributed to him. My anxiety on this subject however, has become too painful to be alleviated by anticipation which no events have as yet tended to justify; and in this taste of intorable suspense, I have determined to address myself to you, and request that you will, IN MY NAME, apply to the President for a removal of the prosecution now existing against AARON BURR. I still expect it from him as a man of eling and candor, as one acting for the world and posterity.

irst characters the United States ever Perhaps it may be well to assur

lately circulated that my father tends returning immediately. He nev-er will return to conceal himself in a country upon which he has conferred

To whatever fate Mr. Madison may doom this application, I trust it may be treated with delicacy. Of this I am the more desirous, as Mr. Alston s ignorant of the step which I have taken in writing to you, which, per-haps nothing could excuse but the warmth of filial affections. If it be error, attribute it to the indiscreet zeal of a daughter whose sould sinks at the prospects of a long and indefiadored, and who can leave unattempted nothing which offers the slightest hope of procuring him redress. What indeed would I not risk once more to see him, to place my child upon his knee, and again to spend my days in the happy occupation of endeavoring to anticipate all his wishes.

Let me retreating, dear madam, you will have the goodness and consideration to answer me as speedily as possible; my heart is sore with doubt and patient waiting for something sure you will not deem irksome to for a daughter, an affectionate daughter, thus situated. Inclose your etter for me to A. J. Frederic Prevost, sq., near New Rochelle, New York.

That every happiness may attend you is the sincere wish of, THEO. BURR ALSTON.

Her appeal was successful. Burn was permitted to return to his native country. She advised him, notwithstanding the fact that his creditors might imprison him, to go at once to ew York and resume his practice there, saying, "If the worst comes to the worst, I will leave everything to suffer with you." She also advised him, in case war should be declared with England, to offer his services to the government.

In May, 1812, Burr landed in New York and advised his daughter that his reception was more friendly than he had expected, and that in time, his prospects were fair for a lucarative practice.

At last, after so many years of sor row, fortune seemed again about to claim Theodosia for its child; once there was a rift in the cloud which had enshrouded her for the past years, but it was only for a few days. Her son, now a strong healthy lad of eleven was taken from them. No pen can better portray the suffering and disappointment of the broken hearted parents and theirs. Governor Alston wrote to Aaron Burr at this "A few miserable weeks since, arteen, we are told by sides this, she must learn economy, the troubles and disappointments which have talen to our lot parted, I would have congratulated you on your return in the language of happiness. With my wife on one side and my boy on theo ther, I felt myself superior to depression. The present was enjoyed, the future was anticipated with enthusiasm. One dreadful blow has destroyed us; reduced us to the veriest, the most sublimated wretchedness.

"That boy on whom all rested; our companion, our friend-he who was to have transmitted the mingled blood of Theodosia and myself-he who was to have redeemed all your glory-and shed new lustre upon our familieshas endured all that a human being could endure, but her amiable mind will triumph."

The mother wrote, "There is more joy for me. The world is blank. I have lost my boy. My child is gone forever. My heaven, by others of Ruth; but with the giving away of blessings make you some amends for his health they had been forced to Defeated in every project which had the noble grandson you have lost! Alas! my dear father, I do live, but how does it happen? Of what am I the two milch cows, the garden and service can I be in this world, either since it is my lot to live, I will endeavor to fulfill my part, and exert myself to the utmost, though this life henceforth must be to me a bed of thorns. Whichever way I turn, the same anguish still assalls me. You talk of consolation. Ah! you know not what you have lost. I think Omnipotence could give me no equivalent for my boy, no, none-none." The husband, hoping that a change

and the society of her father would restore her to her usual health, suggested that she visit her father in New York. This was a very dangerous voyage at this, the beginning of the winter season, because of the severe storms which frequented the coast of North Carolina and Virginia and because of the pirates who operated in these waters at that time. However, Aaron Burr sent a medical friend of his from New York to accompany his daughter, which act was considered an affront to his honor by Mr. Alston, for the doctor wrote Burr, "Mr. Alston seemed rather hurt that you should have conceived it necessary to send a person here, a she or one of his brothers would have attended Mrs. Alston to New York. I told him you had some opinion of my medical talent; that you had learned your daughter was in a low state of health, and required unusual attention, and medical attention on her voyage; and that I had torn myself from my family to perform this service for a friend."

A few days later this same friend wrote: "I have engaged passage to New York for your daughter in a Picome in here and is re-

is elevation." Only four years of raiting, and the play was over; his

Not so with Aaron Burr, he must placed it in live for years; melancholy, indifferent, eigh, N. C.

gave the p so it remained in the humble cabin until discovered by Dr. Pool, who laced it in the State Museum, at Rel-

Romance of the Walderfields

BY J. T. MCKINNEY

In the Blue Ridge mountains there cupied in getting Alain off to the town from the fashlonable summer resort of Montreat. The cottage is called Walderfields by virtue of the him." woods which surround it on all sides, there being only about an acre of clear ground around the house. For many years the cottage has been inhabited by an old man, his daughter, and two negro servantsThe majestic oaks, the neatly kept lawn, the ivy covered chimney, and the quiet restfulness of the place, give it an indescribale charm.

The old servant, Minervy Ann, was a typical Southern darkey, and though had been set free after the war, remained in the employ of the Randolphs without little or no remuneration for her services. She was one of those large, jolly, good souls, who take life easy, and who cannot do enough for you. Minervy was devoted to Ruth, whom she had almost raised, and to whom she had been almost a

Alain was the body servant of Mr. Randolph and had followed him through the war in that capacity. He adored Marse Richard, with whom it had been hi pleasure to play with in boyhood on the large Randolph estate in "Ole Virginy." Though bent with age Alain was very useful around the house and did all the outside chores.

Mr. Randolph was an old man of bout 60, with iron grey hair, and flashing blue eyes. He had received a wound in the civil war which proved almost fatal, and ever since then had been crippled. Though his suffering was at times intense, he bore it with a patience that characterized the Randolph family. When speaking of the war his whole countenance would flash up with emotion in recalling the terrible scenes of that hard fought strugg!o. Soon after the war his much loved wife had died, confiding to him the task of raising their five-year-old daughter, Ruth, requesting him that that in so far as it was possible to bring her up untainted from

With this end in view Mr. Randolph had bought the little cottage and farm near Montreat and settled down there. The whole soul of the place was Ruth, at the time of this writing, a young girl of 18, just blossoming into beautiful womanhood. She had never known the tenderness and watchfulness of a mother; but had grown and nurtured in the woodlands like a timid deer. Nothing pleased her better than to stroll in the woods, nor was there a corner or by-path in the vast forests for miles around that had not felt the touch of her light footsteps, or the magic of her mellow voice, In fact she was the fairest product of mother nature, tall, lithe, graceful in her every movement, and fairer than the whitest lily, her charm was irresistible. The birds stopped their twittering to listen to her singing, when she was going through the woods. The little field-mice ran all around her feet when she sat down to rest.

For four years now, the care of her father, and the increasing anxiety to make ends meet, had been a heavy burden on her young shoulders. Her father once the wealthiest land-owner in Virginia before the war, had lost all in that great struggle. It had b with the greatest difficulty that had laid by a little hard earned savings each year for the future dowry

spend nearly all of this surplus. The only means of sustenance were formed that I live and why? Of what Ruth's flowers. They found ready sale with milk, butter, vegetables, and right hard and exclaimed, mind enfeebled and bewildered? Yet, bunches of flowers picked by Ruth early in the morning. Her favorite was roses, and one especially was famous among her varieties—that of a thoughts of love. Forget all about pure white rose named "Marjorie," after her mother, from whose old Yet all that night Ruth dreamed of home in Virginia a small cutting had Harry and longed to see that manly Lacy. been brought, and which Ruth by face again. careful nursing had succeeded in rooting. They were noted for their early lettuce, radishes and stragberries.

This morning Ruth had gotten up a little earlier than usual, and had just the right to keep her here in the gone out into the garden to help Alain woods and not let her see anything of gather his vegetables when Minervy, with a red bandanna handkerchief tied on her head, and her cotton checked apron rolled up in her hands, came to the doorway and cried-

a piece of loave bread left, nor nare speck of that wheat stuff what he eats of life? His whole nature revolted in the house."

"Come, Aunt Minervy and help Alain and I'll fix father's breakfast." With that Ruth ran into the kitchen and set about making an egg omelet. In a few minutes her omelet was done and fixing it, with a glass of aweet milk, on a waiter she carried these to her father's room.

'Father, I have a pleasant surprise for you, noticing that you didn't seem to enjoy your meal ye have cooked an omelet for you." The old man was in deep reverle

when Ruth came in, but as soon as he heard her voice he shook it off and turned his attention to his morning meal, Finishing his repast with much relish, he pulled Ruth's beautiful face toward him and said:

"My child, are you unhappy?"
"My child, are you unhappy?"
"Why, no father. Why do you ask?"

little cottage about four miles it was not until he left that she said "Minervy, every day father becomes more and curious. I cannot understand

> "Lorsy chile, don't you worry bout your pappy, he just old and childish."

Among the guests at Montreat were Harry Graham and his mother, who cy, decided to go back to Montreat for had come South with her son in order to improve her health. She was de- reled, and she had gone abroad for the voted to Harry, her only child, and it had been her ambition for him to mar- that they found themselves once more ry Miss Margaret Bowen, of Boston, at Montreat. The bracing m untain who, with Harry's wealth and her air soon had its effect and Harry was own, her beauty and attractive person- feeling as merry as a lark. He had exality, would have become the social leader of Boston. But this match was in no wise pleasing to Harry and it was with a sigh of relief that he found himself in Montreat instead of in

Harry was one of Alain's best cus tomers, and paid him bountifully for his flowers, Alain, being a talkative old Alain in about two weeks; that Ruth fellow, took especial delight in telling Harry of his young mistress, Aroused by a keen desire to see, or at least get a glimpse of Ruth, from Alvain's vivid description of her, Harry decided to walk out in the direction of Walderfields, one beautiful evening in June.

As he was strolling through the woods, the summer sun gleaming through the pines, the twittering of the birds, and the faint babbling of a in the whirl of social life. He was thoroughly worn out with society and longed for the quiet place that is found only in the country, where nature and man seem to be in quiet communion. He had wandered to a spring and after drinking deeply from its cool source sank down on the grass in a kind of reverie.

He was aroused from his stupor by a slight noise behind him and looking up he beheld the most beautiful young woman he had ever seen. She looked like some lovely woodland nymph Looking up she saw two handsomely looked at her face for some time before being seen; but when Ruth saw back her golden locks, she advanced truck stopped in front of the him, for it was none other, she jumpck like a striled deer, her dark, brown eyes flashing defiance at this intruder. Harry could not help comparing her to the beautiful White Doe, which as myth goes, used to roam the Blue Ridge mountains; but at last was killed by the cruel shaft of a hunter. In the inmost depth of his come and stay a few weeks at the hoheart he decided that no shaft of sorrow or harm should come to her innocent brow if he could thwart it. Springing up he said,

" Miss Randolph, this is Harry Gra-ham, of Boston, I was taking a walk through the woods and attracted by this cool place had sat down to rest." "This is my favorite haunt," ex-

claimed Ruth, rather timidly. This tall handsome man with his dark blue Ruth almost dumbfounded, she could eyes, had seemed to read one's very not understand their kindness for her; inmost heart at first awed her; but gradually his noble face reassured her fears. Graham, with that tact, which told the news to Minervy the old darwas renowned in the Boston drawing ky wept with delight. rooms, delicately led her to talk; inquired after her father's health and I'll get Sallie Lewis to stay with me. seemed to know and to be thoroughly interested in all of her affairs.

however, not to Ruth. detained, hurried up the path; folks." but her father noticing the purple of her cheeks and her excitement when she came in the room, asked her the cause of it. Ruth not yet versed in the art of deceiving anyone, told her father of the interview with the young man, and how nice for their products at the hotel in Mon- he had been to her. The old man to you or any one else, with a body treat. Every morning Alain went in shrugging his shoulders, looked at her

"What! You saw a man down at the spring and talked to him. Let him poison your mind with foolish him, he was nothing but a city dude." After she had gone out, her father

tainted from the world; but have I the world? To keep her here to nurse and comfort an old man like me. Is this the duty of a father to his child?" Soon the old man was lost in reverie, thinking of the days when he "Missus, what I'm gwine give Marse had sought the hand of Mrs. Ran-Richard for his breakfast? Thar ain't dolph, Should he keep Ruth, the exact image of her mother, from the joy from such a course; but he must see this man who had made such an impression upon her young mind. He could not bear the thought of seeing his daughter, the only thing in the world which he loved, married to an unworthy husband.

But what of Harry. When he reached the hotel there seemed to be something new in life for him. He was more pleasant and every one noticed the change, especially his mother, who attributed it to a letter he had just received from Miss Bowen, At supper that night she gayly asked him, at news of Margaret?" "The same with which Harry uttered these words showed very clearly that his bouyant in course, yet by her tact in water

in favor of the marriage; but amide all these balls and parties, and among that sweet and gentle face of Ruth as it appeared to him that sum evening in June at the old spring. To him, she was more beautiful in her simple white muslin dress than Margaret in her paquin frocks. Her rosy colored neck delicately tinted, and of perfect contour, needed no ornament. nor did her beautiful plump, hands need any diamond to adorn their beauty; but were resplendent with the beauty of nature. That face haunted him everywhere he went, he had never seen its match nor did he

Finally in June, just a year since their first visit. Harry and his mother, in company with her friend, Mrs. Larest. He and Margaret had quarsummer, It was with a sense of relief pected to see old Alain the next morning, but was disappointed, and after waiting for him a short time, asked the landlord why he didn't come? What was his surprise when he told him that things had gone mighty bad out at the old place; that in January the old man had died, followed by and old Minervy were still living at the place and came into town about once a week with some products to

Harry was greatly upset and was crazy to see Ruth; but he did not think, in justice to her, that it would be right for him to go out to her home. He would be taking advantage of her poverty by offering her his love. The only plan he could think of was near-by brook, recalled his boyhood to get his mother and Mrs. Lacy to go days on the old farm near Boston, out to see Ruth and bring her to the Then he was happy, but ever since his hotel. The ladies readily agreed and father moved to the city he had been that evening they drove out to Walderfields.

Ruth had finished dinner and after reading awhile went out in her flower garden to work a while, Minervy was planting a late patch of corn in the near-by vegetable garden. Though somewhat sadder than she had been a year ago, Ruth was still as pretty as ever. Her face was sweeter, her smile more delicate and refined than it was before the death of her father, whose small-grave in a nearby grove received a bunch of flowers every morning. clothed in a snowy white dress. Harry clothed ladies getting out of a carriage and approaching her. Pushing to meet them with pruning fork in store, and Rosey superintende

introduced selves and after talking about trivial affairs, Mrs. Lacy brought up the nature of the errand.

"Miss Randolph, we want you to tel with us. A rest will do you good and nothing will help we two old ladies more than to have you visit us.'

Tears came into Ruth's eyes, but she shook her head too overcome to speak. Mrs. Lacy going up and throwing her arms around Ruth won the confidence of the girl and she promised to be ready the next morning.

Then the two ladies left, leaving yet the prospect of a fortnight at the hotel was most alluring. When she

"I'll tend to everything missus, and Dis here very evening I'll wash and iron your white dresses. You must look your best 'mong dem rich white

If they were not elaborate dresses they were clean and sweet. Ruth was up bright and early the next morning and arranged everything for Minervy during her absence.

Mrs. Graham and Mrs. Lacy had been charmed by Ruth's whole manner. Her smile, disclosing 'wo rows of ivory teeth, was irrisistibl " Graham said.

"Marion, wouldn't Miss Randolph be a leader in a Boston drawing room. She would have no equal either in beauty, grace, or refined manners."

"Perhaps she will be there some day. Who knows?" remarked Mrs.

Harry was delighted at the outcome of their visit; but especially at the thought of seeing Ruth once more. said, "My God, have I done right? Her His mother was most enthusiastic in mother asked that she be kept unher praises of Ruth, It was decided that Harry should bring Miss Randolph in the next morning; so he left the hotel in a trap about 9 o'clock. When he reached Walderfields he noticed the change in the old place. weeds had covered the once beautiful lawn; the fence had partly fallen down; the house was sadly in need of repainting and repairing; and there seemed to be an air of gloom over the whole place.

Springing out of the trap, Harry ran up the walk and knocked at the door. Suddenly he was confronted by Ruth. dressed in the white muslin that old Minervy had ironed for her the evening before. The meeting of the two is indescribable, both had been haunted by the face of the other ever since they met that June evening, a year ago. All their feelings and suppressed love sprang forth anew.

They reached the hoted about noon after a delightful drive in which the two had come to a perfect understanding. Ruth was met by Mrs. Lacy, who seemed delighted to see her, and was and rounds of parties." The manner dinner remarkably well, and though she had never eaten a dinner serve

f the usual run of cases sandy from a bag care foe Levy, the Duke of and joined in the rush "What do you know sixth and last piece of

crowded it into "I said he'd be back," Duke's comment. Outside, the street lack with peopleing, struggling people they we the chief English words whi above the tumult were.

In the centre of the joy fre which strained at the harn only by dropping forward weight of his frame. His had gone with the covering o Frank the Bootblack gently on a pair of cobwe Behind Frank was st well worn library, the books piled in between the driver's the rolltop desk. On the tall of wagon was Rosey, With one hand he gripp the desk in front of him to r perlious seat more secur ing his silk hat in acknow of the greetings that poured in or from all sides.

There was a distance of p 100 feet yet to go to the office Rosey had rented over the corner The frame of the horse weaken he was game. Gashouse Johnny the wireless swooped down upon that horse, a twinkling had him detached the wagon. The horse was led to where Fred Paul, the healt boy, was asleep in one of F chairs. Zeltner punched Paul he found a sensitive spot, and him hold the horse. It ary. The brute was already a The horse disposed of, a figl

sued for the honor of a place shafts. Through all the celebration never moved a muscle aside fr hat doffing and his slight strt retain his seat. It was gratify that ovation, he admitted after but it was a matter of cours admirers difted him down wi

When everything had been set i Rosey mounted a chair. "Dear friends," he said, "and tlemen of the press, there are chairs and a desk for the reporte regret that the unexpectedness occasion prevents my having

chairs for all. "You see me back. You na ask me why. Why, I would as does the tired and lonely bird through thin ether, seek, in vanced years, the welcoming f brought down the right arm, had been following the bird. boys can fix that up all right,"

'you see what I mean.'

"The Bronx?" the dean con "I have left Repper, my parts."
The Bronx. He told me I you joy it there. No. When I com and look into the faces of you it was the left hand which was withdrawn from its place over dean's heart. He stepped do whispered to the reporters. see what I mean. Fix it up

yourselves." The men crowded into, the office had noticed a number of of various size stacked away corner. Rosey lifted these one to admit of a general view, name, blazoned in gold letters a black background, the who

dered impressive by an imme seal, was on the face of each. "The old signs were faded age," he explained. "A good rains have beat upon them an he waved his hand significantly

Johnny Feitner hurried ou shortly afterward reappear time outside the window and ed by a ladder. Mike What reached inside and hung out th one by one.

It had rained some earlier afternoon and most of the cr the street below had been dr shelter. As the last sign was tightly into place the rain fell Mike and Johnny grabbed up ladder and ran for cover. leaned his head out the winds watched the big drops splas

"Not half so many storms upon you as beat upon the old he murmured half sadly. T turned to his friends with w as near a smile as Rosey ever

"Vell," he said, relapsing into the vernaculer as he st ed out in his desk chair, "I a

Frechh Peasants' Odd Bu New Orleans Times-Democrat "the be bird dealer, streams are yellow will every night. About the

peasants, men and women, coattering, spooning.
"They keep the blaze go night, and at dawn, behol ground is an inch or two de May flies, fireflies, noreatures that, expecting known and divine out of the darkness to