No Longer Wild and Woolly

Two Worlds and Their Children.

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The theory on which had been founded Salvation Army adaptation of the most characteristic type that Frankie Atherton never heard them. With a bound he had reached the side of the singer. The girl whom he would have asked to become his wife long ago but that he feared to face parents with her. He had not seen her for nearly two years.

"Margaret! How came you with these people?"

The girl looked at him gravely.

"When your world, the world which was mine also until my father died and left me penniless, found no time or space or attention for me I turned to the world in which men and women work instead of play. Not knowing how to work I went hungry. When I was homeless and sneaking death because no one else seemed open the Salvation Army worker found me. They saved me life and soul. Now I am trying to save others."

The gaiety of the frolicsome child was at the moment. It seemed that a hand had been laid upon her.

"Margaret, you were not dragged down from heaven because you loved God's sake. Come with me."

"As your wife, Frankie?"

The flicker of doubt and uncertainty in his eyes was so short lived that few would have seen it. But the girl turned away as though she had suffered a blow.

"No, dear," she answered. "Not now. You are not strong enough to take me just yet. But she called after him as he sprang aboard the trolley, "we may meet again, some time. When we do, perhaps—"

But he was gone.

Three years later Franklin Atherton

"How came you with these people?" had also disappeared from the world which had once known him. Excessive haste to be rich, the gambling fever, an unlucky speculation, these were the successive steps by which he had reached starvation and despair. For a man of his temperament all things seemed ended. He was heading for the river when there smote upon his jaded ear the sound of a flagellated drum, the close note of a street [illegible]

[illegible] Deeply in the quiet grave.

It was no dream. It was one of the result of a fevered imagination. The voice was unmistakable, the information quite beyond question. His manhood left him. He shuddered and he sank down upon the pavement in a faint. The clear, sweet voice came nearer, a gentle hand was laid upon his arm.

"What is the matter, my brother? What can we do to help you?"

Soft hurrying footsteps followed him

"What is the matter, my brother?"

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [