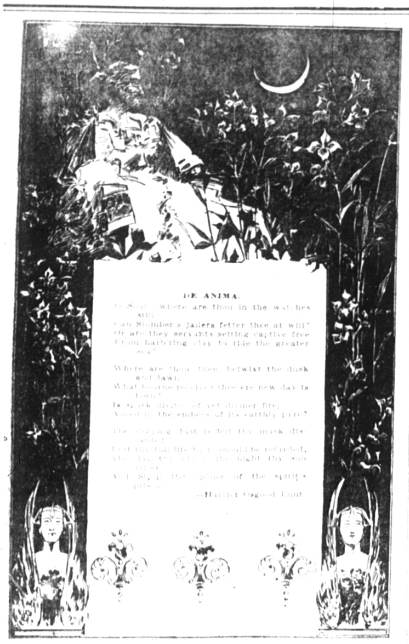

A Pair of Postmen.

BY KATE M. CLEARY

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It was a cheek for Kennedy. He had almost completed sorting out the letters to be delivered along his beat when he came on that one addressed to Nora Dillon. He recognized the chirography instantly. He had seen it many times. The letter had been written by Bertram Ryder. Ryder was not only a fellow postman, but his warmest and most intimate friend. Why, he had not known that Ryder was even acquainted with Nora, the girl whom he had come to love with a passion quite disinterested by his pay and his prospects.

Not that this latter fact would matter if they really loved each other. So far Kennedy had not dared to put his affection to the test by a declaration. But he had been screwing his courage up to that point for weeks and, although he was far from being a conceited fellow, he had felt that he was being encouraged by the pretty daughter of the prosperous contractor on Elm avenue.

If only he would come to the door for the mail today! He would watch her, would notice her acceptance of the envelope addressed Ryder. The thought spurred him to activity. He hastened through with his work as rapidly as possible, and went trudging off on his afternoon delivery, his well-packed bag slung over his shoulder.

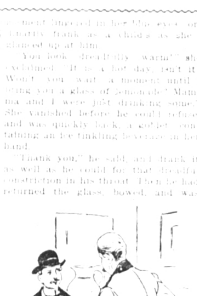
The glare of early summer lay hot and yellow on the city streets. Crowds of well-dressed people were coming and going. The laughter of children mingled with the silver dripping of a fountain in a little green square. But Jim Kennedy could only think of one evening scene, which flashed in a strained vision, which brought a gulp little down his throat. He was thinking of things which had happened and hope to Nora Dillon. He was thinking of pretty, brown-haired, pink and white Nora, and of the moonlight on the tropic, and of a boat moving on an oily swell by, and of a soft and laughing Nora.

Kennedy's step was considerably lighter by the time he turned into Elm street. His heart was beating hard when he reached the substantial home of the Dillons. He rang the bell and stood waiting, the letter in his hand. He could hear the light, familiar step he had learned to know and listen for coming along the hall with a lip, and suddenly the door had swung back, and she was standing there, fair and radiant in her crisp white gown, her slim, erect young figure clearly cut against the shadowy gloom of the interior.

"Good afternoon, Miss Nora." He snatched off his cap and stood looking down at her. Her eyes, as she looked up at him, were frank as a child's as she answered him.

"Why, good afternoon, Jim!" she exclaimed. "It is a hot day, isn't it? Won't you come in a moment until I bring you a glass of lemonade? Mamma and I were just drinking some." She vanished as he spoke, he could infer, and was quickly back, her finger tantalizing at her tinkling lemonade in her hand.

"Thank you," he said and thank it so much, but I could for that matter of construction in his throat that had returned the glass, blowed, and was



"Married!" echoed Jim.

gone. Ah, with what a heavy heart, with what leaden footsteps was the rest of his route covered that afternoon! Hope could be know that a little pointed little letter with pressed down addressed in the hand of a man, Ryder, had sent a stab into the heart of a man who loved Nora Dillon?

There was no need to send that last letter, but I was afraid they would not let me off. The old man was very kind though, when I explained the situation. Heavens, Nora, what's the matter? You're white as a ghost."

Nora's reply was distinctly feminine. She sank down, and burst into tears.

By the time he had succeeded in wresting from the girl the story of her sorrow, he began to divine the reason of Jim Kennedy's sudden coolness towards himself.

"I'll fix that," he assured her. "Just as soon as this little affair is over, before we even leave town, I'll fix that."

He was as good as his word. That very evening he hunted up Jim Kennedy sitting moody and dejected in his lodging house.

"Look here, Jim," he said, "things have gone into a snarl, and I'm here to untwist them. I was married this afternoon—"

"Married," echoed Jim. He started to his feet as though stung. "Married!"

"Yes, to Cherly Barstow, as nice a girl as ever drew breath. We've been as good as engaged for a year, but her father objected to the wedding as she has some money in her own right he wanted to hold on to. My cousin Nora Dillon has helped us out by giving freely my letters which went under cover to Nora—at least the few last ones I had to send that way, as the old people are becoming suspicious. By the way, Nora is feeling pretty badly on account of you, man, we had lately. Suppose you go to the Dillons and explain the situation? Nora's hard hit, and a word of encouragement—

"It was right off. Congratulation, Ryder, I'm sure I'm very happy for you, and my best wishes to Mr. Ryder."

"Thanks. I'm coming back to congratulate you, Jim, and I'm sure Nora will be happy as the day she made Nora was to Elm street at a pace which would undoubtedly have won him first prize in a sprinting contest.

"Hallo, old fellow!" he cried, and would have stopped Kennedy, but that individual jerked free from the friendly hand laid on his arm, and strode on. Ryder looked after him in dismay, but the next instant he had caught sight of Nora. He sprang up the steps.

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VALUABLE KANSAS INDUSTRY.

Honey Culture Scientifically Promoted Through Crops of Alfalfa.

A Lawrence, Kan., correspondent of the Chicago Journal says the introduction of alfalfa has made Kansas richer by a million dollars a year. Kansas now honeys her with alfalfa and Kansas will be richer by a million more. This is the opinion of Prof. S. J. Hunter, president of the entomological department of the University of Kansas. Professor Hunter believes adaptation, always, who lives in a region where alfalfa is cultivated can keep bees at a profit expense of capital and labor and large profit. He illustrates his case with the alfalfa blossom, the pride of Kansas. Take an ordinary alfalfa field, and look at it from a honey point of view. Compare it to any other plant. You will be astonished at the result. Bees will be gathered from the alfalfa blossoms, leaving the blossoms untouched. Experiment by the entomological department of the University of Kansas has shown that a bee will visit 100 alfalfa blossoms in a minute. Bees will visit 100 alfalfa blossoms in a minute. Bees will visit 100 alfalfa blossoms in a minute. Bees