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CHAPTER XXIL-(Continued.) All eyes were now turned on Dunwoodie, who, looking at his watch, spoke a for a season."

few words with Henry, in an undertone, conversation was a wish expressed by the ion. prisoner for a clergyman of his own per-

sunsion, and a promise from the major. that one should be sout from Fishkill town, through which he was about to pass on his way to the ferry to intercept the expected return of Harper. Mason soon made his how at the door, and willingly complied with the wishes of the landlady : and the divine was invited to make his appearance accordingly.

He stalked into the room, and giving a stiff nod with his head, took the chair offered him by the black, in diguified silence. Mr. Wharion led Sarah from the apartment. His retreat was noticed by the divine, in a kind of scornful disdain. who began to hum the air of a popular psalm tune, giving it the full richness of the twang that distinguishes the Eastern psalmody.

"Cæsar," said Miss Peyton, "hand the gentleman some refreshment; he must need it after his ride." "My strength is not in the things of

life," said the divine, speaking in a hollow, sepulchral voice. "Thrice have I this day held forth in my master's service, and fainted not.'

"I apprehend, then, sir, that fatigue will disable you from performing the duties which kindness had induced you to attempt."

"Woman !" exclaimed the stranger. with energy, "when was I ever known to shrink from a duty? But 'judge not, lest ye be judged,' and fancy not that it is given to mortal eyes to fathom the intentions of the Deity."

"Nay, I pretend not to judge of either events, or the intentions of my fellow creatures, much less of those of Omnipotence."

"'Tis well, woman-'tis well," cried the minister, waving his hand with supercilious disdain; "humility becometh thy sex, and lost condition; thy weakness driveth thee on headlong. like 'unto the bosom of destruction."

Surprised at this extraordinary deportment, yielding to that habit which urges us to speak reverently on sacred subjects even when perbaps we had better continue silent, Miss Peyton said ;

"There is a power above, that can and will sustain us all in well-doing, if we seek its support in humility and truth." So saying, she withdrew, followed by the landlady, who was not a little shocked by the intemperate zeal of her new acquaintance

Henry had with difficulty repressed the indignation excited by this unprovoked attack on his meek and unresisting aunt; but as the door closed on her retiring figure, he gave way to his feelings.

"I must confess, sir," he exclaimed, with heat, "that in receiving a minister of God I thought I was admitting a Christian, and one who, by foeling his own weaknesses, knew how to pity the frailties of others. You have wounded the meek spirit of an excellent woman, and I acknowledge but little inclination to mingle in prayer with so intolerant a

| and fitting it to the face of Henry. "The muster and the man must change places

"I don't tink he look a bit like me." and hastened from the apartment, fol- said Casar, with disgust, as he surveyed lowed by Frances. The subject of their his young master with his new complex-

> "Stop a minute, Casar," said the peddler, with the lurking drollery that at imes formed part of his manner, "till re get on the wool." "He worse than ebber now," cried the

scontented African. "A think colored can like a sheep. I nebber see such a lip, linrvey; he most as big as a sau-

Great pains had been taken in forminghe different articles used in the disguise of Captain Wharton, and when arranged, inder the skillful superintendence of the | and the darn in the cont, where he was oddler, they formed together a transforuntion that would easily escape detection enems. from any but an extraordinary observer. The, mask was stuffed and shaped in ich a manner as to preserve the pecuarities, as well as the color, of the Af-

ican visage; and the wig was so artfully formed of black and white wool, as to imithis the pepper-and-salt color of Casar's wn lead, Casar, who had received minute in-

structions from the peddler in their orning interview, immediately commenced throwing aside his coarse garments, hich the youth took up and prepared to invest himself with.

CHAPTER XXIII. Everything now was arranged for action, and the peddler very deliberately

went over the whole of his injunctions to the two actors in the scene. Thus prepared, he opened the door and called aloud to the sentinel. "Let the woman of the house be called," said Harvey, in the solemn key of his assumed character; "and let her come alone. The prisoner is in a happy train

of meditation, and must not be led from his devotions." Cusar sank his face between his hands, and when the soldier looked into the



and a dozen dragoon horses stood saddled and bridled at hand, ready to receive their riders at a moment's warning. "Well, have you blitted the poor fellow within," said Mason, "that he can take his last ride under the curb of divinity.

old gentleman?" "Out upon thee for a reviler and scoffer of goodness !" said Birch, moving slowly, and with a due observance of cierical dignity, down the road, followed by the imaglnary Casar; "but I leave thee, and that

behind me that will prove thy condemnation, and take from thee a hearty and joyful deliverance." "Corporal of the guard !-- corporal of the guard !" shouled the sentinel in the

passage to the chambers; "corporal of the guard !-- corporal of the guard !" The subaltern flew up the narrow stairway that led to the room of the prisoner,

and demanded the meaning of the outcry. The soldier was standing at the open door of the apartment, looking in with a suspicious eye on the supposed British officer. On observing his lieutenant, he fell back with habitual respect, and re-

plied, with an air of puzzled thought : "I don't know, sir; but just now the prisoper looked queer. Ever since the preacher has left him he don't look as he used to do-but," gazing intently over the shoulder of his officer, "it must be him, too! There is the same powdered head, hit the day he had the last brush with the

"And then all this noise is occasioned by your doubting whether that poor gentleman is your prisoner or not, is it, sirmh? Who do you think it can be else?" "I don't know who else it can be," re-

turned the fellow, sullenly; "but he is grown thicker and shorter, if it is he; and see for yourself, sir, he shakes all over, like a man in an ague."

"That anabaptist, methodistical, quaker, psalm-singing rascal has frightened the boy with his farrage about flames and brimstone. I'll step in and cheer him

with a little rational conversation." "I have heard of fear making a man white," said the soldier, drawing back, and staring as if his eyes would start from

throat.

onomy.

their sockets, "but it has changed the royal captain to a black !" The truth was that Cæsar, unable to and poverty had apparently caused a hear what Mason uttered in a low voice, incautionsly removed the wig a little from one of his ears in order to hear the better, without in the least remembering that its color might prove fatal to his disguise. The sentinel had kept his eyes fastened on his prisoner, and noticed the action. The attention of Mason was instantly drawn to the same object; and, forgetting all

delicacy for a brother officer in distress, the lieutenant sprang forward and seized the terrified African by the throat. "Who are you?" cried Mason, dashing the head of the old man against the angle

of the wall at each interrogatory; "who are you, and where is the Englishman? Speak, thou thunder-cloud ! Answer me, you jackdaw, or I'll hang you on the gallows of the spy !"

"Harvey, Harvey !" cried Cœsar, danc-ing from one leg to the other, as he thought each member in turn might be assailed. "Harvey Birch !" echoed the trooper,

hurling the black from him and rushing from the room. "To arms! to arms! Fifty guinens for the life of the peddlerspy-give no quarter to either. Mount ! mount! to arms! to horse!"

(To be continued.)

IT COSTS MORE TO EAT NOW. Prices Have Been Advanced in All

Sorts of Foods. The price of everything to eat has been advanced, says the Kansas City Star. Even the price of toothpicks is higher now than a few weeks ago. In

price lists and lifted them sky high.

They say they are not to blame. It's

either the weather, the green bugs, the

box manufacturers or the tin trust the

The lumbermen charge more for lum-

ber and the tin trust more for tin, so

It costs from 6 to 9 cents more a dozen

to pack can goods now than it did last

year. There is a light crop in Califor-

nia and labor is very high-priced there

these days. Cold weather in other sec-

tions has killed the fruit and the sea-

son is backward in all sections, so that

public will have to blame, they say.

SMILING IN DREAMS.

Into what land of dreams Does Fancy with her fairy scenes beguile The simplering infant that the sweet babe seems

To answer with a smile Some form invisible to waking eyes,

That beckons dreamers into Paradise?

O child of innocence,

Whose thought is unattached to earthly things, Say what bright angel thus invites thee hence,

What shining gift it brings, For we, too, should ourselves he glad to see

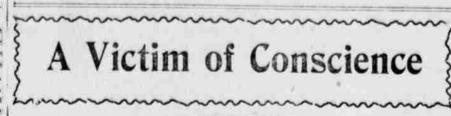
What splendid vision is revealed to thee.

Alas, our souls outlive

All memory of what was once so near! The years that follow on our childhood give No guerdon half so dear

As that which won the worship of the child,

To which is dreams we stretched our hands and smilled. ---- Youth's Companion.



~____

"Jimmie, where are you? Come, 1 | "Why, to a sapling. Let's hunt for want you!" called Andrew Calvert some." testily. Very fortunately they ran across an

He was already angry because his old clothes line, and Frank cut down son had not appeared at a second's a hickory sapling, which they planted notice; so when Jimmie finally came near the gate post. They attached the skipping down the stairs he received rope and found, after a little adjusta scowl from his father and a rough ing, that the gate now worked very command to hurry up and drive the easily. cow across to the meadow. "That's pretty good," said Jimmie

who was much pleased with his idea, "All right, sir," said the boy as cheerily as he could, but the harsh "but I have a better scheme yet. You words caused a lump to rise in his know, every time we drive across here

we have to get out of the wagon, open Alas, the lump was often there. Anthe gate and then shut it again, And then we have to do the same thing on drew Calvert in days gone by had been

the kindest of parents, but affliction the other side." "Yes, it's a regular nuisance," asscale of ill-humor to cover up a natsented Frank.

"Why can't I work it so that we urally mild disposition. Ever since the death of his wife his affairs had might open the gate without leaving

not been prosperous and he was now the team?" a very poor man on a small and un-"Of course you can."

"Well, let me see. It won't be so productive farm. Debt had caused him easy as you think. I could put a long to sell nearly all his horses and he had only one cow left. Luckily she was a pole along the top of the gate-and-

remarkably good milker and therefore oh, I've got it! With a rope from the a very important factor in the domestic and of the pole, and a sort of pulley arrangement-yes, that would do. My,

For some reason, which Jimmle could not find out, his father had appar. out, especially when he drives the ently lost all interest in the farm. colt. Shutting himself up in the attic, he would stay there for hours at a time, and on reappearing he would always be of device, but it performed its func-

despondent or in the worst possible tion, albeit a little shakily, Then, much pleased with themselves, humor. Of course, a poor farm is made they went up the hill to the orchard no better by neglect; the hands will not and gathered some magnificent green work properly without an overseer,

and Andrew Calvert's property got apples as hard as rocks. Of these they into very bad shape, did not suspect.

On the morning that Jimmie received the command to look after the cow his father was unusually cross. Hence the boy hesitated a moment before ed up, opening up a certain subject that he



-could he then approach him with . clear eye and a clean conscience?

No. but-A cold shiver ran down his back He had witnessed exhibitions of his father's wrath, and he was sore afraid. By this time he had reached the house. Undecided as he was he went in and found his father in the sitting room. Mr. Calvert started up when he saw Jimmie gazing at him.

"What is it?" he asked roughly. "Father-" Jimmle began, but something in his voice moved the father.

"Well, my boy," he said kindly. Jimmie's tongue seemed to stick, and his throat grew so dry that he had to cought

"Father, Blossom's killed." "She's killed. She got out on the railroad and was hit, right where our fence is broken down, which I told you about."

"Well, where were-" but the look of suppressed emotion in his son's face kept Mr. Calvert from the threatened outburst.

"Father, the train hit her by that hole, but-she got out through the gate. I lest it open."

Andrew Calvert was a rough and disappointed man. This blow, caused by the carelessness of his son, was a heavy one, but with a father's intuition he saw at once the struggle through which Jimmie had lately pass-

ed. Being a perfectly honest man, he was proud of his son's victory over temptation. Blood is thicker than water, and a great gush of sympathy went out toward his boy.

"Come, Jimmie, let's have a look at her," he said with a little tremor in his voice.

They went down the lane together in silence, but when they got to the gate Andrew noticed Jimmie's contrivance,

"What's that?" he cried, a scowl gathering on his face. "Have you been spying in the attic?"

"No, indeed," replied the son indignantly. "You have always told me not to go there."

"Why, that's my patent!" exclaimed the farmer. "Only-why, bless my soul, bey, you've hit on the very idea that I've been trying to catch on to for so long. It works this way, doesn't it ?"

He went up and tried it.

"Jimmie, Jimmie, you've done what won't father like it! He hates to get your own father couldn't do. That's it; that little wrinkle there-that's what has been such a stumbling block After two hours of good, hard work to me. Who'd have thought It-that the boys managed to rig up a rude sort my boy would be the one to set me straight? But I must cut it down, or

some one else will steal my-no, our patent." And in a few moments there was not

sign left of Jimmie's device. During their walk back to the house ate heartily-but with a heroism they Andrew explained to his son how it

was that he had spent so much time in the attle, for he had forgotten all Suddenly Jimmie gave an exclamation of alarm, and Frank hastily lookabout Blossom. It seems that, possessed of a half-developed plan of a patent gate, the sale of which would

"What's the matter?" "Ob, my, that Blossom !"

set his money affairs straight, he had The cow was venturing into forbidtolled and dreamed over a model that den territory. Through some unhappy he had up there. His non-success had thoughtlessness the boys had left the made him irritable, and caused him to meadow gate open and Blossom was be wrapped up too much in one fixed calmly walking out on to the railroad idea. But for one fatal flaw, the thing tracks.

"Did you have a mas auto trip?" "Very much so--all fines."- Baltimore American.

"Edgar is a spiendid talker, isn't he?" "One of the finest I ever escaped from."-Llie.

"How many propie work in your effice?" "Work? Perhaps two-thirds of them."-Fliegende Hlatter,

Stella-So she divorced bim for desertion? Bella-Yes, he positively refused to live in the auto,-Evening Sun.

"I haven't a pull with any one," said

he unsuccessful man. "Oh, yes, you

Senator A -- And do most of your con-

stituents think as you do on this ques-

tion? Senator X-Well, most of them

hink as they think 1 do .- Somerville

"In a few years," said the inventor,

we will be traveling by airship." "I

ope so," answered the automobilist.

It will be a joke on the country sher-

Tommy Figg-Sister's beau kicked

by dog yesterday, but I got even with

ilm, you bet. Johnny Briggs-How?

Tommy Figg-I mixed quinine with

her face powder .-- Inilianapolis Jour-

"Do you really like me, Charley?"

Sure. Don't I come to see you regu-

arly?" "But men often call on a girl

for whom they care little or nothing."

Not with Christmas looming up."-

"Never marry a man to reform him,

lear." "I won't, auntle, And I'll prom-

se you another thing." "What is that,

ny child?" "I'll never reform a man

or some other girl to marry."-St. Paul

Gladys-Papa will be so pleased to

know that you are a poet. Algernon-

Vh! Then, like you, he adores poetry.

Gladys-No, not that, but the last one

of my lovers he tried to lick was a foot-

"I know something you don't know,"

said the facelious youth to the fair

debutante, "What's that?" inquired

the maiden. "Your walst is unbutton-

ed down the back," replied the youth ----

"Please, mum," began the aged here

a appealing tones, as he stood at the

ditchen door on washday, "I've lost my

leg-" "Well, I aln't got it," snap-

ed the woman, slamming the door .--

"I wish you would mention this to

Jinks. It is highly important." "1'll

mention it to him to-day." "But how

do you know you will see him to-day?"

him money."-St. Paul Pioneer Press.

"I'm bound to bump into him. I owe

Policeman (holding down tramp on

sidewalk)---No damage, ma'am; he's

merely having a fit. Kind Lady-Gra-

clous! Shall I get some water and

throw it in his face? Policeman-Do

"Ah," said the press humorist, "I see

fi's."-Washington Post.

have, dear," said his wife, encouraging-

y, "with the fool-killer."-Life.

Journal.

ual.

Houston Post.

Pioneer Press.

ball player .--- Life.

Detroit Free Press.

Everybody's Magazine.

telligencer.

The minister stood erect, with grave sure, following with his eyes, in a kind of scoraful pity, the retiring fe "Such a denunciation would have driven many women into fits; but it has She hastened to the summons, with earnanswered the purpose well enough, as

pirit."

it is.' "Who's that?" cried the prisoner, in a death-bed repentance. amazement, gazing around the room in quest of the speaker ;

"It is I, Captain Wharton," said Harvey Birch, removing the spectacles, and exhibiting his piercing eyes, shining under a pair of false eyebrows!

"Good heavens-Harvey !" "Silence !" said the peddler, tolemnly 'tis a name not to be mentioned, and

least of all here, within the heart of the American army." Birch paused, and razed around him for a moment, with an otion exceeding the base passion of lear, and then continued, in a gloomy "There are a thousand halters that very name, and little hope would there be left me of another escape, should I be again taken. This is a fearful venture that I am making; but I could not sleep in quiet, and know that an innocent man was about to die the death of a dog, when I might save him."

"No," said Henry, with a glow of gen grous feeling on his check; "if the risk to yourself be so heavy, retire as you came and leave me to my fate. Dunwoodle is making powerful exertions in my behalf; and if he meets with Mr. Harper in the course of the night, my liberation is certain."

"Harper !" echoed the peddler, remain ing with his hands raised, in the act of replacing the spectacles; "what do you now of Harper? and why do you think vey gave the captain a glance, and led he will do you service?"

the way down the stairs, first desiring the "I have his promise-you remember oman to leave the prisoner to himself, our recent meeting in my father's dwellin order that he might digest the wholeing, and he then gave an unasked promise some mental food that he had so lately to assist me."

acaivad. "Yes-but do you know him? that is-A rumor of the odd character of the why do you think he has the power? or riest had spread from the sentinel at the what reason have you for believing he oor to his comrades; so that when Harwill remember his word?"

ey and Wharton reached the open space "If there ever was a stamp of truth. fore the building, they found a dozen r simple, honest benevalence, in the dle dragoons loitering about, with the ountenance of man, it shone in his." said vaggish intention of quizzing the fauatic, Henry; "besides, Dunwoodie has powerind suppoyed in affected admiration of ful friends in the rebel army, and it the steeds would be better that I take the chance

"A fine horse !" said the leader in this where I am, than thus to expose you to plan of mischief; "but a little low in certain death, if detected." flesh; I suppose from hard labor in your "Captain Wharton," said Birch, look calling." ing guardedly around, and speaking with

ressive seriousness of manner, "if I "My calling may be laborsome to both fail you, all fail you. No Harper no: myself and this faithful beast, but then a Dunwoodie can save your life ; unless you day of settling is at hand, that will reget out with me, and that within the ward me for all my outgoings and incomings," said Birch, putting his foot in the hour, you die to morrow on the gallows of dirrup and preparing to mount. "Casar, a murderer."

The peddler beckoned him to be silent you can ride up the road and deliver the ad, walking to the door, opened it with nots-the unhappy prisoner will be wantthe stiff, formal air with which he had ing the book, for his hours are numentered the apartment. pered."

"Friend, let no one enter," he said to "Ay-py, go along, Casar, and get the book," shouted haif a dozen voices, all the sentinel; "we are about to go to prayer, and would wish to be alone." rowding eagerly around the ideal priest, "You overact your part," said young in anticipation of a frolic.

Wharton, in constant apprehension of dis "What are you at there, scoundrels?" cried Licutenant Mason, as he came in covery ; "your seal is too intemperate." "For a foot soldier and them Eastern sight; "away with every man of you to militia it might be," said Harvey, turnyour quarters, and let me find that each ing a bag upside down that Casar now horse is steaned and littered when I come d him; "but these dragoons are felround." The sound of the officer's voice operated like a charm. The peddler took ows that you must brag down. A faint art, Captain Wharton, would do but litthat opportunity to mount, but he had the here ; but come, here is a black shroud to preserve the gravity of his movements ; ar good looking countenance," tak- for the remark of the troopers upon the of the same time a parchment mask | condition of their beasts was but too just,

"THE ROYAL CAPTAIN HAS CHANGED TO A many instances the advance has not been "slight," but the kind that makes BLACK." a man look at his grocery bill two or males, and suffered the expostulation of apartment, he thought he saw his charge three times before he can realize what the youth to be given as if unworthy of in deep abstraction. Casting a glance of has come to pass. his notice. A third voice, however, spoke, huge contempt at the divine, he called aloud for the good wgman of the house. The big wholesalers have placed a barrel of black gunpowder under their

est zeal, entertaining a secret hope that she was to be admitted to the gossip of "Sister," said the minister, in the authoritative tones of a master, "have you the house "The Christian Criminal's Last Moments, or Thoughts on Eternity,

for Them who Die a Violent Death?" "I never heard of the book !" said the matron, in astonishment.

"'Tis not unlikely: there are many books you have never heard of; it is impossible for this poor penitent to pass in pence without the consolations of that volume. One hour's reading in it is worth an age of man's preaching." "Bless me, what a treasure to possess

canned fruits and vegetables are selling when was it put out?" for more now than ever before. "It was first put out at Geneva, in the

The advance is not in canned goods Greek language, and then translated at only. Salt is worth 10 cents a barrel Boston. It is a book, woman, that should more, flour 65 cents more a barrel and be in the hands of every Christian, espeham, bacon, beef steak, pork chops in cially such as die upon the gallows. Have proportion. It is simply a regular a horse prepared instantly for this black, stampede to high prices with little proswho shall accompany me, and I will send pect of relief. down the volume yet in season. Brother,

compose thy mind; you are now in the Even the oyster beds have been blank narrow path to glory." this season on account of stormy Casar wriggled a little in his chair, but weather, earthquakes or some, other he had sufficient recollection to canceal causes not known. But it is certain

his face with hands that were, in their that Mr. Oyster has taken a tumble for turn, concealed by gloves. The landlady deep water or scattered in the sea gareparted to comply with this very reasondens. this request, and the group of conspira-The man from Germany, who has tors were again left to themselves. been congratulating himself on being The man soon returned, and announced able to buy canned sauerkraut as one that the horses were at the door. Har-

of the new canned gools varieties, will have to take from his pocket a little more money now when he buys this delicacy. It is no longer economy to cat dried apples for breakfast, drink water for dianer and swell up for supper, because the price of all kinds of

dried fruit is away up. The person who cats it is simply up against it hard. The people in all classes are hit hard by the advances. The price of corn is up and the prospects are it will stay

there, Corn bread and hominy have been most reliable dishes to fall back on in hard times and high prices, but the Iowa, Missourl and Kansas farmer, who has been selling his corn below the cost of production will receive more for it this year. Sweet potatoes and Irish potatoes are also on the ad-

vance list in a most pronounced way, "People are more wasteful in the things they buy to eat these prosperous times than ever before," one grocer said this morning. "They will have to

go back to the old economical way of the kitchen and dining room. The cost posts?" of living along all lines has been increased. The farmer that can produce a good crop this year will make big

money. Don't kick; be cheerful and hope for a bountiful crop.

High Noon.

Patience-What does it mean by being married at "high noon?" Do you know? Patrice-Oh, yes; it means a 12 to

chance .--- Yonkers Statesman,

BLOSSOM WAS WALKING ONTO THE RAIL ROAD TRACKS.

knew would be a disagreeable one, but he finally mustered up enough courage, and said :

"Father, you know that big hole in the fence by the railroad tracks I told know so well. you about the other day? Well, you haven't fixed it up yet, and I am was heard.

afraid Blossom will get out." "Boy, don't bother me with such

things. I'm tired of hearing complaints, and why isn't this done and badly broken, the train came up, and, why isn't that. Go on with your despite the engineer's efforts to stop, work." "But, father." persisted Jimmie, dead beast.

suppose she gets out on the tracks and gets killed? What shall we do then?"

"The railroad company will have to off, pay me for her, that's what," said Andrew grimly.

"They won't, though, if she gets out through a hole in our fence," said his son, who had often heard the gossip in similar cases.

"Never you mind. You attend to your business and see after Biossom all right and she won't get out. Run along now; I must go upstairs." As Jimmie started toward the mead

ow with the cow he saw his old classmate and bosom friend, Frank Bensall sauntering along.

"Come on, Frank." he cried. "Let's go over to the meadow. Maybe we can find some mushrooms."

Frank was willing and they proceeded down the lane. The meadow was across the railroad that cut the Calvert farm in half, and gates were placed on both sides of the track in order to prevent stock from getting

out on the company's right of way. "What a bother it is to open and shut these gates," said Frank, as he helped Jimmie with them. "My, how

heavy they are !" "They're just like lots of other things around here," said Jimmie. "They need fixing. Just below here there are five or six panels of fence down and I'm scared to death every day for fear Blossom gets out and is killed. Father would be hopping mad. and I don't see how we could get along

without her mlik." "Why don't you fix the fence?" said Frank, as they drove the cow into the meadow.

"Because I can't, How can I set "Here's a mushroom. But I don't

see any more." "They are pretty scarce,' 'said Jim- terribly angry when he heard the news,

mle. "Say, Frank, let's fix this gate." Yet even his anger would not be so bad "How? Oil 1(?"

"No, simple. Can't you see how low if we only had a piece of rope to guy he bear to look his father in the face? it up with."

ical ability.

was complete; and now his boy had you want to kill him?--Seattle Post-In-"Come on, Jimmle, let's stop her," found the remedy. cried Frank, but they were half a "Never mind the cow, Jimmie. That's mile away and if a train should come all right. I'm sorry for her, but there's t looked as if it were all up with her. no use crying over spilt milk. We can

The boys ran as fast as they could, make enough money now to buy plenty while Blossom, with the usual stupidof cows. But do you know, Jimmle---" ity of a cow, sedately walked down the his volce grew very tender herecenter of the tracks. No grass was "there's one thing makes me gladder there, nor any real inducement for her than getting the finishing-up of the

to go on such a dangerous path, but patent. I'm glad you are honest, boy." she seemed to take it out of that pure And Jimmie was glad, too .- Chicago bovine "meanness" which farmers Dally News.

CHIVALRY OF RED MEN.

The whistle of an approaching train

Poor Blossom-why did she know no Indian Trait Shown in Heat of Big

better? For, just as she got about Football Game. opposite to where the fence was so Near the end of a brilliant match, between our oldest university and the Carlisle Indians, one of the Indian she was hit and thrown to one side, a backs suddenly got away with nothing

between him and the goal posts but one As the body was clear of the track, man. If the runner succeeded in getthe engine whistled twice and the ting by him, it meant everlasting athtrain, which had nearly stopped, moved letic glory for himself and perhaps a victory for his small college over this

A little later the boys got there. mighty institution of learning, containboth out of breath. They looked at ing the flower of the civilization which the dead animal with scared faces. had swept his forefathers away from "Isn't it awful?" whispered Frank. the lands they once possessed. The "Ch, what will father say?" crowd in the stands had arisen, gasp-"It's your only cow, isn't it?" asked ing in their excitement, as crowds always do at such moments. But just

Frank with a troubled air. "Yes, and its all my fault for leavas he had almost gained the coveted ing that gate open." line, that one man, a famous sprinter, brought the runner down with a beau-

tirul tackle. The stands rocked with relief, and the usual "piling up" of

other players took place. As the two was mighty particular about that cow-Just this morning he was telling me to watch her carefully, as the fence was down."

she came through that hole in the fence. He'd never know the differ-Outing.

"Oh. I don't know what to do," cried Jimmie, who was almost in tears "You don't know father, Frank. He's awfully severe and all that-and it's his only cow-but I'd hate to tell him a

tie. Promise me you won't tell any one about this, will you? I'll go home and think it over." "Yes, honor bright. But I must go now. You'd better do as I say." And Frank tramped off, glad to get

a safe distance between himself and Mr. Calvert, of whose sour temper he had heard a great deal.

Jimmie started for the house, first shutting the gate that had made so much trouble, but went with the slowest of steps, since he had to make up his mind as to what account he should give of the needent.

He knew that his father would be

as the privation that would be caused by the loss of their only cow. And he it hangs? That makes it bind. Now was to blame for it all! How could

But-if he lied, deliberately lied "How?" asked Frank, who was not and gave a false cause for poor Blosgifted with much practical or mechan- som's death; if he put the blame upon

you have cut out one of my jokes." "Ha, ha !" "Found it funny, did you?" "Excuse me for laughing, old man. What I cut out was an 'ad' on the other side of the page."-New Orleans Times-Democrat. "Are you going to settle anything on

your daughter?" asked the young man with the cigarette and languid air, 'Well, it rather looks if she marries you that she is going to settle some thing on me," replied the parent ----Yonkers Statesman.

"I understand that he has long been a student of political economy," said the visitor, "He has," said Senator Glucose, "and his economy in politics has kept him out of office. He thinks he can be elected without spending a cent." -Town and Country.

Jack (encountering an old friend)-Hello, Jim! Fancy you volunteering! Jim-Well, you see, I've no wife and family and I love war. But what brings you out here? Jack-That's just the point. I've got a wife and family and 1 love peace .-- Regiment.

"You don't really mean to say you wouldn't like to get out?" demanded the prison visitor. "Why, I thought you were in for life." "Oh, worse than that, ma'am," replied the convict. "I'm in for a double life. I've got two wives waiting outside."-Philadelphia Press.

The toller in the city had been given an advance in salary, "Now," he said, jubilantly, "I can begin saving to buy a farm." Out in Washington the agriculturist looked at the check received for his season's wheat. "Another such crop or two and I can move into the city," he mused .- Philadelphia Ledger,

The manager of an office had advertised for an office boy. In consequence he was annoyed for an hour by a straggling line of boys of all sizes, claiming various accomplishments. "Well," he A member of the Royal Geographisaid to a late applicant, "I suppose you cal Society gives this little story of a can read anything, and write anything, Greek saint: "Our good St. Blazios and figure a little, and use the typewritgave us the phrase 'drunk as Blazes,' er a little and---- "Naw," interrupted the boy. "If I could do all them things, I'd strike yer fer yer own job. tron of the English wool combers, and aln't nothin' but an office boy," He

A Gentle Hint.

"I got a neat rebuke for my curiosity once," said a well-known Baltimore man, "and it was administered to me by a native of the Cheat river region in West Virginia.

"I had stopped overnight in the disrrict in question, and in the morning was strolling about the place, asking all sorts of questions. Presently I met a lanky mountaincer, who greeted me with 'Howdy' and passed the time of day most pleasantly. Seeing that he was harefooted, a circumstance, it seemed to me, quite odd in a mounininous region, I asked;

"" is it the custom of this country for the men to go without shoes?

"'Wash,' the native drawled, 'some on us do, but most on us alten's to our own business," "-Lippincott's,

for this saint was pleasantly done to death by having his flesh torn off by as a high feast was kept on his day and the people who frequented the teast, were called Blazers, so the saying grew into the English tongue and remains there fixed and useful."

His Disgnosis.

Story of a Greek Saint.

A London curate the other day received an astonishing answer to an inguiry after a parishioner's health. "Well, sir," snid the parishloner, "sometimes I feels anyhow, sometimes I feels nohow and there be times when I feels as stiff as a himmidge."

Why He Enjoys Freedom

"Dr. Besom is once more among us for a brief season," wrote the chronicler of an English village's social and religious life. "He says and does exactly as he thinks right, without regard to the opinion or bellef of others.

his father's neglect to repair the fence | His wife is not with him."

lay there together, the fair-haired representative of New England, while still clasping the dark-skinned descendant of American savagery, felt something fumbling, and presently became aware, at the bottom of the heap there, that his right hand was being shaken. "Good tackle," muttered the Indian .--

"Your father will whip you, won't "Oh, no. Well-I don't know. He

"Humph! Say, Jimmie," said Frank hoarsely, "how'll he know she got out the gate? If I were you I'd tell him

ence."