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All solid and warranted. Others have come to run us out, some tried to lie us out, but the only to get rid of us is to buy us out. We have made them all sick at the shoe business, and mind you now we will sell you goods habbin a hat to wave, I picks up ole Moscow an waves him. De boys spots cheaper than before, for we are after the trade of wes- dar hats. For de roar ob de canyon we tern Nebraska, and if good, fine goods at low priceswill kain't talk much, but I see de boys do it, we will have all the shoe trade. Store and fixtures de canyon. I see dem say wif de hat for sale, but they can't run us out for no one can compete with our prices on good goods.

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berry nice rattlesnake stew."

By DAN DEQUILLE

ob all my clothes I kin make a line dat'll reach de watah. I mus' eat too.
Soon de meat ob de little b'ar gwine ter
be gone. Well, dar am lots ob trout in
de canyon. I kin make a fishhook outer
my gallus buckles, an deu wif a fine line
on de end ob de bucket rope I kin begin
de fishin.

de git my lette.
but no man kain't read nuffin but de
but no man kain't read nuffin but de
but no man kain't read nuffin but de
a man up de mountain to whar de cunnel is injoyin of hisse'f wif pokah an de
tigah. De cunnel kin read de letter offhan, kaise he's a man w'at's got a pow'ful
addication.

meat fer bait I mus' catch mo' meat.

Right away I gits out my knife an begins ter make figger four traps fer de hoot owls. I makes two ob dem—w'at we calls deadfalls. I kalkerlated dat ef I kin ketch two ob dem owl ebbery night I ain't gwine ter starb. As I am makin "And de traps settin cut dar on de shelf, I
keeps an ear cocked and an eye peeled
fer de boys, kaise I don't know how
quick dey may git de letter. While
hopin fer de best I am gittin ready for
de wust. Little Napoleon he is out
on de shelf 'longside me a-playin wif de
trap sticks an a-jumpin to ketch de
shabins w'at I whittles. I calls him Napoleon kaise de mass' he gite ter est an de traps settin cut dar on de shelf, l poleon kaise de moas' he gits ter eat am de bony part ob his baby sister.

All day I am on de shelf. No sign of de boys. Dey hain't got de letter. "W'at," sez I, "w'at ef it go to de de'd THE MODEL CLOTHING HOUSE

I sets boff de hoot owl traps, an den me an Napoleon goes ter bed. I ties one ob de fore legs ob Napoleon to my wris', kaise I don't want him to slip out an git was it is comin dark. may come w'en I gotter do wif him like

Nex' mornin I am up wif de lark-an bout as high. It is Friday-de onlucky day—de day ob ropes an hangin.
"Well," sez l, "don't you git down hearted, Mistah Hawk—a rope is de on'y sa'vation fer you, sah." I talks disa-way w'en I'ze in my room makin ob my t'ilet. I den goes out on de shelf, an, by de hokey! dar am two hoot owl in dem

he am jis' nat'ally s'prized and delighted wif de sight ob de game. He growl an put on all kin of full grown airs. One obde owl am dead. He reach in wif his bill to git de bait an he git his head smash. De oder he reach fer de bait wif his foot an he get cotched by de leg. Napoleon he box er while wif de dead owl; den he comes to have some fun wif de live one. 'Bout half minit he fin out de diff'runce. He am de moas' 'stonish little b'ar I ebber see. I take de owl out 'live. He is a mons'us great feller, an his leg ain't broke. I ties him up by one leg to keep him fer decoy. He will fetch me plenty hoot owl meat.

Napoleon-who hab retire to de cabern wen de ole hooter let go ob him -pooty soon comes pe'kin out. He sees de big hoot owl is ready fer him, so he lick him chops a bit; den he mosey back inter de cabbern. So dat minit I gives skins de dead owl mighty keerful, kaise w'en I tears up all my clothes to make de watah rope I'ze gwine for ter need all de owlskins I kin git to make me a sorter shirt er frock. W'en de owl is All Solid. skinned I make a big smoke, hopin de boys may come. 1 bin now four days an a half and four night, in de b'ar cabbern-I am startin in on de fift' day. I am gittin radder oneasy 'bout de boys, so dis mornin I am hullerin a heap off

> 'Bout noon-glory be to God-I hears two pistol shots. I count five between each ob de shots. 'De signal fer de lost!" cries I. Den I shout, "Praise de

Lord and bress de Lord, de boys hab got

I hain't no gun ner pistol to answer de signals. I wish dat de good Lord would give me a cannon up dar on de shelf. 1 hollers loud as I kin yell; den I t'ink ob a way to shout by steam. I spits on de rock, lay on de spot a live coal, den strikes it wif de back ob he hatchet, an it crack loud as any musket. I shoot dis a-way as fas' as I kin sebberal times. Boom! it roar an rattle up an down de

Soon I sees two ob de boys, but dev are on de oppersit side de canyon. Not habbin a hat to wave, I picks up ole a-makin signals to somebody on my side "Go furder up!" Den in a minit er two "Little furder!" Nex' time dey say:
"Halt! Right dar is de place!"

All dat jis' as plain to me as any talk

All dat jis' as plain to me as any talk
I den gits out on de aige ob de shelf an look up at de wall ober de cabbern. In got it in him to do it; 'sides he's had lots 'bout er minit I sees a head poked ober of sperience ob cats, an de cats hain't de wall. It is de head ob de cunnel sperienced a owl afore. De big hoot He sings out, "How is yer, boy?" "Fine as er fightin cock!" I hollers

"T'ank de Lord for dat!" says the cun-

top ob de cliff. Nex' de cunnel say "W'at dat yer got down dar, boy?" I say, "One dem is young b'ar; de oder

is ole hoot owl." "Want 'em boff?" ax de cunnel. "Yes, cunnel-yes, sah, please." "Well, send dem up. De boys er comin wif de ropes."

Dat news ob de ropes wur music fur me. Soon half dozen de boys show demse'fs wif ropes off'n de derricks. Nex down comes de end ob er rope, de cunnel steerin ob it.

"Send up de owl," says he. I ties de owl to de rope, an up he go. Den he say, "Han up de b'ar." I ties little Napoleon on de rope, an up he go wif his two eyes poppin outer his head, the mattah so s'prized him. Nex' the cunnel say, "Send up dat cunnin niggah boy, Jerry Hawk." I say, "Better come down fust, cunnel

"No, t'ank yer," sez he. "Better come down, ah, an take bite ter eat. I'm got some berry nice roas'

an take er look at de Hawk hotel."

"Tousan times bleeged," sez de cunnel, "but I hain't no 'casion-jis' had a Well, after dis jokin I gits inter de

rope, an dey naus me up, de boys au shakin han's wif me w'en I lands. The Black Mountaineer On de way back to de Scotchman gives de cunnel an de boys de whole story. Dey all say it is wonderful. De cunnel say dat if dey hain't got de letter an found me I'd turned out a reg'lar Robert Crusoe. Down at de cabin on de Scotchman I fin out from de boys dat

Well, when we git to de cunnel's cabin

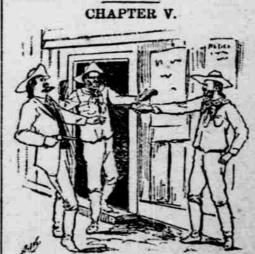
"No-no, sah: dey nebber seed hide nor ha'r ob her. S'pect she come ashore somewhar an trabbel away on her el-

"And what became of Napoleon?"
asked Ben Arle. "Did Colonel Brookshire put him up against the tiger?" "No, sah; he put him up ag'in de bulls. Dat b'ar Napoleon wur big as er grizzly w'en he wur t'ree year ole, and a pow'ful fighter. He whip all de bulls same as Moscow whip all de cats." "So you kept old Moscow?" said Fred

"Keep him! Sartin I did. He wur de finest pet I ebber had. He'd keep my cabin clare ob mice, rats, snakes an all kin of varmints. Why, sah, dat owl could whip airy cat on de crick, an none ob de dogs hankered to tackle him." "What finally became of him?" asked

Old Jerry Hawk heaved a great sigh, rolled his eyes up to where the big stars were blazing in the blue black sky, high mountain peaks, and then said, "Cap'n Arle, dat's a sorrerfuler story, sah, dan de one 'bout de ole mudder b'ar an her

"How so?" asked Uncle Bob Temple. "Well, dat's quite anoder story, but



Ioway petered out. De cunnel he got much, packin up gold an comin down man fur w'atever he kin git. Den he inter de cabbern. So dat minit I gives de big owl de name of Moscow. I

> "Cunnel," sez I, "I kain't play pokah an in all my life hab nebber buck at de

"Oh, I don't mean dat," sez de cunnel, "I'm sick of boff dem. De fac' is," sez de cunnel, "dat I b'lieve Napoleon kin whip any bull in Californy. De bull an b'ar fights allers draws, an dar's lots ob money in dat, to say nuffin ob de bets I kin ketch on de outside. Now, Jerry, boy, I'd like you wif me. I'll ingineer all de bull au b'ar fights. You see, de feller wif de bull will allers be in wif me-a pard on de sly-an between us we won't perjuce any bull but one Napoleon

"Den w'at am I to go fur?" sez L "Well, one t'ing is to sorter give me tone," sez de cunnel; "I am a high tone gentl'um from de souf; see? I have my black boy wif me; I boss round an put on airs-maybe swear at you, but dat'll all be fun between ourselves, part ob

"An all you wants ob me, sah, is fur a mark fur you to swear at?" sez I. De cunnel he laugh an say: "Oh, no, no; dat's on'y at off times-times when we's loafin 'bout de hotels. You see, Jerry, you'll take ole Moscow wif you. We'll advertise him on de bills as 'De Fightin Owl ob de Souf Yuba.' While I ingineer de bull an b'ar fight you'll run de side show ob de fightin owl, an we'll

jis' rake de miners." Well, dat a-way he talk me inter de bizness. He is to have all dat's made on de b'ar an l'ze to have all dat's made on de owl-an one show will help de oder. So out we starts an jis' fairly coins money. Napoleon ob course whips all

sperienced a owl afore. De big hoot owl goes at 'em toof an nail an snakes de berry insides outer dem! Well, we are doin fine till we come to Red Dog. At Red Dog, arter Napoleon have used up his reg'lar bull an de bets

am all settled up an the cunnel have yell pooty loud. It is forty foot up to de rake in de money, one Josey lookin feller he gits mad. He tell de cunnel dat it wuz a put up job-dat de b'ar hate whip de bull afore. Ob course de cunnel rip an swear dat he is high tone gent, cum from de souf,

but de chap he ain't skeered-he jaw right 'long. At las' de Josey feller turn up him nose at Napoleon an say he'll bet enny 'mount dat de b'ar kain't whip his ole jackass, an he p'int to er sleepy lookin ole burro tied to a post. De cunnel jump at dat offer. Dey keep

raisin ob de bets till it git up ter five t'ousand dollars a side, an de cunnel kain't nut un no mo' money. De nex'

day is sot fur de fight. When de anermils am put inter de ring moas' all people jis' wile to bet on de b'ar. At las' de bettin is done. De cunnel he hab borried all my owl winnins—bout three t'ousand dollars—to bet on Napoleon on de outside. Den de anermils am turn loose. -

De donkey it stan kinder sleepy an onconsarned, but Napoleon git up on his hind feet an march to'ards him. "Two to one on de b'ar!" "T'ree to one on de b'ar!" yell de fellers. "Take it! Take it! I take dem bets!" sing out As de b'ar come up pooty close, de ole burro look at him an move off pooty

smart fur bout five rod. "Bah!" "Oh!" "Yee haw!" cries de fellers. "Ten to one on de b'ar!" "I takes 'em!" says de Josey:
All at onct—quicker dan wink—dat
ole jackass wake up. He whirl an
run at de b'ar wif his mouf open like one

run at de b'ar wif his mouf open like one dese yere flax brakes. Den, jis' while de b'ar is 'stonish at dis, de jackass wheel'an plant boff hin feet under his chin., Down goes Napoleon! He is knocked stupid. Den de ole jackass go at him wif his teef. Take him by de scruff ob de neck and frash de groun wif him. Den he kick him in de ribs a time er two, and den ag'in pitch in wif his teef an drag Napoleon 'long de groun. All dis time Napoleon doin jis' nuffin at all. Him got him nose tucked 'tween him fore legs an hab rull hisse'f up like a ball. All he do is jis' to whine and beller while de ole jack am snakin

"I gives it up!" shouts de cunnel "Take off dat debil ob a donkey!" Well, de Josey fros a lasso, an after de pullin ob 'bout five men de jackass am dragged away from de b'ar wif 'bout hatful ha'r in his mouf.

Den in de settlin up dar was a time! Lord, what swearin! Sebberal dozen people got dar eyeteef cut dat day. Me an de cunnel boff broke—nary a splitter lef'. We hab run foul ob de great "b'ar fightin burro ob Jamison crick"—de same dat arter dat whipped de wild boar up

De nex' mornin we finds Napoleon dead n de stable. De cunnel he look berry blue, but at las' he cheer up a bit an turn to me an say: "Pore Napoleon, he am gone! He am gone, Jerry, an all dat's now lef' fur me an you to do am to strike out fur new pasters an trabbel on de owl. We will now go in as full pardners-shear an shear alike." Well, in de shades ob de ebening we

scoots outer Red Dog, leaving de body ob Napoleon to foot de bills. We soon gits nter fresh camps. De cunnel sez dat being dat he's a gent'ium f'om de souf it ain't goin to do to let it git out dat he's trabblin as de full pardner ob a niggah; darfore he mus' ingineer de fightin owl. So it wur agreed. We now begin to make plenty ob money. De fun takes, an we sometimes run a good town a week-ole Moscow cleanin out all de cats dey can bring. Nebber seed a cat could whip dat owl! He jis' nat'ally stonish de best ob dem.

Befo' long we git our pile up ag'in to t'ree t'ousand dollars. Den de cunnel he brag dat de great fightin owl kin de bar cabbern my rich claim up de don't weigh ober forty pound. Well, dar wur a feller what hab one ob dese yere kin ob wil'cat w'at dey calls a link. De feller an de cunnel git to banterin one night. De cunnel he am chuck full ob ele Bourbon, an he up an bets de whole t'ree t'ousand dollars on ole Mos-

> De nex' night w'en de pair am turn loose togedder in de big fightin cage ole

Moscow sin't skeered ob de link. H ruffle up his fedders, roll him eye, snay him bill and make at de link whar he is squattin in a corner. 'Fore de Lord dat link jis' unfelded an reach out an arm dat is a yard long. Den he spread him claws wider ner my han. Den he fotch dat paw down spat on top ob de Jis' den I hear somebody groan.

look roun, an it is de cunnel. He crazy wif Bourbon. He look like de las rose ob summah. Good God!" sez he "w'at fur trickery is dis? Dis bizness don't got You've got steel gaffs on de claws of dat brute!" "See fur youself," sez de man; "thar's

"You're a liar, sah!" sez de cunnel, an he goes fur his six shootah. De link man is too quick fur him Bang! an de cunnel is dead-shot froo de

I am lef' stan'in dar alone in a single minit, wif nuffin in de wide world but de dead bodies ob de cunnel an "De Fightin Owl ob de Souf Yuba!" THE END.

The Practice of Tipping.

"The practice of tipping is growing steadily in this country," said an observer. "Persons who ten or twenty years ago never expected tips at all do expect them now, and persons who once never thought of giving give now as a all probable that tipping will ever become as widespread here as it is in some foreign countries. The spirit of personal independence which leads every man here to think himself as good as anybody else is against it. There are some branches of work of a public and semipublic nature in which those engaged abroad willingly accept tips, while men similarly employed in this country

well defined. "In London, for instance, many strangers who sit upon the box seat of an boy pethooks and hangers of my only omnibus, and who ask the driver for in- and very juvenile clerk. formation about the buildings and points of interest on the way, offer him a tip, and he accepts it cheerfully and as a neat, plain hand, just stiff enough to matter of course. A visitor in New York show that the consciousness of copying who rode upon the box seat of two of the for a lawyer had marred the writer's Fifth avenue stages offered willingly and courteously a tip. One accepted it in the spirit in which it was offered, but not with the offhand manner that would have characterized the London driver. The other, with perfect civility, but with unmistakable decision, declined it."

CHAPTER L



age enough for an encounter with the cold winds and driving storm outside. Half ashamed to confess my cowardice to myself, I had done every unnecessary thing I could think of to kill time, till at last I was reduced to the necessity of counting over the contents of my purse. This, however, was but a brief resource. "A short horse," as the proverb has it, "is soon curried." The only coin worth lingering on was a bright, new half

"doing a deed." Limited as my practice and my fees had always been, half eagles were not our current coin. Dross in itself, if the entirely a novelty to me, and yet from philosophers will have it so, yet as a the prolonged attention with which in means, a tool, a path, is it not wondermy procrastinating frame of mind I re- ful in the versatility of its power? What | "When I left here, sir, I went directly posed I was studying some rare antique | the material world? What spirit works | things were; I went to pay the little instead of a very ordinary specimen of so universally, so unfailingly, so unceas-Uncle Sam's daily spending money. I ingly, in the moral? Even that single my mother was taken sick, and the man examined it chronologically with refer- coin on my table—that infinitesimal drop took the half eagle and said it was a ence to the date, and geographically in in the great ocean of wealth-how much respect to the mark of the mint whence it issued.

I compared the eagle on the one side with my remembrance of such ornithological specimens as I had seen in traveling museums, and of the effigy-then solemnly believed to be of solid goldwhich in my boyish days kept watch and ward over Tommy Townsend's coffee house. I scrutinized the head of Liberty with the eye of a physiognomist, and in attempting with a sharp pointed penknife to give the hybrid profile a more feminine mouth I accomplished sundry scratches, which might very well have passed for a mustache, besides cutting my fingers and breaking at once the knife blade and the third command

close the mortgage he is popularly supposed to hold on every member of our profession. As it was, I only rose and opened the door. The ruddy firelight streamed out into the dark entry and fell upon a slight figure that seemed almost the embodiment of its coldness and gloom. The figure, however, was too familiar to me to inspire any supernatural fears, being that of a young woman who earned a scant livelihood by copying for lawyers. Why need I

An employment requiring easy penmanship and some acquaintance with head ob de owl, an he smash it jis' like commas and periods, if not with the more essential parts of composition, falls almost as a matter of course to those who at some period have had greater advantages-to those who, in that common but more touching phrase, "have known better days." The result is easily guessed. It might be told in many a tale of patient suffering and labor; of bright eyes dimmed with late watching; of red cheeks blanched to the hue of the paper before them; of young hopes withered and shrunk till they are as lifeless and void of meaning to the weary heart as the dry legal phrases of the copy to the tired hand that transcribes them!

And while I had been lingering idly by my fire, dreading to face the storm. this scantily clad girl had walked all the way from her distant garret. She did not tell me that she was weary and chilled to the very heart, but I read it in her pinched face, in the frozen sleet which covered her dress of faded mourning and in the eagerness with which she drew toward the fire, as a starving man would approach food. Ill protected as she was from the storm, she had managed to cover the papers she brought matter of course. And yet it is not at from its drenching with a care which told more strongly than any words the importance to her of the trifling sum she was to receive for the copying.

This was the first time I had ever employed her—in fact I did not often find it necessary to obtain such extraneous already on its way there, when I tried the present occasion was due less to the pressure of my own occupations than to the whims of one of my best clients, would resent them. In some branches who had declared that he would see me of work custom does not appear to be so in a still worse place than Wall street before he would spend time in decipher-ing my legal chirography, or the school-

I took the package and ran my eye over its contents. They were written in ease. As copies they were scrupulously correct and finished even to the numbering of the folios in the margin. I silently reckoned the price, and as I did it occurred to me that I could only pay it that evening by the sacrifice of my half eagle. It was in vain that once more I opened my purse, which certainly

was not Fortunatus, for I found nothmy Saturday night's marketing would be a very small affair. "But what will hers be without it?"

said my conscience. "If you feel the inconvenience of an empty pocket sc earn food and shelter from day to day!
Daily bread is something more than a mere form of speech to them!"

Perhaps a little would serve her jm-

mediate wants. Seifishness received this suggestion very approvingly, and I turned from my papers to the copyist to make the suggestion.

She stood on the other side of the fire

place as motionless as if she had been s carved pillar placed there to support the mantel against which her shoulder rest ed. One foot—a neat one, even in its worn, wet shoe—peeped from beneath her dress, as if drawn irresistibly toward the grateful warmth. Indeed her whole attitude seemed to express the same feel-ing. She did not bend and crouch over the fire as a beggar would have done. She did not sit before it and court its cheerful heat as if it had blazed on her

Scarcely swerving from the most erect position as she leaned against the mar ble, her clasped hands hanging before her, she seemed to be bracing herself against an attraction that would draw her completely into the flame. I could almost fancy that, if left to itself, her slender form would be drawn closer and closer, till finally it mingled with the flickering blaze and with it passed into

But when I lifted my eyes to her face I saw that she was at least unconscious of the fancied impulse. Her fixed eyes and a faint smile on her lips told tain December I sat by a good sea coal fire in my office, trying to muster courguiled her even there into a day dream. Following the direction of her gaze l saw that it rested on the same solitary coin which had been the subject of my own meditations, and which lay just where I had dropped it—on the table—when startled by her knock.

Modern critics are very foud of talk ing about the suggestive in art and literature. To my own mind (because it is hackneyed and worldly, I suppose they fire would say) there is no word in the laneagle given me that morning by some chance customer as my recompense for of art that brings up so many and so varied thoughts as those very remarkable profiles and effigies which adorn magician ever worked such wonders in

To my own mind-worldly and hack-

been suggestive of a great many things. Compressed within its disk, I had seen my Sunday dinner-ample, done to a smoking hot from the roasting jack. From its metallic rim I had already sipped in imagination the rare old Amontillado. A fragment of the gold of smoke. And if I, to whom even half eagles were not infrequent visitors and who, if I had known poverty at all, had known him only as a sobbed violently. neighbor to be shunned, and not as an should loathe myself and the well fed the pawnbroker's, denied to their shiv-Christian men around me, who so rarely | ering limbs. grant such visions to the starved eye-

out her money.
Yes, her money! For hers it was by young life she had given for it; earned with the very flesh from her wasted frame and the blood from her pale

What business had I to be speculating and sentimentalizing thus about the affairs of a young lady with whom I had only a little business transaction. I might have known that such an unprofessional train of thought would lead to some blunder. The earthen pot and the iron one never can swim safely together in fact or fable. Consequently I broke in upon the poor girl's reverie with the most awkward question in the world:



The scarlet blood rushed to her face to mend the matter by hurrying out.

"No, no, of course you haven't!" and there I stuck, and if ever a middle aged counselor at law felt like a fool in his own office I did. Her eyes were filled with tears at

what must have seemed the rudeness of my remark. I could have gone on my knees to ask her pardon if I had only known in what words to phrase the en- feit) had been offered to him on the pretreaty. The scene was so embarrassing that I cut it short by pressing the coin an, and on being confronted with our into her hand and telling her that we prisoner-for such we now considered would make it all right if she would her-he at once recognized her as the come for more work on Monday. Very likely she would have said something in would have satisfied us of the fact. reply, but not feeling inclined to test | Half rising, as if to speak, she caught my conversational powers further, after such an unlucky beginning, I hastily door, and she fainted. bade her good night and opened the

When her back was fairly turned I took my candle and held it at the stair- could not believe that she was anything head till she had reached the bottom of more than an instrument, and my exing more there than I had seen in it an the last long flight, and then going back perience in criminal law, slight as it hour before—small change of the very to my armchair wondered what Mrs. was, taught me how slender the chances

> CHAPTER IL "If that rascally boy of mine has not made a good fire," said I to myself as I walked down town the Monday morn-

From this novel species of accord and satisfaction, however, the much-thereofdeserving youth was saved by an unex-

him the thrashing in which I have stood

indebted to him so long."

less and neglected grate as I entered I beheld my visitor of the preceding Saturday night. Her pale, sad face was even paler and sadder than before, and I thought there were tears in her eyes and traces of many that had preceded them. But perhaps this was owing to the smoke now pouring from the mass of paper and wet wood with which Tom,

as usual, greeted my arrival.
"I am sorry to tell you, sir," she said, after answering my salutation, "that the coin you gave me was a bad one." A bad one my beautiful half eagle a counterfeit! In what of earth can confidence then be placed? I took it in my hand; it certainly had every appearance

of being genuine. "Positively, you must be mistaken, my dear. I could not be deceived so easily." And feeling that I undoubtedly appeared to her as a gentleman, whom the daily inspection of unlimited gold coin had made a perfect Sir Oracle upon the subject, I drew myself up before the

As who should say, "Let no dog bark."

Her lip quivered as she replied: "Indeed, sir, I am very, very sorry, but it must be so, for-for you know I had no other but that." "And pray how did you learn it to be

a counterfeit?" counterfeit and gave it back to me."

"Nonsense, child, the man was mis-She did not argue the point, but made neved, as I have before observed—it had a brief apology for the trouble she had

"I trust," said I, still somewhat grandiloquent and condescending, as a man turn, rich with dripping gravy and whose resources have unjustly been suspected, "that the fellow's stupidity has

caused you no inconvenience? A bright hectic flush crossed her pale cheek as an instinctive denial rose to her had curled my lips in fragrant wreaths lips. Farther than that the falsehood

Little by little I learned her sad story. inmate to be fought, who, even in my It need not be repeated here; it lacks, A knock at the door checked the half uttered malediction, and was only repeated when I cried, "Come in!" Had spiritual rappings been invented then I might have thought that satan, his inimate to be fought, who, even in my lit need not be repeated here; it lacks, worst estate, had been spared the pain of seeing him enter at my own door and sit down with my dear ones at their scant meal: if I could see so much in a half eagle, what a worldwide prospect child and her sick mother passed the patience exhausted by this new development of wickedness, was about to forement of wickedness, which wickedness will be about to the wickedness will be about to the will be the things she might see there, lest I this money was to have redeemed from

> grant such visions to the starved eye-sight, but I immediately gave up all thoughts of sending the girl away with-thoughts of sending the girl away witha balance, and had already handed me the change, when he saw that the deliall that can make good title in law or cate arm after vibrating a little did not equity; earned by the fragment of her decline with the weight. He took it up and handed it to the head of the firm, and after a short consultation between them I was asked into the inner office. A chemical test soon proved the worthless character of the coin. Bullion asked me if I knew where I had received it.

"I have seen two or three of late precisely like it. The counterfeit is a dextrous one, and we have in vain tried to trace its origin. If you can assist us in this it will be a great service to the

I took up the deceptive coin and scru-tinized it curiously. The workmanship was perfect; the thought at once flashed across my mind, too perfect; where was the knife mark I myself had made? I could not be deceived—the coin had certainly been changed. And this was the end of all my fine sentiment about the interesting young girl!
In a few words I communicated the

circumstances connected with it to Mr. bullion, who jumped at once to the con-"I thought so," said he, "I thought so! I knew that some fresh and unsuspected parties must be made use of in

this business. The old hands we know too well," he added with a chuckle. It was soon agreed between us that the girl should be detained and no time lost in extracting from her a confession as to the persons whose tool she undoubtedly was. We accordingly repaired together to my office, where we found her patiently waiting. In answer to my questions she repeated her story with much apparent frankness, until I asked the name of the person to whom she had offered the coin. After some hesitatio she named a very respectable pawn-

broker in C- street, to whom, as well

as to the police office, a messenger was immediately dispatched. Mr. Forceps soon came, and we received him in another apartment. His answers to the inquiries we made completely confirmed our suspicions. Such a coin as we showed him (the countersame. Her own frightened, pallid face

I went home that night ill pleased with my day's work. That the girl was guilty seemed but too clear. But I hour before—small change of the very to my armedian would say to a cold Sunday dinsmallest variety. Could I put her off Quidam would say to a cold Sunday dinsmallest variety. Without that half eagle ner. she fainted something might have been done, but now the matter had gone into the hands of the police such shrewd rascals as they evidently were would ing following, "I shall certainly give pretty surely get wind of it in time to

> "And so the whole upshot of the matter." said I, to myself, "will be the ruin [CONCLUDED ON FOURTH PAGE.]

Used in Millions of Homes-40 Years the Standard.