THE P PARTY PRESENTANTAL PROPERTY AS A STREET

(Copyrighted, 1998, by Joel Chandler Harris.) CHAPTER VIL RAMBLER CONCLUDES HIS STORY. "Where did you go when you rode the filly

off?" Buster John asked Asron. "He came right here." said Rombler. " know it, because when old Grizzly whistled to me and my companions and started home I went back, picked up the scent of the filly and followed it here. At the lot the Son of Ben Ali took the saddle off, hung it under the shed and then came to this house."

"That is so," remarked Aaron. "An old man by the name of Abe lived here." "Why, I remember old Uncle Abe." said Buster John. "He used to sit in the sun and

Aaron.
"I followed him here," continued Rambler, "but found the door shut. I scratched at " and whined. The man pamed Abe opened it and I came in, but I didn't see anything of the Son of Ben Ali. But I knew he was in here. My nose told me so. I noticed some planks across the rafters—they are there yet, as you can see—and I looked up and whined. The man named Abe looked around until he found his ax. 'So you are Gossett's nigger dog,' he said. 'Well, you'll never hunt any more niggers for him.' 'What is that?' said the Son of Ben Ali

'Gossett's nigger dog,' said the man named Abe. 'He has followed you here. What shall I do with him?' 'Give him something to eat,' answered Son of Ben Ali, and this made me glad,

for I had had a long, a hot and a hard "What shall I do then?" asked the man named Abe

'Give him a drink of clean water,' replied the Son of Ben All. 'What then?"

" 'Then let him alone.' "Now I was very glad of that," continued Rambler, licking his chops, and keeping one eye on the sputtering pine knot that gave out a flickering light, "for I wanted bread, and I wanted water, and I wanted to lie down and rest somewhere where I wouldn't have to fight the flies.

So the man named Abe went into his cupso the man named Abe went into his cup-board—that same cupboard there—and gave me a big chunk of ash cake, and placed a pan of water close by. Then he sat in the door and began to weave his baskets. I ate all he gave me, drank as much water as I wanted, and crept under a low bedstead that stood in the corner yonder.

"I don't know how long I slept, but when I woke I knew it was night, for I heard the I woke I knew it was night, for I heard the man named Abe frying his bacon, and the smell of it crept under the bed where I was, and made me as hungry as I had been before I ate. After a while I heard voices. The Son of Ben Ali was asking the man named Abe if he would have to stay in the loft on the planks all night. The man named Abe said no, that he had a snug place for the Son of Hen Ali. Son of Ben All

"Now at that time there was a sort of a "Now at that time there was a sert of a closet or something near where the chimney juts out here. The man named Abe had nalled some planks across from the wall to the edge of the chimney, and in between the wall and his planks there was room enough for a man to stand up, or to lie down if he lay on his side.

down if he lay on his side.

"After a while, when everything was quiet, the son of Ben Ali clambered down the wall, but when he touched the floor he stumbled and fell over, groaning. The man named Abe was scared nearly to death, but it was nothing. I had been running hard, and I was stiff and sore. The Son of Ven Ali had been running hard, All had been running hard, and he was and sore. Beelden, he had been lying the planks in the left in a cramped tion, not daring to move, for fear he would be discovered, and this made the matter But it was nothing after all. Son of Ben Ali raised himself, laughing, and

limped into the closet.
"But he didn't stay there long. He came out to stretch himself. This made the man named Abe unersy, and then he became angry. But the Sen of Ben Ali simply laughed at him. This made him still angrier and he threatened to go to the white felks' house-that's what he called it-and tell them that a runaway negro had taken pos-seesion of his cabin. The man named Abe started out. I don't know whether he would have gone if he had been let alone, but he was not let alone. The Son of Ben All seizer him by the shoulders and jammed him down on his stool, and then stood over him. man named Abe would have cried out, but the Son of Ben All placed his hand softly on the man's mouth and spoke one word 'Listen!' but that was enough.

'The man named Abe quieted down at once he said he would be killed if the white people caught him hiding a runaway. At this the Scn of Ben All called me to him and said: 'Go out and ctand by the door there, When you hear any one coming, say so."
"I limped out from under the bed the best

I could, for I was very stiff, and scratched at the door and asked to be let out. The man named Abs opened the door, and watched to see what I would do. I only went a few steps away from the door, and then sat down turning my head in all directions and listen ing. When the man named Abe shut the door again I went and sat down on the steps. I heard the man ask the Son of Ben All if he was a witch, and the reply he got was that the Son of Ben All was witch enough not to he caught any more. Then the man named Abe wanted to know if the Son of Ben Ali was angry with him, and the answer he got was that the Son of Ben Ali was the friend of those who were his friends and was never they had their supper in there,

for I could hear them chewing, and presently the man named Abe came to the door and gave me mine, the biggest half of a warm hos cake, and I don't know that plain bread ever tasted better than it did right then. "Not long after that I heard some one ugbing and talking in the direction of the big house up yonder, and the sounds seemed to get nearer. I gave the warning, and I soon heard the Son of Ben Ali go into the had heard talking in the woods that very The other seemed to be the voice thump—as of some one walking with a heavy cane. So I said to myself the Master is with them. But, no; it was the little boy, who walked with the crutches, as I soon saw. He was pleading with his sister to come to the house of the man named Abs and get him to tell a tale, such as he used to tell her when she was a little girl. She said she was too large for that, but the Little Master declared that he was small enough for both of them. And so they came to the deor.

of them. And so they came to the deor.
"The Young Mistress called out 'Uncle Aber' and the man named Abs opened the door. He looked out cautiously, and with a frown on his face, as I could see, but when he found who it was he danced around, and opened the door as nimbly as if he had been a young man. I try to be polite myself, and sand smeltines. ometimes I shake my tail pretty hard, but the man named Abe shock his whole When the door was shut he struck the floor body, he was so polite, and bowed nearly to with his crutch and cried out: body, he was so polite, and bowed nearly to the floor. And it wasn't put on, neither, as I found out afterward, for every one on the place loved the Young Mistress and the Little Master. These two went in and I followed them. I wanted to see what would have the control of the

'After a while, in bustling around, one of

negro bring the filly home. But the man named Abe shock his head and fumbled with the splits which he wove into baskets.

"The Little Master said he had come to hear a story, one of these old stories about Brother Fox and Brother Rabbit. I thought to myself that if all the rabbits I had caught could talk, they would have more stories to tell than the Little Master had time to listen to. The man named Abe shaffled around and coughed and excused himself, but it was no use. I knew he wanted the Young Mistress and the Little Master to go away. He was measy about the Son of Ben All—afraid that they might discover the runa
of Ben All unabled out a beginning in the fire-place. "Its may have been laughing," continued Rambier, licking his forelog where a briar had scratched it, "but as there was nothing to laugh at, that I could see, I thought maybe he was crying. But maybe he was crying. But maybe he was crying of anything until I get my have certain of anything until I get my have certain of anything until I get my have certain of anything until I get my hose on it, and there was a wall between the Son of Ben All—afraid that they might discover the runaafraid that they might discover the runa-way. But nothing would satisfy the Little Master but a story, and so the man named Abe sat down and told him one. And noth-ing would satisfy him but another story, and make horse collars and baskets and tell so they went on until finally I fell asleep by tales."

"He was a great hand for that," assented Aaron.

"It was a great hand for that," assented said to myself that if the man named Abe, or any other man, was as willing to work as he was to talk, a good many things would

While I was lying there dozing, I heard the Son of Ben Ali begin to snore. The Lit-tle Master heard it, too, for he asked what the noise was. The man named Abe said it was the dog—meaning me—and then he went on with his story, moving his feet about on the floor and talking loud. I dozed off again, and was getting ready to go to sleep sure enough, for I was tired, when ruddenly I heard a noise outside, as of two or three persons creeping around the cabin. I jumped up and ran to the door and smelt under it. The scent that came under the door was the scent of strange persons, and of white people at that. Just as I was about to cry out my discovery, I got a whiff ma'm, they'll not come back here in a hurry, of another scent. I knew at once that George Gossett was with the strange persons, and that they were patrolling the settlement in search of the Son of Ben Ali. "I gave one whine and ran under the bed, for I didn't want young Grizzly to see me

" 'What's the matter with the dog?' asked

the Young Mistress in some alarm.

ter were very angry, but before they could say much a very curious thing happened. The door of the closet flew open, and the Son of Ben All tumbled out in a heap on the floor. The Young Mistress fell back a step or two and gave a little scream, but the Little Master stood his ground and lifted his crutch in a threatening manner. But the Son of Ben All simply fell out of the closet in a heap. He was still stiff and sore, and by the time he had gathered himself together the Young Mistress knew who he

as he did many and many a day and night after, as I have seen. The Little Master's head came no higher than the Son of Ben

Ali's shoulder, though the child was standing on his feet, and the Son of Ben Ali on "The Young Mistress said: 'If you stay here they will catch you sure. ma'm, they'll not come back here in a hurry, after hearing what you said.'

"At this they all laughed, except the Son of Ben All. 'You may be certain,' he said, 'that I'll not stay here where I can be seen. The Gossett negroes go hungry every day in the year, and for an extra pint of meal they would tell everything they know and more too. And I would be the last



THE MAN NAMED ABE-THREW IT OPEN SUDDENLY AND STOOD BEHIND IT.

'Sh-sh!' said the man named Abe, Then some one struck the door with a

Then some one struck the door with a cane, following it with a loud demand:
"'Hello, here! Open this door!"
"Peeping from under the bed, I watched to see what would happen. The man named Abe looked hard at the Young Mistress. She, rising, swung the chair behind her, leaning on it with her left hand. She lifted her right arm and waved it toward the

'Open it,' she said. "The man named Abe did as he was bid, fe threw it open suddenly and stood behind

it. Young Grizzly must have been leaning heavily against it, for he stumbled into the room and came near falling.
"'What are you trying to do? Why, you—' Then, looking up, he caught sight of the Young Mistress standing there with anger in her fees. Young Grizzly took off. inger in her face. Young Grizzly took off his hat and bowed low. There were pieces of sticking plaster on his forehead and cheek bones. He caught his breath and stammered: 'I beg your pardon ma'am, I--'

"'Uncle Abe,' said the Young Mistress, 'go

to the house and tell father that Mr. Gos-sett-Mr. George Gossett-has called to see him on business, but has missed his way.'
"'Not at all, Miss Rachel! Not at all,
I beg ten thousand pardons! I was hunting a runaway nigger in the settlement, and I thought perhaps-maybe-I might find him here. A runaway nigger, you know, Miss Rachel, is just as apt to be in one place as another.' In this way spoke young Grizzly, as he backed out at the door, still bowing. "Then, Uncle Abe, tell father that Mr. George Gossett believes one of his runaways is hid on his place, and wants to find him." soon heard the Son of Ben Ali go into the closet. The voices came nearer, and I soon knew one for the Young Mistress, whom I not to know that I never intended any disrespect to you. Not the least bit in the world.' So said young Grizzly.

""Who are your companions, sir?" asked the Young Mistress going toward the door. "Just some of the neighbor boys, ma'am. I asked them to come with me. None of us meant the least harm, and certainly no disrespect to you. Thus spoke Young Grizzly, "By this time his companions had taken to their heels, and young Grizzly was quick to follow their example as soon as he got out of reach of the Young Mistress' eyes. So said the man Abe, and he was standing where he could see, having pretended to go after the White-Haired Master. Never have I seen a white man more frightened than young Grizzly was."

young Grigzly was." "What was he afraid of?" asked Sweetest

"Buckshot," replied Aaron. Rambler, yawned, and then continued:
"The Little Master was even angrier than
the Young Mistress, but he had said nothing.

Mistress said, "Did he? Uil kiss you, sia, for "Did he? Did he? Little Master, and he them stepped on my foot. Of course, this hurt my feelings, and I cried out.

"Poor doggie!" said the Little Master.
"Come here!" He looked at me closely, and the Young Mistress right in the mouth.

this is one of the Gossett track

"I was wondering whether the Son of Ben
Ali was sleeping all this time, so I went and

"Then suddenly the Little Master spoke Can you climb a tree?"
"'By this time I ought to know how," said the Son of Ben Ali.

"Then come. I'fl show you. So saying the Little Master swung himself on his crutches and went hopping to the door as nimbly as if his legs were sound and whole.

And the Young Mistress went, too, and I followed. "But by the time the Little Master had

reached the door the Son of Ben All was out reached the door the Son of Ben All was out and before him.

"'You are such a good rider I'll be your horse,' said the Son of Ben All.

"He took the crutches, leaned them against the door and swung the Little Master to his head, back nicking up the crutches and bread back, picking up the crutches, and sore as he was, pretended to be a horse. We

went toward the big house.

"If you will notice the stump of a big oak tree stands near the back porch. Before the tree was killed by fire a big limb stretched to the little balcony above the porch. At least it used to be so. The Little Master showed this tree and the limb and the balcony to the Son of Ben Ali, and told him that the big window that opened on the went toward the big house. that the big window that opened on balcony was in his room. And he said to

Whenever at night you feel lonely and tired climb these stairs and come to my room. Many and many a night I lie awake and count the stars, and I should like to have you there to talk to me. You may tonight if you will."

"The Son of Ben Ali stood a moment after he had placed the Little Master on the steps and given him his crutches. "'Not tonight, not tonight, Little Master. But before long I'll come. Tonight I must go into the woods and find me a hiding

place."
"So said the Son of Ben All, and then he seized the Little Master's hand and kissed it, bowed to the Young Mistress, whistled for me and went off into the woods humming an old tune that made me feel sorry."

At this point Rambler tried to scratch between his shoulders, first with one hind foot tween his shoulders, first with one hind foot and then with the other. Then he tried to bite the fleas, but he couldn't reach them. being old and stiff, and he sat and whined so pitifully that Aaron rubbed his back with a pine knot. This seemed to give him great relief, so much so that, hearing the dogs barking in another part of the lot, he ran out the door to join them, and soon the deep mellow sound of his voice was heard baying with the rest. Shortly afterward the children bade Aaron good night, and it wasn't long before they

were all in bed and sound asleep. CHAPTER VIII.

GRUNTER, THE WHITE PIG. When the children awoke the next morn-When the children awoke the next morning they found that they were as much puzzled as ever about Aaron. He had escaped from Mr. Gossett and the patrol, and had gone into the woods, but what then? What did he do there? How long did he stay? There were a thousand questions they wanted to ask. So the next time they saw Aaron, and each time thereafter, they begged him to tell them this and tell them that until, finally, he said he would take them over to the two-mile place some fine day and show them the White Pig.

Now, on that plantation, the White Pig was a well known character. His history

"Why, this is one of the Gossett track dogs! What is he doing here?"
"But the man named Abe said he didn't know. Then the Young Mistress wondered if I was one of the dogs that had been running after a negro in the woods that morning, and she asked the man named Abe, looking at him hard, if he had seen a strange of the had seen a

to the swamp.

close to the swamp.

Day after day the hog feeder called; day after day be expected them to come; and day after day they falled to come. After so long a time he went to hunt them. The old sow he found, but the pigs were missing. Some said the foxes and wildcats had caught the young ones, and some eaid they had gone wild in the swamp. But when the negroes planted their watermelon and ember patches planted their watermelon and ember patches. planted their watermelon and goober patches they soon feard out that not all of the

a strong, melodious voice with which to sing the song—a voice that could be heard from one end of the plantation to the other. But

however long or however loud he might call, the old now and her thirteen pigs kept

they soon fround out that not all of the pigs had been caught.

Then a great effort was made to catch them. Some were run down and caught with dogs, and some were shot; but one of foot and cunning. He never came out of the canebrake except at night, and he was so white and swift that the negroes came to white and swift that the negroes came to be afraid of him. They said to themselves that a pig that could fool the white people and outrun a pack of foxbounds must be something more than a common pig.

Consequently, when they were going through the fields at dead of night, and heard the White Pig crunching gooders, or chewing sugar came or smacking his mouth.

heard the White Pig crunching goobers, or chewing sugar cane, or smacking his mouth over a yam potato, they said nothing, and slipped away as fast as they could, and left him to the enjoyment of his feast. This went on until the White Pig grew to be strong and dangerous. His tusks, or tushes, as the negroes called them, were long and sharp. He could kill as many dogs as could be piled upon him. When a catch dog was sent after him he had a great trick of runger. sent after him he had a great trick of running until the dog came close enough, and was, and in a moment, too, the Little Mas- then wheeling and ripping the pursuer's hide

open.
It came to pass that the sport of hunting was left alone, the White Pig ceased to molest the watermelons, sugar cance, sweet potatoes, goobers, and other truck, which the negrees were allowed to raise in order to make themselves a little pecket money. For a long time this was the wonder of the plantation, and yet none of the patches planted by the negroes were tern up and destroyed. Then, as everybody got used to this state of things, it ceased to be astonishing, and was no longer talked of. And some of the negroes even forgot that the White Pig was still at large, ready and willing to kill and cripple the biggest pack of dogs that could be sent against him. against him.

Thie, then, was the White Pig that Aaro said he would have to show the children Many and many a time they had been told not to go too far from the house for fear th White Pig would catch them. They had been taught to regard the White Pig as the Booger-Bear of the plantation, and they as well as the negroes stood greatly in awe of him, the more so as they had never seen him. I is no wonder, therefore, that they looked a one another with some astonishment when Aaron told them that he would have to take them to the two-mile place and show then the White Pig.
"I speck he's tired of foolin' long wid us.

raid Drusilla, by way of explanation, "an' I don't blame him much, kase you all been a-follerin' atter him an' a ding-dongin' at him twel he done plum' wo' ont."

"You too!" exclaimed Buster John.
"Not mel" protested Drusilla. "No. suh! Not mei; protested Brusila. "No. sin!"
I ain't been a ding-dongin' atter Unk A'on; I
ben a-folierin' atter you all, an' dat what
Mistiss tol' me ter do. Ef I don't do it, she'll
make me tote water fer mammy ter wash de cloze wid, an' I know mighty well I don' want ter do dat."

But Aaron, as it turned out, was not joking at all. So, one pleasant morning, when he saw them playing in the spring lot, he gave them to understand that the time had come for them to make the acquaintance of the White Pig, and Buster John said he quite ready, but Sweetest Susan looked a Drusilla and hesitated a little. Drusilla looked at Sweetest Susan and hesitated a good deal. In fact, she drew back. "Now, I tell you what," she said, "you all

kin go on out dar in de swamp an' le' me stay here, an' den when you come back you kin set down an' tell me all 'bout it." "But mamma said you were to go with us wherever we went," Sweetest Susan re-"Dat what she say," replied Drusilla, "yit

ain't tell me te hoss an' kilt a yardful er dogs. Unk A'on kin take keer er you lots better dan what I kin." "Come on," said Buster John to Sweetes Susan. "Let her stay if she wants to." "Yes," remarked Aaron, "she's big enough to go to the field now. We need her there

right now."
This didn't suit Drug'lla at all, so she ran toward the others laughing. "I wuz des foolin'," she said. "I des wanted ter see what you all gwine ter do. You may ot need me, but I'm gwine anyhow, an' ef de White Pig git me, you'll hatter answer to Mis-

Aaron hitched a mule to the plantation cart and in this rig they made their way to the twomile place. They jogged along the little-used road, the journey being enlivened by some of the queer songs that Asron was in the habit of singing when he was in good humor. They went nearly to the river-the Oconee-and hen Aaron turned out of the plantation road and drove straight through the woods and bushes until they came in sight of a big came-brake. Here he stopped, took the mule from the cart, and fastened him with a strong tether so that he could browse around and nibble the grass and bushes. Then he lifted Sweetest Susan to his broad shoulders, took Buster John by the hand, and went toward the canebrake. He want on until he came to the damp ground near the edge of the swamp Selecting a dry place-a little knoll higher than the rest.-Aaron stationed the children there, and then went to the verge of the canebrake. Here he paused, placed his two hands to his mouth, and gave utterance to a peculiar call or cry. It sounded as if he were trying to say, "Goof-goof-goof!" but had smothered the noise with his hands. It was loud enough to be heard a considerable distance, however, for after he had repeated the call three times there was a reply from the farther side of the swamp, and the children heard a rushing, crashing sound

mong the canes. Sweetest Susan crept a little closer to Buster ohn, and Drusilla snuggled up to Sweetes Susan. The children were not frightened, but they were filled with unknown anticipations. They knew not what to expect next. crashing noise in the canes seemed to come and then it suddenly stopped. If it was the White Pig, he was listening.
(To be Continued.)

IMPIETIES.

The editor of the Melbourne (Australia) Spectator is Rev. Lorimer Fison, a Methodist minister, with some unique traits of charac-ter. He edits the paper with his coat and boots off and a big pipe in his mouth. He says that just before his ordination he was sent for by the board of examiners. "Mr. Fisch," said one of the board, "your papers are excellent, but there is one thing we ject to." Fisen asked what it was. " "You are addicted to the evil habit of smoking. Fison explained that he saw no evil in it but, taking a large plug from his pocket, asid, "In deference to your opinion, gentlemen, I promise you this: As soon as I have smoked the flug'I hold in my hand I will cease smoking forever." They were satisfied and he was ordained the next day. But as he refills the big pipe he chuckles and tells you: "I've kept my word; I've got tha

very plug yet,

In the early days of Great Bend, Kan. now as moral and prosperous a community as could well be wished for, there was an abundance of saloons and dance houses, but no churches. There were, however, a few hristian people, and they secured a minister. They wanted to hold a revival and the only room that could be obtained was one used for a faro layout, the proprietor of which announced that he "was in for any-thing of a public natur," and if they wanted to dispense religion they could use his room as an outfit two evenings a week. Hence two evenings a week the revival meetings were held and a number of converts testi-fied to the good work. One night the serv-

A COURAGEOUS DAUGHTER.

How Little Gabrielle Greeley Crosses the Ocean Alone.

(Copyright, 1896, by the Author.)
It was in the year before the presidential lection when Horace Greeley was a candidate. Little Gabrielle Greeley was 13 years old, one of the most beautiful children in New York and one of the most lovable. Some the most mischievous of all was never caught.

He kept out of the way of the guns, and he ripped epen and killed all the dogs that came within reach of him. He was fleet of with bard news about the health of with her daughter than the care within the care with the car

with her daughter Ida.
One of the returning travelers while calling at the Greeley home, seeing little brown-eyed Gabrielle, drew the child close to her. and said with ill-judged compassion; "Poor little darling, I'm afraid you'll never see your numma again. Tears came into the child's eyes and a pain

like a knife stab went through her heart. her mamma, if she had to travel all the way alone.

GABRIELLE'S REQUEST.

ness that characterized her loving disposition, that she wanted to go to London and take care of her mamma. Horace Greeley listened ter knew him.

"Why, it's Aaron" he cried, though nobody ever told me why any one ever called the Son of Ben Ali's hand and stood leaning against him for support, as he did many and many a day and night to the child's request, and, after some show of unwillingness, finally so far softened that he said she might go if any other friends of theirs could be found who were also going the White Pig grew too dangerous to be induced to go to London and take the said said when a care of her mamma. Horace Greedey listened to go to London and take the said she winded to go to London and take the said she winded to go to London and take the said said when a care of her mamma. Horace Greedey listened to the child's request, and, after some show to the child's request, and, after some show what sairs when a care of her mamma. Horace Greedey listened to the child's request, and, after some show what sairs when a care of her mamma. Horace Greedey listened to go to London and take the said said when a care of her mamma. Horace Greedey listened to the child's request, and, after some show what sairs when a care of her mamma. Horace Greedey listened to go to London and take the said said when a care of her mamma. Horace Greedey listened to the child's request, and, after some show what sairs when a care of her mamma. Horace Greedey listened to the child's request, and, after some show of unwillingness, finally so far softened that he said she might go if any other friends of theirs could be found who were also going the when a care of her mamma. Horace Greedey listened to go to London and take the said to go to London and take the said the said said: "I've brought said: "The burn's principle of the mamma. Horace Greedey listened to go to London and take the said he reflected that Gabrielle's unexpected ar-

sister Ida would be there waiting to wel-come her. What was her sorrow and sur-prise on stepping upon the wharf in the wet. blustering night, to find no one she knew, no kindly face, only hurrying and indifferent strangers. For a long time she stood there in the rain, not knowing which way to turn or what to do, and at last, ence aged by one of the passengers, she made her way to a hotel where she was shown to a room, and presently, with heart break-ing and weary in body, she threw herself on the bed without undressing and slept in her wet clothes, a troubled, unbappy sleep.

distant and that it was a big lonely place for a little American stranger to be wandering about in. And she had not the least idea in the world at what house or on what street in the world at what house or on what street "she is burning with fever." All that night she thought of her mamma, distant and that it was a hig lonely place for far away over the ocean, thought of those cruel words and with all the strength of her child's will, determined that she would see in the world at what house or on what street she would find her mother and sister, for so hurried had been the departure that no one had thought to write down the address. In The next day she went to her father, who was ill in bed, his worry about his wife's health being increased by bodily weakness. Gabrielle told him, with the simple carnest
Gabrielle told him, with the simple carnest
solutely no one who knew her or to whom she could appeal.

She had hardly come down stairs when

"I brought yer trunk, I say, from the



"WHY, IT'S GABIE! IT'S GABIE!"

in fact, on the very day the vessel was to sail, these friends changed their minds and At this moment posiponed their departure, which left the little girl without any one to take care of her. But her determination to go to her

namma was in nowise altered by this contretemps. On the contrary, she begged the editor of the Tribune, who had been charged to take her to the steamer, not to prevent her from going, and assured him that she would be well able to take care of herself She told him that among so many passengers there would be surely some kind person who would look after a little girl all alone, From her earliest childhood Gabrielle had been hielded from any knowledge of the evil that is in the world; she did not even know there were bad people who might try to do her harm or take advantage of her. So, in the guilelessness of her innocence, she

had no fear, and her pleadings finally won the heart of the editor. A LONELY VOYAGE. Looking hastily about among the pas-sengers on the deck he discovered a well known New York clergyman who with his wife was going to take the steamer. his charge, accordingly, the editor put little Gabrielle and went ashere with some misgivings, but feeling sure that the child's grit and charming innocence would see her stely through the journey. Besides, he had no doubt that a cablegram would be sent to friends on the other side to meet the child on the steamer's arrival

at Southampton. Just what happened while the vessel was at sea is not clear, but it transpired somehow that Horace Greeley did not send the expected cablegram and when the steamer reached Southampton there was no one in waiting to take care of Gabrielle. And, worst of all, they got in about 2 o'clock in the morning in the midst of a driving rain storm. Early that evening the clergyman, who was supposed to be looking after Gabrielle, had been taken with a particularly severe attack of seasickness, with which he had suffered through the whole voyage.

suppose, Gabrielle, I ought to be hand to see you ashore," he said to his lit-tic charge, "but I feel very faint and ill. tle charge, "but However, I will-"Oh, no," said Gabrielle, "don't think of getting up; I shall manage nicely alone; I'm not a bit afraid." And, indeed, she was not afraid; although



T BROUGHT YOUR TRUNK, I SAY, FROM THE WHARF.

she had suffered during the voyage with chills and fever, and on this very night was in no condition to be out of her bed, much less to face the perplexities and dangers of a foreign city in such a storm and at such an hour. It seems that when they had been a few days out the clergyman had changed his route of travel and decided not to land at Southampton, but to go on to Germany, thus leaving Gabrielle to shift for herself in England. It must be eald to his credit, bowever, that some of the family would be at Southampton to receive her. ALONE IN LIVERPOOL.

When the time came for leaving the steamer Gabrielle, with her arms filled with bundles and packages, into which with a child's awkwardness she had done up har few belongings, bravely prepared to go ashore, not doubting for a moment that her "Dear me I shall do." And then

rival at her mother's bedside might do much | wharf," he repeated, not very politely, she to cheer the invalid and hasten her recovery.

Besides, he liked the spirit shown in his little daughter, who was a real chip of the old block in courage and determination.

So it was finally arranged that Gabrielle should take the next steamer for England in charge of some friends who were preparing to sail. At the last moment, however, to foce an the very day, the very day, the very day the very day to man's dirty hand.

At this moment a gentleman, seeing her embarrassment, gave the fellow a shilling, at which he went off with a bow and a scrape. That was enough for quick-witted Gabrielle and from that moment whenever a servant approached her she drew forth a shilling very humbly from her purse and handed it to him, and she found that this worked beautifully wherever she went. A FRIEND IN NEED.

While it was still early morning Gabrielle feeling very strange and lonely, was wondering where she would go to find her mamma, a little German woman who had been almost neglected by the passengers on the voyage because she was not stylishly dressed or very preposessing in appearance, came up to the woebegone stranger and said in a motherly tone: "Now, little one, you come to this table with my husband and me and have your breakfast. of you until you find your mother, poor little

So said, so done; and it was with less of a load at her heart that Gabrielle got into the railway carriage with the two worthy Germans, who alone of all the brilliant ship's company had befriended her when she needed friends so sorely. On the ride to Lendon the little girl's cheks became flushed and her body hot with fever. And then, at intervals, the chills would take her, and she was really ill, too weak to do anything, mush less undertake the task of finding be mush less undertake the task of inding her mother and sister in the great metropolis. "Don't worry," said the German woman reassuringly, "we'll get a carriage and drive about until we find your mother."

"She can't be very far away, can she?" asked Gabrielle, brightening up and cheered to fresh efforts by the thought of soon being in the arms of her dear mamma, who was so very ill, and whom she had come awa across the ocean to see.
"Where shall I drive?" asked the cabman

when they had taken seats in a carriage.

The German couple showed blank faces at this inquiry, but little Gabrielle, all confidence, answered: "Please drive us to the Tribune building." The driver asked her to repeat the name and, not recognizing it, climbed down from his seat and went in search of information.

Presently he returned and said: don't anybody know such a place, Miss."
"What!" exclaimed Gabrielle, "you don't know where the Tribune building is? I want you to drive us to the New York Tribune, that belongs to my papa."

The driver rubbed his head in perplexity,

and after some further consultation camback with the address of the Tribune's London correspondent, George W. Smalley. At this time Mr. Smalley kept a fine establish-ment in the West End, to which they drove forthwith, little Gabrielle resting her on the German woman's shoulder and feeling so weak and feverish she could hardly endure the delay.
"Oh, dear me," she sighed; "why don't we

get there? I want to see my mamma." DISAPPOINTMENTS.

At last they reached Mr. Smalley's house and Gabrielle managed to walk to the door and ring. An imposing looking flunkey in knee breeches came to the door, and, on seeing the wee little girl who had summoned him, assumed an air of stern disapproval. On leaving New York Gabrielle had worn a pretty frock and a bright ribbon in her hat, but the fourney and the exposure had taken away all the spruceness of her apparel and the rain had washed out the color of the ribben in her har and soaked it into the brim, so that she presented a most forforn sppearance. Mr. Smalley's flunkey decided that she was not a proper person for his master to receive.

"Is Mr. Smalley in?" asked Cabrielle, timidly. "No mum; he's gone for six weeks' shoot-

ing in Scotland."

It afterward transpired that this was no the truth. Mr. Smalley was really in the house, but the flunkey had used the discretion reposed in him to turn away what he regarded as an undestrable visitor.
"Well, can you please tell me the address

of Mrs. Horace Greeloy?" asked Gabrielle, with sinking heart. "Don't know her address," answered the flunkey, with great superiority, as if Mrs. Horaco Greeley was a person of not the slightest conseque

"Dear me," said Gabrielle, "I wonder what And then she walked wearily back to the

carriage and told the German woman that would have to drive to some hotel and advertise for her mamma. She had s dently the newspaper instinct to think of ad-

"Til advertise in the Tribune," she said,
"and then it will be all right.
It was utterly incomprehensible to Gabrielle Greeley that there could be in all the
world such a thing as a great city without
a New York Tribune in it. So they were
driving away when Mr. Smalley's flunkey,
seized with some missiving came running seized with some misgiving, came running after them. A glimmer of intelligence had finally entered his brain and told him it was barely possible that this young person was some strange American girl who might not be disposed of in the summary way he had

adopted.
"Would Miss Ida Greeley's address be any good?" he asked, out of breath from his run-

"Oh, yes, indeed," answered Gabrielle. "She is my sister. Tell me quick where she is. She will know where my mamma is."
The the flunkey gave the desired address, which was miles and miles away in Ken-Then with anxious, woedsgone face, she sington. They ought to have gone there by went down stairs to lock for her mamma, for the underground railway, but of course Gathe little girl had no thought but that her brielle knew nothing about that. She could mother must be somewhere near, nor did she realize at all that London was five hours MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

At last they reached the house the flunkey had indicated and once more Gabrielle climbed out of the carriage, and, making a last effort, got to the door, and, lifting the brass knocker, knocked as loudly as she could. Presently a servant girl opened the door and asked sharply what she wanted. At this asked sharply what she wanted. At this unwelcome tone Gabrielle almost burst into tears. She could hardly speak, indeed, she could hardly stand; and might have been sent away once more for new wanderings but sent away once more for new wanderings but for a fortunate arrival. While she was looking with pleading brown eyes into the servant's face and finding no hope there, she suddenly heard a dear and familiar voice calling from the stairs; "Why, it's Gabie; it's little Gabie," and then there was a rush of skirts and presently she was in her sister's arms lausting and erriver the her sister's arms, laughing and crying at once, and only able to murmur before she lost consciousness. "Please, sister, pay the carriage fare for those dear German people.

They have been so good to me." That was the end of Gabrielle's journey to find her mamma, and the end of all her troubles. But she often looks back to these strange happenings with a blending of pride and self-pity, she was so ignorant of the world, so helpless and yet so brave and de-termined. CLEVELAND MOFFETT. PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

CHICAGO Tribune: "Papa, what is an old saw-not the saw you saw with, but the kind this paper speaks about?" "What old saw does the paper speak about ?" "That's what I want to know. It says:

Everybody has heard the old saw, "never look a gift horse in the mouth." I want to know where the saw comes in." "Well, there's your old saw. An old saw is an old proverb." "Why shouldn't you look a gift horse in

"Because—because it's in bad taste. It's ungrateful, and all that sort of thing." "All what sort of thing?"
"Why, to look a horse in the mouth that ins been given to you shows that-it shows that you are not thinking of the giver, but of the value of the gift."

"What would anybody want to look a "To tell how old it is."

(After a pause.) "Papa, can you tell how old a saw is by looking at its teeth?" The Springfield Republican says that ex-Congressman Rockwell of Pittsfield, Mass., has a good-sized family of children, and those who know say that if they "line up" according to ages, a straight edge from the eldest, who is rather tall, to the youngest, who is rather short, will touch every head. All but the youngest are boys. The little girl had gone to bed the other night and her father sat by her bedside, as fathers sometimes do, holding her hand and smoothing back her hair. He was telling her that she back her hair. He was telling her that she was the only girl in the family, that she must therefore be the lady of the family-must be womanly, must not imitate her brothers in their boyish ways or in their siang—in short, must be a little lady, and then he bade her good night and was leaving her to fall into Morpheus' arms, when up the little woman jumped and in a morpheus' arms, when the flow with the systems. ent was on the floor with the exclama-

tion: "By Jove, I forgot to say my prayers." A little 4-year-old boy was bad the other lay and his mother said

"Sammy, why don't you be good?"
"'Cause I'm afraid," was the prompt re-What are you afraid of?" "Good little boys get to be angels, and I don't want to be an angel and have to wear fedders like a hen."

"Now, children," said the new high church rector, addressing the Sunday school, "can

"St. Agatha's day," rather timidly.
"Very good," said the rector, much gratfied. "And what will tomorrow be? I see by your bright faces that you know that,

"Ground bog day," responded the school.

with one voice

BROKE THE TOBACCO TRUST

Tobacco Manufacturers Losing Ten Millions a Year.

Great Excitement in St. Louis-No Possibility of Preventing Still Greater Loss in '96.

ST. LOUIS .- (Special.) -Cor. Wm. Kirchoff. general western manager of the American To-bacco company, has been a user of tobacco all his life and for years has smoked as many as twenty cigars daily. After using a few boxes of No-To-Bac, the desire for tobacco is completely gone and he is wonder-fully improved in health. His cure is at-tracting a great deal of attention and comment, and many prominent St. Louis business men are following his example. People are just waking up to the fact that the continued

use of tobacco is very injurious.

An interview with Mr. H. L. Kramer, the originator of No-To-Bac, develops the fact that within three years it has reached an enormous sale, almost entirely upon merit alone. Over one million boxes of No-To-Bao have been sold and 300,000 tobacco users cured. At the present rate No-To-Bac will cure in '96 from 200,000 to 300,000, and as Mr. Kramer says, "it is always the worst cases that want a cure; those who have chewed and smoked from beyhood—some of them thirty, forty and fifty years, and we even have records of cures after sixty years of tobacco using. So you can see that if they are spending an average of \$50.00 a year (this is a small amount), the cure of 200,000 tobaccc users in '96 would result in the loss of the sale of tobacco amounting to over \$10,000,000, which will be saved to the

No-Te-Bac is truly a medical wonder, for it not only destroys the desire for tobacco, but invigorates the nervous system and marvelously increases weight and strength. all great successes, No-To-Bac has imitations and substitutes, and the should be warned against them. No-No-To-Bac is the original tobacco habit cure and is sold under an absolute guarantee to cure the tobacco habit by your own druggist.

