556666666666666666666666 THE MUTABLE MANY.

BY ROBERT BARR.

The Story of a Labor Union. A Tale of Present Day Problems. With Episodes from Real Life.

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CHAPTER XIX-Continuel. "You see, you are in Bohemia," cried Barhey, beaming joyously on his many guests, the delicht of Pahemia is many guests, shaking hands, asking them to come again, and
receiving gushing thanks for a most agreehey, beaming joyously on his many guesta, "and the delight of Bohemia is unconventionality. I danced after the theater till daylight this morning, and I am as ready as ever to begin again. Shall we not lunch because we have breakfast and because we dine at 7? Not so, I am ready for a dance any time of the night or day. Now, Mr. Musician, strike up. 'On with the dance let to be a unconfined, as the near the played like a man entranced, his head thrown back, his pale face turned upward, looking to earn a meal, though he tramped the lunge of the night or day. Now, and the played like a man entranced, his head thrown back, his pale face turned upward, looking dead from exhaustion before he got a chance of the played like a man entranced to be unconfined, as the near the lunge of the night or day. Now, and the played like a man entranced, his head thrown back, his pale face turned upward, looking dead from exhaustion before he got a chance are if life had left it. An instantaneous chill-

ney had truly said, was a splendid instru-ment, and when the gay waltz music filled her throat, paused and said, half hysteri-who earned what living they got by sweepment, and when the gay waitz music filled the large room each couple began to fleat "If this is a joke, Mr. Hope, I must say I crossing he had not the money to buy a lightly over the polished floor. The musician den't like it."

"Cursed bad taste, if you ask me," mutspoke the truth when he man was but a cog in a

The man's a genius, don't you know, and is in music what I am myself in painting." 'Harney, you always lay it on too thick,' said one of the young men. "You'll turn the pianist's head with flattery if he knows you

consider him as clever as yourself."
"Perhaps you imagine I'm too dense to
see through that remark," said Barney, with the condescension of true genius. "I know your sneering ways, but let me tell you what I meant was that both the musician and myself are unrecognized by the mob of commonplace people of whom you are so distinguished a representative." ("I natter myself I had him there," whispered Barney aside to the lady on his right.) "Yes, my boy, the day will come when you will receptions, which I intend to make one of the artistics features of London society.' "Why, Barney," protested the young man "I'm proud of it now, I make myself ob jectionable in all my clubs by continual;

bragging that you smile upon me. I clain that you are in art what the Universal Provider is in commerce.' 'Do get him to play something while we

are resting," murmured the lady, thus pour-ing oil on the troubled waters. Langly sat at the plane, a disconsolate figure, paying no attention to the hum of conversation all around him. His thoughts were far away, in the sualid room where the dead girl lay. Barney bustled up to him, and the musician came to himself with a start on being spoken to.

"Here are several Hungarian mazurkas—weird things—you'll like 'em. Just polish off a few for us while we have some tea, will They are all complimenting your playing—they're people to know a good thing when they hear it. Won't you have some refreshment yourself before you be-

Langly shook his head and began playing the Hungarian music. Barney set down again beside the lady, smiling with satis-faction at being able to pose as the patron of so accomplished a musician. The lady leaned her chin on her hand and listened

"How marvelously he does those mazur-kas, she whispered softly. "He brings out that diabolical touch which seems to be in much of the Polish and Hungarian music." "Yes," assented Barney cordially, "he does play like the devil, yet he is an organist in a church. Ah, well, I suppose Beelzebub looks after our music as he does our morals."

"Has he composed anything?"

'No, no. You know very well I'm speak-Ing of the organist."
"Composed. Well, rather. He's unrecognized genius, but I'm going to look after his recognition. I'm going to bring out some of his works, if he'il let me. He's

very modest man, and-"
"Another likeness to yourself." "Exactly, exactly. I'm always pushing other people forward and neglecting my own interests; still, I'll arrive some of these days and astonish you all, don't you know. You see our set desay? prefuse men of results." see, our set doesn't produce men of genius you get all out of a piano that's in it, don't like that organist. The 'upper ten never produced a Shakespeare.'"

brandy?"

"I thought it did. Didn't Lord Bacon write tion, but there's nothing in it, don't you know. No, the really great men come from the common people. The world doesn't know

society to the aristocracy, but for my geniuses to the democracy." "But if society does not produce great men, how do you hope to become the greatest a hansom. 'Ah, painting's a different thing, don't you



"OURSED BAD TASTE, IF YOU ASK ME. art. Leonardo and all of those chaps were

great swells. Rubens—or was it Titian?—one of them, anyhow, went as ambassador to the court of Spain in great pomp. Painters have always been the companions of kings. But, I cay, let us have another dance." But, I say, let us have another dance."

Once more the dreamy waltz music mingled with the swish-swish of silken skirts, sibilant on the polished floor. Langly nearly always lost himself in whatever music he played, but now it merely dulled his sorrow, and an undertone of deep grief lay beneath the frivolcus harmony that rippled so smoothly and sweetly from the plano—an undertone heard by none save himself. Merry laughter, and now and then a whispered phrase as the dancers awang close to where he sat, fell on his unheeding ear, and he wished his task were done, so that he might

mention it. You can make this fellow drive erty, and west startled by the clink of coins. tion is required before we begin. You will now around for four hours. If you want to. He thrust his hand down into his pocket come tomorrow at the usual hour, and, after mention it. You can make this fellow drive orly, and was startled by the clink of the you around for four hours, if you want to. He thrust his hand down into his pocket He'd take you to Brighton in that time, so and pulled out some silver, gazing at it I suppose he'll land you anywhere in London in short order. Well, good-bye, my dear "Ma word," he gasped at last. "A thought fellow, and I thank you ever so much for Ah dreamit

CHAPTER XX.

After the burial of his daughter Braunt sat in his lonely room and pondered bitterly upon the failure his life had been ever since he could remember. Hard and incessant toil he did not complain of; that was his lot, and it had been the lot of his fathers. He was able to work and willing; the work was there waiting to be done; yet, through the action of men over whom he had not the slightest control he was doomed to idleness and starvation until the capricious minds of others changed, and the signal was given to plok up the tools that had been so heedlessly with a suggestion of regret in it-sorry they're going, don't you know."

'Ah'll not stand it!" he cried aloud, bringdance, let joy be unconfined, as the poet as if life had left it. An instantaneous chill- to earn a meal, though he tramped the huge ing hush fell upon the assemblage, as if of city searching for work. The trade he knew Langly could not have played out of time or tune if he tried. The plane, as Barof conversation. Some shivered where they pelled to abandon. Even the street crossbroom Gibbons fool though he might be liantly, and in the pauses between the dances tered one man, hurrying away.

The more than one of the guests spoke to their bost of the music's excellence.

The man was but a cog in a large wheel; the wheel might get a new cog, or a new set of cogs, but the cog separated from the wheel "Oh, yes," said Barney, with a jaunty dent, and striding toward the performer, was as useless as a bit of old iron, wave of the hand, "he's one of my friends, as soon as his wits came to him, "we didn't Langly stole softly in upon his a Langly stole softly in upon his stricker

"API'M GOIN' MAD."

want a dirge, don't you know."

The lady who had spoken in praise angly's music laid a detaining hand on Barey's arm.

"Hush," she said gently, the glimmer of tears in her eyes, "don't stop him. Listen. That man is inspired. I never heard Chopin played like that before."

"Oh, it's Chopin, is it?" murmured Barney, apologetically, as if, had he known it, he would not have interfered.

The through dissolved resulting with the told 'ex-

The throng dissolved rapidly, with the unwelcome chords ringing in their ears,

leaving Barney and his guest standing there alone. Langly, on finishing the march, sat where he was, his long arms drooping by his side.
"Wouldn't you like to speak to him?"

asked Barney. "No, not now."

The lady stole softly out, Barney following claim on it.'
her to the landing at the head of the stairs. Again pla "Please don't lose sight of him," she said, giving Barney her hand. "I want you to ask him here again, and let me invite the

"I'll do it," said Barney, enthusiastically. "That will be awfully jolly."
"No, it won't be jolly, Mr. Hope, but we'll ear some eachanting music. Good-by." Barney re-entered the room, and found Langly standing beside the piano like a man awakened from a dream, apparently not quite knowing where he was.

Langly thanked him, but refused either beverage. He had a long walk before him Shakespeare?"
"No, he didn't. I've looked up that question, but there's nothing in it, den't you there's nothing in it, den't you was anxious to get away, he said.
"Walk!" cried Barney. "Nonsense. Why should you walk and thus insult every self-should you walk respecting cabby you meet? I'll see

where to look for them, but I do, and I find the walking; I hope I know my duty toward the banson industry." the bansom industry."

Barney touched an electric bell, and when

his man appeared, said to him: "Just send Buttons to the King's road for When it comes give the cabby en shillings and tell him he belongs to his and music some few centuries hence—you just wait and see. The great point is to realize that you're an old master while you're young and can do something. If you don't recognize the fact yourself, you may be jolly well sure no one else will-at least, not in time to do you any good here below. Do have some whisky; it's cheering and comforting,' as the advertisements say

Well, here's to you."
"I came to see you. Mr. Hope," stammered Langley diffidently, "because Marsten—one of your father's employes—told me he thought

here about some fellow knocking down a few policemen. Well—has he knocked down "No, but he is in great trouble, Mr. Hope,

"His only daughter died yesterday."
"Oh, I'm very sorry to hear it-very sorry.

e any. Braunt would ask no one for help. ut I know that he fears there will have to

be played, but now it merely duiled his serrow, and an undertone of deep grief lay beneath the frivious harmony that rippled so an undertone of deep grief lay beneath the frivious harmony that rippled so the frivious harmony that rippled so deference heard by none save hinself. Merry laughter, and now and then a whippered phrase as the dancers awang close to where he sat, fell on his unheeding car, and he wished his task were done, so that he might. He chided himself as being ungrateful, when H seemed hard that at this time he should be sailed upon to missier to the amseement of the standard that at this time he should be sailed upon to missier to the amseement of the standard that at this time he should be sailed upon to missier to the amseement of the standard that at this time he should be sailed upon to missier to the amseement of the standard that at this time he should be sailed upon to missier to the amseement of the standard that at this time he should be sailed upon to missier to the amseement of the standard that at this time he should be sailed upon to missier to the amseement of the standard that at this time he should be sailed upon to missier to the amseement of the standard that this time he should be sailed upon to missier to the amseement of the standard that this this time he should be sailed upon to missier to the amseement of the standard that this this time he should be sailed upon to missier to the amseement of the standard that the standard that at this time he should be sailed upon to missier to the amseement of the standard that this this time he should be sailed upon to missier to the amseement of the standard that this this the chart that the fall this to act the standard that this this the should be sailed upon to missier to the amseement of the standard that this this the should be sailed to sail the sail to sail the sail that the sail that the sail that the sail the sail that the sail the sail that the sail that the sail the sail that the sail that the sail the sail that the sail t

friend, closing the door stealthily after him, with the bearing of a man about to commit a crime and certain of being caught. Braunt gave him no greeting, but glowered upon him from under his frowning, shaggy eyebrows. "There is some money here that you are to

take," said the organist, timidly, placing a heap of coins on the table. Braunt, with an angry gesture, swept away the pile, and the silver jingled on the floor.
"Ah'll have none o' thy money, as Ah've told 'ee before!" he roared. "Ah can carn ma money, if Ah boot get th' chance."

Langly, with no word of remonstrance, stooped and patiently collected every scat-

"It is not my money, he said, on raing,
"It was sent to you, and is for you and for
no one else. It belongs to you; I have no
right to it, and this very money you yourself
have earned. I don't know who has a better

Again placing the silver and gold on the table Langly tiptoed out of the room in some haste before Braunt could collect his wits and make reply.

The Yorkshireman, with curious inconsist ency, had accepted without question the money which had saved his child from a pauper funeral, although he must have known, had he reflected, that the expenses were paid by some one; yet charity which did not come direct awakened no resentment in his turbulent nature, while the bald offer money or food sent him instantly into a mpest of anger. He thought over the organist's words.

How could the money be his? How had he earned the coins? His slow brain gradually solved the problem. The money evidently had come from Hope or Monkton, or perhaps from Sartwell. He cursed the three of them. together and separate, and in his rage one more scattered the heap to the floor. coins whirled hither and thither, at last spin-ning to rest on the bare boards. Braunt watched them as they lay there glittering in the dim light, his mind ceasing to cogitate on the respective culpability of em-ployers and employed for the state of things under which he suffered. He had formerly thought of Monkton and Rope as purseproud. haughty capitalists until he saw their cringling, frightened demeanor when escorted out of the works by the policemen, and since fare for four hours. Ask him to wall at the that time he had been endeavoring to re-door till his fare comes, and meanwhile bring construct his ideas concerning them. So, door till his lare comes, and meanwhile bring construct his ideas concerning them. So, in some whisky and soda. Now, Mr. Organist—I always forget names—ah, Langley, money from them if one or the other had here it is on the card, of course. Have you sent it? He gazed at the coins on the floor, ever composed any music yourself? I white splotches and yellow points of light thought so. Ever published any? I thought hitching round his chair the better to see thought so. Ever published any? I thought; hitching round his chair the better to see not. Well, my boy, we must remedy all them. He had heard that a man might be that. You're too modest; I can eee that. Now, modesty doesn't pay in London. I know, because I suffer from it myself. Heavens! If I only had the cheek of some men, I would be the most famous painter in Europe. If you bring a few of your compositions to me. I'll get a publisher for you. Will you promise? Nonsense. Not worthy? Bosh! Compared with the great composers? My dear fellow, the great composers were all picce held in the palm. As Braunt watched the coins intently he passed his hand Bosh! Compared with the great composers were all brain, was the case with money all the world over, which gave a plansible cause they were once poor devils like you. Because such as one has in dreams, for the coins Raphael painted, is that any reason why I should not improve on him? Not a bit of it. You and I will be old masters in painting sion. The same and insane pections of his constant in the coins of the c creeping together, although what was left of The sane and insane vections of his glon. mind struggled for mastery, while Braunt leaned closer and closer over the money, sitting forward now on the very edge of his chair, breathing hard, almost wholly absorbed in the strange movement on the floor, and gradually losing interest in the mental conflict regarding the reality what his strained, unwinking eyes told him was going on at his feet. At last he noticed that the heap was slowly, but imperceptibly sliding away from him. your father's employes—told me he thought doubts about the genuineness of what he you might—that you were good enough to saw vanished. The money was trying to escape. He sprang to his feet and jumped to the door, placing his back against it.

"Oh, no," he shouted, "you're mine, you're Crouching down, never taking his eyes from the coins, he got upon his hands and knees, crawling toward them craftily; then pounced suddenly on the main heap, while the isolated pieces scuttled back to their former position, pretending they had never shifted their places. He laughed sneeringly at their futile attempt to deceive him, poured the heap into his pocket, and cap-

TAKELY T

The barmith faughed, and reached for an

Yes. Be quick man. Standing there, Braunt afe and drank rav-

"I can get you a plate of cold meat," said the barman, accing how hungry the man was. The other nodded, and the plate, with knife and fork, was placed before him.
"So the strike's off, is it?" said the man. leaning his arms on the bar.

"it'll be off when Ah get there."
"Well, it's not a minute too soon. Our trade's suffered."
"More than your trade has suffered, werse luck. Dem little you'll do for a man, unless the money's in ta pouch."

doors. The barman did not care how Braunt when the hurricane—the likes of which still came by it, so long as he paid for what was courage was taking the place of despair, merely because he had mency in his porket.

"The master made an observation as well merely because he had mency in his porket." courage was taking the place of despair, merely because he had mency in his porket. He felt that now he had energy enough to cope with the strikers, simply because he had fed while they were hungry. He would wait for no meeting, but would harangue the men on the street, those of them that were assembled in futile numbers around the closed gates, and most of them were suce to be them. If Gibbons copposed, he would self-

had expected, the despondent mon standing there, with hande hopelessly thrust deep in their empty pockets. Their pipes were as tory, and that of itself showed that their condition was at its lowest obb. They were listening with listless indifference to a heated altercation going on between Gibbon and Marsten, as if the subject discussed did not concern them.

ry and won't return for a fortnight and by that time the works will be filled with new men. The new men are coming in on Monday. I demand that the committee call meeting now and that a vote be taken." "Don't mind him, men," cried Gibbons 'Ho's in Sattwell'a pay."

The men didn't mind him and paid no at-

tention to Gibbons either. What they wanted was something to eat and drink, with tabacco to smoke afterward. If Marsten was in Sartwell's pay, they would gladly have changed places with him. Braunt made his way roughly through the crowd, elbowli the men rudely aside. None recented that all the fight had gone out of them. Marsic seemed on the point of attacking Gibbon for the significance remark made, when he felt Brand a beavy hand on his shudder.
"The time is past for intetings, lad," said the big man, "and for talk, too. The meeting's here: AD I/AbtH deal with it. Step

bothering with that foel, and stand among the crowd, ready to back me up if need be. Marsten at once did as requested, while Braunt strody across the open space, in spite of the warning of a policeman to stand

Few of the force were on the ground;

Few of the force were on the ground; the authorities as we there was little to fear from cowed-and beaten men.

"You'll larve to stand back," said the officer, "or but take you in charge."

"Will you so" cried Braunt truculently, rolling up the sleeves as he turned upon his opponent. "Then I warn you send for help. You haven't men chough here to take me in charge. Ab've had a meal today." charge. Ah've had a meal today." After glaring for a moment Braunt turned no strode unmolested to the closed gate.

him and cent for more men. He saw there was to be trouble of some sort.

Braunt smote his huge fist against the panels and roared at the top of his voice:

"Open the gates."
A slight flutter of listless interest seemed to pass over the crowd. The man elbowed closer together, chuffling their feet and craning their necks forward. Those to the rear pressed toward the front, wondering what was about to happen. The few policemen looked on without interfering, waiting for reinforcements. Braunt beat with his fist against the sounding timbers, the rhythmic thuds being the only break in the still-ness except when he repeated his stentorian

"Open the gates!" The porter at the small wicket, fearing an attack, ran for Sartwell, and met the man-ager coming down the stairs.
"I'm afraid there's going to be anothe: riot, sir" said the porter, breathicssly. Sartwell did not answer, but walked

juickly to the small gate, unbolted, it and tepped out. What do you want?" he said "We want our work!" cried Braunt, "Open

he gates! Sartwell's glance swept swiftly over the men, who stood with jaws dropped, their gaunt faces and wolfish eyes turned toward the closed barriers. The manager quickly comprehended that it was no time for dis-cussion or arranging of terms. What was needed was action, sharp and prompt. He turned toward the trembling porter and said peremptorily:

"Throw down that bar." Whatever down that bar.
Whatever downs the man may have had about the wisdom of such an order in the face of the heattle mob, he preferred to brave probable danger from the crowd rather than the certain wrath of the manager, and obeyed the command with mean gates were slowly pushed open. obeyed the command with haste. The heavy

"Now, men, in with you," cried Braunt, with a scythe-like swing of his long arm. "The man that holds back now—ah, God, Ah'll break his back."

Some one stumbled forward, as if pushed from behind; then it was as if an invisible rope, holding the crowd back, had suddenly broken. The men poured through the open gateway in a steady stream. Gibbons, wav-

ing his hands like a maniac, cried: "
"Stop. Stop. Listen to me for a moment."
But no one stopped, and no one listened Braunt, his face white with anger, struggled against the incoming tide, shouting:
"Let me get at him. Ah'll strangle tha

"Braunt," said Sartwell sharply, his voice cutting through the din of shuffling boots.
'Leave him alone and get inside yourself. lather the men together in the yard. I want

Gather the men together in the yard. I want a word with them."

Braunt's traculence at once disappeared. He turned with the men and came to where Sartwell stood looking grimly at the moving throng. No one thanced toward his master, but each webl deggedly forward, with head down, as though doing something he was ashamed of. Offsunt stopped at Sartwell's side and whisered:

"For God's agke, manager, set them at work and don't talk to them. They're beaten, and there's ma more to be said. Be easy with them; there's been talk enough."

"I quite agree with you," said Sartwell, in a kindly manner. "Don't be afraid, but gather them together. You have the voice for it. I heard your first shout at the gates in my office."

n my office." As the last-man passed through, Sartwell heard Braunt calling them to halt. A few still remained outside—Scimmins and his fellow members of the strike committee—listed outside outside outside.

The wind blows good—the wind blows And happy hours are flying. All that is past is cold and still. And fragrant flowers are dying. The wind blows soft—the wind blows warm-And we forget fate's chiding, Nor heed the muttering of the storm That unseen hands are guiding. The winds are fierce, and loud, and strong, Of life's despair they're shricking; Drained are the clear, sweet springs of song And all earth's ties are breaking.

arrangements for work have been made, you may each draw half a week's wages in advance from the cashier; I shall give orders to that effect. A number of telegrams were to have been sent out on Saturday which it empty mug. Gressping the beer pump handle.

"That dream's good enough for the 'Crown," he said. "Better have some bread and cheese with it."

Is now unnecessary to send; I will spend the money thus saved in tobacco, of which each man shall get a share as he passes out through the small gate. The large gates will is now unnecessary to send; I will spend the money thus saved in tobacco, of which each not be opened until tomorrow morning."

There was a faint wavering cheer as Sartwell stopped speaking and stepped down. The men then slowly filtered into the works, (To be Continued.)

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

Some Facts About Its Location in the South Pacific.

A late dispatch in the newspapers throughout the country refers to a reported sinking of Juan Fernandez and to this island as the fabled home of Robinson Crusce. A "Oh, if it comes to that, neither will other later dispatch says that the government

"Oh, if it comes to that, neither will other people. We're not giving outdoor relief, any more than our neighbors."

Braunt ate his food and drank his beer, but made no reply. The barman's stillude was commercially correct; no one could justly find fault with it. Money was the justly find fault with it. Money was the crume's island lies. The hero, you remember key of the universe; it unlocked all her, was on his way from Brazil to Guinea doors. The barman did not care how Braunt when the hurricane—the likes of which still when the hurricane—the likes of which still

be there. If Gibbons opposed, he would set-tle the question by promptly and conclusively knocking him down—an argument easily should take, for the ship was reging diknocking him down—an argument easily should take, for the ship was leaky, and should take, for the ship was leaky, and very much disabled, and he was going directly back to the coast of Brazil. I was rectly back to the coast of Brazil. Braunt drew the back of his hand across rectly back to the coast of Brazil. I was positively against that; and looking over laparted for the works. He found, as he the charts of the seacoast of America with him we concluded there was no inhabited country for us to have recourse to till we came within the circle of the Carribee islands, and we therefore resolved to stand away for Barbadoes."

Again, says Defoe, toward the end of the tale, in reference to the tide about his island: "I afterwards understood it was occasinned by the great draft and reflux of the mighty river Orinoco, in the mouth of which "You might have played that card last cek." Marsten crief, "but it is too late ow. You can have no conference with the wners. I tell you they have left the countries." I tell you they have left the countries. I tell you they have left the countries. I tell you they have left the countries. river, as I found afterward, our island lay west and northwest, was the great island sort of people, but could get no other name than Caribs. I easily uncerstood that these

onward to St. Martha. This disposes of the fiction that Juan Fer- nightmares and set them tasks to do, or

nandez, on the other side of South America,

s Robinson Crusoe's island. Crusoe's island

the windward group of British West Indian

islands. It is twenty miles northeast from

Trinidad, and is twenty-six miles long and

seven and one-half at its greatest breadth Today it has a capital, Scarborough, with near 2,000 inhabitants. Tobago is not wanting in a legend of a

castaway, an original of Robinson Crusoe for in the "History of Tobago," by Chief Jus-

tice Woodcock, we find an account of a solitary Frenchman who said he had lived there

alone twenty-one years.

Two men have at different times lived for

Two men have at different times need for years quite alone on the island of Juan Fernandez, off the coast of Chili. One was an Indian who was left there in 1681, and respect in 1684, whose adventures the bucca-

neer, Captain Dampier, describes in his "New

Voyage Round the World." The other was the celebrated Alexander Selkirk, who was

found by Captain Woodes Rogers, and by him taken from the Island in 1709, after a

solitary life of four years and four months. After Selkirk's arrival in London he was

much written up and talked of. His experi-ences inspired Cooper when he wrote his heautiful verses beginning, "I am monarch of all I survey." Defoe's Robirson Crusoe

enjoyed adventures that bear a striking re-

semblance to both the Indian's and Scotch-man's experiences as detailed by their res-

cuers. With Selkirk Crusoe has been espe-cially identified, and a late ingenious writer

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

At this point the fight began.

"You're getting altogether too big for your pants!" sneered the boy with the pug nose. "I'm up to your sighs, anyhow!" fiercely responded the boy with the bad eye.

"Pshaw, you don't know nuthin'," said

little Tommy Toodlemacker scornfully

'There never was a man with a blue beard.

"Well," said Susie Heffelfinger, "my papa knows a man with Illac whiskers—so now!"

"Say, pa," said Johnny, "I jist heard Mrs. Billings tell Mr. Billings that ma was the man of our house. What did she mean?" "Here," said Johnny's pa, "is a quarter. Never let your mother know about this It would be a terrible shock to her.

this. It would be a terrible shock to her. Now run away and play like a nice little

The Chicago Chronicle tells of a religious little boy of Chicago who never goes to sleep without praying that his soul may

be kept throughout the long watches of the night. The other evening, however, he be-came a little mixed about bedtime. When in

his snow-white gown he made a movement toward the little cci, but was reminded that he had forgotten to say his evening prayer. He quickly knelt at his mother's side, and, laying his small head upon his

But there his drowsiness became too much for him. His curly head went down with

a bump against his mother's knee, and she, hoping to help him out, softly suggested: "If." He made another offers

CHANCE.

Written for The Bee

We cannot change the storm-wind's course, Nor stay its awful power; We cannot shelter from death's force Our fairest, dearest flower.

The strongest wills but creeping;
Yet He who sends us peace and pain
Still has us in His keeping.
BELLE WILLEY GUE.

Creatures of chance we must remain.

"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

Ene, meni, mine, mo.'

folded hands, began: -

Selkirk at Bath.

f the life of Defoe even relates the legend of a visit of the true-born Englishman to

in reality Tobago, the more southerly of

USING THE CROSSBOW.

春じらうとも幸いからかかり THE MAGIC BOOK Or How the Princess Fooled the Griffin. 多うという発酵の様の様をとうら

(Copyright, 1897, by S. S. McClure Co.) A very long time ago, when London town was but a small village, there lived a famous scholar, whose house had been broken into by a robber band. The band carried away all they thought worth taking and destroyed everything else-that is, all but an old volume bound in rough, red leather, the lids of a unicorn, and written throughout, from the first page of parchment to the last, with a pen made from a quill plucked out of the wing of a phoenix and dipped into dragon's blood instead of ink-the robbers did not take it, because it was secured with three heavy chains to a stout oaken desk built into the stone wall of the apartment, and they did not destroy it, because they thought It was a prayer book. They were very plous men in their peculiar way. As, indeed, are many of their trade even at the present day. It was not a prayer book, however; it was a book of answers. All one had to do was to knock three times upon the cover, the question to be answered, and say, in

As I open let it be Where my answer I shall see, Open the book and there before your eyes you would find what you sought. But the scholar who owned the book had been carried off by the robbers, and as he made a profound secret of the proper manner of con-suiting it, and never sought its aid when he had reason to suspect any one was within sight or hearing, it really seemed as if the old volume was no longer of much use to anyone.

A KNOWING LAD. The scholar, however, was not the only ne who knew how to use it. It so happened he had a lad about the place named Guy of Wessex, who understood what should be said and done, though he had never been

able as yet to open the book, for his master kept the clasps locked with a padlock and carried the key about with him. You see, the way of it was this, Guy acted as servant to the old scholar, ran his errands, brought him his cloak and his crutch-Trinidad, on the north point of the mouth of the river. I asked Friday a thousand questions about the country, the inhabitants, the sea, the coast, and what nations were near. He told me all he knew, with the prevail respect to the several nations of his crucibles, hoping to discover a mixture that carried results of the several nations of his crucibles, hoping to discover a mixture that carried results and his crucial and his crock and his cro would melt into gold. Back of the furnace chimney, behind an old ramshackle stuffed were the Caribbees, which our maps place alligator, Guy had a hiding place where he on the part of America which reaches from crept in cold weather to keep from freezing, the mouth of the Orinoco to Gulana, and Often had he laid here trembling when his

when he consulted his magic book, and the

boy had caught the formula and knew how

to perform the trick as well as the old scholar himself. Indeed, the first thing he

did after creeping out from his hiding place, where he had taken refuge when the robbers

broke into his master's inboratory, was to place himself before the book of answers,

knock three times upon its cover and repeat

he verse necessary to work the charm

together with one containing the question hat interested him most at that particular

earth. As Guy made his appearance the creature called out:

Wilt seal a compact, lad, with me
If thy bond servant I will be,
Make all my magic thine, obey
For twelve months and a day
All thy commands, wilt thou then be
Thereafter what I were to thee? "Never," cried Guy, stoutly, "to this will

Nay, not so hasty. Hear me through," implored the griffin. "It you can hit on something you can do and I cannot, why, then 'tis true."

"The compact's done," said Guy.
"And I'm done, too," replied the griffin.
"On these terms, then, I will agree," said

Upon which the griffin called out exult-No more in the magic book amid

Three chains that bound me, broken lie; Taoose, master, earth, or sea, or sky, For I can run and swim and fly. "To Greece," said Guy of Wessex, loosenback; "to Greece, where I shall yet be em-

Unfolding an enormous pair of leathers wings, like the sails of a galley, the griffin rose far above the hilltops, took his course toward the rising sun and flew so swiftly that the sun had not begun to do down into the west before he alighted with his rider in a thick grove of cypress trees near the great city of Constantinople. "Get me a task, master," said he.

GUY'S COMMAND. "That will I," replied Guy. "In the mountains of the moon, in a cave inaccessible to man, I have heard my master say, s to be found three things, the invulner able shield, the spear of penetration and the inextinguishable fire. Go bring them

to me as speedily as possible."

The griffin was out of night in an instant, and almost immediately returned with the shield and the spear grasped in his talons and the fire in a cresset banging from his beak.

"Set me a task, master," he said, as soon as he had delivered them to Guy.
"That will I," replied the lad. "Take the form of a black war horse that can be neither wounded nor resisted, bear me to the battlefield where the Greek is fighting the Painim who for seven long years has besieged this greatest of Christian cities.'

No sooner said than done, and the op-posing armies beheld with astonishment a light lad armed with a spear and a cresset f fire and mounted upon an enormous black war horse, take his place in the front ranks of the Christian warriors. The battle had gone against them and they were about to retreat when Guy joined them, but alone and unattended he rushed upon the foe. As he did so his black horse seemed to breathe fire and smoke from his nostrils. In vain were arrows, spear and sword thrusts; drawn by the magic of the shield they alighted upon its impenetrable surface and their force was quenched, while the spear held by the lad pierced all substances as if they were but so much parchment, and the fire scattered among the enemy from the cresset burned through iron and brass and steel. The Greeks believed an angel had come to their rescue, while the Saracens were sure that satan himself fought in the ranks of their enemies. result was a great Christian victory; the entire Saracen army was destroyed. ould exceed the popularity of the young hero; his praises were heard everywhere and he was quickly promoted to the highest offices in the empire. The young and beauti-ful Princess Irine, the only daughter of the emperor, saw and loved him and a marriage was arranged between them. In course of time he himself reached the height of his ambition, and Guy of Wessex, sometime serving lad to a confurer, became the greatest monarch on earth, the champion of Christendom. Porphyrogenitus, so-called, the emperor the Greeks.

A CANNY PRINCESS

But the day after the coronation the young empress saw her husband was far from happy, and would know the cause of his trou-In truth, seeing no earthly reason why he should not be the happiest of men, she began to dream unpleasant things, and became jealous. Guy, however, plainly told her he was at the end of his tether. He had made a bargain with the demon of the red book, that after seven years and a day he was, in consideration of the demon's services during that time, to deliver himself up, soul and body, provided he could find nothing that he himself could do after the demon had tried and failed. This, moreover, was

are not ignorant of the habits of demons, and



AWAY ON THE GRIFFIN.

tunately, were not locked as usual, and opened at a page, which immediately began to glow with a bluish light, and upon which he read the following words:

Loose these chains, take of all three, Guy of Wessex, set me free. Shoot an arrow after me, Follow to the island tree, Follow where thine arrow falls, Follow where the sea bird calls, Follow fast without a fear, Goblins of the book are here. They will follow and appear, Riding on your shield and spear When death or danger draweth near, FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS.

Very much astonished at what he read Guy nevertheless had presence of mind to procure an old crossbow he had found hidden procure an old crossow he had found hidden away amid a lot of rubbish in the loft above, under the rafters, together with a broken arrow, and siso a file, with which, after much labor, he cut the fastenings of the three chains that bound the book to the desk. No sooner had he done so than, flap-ping its covers as if they were its wings, the magic book flew out of the window like some mother prompted him the second time he strange blackbird. Quickly fitting a shaft to his crossbow, Guy of Wessex let drive at the book, and, true to its aim, the broken the book, and, true to its aim, the broken arrow struck the volume, which fluttered down behind the rocks and was lost to view. Now it so happened that the house of the old scholar was built pon a cliff overlooking the sea and as Guy hastened quickly out of doors he was just in time to see the book fall among the branches of an old uprooted oak washed up on the shore of a rocky islet that lay a bowshot from the coast. As he stood upon a crag, high above the white-crested and turbulent water, he paused for a moment, but when the wild cry of a tern pursued by a fish hawk met his ear he hesitated no longer. Plunging into the sea, he breasted the waves, and, swimming across the channel, landed amid the roots of the

oak tree. Here he saw so remarkable a looking creature among the branches, he was fain to climb the slippery rocks to get a better

In was, indeed, nothing else but a wonderful red griffin, six ells long. He shone like polished copper and was saddled and bridled, and fastened by a balter to the broken arrow, buried to the vanes in the

else. He unfastened the clasps, which, for- that could not outwit a stupid English demon. So she told him to do thus and so, and left him. When the spirit of the red book came for his victim he found him sit-

book came for his victim he found him sitting at a table cracking nuts.
"Set me a task, master," said he,
"For now the day is almost o'er.
And you and I will part no more,"
"Be not too sure of that, my friend,
The longest cord must have an end."
replied Guy.
So must our compact. In your claw
Bring me what no man ever saw;
Or, having seen, must seek in vain
For evermore to see again.
The griffin flew into a passion and glowed
like redhot copper.

like redhot copper.

"What silly task is this?" he bellowed forth,

"Tis true, 'tis more than even I can do;
But such tricks will hardly serve you now,
For if I can't no more, canst thou."

Guy of Wessex smiled and cracked a nut.
Taking from it the kernel he showed it to

Taking from it the kernel he showed it to he griffin.

In all thy ways, where'er they go,
East, west, north, south, or high or low,
Did'st ever see this thing before?
And the griffin had to say no.
Then clapping it into his mouth, Guy con-

Nor did anyone else, and 'tis as plain It never can be seen again. It never can be seen again. Sick at heart, the crestfallen humiliated griffin hastened to disappear, nor has any of the species ever since been seen by human

CAN BE Disease CURED Bright's Disease is but advanced Kid-ney Disease. It is better to cure the kidney trouble in its incipiency, but if you have neglected it. hesitate no longer, but oure yourself at once,

WITH SAFE WARNER'S