On the Reserve

By Shan F

THE PERSON NAMED TO SEE YOUR PARTY AND PERSON. walking he the some years, the man write his back toward on the Comple facing or to the temption | Discharge new one had class of them and of all more derings. The man was a tall spready before or the forming class decembed in the side particular traggery heavy with mut his took suffered.

and forced up to the face. The war restng, you sens sould are opening passingpely, nor

among which give up we often give me, don't we! Ah, may we do!! Through with our arm and holding her child with the sometimes.

"flood by Mary; good by!"

Just a mornion they attend effects then and Many stood alone in the gloom.

An emigrant, I suppose?

tow," east I; and with the words Dan trench.

Dun nobling inward the lenely figure that erand freezing through the mists. "Ab. that here her I priv her wi' all my heart. Me'll forget soon enough. The worst that some to him is a fewedly bullet. But shall heres forget and Me the name of what she'll endors from this minute on moster tends. Think of what she's ondured this last week, ever since weed cappein throught then beckened me feward the refreshment froms. "Unme (til 1 tell yo." said has some away till I fell ye."

these there, said fine, as we am smole. I'm thinkin, answers James, and the word me in a cursor, his woods, as fullifully us was said. f can resentues them, butng just those "Sear there Assend Clighton on the way to Munn, you'll find two houses in the wide on the face of a hill. They re decent finis piaces in their way, with a store of had land on such and a nince of turbary and \$6 sizes of frosh are whistling through the due have lived in them liest arrugaling. he life set bread and making their way fire and at that Mary rives, comes over and exempt the world and shout the same kneels by him on the floorsteen areas and tweeter copy and in this that they their could fames and a gest to the ernor that they called Mary: the jetter, but Mary catches him by the arm. same gain, south understant, that we've

will, are they came into the world and sometime or another this managed to been attent to it and in theirs as they grew. They it'd house my heart. I'd scoper die at once on their share to set I account the a -now-here where I am, then see ye go was strayed a roof to step the extu and Why, it can't be. Sure, God would never a total as they the wind, and a pieze of purish me like that. To wait here—to ite process in at sight. What cloth a they had awake thinkin an thinkin -to sit dreadin' and for may secured mutual they he width always before me. Alt. my God, I can't the cort the house or James for II not on Aft. of the Burnet is every than . I must, answers James. the confine search them from Mad Hours to the there of there. He man might fathers arms on the bill, or a arightour's februar ever the dropp on which you mit fames it was I'd bu's deserter. I must so.

and the war had to see and be back before ions. Feeple said the war ber sheek that he gave her in the barracks when he turned and looked at her and with a win or angle and get blook for Mary had would never so abroad at all. Maybe the Floor street street at a rate of an hour marks to five a pression, maybe, and a medal, and loot for for se have states to dance or weating, and when from the Cape. She'd have government Wave and theid mant, James, and as, often, Heldwhile and lived in their tode, But always | Talk! What's the good of talk when the as the manual or the day and they had sight end anomietes of one an- sky is falling? What's the use of tonguthe latter and select Steeps did they forgot those old free comfort to a broken woman? As well off r Free Press. So much is known regarding hose mad will times of innount life to a corpse, or preach wisdom to a foo the commencement of the art preservative

the gree together and put the year hehim him. Atmack through thick and thin he-w, and no words could after it. He was they need two friends. And at last, as was going going going. One day soon he would some wis coly natural there came a time when murch away and a bullet would find Mexico, Antonio de Mendoza, who went to had been the first state of the same a time when him, and she'd never see him again. Mexico, Antonio de Mendoza, who same him, and she'd never see him again. That country in 1535 and who was distinagent the parents was the frouble for Mary Talk was with her arross the bitts, on stood looking no use, pleading could do nothing, so the at the more, with her across a gate, or an went back to her stool, took the child upon tope 1551 and the course some years be-Av. that day same it comes to us all stone she sat, dreaming and thinking, as senius of Lombardus, a native of Brescia, by wasted the same and the same darlin stammers fames and there's a new thinks she. What can I do to keep him! folio volume executed in 1545, was cited as has wouth to heaven!

as the sailings that grow on the same . Three days ago that dies and, when you exed them well and this very week-was fair day in Clogheen tuons agree and willing, and ready with gether in diversion. Why, to be sure, anthe the warmen a result out ofear before him bends good foreiting, too, in his way and swored James, nothing loth, and in they with scief or building the care beater as and he was like a gatepost. But Mary was with them. James had his head in the air generally known in Europe and for nearly with see a the head in the sir a century before a printing press was inwith hair like jet and eyes that were all might, seeing all the friends that were ways dreaming like had the look, some wishful to hid him goodbye, and Mary, a trage the store wild in her eyes and unsteady shout cary and respect sections of honotonesses pictures in the fire. You'd find her standing the lips. But, sure, all that was nothing and are resided this may and that as it is the roadside just mooning at the sky, at all. Not every day a man went to the handles the child, with the seasoner or sifting by the hearth staring at the wars, not every day a woman parted with money of one feeting desputy. Whe released and if you spake maybe she'd hear the man. So most of us pitied Mary, and die spans hardly ours landed her cars you and likely she wouldn't. What used she clapped James on the shoulder and wished ing she seemed to read, learning and thick witted James to care about? How we, as the fashion is, and might He bring watching country precious minutes of was it she gave herself to him? How was them safe together again. Cheer up, Mary, time. But the man stand impossive before it, at less that she nearly broke her heart, said we, cheer up, girl. Sure it's not every Maddenty a bell limbed commenter A and he lott her there on the billaide and signal franced heavily, the station master, took the queen's shilling and awaggered never a smile came near the lips of Mary. to her and has and branded coast availant away to foreign parts? God only knows. set on the statform two for delegra, a got. No man can read the heart of a woman, a wild, haunted look. All the time you the and a possioner attack that the gloom, give a curious unknowable mortal, and were speaking she was just looking through and with that the noman argued marer Mary was more than unknowable, with her you with her big black eyes, and her Hos the man as that her some longhod his, but even that looked at you and never saw

"so James, marched away in his regimenandle grows. What was any earing. Why talk out into the big world and there bewas she excepted. What had she done, or hind him Mary waited and watched all the what was in store that the about f not so, days of his subdering, hearing from him should pleas so, should step the shawl one in a blue moon, writing to him often from her shild and paramountaly bing its and often; just lived lonely on the hillside face, award waste her tears on that ox of and waited patiently till the day he came a sakent Hamily, and roughed with much awaggering back to her, straight in the gots, I turned to Den, questioning him sag- back and like a nigger in the face, bringesty. Who was she'll saled. What had ing little with him but his big self and a she tone" What was some to happen' handful of triffes from behind the sea and a and for answer came the thursder of the spear would from a heathen below his train below our feet and the grinding of it, shirt. Man, but he marched a hero among the hills! Boys, but his tengue scattered All was now confusion down there for a lies atout the hearthstones! Ah, sir, but fittle while, the porter ratifing, the police. Mary was glad to see him and walked proud man sighing the one drivers shouting, a by his side! She was happy now, happy as sussenger or the harrying is and out, and any queen. There was no dreaming in her clearly above the bias of steam and tramp eves now when she looked at James, no of free one heard the sound of waiting, sighing when he spoke, no mooning when worshiped him and he thought well of her. to be sure, and one day they loined hands and stricken. Flood by good by Ye for bofore the parson and he married them. the gloom one had sight of the two the there beyond the canal, and in their way settles on a silver locket (that being her man attending with his burdle to an open managed bravely. True enough their roses, woman's way) hands it to James, puts estrings down 5 shillings to pay for it, then, just as Thomas Fleet, who fied to this country see ye again. Ah, ear en do" Her votes a while, he did what he could. Mary strove | turns and walks out. In a second the thing same planting and walling. From the win- her best, looked happy, and was contented. was done and there the two were out again down curious faces tooked toward her and a Like many another couple in these parts on the pavement."

Hitle group behind her whispered and they seemed settled down for life; little "Well, sir, half an hour afterward, be But the coan stand impassive, one braids them, little except drudgery before the time more or less, Mary and James fine related a hand in the carriage door, his them, but enough with the help of God were sitting with a few friends in Manhead bent then even as the goard raised for all their needs. They had health, they gan's parlor over a farewell drink, when his whitele, fung in his bundle, turned and had friends, they had a roof over them, a the sergeant of police comes to the door, bit to eat, and as much to spare as would crocks his finger at James and asks the As good he fames, flod bless ye dod bay the rest; what better or more could favor of a word with him. It was just this, they want? So the days passed and the says the sergeant, when the two were face months tramped by. Spring came and went; to face on the pavement; a robbery had Jast a moment they stood stient, then harvest and left it snug; winter crawled says James stiffening his back. 'Half an harvest and the land went to sleep. James put hour ago,' the sergeant goes on, 'a watch the hearthstone. Mary took to dreaming says James again with a snort. He made parapet. Then said I, careleasly, as again as she sewed near the sandle. About

seemed well and promised well. And then No. A fesservist.

The blow fell came switt an built from a ye dare to stand there and say—

The blow fell came switt an built from a ye dare to stand there and say—

"I say nothing, answered the thing, but it's cruel and heartless! Like Page fallow: Agrah what about him? death, if spares no one. The happier you five imagine i care a button for his are the harder it hits you. And the ones feeling: Not I not I: it's herself," said. It hurts most are the ones that never see it the enes that sit dreading at home. "It was only the other day that the thing

happened only the other day. Mary was home in the kitchen, singing to the child and baking oaten bread at the table. when in through the doorway comes James death she it softer every day. Think of with a letter in his hand. He looked a bit strange, I'm thinkin', for at sight of his face Mary stops her singing and turns to hopin' torturin herealf with a thousand him. What is it, James? says she. 'That, bacter seets him dearned on the sea or univers James, handing her the letter. the come at last." 'Come,' sava Mary What's come? Tell me, James-ah, tell They've called me out,' came back. * * * Dan pained stood awhite James 'that's so. I've been expectin' ittalkin'r

"They lett me that for half an hour after the news came Mary said no word, nor James, nor so much as looked at each other. they sat sturing at the fire, dumb as the dead James sat striving to smoke, Mary striving to think, with the child askeep betide them and the bread burning on the priddle and the fetter in Mary's lap. The blow had come, sir, had come.

James, says she, sure it's not true!

"It's there," answers he, nothing at the was found on her; so she turns to the ser-No-no, says she, 'ye can't, ye can't, cusin' James next.' hose watches on the plaifure. Ay, Ye much t go. Ye smith to James; ye mustn't. " I must, answers James

" But we can't; we mustn't. Ah, my God, ope one of the war and let in the air some an drentle -to see ye in my dream-to the want to achief must date didn't, know ye were fightle to have your face she did, Aft, say ye won'th'

" 'What he an' leave us go an' leave us' "I must, answers James.

Go away from us for ever an' ever an' 'It's there, says James from his stool,

of them take overs my there was little to warry about. With God's history in the barron, were though night manage whilst he was away. He'd write

more man will limes of himself any James was going James was going to the in the western world, but when details are with her on the warm side of the hodge her knee and sat reading the fire. Like a him, whose name was Joannes Paulus Brissorid spinning below the stars. Ab. s.rs. And always through the weary days that the first book printed on this continent. To all appearances they made a well- can I keep him? What can I do to keep

Three days ago that was Thursday in looked bolow the back you were blind if and after breakfast time Mary puts on her the saw no difference between them. Dif- hat, takes the child and sets out with library in Madrid, was printed in 1540 by turning? Why, there was the wide world James for the fair. 'Twas nearly the last of a difference, James was a big strong day, says she, Better, sure, to spend it tohis of heart hat an obstinate and thick in trudged to Clogheon. I saw them there the because as a tinker's mule. Humor myself, going up and down the sidewalks, James and had go on wheels; thwart him and to all appearance the world was well to see What was it she found in hig them both well. God be with them, sail woman in the town has married a hero. And James laughed in his notsy way, but Her face was the color of ashes. She had were quivering. Can I keep him? must have been the thought with her always and ever. Can I keep him from going?

The day were on and about 2 o'clock Mary takes James into Graham's, the watchmaker on High street, to buy him some trifle of a keepsake to carry away with him. 'It'll be something to look at,' says she, and takes her place by the coun ter: something to mind ye of home. So Graham opens a glass case and brings out his tray of knicknacks, lockets and chains and scarfpins and all the rest, lays it in front of the two and waits for them to make their choice. 'Here's something I can recommend,' says he, 'and here's a wee thing might take your fancy.' But though James liked this and that. Mary couldn't be satisfled. something handler, or something more use- name of James, the Printer, humored her all he could-brought out They nettled down on a wee farm back this?' 'No,' says Mary, 'it won't.' At last sheets and correct the press with under-James was steady and ready; Graham stoops to open the till, slips a

summer slipped away; autumn brought the been committed in Graham's shop. 'Well.' away his spade and fell to making nets by was taken from Graham's counter. 'Well. no accusations and he was wishful to avoid Hollentide a child was born to them. All a scene; 'but,' says 'he sergeant, 'suspicion was heavy upon Mary and-

"'On Mary!' says James, 'Ye say that " 'I say nothing, answered the sergeant I tell ye only what's told to myself. Now like a good man,' says he, laying a hand on James' shoulder, 'have wit and do as I tell you. Go and bring her to the barracks till I have a word with her. If she's inno-

"'Not one danged foot,' shouts James; 'not one foot I'll bring her.' "Then I must do my duty,' says the sergeant. "'Do it,' shouts James in a fury; 'and

by G-- when your duty's done I'll do mine, for I'll have your black blood!" "By this a crowd had gathered on the sidewalk, and when, in a minute, the sergeant came leading Mary by the arm half the town was there to see. I was there te fames. Fainh of what she did to keep Called ye out? says Mary, "Ay," says myself. I saw Mary and I saw James, and I followed them down to the barrack's Mary went meek as a lamb. talkin." 'Called ye out?' says Mary again. shild in her arm, and her eyes fixed before. Where, James, where?' 'Off to the war, her and her face white as a sheet. Behind her went James, curring like a trooper and owing murder upon the sergeant, and behind the three, and in front, was all the foolish with excitement. To the very barrack I followed them, with pity in my heart, and saw the deer close behind them, and for twenty long minutes waited on the sidewalks till the door opened again and Mary came out, her face streaming with tears, a big bruise on her cheek, the child still in her arms, and no James with her.

Dan paused just there and sat looking his empty glass. But I leant toward "No James" said 1.

'No." answered Dan. "There was no When Mary was searched nothin' geant an' says. 'Now maybe you'll be ac-

"Ay," abouts James, "by G- maybe you will Search me.' he shouts, 'search me before I spill your blood. So they searched him and there in his coat packet was the Ay, there it was, sir, with every hour of the da- marked upon its face. .

there," erled I Sconer than have James go the war, she'd make him a thigf and havhim tried and sent to jail. Ay, that's what she'd do." Again fun paused, sighed then decayly and went on. "Ah, God help her innocence," said he, with all fervour, God keep her and send James back to her Her trial was sere, her lot is hard. She dil her best-she did her best. It was footish

A light broke upon me

migrateries, the whole story came out, and times was dismissed and Mary repriming 4. home through the mists to her localy hearth with James gone from her and by er days before nor, and the hear deal I must, answers James, then turns to within her. Deaft, did I say? WeD, maybe good and go the senice. Mary and strives to comfort her. Sure not For didn't James forgive her in the end and hadn't she something of he to comfort her for many a day-the bruist onguessed what she'd done?

First Printing Press on the Continent Set Up in City of Mexico.

continent was set up in the City of Mexico in the sixteenth century, says the Detroit war Just that was all that Mary heard or looked for different accounts and conflicting statements are found. One author claims that the first Spanish vicercy of guished for his devotion to literature, cafore 1554 and that the printer employed by Another and perhaps more correct version is that printing was first established in Mexico by the Spanish missionaries and the fact reems to be established that under their auspices a book, one mutilated copy of which is still in existence in a private Julian Cromberger, who died about 1544 and who was in all probability the first printer in America.

It is quite certain that the printing press was actively employed in Mexico in less than a century after the new art became troduced into the present limits of the United States. The second American city in which a printing office was established was Lima, Peru, where a work designed to assist the priests in the study of the language of the natives appeared in 1588.

At Cambridge, Mass, as Isaiah Thomas asserts, in January, 1659, printing was first performed in that part of North America which extends from the Gulf of Mexico to the frozen ocean. The beginning of the work of this first printing office in our country was a sorrowful one, says the Book Lover. Rev. Jesse Glover, through whose exertions the press had been secured and who contributed largely to the purchase, died upon his voyage to the new world and his sons had afterward to sue their stepfather for the possession of the press. This primitive establishment was subject to the authority of Cambridge college, the prestdent of which was consor of the prese and responsible for all publications until special licensees were appointed by law in 1652. the press never being enfranchised in Massachusetts until as late as 1755.

One Green became the second printer in the United States. Three hundred acres of land were granted him in 1658, but Mr. Green, it would appear, could not frd a suitable location for his grant until 1867. when it is recorded that 300 acres of land were laid out to Ensign Samuel Green of Cambridge, printer, in the wilderness on the north of Merrimac river.

In 1659 an Indian boy taught at the charity school of Cambridge to read and write English was apprenticed to Samuel Green She wanted something better, or and took upon himself subsequently the ful, and Graham, being a good-hearted man Printer. He printed Eliot's Indian bible, and knowing Mary well and the trouble she the first copy of the sacred testament made in this country. He rendered such clent service on this work that Eliot said till the counter was thick before her he "had but one man, namely, the Indian "Would this do?" says Graham, 'or would printer, that was able to compose the standing." A copy of the Indian bible is to The negro appears first in an American

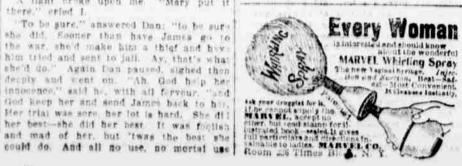
printing office under the direction of one for refuge from the rage of an insensate London mob. In Boston he established a printing house with the sign of the Heart and Crown, and here his sons succeeded him in the business, although with the advent of anti-royal feeling the sign was changed to the Heart and Bible. Fleet owned several negroes, one of whom he taught not only to work the press, but to set type as well. He found special profit in printing small books for children and popular ballads, and such publications were rendered more attractive by the wood engravings cut for them by the negro artist. Caesar and Pompey, sons of this negro also became printers and remained in the office of their master's sons.



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