INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

since and the

had a good day. Business had been brisk. The rain had fallen steadily daybreak, street crossings in New York were ankle The little street sweeper's arms

ached fearfully, but his pocket was full of pennies, interspersed with an occasional half dime.

The clouds were breaking in the west, and a gleam of sunshine gilded the tall tower of St. John's. Arch shouldered his broom, and whistled a merry tune as he took his way homeward. His bright dark eyes sparkled as he thought cheer his feeble mother. She could have tea now, with real milk and some sugar in it, and an orange, too. Only yesterday she was wishing she had an

Arch's way led past a horticulturist's dow. He must have just one wee white rose, because, only the Sabbath before, while he sat at his mother's feet, she had wept in telling him about the sweet roses that used to grow under the window of the little country cottage where her happy youth had been spent.

The white rose would be like bringing back to her ever so little a bit of the happy past. It could not cost much, and Arch felt wealthy as a prince. He stepped into the store and asked the price of a white rose. The clerk answered him roughly:

"Get out of the store, you young rascal. You want to steal something." "I am not a thief, sir," said the boy, proudly, his sallow cheeks crimsoning

hotly. "I want a rose for my mother. I guess I can pay for it!" 'It's half a dollar, if you want it,"

said the man sneeringly. "Show your money, or take yourself off this min-

Arch's countenance fell. He had not half a dollar in all. He turned sadly dead?" away, his head drooping, his lip quivering. Oh, how very hard it was to be poor, he thought, looking enviously at the costly carriage with a pair of splendid grays, standing before the

"Stop, little boy!" said a sweet voice from somewhere among the roses and heliotropes. "Is your mother sick?"

Arch removed his cap-some inborn spirit of courtesy prompting him to be reverent toward the glorious vision which burst upon him. For a moment he thought he saw an angel, and almost expected that she would unfold her silvery wings, and vanish in a golden cloud from his sight. But after the first glance he saw that she was a little girl about his own age-eight or nine years old, perhaps-with yellow curls, deep hazel eyes, a mouth like a rosebud, and a blue silk frock. She repeated the question:

'Is your mother sick, little boy?" "No, she is not sick, for she always sits up, and sews. But she is not strong, and her cheeks never have any color in them, like yours." 'And does she love flowers?"

"Yes, she loves them dearly. She kisses them always, when she has any. And that's not often."

"Does she? That's nice. Just like I clerk-"here is a dollar. Give me some pinks." The lady shall have some flowers. Tell her I sent them." "Who shall I say sent them?"

"Margie Harrison. Will she know me, think?"

"I guess not. But it's all the same. I shall tell her you are one of the angels, any way. She knows about them, for she's told me ever so much about them."

the flowers. 'Dop't soil them with your grimy the rude neighbors. hands," she said a little saucily; "and

your name?"

"Archer Trevlyn."
"Why, what a nice name! Just like names in a story book. I know some But they live in a big house and have was done, Arch stole in and laid the flowers enough of their own. So they pinks and roses on her breast. can't be your folks, can they?"

'No, they're not my folks," replied the boy with a touch of bitterness in his

"Well, Archer, when you get home, you wash your face, do! It's so dirty." The boy flushed hotly. If one of his companions had said that to him, he would have knocked him down instant-

the first said, because she was so beautiful and kind. "I am a street sweeper, miss."

Oh; that accounts for it, then. It's ery muddy today, and you must be tired. Hark! there's Florine calling me.

Good-hy, Archer." She vanished, and a moment later the hoy say her disappear within the glittering sarriage, which, loaded down with fragrant blossoms, was driven slowly away. He stood a little while looking after it, then, pulling his cap down over his eyes, and grasping the teme of her flowers tightly in his &

title purple hand, he started home. d yet it was home to Archer. His rough one, but she ain't kicked me since which every season is brought down ther was there the dear mother I tore her cap off. I'm too big to be by Missouri.

who was all the world to him. It was RCH Trevlyn had a poor part of the city-an old, tumble down wooden house, swarming with tenants, teeming with misery, filth and

crime. Up a crazy flight of steps, and turning to the right, Arch saw that the door of his mother's room was half open, and the storm had beaten in on the floor. It was all damp and dismal, and such deep in mud. an indescribable air of desolation over everything! Arch's heart beat a little slower as he went in. His mother sat in an arm chair by the window, an uncovered box in her lap, and a minlature locket clasped in her hand.

"Oh, mother! mother dearest!" cried Arch, holding up the flowers, "only look what I have got! An angel gave them to me! A very angel, with hair like the sunshine, and a blue frock, all real silk! And I have got my pocket full of penhow the sight of his earnings would nies, and you shall have an orange, mother, and ever so many nice little things beside. See, mother dear!"

He displayed a handful of coin, but she did not notice him. He looked at her through the gloom of the twilight, and a feeling of terrible awe stole over store, and his eyes wandered longingly him. He crept to her side and touched over the display of flowers in the winas ice. A mortal pallor overspread his face; the pennies and the flowers rolled unheeded to the floor.

"Dead! dead! My mother is dead!" he cried.

He did not display any of the passionate grief which is natural to childhood -there were no tears in his feverish eyes. He took her cold hands in his own, and stood there all night long, smoothing back the beautiful hair and talking to her as one would talk to a sick child.

It was thus that Mat Miller found him the next morning. Mat was a little older than himself-a street sweeper, She and Arch had always been good friends; they sympathized with each other when bad luck was on them, and they cheered lustily when fortune

"Hurrah, Arch!" cried Mat, as she burst into the room; "It rains again, and we shall get a harvest! Good gracious, Arch! is-your-mother-

"Hush!" said the boy, putting down the cold hand; "I have been trying to warm her all night, but it's no use. Only just feel how like ice my hands I wish I was as cold all over, and are. then they would let me stay with my mother.

"Oh, Arch!" cried the girl, sinking down beside him on the desolate hearth, "it's a hard world to live in. I wonder if, when folks be dead, they have to sweep crossings, and be kicked and be cuffed round by old grandmas when they don't get no pennies? If they don't then I wish I was dead, too, Arch!"

"I suppose it's wicked, Mat. She used to say so. She told me never to get tired of waiting for God's own timeher very words, Mat. Well, now her time has come, and I am all alone—all alone! Oh, mother-mother!" He threw himself down before the dead woman, and his form shook with emotion, but not a tear came to his eyes. Only that hard, stony look of hopeless despair. Mat crept up to him and took his head in her lap, smoothing softly the matted chestnut hair.

"Don't take on so, Arch, don't!" she cried, the tears running down over her sunburnt face. "I'll be a mother to ye, do!" said the little girl in a pleased Arch! I will, indeed! I know I'm a litvoice. "Mr. Burns"-to the gruff tle brat, but I love you, Arch, and some time, when we get bigger, I'll marry real nice roses, and two or three sweet you, Arch, and we'll live in the country, where there's birds and flowers, and it's just like the park all round. Don't feel so, don't!"

> Arch pressed the dirty little hands that fluttered about him-for, next to his mother, he loved Mat.

"I will go out now and call somebody," she said; "there's Mrs. Hill and Peggy Sullivan, if she ain't drunk. The little girl laughed, and gave him Either of them will come!" And a few minutes later the room was filled with

They did not think it necessary to when you get home let's see, what's call a coroner. She had been ailing for a long time. Heart complaint, the physician said-and she had probably died in one of those spasms to which was subject So they elegant people by the name of Trevlyn. robed her for the grave, and when all

> "Oh, mother! mother!" he said, bending over her in agony, "she sent them to you, and you shall have them! I thought they would make you so han-

> py! Well, maybe they will now! Who can tell?" The funeral was a very poor one. A kind city missionary prayed over the

remains, and he hearse was followed Arch-ragged and tattered, but sincere

CHAPTER II. HEN they came back Mat took Arch's hand and led him into the wretched den she called home. You shall stay

kicked now. Sit down, Arch; you know you can't stay at home now.

Yes, to be sure he could not stay there any longer. No one knew that any better than Arch. The landlord had warne him out that very morning. A half-quarter's rent was still due, and the meager furniture would hardly suffice to satisfy his claim. Hitherto, Mrs. Trevlyn had managed to pay her own expenses, but, now that she was gone, Arch knew that it was more than folly to think of renting a room. But he could not suppress a cry of pain when they came to take away the things, and when they laid their rude hands on the chair in which his mother died, poor Arch could endure no more, but fled out into the street and wandered about till hunger and weariness forced him back to the old haunt.

He accepted the hospitality of Grandma Rugg, and made his home with her and Mat. The influences which surrounded him were not calculated to develop good principles, and Arch grew rude and boisterous, like the other street boys. He heard the vilest language-oaths were the rule rather than the exception in Grigg Court, as the place was called-and gambling, and drunkenness, and licentiousness abounded. Still, it was singular how much evil Arch shunned.

But there was growing within him a principle of bitter hatred, which one day might embitter his whole existence. Perhaps he had cause for it; he thought he had, and cherished it with jealous care, lest it should be annihilated as the years went on.

From his mother's private papers he had learned much of her history that he had before been ignorant of. She had never spoken to him very freely of the past. She knew how proud and high his temper was, and acted with wisdom in burying the story of her wrongs in her own breast.

Her father, Hubert Trevlyn, had come of a proud family. There was no bluer blood in the land than that which ran in the veins of the Trevlyns. Not very far back they had an earl for their ancestor, and, better than that, the whole long lineage had never been tarnished by a breath of dishonor.

Hubert was the sole child of his father, and in him were centered many bright and precious hopes. His father was a kind parent, though a stern one, who would never brook a shade of disobedience in this boy upon whom his fondest hopes and aspirations were

When Hubert was about twenty-four he went into the country for his health, which was never very robust, and while there he met Helen Crayton. It was a case of love at first sight, but none the less pure and steadfast on that account. Helen was an orphan-a poor seamstress, but beautiful and intelligent beyond any woman he had ever met. They loved, and they would not be cheated out of their happiness by any worldly opposition. Hubert wrote to his father, informing him of his love for Helen, and asking his consent to their union. Such a letter as he received in return! It bade him give up the girl at once and return home. If he ever spoke of her again he was disowned forever! He might consider himself houseless and homeless.

Hubert had some of the proud Trevlyn blood in his composition, and this letter roused it thoroughly. A week afterward he was the husband of Helen Crayton. He took his young wife to the city, and, having something of a talent for painting, he opened a studio. hoping to receive sufficient patronage from his friends to support his family in comfort.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) NEW SUBMARINE BOAT.

In Which Three Men Can Live Under Water Twelve Hours.

Vet another submarine boat has been invented, or is it an old friend under an assumed name? Be this as it may, a submarine boat, ordered by the Brazilian government, was to be tried this week on the Seine, and the trials being satisfactory other and larger vessels are to be built, says the Court Journal. The new boat, which is named the Goubet, is some tewenty-six feet long. about 5 feet 6 inches in diameter in the center, and has a displacement of about ten tons. The motive power is supplied by electricity, and the screw also serves the purpose of a rudder, the shaft being joined so as to enable it to be turned either to the right or to the left. Three men, the inventor claims, can live under water in the Goubet for twelve hours with the supply of compressed air. This has, of course, to be proved; but in the event of anything going wrong, a lead keel, weighing over a ton will be dropped, and the boat will at once come to the surface like a cork. On account of electricty being used for supplying the propelling power, the sphere of action of the new boat must of necessity be very limited, as compasses cannot be used, but it could do all that is required of it, if taken on board a vessel and launched when the enemy's ships were in sight. The Goubet's mission is to throw torpedoes, and if the arrangement for throwing these projectiles can be relied upon, she will prove a formidable antagonist. To sink the Goubet water is let into compartments in the lower part of the boat, and when it is sunk to any required depth in that position it remains exactly, the arrangement for sinking the vessel being so beautifully and carefully arranged. One ounce of watermore or less will cause the boat to sink lower or come nearer the surface.

The floods of the Nile are so regular here. Arch, with in their coming that for hundreds of Grandma finga years they have not varied ten days and me. She said in the date of their arrival at a given you might if you'd point. The Nile mud, which renders be a good boy, and Egypt a habitable country, is said to ne! It could hardly be called so, not plague the cat. Grandma's a bear a striking resemblance to that

RUFFLES.

Mother Bickerdyhe's Work for Poor Soldiers. 

"Did you say that Mother Bickerdyhe was in Washington?"

"I did. I saw her in the pension office an hour ago."

"Bless my soul! Call Ruff. We haven't seen that blessed old woman since the war!"

"Knew her, then, I suppose?" "Knew her? Well, rather. An angel

appeared with-not wings exactly-but healing, to two poor tramps with broken bones, bleeding wounds and starying bodies. She appeared with heavenly smiles, and food, and cheer, and ruffled night gowns! That's how Ruff got his name."

"Well! Always heard him called 'Ruff,' but took it to be short for Rufus, Ralph, or, maybe, Raphael.'

These middle-aged men had come to the pension office on besiness and to look over their old camping grounds, now in the heart of the great capital city, and this was the story of "Com-rade Ruff:"

"In 1863 Sam and I were discharged from a Southern hospital, as able to go home and make room for others.



Know Hert Well, Rather." Battles were fought every day, and the dying and wounded brought in hundreds to the hospitals. This old, empty sleeve, boys, tells my story, and Sam had a bullet in his hip. It was August, and the heat intolerable. We for home, but, traveling on slow trains, waiting at crowded depots in the hot sun and wanting care, our wounds broke out afresh. We had to stop off one night on the Ohio & bile road, crawl into a little shanty, and lie down, we felt, to die. Pro-visions and bandages used up, clothes in rags, and our wounds bleeding. I termined to signal the next train and beg for food and help. I tled a scrap of white paper I had picked up to a stick, and about sundown waved my

signal up and down as the evening train came by.

The conductor slowed up.

"'Whi.' do you want?' he shouted

"Take us aboard or leave us supplies!' I velled.

'Sam had stumbled over to the track and we didn't look like interesting passelgers. The train stopped. Off sprang a sunshiny, cheery, fair-faced woman. She carried a bundle almost as big as herself, and a black bag, and a sunbonnet hung off her neck. It was so warm, boys. Talk about angels! We met one then! "She said: Why, boys, you look pret-

ty well used up. Soap and water and bandages and—something good in your poor stomachs, first, I guess!' She grumbled at the nurses and surgeons who could 'let boys go on in that fix.' Out of that bag and bundle came everything we needed. We built a fire and cooked such a supper as we never tacted since! Just we three, in that

nat ruffles and lace were not to be ridiculed

"These gowns, with other garments, had been given Mother Bickerdyhe by wealthy women for the hospitals, and all the way through the South she had sold the finest to the rebel women for butter, eggs and milk. These she had brought along for that purpose.

"The next morning she took us along with her to the field hospital. When able we were sent home, 'unfit for duty.' And, boys, Sam goes on one leg
—I have only one arm, but I tell you, whepever and wherever Mother Bick erdyhe's face shines on us in this world, there's one arm to wave, and one willing leg to tramp in her service.

That very week Mother Bickerdyhe met "the boys" and laughed and cried over them as they told her the story of Ruffles; and "Ruff" has been called by that names since 1863.

—By Margaret Spencer.

AMERICAN PINEAPPLES.

Their Culture a Growing Industry in Florida. While most of the pineapples sold in the United States have, within recent years, come from Cuba, the cultivation of this fruit in Florida has rapidly increased, and last season 50,000 crates were shipped from sections in that state other than the Keys. The out-put from the central and northern part of the state this year is estimated at 35,000 crates, while, but from the damage to new plantations by freezing a year ago, a crop amounting to 250,000 crates was counted upon for the next few months.

The Bahamas formerly furnished the main supply, which was carried in small sailing vessels, taking from four six days to reach this port, while un-favorable winds made a voyage of twenty days not unusual. Most of the pineapples now coming from Nassau and other ports of this group are consigned to Baltimore, where they are canned. As many as 5,500,000 of these pineapples have reached that within the past four years, and large quantities are canned on the island, Nearly all the Cuban pineapples come to New York, 200,000 barrels and more constituting the imports for a year These pineapples are all grown near Havana, and shipments continue during the entire year. The season begins, however, in the middle of March and continues at its height for four months, while the Bahama season is a month later in opening. Some of the choicest pineapples have in recent years come from the Indian River section of Florida, and exceptionally large and high-grade fruit omes from Porto Rico. The comparatively small supplies from Jamaica include some ex eleat varieties which are in special demand

The delay of a day in the transporta-tion of this perishable fruit may mean a heavy loss, and twenty-four hours of warm, damp weather may injure a cargo to the extent of 50 per cent of its original value. No vessels specially fitted for carrying pine apples are yet in service, and this tender fruit is closely packed in steamers carrying and other heating articles. Quick transportation in steamers equipped with improved ventilation and the best storage facilities, as are already in use in the banana trade, would open up new possibilities for this department of the fruit trade. At this time when, besides the shortage caused by the loss in Florida, the trade in Cuba is affected by war, prices have been high. The trade known to wholesale grocers as Havana xx., thirty-five pine apples being required to fill a barrel, now commands \$9 per barrel, and this is also the importers' price to whoesale buyers for barrels holding forty-five and ninety of the fruit .-Garden and Forest.

The Surplus of Horses In some parts of the far West it is said that horses are being slaugh-



Just We Three in That Lonely Pince

washed and dressed our wounds.

"'Got no change, boys?'
"'Not one rag.'
"Out came the bundle, and wrapped around paper parcels, saucepans, bread, lint, matches and jelly, came two long.

fine, cambric night gowns.

"There, boys; got to be clean some-how and comfortable; got to have bandages; just the thing; soft and

So Sam looked at me and I looked Sam, and we both looked into the dear blue eyes of our saint, and we all laughed actually haughed! She tore off the lower portions for wide band-ages, and used the upper portions for shirts. Mine had some sort of edging. shirts. Mine had some sort of edging, but Sam's was trimmed around the neck, sleeves and down to the waist with a wide, soft, flowing ruffle, the faintly protested, and tried to get it tucked inside, but Mother blickerdyhe "Never mind the frills, You can tell the rebels they are none too good for our soldiers.

"We were so heavenly comfortable with our stomachs full of good food, our burning, throbbing wounds washed and wrapped in cool, soft cloths, our selves clean and decent once more.

lonely place by the railroad. We heat tered and fed to swine. This fact ed water, and Mother Bickerdyhe carries its moral along with it. It means that there is a great surplus of horses of a certain kind. Men when engaged in that business should certainly consider the propriety of raising some other kind of live stock than horses on those ranges. They can surely grow beef at a better return than they can get for horse flesh when fed in that way. And in other horses are being regularly slaughtered and canned for consump tion. This too means a strange use to put the horse to. If meat is the object of production on the range, the steer or the sheep will answer the purpose much better than the horse. These facts are significant, They should say to us, grow horses if they are grown at all, that will be far too valuable to be fed to swine or to be consumed as food for man .-Northwestern Farmer.

He and She.

She-He whistled as he went, for want of thought. Of course, it was a boy. You wouldn't find a girl whirtling for want of thought. Ho-No: she wouldn't whistle; she'd

ulk.-Indianapolis Journal.

## Spring Medicine

Your blood in Spring is almost certain to be full of impurities - the accumulation of the winter months. Bad ventilation of sleeping rooms, impure air in dwellings, factories and shops, over-eating, heavy, improper foods, failure of the kidneys and liver properly to do extra work thus thrust upon them, are the prime causes of this condition. It is of the utmost importance that you

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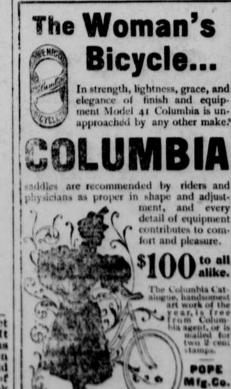
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