Weary of the weary way We have come from yesterday, Let us fret us not, instead, Of the weary way ahead.

Let us pause and eatch our breath.
On the hither side of death,
While we see the tender shoots
Of the grasses—not the roots.

Vibile we yet look down-not up-To seek out the buttercup . And the daisy, where they wave O'er the green home of the grave.

Let us launch us smoothly on Listless billows of the lawn, And drift out acrors the main Of our childish dreams again.

Voyage off beneath the trees, O'er the field's enchanted seat Where the lilies are our sails And our seagulls, nightingales

Where no wilder storm shall beat Than the wind that waves the wheat And no tempests burst above The old laughs we used to love.

Lose all troubles—gain release Languor and exceeding peace, Cruising idly o'er the vast, Calm mid-ocean of the past

Let us rest ourselves a bit, Worry!-wave your hand to it-Kiss your finger-tips and smile It farewell a little while. -J. Whitcomb Riley, in N. O. Picayane.

## The Romance of Heatherleigh Hall

By Manda L. Crocker. COPTRIGHT, 1889.

CHAPTER XVII.-CONTINUED. At a glance she saw that it was for Miriam; doubtless the sender did not know that the Rest had changed hands. At any rate the letter was Miriam's, so upstairs sped Patty, wondering at a letter coming in this post-haste manner. "I sincerely hope it contains no bad news," she murmured, going in search of the owner.

Miriam was half reclining, half sitting in her favorite deep arm-chair near the window. The rich crape folded about her rounded form gave her pretty, proudlyarched neck and half-exposed arms a marble whiteness by contrast with its somber folds as she gazed dreamily away out to sea. The jewel at her throat gleaming in its bed of shadowy black lace seemed to, light up her pale, proud face with a cheerfulness it did not possess. The pallor of her sorrowful countenance was not so noticeable in the light of the window as when she turned in the shadows and you met the yearning look of her sad eyes.

"The letter is for you, Miriam dear," said Patricia, entering the parlor softly and dropping the letter with a strange-looking seal in her lap.

and a little surprised look o over the fine features. Perhaps father had written, and-and-but no: a-yes, wasn't that the Percival seal? Yes, the handwriting was strange; it wasn't Sir Rupert's.

The bearer waits for an answer; waiting below now," said Patty, almost forgetting the pompous carrier in the waiting-room in the strange, anxious light flitting over Miriam's questioning countenance.

"Indeed!" and Miriam broke the seal excitedly. Her face lost its questioning and grew drawn and white, so white that Patty knelt by her side in alarm.

Suddenly she sprang to her feet. "I will go! I will go!" she exclaimed, almost wild-"Tell him so; no, stay. Write it. Write that I shall come if it be the last thing I do. Now I know why I have lived. Poor Allan! Poor Allan's son! My relative in sorrow, as well as name.

An unwonted light burned in the depths of her fine eyes, and an expression of sympathetic pleasure flashed into her face as she took an excited turn about the room, Although Patricia knew in part, she could

hardly fathom the spell the letter had thrown over Miriam. She guessed, however, that the legend and malediction of the Percivals had a part to play in the exciteent of her sister.

"Pen and paper," said Miriam, sinking exhausted into her chair again. Patty produced them, and Miriam, seizing the pen, hastily wrote a reply.

"That is right," she ejaculated, hurriedly. "Take it to the post-boy; 1 am so glad-so

She talked incoherently; Patty felt no little alarm concerning Miriam. She had grown so strangely different, metamorphosed, as it were, within the last half hour that she was excusable in feeling no little concern in regard to her.

Patty took the reply down herself and gave it to the waiting carrier, who bowed maelf out in haste.

When she returned to Miriam she found her crying softly, her face buried in the letter she had received an hour before. "Cousin Allan is very ill and wants me,"

explained Miriam, drying her tears and looking up. "I never knew where uncle went to after-after his marriage, but Cousin Allan is now in London, and Uncle and Aunt Percival are both dead. I shall go to him at once, Patty. It seemed good to have some one care for me at last." "Why, Miriam dear, I love you as an own

sister; you must know that, certainly," answered Patricia, in a pained voice, looking at her with brimming eyes.

Miriam threw her arms impulsively around Patty's neck and sobbed out: "Not that, Patty; not that. I mean to have one of my own house to speak to me, to care for; a real Percival, Patty."

"Oh!" exclaimed Patricia, enlightened "there, there, do not weep in that heart-broken way, Miriam," and she soothed her as she would a child.

You will make yourself ill," warned Patrica, "and you may not be able to visit that dear cousin who, of course, would give

worlds to see you." Miriam unclasped her hands at this, and calmed herself as much as she was able considering the unusual news she had received. Never in all her life had she heard from a real relative; and this one wanted

her to come. With a nervous eagerness Miriam set about her preparations for leaving for London on the morrow.

CHAPTER XVIII.

When Miriam alighted from the comfortable railway compartment at Charing Cross Station, it was raining in little, disagreeable gusts. The pleasant weather had put on another and colder phase aside m the dampness, and she shivered as shedrew her wraps about her.

Hollis and Patty had come down with her, having an excuse to visit Mme. Montsam a few days, in order to accompany her. They were kind and thoughtful, Miriam knew, and as Hollis bundled her into an omnibus and gave the driver his directions, she moved her lips in prayerful thanks.

Between the drizzling rain and the foggy, smoky outlook, Miriam scarcely recognized the number and place, as described in the letter, when Hollis helped her up the steps of the second-rate establishment in middle London, with a shop on either side.

"I will never be any better," the sick man said, holding Miriam's hand in his thin, almost transparent fingers. "I sent for you because I wanted some one of my kin near me when I died. I am aware of the shadow which has cursed your life and mine. I had the revelation from my father; he said it was as much his duty to give me the Percival le-gend as it was to live a Christian, but I have never yet seen any good come of my know-

"No good to either of us," said Miriam, with stony face.

The past came up in all its terrible me nacing vengeance before her, and she shut her teeth to keep back the impr about to be uttered; not because of her own wrongs; no, she could suffer with all the calmness of a stoic, but this pale, fragile cousin had also been smitten. Prone on a

father, her Uncle Allan, whose name he "Uncle Allan was disinherited," said Miriam, savagely, "and so was I, for the

same reason.' The dark eyes of the patient man on the pillow sought hers inquiringly. "They were all disinherited for marrying in opposition to paternal wishes, if I understood it

aright?"
"Yes," assented Miriam, "and married better companions than the petted children who staid at Heatherleigh and courted society swells."

Allan smiled at the show of hatred in tone and manner, a strange, wan, pitying

Cousin Miriam's tone was the very counterpart of his father's, he remembered. To be a Percival was to have a soul fitted for hatred, he verily believed. In this he was not a Percival, then; his mother's milder blood warmed a heart fitted for forgiveness. He was only a Percival in name. "Ah! me," and he sighed audibly.

"Do not grieve, I beg," said Miriam, softening, "the hopelessness of it is enough



PRONE ON A SICK BED HE LAY.

without grieving to make it worse. Where drift of conversation. "In Trouville, France; my mother, also

is buried there. After their demise I came back to London to-be near you." "Me!" asked Miriam. "How did you know

I was even in England?" "Oh! I knew." replied Allan, brightening visibly. "The Montcalms are old friends of my relatives on my mother's side, and Hollis' engagement to Miss Fairfax led the way to several other connecting links, whereby I traced you to the Rest, that lovely home by the sea. By inquiry I found that you were my cousin, Uncle Rupert's daughter. I wrote to you because I counted it a heavenly privilege if haply I might see face to face a genuine relative once

He reached out his hand and touched her sleeve significantly. "Mourning," he said, sadly; "mourning for Aunt Percival-sweet Lady Percival, as I have heard, and your nd, Arthur Fairfax. Ah! well, wear a little knot of crape for me, after awhile,

won't you!" His dark, serious eyes turned with pleading look wistfully on the handsome face of his cousin for a reply.

"Yes," she said, tearfully. Then a deep silence reigned in that gloomy apartment where death and despair were preying relentlessly each upon their respective victim. Outside the rain came in gusty dashes against the pane, and in the corners of the room the deep shadows were already gath-

It was evening. Hollis had taken his leave and was now with Patricia, enjoying the luxurious warmth and elegance of the Montcalm residence in the aristocratic West

She, with her proud soul almost rent in twain, was sitting there in the close, unpleasant rooms of a dingy establishment in the busy, restless central part of the city by the bedside of her only living relative, excepting her unnatural father, who would not recognize their relationship.

The sick man shut his eyes and remained quiet; he felt contented to find he had a friend with him at the last. The physician had said he could not last many days now, and she, Miriam, his regal cousin, would remain until the end came. He had not asked this of her, but he knew by the deep, grieved expression on her beautiful face that she would grant him this priceless boon.

The attendant brought in lights and, unlerstanding that this woman was the ex pected relative, showed her to her rooms in the adjoining suite. Miriam's rich apparel and costly belongings set the servant to wondering why she had not come before and helped her relative financially before

he lay down to die. The next day Miriam set about in earnest to make the sick-room as cheerful as possi ble. "He did not dare to be moved," the physician had said when she suggested iving in pleasanter apartments. That being so he should have all the comforts and luxuries money could bring into this stuffy place, Miriam decided, and forthwith the changes became so numerous and so happy that the servant who felt that the fine lady had been neglecting this sick relative be gan to believe she had a heart after all.

But after a feeble protest from Allan, that "it wasn't necessary to waste so much attention on a dying man," that very thankful fellow looked on in silent wonder to see such bliss al transformatio

"I believe," said Allan one afternoon as Miriam sat by him, "I believe that I-feel better. There is a change for the better, I am sure, although I can not explain it exactly. I feel as if I wanted to live now; be-fore I only wished to die, with a friend

He sought her face again with those wistful, magnetic eyes for an affirmative. Allan had wonderful, clear, expressive eyes, and now they were continually filled with a happy thankfulness toward this refined and cultured woman who had flashed the of hopeful convalescence had fied, and even

within her bosom. If he only could live. She had wealth enough for both, and to spare. She would lighten any financial burden he might have and send him on his way rejoicing.

"I believe you will recover," she made answer, assuringly, while a pleased ex-pression came into her white face. "Only live, Cousin Allan, and we will at least have each other. We can each say I have a cousin,' which to me will be great happiness, knowing that we will always be friends."

A mist obscured her vision, and she put out her hand toward Allan with a gesture of deep emotion. His thin, trembling fingers closed over it in silence. Neither of hem were able to speak for some minutes. Then Miriam spoke. "Iam glad," she said, "so glad to have

found you in time. When I was bowed down with grief and sorrow for the dead; when my heart ached because of the crue decree, separating me from my house; when I prayed for a friend, I found one! Henceforth we are friends, inseparable, whether you live a week or a lifetime."

sick bed he lay, the picture of his handsome "Amen! amen!" responded Allan. "And now I shall live," he continued, in assuring tones: "instinctively I feel that I shall outlive my lonely, troublous existence and en-joy life. I am only thirty years old, cousin, and it seems as if I ought not to give up life so soon, especially with a sworn friend at my side, and she a Percival."

A faint smile lighted up his wan face and his fine eyes shone like stars. "God be thanked!" he said, fervently. "I know what it is to be hopeful and happy at last. I believe I have groped out from under the curse, Cousin Miriam, and I trust it will lift from both lives as well; it must."

"I have no hope for myself," said Miriam "but if you are only from under the maledic tion I am content."

"Don't, don't!" pleaded the sick man, visibly distressed, and he turned away his head so that the eyes resting on him might not detect the gathering tears.

The physician came in and noticed the change. "Much better, much better!" he said, encouragingly. "I am hardly prepared to say why or for what reason this happy change has taken place; but I could shrewdly guess," and the little old man glanced meaningly about the room, and then at Miriam, who was looking out of the

"Yes," nodded Allan, with a happy smile, 'she has come and wrought the transformation. The tonic of her presence and kindness of her care have helped you, doctor, to effect this marvelous change.

"Certainly, certainly," fussed the little old physician, spreading out and counting the powders he had been dealing. "I have no doubt now but that you are on the mend. finely, sir, finely. Now have a little care, sir, a little care," emphasized the precise doctor, with his hand on the door, "or you nay have a relapse. Don't get too ambitious, sir; remember you have been very ill, very ill, sir."

The little nervous physician nodded in emphasis, little jerky nods, meant to convey authority, and the convalescent listened respectfully, although he knew the better hysician of the two was over there by the indow, where the dim sunlight sifted over her becoming coiffure.

"When I am able to be about, cousin, will you go back to the Rest!"

"And then?"

you grant it?" "Certainly, if possible I will be glad to, Cousin Miriam." His eyes held in their depths such a glad light of anticipation now that he might do something to reward and please one who had done so much:for

"It isn't much," she said, half in apology, coming near and taking a seat by the couch. "But as yet you know nothing of my plans. You have asked me 'where then,' or words meaning the same. If I should tell you that in a very short time I will leave for America. what would you say?"

"To live there; make the Western continent your home, Miriam?" asked Allan, all the eagerness dying out of his face beclouded by gravest apprehension. Was he so soon to lose her, his regal cousin? "To reside there," answered she, an odd

little shadow passing over her countenance. "Oh, I should say, please don't go; what earthly good can there be in that, Miriam!" "I want to forget," she answered, sadfriend of my dear dead mother's, who has written me to come. I should have been gone ere this had it not been for a severe liness directly after the receipt of her

letter." "Then I would have missed finding you and - died!" He turned his head away once more to hide his tears.

"I am glad I did not go," she replied. "And you will be glad a second time if you give up your plan now," he ventured. "Oh! not when you get well and strong, and do not need me."

"There never will be a day again that I will not need you. Oh! Miriam!" Then as if shocked at his untimely confession, he buried his face in the pillows and lay quite still. Miriam went back to the window, without gainsaying this outburst of her cousin's. Poor, lonely, sick man, she thought, he hardly knows what he is saying. I will not chide him. When he will have fully recovered this thought will have passed. No; she will not say any thing now to hurt him. Doubtless her kindness had almost turned his brain, in his weak state, and as he convalesced he would forget. The attendant came and thinking the sick man asleep, went quietly out again. The silence was growing irksome. Miriam



furtively toward the couch. Allan Percival

had not stirred. "Allan," she said, softly; "it is time for mother powder, I believe. Jack would have given it to you, but he thought you were saleep. Shall I give it to you?" Her cousin took his face from among the pillows and tooked up. "Yes, if you

gave him a powder in a little wine glass of Maderia. It will strengthen him, she thought. Then she drew her chair near

him and sat down. "Allan," she began, "what I wish you to do for me is this. When I am gone please forget that you know of my whereabouts should any inquiry come to your ears from

Heatherleigh. Will you do this?" "Yes," he answered; "they shall never know through me if you desire to have

your voyage remain a secret." "I wish it, most assuredly;" and then she told him of her visit to the Hall when she was waved off by Sir Rupert in his fury, dwelling tragically on the sorrowful recital. "Now you know why I wish to be buried, as it were, from sight and sound of Heather-

"I know," he answered. "I will promise any thing you desire; you will forgive and forget my speech of an hour ago if it grates on your heart, cousin. I-I-I am too lonely and desolate, and-weil, you will forgive?" He reached out an eager hand and Miriam took in a warm, friendly clasp the out-

stretched palm. "Don't grieve," she said, generously. "You have said nothing wrong, Allan. But wait until you are well and strong and perhaps you will forget it, too."

Miriam saw a puzzled, far-away look steal into those splendid eyes; then a quiver of the pale lips, and she knew he was battling with disappointed desires. She hesitated for a moment, then passed her hand caressingly over the noble brow, and up among the dark, clustering hair. He was her cousin, all the relative she had, and-well. she would. So bending over the pitiful, wan face on the pillow, she pressed her

lips to his brow.
"There is nothing to forgive, Allan; you and I are the firmest, best of friends." Then she went to her own apartments, and the attendant came and sat out the day by Alian.

When Allan Percival was able to sit up and walk about the apartment Miriam announced her intention of going home. Though I haven't any," she added, bitterly. She was thinking of two graves, side by side, beneath the dark yew trees of the

church-yard.
Allan looked wistfully up, and a sudden, rearning light almost glorified his handsome face. But he turned away his head as Miriam looked up. She should not see that he could not forget. She should know that he could feel grateful, without making himself offensive.

"When you are better still, cousin, come and visit me, won't you?" Miriam put out her hand in a cordial.

ousinly manner. With a questioning look he hesitated. "I

shall miss you very much," he stammered, come. I want you," she said, with a posi-

tive, imperious air. "Then I will come and gladly." "Good-bye until I welcome you at the Rest," she said, cheerfully, almost gayly.

"Good-bye, I shall remember, good-bye!" and the hansom rolled away. Allan went back to the gloomy, old silence, and sat down with his head resting on the table. He was still weak and the parting had unnerved him, though he fancied he had borne up bravely considering how well he loved this gloriously saintly cousin. The touch of her lips on his brow that day when she had kissed him forgiveness she was a genuine Percival, and if she "Allan, I have a favor to ask of you; will could not return his love, why, sooner or cigars. later, she would cast him off without a single regret, and he would go to the bad! Oh! this-this-suspense-but the room

went around him with dizzy velocity andhe knew no more. He was too weak to calmly count up the odds against him in this first deep, true love of his life, and had fainted dead away in

[TO BE CONTINUED.] SELF-TORMENTORS.

nate Persons Who Cultivate the Art of Making Themselves Miserable. There are few arts more assiduously cultivated by the human race than that o making themselves miserable. People who give their minds to this melancholy branch of mental industry are often frightfully successful, and many attain such proficiency in it that they fall a sacrifice to their own skill. To such experts the future, which to your jolly make-the-best-of-every-thing felow seems a fair white surface prepared expressly for Hope to paint her pictures on, is a black abysm athwart which horrible shapes are continually flitting. The imagination of one of the ingenious self-torment ors is a sort of magic lantern furnished exclusively with dismal slides, and projecting nothing but infernal spectrums.

There is another set of unhappy creatures who extract their misery from the present If a friend inadvertently passes one of them in the street without a nod of recognition, he or she fancies that an affront is intended. Remarks uttered at random, and without the slightest idea on the part of the utterer of giving offense to any human being, are often construed by this style of persons into innuendoes and sarcasms covertly leveled at them; and, in fact, it is scarcely possible for one to do or say any thing in their presence without being sus-pected of a design to turn them into ridi-

Of course, scores of our readers are ac quainted with individuals who understand and practice the art of making themselves miserable. Possibly a few are given to dark forebodings, or have a knack of supposing themselves the special targets of conversational small-shot aimed at nobody. If so, we advise them for their own sakes to abandon the thankless task of anticipat ing difficulties and of misconceiving casua remarks to their own discomfort. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof and to be on the alert for insult is a very foolish kind of vigilance. The true philosophy of life is to meet misfortune, when it comes, bravely and calmly, but never to borrow trouble or

take mountains out of molehills The art of making the best of everything is a noble and manly art. Cultivate it, and leave its antithesis to moral dyspeptics.-N. Y. Ledger.

An Underground Canal.

"The strangest canal in the world is one ! ever saw mentioned in any book or news aper," said an English clergyman to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat reporter. "It is a canal sixteen miles long, between Worsley and St. Helens, in the north of England, and is underground from end to end. In Lancashire the coal mines are very extensive half the country being undermined, and many years ago the Duke of Bridgewater's nanagers thought they could save money by transporting the coal under ground instead of on the surface. So the canal was constructed, the mines connected and drained at the same time. Ordinary canal boots men. On the roof of the tunnel arch are cross-pieces, and the men who do the work of propulsion lie on their backs on the coal and push with their feet against the cross bars on the roof. Six or eight men will draw a train of four or five boats, and as there are two divisions in the tunnel boats pass each other without difficulty."

IN THE OLD DAYS.

Dear Grandmamma sighed As she slowly untied The packet we found in the loft: The paper was bluish, The words were too foolish. The sentiments, we thought, were soft.

Now, if our dear Granny Were young, like our Fanny, Who lingered last night at the gate, It would not seem queer To be called "love" and "dear."

And "prithee, sweet, tell me my fate," But it sounded so silly To sign "Your sweet Willie," "Who worships the ground at your feet." Now Grandpa takes snuff

And thinks it enough To doze, in the sun in his seat. When Grandma was vonng Her praises were sung By rapturous lovers a score; I wish 'twas the fashion To record the blind passion

In verses of twenty or more.

Then pen, ink and paper Some wax and a taper. Were all the expenses incurred; Now, costly bouquets, Drives, operas, plays,

And "seats in the parquette preferred." Then, old-fashioned ways. The minuet's maze. The sonnets by messenger sent;

A seat meant for one, Her promise is won. And all without costing a cent. -Chicago Journal.

## MY FIRST CIGAR.

Reasons That Determined Me To Let It Be My Last.

"Go and buy a eigar." Mr. Nimon was a carpenter employed in building a warehouse for grain-shippers at Wyckles, a little station on the Wabash railway, in Central Illinois, and, as he spoke, he handed me a five-cent

My parents lived at Wyckles. I was the youngest of four sons, and was ten years old at the time-just the right age to think it smart to step around with a cigar between my teeth.

I had always been a favorite with Mr. Nimon, and I suppose he thought he was doing the right thing when he told me to buy a cigar, or, he may have thought the attractions of "gum-drops" and "taffy-on-a-stick" would be too much "And I shall feel badly if you do not for me and I would lay out the nickel in those luxuries instead of buying a cigar with it. But, if such were his thoughts, he was mistaken, for I took the nickel, and, marching into a store near by, kept by a cripple named Bradshaw, planked it down upon the counter and asked for a cigar with as indifferent an air as I could assume, with the doubts of my ability to conquer the weed already assailing me.

The store-keeper gave me a quizzical look, reached for a box, hesitated for a moment, and then took down another. Throwing the lid back, he set before me some very dark and ominous-looking

Had I been an experienced smoker and a judge of eigars, I would have known that the ones before me were particularly dangerous specimens, but I wasn't, and did'nt, and so, in blissful unconciousness of what was before me. I selected one of the noisome weeds, bit off the end (as I had seen men do), and then lighting it, stuck it in my mouth and strutted out of the store with my head thrown back and chest expanded, puffing away

like one to the manner born. Had I seen the amused smile upon Bradshaw's face as I left his store, my suspicions might have been aroused, but I didn't see it, and so continued to step round with the cigar between my teeth, feeling, or rather, endeavoring to feelfor the cigar tasted horrible, and made me have a queer sensation in the region of my stomach-that I was every inch a

But this state of affairs lasted but a short time. Had I taken the trouble to look at myself in a mirror after five minutes at that eigar, I would have noticed an unusual pallor to my face, and a whiteness about my lips foreign to them in a normal state. And my stomach! from a simple state of sickness it had broken out in open rebellion, and the war which was waged between the legitimate contents of said stomach and the poisonous saliva and bits of tobacco which I had unwittingly swallowed was awful while it lasted, and it lasted quite long enough to suit me, I assure you.

Needless to say, perhaps, the tobacco conquered, and around behind some cars which were standing on the sidetrackwhere I had gone as quickly as a swimming head and staggering footsteps would let me-I was speedily relieved of

both contending forces. But, oh! how weak, and sick and faint, and wretched I did feel!-not a bit like man now-and thinking I would keep quiet for awhile, until I felt better. I crawled under one of the cars and laid down beside the rails. How it happened that I went to sleep I do not know. Perhaps it was induced by my particular weak state, both mentally and physthere ten minutes before I was asleep,

sound as a top. How long I slept I do not know, but I grinding, gliding noise, accompanied by a regular click-click! click-click!

occasioned the queer noise, I would have known what made it: The cars under which I was lying were moving, and at a speed which would have made it dangerous for me

the wheels, even if I had been on my

I knew the sound only too well, and

even if my eyes had not told me what

feet, braced, ready for the leap. But I wasn't. I was lying flat upon my back upon the thin layer of earth which covered the crossties, between the rails, and to attempt to regain my feet would have been suicidal, for the trucks of the cars would have knocked me down and I would have been run over by the big iron wheels and killed.

What to do I did not know. I was frightened, almost paralyzed with fear, and I lay motionless, watching with a species of fascination the rapidly revolv- throat was clogged with acorns. He ing wheels and listening to their click- tried to drive them down, but as he ints where the ends of the rails came nearly a half peck of acorns fell out of its body.

Then a terrible thought struck me: the cars could not move without motive power, where was the engine?

There was about a foot of space between my body and the trucks of the cars, and I cautiously raised my head a trifle and glanced down along my body in the direction from which the cars were coming.

Horror of horrors! The engine was on that end of the string of cars, pushing them, and only two cars intervened between it and my trembling self!

I was paralyzed with horror for a moment. The ash-pan on all locomotive eagines is beneath the body of the monster, and is invariably only about six inches from the rails. It would be impossible for it to pass over the body of a child, much less that of a goodsized boy, without mangling, scraping and tearing it to pieces.

I realized this with a chill of terror, but what to do I could not think. It really seemed as if there was nothing I could do-that I had no choice in the matter, but would be forced to lie there and be mangled-scraped-torn to pieces beneath that awful ash-pan, and I involuntarily closed my eyes and shuddered.

The cars were moving at a rapid rate of speed now, and as my eyes came open again, the rear end of the first of the two remaining cars was just passing over me. The forward end of the last car passed

rapidly, and the other end approached. It would be followed by the tender, then the engine, under which was the ash-pan, which would mangle my poor body in another moment. The horrible thought nerved me to

desperation, and, as the end of the car reached me, I threw up my hands and clutched the rapidly-moving trucks with a grip made trebly strong by terror. I was jerked with such suddenness and force that my arms were nearly pulled out of their sockets, but I held

on with an energy born of despair, and was dragged along with the car, my feet thumping against the ties at a rate which threatened to relieve my shoes of their heel-taps if not my feet of the shoes themselves. But I retained my bold. To lose my grasp and fall upon the track would be

certain death-death in a particularly horrible form, and I shuddered and gripped the trucks with renewed en-As onward I was dragged, I made attempts to draw myself up upon the

trucks, but it was beyond my power and

I could only grip them tighter and wait. Would the cars never stop? Onward and still onward I was dragged, across two cattle-guards, where the wagon-road crossed the railroad, and for fifty yards farther, when just as I was on the point of having to let go my hold-it really seemed as if I could not retain my grasp a moment longer-I noticed that the speed of the cars was di-

Little by little they slackened up slower and slower they moved, but no until they had come to a dead stand-still did I dare let go my hold and crawl out

from under the car. This I did and then sank upon the ground beside the railrowl track, utterly unnerved-almost fainting. And my arms and legs, how sore they were! Its was two weeks at least, before they return to any thing like their rormal condition of usefulness.

The train took the cars-which were loaded with shelled corn-away with it, and as I stood in the middle of the track and saw the old red caboose disappear around the curve in the deep cut a quarter of a mile to the east of the little station of Wyckles, I thought, with a shudder, of the narrow escape which I had had from a horrible death, and I registered a vow to never, never again touch tobacco in any form.

And I have kept my vow.-S. A. D. Cox, in Yankee Blade.

SOME RARE OLD BONDS. They Were Yellow From Age, But Proved

to Be Worth \$70,000 in Gold.

It was while Judge Folger was Secretary (said an old Treasury official.) One morning an old man came in to me who was from a New England State. He said that about twenty years ago he found some old stocks or bonds among the papers of an uncle (mentioning his name); he had been a man of National reputation for ability, and had a comfortable fortune for those days-that is from 1830 to 1840-and he had come to the United States Treasury to find out if they were worth any thing, as they seemed to be United States bonds. I looked at them. They were ten of the "old debt" bonds, and were indeed curiosities. They were old and vellow from age, but were worth, principal and interest, in gold \$70,000, for there were ten years' interest due on them. You can imagine the old man's amazement when I told him this. "Why, I would gladly have taken \$5,000 for them." said he, "and I offered them to a Boston ically, at that time; but, be that as it banker for less than that, but he rather may, certain it is that I had not lain superciliously and contemptuously declined to buy them at any figure." I took the old man in to see Judge Folger, who was very much interested in the was suddenly awakened by a queer, matter when I explained it to him. He had never seen any of the "old loan" securities, and after these were paid and canceled I believe he directed that one of them be framed and preserved. Well, in less than half an hours' time the old New-Englander walked out of the building with a check in his pocket on the New York Sub-Treasury for \$70,-000 in gold. How that "smart" Boston to have attempted to spring out between | banker must have cursed his own ignorance and stupidity when he learned what he had thrown away."-St. Louis Republic.

-A duck got into a queer fix near Rochester, Pa., the other day. The ducks of that place eat the acorns which are scattered over the ground under the oak trees, and this particular duck ate so many that when the owner returned from work in the evening it was lying prostrate. unable to walk or squawk. He looked into the mouth and saw that its