

**A JOYOUS FARMER'S BOY.**

Poets have sung in words of joy  
That rural life is fun;  
I'd love to be a farmer's boy—  
A right rich farmer's son.

I love the old plow handles crook,  
With their most shapely neck;  
How they'd inspire my hands to clutch  
The fish pole by the brook!

And when the plowing was begun  
My steps would not be stayed,  
How quick a furrow I could run  
Directed to the shade!

And then when came the planting morn,  
All in the sun intense,  
How nimbly could I drop the corn  
And climb up on the fence!

Haymaking time doth make more lilt  
The muscles and the thow;  
How sweet to swing the glittering scythe—  
Across a bough and snooze!

And when the garden should be made  
I'd were rife with rural charms  
To go forth with the trusty spade  
And dig some angie worms.

And how delightful it would be,  
With arms all strong and stout,  
To drive the ax into the tree  
So it would not come out.

And if the fences lacked repair,  
Indeed 'twould stir the blood  
To go and hunt an opening where  
My neighbor's daughter stood!

—A. W. Bellaw, in *Detroit Free Press*.



CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

"What is it, my child?" he asked, laying his hand on her hair. "A lover's quarrel?"

"Yes," she whispered. "The first we have ever had."

"Well, well, we all know that lovers never part after a first quarrel," he said, in a quiet matter-of-fact tone that calmed her nerves. "What was it all about, little one, if an old man may ask?"

"It arose out of a very simple speech of mine which seemed to annoy Michael," answered Olive, her cheeks flushing and paling as she recalled the afternoon's experience. "We were sitting under the trees in Kew Gardens, and I asked him if we could possibly be happier than we were then?"

"Michael took offense because you were too easily contented, and one word followed another," said Uncle Wake.

"Yes," Olive considered for a moment, and then repeated all that she could remember of the conversation. Afterwards a silence fell upon them both, and the roll of wheels in the Strand sounded but faintly in their ears. It was Olive who broke the pause.

"If I could only believe that this was merely a difference of opinion, and not a difference of spirit, I should be easier," she said. "But Michael seems to think that my ideal life is an absurd dream. He cannot realize any kind of happiness that is not founded on self-interest alone. He cannot comprehend any joy outside himself. Oh, how horrible it seems to say these things about the man whom I love with all my heart! Help me, Uncle Wake, speak kind words and comfort me!"

"This was an appeal which Samuel had not expected to hear for many a day. He had not known that Olive had been rapidly gaining powers of pen-

in high good humor. Edward Battersby had met him, and had invited him to dine at a fashionable restaurant that evening.

"Men are made of tougher materials than you fancy," Uncle Wake replied, with a reassuring smile. "He looked well enough when I saw him. Take my word for it, that headache was an excuse for ill-temper. Don't be fussy about him, my dear. He will find his way back to you when the fit is over."

Then he brought one of the books that were piled upon the table, and began to read a poem aloud. The verses were well chosen, and his voice was pleasant to her ears. So the afternoon glided into evening, and when Mrs. Wake came home, more pensive and shadowy than ever after her visit to Jessie, Olive was able to meet her with cheerfulness. It was hard to see Michael's vacant place at the supper table; but Uncle Wake encouraged her with smiles, and talked quite openly of the absent lover.

"If he does not come in on Monday or Tuesday, I shall go and look him up," he said. "Ah, Mrs. Wake, how unreasonable you used to be if I ever dared to have a headache! It is only women who are allowed to be invalids. A lover ought to have an iron constitution."

"You always had," his wife remarked, "but Michael is not made of iron, and he looks as if he had nerves. Perhaps he is a little irritable sometimes. I know he has a short temper, but what is manner when a man is hardworking and steady? When I looked at our poor Jessie to-day, I could not help thinking of Olive's good fortune."

For years, everybody had been talking to Olive about her good fortune. Who was she, that such a clever young man should have set his heart upon her? The girl had always been humble and grateful, and she was humble and grateful still; only a subtle change was stealing over the humility and gratitude. She did not think less of Michael, nor was she less lowly in mind, but she had begun to use certain faculties which had been undeveloped in her village home.

She had learned lately that there are certain aspirations which cannot be stifled, even at love's command, without self-degradation. Truly he who findeth his life in this world only, shall lose it; the worship of things that perish in the using destroys all spiritual life in the worshiper. Olive had found out this truth.

When she lay down to rest that night she fell into a peaceful sleep, and dreamed of the old downs and fields of her childhood. Michael was roaming with her through those calm meadows, rich with the purple and gold of summer. He was once more the younger and simpler Michael of the past; they were happy in the old-fashioned way of rustic lovers. Then Jane and Aaron joined them, and they followed the course of the rivulet through the grass, and laughed for very gladness of heart.

She awoke suddenly in the light of a London day, with that dream-laughter ringing in her ears. And then all the bitterness of yesterday came back like a flood, and she remembered that she and Michael had drifted apart.

But downstairs there was the everyday life awaiting her, full of its wholesome work and cheerfulness. And there was a note from Michael, addressed to herself, and written late on Sunday night.

"Dearest Olive" (it ran), "Do not wonder at my absence for a few days. I hope to bring you good news when I come. My head is better."  
"Yours as ever, M. C."

**CHAPTER X.**

"HOW THE OLD, OLD TIES ARE LOOSENING." Olive lived cheerfully on that brief note all through the week. Michael had forgiven her, and the world was bright again.

He came to see her on Sunday afternoon, but the visit was short. Edward Battersby had claimed him for the evening. All his dreams were about to be realized, success was within his grasp, and Olive listened to his explanations with wonder and delight. There was no doubt as to the working of his new plan; it had already been tested with the most satisfactory results, and was to have a longer and fuller trial. Meanwhile Edward Battersby was overwhelming him with tokens of good will. Everyone in the works was aware of his exaltation; he was to receive more substantial rewards later on, but even now he was recognized as a person of the highest importance.

"What does Aaron say to all this?" asked Olive, when Michael paused to take breath. "I wish he would come and see me."

Michael frowned impatiently.

"Why do you think of Aaron?" he said; "he was always a gloomy fool who could not help himself, and lately he has been insufferable."

"He is unhappy, Michael." Her face was troubled. "You see, he has long been wanting to make a home for Jane, and when they loved his wages he lost heart. But now that your success is assured, dear, you will be kind to him?"

"Kind to him!" Michael repeated angrily. "I shall be heartily glad to see the last of him, and hear the last of his maudering talk about old times."

"But he was our early friend," she said sadly, "and there is poor Jane to be considered."

"I don't know why I should consider Jane," returned Michael loftily. "She certainly has no claim on me. But this is always the case, when a man succeeds in life, all his old acquaintances hang round his neck like millstones. He is not allowed to enjoy the fruits of his own toil alone."

"Dear Michael!" her hand softly touched his. "Ought one to enjoy the fruits of one's toil alone?"

"You are a most extraordinary girl, Olive," he said, in the indulgent tone she knew so well. "You never lose a chance of saying something sentimental—something taken from one of your favorite books! But never mind, I will not let anything mar our pleasure to-day. You are free to talk to your uncle, and tell him all our good news."

Her face brightened in an instant.

"Dear Uncle Wake," she said, "he is

always so glad to hear of anyone's prosperity."

"Well, he has had little enough of his own to be glad of," remarked Michael, with a contemptuous laugh. "What will he say when he has to part with you, Olive? Anyone can see that you are the light of this house; but I can't lend my illuminator to other people much longer. And I wish you would give up that wretched flower business, little woman."

"Don't ask me to give it up just yet," she said, in a sweet voice of entreaty. "Please don't. I will promise to be very good and obedient by and by."

"I suppose I must be contented with that promise," he answered, affably, "but I am glad you keep well out of sight at that flower shop. I don't want my wife's face to be known to the public."



SHE SCARCELY NOTICED HIM.

lie yet. Do you know, child, I intend that you shall create a sensation? You will be a noted beauty one of these days, if you take care of yourself and do as I tell you."

A richer bloom rose to the soft cheek, but the lips quivered as if with pain.

"I should hate notoriety," she said, proudly.

"Nonsense! you won't hate anything in your new life," he replied, kissing her. "It will be a life of charming dresses and jewels; what can a woman desire more?"

"Oh, I shall want much more than that," she answered, looking frankly up at him with clear eyes.

But he only laughed, and went his way.

More days went and came, and he did not come, but frequent notes made amends for his absence. Olive went about her daily business with the lightest of hearts and the brightest of faces. Uncle Wake rejoiced with her in her joy, and Aunt Wake talked of nothing but weddings and bridal array. Sometimes when Olive looked back to the Sunday afternoon in Kew Gardens, it seemed very dim and far distant. She could hardly recognize herself in the girl who had sat under the arches and had been so passionately miserable that day.

Ah, she would ask Michael to take her to the gardens again when he had time enough to spare. She must have been in a foolish mood when they were there last, or his headaché, perhaps, had made him fractious. His letters were so affectionate and kind that her doubts were all beginning to disappear. He had been hardened, absorbed; every nerve had been strained in his long struggle, but now that the end was gained there would be peace. Yes, and leisure for thoughts of others and good deeds and gentle words.

The one cloud in her bright sky was Aaron. She had written to him once or twice but there was no reply, and he never fulfilled his promise of coming to see her again. Jane was beginning to despair, but Olive still wrote to her a cheerful strain, begging her not to give up all hope. Surely something could be done for Aaron by and by, and if Michael still refused to come to the aid of his old friend Olive, she would take the matter into her own hands. In some way or other Aaron should be helped out of the slough.

She was so busy with her thoughts and hopes that although Edward Aylstone came several times to the florist's shop she scarcely noticed him. As in a dream she heard his voice, ordering sprays of ivory roses, and in a dream still she wore flowers and leaves together. She did not know that his glance always turned to the corner where she sat with pretty curly brown head bent over her work. She did not know that he gazed long at the counter in the hope of seeing her lift her eyes or hearing her speak. Another girl, absolutely true of heart would have served his frequent comings and goings and have drawn her own conclusion. But Olive was under a potent spell.

At last, when the days were sultry and still and London was empty, fast, Michael came to see her again. He came, as he had been wont to do, on a Sunday afternoon and found Olive in the parlor upstairs. At the sight of him the Wake's husband and wife, discreetly vanished. And they said to each other in confidence that they had never seen him look so worn and strange. Olive, too, was struck with this "strangeness" and met him with an anxiety that shaded her joy.

"Dear, you have worked too hard," she said.

Yet as she looked at him again she saw that he had gained something by the loss of his fresh color, the pallor gave a new refinement to his face. His clothes, too, seemed to be worn in a new and easier fashion. He moved less stiffly and spoke more quietly.

"I believe I should have broken down entirely," he said. "It had not been for the sea breeze, the Battersbys are at South Sea, and I have been running down to see them."

"Then you are quite intimate with them now, Michael? Are they nice people? Is Mrs. Battersby a good, motherly woman? Are there any daughters? Oh, I am so glad they are going to be kind to us! I cried poor Olive in her simplicity."

An uneasy look flitted across Michael's face.

"My dear girl, you should not fly into raptures on small occasions," he remarked, coldly. "How is one to answer such a string of questions? First of all, there is no Mrs. Battersby. And as Mr. Battersby is a feeble old man whose mind is failing, I cannot get very intimate with him."

"Oh," said Olive in a disappointed tone; "and there is no daughter?"

"Well, yes, there is a daughter." He admitted the fact with a curious reluctance. "But she is a good deal older than you are; and—and you would not find her a sympathetic person, I think."

"Then she is not nice, is she?" Olive asked.

"I really don't know what you mean by 'nice'; it is a woman's word."

Michael tried to smile naturally, and only produced a strange contortion of the lips.

"But if people are not sympathetic they can't be nice," persisted Olive unwisely. "You think her horrid, and don't like to say so."

He flushed angrily.

"I have never thought anything so preposterous," he said. "I only meant that Miss Battersby was calm and sensible, and not given to romantic dreaming."

The speech was spoken in a tone that pained Olive deeply. She strove to talk on as if nothing had hurt her, but she was not able to pretend a cheerfulness that she did not feel. Michael had not said a word about their future plans; he did not tell her that she must soon come to a new home. He talked in a vague way of changes at the works, and of old Mr. Battersby's uncertain life, and said that Edward Battersby hated trouble and business. And then he suddenly got up to go, and gave her a cold kiss at parting.

"When shall I see you again, Michael?" she asked.

"I don't know. I wish I could fix a day for coming," he answered; "but Edward is always wanting me, and I am so worried and hurried that there is scarcely time to think. However, I will write if I do not come."

When he had gone, Olive went away to her little room and sat down by the bed in utter bewilderment. The person that she loved, her promised husband, of whom she had thought hour after hour, what had become of him? It was not the old Michael who had just left her, but some one with a different manner and a cold heart. Success had come, and success which had been so longed for, and was this all that it had brought? The window was left open, but the hot London air that came in did not cool her burning temples. Oh, to be at Eastmoor now, and feel the breeze blowing fresh from the old hills!

Uncle Wake did not like the aspect of affairs, and saw that Olive was looking pale and sad. He sent her to church with his wife, and meditated over the state of things without deciding on what was best to be done. It seemed to him that Michael was disposed to draw back; but if it were so, Samuel was not a man to drag him forward. Better that this rare flower should wither on its stalk, than that an unwilling hand should be forced to gather it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**Writing to the King.**

At Szanad, in Hungary, lives a poor peasant farmer named Pero Bati. The destruction of the crops and loss of cattle had plunged him into difficulties. One sleepless night he conceived a novel idea and rose early the next morning and carried it out. This idea took the form of the following epistle: "To the Most Honorable and Well-born Herr King: My cow is dead—with great respect I submit this—and my noble farm

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ers' Institute

to the aid of his old friend Olive, she would take the matter into her own hands. In some way or other Aaron should be helped out of the slough.

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by which it is carefully combed and freed from impurities. A machine called a "slipper" then takes it up and twists it out into white yarn. This is carefully combed again, and it is then taken into another department, where several small strands of this yarn are twisted into one fine one. Three of these are then twisted together and you then have six-cord thread, which, after it is bleached, is ready for the market. Another interesting thing is the numbering of the thread. Every lady knows the size of thread that she requires for doing a certain piece of work but very few of them know how it came to be so numbered. You see, when cotton thread was first made eight hundred and forty yards of it weighed one pound. This was called number one, and if a pound contained just twice this number of yards it was called number two, and so on.—Chicago Times

Pleasant Prospect.

Little boy pulls a revolver in a saloon by the coat tails.

"What do you want, Tommy?"

"Come home, pa. Ma has been waiting with the poker for you for the last two hours."—Texas Siftings.

**BOB FORD KILLED.**

The Assassin of Jesse James Stain at Creede, Col., by a Deputy Sheriff. CREEDE, Col., June 9.—Bob Ford is dead—slain without warning as he slew Jesse James. Deputy Sheriff Watt Kelly shot him yesterday in his own dance hall.

Ford, notorious over all the land as the killer of the most notorious bandit of the century, had been in this place almost ever since Creede camp began. He came with that influx of killers and bad men that always comes to the western town that begins to boom and to be talked about. He recently opened a dance hall of the regulation type, and on the strength of having shot Jesse James through the back of the head, posed much as one of the worst of bad men.

Last February in Pueblo Ford quarreled with Deputy Kelly, who is a killer and a bad man himself. It was over a woman, this quarrel. The two had hated each other ever since. Yesterday afternoon Kelly was to be seen lounging in the doorway of Ford's dance hall. A man, whom no one has seen since, approached and slipped a short double-barreled shot-gun into his hands.

Thus armed Kelly stepped into the dance hall. "Bob!" he said, holding his weapon ready for action.

Ford was standing with his back to Kelly scarcely five feet away. He turned and as he saw who had called him his hand went for his six-shooter. But he had no chance on earth. Kelly had simply to raise his shot-gun and let it go. Ford's hand never reached his revolver.

The shot-gun, heavily loaded with buckshot, did frightful work at so short a range. The whole charge struck full in Ford's neck, tearing away wind pipe and jugular. The man died instantly.

Kelly walked quietly through the crowd that gathered and gave himself into the custody of the sheriff. Last night he would not talk about his deadly work.

**THE ALLIANCE CHIEF DYING.**

L. L. Polk Said to Be Dangerously Ill in Washington.

WASHINGTON, June 9.—Col. L. L. Polk, of North Carolina, president of the National Farmers' Alliance, is dangerously ill at his residence in this city. Mr. Polk has been ill for about ten days, suffering from hemorrhage of the bladder, caused probably by a tumor. This has caused blood poisoning, and it is now thought there is no hope for his recovery.

His son-in-law, Mr. Denmark, is with him, and Mrs. Polk has been telegraphed for. A report was current last night that Col. Polk was dead, but it was afterward denied.



L. L. POLK.

FIVE MILLION POUNDS.

Failure of the Oriental Bank of London for That Amount.

LONDON, June 9.—It was rumored that a large eastern bank was in difficulty and that heavy claims against the bank were pending. A rumor was also current on the street that the Oriental bank was being assisted by other banks. The distressed bank, the new Oriental, was refused assistance from the Bank of England and decided to suspend. It has a capital of \$10,000,000 and assets and liabilities amounting to \$40,000,000.

The directors recommend the depositors to withdraw only 20 per cent. of their deposits in order to allow the successful reconstruction of the bank.

The suspension is largely due to the depreciation in the value of silver, to the consequent increasing distrust in Great Britain of investments in the east, coupled with the unprecedented condition of trade in China, Japan and Australia, and losses incurred through the hurricane at Mauritius.

The report concludes with the statement that steps will be taken to protect the assets of the bank.

The immediate liabilities are believed to amount to \$5,500,000.

**POWDER MILL EXPLOSION.**

A Fatal One Which Occurred Twenty Miles From Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, June 9.—An explosion occurred at King's powder mill, twenty miles from here. During the severe storm the machines in the cartridge house exploded and Archie Grubbs, aged 30, living at Morrow, O., was instantly killed by a piece of iron being driven through his head. Joshua Cloutte had his leg broken and back injured; Louis Ludeke, arm and face badly hurt; Miss Bettie Horner, prostrated by the shock; Edward D. Bory, face cut and head bruised. Several others were slightly injured. A bolt of lightning struck one of the powder hoppers on the top floor and ran down an electric wire to the cartridge machines. The factory is a total wreck.

**A Denial from Mr. Blaine.**

NEW YORK, June 9.—The World to-day publishes the following: "To the Editor of the World: Boston, Wednesday Evening, June 8.—Will you please state in your columns that it is utterly false that I or any one for me, or in my name, ever paid or offered to pay Mary Nevins Blaine, or any one for her, one cent or any other sum for any letters she holds. I have never heard of the subject directly or indirectly except in the newspapers. Respectfully, JAMES G. BLAINE."

**International Exhibitors.**

NEW YORK, June 9.—A meeting of international exhibitors was held here to-day, and it was agreed to appoint an agent resident in Chicago to represent exhibitors from this city in the matter of allotting space for exhibits at the world's fair.

**Valuable Turquoise Deposits Found.**

PHOENIX, Ariz., June 9.—Large deposits of turquoise have been discovered near this city, and fine specimens have been sent to San Francisco and other points for testing. These stones have been mined and worked by the Indians for a long time.

**LOST FOREVER.**

The Bodies of Many of the Victims at Titusville and Oil City May Never Be Found.

OIL CITY, Pa., June 8.—Yesterday morning broke cloudless and the sunshine helped to dispel the gloom overhanging the valley. With daylight the searching parties were again at work seeking for the remains of the victims of the great calamity Sunday.

Mayor Hunt has issued a proclamation calling on all storekeepers, manufacturers, bankers and business men to close their establishments so that all may engage in the work necessary to recovery from the present condition of the city.

That many of the victims of the flood will never be found is certain. The swift current has carried many away, the flames have made cinders of others and the crumbling banks of the creek have made their graves.

The list of the dead as published does not give an adequate idea of the loss of life. In the portion of the city which suffered the greatest damage there lived hundreds of foreign laborers whose names are unknown and who never will be found. In the same section there were numerous children and of the great number only ten have been found.

The problem is, where are all the rest? Those who are acquainted with this section of the city say that scores have perished who will never be heard of. These same continue to estimate the loss at 150 and others insist if a complete record could be had the awful list would reach 300.

Yesterday the funeral rites over twenty-two bodies of the victims of the fire and flood were held and never were sadder or more impressive scenes witnessed.

Up to noon the relief committee had received \$5,000, making a total so far of about \$15,000. There are no young children left orphans. The children were the ones which must have quickly succumbed to the flood and fire, and not a case of a destitute orphan child has yet been reported. As a rule death came to the entire family, if not, the fathers, mothers and older children were the survivors.

The oil tank on the Clapp farm caught fire again last night and caused great excitement. Some of the more timorous were greatly frightened lest there should be another explosion, but this trouble is not anticipated by those familiar with the place.

**AT TITUSVILLE.**

TITUSVILLE, Pa., June 8.—The coroner's jury yesterday morning made a trip over the ground where the lives were lost in Saturday's awful disaster, picking up information which may be of service to them when they come to examine into this calamity.

The total amount of money subscribed so far is \$11,730, but it will take more than a dozen times that sum to do much practical good.

The aggregate money loss in this city is now placed at \$1,500,000.

It was reported late last evening that ten bodies had been found at Miller farm, seven miles below here, but the report has not yet been verified. There is no question that a number of bodies are floating down the river or are lodged somewhere in the timber which is piled high up along the river bank and on small islands which have been formed by the course of the creek having been diverted. The search for bodies can only be prosecuted by daylight, as the electric plant has been disabled.

**SAD DROWNING.**

In Attempting to Rescue the Son, the Father, Mother and Daughter Lost Their Lives by Drowning.

FOREST CITY, Mo., June 8.—Yesterday Stephen Shaler, a boy 16 years of age, was running across a foot bridge over a pond when he fell overboard. His mother and sister, the latter a girl of 15, witnessed the accident and jumped into the water to rescue him. The water was over their heads, and instead of saving the boy they found themselves struggling for their own lives.

The father, Stephen Shaler, was summoned to the spot by the cries of his drowning wife and children, and, although unable to swim, at once jumped into the water.

The fight for life only lasted a short time, and when the neighbors finally reached the spot it was only in time to remove from the water the bodies of father, mother and children. Five other little children are left orphans by the accident.

**THE ELECTION IN OREGON.**

Congressmen, State Officers and the Legislature Secured by the Republicans.

PORTLAND, Ore., June 8.—The first fight in the political struggle of 1893 was held in Oregon yesterday when a state election to choose two congressmen, two state officers and the legislature occurred.

Herrmann, republican in the First congressional district, is elected to congress by 3,500 plurality. Ellis, republican, is elected from the Second district by about 4,000 plurality. Moore, republican, is elected supreme judge by at least 6,000 plurality. For attorney-general the count is not completed and it is still in doubt.

The republicans control both branches of the legislature.

**The Freaks of Lightning.**

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., June 8.—Wm. B. Weaver, a farmer who lived near Williamsville, this county, was instantly killed by lightning during the storm yesterday afternoon while driving from the field. The two horses he was driving were also killed, but three men with him were unhurt.

**Whites and Blacks.**

MEMPHIS, Tenn., June 8.—Two committees of thirty, representing the whites and blacks of this community, met at the Cotton exchange to-night to discuss measures tending to restore the era of good feeling between the two races. The situation here has been threatening ever since last March, when three deputy sheriffs were shot by a negro mob while attempting to serve a warrant, and a white mob, two days later, lynched three of the ringleaders. Hence the effort on the part of conservative men of both races to come to an understanding that will insure peace.