

PREPARING FOR THE FUTURE.

"When I'm a man," said little Tom, "I'll get a job and buy a store, and I'll keep a drug store, and I'll keep a drug store, and I'll keep a drug store."

THE MERCHANT'S CRIME.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER X—CONTINUED. "Well, your wish is likely to be gratified," said his guardian.

"I should like to show you some views of Niagara, which I have here, Mr. Cromwell," said Paul Morton.

He looked significantly in the face of his companion. James Cromwell's face grew pale, as he comprehended the infernal meaning of this speech, and he echoed the word "Horrible."

"I think," he said, "that you will be able to start on the day after tomorrow. I will see that Robert is ready, and if you will come round by nine o'clock, there will be ample time to take the middle train."

"And now, I think, Mr. Cromwell, I shall be obliged to leave you, as my business, which I have neglected of late, requires my attention."

Here James Cromwell shuddered, and imprisonment, trial, conviction and the gallows, loomed up, an ugly picture, before him.

CHAPTER XI. On Goat Island.

"Robert," said his guardian, "this is Mr. Cromwell, who is to take charge of you on the journey. Mr. Cromwell, this is my ward, whom I hope you will find a pleasant traveling companion."

"How do you do?" said James Cromwell, holding out his hand rather stiffly to the boy.

"I am well, thank you," said Robert, looking with curiosity, and it must be confessed, disappointment, at the young man who was to be his companion.

He had hoped that he would be a congenial person, with whom he might be on terms of pleasant familiarity; but when he looked at the small ferret-like eyes and mean features of James Cromwell, his first impressions were unfavorable.

James Cromwell was on his side not without sharpness or insight. As he met the boy's gaze with the glance of his small ferret-like eyes, he perceived the look of disappointment, however carefully it was veiled, and with the spite of a small, mean mind, it inspired him with instant dislike for Robert.

"I have obtained tickets for you by the middle train," proceeded the merchant. "Here they are," Mr. Cromwell.

you with your trunks to the railroad depot. Good-bye, Robert, good-bye, Mr. Cromwell. A pleasant journey to you."

Again a greenish pallor overspread the face of James Cromwell, for he understood the allusion, and his cowardly nature recoiled with fear, not without abhorrence.

"I hope I shall never see that boy alive again," he said to himself. "Once get him out of the way and the money is mine. A hundred and twenty thousand dollars will be a great wind-fall to me. To be sure, there will be ten thousand to pay to Cromwell, but it will leave over a hundred thousand. Egad! it would be a capital arrangement if they both would tumble over the falls together. It would be the best joke of the season."

In due time they reached the station, and entering one of the long cars, selected their seats. They did not sit down together, but took seats directly in front of each other, giving a window to each.

"I suppose I ought to say something to him," thought Robert, "but I don't know what to say."

Indeed, there seemed to be no common ground on which they could meet. With some persons the boy would have been engaged in an animated conversation long before this, but he seemed to have nothing to say to James Cromwell.

"Do you like traveling?" he asked at length.

"I am sorry for that, for you shall lose the scenery on the way—I mean, that we pass through during the night."

Here the conversation dropped. James Cromwell bought a paper from a boy who came through the cars, and began to read. Robert, with all the eager interest of his age, employed himself in looking out of the window, watching the fields and houses among which they were wending their rapid way.

The next day was pleasant. Together the two walked about, enjoying views of the cataract from various points. At length Cromwell said, "How would you like to go to Goat Island? I am told the view is fine from there."

"I should like it very much. Suppose we go," said Robert promptly.

Had he known the sinister purpose with which this proposition was made, he would have recoiled from it as from a deadly serpent, but the boy was wholly unconscious of the peril that menaced him, nor did he observe the nervous agitation that affected James Cromwell, whose timidity made him shrink with fear at the risk he was about to incur.

"Then we will go," said the young man. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

There was a boy who was sent out by his father to sell some potatoes. He carried the bag around all day without a sale, and, on reaching home at night threw it down with the surly exclamation: "Nobody that I met asked me for potatoes. One fellow wanted to know what I had in the bag and I told him it was none of his damned business."

There was, in the same town a colored gentleman who went about howling at the top of his voice: "Fish! Fish! Fish! Fresh Fish!" "Shut up that racket!" said an angry dame at a window.

THE LORD AND LADY

COLRIDGES LIVED HAPPILY TOGETHER ALWAYS.

Their Wedded Life an Example—The Lord was Popular in America but Unpopular in England—His Predecessor's Private Life.

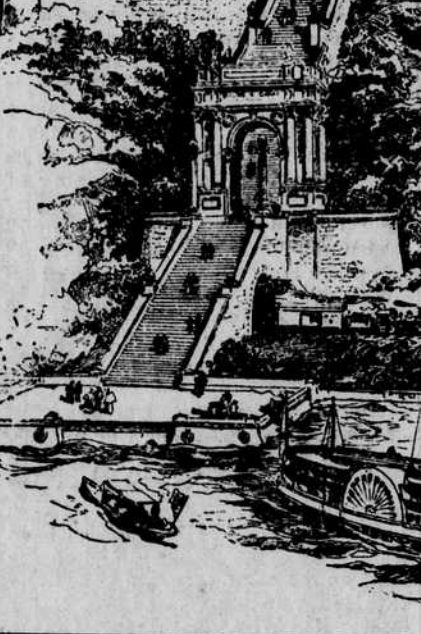
THE DEATH OF Lord Coleridge removes from the English bench one of the most able men that ever adorned it, and a man who, in spite of his sterling qualities, was the most unpopular of English judges.

Far more learned than his predecessor, Sir Alexander Cockburn, equally honest in purpose, and living a more blameless life, he managed to make himself so disliked by his countrymen that lampoons on his private family history were received by the English public with delight; whereas, when Cockburn died all England wept, although his scandalous manner of living was notorious.

This is one of the strange characteristics of the English public. It borders its gown with phylacteries; cries out, "Thank God, we are not as other men are!" and places on pedestals to worship men who have gained notoriety in giving way to the weaknesses of flesh. The late prince consort was never popular with the subjects of his wife because he led a blameless life. The memory of Henry VIII is far more honored in England than that of William III. A certain royal personage, whose numerous peccadillos are town talk, has far more honor in his own country than his younger brother, who is said to be uxoriously inclined.

Lord Coleridge came of a noted family. His father was a great lawyer; his uncle, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, poet, critic and philosopher, was a star of the first magnitude in the firmament of letters; and there were many other Coleridges whose names are inscribed on the rolls of famous Englishmen and Englishwomen.

Lord Coleridge was born in 1821, and was educated at Eton. At the age of 17 he took an open scholarship at Balliol college, Oxford, and at the university gained a considerable reputation as a theologian. It was generally supposed in those days that he would adopt the church as a profes-



THE LATE LORD COLERIDGE

sion, but after taking a first-class degree and being elected a Fellow of Exeter college, he "ate his dinners" and joined the bar.

His rise was rapid. In 1865 he became a member of parliament. Three years later Mr. Gladstone made him a solicitor-general and the queen knighted him. In 1871 he was appointed attorney-general, and while holding this position he conducted the prosecution in the celebrated Tich-



borne case. His closing speech, which took over a month to deliver, is considered a masterpiece; but, as a rule, he was greater as a lawyer than as an orator. Soon after the Tichborne trial he was raised to the bench, and in 1872 he was made master of the rolls. A year later he was Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas; another year passed and he became a peer, and in 1880, under a statute reorganizing the judiciary, he was appointed Lord Chief Justice of England.

A few years ago Lord Coleridge paid a visit to this country and left a most favorable impression as a conversationalist on those who had the pleasure of meeting him.



favorable impression as a conversationalist on those who had the pleasure of meeting him. On the steamer which took him back to England he met a Miss Lawford, the daughter of an Indian civil servant. She was remarkably handsome and on second noes he married her, although he was old enough to be her father.

Headache, Dyspepsia, Indigestion

are caused by bad blood, and by a run down, worn out condition of the body. Remember Hood's Sarsaparilla



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