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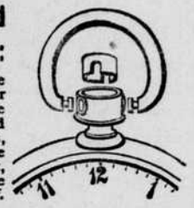

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HER LAST VISITOR.

Across her sky of summer dark and slow
It stole. Kind heaven never let her know
When the cloud fell, but the last light she had
Left her that day, young, beautiful—and mad,
A stranded life alone on a strange shore,
Till the great House of Pity shut her in,
And there, as if she was not nor had been,
Hope came no more.

Only love came, with tender voice and hand,
And smile and kiss she scarce could understand,
And once dear eyes, that now unanswered beamed
When friends looked on her, and as if she dreamed
Their faces shone and faded. Months and years
They met their lost one in the sad retreat
And found her not, and passed with burdened feet
And bitter tears.

She saw them but as phantoms which all hours
Thrust on her brain, and yet they brought her flowers
And gentle words, and lavished—was it vain?
Their unthanked pity on her unfelt pain
Month after month, year after year—and then
Some fell away; the world had swept them by,
And sorrowing friendship with its lingering sigh
Came not again.

Her mates found other favorites, some were wives
And mothers; into her own sisters' lives
Crept care; her brothers turned aside to wed
New loves grown dearer than the living dead;
And few and fewer of her kindred came
Till but two yearning mourners looked and smiled
Upon the imprisoned shadow of their child,
And breathed her name.

Long time the suffering father kept his tryst,
But failed at length and staid away, unmissed
By her he missed so sorely. Oh, the balm
Of a crazed soul's forgetfulness, the calm
That feels not when forgotten of its own!
The mother bore his load; and, with no mate
To share her journeys to th' asylum gate,
She went alone.

She went alone, week in, week out, alone
Summer and winter, till her blighted one
Became her babe again, and she grew gray
In motherly pilgrimages, nor delay
Nor doubt nor danger where her errand led
Staid her love's visit, longing to bring home
Her child. At last one day she did not come,
But she was dead.

—Theron Brown in Youth's Companion.

KNIGHT AND PILGRIM

My ancestor was a knight and the owner of vast realms. His domains included several small towns, great forests and farms and other gilt edge collateral, and his vassals were numbered by hundreds.

The management of his real estate he left to an agent, who boomed it to his lord's advantage, while my ancestor spent his time in tourneying and other knightly diversions, rescuing females in distress, storming castles and drinking wassail with the other lords when in funds.

He was a man of medium height, who wore eyeglasses and sandy whiskers, but when he was inside of his Damascus inlaid suit of chilled steel armor he was a person of imposing appearance, and he had a deep, bass voice, which gave its hearers a lasting impression of his greatness.

In battle he was a terror. Many were the infidels who bit the dust before his two handed sword, and many were the trophies of the field stacked up in his castle. He was fond of riding unattended through his domains and feeling the public pulse, as it were, and in this manner met with many adventures well worth recording. In an old black letter manuscript, dated 1246, there is an account of one of these adventures, which I have rendered into modern English, and goes to show how the life of a knight of old was subject to strange vicissitudes.

He was riding through a forest one day, when his steed suddenly reared and threw my ancestor to the ground with a dull thud. The knight, incumbered by his weighty armor, was unable to rise when he recovered from the shock, but he managed to crawl to the roadside and brace himself up against a tree. It was a lonely road, and few people traversed it. Thus he lay two days without food or drink, unable to get out of his armor or walk home. On the morning of the third day, a man in shabby garb approached with slow, leisurely steps. Coming up to my ancestor, he halted in surprise, and then opening the grating in the knight's visor he said:

"Hello! Hello!"

My ancestor replied:

"Good morrow, friend. I pray thee give me food and drink, or I perish."

"Who are you and what are you doing here?" quoth the man.

My ancestor informed him of his name and station, repeating his request for sustenance and concluding by inquiring his savior's name.

"I am Aimless Walker, the pilgrim," he replied, "just from the Holy Land on foot, but I have no fodder for you. Yet methinks," he mused, "that in a distant farmyard I espied a wheelbarrow left by some careless yokel. Hither will I hie me, and in two shakes will I return to thee and trundle thee to thy castle."

So speaking, he hied and in a short time returned with the barrow. First, however, he removed the knight's helmet, and filling it with water at a spring near by he brought the warrior drink, which cheered him mightily. Then, placing him in the barrow, he began to trundle him along the road toward the far distant town. They cheered the weary way by reciting their strange adventures to each other, and my ancestor has recorded in his diary that he never met a more cheerful and variegated liar in all his travels, and he was no slouch himself, it is said.

Toward noon Aimless grew fatigued, and stopping suddenly he said:

"What do I get out of this anyway?"

"Why, fellow," quoth the knight, "is it not enough to know that thou art serving thy lord?"

"Lord, nothing!" said Walker. "Perhaps you are not aware that I'm the inventor of the existence without labor system and high archchancellor of the lodge of Knights of the Road? It strikes me that I'm getting it where Mark got the mumps—in the neck."

"Hurry on," replied my ancestor, "or darkness will again befall us ere we reach my castle."

"If you were out of those iron garments and did a little walking yourself, the job would be easier," said Walker, and suiting the action to the words he turned the knight over, and with a monkey wrench which the warrior wore he began to undo his armor.

In a few minutes the knight appeared in his buckskin pajamas, and Walker was surprised to find him such a small and in fact insignificant person. Seeing that he outclassed him when he was out of his armor, he began to bully him, and finally he compelled my ancestor to wheel the barrow, loaded as it was with his armor and weapons.

Unaccustomed to such menial toil, the knight made such poor progress that evening found them still far from home. The pangs of hunger added to the knight's misery. But Walker disappeared in the woods, taking with him the warrior's long spear.

In less than an hour he returned with a couple of fat pullets, a small pig, and a peck of Early Rose potatoes, disposed about his person in a manner that would have done credit to the king's conjurer.

"And now," said he, as he laid his booty on the ground, "we will light a fire in the stove."

"What stove?" exclaimed my ancestor in amazement.

"I'll show you," replied Aimless, "how necessity can create out of apparently the most incongruous materials a satisfactory base burning, self feeding and self regulating Sunshine range and heater combined, warranted, likewise, to save fuel and reduce the cost of living by one-half."

Speaking thus, he took the warrior's iron body piece and placed it upon several stones in an upright position. In a few minutes he had attached the armpieces, thus constructing a stovepipe, and filling the contrivance with leaves and wood in less than a quarter of an hour he had a merry fire blazing therein. Filling the helmet with water, he placed it upon the opening in the armor for the knight's neck and left it to boil, while he prepared the chickens. These he put in the pot with the potatoes to boil. Then, taking the knight's shirt of chain he drove four stakes in the ground at equal distances and suspended the garment in such a manner that when he had lighted a fire beneath it served as a gridiron to broil the porker upon.

"Now," said Aimless as he removed the porker from the gridiron, and placing it upon my ancestor's shield began to carve it with his sword, "just spear them poultry and taters outen the pot, will yer, and we'll begin the banquet." My ancestor fished out the chickens and potatoes, and they fell to.

"A couple of perfectos would just finish this about right," said Aimless, with a sigh, as he lay back against a tree for awhile.

Then he filled the stove with more firewood and said:

"We'll keep that going all night and snooze right alongside of it," which they did.

In the morning they warmed over the remnants of the feast and proceeded on their way. As they neared my ancestor's castle, Walker began to muse, as one who meditates putting up a job, but the warrior did not perceive it, as he was busy pushing the wheelbarrow. Suddenly Walker broke out:

"Strikes me, my lord, that it were an unseemly entrance to your city that you make. Perchance 'twere wiser to resume your metallic togs and go in in some style."

My ancestor assented to this, and with the pilgrim's help entered his armor, and Walker fastened the combination lock.

Then the base, ignoble churl rapidly trundled the supine and hapless knight to an obscure street in the lowest and most unfashionable part of my ancestor's town, down near the river, and opening his visor gagged him with a piece of cloth, which he tore off the tail of his new coat of arms.

Chuckling with fiendish glee, he then proceeded until he came to the junk-shop of William Slathers, afterward Earl Slathers, the first of what became a noble English family, and there he sold the armor and weapons, my ancestor included, as old iron at 8 cents a pound.

He then decamped.

Slathers, in examining his bargain a little later, discovered concealed within the person of his liege lord. Between the shock of finding him thus and realizing that he had been bunkoed into buying 125 pounds of my ancestor as old iron, he almost lost his mind.—Walt McDougal in New York World.

Then the Audience Smiled.

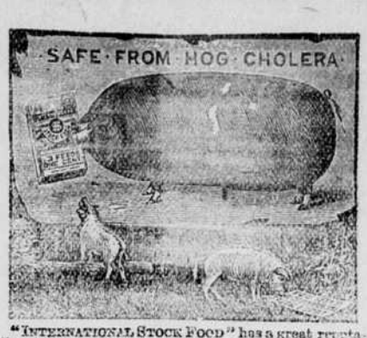
"Yes," said the irrepressible interviewer to a little lot of admirers, "I have hobnobbed with most of the celebrities of the day. I have shaken hands with Mr. Gladstone, dined with the Marquis of Salisbury, taken wine with the Duke of Devonshire and chatted with Mr. Chamberlain about his orchids. I have met several royal dukes at garden parties. I have exchanged opinions about the weather with dozens of M. P.'s. I have interviewed most of the celebrated divines, statesmen, scholars and athletes"——

"But you have omitted to mention," said a quiet voice somewhere behind the crowd, "that you have had the extreme honor of being kicked out of his house by a certain noble boxing man!"

And then the audience—but see heading.—Judy.

Ran on the Water.

A noted public man was accused some time ago of a want of patriotic spirit in trying to get out of the leadership of his party. His accuser said in a public meeting: "What did he do, Mr. Chairman, when he found the ship was sinking? Did he nail his colors to the mast and stand by the old flag? No, sir, he got out and ran away."—London Tit-Bits.



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