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Boys and Girls.

WOLF GLEN.

By Edward S. Ellis. (Copyrighted, 1895, by Edward S. Ellis.)

CHAPTER III. THE FLIGHT OVER THE ICE. The same minute that Monteith Sterry taw the new peril which threatened them all, he darted out beside the brother and mister, who had alackened their pace at sight

of the furious wolves in front. "What shall we do?" asked Fred, cannot push on; let's go up stream." "You cannot do that," replied Jennie, "for

they are gathering behind us." A glance in that direction showed that she spoke the truth. It looked as if a few would bring as many there as in

"We shall have to take to the woods,"
said Fred, "and there's little hope there."
"It won't do," added the sister, who
seemed to be thinking faster than either of her companions. "The instant we start for the shore they will be at our heels. Make as if we are going to run in close to the right bank, so as to draw them after us; then turn and dash through them."

The maneuver was a repetition of the one she and her brother had executed a few minutes before and was their only hope. "I will take the lead with my pistol," said Monteith, "while you keep as close to me as

ravenous wolves were not the creatures to remain idle while a conference was under way. At sight of the three figures near the middle of the course they rent the air with howls and came trotting toward them with that light, springy movement shown by a gaunt hound, to whom the gait is as easy as

Monteith Sterry shot forward on his right foot, his revolver with its two precious charges tightly gripped in his naked hand. last extremity. The killing of a couple of wolves from such a horde could produce no effect upon the rest, unless, perhaps, to furnish some of them a lunch, for one of the curious traits of the lupus species is that they are cannibals, so to speak,

His hope was that the flash and report of the weapon would frighten the animals into opening a path for a moment, through which they could dart into the clear space below. Having started, Monteith did not glance behind him. Fred and his sister must look out for themselves. He had his hands more

With a swift, sweeping curve, he shot to ward the bank, the brutes immediately conward the bank, the brutes immediately con-verging to head him off. The slight, fami-liar scraping on the ice told him that Fred and Jennie were at his heels. He kept on with slackening speed, until close to the shore, and it would not do to go any further. An overhanging limb brushed his face.

But his eye was on the wolves further out

in the stream. The place was one of the few ones where the course was such that no abruptly to the left and almost back over his own trail, and then darting around the pack. The line was that of a semi-circle, whose extreme rim on the left was several rods beyond the last of the wolves swarming to the right.

"Now!" called Sterry at the semi-circle dight, knowing nothing of the missing one. Menially the semi-circle dight, knowing nothing of the missing one. shadow was along either bank. The moment

"Now!" called Sterry, at the moment of turning with all the speed at his command. Critical as was the moment, he flung one glance behind him. Fred and Jennie were almost nigh enough to touch him with outstretched hand. No need of shouting any commands to them, for they understood what

he was doing or rather trying to do.
Young Sterry, as I have said, had cleared
the horde of wolves, making his turn so
quickly that they slid a rod or more over the ice before able to check themselves and change their own course.

The strategem seemed as successful as the

other had been, but it was too soon to con-gratulate themselves. At the moment when everything promised well, the most enormous he had ever seen bounded from under the trees on the left bank and galloped di-He was so far in advance that the only

course. To do this, however, that they were almost certain to leap upon every one of the party. 'Use your revolver!" called Fred from the

Monteith had already decided that this was

seeing that the procession was coming in a "This won't do," added Monteith, after straight line for him. The youth moderated they had skated some distance further; "we his aim.

He was in the act of leveling his pistol when the animal advanced quickly a couple of steps and made a tremendous leap at his throat. The act was unexpected, but at the "You instant of his leaving the ice Montelth let fly with one chamber at him.

The success was better than he had a right to expect, for the leaden pellet bored its way through the skull of the wolf, who, with a rasping yelp, made a sidelong plunge, as though diving off a bank into the water, and, stretch was so extensive that the vision perstriking on the side of his head, rolled over his back, with his legs vaguely kicking at the moon, and as powerless to do harm as

Brief as was the halt, it had given the leading brutes of the main body time to come They were fearfully near, when the scent of blood and the sight of their fallen comrade suggested to the foremost that a meal was at their disposal. They flew at the huge fellow with the fury of tigers and rended him to shreds and fragments in a twinkling.

The only way of escape was still in front, and, with the utmost energy, power and skill



SHE REACHED THE MAIN STREAM

shead. His crouching body, the head we in advance, somewhat after the manner of a compressed lips, his flashing eyes, with every had now become a struggle of life and death. If he allowed one of those wolves to ap-proach nigh enough to leap upon him, he would be borne to the earth like a flash and share the fate of the victim of the pistol. They were near, for he could hear that mulof their cries permitted it, and they were

But, he reasoned, if they were so close to him, they must be still closer to the brother and sister, whose peril, therefore, was correspondingly greater. He looked around, He was further from the horde than he supposed, but Fred and Jennie were not directly behind as he had thought.

At the moment an awful thrill shot through him; he caught a glimpse of Fred close in shore, and going like the wind. The couple

hills. Montieth gave it only a glance when before. It looked as if there was hope at last, for those first seen were all at the rear. If new danger came, it would be from others

If new danger came, it would be from others that ran out on the ice in front.

"It seems to me that all the wolves in Maine are on this little river," was his thought, "but there may be a few left that will try to get into our path—"

A wild cry came from his friends and he glanced toward them. Not only that, but believing his help was needed, he shecred over to them as quickly as he could.

The course of the river had changed, so that a ribbon of shadow extended along that bank, partially obscuring the form of

that bank, partially obscuring the form of

fred Whitney, who seemed to cling to it, as though therein lay his safety.

The brutes were now so far to the rear that there was little to be feered from them, though they still kept up the pursuit, and, while able to follow in a straight line, were oing so with more speed than would be ex-

It struck Sterry that his friend was not skating with his utmost skill. He was puz-zled and alarmed. "What's the matter, Fred?" he called,

drawing quickly near him.
"O, Jennie! Jennie! what will become of Fred Whitney it was now apparent was alone.

Forgetful of the savage brutes, Monteith

Sterry slackened his pace, and in a scared voice demanded:
"What has become of her?" Where is

"She darted into the mouth of that creek."
"Why didn't you foll w?"
"I could not; it was done in a flash; she called to me to keep on, and said something else which I could not catch." "But," continued the wondering Mon-teith, "how could she do it when she was at

your side?"

"She fell a little to the rear and made a lightning turn. I attempted to fillow, but it semed half the pack were in my path, and it was certain death. I was frantic for the moment, and even now do not understand what it all meant.

"What a woeful mistake!" wailed Mon-teith; "the chances are a thousand to one that she is lost." "I think," said the brother, half beside himself, "that it may have been a good

thing, but-A peculiar cry behind them caused Mon-teith to turn his head. The wolves had gained so fast during the last few minutes that one of them was in the act of springing upon Fred Whitney.

"Stoop quick!" shouled his companion.

Fred bent low in the nick of time, and the gaunt, lank body shot over his head, landing on the ice in front. Before he could gather himself a bullet from the revolver was driven into his vitals and he rolled over, reasonable and scale his feath threes. snapping and yelping in his death throes. The skaters swerved aside enough to avoid him and the next instant were skimming

over the ice at their utmost speed.
It was not a moment too soon, for th halt was well nigh fatal, but they could travel faster than the animals and steadily drew away from them, until, ere long, they were safe so far as those brutes were con

"How far back does that tributary reach? he asked.
"I never learned, but probably a good

"Its breadth is not half of this."
"No; nothing like it."

"What has become of her?"
"Alas! alas! What shall I answer?" "But, Fred, she is not withot hope; she can skate faster than either of us and I am sure none of them were in front of her on the creek or she would not have made the turn she did."
"If the creek extends for several miles,

that is, with enough width to give her room, she will outspeed them, but how is she to get back?" "What need that she should? When they

are thrown behind she can take off her skates and continue homeward through the woods, or she may find her way back to the iver and rejoin us. "God grant that you are right, but some

wolves may appear in front of her "Don't speak of it! We would have heard their cries if any of them had overtaken

No situation could be more trying than Monteith had already decided that was an exigency demanding one of the remaining charges and he partly raised the weapon in front of him.

Meanwhile, the huge wolf had stopped on Meanwhile, the huge wolf had stopped on the remaining that of the two youths, who felt that every of toward home took them that distance further from the beloved one, whose fate was involved in awful uncertainty.

speed still more, that he might perfect are now so far from the brutes that they cannot trouble us again; we are deserting her in the most cowardly manner." "But what shall we do? What can w "You know something of this part of the

country; let's take off our skates and cut across to the creek; she may have taken refuge in the limbs of a tree and is awaiting us."

stretch was so extensive that the vision per mitted them to see unusually far. "It may be another wolf.

"No; it is a person. Perhaps Quance has een drawn from his home by the racket. He is a great hunter. I hope it is he, for Monteith suddenly gripped the arm of his "It is not a man-it is a woman!"

"Who can it be? Not Jennie, surely-"
"Hurry along! You are no skaters at

It was she! That was her voice, and it was her slight girlish figure skimming like a swallow toward them.

Within the following minute Fred Whitney clasped his beloved sister in his arms, both shedding tears of joy and gratitude.

Jennie had had a marvelous experience indeed. Controlled by an intuition or in-stinct which often surpasses reason, she was led to dart aside into the smaller stream, at the critical moment, when the fierce wolves were so near that escape seemed impossible. She had fallen slightly to the and a single, terrified glance had ed her a beast in the act of leaping at her. Her dart to the left was only the effort to elude him for an instant, and she was not aware of the mouth of the creek until she had entered it. Then, seeing that it was altogether too late to rejoin her brother, she had no course left but to continue the flight, which, until then, she had not in

were not understood by him, were to the effect that she would try to rejoin him fur-ther down the stream, with whose many urnings she was more familiar than he She ascended the tributary with all the wonderful skill at her command. Not only the brute that was at the point of leaping at her, but three others turned as soon as they could poise themselves, and went after her

at their utmost bent. But her change of direction was a most fortunate action. As in the case of abrupt farting aside, when on the surface of the stream, it placed her considerably dvance of the nearest pursuers. this her power of outspeeding them when the chance was equal, and it will be seen that her only danger was from the front.

The creek was so narrow that if any of

But none presented themselves. The first ignals had drawn them to the river, and if there were any near, they and she were and her brother had said, she was more acquainted with that section than he, She known at what points the river and its tributary curved so as to bring them near each other. Reaching that place, she busing the heals of mutually unaware of it.

As her brother had said, she was more

the heels of her skate runners in the ice, sending the particles about her in a misty shower, and quickly came to a halt. Then,

shore, and going like the wind. The couple was still preserved from the fangs of the wolves, but only heaven knew how long it would last.

A short way ahead an opening showed would have done so at once if they had not to her head. 'You have come fast and the fange of the wolves had not to her head. 'You have come fast and the fange of the wolves he had not to her head. 'You have come fast and the fange of the wolves he had not to her head. 'You have come fast and the fange of the wolves and stood before him. She neither smiled nor looked severe, but put years and the wolves and stood before him. She neither smiled nor looked severe, but put years and the wolves and stood before him. She neither smiled nor looked severe, but put years and the wolves and stood before him. She neither smiled nor looked severe, but put years and the wolves and stood before him. She neither smiled nor looked severe, but put years and the wolves and stood before him. She neither smiled nor looked severe, but put years and the wolves and stood before him. She neither smiled nor looked severe, but put years and the wolves and stood before him. She neither smiled nor looked severe, but put years and the wolves and stood before him. She neither smiled nor looked severe, but put years and the wolves and stood before him. She neither smiled nor looked severe, but put years and the wolves and stood before him. She neither smiled nor looked severe, but put years and the wolves are the wolves and stood before him. She neither smiled nor looked severe, but put years and the wolves are the wolves and stood before him. She neither smiled nor looked severe, but put years and the wolves are the

Now, they ought to be able to take care of

She sat down on the bank and removed her skates. The slight layer of snow on the leaves caused no inconvenience, for she was well shod, and the walk was not far. fear was that some of the welves might sneak up unseen. Often she stopped and listened, but when half the distance was passed without any alarm from that source, she believed nothing was to be feared. A little further and she reached the main stream, the distance passed being so much less than was necessary for her excerts, that she knew she was in advance of them, even though they had continued their flight without interrup-

Her club skates were securely refastened and then she listened again. The cries of the brutes were few and dis-ant, and could not cause alarm. A familiar sound reached her She recognized it as made by skates gliding over the ice. Rising to her feet, she re-

marked with a smile "I think I will give them a surprise."

And she did. The meeting was a happy one, and before the stroke of midnight all three were at home, where they found the mother anxiously awaiting their return, and greatly relieved to learn that despite their stirring experience no harm had befallen any member of the little party. (THE END.)

LITTLE MR. THIMBLEFINGER AND HIS QUEER COUNTRY.

The Children's Second Visit.

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

(Copyright, 1895, by Joel Chandler Harris.) THE LITTLE BOY OF THE LANTERN. "Of caurse," said Mr. Thimblefinger, "all of you can tell better stories than I can, be-

cause you are larger. Being taller, you can see farther and talk louder, but I sometimes think if I were to climb a tree I'd see as far "Well, I hope your feelings are not hurt,"

remarked Mr. Rabbit, sympathetically. "It's not the fault of your stories that I fall asleep when you are telling them. It's my habit to sit and nod at certain hours of the day, and if you'll watch me right close you'll see that I sometimes drop off when I'm telling a story myself.

"I'll try and keep awake the next time you tell one. "I'm afraid I'll have to prop Mr. Rabbit's eyelids open with straw," said Mrs. Meadows, laughing.

"I'll just try you with a little one," Mr. Thimblefinger declared. "I'll tell you one I heard when I was younger. I want to see whether Mr. Rabbit will keep awake, and I want to see whether there's a moral in the

So he took off his little hat, which was

shaped like a thimble, and run his hand over the feather ornaments to straighten it out Then he began: "A long time ago when there was a great deal more room in the country next door than

there is now, there lived a man who had a wife, one son, a horse, a cow and a calf. He was a hard-working man, so much so that he had

When you want me go to the whispering poplar that stands on the hill and whisper my name."
"Who are you?" asked Johnny, forgetting to be polite, if he ever knew how.
"The Keeper of the Cows that roam in the night," replied the hidy. When you go to the whispering poplar that stands on the

O. Keeper of Cows that roam in the night 'Come over the hill and lend me your light.' "Johnny would have thanked the woman, but in the twinkling of an eye she was gone without making a sound, and not a blade of grass shook to show that she had been there Johnny turned in his tracks and started home the way he came. Before he had gone far he stopped to look back, but the strange country was nowhere to be seen—only the old familiar bills and trees that he had

always known.
"When he got home there was a strange oman cooking and fixing his father's supper The table was set, and everything was almost as neat and as tidy as it used to be when his mother was alive. Even his own little plate was in its place, and his mug with the picture of a blue castle painted on it was sit-ting near. But Johnny had no appetite. He went to the door and looked in, and then went to the stable. Once there he suddenly re-membered that he had forgotten to drive the cow in from the pasture. He went running to get her, but found her coming along of her own accord-something she was not in the habit of doing.
"Johnny wondered a little at this, but it

soon passed out of his mind, and he got be-hind the cow and made her go faster. He drove the cow into the lot, and waited awhile for the woman to come and milk. But she delayed so long, he went to the house and found his father eating supper. Instead of going to the table, he went and sat by the

"' 'Have something to eat?' said the woman.
"'I am not hungry,' he replied.
"'Have a glass of fresh milk, then,' she

"'Not tonight,' he answered. 'I have jus driven the cow in from the pasture."
"I brought her from the pasture myself, woman, 'milked her and turned her out again.

"Johnny said nothing to this, but he knew the cow had not been milked, and he won-dered where the woman got the milk that his father was drinking. He thought about it until he forgot all about his grief. He noticed that as soon as his father drank the milk he began to smile at the woman. smiled at the woman, but was cross Johnny.

"After supper the woman went out, and after awhile Johnny went out, too, leaving his father sitting by the fire smoking his pipe. Johnny went to the lot, thinking the pipe. woman had gone there. He wanted to see whether she would milk the cow. He crept alongside of the fence, and soon was near enough to peep through a crack without being He saw the woman rubbing the cor on the back while the calf was getting all the milk.

"'You see how good I am to your sister, said the woman. 'Now I want you to be good to me. When that boy Jack goes after you to the pasture I want you to lead him a chase. I saw him beating your calf today. But see how good I am to your calf sister. I let it have all the milk.'
"The cow shook her horn and switched her

tail, and Johnny, sitting in the fence corner, wondered what it all meant. "'I see,' said the cow, after awhile, want to marry the boy's father and the boy is in the way. But suppose they find you out. What then?'

would make her appearance, but he waited in vain. Then he drove the cow home, turned her in the lot and went in the house to get his supper. His father and mother were sitting very close together. "'Trust me for that, sister,' said the woman; 'trust me for that.' "Johnny waited to hear no more, but crept



"YOU HAVE COME FAST AND FAR."

little or no time to devote to his family. He away and went to bed. worked hard in the fields all day, and when night came he was too tired to trouble much woman was up before him, and had breakit was always the same. The man was always working and the woman was always

day, and then they were too tired to pay much attention to their son. "The consequence was that while the boy was a very bright lad, he was full of mis-chief, up to all sorts of tricks and pranks that some people call meanness. By hook or ever. crook, or maybe by book, he had learned how to spell and read. But the only book he had to read was one with big pictures of men dressed in red clothes, and armed with yel-low cutlasses. The book was called "The

Pirooters of Peruvia." "Maybe the name was "The Pirates of suggested Buster John. "Oh, no," replied Mr. Thimblefinger.

don't suppose any such country as Peru had been found on the map when that book was written. But never mind about that The boy read only that book and he be-came rather wild in his mind. He wanted to be a pirooter, whatever that was, and so he armed himself with old hoe helves and called them pikes, and he tied a shingle to his side and called it a cutlass, and he go him a broom handle and called it a horse. "That boy's name was Johnny, but som times they called him Jack for short. Some people said he was as mean as he could be but I don't say that. He was fonder of campering over the country than he was

of helping his mother. "Maybe he didn't know any better be "Maybe he didn't know any better because he wasn't taught any better. But
one morning h's mother was so tired that
she couldn't get out of bed. She had worn
herself out with work. The next morning
she couldn't get up, nor the next, and then
the neighbors, who had come in to see what
the matter was, said that she could never
get up any more. So one day Johnny found get up any more. So one day Johnny found everything very still in the house, and the neighbors who were there were kinder to him than they had ever been, and then he knew that his mother would never get tired

"He felt so bad that he wandered off into the woods, crying as he went. His eyes were so full of tears that he couldn't see where he was going, and he didn't care. He went on and on, until finally, when he took heart to look around, he found himself in a The creek was so narrow that if any of the wolves appeared before her she would be lost, for there was not room to maneuver be lost, for there was not room to maneuver. This caused him to dry his eyes, for he was not room to maneuver that he had traveled neither perfectly sure that he had traveled neither fast nor far enough to be beyond the limits of the numberless journeys he had made in all directions from his father's house, and that was altogether new to him.

"It was just like when you came down through our spring gate," said Mr. Thimble finger. "The grass was different and the trees were different, and even the sand and the gravels were of colors that Johnny had standing motionless, she listened.

In the distance was heard the howling of the animals so repeatedly disappointed of their prey, but none was nigh enough to cause her misgiving.

"I hope no harm has come to Fred or Monteith" she proposed the strange out of the woods and stood before him. She neither smiled nor looked severe, but

about his son. His wife, too, having no servant, was always busy about the house, sewing, washing, cooking, cleaning, patching, milking and sweeping. Day in and day out it was always the same. The man was always the same. The man was always working and the working always were supported by the working and the working and the working and the working and the working always alwa else the sides of the pail would have been working. They had no rest except on Sun-day, and then they were too tired to pay "But the cow had been turned out and the

calf was sleeping contentedly in the fence corner instead of nibbling the grass. Johnny drank no milk at breakfast, but his fathe did, and smiled at the woman more than ever. During the day Johnny forgot all about the cow, but when night came he knew she must be brought up, so he went to the pasture after her. She was not to found. He hunted over the hills and fields and then, not finding her, began to cry.
"Suddenly the lady he had seen the day before stepped out of the wood and spoke to him. She held in her hand a tiny

lantern. ''Take this,' she said, holding out the "'You wouldn't call me, and so I came to

you.'
"'I forgot,' whispered Johnny. "'Don't forget any more,' said the lady 'Take this lantern and run to the whisper ing poplar that stands on the hill. find your cow tied there. Drive her and don't spare her.'

"Johnny found the cow tied to the poplar sure enough and he made her gallop home as fast as she could. He blew out his tiny lantern before he got in sight of the house, but it dropped from his hand and he could find it no more. He ceased to hunt for it after awhile and drove the cow to the lot,

where the woman was waiting.
"Go get your supper, she said to Johnny.
"Yes'm, replied Johnny, but he went off only to creep back to see what the woman would do. He could see that she was angry nice sister,' she exclaimed, 'to let that boy

bring you home so early.
"Don't sister me, moaned the cow.
I'm nearly famished and that boy has nearly run me off my legs. Somebody that couldn't see caught me and tied me to tree this morning and there I've been all day. We'd better go away from here. That boy will find you out yet."

"Then Johnny crept away, ate his supper and went to bed. He slept late the next morning, but when he awoke he found that his father, instead of being at work, his habit, was smoking his pipe and talking to the woman, and both were smiling at each other very sweetly. That afternoon Johnny went to bring the cow home before sundown, but he couldn't find her. He hunted and hunted for her until long after dark and then he went to the whispering poplar that stands on the hill and said: 'O, keeper of cows that roam in the night

Come over the hills and lend me your light! "Instantly, Johnny heard the cow lowing in the valley and saw a light glimmering faintly in the distance. In a little while he heard a tremendous clatter of hoofs up the hill and the rushing of some large animals through the bushes. It seemed to have one eye only and that eye shone as fiercely as a flame of fire, as its head swayed from side was still preserved from the fangs of the wolves, but only heaven knew how long it A short way shead an opening showed.

A short way shead an opening showed where a creek put in from the woods and the woods and of the word at large.

She neither smiled nor looked severe, but to side. It came rushing to the poplar tree, by this playmates.

She neither smiled nor looked severe, but to side. It came rushing to the poplar tree, by this playmates.

She neither smiled nor looked severe, but to side. It came rushing to the poplar tree, by this playmates.

She neither smiled nor looked severe, but to side. It came rushing to the poplar tree, by the poplar tree, by the poplar tree in the stand to side. It came rushing to the poplar tree, by the poplar tree in the stand to side. This first famerican flag was manupity severe to see the sponge to side.

What now? She neither smiled nor looked severe, but to side. It came rushing to the poplar tree, by the poplar tree in the poplar tree in the second to side. It came rushing to the poplar tree. Where Johnny stood, and stopped there. Johnny peeped from behing the world would be all the was deterned in the very city where independence was decident.

Where Johnny stood, and stopped there. Johnny peeped from behing the world would be all the was deterned in the very city where independence was decident in the very city where independence was decident.

Where Johnny stood, and stopped there. Johnny peeped from behing the world would be all the was deterned in the very city where independence was decident.

Where Johnny stood, and stopped there. Johnny stood, and stopped there. Johnny stood and stopped

"'She's in the lot,' replied Johnny. "'You are a smart boy,' said the woman "'Thanky, ma'm,' exclaimed Johnny. "So it went day after day. The woman would make the cow wander farther and farther away from home, and Johnny would go to the whispering poplar that stands on the hill, and call for the beautiful lady, the keeper of the cows that roam in the night, and soon the cow would come running and

keeper of the cows that roam in the night

lowing. Then Johnny would drive her home by the light of his little lantern. This happened so often that the neighbors and in-deed the people in all that country, when they saw a light bobbing around at night, would shake their heads and say, 'There goes Jack and his lantern,' and then after a while they called 'Jack of the lantern.' "One day he heard two of the neighbors talking about him, saying it was a pity that so bright a boy should have such a stepmother as the woman his father was about to marry. Then Johnny (or Jack, as he was sometimes called) knew that his father was preparing to marry the woman who was keeping house for him, and it made the boy "One day he heard two of the neighbors talking about him, saying it was a pity that

feel very wretched to think that this woman was to take the place of his mother. "That very day he went to the whispering poplar that stands on the hill and called for The lady made her appearance then Johnny told her his troubles. The lady smiled for the first time. Then Johnny that if he would follow her directions, his troubles would disappear. She gav him a roll of blue ribbon, and told him what to say when he presented it to the woman just before the marriage took place. im also what to do with his little lantern. Johnny went home feeling very much better and that night his father told him he was to have a new mother the next day. He said nothing in reply, but smiled as if the news

Johnny lay awake that night a long timand once he thought the woman came and leaned over his bed as if to listen, but just then a cow not far away lowed once, twice thrice. Then the woman went away, mutter-

ing something. 'The next day the invited guests began to assemble early, and after awhile the preache came. The women neighbors would have the bride to stand up in the middle of the floor o admire her just before the ceremony, and to admire her just below the she stood up Johnny began to march around her, waving his lantern and his blue

"I have for the bride ten yards of blue Ten yards of blue ribbon, ten yards of blue ribbon-I have for the bride ten yards of blue rib-bon.

So rich and so soft and so rare; Five yards to pin on her snowy white Her snowy white bosom, her snowy white Five yards to pin on her snowy white And five to tie in her hair.

'I have a lantern to light her along with I have a lantern to light her along with,
When forth she fares in the night;
Out in the dark, the ribbon will rustle—
The ribbon will rustle, the ribbon will

ut in the dark the ribbon will rustle, And the lantern will lend her its light! "Johnny threw the blue ribbon over the oman's shoulder and around her neck and waved his lantern, and instantly the woman disappeared, and in her place stood a cow. Before the people could recover their surprise, the lady that Johnny had seen at the whispering poplar came into the room and bowed t

the company. "This is the most malicious cow in all my herd,' said she, 'and this brave boy has caught her. Here is a purse of gold for his reward. As for you, sir, turning to Johnny's father, 'you may thank your son for saving you from this witch.' Then she bowed again and went away, leading the cow, and neither of them was ever seen in that country again "But to this day, when people see a light bobbing up and down in the fields at night they say, 'Yonder's Jack of the Lantern!'

(To be Continued.) GEORGE PEABODY.

How the Famous Philanthropist Won Hi Victorious Way in the World. It is simply wonderful what can be accomplished with perseverance when the end in view is praiseworthy.

Who would have thought as they saw the boy George Peabody behind the counter in a grocery store in Danvers, weighing out a few pounds of sugar, that the day would come when he would leave \$9,000,000 to bless humanity.

He did not gain his money from his parents, for they were poor, hard working people, who could not afford to give George education. That he might help them, an education. That he might help them, they found for him a place in a store when he was only 11 years old.

While his mother lived he was very fond of her, ready to obey her at all times, so that he was often called "mammy's boy"

"Have you brought the cow?" the woman far better, the esteem and respect of his neighbors, and it was not long before he was offered work at Newburyport, and when the store where he was employed was burned he was soon hard at work again in George-town, D. C. He was a genial, happy lad and so re-spectful to his superiors and had such tack

always has a place open for such lads. When George's father died he had not a

earnings in his mother's hand.

duction of \$5.00 on any

duction of \$1.00 on any

CUT THIS OUT

This check must be pre-

CUT THIS OUT

This cheek must be pre-

with buyers that he soon made friends. His employer always felt he could rely on him, he was always punctual in business There are at all times men looking out for such bright boys, and as soon as his habits of energy, honesty and perserverance became known, though he had no other capital, he was offered a partnership when only

19 years of age. It was not many years after this George found himself head of an enormous and wealthy business.

xhibition. His success and fortune are mainly due to he fact that he was a wide reader, a total abstainer from liquors and tobacco. He had a deep love for humanity. He was not like those old fogies who hoard up their money

until they die, and then leave it in haste to

some institution, but he tried to lighten the cares of those who suffered the poverty which he had known as a boy.

Many a poor widow and child have been made happy by his generosity. His name is known nearly all over the world, even in the far north, we find a large tract of land called Peabody's land, in honor of him, for in 1852 he gave \$10,000 to help to fit out the second expedition under Kane in search of Sir John Franklin. The same year he sent a check of \$20,-00 to Danvers, his birthplace, for the purpose

of building an institute with a free library and free course of lectures.

Before long he increased the gift to \$250, Peabody's words to American boys can-

ot be too often repeated. When he opened the institute at Danvers, he said:
"Though Providence has granted me an unvaried and unusual success in the pursuit of fortune in other lands, I am still in heart the humble boy who left yonder unpretending dwelling many, very many years ago. There is not a youth within the sound of my voice whose early oppor-tunities and advantages are not very much greater than were my own. I have since achieved nothing that is impossible to the

nost humble boy among you.
"Bear in mind that to be truly great, it is not necessary that you should gain wealth and importance. Steadfast and undeviating truth, fearless and straightforward integrity, and an honor ever unsullied by an unworthy word or action, make their possessor greater than worldly success or prosperity. These

qualities constitute greatness."

His gifts to the poor of London are so well known that there is no need to mention them, they are a growing witness of his England's queen keeps his memory fresh n her heart by still speaking of him as one who while living was her "friend."

The mother George loved so well called away long before his departure. is devotion to her was always the same sincere love. To her memory is built the beautiful church at Georgetown, Mass., there in years to come others may worship the God she taught her boy to worship.
It was November 4, 1869, at midnight he passed away from us to receive his reward

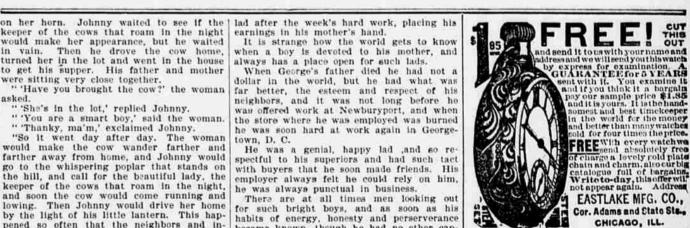
W. STURTEVANT RAFTER. The Star Spangled Banner.

Young America ought to know the history f the Star Spangled Banner. It seems to stripes had always been in existence. But the fact of the matter is the Mayflower came sailing over here under a flag borrowed from King James of England and it was 150 years after that before America had a flag f its very own.

Even that borrowed flag of King James was not the Union Jack of England today. The royal gentleman had just succeeded in getting a new flag for his country, one that united the upright red cross on a white ground of England with the X cross of white on a blue ground of Scotland. These were the banners respectively dedicated to United States, showing that it took time St. George and St. Andrew, and we here were even in those days to unwind the red tape crowing over our independence before the with which official deeds are tied up. Union Jack was finally made by adding on the red X cross of St. Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland, at the time it became part of Great Britain.
At the battle of Lexington the American

soldiers did not have even colors of their own to fight under, and at the battle of Bunker Hill, while there were several streamers of varied colors apportioned amons he colonists, they had no distinctive flag of their own.

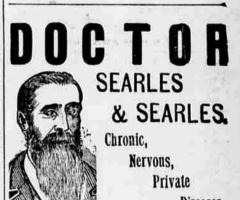
But the time for a national flag came at ength. In June of 1776 the Father of his Country and a few other gentlemen to whom the duty had been officially delegated drew up a plan for a flag and carried it off to be



placed this week.

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mittee probably heard through General Ross who was a member of the committee and

Dr. Searles and Searles, 1416 Farnam.

uncle of Mrs. Ross' husband. The first flag was similar to the flag today so far as the red and white stripes are con-cerned, but instead of our forty-four stars placed in rows on the blue field in the corner there were in those days but thirteen stars, and they were arranged in a circle. General Washington had drawn six-pointed stars in his design for the flag, and Mrs. Ross said that instead of that kind of a star which was England's way of making it, she thought the French five-pointed star preferable, and the first president to be agreed, and sat down in the back parlor behind the shop and drew the design over again in fivepointed stars. Mrs. Ross was not around evidently when our coins were designed, for

they have the six-pointed stars. There are several opinions as to where the design of the American flag originated. Some people think it was modelled after the stripes of the Dutch flag which was well known to the colonists and held by them in kindly repute. Some think on the coats of the continental soldiers sug-gested the stripes for the flag. Curiously enough the coat-of-arms of the family of the Father of his Country was made up of stars and stripes and other people thought this device was selected for the flag as a compliment to Washington.

Red to tell of the blood shed for freedom; or the Star Spanged Banner. It seems to white for the purity of the principles fought us today, of course, as if the stars and for; blue for the protection of heaven; and stars in a circle to tell of the unity of the states; this was the way still others translated the origin of the idea of the star spangled banner. It seems probable that a great many people made different sugges-tions for a national flag, and that the one we know and revere is the outcome not of any one but of the multitude of models. It was in June, 1777, a year from the time that Washington and the others on the omittee called upon Mrs. Rosa with the sign before congress formally declared the flag adopted officially so the flag of the

> Mrs. Ross made the sample flag so well she was made flag maker to the nation, and for many years thereafter manufactured the flags of the country. Brooklyn Eagle: The America of the present as truly as and more intelligently than the American of the eighteenth century wishes well for France and believes well of French possibilities and of French character, despite its mercurial denotements. ensiderations on this side of the sea form into a body of good wishes for the new presi

dent and the people whom he will rule, and it is to be hoped that those good wishes may be appreciated where the events of which they are the subject have occurred, and where the consequences of them will be watched with hardly less interest by France than by