Black Heart and White Heart.

A ZULU IDYLL.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

(Copyright, 1895, by H. Rider Haggard.) CHAPTER II.-Concluded.

Then the Bee slipped back her kaross and stood before them bending over the fire, into which she threw herbs taken from a pouch that was bound about her middle. girl had gone, and something dark rushing She was still a finely shaped woman, and she wore none of the abominations which Hadden had been accustomed to see upon the faint and piteous cry broke upon his ear.

"What is the meaning of that?" he asked, persons of witch doctoresses. About her neck, lowever, was a curious ornament, a small live snake, red and gray in hue, which her visitors recognized as one of the most deadly to be found in that part of the country. It not unusual for Bantu witch doctors | the thus to decorate themselves with snakes, though whether or not their fangs have first

been extracted, no one seems to know. Presently the herbs began to emoulder and the smoke of them rose up in a thin, straight stream, that, striking upon the face of the Ree, clung about her head, enveloping it as though with a strange blue veil. Then of a though with a strange blue veil. sudden she stretched out her hands and let fall the two locks of hair upon the burning herbs, where they writhed themselves to ashes like things alive. Next she opened her mouth and began to draw the fumes of the hair and herbs into her lungs in great gulps, while the snake, feeling the influence of the medicine, hissed, and uncoiled itself from about her neck, crept upward and took refuge among the black saccaboola feathers of her headdress. Soon the vapors began to do their work, she swayed to and fro muttering, then sank back against the hut, upon the straw of which her head rested. Now the Bee's face was turned upward toward the light and it was ghastly to behold, for it had become blue in color and the open eyes were sunken like the eyes of one dead, while above her forehead the red snake wavered and hissed, reminding Hadden of the Uraeus crest on the brow of the Egyptian kings. For ten seconds or more she remained thus, then she spoke in a hollow, unnatural voice: O Black Heart and body that is white and beautiful, I look into your heart and it is black as blood and it shall be black with blood. Beautiful white body with a black heart, you shall find your game and hunt it, and it shall lead you into the House of the Homeless, into the Home of the Dead, and it shall be shaped as a bull, it shall be shaped as a tiger, it shall be shaped as a woman, whom kings and waters cannot blood. Beautiful white body with a black heart, you shall be paid your wages, money for money, and blow for blow. Think of my word when the spotted cat purrs above your breast; think of it when the battle roars about you; think of it when you grasp your great reward and for the last time face to face with the ghost of the dead in the Home of the Dead.

"O White Heart and black body, I look into your heart and it is white as milk and the milk of innocence shall save it. Fool, why do you strike-that blow? Let him be who is loved of the tiger and whose love is as the love of a tiger. Ah! what face is that in the battle? Follow it, follow it, O swift of foot, but follow warily, for the tongue that has lied will never plead for mercy, and the hand that can betray is strong in war. White Heart, what is death? In death life lives and among the dead you shall find the life you lost, for there awaits you she whom kings and waters cannot harm."

the Bee spoke by degrees her wolce sank lower and lower until it was almost inaudible. Then it ceased altogether and she seemed to pass from trance to sleep. Hadden, who had been listening to her with an amused and cynical smile, now laughed

Hadden shrugged his shoulders, not thinking the matter worth further argument, and ing, drew the red enake from her headdress, and, coiling it about her throat, wrapped herself again in the greasy kaross. Are you satisfied with my wisdom, In-s?" she asked Hadden. 'I am satisfied that you are one of the

cleverest chests in Zululand, mother," he maswered coolly. "Now, what is there to The Bee took no offense at this rude speech

though for a second or two the look in her eyes grew strangely like that which they saw in those of the snake when the fumes of the fire had made it angry.
"If the white lord says I am a cheat, it

have said that I ask no fee-yes, give me a ttle tobacco from your pouch."

Hadden opened the bag of antelope hide

third finger, a ring fashioned like a snake with two little rubles set in the head to reprea pt the even "I wear a snake about my neck and you wear on upon your hand, Inkoos, I should

like to have this ring to wear upon my hand, so that the snake about my neck may be less lonely there.

be less lonely there.

"Then I am afraid you will have to wait till I am dead," said Hadden.

"Yes, yes," she answered in a pleased voice, "it is a good word. I will wait till you are dead and then I will take the ring, and none can say that I have stolen it, for Nahoon there will bear me witness that you gave me armission to do so." gave me permission to do so." For the first time Hudden started, since

there was something about the Bee's tone that jarred upon him. Had she addressed



BAW THE ZULU FLYING INTO THE AIR. have thought nothing of it, but in her cu-pidity she had become natural, and it was evident that she spoke from conviction, believing her own words.

She saw him start and instantly changed

her tone. "Let the white lord forgive the jest of a witch doctoress," she said in a roice. "I have so much to do with poor old witch uction whining voice. "I have so much to do with death that his name leaps to my lips," and she glanced first at the circle of skulls about her, then up towards the waterfall that fed her, then up towards the waterfall that fed her, then up towards the waterfall that fed her.

and notwithstanding the distance and the spray of the fall he could see that they were those of two men and a girl, for their shapes atood out distinctly against the flery red of the sunset eky. One instant there were

horrified and amazed.
"Nothing," answered the Bee with a laugh. "Do you not know, then, that this is the place where faithless women, or girls who have loved without the leave of the king, are have loved without the leave of the king, are brought to meet their death, and with them their accomplices. On! they die here thus each day, and I watch them die and keep the count of the number of them," and drawing a tally-sitck from the thatch of the hut, she took a knife and added a notch to the many that appeared upon it, looking at Nahor, the

heard a troop of monkeys in the bush before, mother? Come, Nahoon, let us be going while there is light to climb the cliff. Fare-

"Farewell, Inkoos, and doubt not that your wish will be fulfilled. Go in peace, Inkoosto sleep in peace.

CHAPTER III. The prayer of the Bee notwithstanding, tuere," he exclaimed.

did not at once run away. On the contrary they seemed puzzled to account for the sudden noise and not being able to wind anything, lifted their heads and stared round them. The pause gave Hadden space to get in a fresh cartridge and to sim again, this time at the old buil. The builet struck him somewhere in the neck or shoulder, for the came to his knees, but in another second was up, and, having caught sight of the cloud of smeke, he charged straight at it. Because of this smoke or for some other reason Hadden did not see him coming and in consequence would most certainly have been trampled or gored, had not Nahoon spring forward at the imminent risk of his own life and draged him down behind sprung forward at the imminent risk of his own life and dragged him down behind an ant heap. A moment more and the great beast had thundered by, taking no further notice of them.

"Forward," said Hadden, and leaving most of the men to cut up the helfer and carry the best of her ment to camp, they started on the blood spoor For some hours they followed the bull, till

at last they lost the spoor on a patch of stony ground thickly covered with bush, and, that appeared upon it. looking at Nahoon the paces away. Half a minute later they while with a half questioning, half warning heard a hideous grunting noise and a splashing of water, and saw the Zulu fly into the to his vengeance! Black Heart, you do not "Yes, yes, it is a place of death," she muttered. "Up yonder the quick die day by day and down there—" and she pointed along the course of the river beyond the pool to where the frest tegan some two lundred ya defrm her hut—"the ghosts of them have their home. Listen!"

As she spike a word reached their cars that ing of water, and saw the Zulu fly into the

hoon, pointing to a belt of forest opposite, "That is Emaaudu, the Home of the Dead, nd look, the bull heads for it Hadden glanced round him. It was true, youder to the left were the fall, the Pool of Doom, and the hut of the Bes.

"Very well," he answered, "then we must head for it, too." Nahoon halted. "Surely you will not enter



THE INCARNATION OF THE BEE.

"Why do you laugh, White Man?" asked Nahoon, angrity."
"I laugh at my own folly in wasting time listening to the nonsense of that lying "It is no nonsense, White Man."
"It cannot tell you what it means yet, but meeting and any supernatural beliefs that might her words have to do with a woman and a loopard, and with your fate and my fate."

Philip Hadden slept iii that night. He felt in the best of health and his conscience was no need for you to do so if you are afraid."
"I am strail—of ghosts," said the Zulu, "It was the king's word that I with doctoress, so strangely named the Bee, has heard them that afternoon. He was neither a superstitious man nor a timid on, and any supernatural beliefs that might in the best of health and his conscience was no need for you to do so if you are afraid."
"I am strail—of ghosts," said the Zulu, "You have saved my life, Nahoon, he said, no need for you to do so if you are afraid."
"I am strail—of ghosts," said the Zulu, "On thank me, Black-Heart," answered the hunted wood. It was a gloomy blace indeed; great wide-topped trees grew thick there, shutting out the sight of the sky; and the sound keep you safely. Still this tiger has he had heard them that afternoon. He was neither a superstitious man nor a timid on; and the sound of her evil-owened words as he had heard them that afternoon. He was neither a superstitious man nor a timid on; and the sound of her evil-owened words as he had heard them that afternoon with the sight of the sky; while the school of the sky; while the could be could b Philip Hadden slept ill that night. He felt ! But do what he would he could not shake off a certain earle sensation of fear, lest there should be some grains of truth in the prophesyings of this hag. What if it were a fact that he were near his death and that the heart which beat so strongly in his would not think of it. This gloomy place and the dreadful sight which he saw that day had upset his nerves. The demestic customs of these Zulus were not pleasant, and for his part he was determined to be clear of them so soon as he was able to escape the

In fact if he could in any way manage it, it was his intention to make a dash for the border on the following night. To do this with a good prospect of success, "If the white lord says I am a cheat, it do this with a good prospect of success, must be so," she answered, "for he of all however, it was necessary that he should straight forward, printed deep in the marshy have said that I ask no fee me. kill a buffalo or some other head of game. Then, as he knew well, the hunters with him would feast upon the meat until they at the trunks of two trees a few paces in could scarcely stir, and that would be his front of them and to their right. "Look," opportunity. Nahoon, however, might not he whispered. and drawing some tobacco from it, gave it to opportunity. Nahoon, however, might not succumb to this temptation, therefore he examined the gold ring that was upon the must trust to luck to be rid of him. If it came to the worst he could put a bullet through him, which he considered he would be justified in doing, seeing that in reality the man was his juiler. Should this neces-sity arise he felt indeed that he could face it without undue compunction, for in truth he disliked Nahoon; at times he even hated he knew that the great Zulu distrusted and

> At the first break of dawn Hadden rose and roused his escort, who were still stretched in sleep around the dying fire. each man wrapped in his kaross or blanket.
>
> Nahoon stood up and shook himself, looking gigantic in the shadows of the morning.
>
> "What is your will, Umlunou (white man), that you are up before the sun?"

"My will, Muntumpofu (yellow man), is hunt buffalo," answered Hadden coolly. It irritated him that this savage should give him no title of any sort. "Your pardon," said the Zulu, reading his thoughts, "but I cannot call you Inkoos.

because you are not my chief, or any man's, still, if the title 'White Man' offends you, we will give you a name."
"As you will," answered Hadden briefly.
Accordingly they gave him a name,
Inhlizin Muana, by which he was known
among them thereafter, but Hadden was Accordingly they gave him a name.

Inhlizin Muana, by which he was known among them thereafter, but Hadden was not best pleased when he found that the bad for mortals."

In the Esemkofu," he said, "the ghosts who have no tongue and who can only wait like infants. Let us be going, this place is bad for mortals."

"Black Heart." This was how the inuanga had addressed him, only she used different words.

An hour later and they were in the swampy bush country that lay behind the encampment searching for game. Within a very little while Nahoon held up his hand, then pointed to the ground. Hadden looked; there, pressed deep in the marshy soil and to all appearances not ten minutes old, was the spoor of a small herd of buffalo.

"I knew that we should find game today," whispered Nahoon, "because the Boe said so."

"Curse the Bes." answered Hadden below his breath. "Come on."

For a quarter of an hour or more they followed the spoor through thick reeds, till suddenly Nahoon whistled very softly and touched Hadden's arm. He looked up, and there, about 300 yards away, feeding en some higher ground among a patch of mimosa trees, were the buffaloes, six of them, an old buil with a splendid head, three cows, a hefter, and a calf about four months old. Neither the wind nor the nature of the vedic were favorable for them to stalk the game from their present position, so they made a detour of half a mile and very carefully crept toward them up the wind, slipping from trunk to trunk of the mimosas, and when these failed them, crawling on their present position, so they made a detour of half a mile and very carefully crept toward them up the wind, slipping from trunk to trunk of the mimosas, and when these failed them, crawling on their present position, so they made a detour of half a mile and very carefully crept toward them up the wind, slipping from trunk to trunk of the mimosas, and when these failed them, crawling on their present position, so they made a detour of half a mile and very carefully crept toward them up the wind, slipping from trunk to trunk of the mimosas, and when these failed them, crawling on their present position, so they made a detour of half a mile and very carefully crept toward them up the wind, slipping from trunk to trunk of the mimosas, and when these failed them, crawling on their present position, so th when these failed them, crawling on their stomachs under cover of the tall tambuti grass. At last they were within forty yards, and a forther advance seemed impracticable, for although he could not smell them, it was evident from his movements that the old bull

here and no sound, only now and again a

bough would fall with a crawn.

Hadden was too intent upon the buffalo, however, to be much impressed by his surroundings. He only remarked that the light would be had for shooting and want on.

The proof was a survivaled a mile or more They must have penetrated a mile or more into the forest when the sudden increase of blood upon the spoor told them that the bull's

wound was proving fatal to him.

"Run, now," said Hadden cheerfully.

"Nay, hamba aachle—go softly," answered
Nahoon. "The devil is dying, but he will Nahoon. "The devil is dying, but he will try to play another trick before he dies," and he went on, peering ahead of him cautiously "It is all right here, enyway," said

Nahoon did not answer, but stared steadily

Hadden did so and at length made out the outline of something brown that was crouched belind the trees. "He is dead," he exclaimed. "No," answered Nahcon, "

tree trunks."

he knew that the great Zulu distrusted and looked down upon him, and to be looked down upon by a savage "nigger" was more then his pride could stomach.

Hadden knelt down, and, aiming very carefully at a point just below the bull's spine, he fired. There was an awful bellow and the next instant the brute was up and at them. Nahoon flung his broad spear, which sank deep into its chest; then they which sank deep into its chest; then they fled this way and that. The buffalo stood still for a moment, its forelegs straggled wide and its head down, looking first after the one and then the other, till of a sudden it uttered a low moaning sound and rolled over dead, smashing Nahoon's assegul to fragments as it fell.

fragments as it fell.
"There! he's finished," said Hadden, "an believe it was your assegal that killed angrily. Nahoon listened. In several quarters of the forest, but from how far away it was

impossible to tell, there rose a curious sound, as of people calling to each other in fear, but in no articulate language. Nahoon shivered.

meaning of these soft-sounding syllables was "And worse for buffaloes," said Hadden, "Black Heart." This was how the inuanga had addressed him, only she used different we must leave him here for your friends, the

horizontal branches running out from the

trunk.
"Nahoon," he said.
The Zulu turned round and took a step to-

her, then up towards the waterfall that fed the glociny pool upon whose banks her hut was placed.

"Look," she said, simply.

Following the line of her outstretched hand Hadden's eyes fell upon two withered mimosa trees which grow over the fall almost at right angles to its rocky edge. These trees were joined together by a rude platform made of logs of wood lashed down with reims of hide. Upon this platform stood three figures,

Your opportunity is good and one which a man named as you are should not let fall."

'I am glad to find that you take that view of the matter, Nahoon. And now will you be so kind as to lose me and to promise not to

look for me till the moon is up?"
"What do you mean, Black Heart?"
"What I say. Come, I have no time to spare. "You are a strange man," said the Zulu re-flectively, "you heard the king's order to me; have me disobey the order of the and he had no distinguished friends to belo

"Certainly I would. You have no reason to love Cetywayo, and it does not matter to you whether or no I return to his kraal to mend guns there. If you think that he will be angry because I am missing, you had bet. The college boys thought the new student understand. How can you, being so named? I am a soldier and the king's word is the king's word. I hoped to have died fighting, but I am the bird in your noose. Come, phoot, or you will not reach the border before moonrise," and he opened his arms and

her hut—"the ghosts of them have their home. Listen!"

As she spike a stund reached their cars that seemed to swill from the tim skirts of the forests, a pscullar and unboly sound which it is impossible to define more accurately than by saying that it seemed beastlike and almost inarticulate.

"Listen," repeated the Bee, "they are merry yonder."

"Who?" asked Hadden. "The babons?"

"Who?" asked Hadden. "The babons?"

"Who?" asked Hadden, roughly, for he was angry at his own tremors; "I should like to see the ball vanish over the rise before Hadden could get a chance of firing at him, and to find their companion dying, for the great horn had pierced his lung.

"It is not a buffalo, it is a devil," the poor fellow gasped and expired.

"Davil or not, I mean to kill it," exclaimed hadden, while his victim stood there, will smilling, although the twitching of his filles betrayed the natural terrors that no accompanied by Nahoon only. Now the ground was more open and the chase easier, for they frequently sighted their quarry, though they could not come near enough to fire at it. Presently they traveled down a siesp clif.

"Do you know where we are?" asked Nahoon let us be going the discretized forms the bow of the seet to companie to a point of the present the rise before Hadden could you had their companies to define more accurately than their companies of firing at him, and to find their cond their companies to define more accurately than their companies of firing at him, and to find their could get a chance of firing at him, and to find their companies the present horn had plerced his lung.

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to and fro and glared down into his eyes.

It was a leopard, a tiger as they call it in Africa, which, crouched upon the bow of the tree above, had been unable to resist the temptation of satisfying its savage apprtite on the man below. For a second or two there was silence, broken only by the purring, or rather the snoring sound made by the leopard, and in those seconds there sprang before Hadden's mental vision a picture of the inyanga called the Inyesi or Bee, her death-like head resting against the thatch of the hut and her death-like lips muttering "think of my word when the great cat purs above your face."

Then the brute put out its strength. The claws of one paw drove deep into the mus-cles of the left thigh, while with another it scratched at his breast, tearing the clothes from it and furrowing the flesh beneath. The sight of the white skin seemed to madden it, and, in it's fierce desire for it dropped its square muzzie and buried its fangs in its victim's shoulder. Next momen there was a sound of rushing feet and of a club falling heavily. Up reared the leopard with an angry snarl, up till it stood as high as the Zulu who attacked it. At him it came striking out savagely, and tearing the black man as it had forn the white. Again the kerry fell full curits jaws and down it went backward. Before it could rise again, or rather as it was, in the act of rising, the heavy knob tick struck it once more and with fearful cores, this time, as it chanced, full on the happy of the neck, parelyzing it. It writhou and bit and twisted, throwing up the earth and leaves, and blow after blow was raised upon it, till at length, with a convulsive struggle and a stifled roar, it lay still, the bridge ozing from its shattered Hadden sat up, the blood running from his

what reemed to him to be but a little time of loathsome spotted snake would uncoll itself and glide away, and now and again a heavy bough would fall with a crash.

what seemed to min to be but through which the could hear voices without understanding what they said, and feel himself borne he what they said, and feel himself borns he knew not whither, Hadden awoke to find himnelf lying upon a karose in a large and beau ifully clean Kuffir hut with a bundle of fur for a pillow. There was a bowl of milk at his side, and, tortured as he was by thirst he tried to stretch out his arm to lift it to his lipe, only to find to his astonishment that his hand fell back to his side like that of a dead man. Looking round the hut impa-tiently he found that there was nebody in it to assist him, so he did the only thing which remained for him to do, and lay still. He did not full asleep, but his even closed and a kind of gentle torpor crept over him half obscuring his recovered senses. Presently he heard a soft voice speaking; it seemed far away, but he could clearly dis-

He attempted to go on with law, but that seemed impossible. He tried to write with his own hand, but soon gave it up. Sometimes he became depressed, but resolution finally overcame this, and he was cheerful as long as he lived. He thought that it was a duty, both for his own sake and for those about him, to bear all things with courage. tinguish the words. "Black Heart still sleeps," it said, "but there is color in his face. I think that he will wake soon and find his thoughts again." 'Have no fear, Nanea, he will surely wake his hurts are not dangerous," answered an-other voice, that of Nahoon. "He fell heav-ily, with the weight of the tiger on top of him, and that is why his senses have been shaken for so long. He went near to death

sity and hired a young man to read to him and write for him. He was particularly in-terested in political economy, and soon dicbut certainly he will not die." "It would have been a pity if he had died. answered the soft voice, "he is so beautiful never have I seen a white man who was so tated essays on immigration, strikes, etc.
A friend of Fawcett's, a rising publisher at Cambridge, Mr. MacMillan, made a happy suggestion, that the blind young student of 27 should write a popular manual of political

"I did not think him beautiful when he stood with his rifle pointed at my heart,' answered Nahoon sulkily.

"Well, there is this to be said," she re plied, "he wished to escape from Cetywayo, and that is not to be wondered at," and she sighed. "Moreover he asked you to come with him, and it might have been well if you had done so, that is, if you would have

taken me with you!" "How could I have done it, girl?" he asked angrily. "Would you have me set at nothing the order of the king?"
"The king," she replied, raising her voice.
"What do you owe this king? You have served him faithfully and your reward is that

within a few days he will take me from you, me, who should have been your wife, and I must—I must—" and she began to weep softly, adding between her sobs, "if you loved me truly you would think more of me and of yourself, and less of the Black One and his orders. Oh! let us fly, Nahoon, and his orders. Oh! let us fly, Nahoon let us fly to Natal before this spear pierces me."

"Weep not, Nanea," he said, "why do you tear my heart in two between my duty and my love? You know that I am a soldier and that I must walk the path whereon the king has set my feet. Soon I think I shall be dead, for I seek death, and then it will matter nothing." ter nothing."

"Nothing to you, Nahoon, who are at peace but to me? Yet, you are right and I know it, therefore forgive me, who am no warrior, but a woman and who must also—obey the will of the king," and she cast her arms about his neek, sobbing her fill upon his breast. (To Be Continued.)

CAMP MEETING SONG.

F. L. Stanton in the Times-Herald. Oh, it ain't se mighty long twell you hear de trumpet blow—
Sinner, git yo' ticket fer de train!
Ef you want ter git ter glory you must whip de hoss en go—
Sinner, git yo' ticket fer de train!

Yonder is de rainbow a-shinin'; Satan fer de sinner is a-pinin'; He's a-waitin' night en day Twell de sinner come his way— Oh, sinner, git yo' ticket fer de train!

Oh, de sky is gwine ter roll up, en moon'il tu'n ter red— Sinner, git yo' ticket fer de train! Is you gwine ter let de trumpet wake sinner up in bed? Sinner, git yo' ticket fer de train!

Yonder is de rainbow a-shinin'; Satan fer de sinner is a-pinin'; He's a-singtin' er his song Twell de sinner come glong— Oh, sinner, git yo' ticket fer de train! Life is so short. Cook's Extra Dry Im-perial Champagne will help you to enjoy it It aids digestion and will prolong it,

CRIPPLED GENIUS.

Henry Fawcett's Long Struggle and His Splendid Triumph,

(Copyrighted, 1896, by Sarah K. Bolton.) I the House of Commons. Then he spoke earn-

When blindness comes in youth, before early in behalf of the working people, that a the work of life is scarcely begun, it must larger number might be allowed to vote; then require unusual courage to make life a sucpermitted to take degrees. It seems astonishing to read that a person might not graduate from a college unless he belonged to a particular church! A Scotch Presbyterian was debarred from a fellowship at Trinity, so late as 1860, although the applicant was a senior Such a misfortune early befell England's enowned postmaster general, Henry Fawcett. The son of a draper, with a love of study rather than play, he used to declare when a boy that he meant to be a member

and he had no distinguished friends to help was probably a young farmer, from his country ways and dress. He soon drew gifts, and the money to pay it was taken from the Indian revenues, Fawcett called it around him a little circle who loved mathe matics and reading, and became a bright member of his class. Finding that there were many competitors for fellowships, he entered another college at Cambridge, Trin-

ity Hall. Some scholarships helped him to pay his way in college.

Poverty had not been a great obstacle to young Fawcett because he had energy and will power, but now his eyes began to trouble him from over-use. He gave up law for a time, took a pupil in mathematics and in French, and after a while recovered his usual sight. He was still thinking of the House of Commons, for he worse a friend. way in college. House of Commons, for he wrote a friend: "The realization of these hopes has become something even more than the gratification

become more deeply impressed with the France powerful conviction that this is the position At h

in which I could be of the greatest use t

A TERRIBLE AFFLICTION.

When Fawcett was 25, and seemingly on

the right road to win his desired position, one September day he went with his father to

shoot partridges. The birds flew toward the son, and the father, for the moment for-getting where his son stood, fired, and two

shots entered the young man's eyes, one pass-

ing through each glass of his spectacles, remained permanently behind the eyes. The student was blind for life. The father was heartbroken at what he had done, but the son kept his cheerfulness, and said years later that ten minutes after the accident he

had determined to carry out his plan of try-ing for Parliament.

He attempted to go on with law, but that

TRUE COURAGE.

Fawcett went back to Cambridge univer-

economy. Fawcett worked two years on the book—hard years, as they must needs be for one who must get all his knowledge through

When the book was published it met with

a cordial reception, and was soon used in schools and colleges. The same year in which the book was published the professorship of political economy at the university became vacant. Fawcett and three others

were candidates. Fawcett was opposed be-cause it was said that he could not keep

the eyes of another.

my fellow men."

wrangler, thus showing his superior scholar-ship. Fawcett worked till these narrow restrictions were abolished.
From this time until his death Fawcett made for himself a great name in England. He worked for the education of all the people. Fawcett was often called the "Member for ndia," because he plead the cause of 200,-000,000, worthy poor people, often sadly mis-governed. When the duke of Edinburg vis-ited India and distributed \$50,000 worth of

'melancholy meanness."

Whenever he went to his father's home he visited the laborers. One of them, Rumbold, used to send him word about his pig, telling Fawcett's mother, "If there's one thing Master Harry cares about, 'tis pigs." Thus deeply interested was the great man in those

When he was 46 he was made postmaster general of England. He wrote "Aids to Thrift," of which 1,250,000 copies were given away. He was in favor of cheap given away. He was in favor of cheap telegrams for the people—I cent per word. He opened many avenues for women to find employment. He was one of the best be-loved men of England. He received great of ambition. I feel that I ought to make any sacrifice, to endure any amount of labor to Cambridge, from Glasgow, from Germany obtain this position, because every day i

fountain on the Thames embankment.

in several colleges. And this and blind.

THE GREAT DEBATE.

Reminiscences of the Lincoln-Dougla

Oratorical Contest.

The news spread like wildfire across th

prairies of Illinois, from Springfield, its

capital city, to the college town of Knox

"Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas

would speak in the college grounds on

October 7, 1858." At the same point debates

in the congressional districts respectively

The college boys called a meeting. The seminary girls were invited to attend. The

citizens were to go in a body and escort the speakers to the college grounds. The young

people were to go on horseback.

At 9 o'clock in the morning our horses were brought to our doors. Our escorts

mounted on the finest horses they could get in all the town. Saddles and bridles the best, scarlet ribbons fluttered from riding

whirs; thny flags were the breast knots of the day. Twenty boys and girls filled with excitement met the grand procession

the town square."

Horses and riders wheeled into line, with

would take place on the given dates.

SARAH K. BOLTON,

all the airs and assurances of well drilled cavalry! One would have thought them out on battalion drill. We galloped away to the east, on the broad, smooth prairie road at the bugle call. The band at the head of the big processor played royally as we met our distinguished guests. Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Douglas bowed and smiled as we merry boys and girls role on either side of their carriage and fell into line behind the

Never was there a more beautiful golden October day. As we passed farm houses with the glory of autumn, in the flowers, the fields of yellow corn and winter grain by the road-

sides, Mr. Lincoln looked at them lovingly, for he loved the prairies of Illinois. We escorted the speakers to the grand stand, our horses were taken to their stables while we, with thousands of others from the towns about us, the country and cities, lis-tened to the long, earnest, eloquent speeches of the two great men. Mr. Lincoln thrilled the people with his earnest, manly arguments. As ever, he stood on the broad ground of independence, that "all men were created free and equal."

In all the after years when that sad, grand In all the after years when that sad, grand face was daily seen by us at the capitol, when the weary years of civil war were upon him; when the whole world loved him; and he died to save a race; how often did men and women of '65 think of the merry western boys and girls of '58, and now in '95 do they love to recall and remember with pride and joy the best ride of their lives! MARGARET SPENCER.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Teacher-Now, Tommy, tell us what the index finger is.
Tommy—Yes'm; it's that 'un you lick when you turn over th' pages.

Bobby-Papa, Jack Mason said his father cents, and-

Papa-Well?
Bobby-I'd like to say the same of you.

A gentleman one day took his little lad out A gentieman one day took als little lad out for a walk, but the boy, from some cause or other, got lost, and, meeting a policeman, tearfully asked: "Please, sir, have you seen a man without a little boy? 'Cause, if you have, I'se that little boy!

Teacher-And what is meant by keeping the Sabbath holy? Ethel-It means-it means to think of something you would like to do, oh, ever so much, and then not doing it, 'cause it's Sun-

A little Boston girl who had recently learned to repeat the Lord's prayer was asked by her mother if she knew the meaning of "Forgive us our trespasses." "Why, yes," she replied; "it means excuse us for going on

Mother-When the boy in the other house threw stones at you, why didn't you come and tell me? Bobby-Becaure, mamma, I can throw them back better than you. He's more likely to

"Say, paw." "Oh, paw!"

"What the-what do you want?"
"If a reindeer got froze, would he be an

"Which do you love most, your papa or our mamma?"
Little Charlie—I love papa most. Charlie's Mother-Why, Charlie, I thought you loved me most. Charlie—Can't help it, mamma. We men

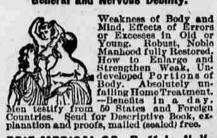
must hold together. Mother-Well, my little daughter, what did Miss Goldentext teach you at Sunday school this morning? Little Daughter (sadly)—She nebber teach me nuzzin cep take my permy away from me.

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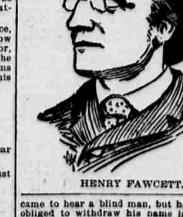
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came to hear a blind man, but he was finally obliged to withdraw his name in favor of a well known candidate.

Again he tried for a vacancy at Cambridge.

The contest cost f600 and he was defeated. He would at least try the third time. He became a candidate for Brighton. He was opposed because he was comparatively poor, and would not, as well as could not, spend money on the election, had rotten eggs and stones thrown at him, and for the third time was defeated. But such heroic men as Faw-cett never give up. He tried a fourth time, and at 32 years of age was elected a member of Parliament for Brighton. The boyish hope was realized at last.

HIS TRUE VOCATION. For some time Fawcett showed his good sense by remaining comparatively quiet in

order in his classes, and was in all respects at a great disadvantage through his blind-ness. To the delight of his parents and himself he won the honor, with a salary of £300 This and his fellowship gave him a good support.

The death of Sir Charles Napier left a vacancy in the representation of Southvach.
Fawcett visited the political committee, was allowed to hold meetings, to which crowds

