Black Heart and White Heart.

A ZULU IDYLL.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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CHAPTER V .- Concluded. About 5:30 o'clock in the afternoon the four refugees passed the stream that a mile of so down fell over the little precipice into the Doom pool, and entering a patch of thorn trees on the further side, walked straight into the midst of two and twenty soldiers seated on his pony, for he was too fat to walk, waited the chief, Maputa.

Observing that their expected guests had arrived, the men knocked out the dakka pipe, replaced the snuff boxes in the slits made in the lobes of their ears, and secured the four

What is the meaning of this, O king's soldiers?" asked Umgona in a quavering beaven has fallen on his brain, and we may voice. "We journey to the kraal of U'Cetywayo. Why do you molest us?"

"Indeed! Wherefore, then, are your faces live in the south? Well, you will journey to another kraal presently," answered the jovial looking captain of the party, with a callous laugh.

"I do not understand," stammered Um-

"Then I will make it all clear while you rest," said the captain. "The chief Maputa, yonder, sent word to the Black One at Ulundi that he had learned of your intended flight to Natal from the lips of this white man who had warned him of it. The Black One was angry and despatched us to catch you and make an end of you. That is all. Come on now, quietly, and let us finish the As the Doom pool is near your deaths will be easy."

Nahoon heard the words and sprang straight

at the throat of Hadden, but he did no reach him for the soldiers pulled him down Nanea heard them also, and turning looked the traitor in the eyes; she said nothing only looked, but he could never forget that look. The white man for his part was filled with a firey indignation against Maputa. "You black hearted villain," he whereat the chief smiled in a sickly fashion

and turned away.

Then they were marched along the banks of the stream until they reached the waterfall that fell into the Pool of Doom. Hadden was a brave man after his fashion but his heart qualled as he gazed into that

"Are you going to throw me in there?" he asked of the Zulu captain in a thick

'You, White Man?" replied the soldier unconcernedly. 'No, our orders are to take you to the king, but what he will do with you I do not know. There is to be no war between your people and ours, so perhaps he means to pound you into medicine for the use of the witch doctors, or to peg you over an ant heap as a warning to other white

Hadden received this information in silence, but its effect upon his brain was bracing, for he instantly began to search out some way of escape. By now the party had halted near the two thorn trees that hung

how you can swim."

At the words of doom Umgona seemed to his self-command, after the fashion of his race.

No need to lead me, soldier," said he, shaking himself loose, "who am old and ready to die." Then he kissed his daughter at his side, wrung Nahoon by the hand, and turning from Hadden with a gesture of contempt, walked out upon the platform that joined the two thorn trunks. Here he stood himself into the abyss below and vanished. "That was a brave one," said the captain, with admiration. "Can you spring too, gir or must we throw you?"

"I can walk my father's path," Nanea answered faintly, "but first I crave leave to say one word. It is true we were escaping from the king, and therefore by the law we must die, but it was Black Heart, here, who made the plot, and he who has betrayed it. Would you know why he has be-trayed it? Because he sought my favor and I refused him, and this is the vengeance that he takes—a white man's vengeance." "Wow!" broke in the Chief Maputa, "the

pretty one speaks truth, for the white man would have made a bargain with me under which Umgona, the wizard, and Nahoon, the which Umgons, the willed and he himself suffered to escape with the girl. I spoke him softly and said yes, and then like a loyal man I reported to the king."

well; perhaps we shall be together pres-y. It was I who tempted you from your duty, and for my sake you forgot your honor and I am repaid. Farewell, my husband, it is better to die with you than to enter the house of the king's women," and she stepped on to the platform."

Here, holding to a bough of one of the thorn trees, she turned and addressed Had-

Black Heart, you seem to have won the day; but me at least you lose, and—the sun is not yet set. After sunset comes the night, Black Heart, and in that night I pray that you may wander eternally, and be given to drink of my blood and the blood of Umgona, my father, and the blood of Nahoon, my husband, who saved your life, and whom you have murdered. Perchance, Black Heart,

Then uttering a low cry she clasped her hands and sprang upward and outward from

yet meet yonder-in the House



HURLED HIM OVER THE EDGE OF TH

forward to look. They saw her rush head-long down the face of the fall to strike the water fifty feet below. A few seconds and for the last time they caught sight of her of the gloomy pool, then the shadows and mist-wreaths hid it, and she was gone.

"Now, Husband," cried the cheerful voice of the captain, "yonder is your marries by the nearly fainted with fear.

put out ail his terrible strength. Lifting him as though he had been an infant, he hurled him over the edge of the cliff to find h a death on the rocks of the Pool of Doom.

Then crying: "Black Heart! you turn, Black Heart, the raitor!" he rushed at Hadden, his eyes olling and foam flying from his lips, as he traitor!" who were begulling the tedium of expectancy by the taking of snuff and the smoking of dakka, or native home. With these soldiers, if Nahoon had caught him. But he could not come at him, for the soldiers sprang upon him, and notwithstanding his fearful struggles, they pulled him to the ground, as at certain festivals the Zulu regiments with the r naked hands pull down a bull in the presence of the king. "Cast him over before he can work more

mischief," said a voice, but the captain cried out: "Nay, nay, he is sacred, the fire from not harm him, else evil would evertake us all. Bind him hand and foot and bear him hence tenderly to where he can be cared for. Surely I thought that these evil-doors "Indeed! Wherefore, then, and the set toward the south? Does the Black One were giving us too little trouble, and thus in the south? Well, you will journey it has proved."

So they set themselves to make fast Naboon's hands and wrists, using as much gentleness as they might, for among the Zulus a lunatic is accounted holy. It was no easy task, and it took time.

To knowing in the least what she should do when she reached them. As she had arrived in line with the fire this lack of program came home to her mind forcibly and she paused to reflect. Just then one of the can-

pened. Then Maputa chanced to see, and a few seconds the outcasts stood and gazed

as men do when they wish to cook food? asked the Induce of his captains, wonderMore, what was it they rejoiced over, that
long dark thing, which lay so quiet on the
ground? It did not look like a head of
game, and it could searcely be a erocodile.
yet clearly it was food of some sort, for

long dark thing, which lay so quiet on the ground? It did not look like a head of game, and it could scarcely be a crocodile, yet clearly it was food of some sort, for they were sharpening the stone knives in order to cut it up.

Whilst sh. wondered thus one of the dreadful looking little creatures advanced to the fire, and, taking from it a burning bough, held it over the thing that lay upon the ground to give light to a companion who was about to do something to it with the stone knife. Next instant Nanea drew back her head from the heie, a stifled shriek upon her lips. She saw what it was now—it was her lips. She saw what it was now-it was the body of a man. Yes, and these were no ghosts, they were cannibals of whom, when she was little, her mother had told her tales to keep her from wandering away

But who was the man they were about o eat? It could not be one of themselves, or his stature was much greater. Oh! now she knew, it must be Nahoon, who had been killed up yonder, and whose dead body the waters had brought down to the haunted forest as they had brought her alive. Yes, it must be Nahoon, and she would be forced to see her husband devoured before her eyes. The thought of it overwhelmed her. That he should die by order of the king was natural, but that he should be buried thus Yet, what could she do to prevent it? Well if it cost her her life, she would prevent it. At the worst they could only kill and eat her also, and now that Nahoon and her father were gone, she was not greatly con-cerned to keep her own breath in her.

Slipping through the hole in the tre Nanca walked quietly toward the cannibals, not knowing in the least what she should do Zulus a lunatic is accounted holy. It was no easy task, and it took time.

Hadden glanced around him and saw his opportunity. On the ground close beside him lay his rifle, where one of the soldiers had placed it, and about a dozen yards away Maputa's pony was grazing. With a swift movement he seized the Martini, and five seconds later he was on the back of the pony, heading for the Crocedile Drift at a gailop. So quickly, indeed, did he execute this masterly retreat that, occupied as they were all in binding Nahoon, for half a minute or more no one noticed what had happened. Then Maputa chanced to see, and



HADDEN FLEES FROM NAHOON.

waddled after him to the top of the rise, then they were gone this way and that

Pulling up the pony with a jerk, he leapt from its back, slipping his arm through the rein with an almost simultaneous move-ment. As it chanced, and as he had hoped

second to get the sight fair onto his broad back, then, just as the soldiers appeared above the rise, he pressed the trigger. He was a noted shot, and in this instance his the bullet strike. Maputa flung his arms Three seconds more and with a savag

curse Hadden had remounted the pony and was riding for his life toward the river, which a while later he crossed in safety.

When Nanea leapt from the dizzy platform that overhung the Pool of Doom, a strang fortune befell her. Close in to the precipic ing from them in spouts of spray into the troubled depths of the foss beyond. It was on these stones that the life was dashed out of the bodies of the wretched victims who were hurled from above, but Nanea, it will be remembered, had not waited to be treated thus, and, as it chanced, the strong spring with which she had leapt to death carried her clear of the rocks. By a very little she missed the edge of them, and, striking the deep water head first, like some practiced diver, she sank down and down till she thought that she would never rise again. Yet she did rise at the end of the pool, in the mouth of the rapid, along which she sped swiftly, carried down by the rush of the water. Fortunately there were no rocks here, and, since she was a skillful swimmer, she escaped the danger of being thrown against the banks.

For a long distance she was borne thus till at length she saw that she was in a forest, for trees cut off the light from the water and their drooping branches swept its sur face. One of these Nanea caught with her hand, and by the help of it she dragged herself from the river of death, whence none had escaped before. Now she stood upon the bank gasping, but quite unharmed; there was not a scratch on her body, even her white garment was still about her neck. But though she had suffered no hurt in her

But though she had subsered no nurt in her terrible voyage, so exhausted was Nanea that she could scarcely stand. Here the gloom was that of night, and, shivering with cold, she looked 'round helplessiy to find some refuge. Close to the water's edge grew an enormous yellow word tree, and to this she staggered, thinking to climb it and seek shelter in its boughs, where as she hoped she would be safe from wild beasts. Again fortune befriended her, for at a distance of a for the berriended her, for at a distance of a few feet from the ground there was a great hole in the tree, which she discovered was hollow. Into this hole she crept, taking her chance of its being the home of snakes or other evil creatures, to find that the interior was wide and warm. It was dry also, for at the bottom of the cavity lay a foot or more of rotten tinder and moss brought there by rats or birds. Upon this tinder she lay down, and, covering herself with the moss and leaves, soon sank into sleep or stupor.

How long Nanea slept she did not know but at length she was awakened by a sound as of guttural human voices talking language that she could not understand. ing to her knees she peered out of the hole in the tree. It was night, but the stars shone brilliantly and their light fell upon an open circle of ground close by the edge of the river. In this circle there burned a great fire, and at a little dis-tance from the fire were watered circle. burned a great fire, and at a little dis-tance from the fire were gathered eight or ten horrible looking beings who appeared to be rejoicing over something that lay on the ground. They were small in stature, men and women together, but no children, and all of them were nearly naked. Their hair was long and thin, growing down al-most to the eyes, their jaws and teeth pro-truded, and the girth of their black bodies was out of all proportion to their height. In their hands they held sticks with sharp stones lashed onto them, or rude hatchet-

"Now, Husband," cried the cheerful voice of the capitain, "yonder is your marriage bed, so be swift to follow a bride who is ready to lead the way. Wow! but you are good people to kill; never have I had to do with any who gave less trouble. You—" and he stopped, for mental agony had done its work and Nahoon suddenly went mad before his anyes.

With a rear like that of a lion the great man cast off those who held him, and seizing the cash other? And why did they make a fire lead to the capital that she was in the haunted forest, and without a doubt these were the Esemkofu, the evil ghosts that dwelt in it. Yes, that was what they were, and yet she could not take her eyes off them; the sight of them held her with a horrible fascination. But if they were ghosts why did they sing and dance like men? Why did they wave those sharp stonen aloft and quarrel and strike each other? And why did they make a fire

earning:

Dursting their path through the undergrowth like startled jackals. The Emeskofu of Zulu and the gun, too; the gun that he promised tradition had been routed in their own haunted home by what they took to be a

over the waters of the pool.

"Who dives first?" asked the captain of the chief Maputa.

"The old wizard," he replied, nodding at Illingona, "then his daughter after him, and last of all this fellow," and he struck Nahoon in the face with his open hand.

"Come on, Wizard," ad the captain, grasping Umgona by the arm, "and let us see inguities. He glanced over his shoulder; Maputa was still running, and alone. Yes, there was time; at any rate, he would not be least took what the river brought them. When the word can swim."

Hadden, who by this time was a hundred yards away, heard him clearly, and a rage filled his heart. This man had made an open murderer of him; more, he had been the means of robbing him of the girl for them whose sake he had dipped his hands in these iniquities. He glanced over his shoulder; Maputa was still running, and alone. Yes, there was time; at any rate, he would found am'd that wilderness of trees, they took what the river brought them. When executions were few in the Pool of Doom executions were few in the Pool of Doom times were hard for them indeed, for then they were driven to eat each other.

As the inarticulate outcry died away in th would be the case, the animal was a trained distance. Nanea ran forward to look at the shooting horse, and stood still. Hadden body that lay on the ground, and staggered planted his feet firmly on the ground, and, back with a sigh of relief. It was not drawing a deep breath, he cocked the rifle Nahoon, but she recognized the face for that and covered the advancing chief. Now of one of the party of executioners. How and covered the advancing chief. Now of one of the party of executioners. How Maputa saw his purpose, and with a yell of terror turned to fiv. Hadden waited a Had Nahoon escaped? She could not tell, and at the best it was improbable, but still the sight of this dead soldier lit her heart with a faint ray of hope, for how did he come to be dead if Nahoon had no hand in it. Sh could not bear to leave him lying so near her hiding place, however, therefore with no small toll she rolled the corpse back into the water, which carried it swiftly away. Then she returned to the tree, having first re-plenished the fire, and awaited the light.

At last it came, as much of it as ever pene

trated this darksome den, and Nanea becom

ing aware that she was hungry, descended from the tree to search for food. All day long she searched, finding nothing, till toward iong she searched, finding nothing, till toward sunset she remembered that on the outskirts of the forest there was a flat rock where it was the custom of those who had been in any way afflicted, or who considered themselves or their belongings to be bewitched, to place propitiary offerings of food wherewith the Esemkofu and the Amalhost were supposed to satisfy their spiritual cravings. Urged by the pinch of starvation to this spot, she journeyed rapidly, and found, to her joy, that some neighboring kraal had evidently been in recent trouble, for the Rock of Offering was laden with cobs of corn, gourds of milk, porridge, and even meat. Helping herself to as much as she could carry, she returned to her lair, where she drank of the milk and cooked the meat and mealies at the fire. Then she crept back into the tree and slept. For nearly two months Nanea lived thu in the forcet, since she dared not venture out of it, fearing lest she should be selzed and for a second time taste of the judgment of the king. In the forest at least she was Esemkofu give her further trouble. Once or twice she saw them, but on each occasion they fled shricking from her presence, seek ing some distant retreat where they hid themselves or perished. Nor did food fail her, for finding that it was taken the plous

givers brought it in plenty to the Rock of Offering. But, oh! the life was dreadful and the gloom and loneliness, coupled with her sor-rows, at times drove her almost to insanity. Still she lived on, though often she desired to die, for the corpse she had found was not the corpse of Nahoon, and in her heart there

still shone that spark of hope; yet what she hoped for she could not tell. When Philip Hadden reached the civilized regions he found that war was about to be declared between the queen and Cetywayo, king of the Amazulu; also that in the pre-valling excitement his little adventure with the Utrecht store keeper had been overlooked or forgotten. He was the owner of two good buck wagons with spans of saited oxen, and at that time vehicles were much in request to carry military stores for the columns which were to advance into Zululand; indeed, the transport authorities were glad to pay 190 a month for the hire of each wagon and to guarantee the owners against all loss of cattle. Although he was not desirous of returning to Zuluiand, this bait proved too much for Hadden, who accordingly leased out his wagons to the commissariat, together with his own services as conductor and in-

He was attached to No. 3 column of the invading force, which, it may be remembered, was under the immediate command of Lord Chelmsford, and on the 21st of January, 1879, he marched with it by the road that runs from Rorke's Drift to the Indeni forest, and encamped that night beneath the shadow of the steep and desolate mountain known as Isandhiwana.

That day also a great army of King Cety-wayo's, numbering 20,000 men and more, moved down from the Upindo Hill and camped upon the stony plain that lies mile and a half to the east of Isandhiwana. No fires were lit and it lay there in utter silence, for the warriors were "sleeping on With that impl was the Umcityu regime

3,500 strong. At the first break of dawn the induna in command of the Umcityu looked up induna in command of the Umcityu looked up from beneath the shelter of the black shield with which he had covered his body, and through the thick mist he saw a great man standing before him, clothed only in a moscha, a gaunt, wild-eyed man who held a rough club in his hand. When he was spoken to the man made no answer, he only leaned upon his club, looking from left to right along the dense array of innumerable shields.

"Who is this Silwana (wild creature)?"

"Who is this Silwana (wild creature)?"

the King, that I may fight with my regiment, for I seek a face in battle."
So they gave him a shield and a spear, for they dared not turn away one whose brain was alight with the fire of heaven.
When the san was high that day bullets

began to fall among the ranks of the Um-Then the black-shielded, black-plumed | town? Umcityu arose, company by company, and after them arose the whole vast Zulu army breast and horns together, and swept down in silence upon the doomed British camp, a moving sheen of spears. The bullets patmoving sheen of spears. The bullets pat-tered in the shields, the shells tore long lines through their array, but they never balted or wavered. Forward on either side shot out the borns of armed men, closping the camp in an embrace of steel. Then as these began to close, out bursts the war cry of the Zulus, and with the roar of a torren and the rush of a storm, with a sound like the humming of a billion bees, wave after wave the deep breast of the impi rolled down upon the white men. With it went the black-shielded Umcityu and with them went Nahoon, the son of Zomba. A bullet struck him in the side, glancing from his ribs; he did not heed, a white man fell from his horse before him, he did not stab, for he sought but one face in the battle. but one face in the battle.

He sought and at last he found it. There,

among the wagons where the spears were busiest, there standing by his horse and firing rapidly was Black Heart, he who had ing rapidly was Black Heart, he who had given Nanes, his betrothed, to death. Three soldlers stood between them, one of whom Nahoon stabbed, and two he brushed aside; then he rushed straight at Hadden.

But the white man saw him coming, and even through the mask of his madness he knew him again, and terror took hold of him. Throwing away his empty rifle, for his ammunition was spent, he leaped upon his horse and drove his spurs into its flanks. Away it went through the carnage, springing over the dead and bursting through the lines over the dead and bursting through the lines of shields, and after it came Nahoon, run-ning long and low with head stretched for-ning long and low with head stretched forward and trailing spear, running as a hound runs when the buck is at view. Hadden's first plan was to head for Rorke's

Drift, but a glance to the left showed him that the masses of the Undi barred the way. so he fled straight on, leaving his path to Fate. In five minutes he was over a ridge and there was nothing of the battle to be seen, in ten all rounds of it had died away. for few guns were fired in the dread race to Fugitive's Drift, and the assegai makes no noise. In some strange fashion, even at that moment the contrast between the dreadful scene of blood and turmoil that he had left and the peaceful face of Nature over which passing cime home to his brain vividiy. Here birds sang and cattle grazed; ers the sun shone undimmed by the smoke of guns. Only high up in the blue and ellent air long streams of vultures could be seen winging their was to the plain of Isandhi-

The ground was very rough, and Hadden's horse began to tre. He looked over his shoulder; there, some 200 yards behind, came the Zulu, grim as Death, unswerving as Fate. the Zulu, grim as Death, unswerving as Fate.

He examined the pistol in his belt; there was but one cartridge left; all the rest had been fired, and the pouch was empty. Well, one bullet should be enough for one savage; the question was; should he stop and use it now? No, he might miss or fall to kill the man; he was on horseback and his foe on foot; surely he could tire him out.

A while passed and they deshed through a

A while passed and they dashed through a little stream. It seemed familiar to Hadden. Yes, that was the pool where he used to bathe when he was the guest of Umgona, the father of Nanea, and there on the knoll to his right were the huts, or rather the remains of them, for they had been burnt with fire. What chance had brought him to this place, he wondered; then egain looked behind him at Nahoon, who seemed to read his thoughts, for he shook his spear and pointed to the ruined kraal.

On he went at speed, for here the land was level, and to his joy he lost sight of his pursuer. But presently there came a mile of rocky ground, and when it was past, glancing back, he saw that Nahoon was once more in his old place. His horse's strength was almost spent, but Hadden spurred it forward filindly, whither he knew not. Now he was traveling along a strip of turf, and ahead of, him he heard the music of a river, while to his left was a high bank. Presently the truf belt bent loward, and there, not twenty yards away from him, was a Kaffir hut standing on the brink of a river. He looked at it, yes, it was the hut of that cursed inyangs, the Bee, and, standing by the fance of it was none other than the Bee the fence of it was none other than the Bee herself. At the sight of her the exhausted horse swerved violently, stumbled, and came to the ground, where it lay panting. Hadden was thrown from the saddle, but sprang to his

feet unhurt.
"Ah, Black Heart, is it you? What news of the battle, Black Heart?" cried the Bee "Help me, mother, I am pursued," he

gasped.
"What of it, Black Heart, it is but by one tired man. Stand then and face him, for now Black Heart and White Heart are to-gether again. You will not? Then away to the forest and seek shelter among the deed who await you there. Tell me, tell me, was it the face of Nanea that I saw beneath the waters a while ago? Then bear my greetings to her when you two meet in the House of the Dead."

Hadden looked at the stream; it was in by the evil laugh of the prophetess, he sped toward the forest. After him came Nahoon. Now he was in the shadow of it, but still he sped on, following the course of the river, till at length his breath failed and he halted on the further side of a little glade, beyond which a great tree grew. Nahoon was more than a spear's throw behind him; therefore he had time to draw his pistol and make

ready.

"Halt, Nahoon," he cried, as once before he had cried, "I would speak with you."

The Zulu heard his voice and obeyed.

"Listen," said Hadden. "We have run a long race and fought a long fight, you and I, and we are still clive, both of us. Very soon, if you come on, one of us must be dead, and it will be you, Nahoon. I am armed and, as you know, I can shoot straight.

What do you say?"

What do you say?" Nahoon made no answer, but stood still on the edge of the glade, his wild and glow-oring eyes fixed on the white man's face and his breath coming in short gasps.
"Will you'let mid go, if I let you go?" he asked once more." I know why you hate me, but the past cannot be undone, nor can the dead be brought to earth again."

Still Naboon made no answer, and his silence seemed more fateful and more crushing than any speech; no spoken accusation would have been, so terrible in Hadden's ear. He made no answer, but lifting his assegain he stalked grimly, toward his foe.

When he was within five paces Hadden covered him and fired.

"Now we will make an end," muttered Hadden savagety, and he turned to seek the

"Now we will make an end," muttered Hadden savagely, and he turned to seek the assegal, then, staggered slowly back with starting eyes and reeling gait, for there before him, still clad in her white robe, a spear in her hand, stood the spirit of Nanea!

"Think of oft," the said to himself, dimly remembering lidtle words of the Inyanga, "when you stand face to face with the ghost of the dead, wither Home of the Dead."

There was a cry and a fash of steel; the broad spear leapt toward him to bury itself in his breast. He swayed, he fell, and presently Black Heart clasped that great reward which the sword of the Bee had promised him.

"Nahoon! Nahoon!" murmured a soft voice "awake; it is no ghost, but I, Nanea, I your living wife, to whom my Ehlose has given

it me to save you."

Nahoon heard and opened his eyes to look and his madness left him.

"Welcome, wife." he said faintly, "now I will live since Death has brought you back to me in the House of the Dead."

Today Nahoon is one of the Indunas of the English government in Zululand, and there are children about his kraal. It was from the lips of Nanes, his wife, that the parrator are children about his kraal. It was from
the lips of Nanea, his wife, that the narrator
of this history heard the tale of it. The Bee
also lives and practices as much magic as
she dares under the white man's rule. On
her black hand shines a goiden ring shaped
like a snake, with ruby eyes, end of this
trinket the Bee is very proud.

(The End.)

OVERALLS, JR.

How He Lost the Race.

The members of the Speedville Bicycle one sprained ankle rested on a chair in front the web, grows, and finally the bird gives it a dome or bottle where His head was bandaged and there was a bers were being voted in and the name of Overalls, jr., had been presented. Moreover it had beeen presented by Tommy Glidden, the president of the club, and whatever Tommy suggested was generally a go. For hadn't he the latest wheeel, and though I ain't seen it since I went a flying. wasn't his father the richest man in

As for Overalls, jr.-that wasn't real name, of course-but his father had been called Overalls since before he was born, so it came about naturally that he very start," he continued. should be called Overalls, jr., especially as from his fifth year he was never seen even on Sundays in any other costume than overalls

They were varied in color, from brown checked to blue, and closely resembled these east off by his father.

In fact, the name was no misnomer. Overalls jr. was poor-so poor that he didn't even indulge in chewing gum unless it were given to him, and no one had thought to suggest his name until suddenly the president broke out: "I say, feilers, we ought to get Overalls, jr., into this club." There was a general gasp of astonishment

"He hasn't any wheel, and he couldn't pay dues, and, anyway, we don't want a fellow who wears his father's overalls made over, all the time; it wouldn't reflect credit on the club, you know," said Bert Gaylor, giving his natty bleycle suit an approving

at this suggestion.

"That doesn't make any difference, you dandy," returned Tommy dandy," returned Tommy scornfully. 'He can ride better'n you can, if he hasn't any suit. First time he ever got onto a wheel he rode off, and that's more'n any of us did," with a painful remembrance of sundry black and blue spots. "He helped every one of us to learn to ride," continued Tommy, "and I say it ain't

any more'n fair that we let him come in. Maybe some time he'll get a wheel, and I'll lend him mine somet'me." This last somewhat slowly. Tomm wheel was his pride and delight—but wasn't going to be talked down by Bert Gaylor-no, not he, even if it did require a sacrifice in the occasional loan of

Bert was silenced, but not convinced. "You can do as you please," he answered grandly, "but I don't approve. I'd hate to "ace with him now, wouldn't you?"
"Yes, I would," broke in one of the boys,
"but only 'cause I'd be afraid he'd beat me,

and that's what you're afraid of, too."
"I ain't e'ther; you just wait and see-

"I ain't ether; you just wait and see—
A sharp rap from the gavel drowned what
he would have said.

"We'll vote on this now," announced the
president with great dignity, "and Bert Gaylor, if you dare blackball him, you'll be too
mean to live," and Tommy glared at him
as he dropped his ballet into the box. "Overalls's all right," reported the teller cheerfully. "Unanimous, too," added the secretary

looking over his shoulder at the bits of paper spread on the table before him. So it was that Overalls, fr., was elected a member of the Spredville Bicycle club, and informed of the honor by a committee of three, who waited upon him in a neighboring hay field, and in exuberance of spirits proceeded to demolish the carefully

stacked hay-cocks.

But Overalls, jr., was oblivious to the fact, and stacked them again, busy with thoughts of how he should be able to join the race which the club had proposed. Two weeks after the election of Overalls the great race of the year was to be run.

The contest had grown in dimensions since irst it was planned, for at the last specia neeting of the club the secretary had read note from three of the business men of the

town, offering for a prize a bicycle of the The club members were wild with delight ever the track, and it was pretty generally conceded that the race lay between Bert Gay lor and Tommy Gilden.

That it might go out of town never entered the minds of the boys. The day of the race came. The whole in both sides by eager and enthusiastic spec

Overalls, fr., was there, and moreover he was in the race. From somewhere, no one seemed to know where, he had borrowed a bicycle.

the other boys, for his wheel was an old one heavy and with a cushion tire, and his custume was-overalls, of course, but cut, leavng the legs bare from above the knees. "There really sin't any use in your try-ng," said Tommy confidentially to him. 'The boys have light wheels and yours is neavier'n lead. I really wouldn't do it if

But Overalls persisted. "There can't but one beat anyhow," he argued, "and it ain't any worse for me to get beat than the rest f you, and I'm a-going to try,"
And try he did.

Excitement was running high. The course seing a short one, it was ridden three times to make up the required number of miles. Twice the earnest face of Tommy Clidden and the flushed one of Bert Gaylor had passed the line, just obreast. A second behind them only, rode Overalls, jr., his curly head bare, and his eyes shining bright.

'I like that boy's grit,' said Judge Gaylor, as he leaned forward and looked at the little figure pedaling away for dear life, his face

aglow with animation and resolve. "Overalls is in for it," was t verdict, as he sped on and on, nearing the He was close to them now. They were

taking the curve. Steadily he gained on



HE WAS FEELING PRETTY WELL

hem, for a second was abreast—then passed lightly in the lead. Every neck was stretched out, and all eyes were fixed on those three flying figures. Nearer they came and nearer. Only a few

No one knew just what had happened, save

cut on his cheek. But he was glad to see the boys, of course, and ready to talk over the events of the day.
"I don't care nothing about the race," he Kinder mean the stone was right there, wa'n't it? But then it don't matter much," wa'n't it? But then it don't matter much,"
and he shrugged his shoulders, while a sharp
pain darted up his leg, which unconsciously
he had moved.

"You want to know all about it from the

practicing ever since, nights after I got so twa'n't very hard to catch up with the others, 'cause I'd been saving myself till

the very last. kid right in the way.
"I was too near to turn off and not hurt her, 'cause she'd be sure to run just the way

I turned, and then I knew the other boys would kill her sure, 'cause I was ahead and they couldn't see so well.
"So I kinder leaned out and grabbed her

and somehow we all went down together and

A COURT OF THE STATE OF THE STA large spider. The web generally connects two limbs, and upon this sliken platform the bird deposits sticks, twigs, leaves and various refuse. This it might be expected would disturb the spider, but, on the contrary, as fast as the material is deposited the spider secures it with its silken cords, attaching it to each limb and the web. Gradu-

dome or bottle shape. The spider that has all the time been working industriously now covers the nest with a layer of web, and anchors it to the main structure by silken cords, so that it seems to belong to the spider, that finally effects its almost complete concealment. At one side or at the end there is an opening into the nest into which the sun-bird enters, and in which the young are reared. This is certainly one of the strangest companionships

CHAMPION BOY PRINTER.

Resides in Illinois and is but Five and a Half Years Old.

It is seldom the state of Illinois falls behind the procession for any length of time, says the Chicago Tribune. Following the news that in Indiana a boy of surprising "And I'd got up a pretty good muscle, and youth has successfully undertaken the work of a compositor comes the information that Mayne Mason, 51/2 years of age, sets type "Well, after I passed 'em there, I was making dead ahead when all to once I saw that He does not do it for his daily bread, nor, like those wonderful little boys in the fairy books, to sid unfortunate parents, but only for his own amusement. Still, the important

Mayne is the son of the editor of the Plain Dealer, and his earliest playground was the office of the paper. As a natural consequence of this intimate association with the I got mixed up in the bicycle, and I guess crude materials of literature the boy's first my head hit that stone, 'cause I didn't know impulse was to make pies of other materials



STRAIGHT IN THE COURSE OF THE RIDER WAS A LITTLE 3-YEAR-OLD.

entation of the bicycle was to be made and there was a general air of joy about the club patch.

The lad is considerably handicapped by

there was wheeled into the circle a beautiful new blcycle. On the saddle was a placard, Overalls gave a gasp as he saw it. His quick eyes studied the boys faces and he saw what he had not seen before, a tiny pair of overalls hanging from each boy's buttonhole.

"I don't know what it means."

ills for the fifth time. "I really don't, 'cause I lost that race fair on see," and he searched the faces of his But they understood.

QUEER CORRESPONDENCE.

How Indian Boys and Girls Used to Write Letters. When boys and girls nowadays have anything to say to their friends who are far away, they sit down and write a letter in plain English. French or German, as the case may be; but before you are able to write you have to learn how to make some twenty-six letters and how to combine them into words. so as to tell your friends what you are thinking about—this is called sound writing.

Now there is another kind of writing—

picture writing it is called, in which there is no alphabet, and instead of words some picture of the object is used, as for example, instead of the word c-a-t we would have a drawing of the animal.

This kind of writing was used by all people

in the early days of the world, and in most countries it is so old that it has long ago been forgotten, but here in America the Indians have practiced this old art until very recently.

Not long ago I saw a pictographic account of Custer's famous fight on the Lit-

tle Big Horn; it was drawn by Red Horse, a Sionx chief, who took no small part in that fearful battle; a queer and curlous record it semed to me, but the Indian read it with as much freedom as I could have read the newspaper story.

The following letter, written by an Indian girl to a friend whom she wishes to visit her, will give you a very good idea of this kind of writing, which it is likely your own ancestors used thousands of years ago.

This will not seem very plain to you, I know, but the one who received it understood it just as well as the letter you write to your friends—perhaps a little bet-

picture represent the paths of the locality
—public highways or streets you may call
them if you like. On the right are shown

three small lakes or ponds.

The rudely drawn bear in the upper left-hand corner is the signature of the writer, her coat-of-arms, so to speak, and indicates that she is a member of the bear family. The figure of a mullet below stands for person addressed-a man of the mullet

The three crosses are the girl and two friends—crosses because they are Chris-

The two triangles indicate the wigwams and the figure in the one is the Indian sign for hand and tells the visitor at which wigwam he is to call. In a little more elegant English the invi-tation would read: Miss Bear invites Mr. Mullet to meet her two Christian friends at second lodge from the road beyond the

STRANGE PARTNERS.

A Bird and a Spider that Keep House Together, The aeronaut spiders are among the most interesting of their species. One little spider uses certain side projections or flags to enable it to move through the air. Another builds Nearer they came and nearer. Only a few rods to the line.

Suddenly a woman's cry, sharp and piercing, rent the air.

Standing, laughing in the track, straight in the course of the riders, was a little 3-year old.

Her little white dress fluttered in the breeze, and her dimpled hands waved her lace bonnet as she strove to cheer them on. Women covered their faces and men's eyes were blurred.

A sudden crash, a cloud of dust, and a child's cry!

No one knew just what had happened, save No one knew just what had happened, save that Overalls, jr., was lying motionless on the rough track. The child sobbed in the arms of her mother, while Bert Gaylor shot over the line.

That evening a committee, headed by Mr. Gaylor, visited Overalls, jr., at his home.

He was feeling pretty well used up, and

very much till I was in somebody's house, than mud. In accordance with the usual and now I feel kinder bunged up.

"But I'm glad none of the out-of-town fellers got the race," and Overalls' face glowed with pride in the victory of the was not always found just where custom the control of the state of the s Epeedville Bicycle club.

It was a gala night at the club. The presThe small boy can now set type with great

Overalls, jr., was there. He had hobbled there on crutches and was enjoying it all from a big easy chair in the corner. The boys were grouped about him, and suddenly the best wheeled into the circle a beautiful which are to show "caps" in the proof understant of the pro

Miss Addie Rowell is boarding with her uncle, C. P. Mason.
J. L. Sweet and wife dined with George Sweet, sr., one day last week.

Charles Markee is helping his brother
Joshua husk corn on the home place.

Miss Effic Sweet, accompanied by Miss
Rose Vall, spent a day last week with Mrs. Mary Faurie.

nstitution of the Rebekah lodge in Sheffield Thursday night:
Joe Gutshall sold a 7-months-old calf to Johnson & Son Wednesday which dressed 46 pounds of as fine meat as ever laid on

At the time of the World's fair the boy At the time of the World's fair the boy visited Chicago with his father, and he still has a vivid recollection of the time. His account of the "Triumph of the Nations," set up by himself, and which few could better in that particular, is as follows: I went to see the World's fair and I re-member the Ferris wheel and that little railroad where we saw the fireworks while we rode around. At Hagenbeck's there was a trained lion and a funny little bear. And I trained had an and a tonny little bear. And I saw the gold lady in the water and lots of things. Papa pushed us in a roller chair and we had a ride on Lake Michigan in the Whaleback. I was sorry when the World's fair burnt up.

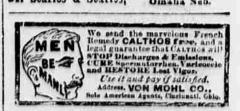
MAYNE MASON. Buda, Ill., December 13, 1895.

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