have unseated him, for right before he, com-ing slowly into our road, was a train of huge wagons, covered with white cloth. There were five wagons, each pulled by two mules. In front of the foremost wagon a

mules. In front of the foremost wagon a file of negroes was marching, two by two. There must have been forty odd in all. At first I thought they were pulling the wagon, for there was a stout rope reaching from the end of the wagon tongue to the foremost negro of the file, and the end was fastened to his waist. On each side of this rope the other negroes walked, and I soon saw that every one was handenfied to the rope.

(To Be Continued.)

(To Be Continued.)

CONNESSALITIES.

William Trainer of Portsmouth, O., bor rowed a team of horses to clope with a Miss Williams, but the lower of the horses inter-

posed and Bill was hustled to fail and the wedding postponed.

Mrs. Ella Frybarger of Shelbyville, Ill., a widow, fair/and 40, and of large means, broke the winter's duliness of the town by

eloping to the vallage of Tower Hill last week and marrying John Ballard, her hostler

Withers of Virginia celebrated their golder

wedding last Monday, and at the same time their youngest daughter, Miss Virginia Ce-

session Withers, was married to John G

Terry, a son of General William Terry of Virginia. The marriage of the younger

Virginia. The marriage of the younger couple possesses more than the ordinary smount of romance generally attached to such affairs. The ex-senator is now 75 years

Ex-President Harrison in his intention of

taking to himself a second life partner seems to have set the pace for all the old gallants.

real busy in their efforts to prevent a

who recently celebrated the 70th anniversary of their marriage. Mr. Smith was born in the year 1800, and his wife is six years his

junior. Both were born in Vermont, but went to Gouverneur when they were young.

They now find it difficult to hear easify. Oth-

erwise their faculties are exceedingly well preserved. Of the two, Mr. Smith is perhaps

in the better health. Although he user glasses, he can read fine print without them.

and often does. Few, indeed, are the cou-

An old couple, both past 70 years of age

were remarried in Holland, Mich., a few days

ago under remarkable c'rcumstances. They

were first married in that place half a cen-tury ago. In 1854 the husband, Czar Gid-dings, brother of ex-Governor Giddings of

New Mexico, went to California, intending to send for his wife and family to join him

when his circumstances permitted. The cou-ple corresponded regularly for three or four

ears, and then serious financial reverses dis-

years, and then serious intancial reverse to heartened Mr. Giddings and he ceased to write to his wife. She, after waiting several years, procured a divorce, by advice of her father, in order that he might give her a

house in her own name. She never remar-ried. Giddings' fertunes took a turn for the better, and he acquired considerable wealth. He learned of the divorce and married a Cal-ifornia woman. His second wife died fifteen years ago. A few weeks ago Giddings re-turned to Michigan, hunted up his first wife,

GRANDMA'S WEDDING GOWN.

Arthur Grissom in Lestie's Weekly.

Lo! here is grandma, just stepped down
From the picture on the wall.

Dressed in her famous wedding gown,
To attend the fancy ball!

No wrinkle mark her dear, sweet face,
She looks will checks aglow.

Just as she tooked, in pearls and lace,
Seventy wake ago!

No wonder the was worshiped then In all the convery-side!
No wonder hearts were broken when She wore this gown, a bride!
And, oh! tonight she's just as fair As when the wore it so.
With girdled waist and powdered hair, Seventy years ago!

With girdled waist and powdered hair Seventy years ago!
The satin, once of spotless white, Is ye'lowed with the years;
The vell that fell in folds of light is stained, but not with tears;
For grandma's life was one long May, As free from ill and woe
As was her perfect wedding day, Seventy years ago.

Tonight, in all her youth and grace,
For all to praise that see,
The old love-light upon her face,
She comes to dance with me.
Ah, rose so like the parent flower!
Full soon our love shall know
The joy that crowned her bridal hour,
Beventy years ago!

ples who are able to observe their 70th mar

riage anniversary together.

and they were remarried.

Seventy years ago!

A well-preserved old couple are Mr. and

In the fourteenth century a fashion came

aged only 20.

(Copyright, 1996, by Joef Chandler Harris.) CHAPTER II.-CONTINUED.

Aaron went into the stable and came forth with a halter. This he threw on Timoleon's head, passing the loose end over the horse's nack and tying it in the ring, thus forming reine for the rider to handle. Then he folded a heavy blanket four times, placed it on the horse's back, and strapped it down with a surcingle.

"Not too tight-not too tight, son of Ben All," said Timoleon, backing his ears a little. 'Now, then, for a ride," said Aaron, turn-Ing to the children.

"Oh, I'm afraid," cried Sweetest Susan. "Mamma would be angry."

"Try him here, in the lot," suggested

Aaron to Buster John. Now Buster John was a pretty good rider for a youngster, and was somewhat proud of the fact. He had even helped to break a young mule to the saddle. So, after a little persuasion, he allowed Aaron to lift him to Timoleon's back.

"Easy, now," said Aaron. The black stallion stepped proudly off. From a swinging walk he broke into an easy camer, which soon became a swinging gallop. Before he had gone around the field Buster John had lost all fear, and from his gently undulating seat waved his hand gayly to Sweetest Susan. "Oh, I wish I could go, too!" she ex-aimed, clapping her hands. "Why not, little missy?" said Aaron. "I

have seen you riding the gray pony without a saddle." "But he is as gentle as a dog," explained

Sweetest Susan.

"Why, so is Timoleon," replied Aaron. "Try him. I will run beside him to catch you if you fall. I'll not run far before you say 're back."

By this time Timoleon came sweeping up to where they stood and stopped. Buster John's face fairly glowed with the delight "Well," said Sweetest Susan, unable to re-sist the temptation. "Well, I'll go, but if I

Before she could finish what she had to

Before she could finish what she had to may the strong arms of Aaron had lifted her to a seat behind Buster John.

"How can you fall?" asked the hold youngster. "Hold fast to me. Put your arms around me, and when you fall let me know."

"You didn't talk that way just now," said Sweetest Susan. To this Buster John made no reply. Aaron stood beside the black stallon and stroked his neck.

"Grandsen of Abdallah show me what

"Grandsen of Abdallah, show me what you are this day. Once around the field and then to the lane gate." The horse took three long strides forward and then broke into a canter as before. Aaron ran beside Timoleon a little way, one hand on Sweetest Susan's elbow to give her confidence, but he soon saw that she had lost all fear, and so, still running, he went to the gate that opened in the lane and three it back and stoad those. The and threw it back and stood there. The black stallion, going in a steady gallop, swept around the field, and then came toward

the gate. The children were laughing.

"Don't forget, grandson of Abdallah. You know my hand!" This was Aaron's last warning as Timoleon went through the gate. The son of Ben Ali watched horse and riders for a few moments. Then he closed the gute and ran swiftly through the lot, going toward the head of the avenue that led to the big house. The lane, half a mile it length, led obliquely away from the honse and from the avenue, until it joined the pub-lic road. From that point, turning squarely to the left, the distance to the avenue gate was about a mile. From the stable to the avenue gate, through the spring lot—the way Aaron went-was not quite half a mile.

"If I go too fast, grandson of the White-haired Master," said Timoleon, as they twrred into the public road, "touch me on And don't be frightened when I lift my head and tell the fools I am com-

As they came in sight of the negro quarters Timoleon raised his head high in the air and neighed shrilly three times in quick succession. It sounded like a challenge to man and beast. That plantation had heard it many times before, and it had always been the forcrunner of some display of savagery grandfather talk of their uncle (whom they on the part of the black stallion-sometimes hand never seen), as though he were a little a negro run down and trampled, sometimes boy.

"It seems but yesterday," said the old "It seems but yesterday," that ended

painted on their faces. It was no wonder they stood transfixed when they saw the horse flying along the road, his thick mane whipping the wind, with the two children on his back. They had no time to admire the strength and symmetry of the horse, and yet he presented a beautiful sight; his glossy neck arched, his long mane en-veloping the children as in a cloud, the undulations of his magnificent form, and his swift movements the perfection of grace.

Once more, as he thundered across the bridge that spanned the stream leading from the spring, the black stallion screamed forth his note of defiance. A man coming along the road went over the fence as nimbly as a squirrel. Cows grazing in the fields near the roadside hoisted their tails in the air and ran off to the woods. The mules in the horse lot ran around aimlessly and then huddled themsevels together in a corner. The gray pony went scampering through the peach orchard, hunting a place of

Then the cry went up from the negro quarters, "Timeleon's loose! Timeleon's loose!" The cry was echoed at the big house. The children's father laid down the book he was reading and went out upon the veranda, followed directly by his wife. The grandfather rose from his easy chair and joined them. They heard the tremendous chitter of hoofs on the hard road and the screaming of the stallion. They saw Aaron running up the avenue, followed by Drusilla. Calamity seemed to have swooped down upon the plentation. A negro woman, bolder than the rest the plentation. A negro woman, bolder than the rest, had managed to run to the big house. She rushed through it, without big house. She rush regard for ceremony. "Mistiss, dem blessed chillun-!"

wanted to say were riding the runaway stallion, but she sank to the floor,

speechless.
"O, my children! my children! where are
my precious children?" cried the mother.
At that moment Aaron reached the avenue ion cantered through it, and came galloping

down the drive.
"I see the children," said the white-haired grandfather. "They are safe. They have been giving Timoleon his exercise. See! been giving Timoleon his exercise. See! they are laughing and waving their hands!"

The mother looked, but the sight seemed to terrify her so that she covered her face with her hands. Only for a moment, however. She looked again, thinking they were wringing their hands and crying for help. But, no: they were really laughing. In frent of the yard gate there was an ornamental circle, filled with neatly trimmed. mental circle, filled with neatly boxwood, privet and acacla bushes. trimmed this circle, Timoleon turned to the right and galloped around it, the children waving and gailoged around it, the children waving their hands to their mother, father and grandfather. With his waving mane and flewing tall, his arched and shining neck, and his graceful movements, the horse presented

"Why, they are riding him with a hal-ter!" cried the father, taking fresh alarm. "flow many times have I told you he is the gentlest horse I ever knew?" sighed the grandfather. "Ah, what a magnificent-creature he is! What a pity he is penned

times around the circle Timoleon and then wheeled toward the gate that led to the stable lot. The children waved a mock farewell to the still aston-

"Asron will thank you, if you'll stick to your word," said the grandfather. "I bought Aaron fifteen years ago, and I have never

had occassion to undo anything he has ever done. I owe him a debt of gratitude that I could never repay if I were to live a thousand years."
"I know, father—I know," replied the

I know, father—I know, replied the children's mother, more gently. "But he gave me a terrible fright just now."

Timoleon galloped to his stable and stood there waiting for Airon. Sweetest Susan, holding to Buster John's hand, slid to the ground, and then Buster John followed suit.

"You might take the haiter off, little one," said Timoleon, and he held his head so that the youngster could unbuckle the strap. Then the horse began to graze as contentedly as any farm animal. Presently Aaron came with a bucket of cold water from the spring.

Timoleon buried his nose in it, drank his fill, and then washed his mouth by sucking up the water and letting it run out over his tongue and teeth. Then the blanket was removed and the grandson of Abdallah stretched himself on the warm grass and had a good wallow. After that Aaron rubbed him off thoroughly, gave him a bait of oats, and, while he ate, went over his silky coat with currycomb and brush, whistling all the while in a peculiar way.

GRISTLE, THE GRAY PONY, BEGINS HIS

STORY.

The ride on Timoleon, which was an exciting one from start to finish, was enough fun for the children for one day. They sought no other amusement. When they had seen Aaron feed and groom the horse they went to the big house, where they knew the country "Go off—go off. Youder comes Aaron ride had created a sensation. There, in the son of Ben Ali will muke you let me answer to numberless questions asked by alone."

the children shall never go shout him any, sent the rabbit scurrying off through the "What is the matter?" asked Buster John. "Oh, today is Sunday!" cried Sweetest

"Why, of course it is Sunday," said Buster John. "What of it? Is it any harm to walk through an old peach orchard hunting John. for a pony? 0-0," replied Sweetest Susan, hesi-

tatingly. "What is the matter, then?"

"Nothing. I had forgotten it was Sun-day, and just happened to think about it," Sweetest Susan replied, demurely. Going forward and looking about the or-chard the children soon saw the gray pony grazing in a fence corner at the further side. As they went toward him, the gray pony saw them and began to move away. broking his ears and showing signs of irri

"Leave me alone," said the pony. "I don't want to run through these briars and scratch myself. Go away. I don't want to see

"Wait," cried Buster John; "I want to talk to you."

"Shucks and smutty nubbins!" exclaimed the pony. "You can hardly talk to yourselves. All you can do is to throw rocks and poke sticks ut me through the fence. Go away, I might accidentally hurt you. I wouldn't be sorry if I did, but they'd send me off to the river place, and I don't want to go there and get cockle-burrs in my mane and tail."

"So we went to town, the little master and I. The white-haired master and the teacher rode in the buggy. We kept with them a little way, but the weather was fine and the roads were good, and after awhile the little master and I. The white-haired master and It was the rode in the buggy for for a little way, but the weather was fine and the roads were good, and after awhile the little master and I. The white-haired master and I. The whit to go there and get cockle-burrs in my mane and tall," down hill, for it was as easy as walking-until we came nearly to town. Then sud-denly the little master reached forward and "But I can telk to you," persisted Buster ohn. "I can understand everything you John.

denly the little master reached forward and touched me on the shoulder. It was a way he had of warning me. We were coming to a point where another road led into ours, and it was well the little master warned me when he did. Else when I saw what I did I should have given a start that would have unseated him, for right before me, coming leading the our road, was a train of The gray pony tossed his head contemptu-usly. "Go off—go off. Yonder comes Aaron



SEE THEY ARE LAUGHING AND WAVING THEIR HANDS.

their mother, they told a part of the story of their ride. They said nothing about hearing Timoleon talk, for they knew that not even their grandfather would believe that part of the story. But they told all about the ride—how swiftly and how easily the the horse went and how gentle he was. with him

The children's mother had more than half a notion to read them a lecture, but the whitehaired grandfather protested against whitenaired grandlather protested against this. He said the youngsters were perfectly safe in Aaron's care. He declared he didn't want to see boys play the part of girls, nor girls act like dolls. Then he began to talk about Little Crotchet, who had been so fend of Aaron. It was curious to the children to hear the whitehaired grandfather talk of their uncle (whom they

a negro run down and trampled, sometimes a mule or a cow crippled; but slways something. The sound of it was slways heard with dismay, except by Aaron.

"It seems but yesterday," said the old gentleman, with a gentle sigh, that ended in a smile, "that Little Crochet was hobbing through the house on his or scalmpering about the neighborhood on the gray pony. But the gray pony is grazing out there in the orchard and Little Crotchet has been dead these fifteen years. If he were alive now he would be 29 years

> The old gentelman fell to musing and sat silent for a little while. Then he went on, as if talking to himself.

"And I am 73, and Aaron is 40, and, let me see, the pony is 18, and Timoleon 17. All getting old." "Uncle Crotchet wasn't always crippled, was he grandfather," asked Sweetest Susan. "Oh, no," replied the old gentleman. "Un-

"On, no," replied the old gentleman. "Un-til he was 7 years old he was as healthy a child as I ever saw. Then he was sud-denly taken ill and lay in his bed for-months. After that he was never able to walk without crutches, Twenty-nine years old! Why, he'd be a man grown. As it is he is still a little hoy. I remember!" is, he is still a little boy. I remember," the grandfather continued, becoming remin-iscent, "when he wanted me to buy Aaron. From the very first the two had a fancy to each other. Aaron came from fancy to each other. Aaron came from Virginia in a speculator's caravan. He be-came so unmanageable that he had to be sold. Little Crotchet begged me to buy him, but I stood joking with the little low, and before I knew it our neigh across the creek had bought him." our neighbor

"Old Mr. Gossett?" inquired Buster John "Yes," replied the grandfather. "Mr Gossett bought Aaron. Little Crotchet so distressed about it that I offered Gossett half as much more for Aaron than he had given. But he refused it. Then leftered him twice as much and he refused that, and I didn't feel able to give any

"Why wouldn't Mr. Gosaett sell Aaron?

"Why wouldn't Mr. Gossett sell Aaron?"
asked Buster John. "I've heard he's very
fond of money."
"He's a queer man." responded the grandfather; "hard in some things and elever
enough in others. He had heard the speculator say that Aaron was a very dangereus character, and so Mr. Gossett declared that he was going to tame him. Gossett was a much younger man than he is now, and about as reckless as any one in the country. I remember he said something in a light way that made little Crotchet angry, and the lad spurred the gray pony at him and would have rode him down but

for me."
"Was he riding the gray pony, grand-father?" asked Buster John. "Yes," replied the old gentleman, with sigh; "yes, the gray pony. It was fiftee years ago, but it seems but yesterday."

The grandfather was silent after that, and the children said no more. They went to bed when beltime came, but not before Buster John had made up his mind to rise bright and early the next morning and call bright and early the next morning and call on the gray pony. He told Sweetest Susan and Drusilla of his plan, and they said they were anxious to go, too. So it was arranged that the housemaid should wake them when she came in from the quarters.

This was done, and to the surprise of everybody whose business it was to be up early, the children sallied forth a little after sunrise. They went into the orehard

early, the children sallied forth a little
after sunrise. They went into the orchard,
hunting for the gray pony. Before they
had gone far, a rabbit jumped up right at
their feet, ran off a little distance, and
then sat up and looked at them.
"He's very much like Mr. Rabbit," said
Sweetest Susan.
"He's lots better lookin'," remarked Druallia who had never foreiven Mr. Babbit.

waved a mock rarewell to the still astonlished spectators, who, standing on the veranda, heard Timoleon go clattering to the
rear of the house.

The mother recevering from her fright,
which was serious, became very angry, and
this was not serious at all.

"That is Aaron's work," she cried, "and that startled Buster John and Brostlia, and

Sure enough, Aaron was coming down the mr. and Mrs. Szathmary of Zsombolyi, Hungary, recently celebrated the one hundreth anniversary of their marriage. They should be authority on the Tennysonian sentiment, "Better fifty years of Europathan a cycle of Cathay," since they have tried it twice. crehard path with a bucket of bran. Presently he called the gray pony. "Come,

head, and went galloping toward Adron and hard as he could go. When the children Buster John was, of course, quite a hero and Sweetest Susan shared all the honors bran, they found him disputing with Auron. sticking your nose in it now? That's what

The pony snorted so hard that he blew the wet bran all around. "How did they learn to talk to us?" he asked.

"They have been touched," replied Agron. "Well," said the gray pony, "that change. bused them. But that boy there hasn't

"Haven't I told you, Gristle. They have been ntouched. They have the sign." "I see," responded the gray pony. "That changes things. That alters the case, what do they want with me?"

'They can answer for themselves, Gristle "Why, we wanted you to tell us about

wet bran and looked at the children. Then he looked at Aaron. "Well!" he snorted, "how do they know?" Aaron laughed and pointed toward the big

They know the sign." "That alters the case," said the gray pony for the third time, "but the story is one. 'Today is the day when you get in the carriage and go where the talking man lives.

day in every week from the time he could

Aaron thought that this was a good idea and at his suggestion the children agreed t

it did elsewhere, and some time during the night, when the children were fast asleep and snoring, may be, tomorrow became today. After breakfast, when they had gone over their lessons with their grandfather, who taught them to amuse himself, they went out and found the gray pony, carrying him som

green corn.
"Now, I like that," said the pony, switch

the first. The white-haired master found me in a drove of mules and horses in a pen in town. We had traveled hundreds of miles and though I was young and tough, I was yery stiff and tired. But the drover cracket his whip, separated me from the rest, and ran me to a corner of the pen, where I stood trembling, because I did not know what moment the lash would crack on my back, as it had cracked many times before. The white haired master—his hair was as gray as mine even then—held the little master in his arms and when they came near I stood still and allowed the little fellow to pat my back and stroke my neck. The little master cried Father, buy him—I like him.

"That was enough. A negro came and put a halter on me, and led me from the pen Soon some one brought a bridle and ther a small saddle. After a while the little master was placed on my back, and some one handed him two heavy sticks. I was alarmed at first, fearing I was to be beaten with them, but when I flinched the little master stroked my neck, and I had no more fear. The sticks he carried along to help him along over the ground when he not riding, and he used them nimbly.

"So we came home and grew to know each other. In cold weather I had a warm stable to rest in, and a heavy blanket to sleep under, in pleasant weather I had cool water twice a day and young corn and green barley. People used to say he rode me too hard at times, but it was not so. It was a pleasure to him and no harm to me.

into vogue in France. Spain and Italy of two wedding rings being used in the mar-riage ceremony. They were connected by a chain, and one was placed on the finger of the bride, the other on that of the groom. By all accounts the young duke and duchess of Mariborough are exhibiting an almost amusing devotion to one another. Like Mr. Blake and his bride in Mr. Gilbert's bailed, they appear to spend all their time in "connubial foudlings and affectionate reciproc. Ucs."

The pony kicked up his heels, shook his If the children didn't know how to talk to him day before yesterday, how could they talk now? That's what he'd like to know. "Gristle, listen. If you didn't have this bran-mash an hour ago, how can you be

I'd like to know."

things. That alters the case. I'h sorry I been very good to me. I've sen no like Little Crotchet. I saw them riding the black stallion yesterday. How was that?"

Now Dame Rumor, who first gets onto all these love affairs, is connecting the name of Chauncey M. Depew with that of a most charming maden. If all reports are true the gifted railway president and prince of after-dinner talkers is deeply smitten. too. The lady of his choice has not seen as many summers nor winters as has General Harrison's affianced. Instead of 40 and over she is reported to be not quite 18. In Dr. Depew's case also his relatives are kept

match. ime when my Uncle Crotchet asked grandfather to buy Uncle Aaron."

The pony drew away from the bucket of Mrs. B. Howard Smith of Gouveneur, N. Y.

haired master. They are our friends, Gristle

I used to carry the little master there

"He means to preaching," explained Aaron and the explanation made the children laugh. "Come tomorrow," said the gray pony, "then everybody will be at work, and we shall have no one to bother us."

it, though not with a very good grace; to morrow seemed to be so far off. But the time rolled on on the plantation a

ing his tail vigorously. "I've had a bad taste in my mouth all day, and this green corn will drive it away." He munched at it a little while, looking at the children occasionally, and then began:

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilbiains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Kuhn & Co.

away a teacher—a young man with brown hair and blur eyes—and for a time the Little Master was troubled. He had no desire to sit in the house for hours and do nothing but read in the books. I used to watch for Bim, through the fence, and he was very poud indeed when he found that I knew his voice from the rest and would follow him about without bridle or haiter. I missed him when the teacher came, and I used to go to the fence and call him.

"But I missed him only a day or two. The teacher, was a wise young man and he soon saw that if the little master was to be taught strail; the teaching must go on in the open air, with no more books to in the open air, with no more books to bother with than he could carry in one hand. So it came to pass that every day the lit-tle master would call for me, and then we would go on long journeys through the wools and fields, the teacher walking with "Sometimes the teacher would carry books in his hand, but he carried more in his head. He was wise. He knew the poleon-cus plants and vines almost as well as I did, and I used to wonder how he found them out, not having to eat them. This went on whenever the weather was pleasant, and I heard the teacher from far away say to the little master that he was learning a great deal more of the things that were in the books than if he were shut up in a tight room with the books themselves. If I could have remembered all I heard I'd be pretty well educated myself.

"One morning I was fed early. I heard the nagroes say that the white-haired master, the little master and the teacher were going to town. It was court week, they said. The judge and jury were going to sit and punish men for being meiner than the animals. I thought it was very funny. But I ate my breakfast with a better appetite, because I knew that none of my kith and kin were to be hauled up before the judge and jury for cheating and swindling and drinking and gambling.

"So we went to town, the little master and "Sometimes the teacher would carry books

(Copyright, 1896, by the Author.) His father was known as Jenkyn, or, from is trade, "Jenkyn, the Smith," and his forefathers had been for generations villeins, or serfe, in the proud family of De Mountchesney. Within the walled inclosure of Mountchesney castle stalwart Jenkyn, girt about with leathern apron, sharpened the swords and shod the horses of the iron barons who were his lords. He was a skillful workman in all known metals and when King Edward came on a royal progress to visit the Baron de Mountchesney it was Jenkyn the Smith who fashioned for him the silver cup of presentation. One can picture him still—this huge man, with brown skin and fearless blue eyes—hammering from matins to curfew in the little wattled smithy under the frowning ramparts of the castle. Much thought of by his masters was Jenkyn, so that when he was sain in an attack upon the castle by the fierce Welshmen, the baron of those days took little John, the dead smith's child, and set him free. To be a villein was to be practically a slave, but a freedman could draw wages and rise even to be a master bowman and fight

n foreign wars. It happened, however, that little John, being an orphan, was reared from babyhood in the castle itself, and became the humble play-mate of young Ranulph de Mountchesney.

a page's page, save the mark. I'll buy you a jennet when we come to Dover." So great was John's joy that only the sight of a rabbit pastry reminded him of his woeful hunger.

It was the day before the great fight of Creey; and there were many skirmishes be-tween the valiant troops of France and those of England. Among these few were more bruited about than that of the Forge of Fautree. You will doubtless find the ac-count of that wonderful bit of war in the glorious pages of Froissart. Still, there can s no harm in telling of John Smith's part

The English host had hardly wakened, and the chanticleers which foragers bad left in the neighboring barnyards had crown but twice or thrice when a party of frollesome pages stole out of the camp and made its way along the prattling Vevay and made its way along the pratting Vevay rivulet (ah, the dear Vevay! I wish you and I could not there, as I have so often fished). They soon reached the forge of Fautrec, de-deserted by the smith on the approach of the Engiteh, and, sitting down on the grassy slope, began to munch bread and cheese just as though they had been in a British mesdow nany miles from danger.

Ranulph de Mountchesney was there, and with him John Smith. The other pages bad objected to the latter's presence, Humphrey Bohun in particular calling him a "base kitchener." But Ranulph stood by his "page," and at last John was allowed to go with them as a sort of servant.

Breakfast over, the boys inspected the deserted forge. All the appliances were there, just as the smith had left them, and Humphrey Bohun suggested jibingly that he whom name was Smith should start the smithy going. John, always obliging, consented, and soon, with the merry troop's as sistance, he had the furnace alight and the bellows going. As in most mediaeval smithles, there was a draw-well in the corner, and beside they found some old pikes and spears, evidently left behind in the smith's hasty flight. These they amused themselves by heating and hammering into fantastic shapes, while John was given permission to eat his breakfast, now that his betters had done. He proceeded to do so, but ere the first morsel had passed his lips he rushed wildly back to the forge.

"Gentlemen, the enemy!" he shouted.

"The French are coming."

It was only too true. Up the slope from

the sparkling Vevay came fully thirty French haiberdiers, evidently bent on capturing the inmates of the forge. Instantly all the pages forgot their frelic. Despite their natural the drawbridge and two by two, horse and foot, the kinamen and followers of the Lord de Mountchesney went forth to war.

Last of all came six heavy sumpter mules carrying sacks of provisions and the like.

As they passed over the creaking bridge the two old retainers who guided them little dreamed that one of the sacks contained a load no less unusual than a live boy. The boy was John Smith. Spurned by the baren, he had seen the mules standing in a dark the baron's only son. When Friar Francis, he had seen the mules standing in a dark that right learned man, taught Ranulph the corner of the courtyard, and instantly de-

the horsemen, too, and made off as fast at their legs could carry them; but not fast enough to prevent their being ridden down, surrounded and captured.

Then up to the forge, where John Smith stood on the roof, rode the victorious English company; and in their leader John saw no less a personage than Edward of Wales, the black prince.

"Where are the gentlemen, John Smith?" said Baron de Mountcheeney grimly, "while the variet rides on the root?"

John said naught, but called to his comrades, who climbed one by one through the make hole and dropped to the ground—all save Bohun, who had to be lifted down. Under questioning they told the story of the fight and how they had held the mill for nigh half an hour against thirty grown men-

But Humphrey Bohun, who had jibed at John Smith somewhat earlier, now spake up with all the spirit of a generous heart and told the prince that the whole defense, the rescue and the boy's safety, were due to the courage and determination of that same

lowly John. Ranulph and the rest of the pages admitted such to be the truth.
"By my faith," said the Black Prince,
"that stripling shall be rewarded. Let him step forward.

"Your grace," interposed the Baron de Mountchesney, "the is but my son's serving lad, the son of a villein, who died in serfdom, And his name, my liege, is 'John Smith.'" "And a right apt name, seeing he held von smithy so stoutly," quoth Prince Edward, "Sir Baron, I care not who the sire was, The son can lead boys to victory; in years to come he shall lead men. John Smith, you are my page henceforth. If you bear yourself well you shall be a 'squire-some day perhaps a belted knight."

Thus it was that John Smith, the son of Jenkyn the serf, did his duty and proved himself a gentleman. Let young John Smith of today, otherwise known as "Johnny" and "Jack," think upon the deeds of his great ancestor and worthily profit thereby.

Poet's Cat Who Was Generous at Some One's Else Expense. A recent incident recalled to my mind the fact that cats, while essentially imperious, independent, shy and distrustful creatures, are very suave and sociable when they have anything to gain by encouraging

friendship. One Sunday I heard a faint "mew" at my door, which stood slightly ajar, and a strange tomcat thrust a paw, then his pink nose through the aperture, easily following with his body. Ignoring the friendly advances of every one in the room, he curled himself comfortably in my lap, unmistakably signifying his intention of remaining which he did for several days, exterminating he mice and increasing the milk bills. He partook of his meals at the same time I did, and seemed to consider it an obligation of courtesy to eat of whatever formed part of my repast, even the pecons and pickles. He departed in time, somewhat unwillingly, o be sure, for it is the instinct of animals

understand" them. He returned at intervals, paying me in-formal calls, which would last as long as I would permit him to remain.

as well as human beings, to seek those who

The particular story which these incidents ecall concerns a cat in the far west, Oakland, Cal., which rejoiced in the name of "Trilly"—not Trilby, for this was before her day. She belonged to the well known poet, Ina D. Coeibrith, whose "Songs from the Golden Gate" have recently been issued.

Trilly has been absent at her usual break-fast hour and whose her missience.

fast hour, and when her mistress was pre-paring to go out for the day, the cat ap-peared, bearing in her mouth a fish dressed for cooking, which she hurriedly deposited at her mistress's feet, looking up proudly for an expression of approval. But her mistress only stooped quickly and laid the fish on the glowing coals, fearing that it had been pre-pared with poison to trap unsuspecting kittens that had propensities to make free with

neighbors' larders.
Trilly seemed to consider the proceeding as lacking appreciation and courtesy, and slowly walked away, disappearing over the

When Miss Coolbrith returned and was frimming her rose bushes in the twilight one of her neighbors called her name, and, locking across the lot, she saw Trilly curled up on the neighbor's back porch, sleeping the sleep of the contented, if not the just.

"Do you know what your cat has been doing?" she said to Miss Coolbrith. Trilly's mistress could not imagine, although the episode of the morning flashed across her mind, causing her grave appre-

"Well, she has been carrying fish across my lot a good part of the day."
"Fish! But where could she get so many? She didn't cat them all I hope?" "No; she brought them one by one and stood on the top of the fence mewing loudly until she had all of your cats assembled beneath." And all of the poet's cats meant no less than sixteen or poven-

"She dropped the fish one by one, until every cat had been satisfied, then she brought the last one over here on my porch and ate it herself, carefully washing her paws when she had finished, and laying down to sleep. She has not stirred since."

Miss Coolbrith hastened to where Trilby was lying, and picking up the cat to ascertain if it were still sound in body, was greeted with a lazy "mew!" A smile crept over her features as she wondered what neighbor's larder had suffered and she thought she understood a new species of generoeity.

PRATTLES OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Ringway—Your sister expects me to din-ner, doesn't she, Willie? Willie—Jh, yes. She said she didn't know but what you might stay to breakfast. "You don't have to give anything to the

reacher, do you, papa?' said Johnny. "You always pass the basket."

Teacher—Where does milk come from?
Boy—I can't tell. "Don't you know? Why, your father's a milkman." "Yes'm. He old me not to tell." Teacher—Where were you yesterday? Pu-pil (whimpering)—It was all Billy Smith's fault. He hippertised me an' made me go

skatin' with him. Little Mamie read on her Sunday school card: "God makes, preserves and keeps us."
Looking up suddenly she said: "Mamma,
wha' do you s'pose he does with 'em ail?"
"With what, my dear?" "Why, ail those preserves."

"No, mamma," said 8-year-old Mabel, "I do not think I care for any camby.' "I told you you were eating too much last night." "I do not think it is that, mamma. I fancy I am getting old."
"Dear God," prayed a little Church street
maiden last evening, "make a good little girl

maiden last evening, "make a good hittle gir, out of me, and if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

"Little boy," asked the sympathizing lady, "why do you cry so?" "Is there anything in the manner of my expressing my grief, madam," responded the Boston boy, "that strikes you as being outre or inappropriate

Boo-hoo! Boc-hoo! "Mamma, isn't thawing dynamite danger-ous?" "I have read that it is, Willie. Why?" "'Cause, I don't see why biking powder isn't dangerous, too." hot iron brands, passed up from below, into "I'd like to hear you play the violin. Mr. Tillinghast," said 7-year-old Tommy Dillingham, who was entertaining the caller. "But I don't want to play the violin, Tommy."
"Then pappa must be mistaken. I heard him

tell mamma that you played second fiddle at home." Miss Dorothy W., aged 2 years, and with a younger rival near the maternal throne, was found in allent and perilous intimacy with the parior bric-a-brac. "What are you doing, Dorothy?" demanded her mother. "I'm all Dorothy?" demanded her mother. "I'm all right," responded the young woman; "you go and take care of your haby."







"YOU ARE MY PAGE HENCEFORTH." elements of scholarship, John sat by with wide open blue eyes and absorbed all that went on. Gradually the friar began to teach him, too; so that it came to pass that the forth the oats it contained, he crept within, smith's heir learned as much as did the beron's. Out of doors, too, he found his op-pertunities; and few of his age could shoo: a longer or straighter shaft than he. freemen about the castle, whose sires been freedmen, not villeins, grumbled might ily at all these doings; and their grumblings came to the ears of the old baron.

Said they: "Shall a boy without even a surname, whose father was a serf, clerk it and hunt it while our children must wait urtil their fathers die to carry their bows and broadswords?" Then the baron was wroth, and answered "This boy hath my son chosen to be his servant. His sire was a faithful servant to me, and worth a dozen lazy bowmen. If he hath no name we will give him one. He

shall be called John Smith, after the trade of his father." And "John Smith" the boy was called, as are called so many of his descendants today. Whereupon the bowman and others shrugged their leather-covered shoulders, raying: "Let it be so. Strive as he may, he can never rise higher than master bowman and only that when old and gray. "But they had not reckoned on John Smith, first of his dynasty

One day the beacon flaring from hill to

hill told all England that his grace the hill told all England that his grace the king had gone to war.

Instantly every baron arose, donned his armor and made ready to take the field. Then couriers came spurring to every castle gate—and one among the rest to that of the Mountchesneys—telling of an invasion of France, and summoning all and sunders to meet the Black Prince in his company to meet the Black Prince in his company. dry to meet the Black Prince in his camp

Small time was lost in making ready, and small time was lost in making ready, and in less than a week all the forces of the baron, saving only a small garrison, were ready in the castle courtyard. It was a goodly sight to see all those mailed knights, gaudy squires and pages, bowmen, spearsmen and bearers of the sword assembled around their chief. around their chief.
"Ranulph," said the old baron to his

son, "thou art but a boy; but at thy age Mountchesneys begin to be men. Thou shalt accompany me as my page."

Little Ranulph was delighted and mounted his jingling jennet in high glee, with a poniard in his girdle and a falcon's feather in his cap. But poor John Smith stood alone and deserted, looking the very

picture of woe. How he longed to go forth to war as well! "Goodbye, Johnnykin," quoth Ranulph.
"Why look so sad?"
"Lord Ranulph," whispered John, "ask
your father to let me go with him to
France. I will tramp all the way
afoot."

Ranulph, being a kindly boy, asked ac-cordingly, but the baron laughed in derision. Flinging the disappointed lad a sil-ver token, he gave the signal for the march. The trumpet sounded, down banged next night, only to be discovered by one of his enemies, the bowmen, and carried before his enemies, the bowmen, and carried before

At first de Mountchesney was angry, and talked about whipping and turning adrift; but a good dinner improved his temper, and he began to admire the lad's ccurage and determination. Finally he said: "Well, sirrah, your father made my good sword; and for his sake, and that of my con Rangleh Uil een pardon you. You shall son Ranulph, I'll e'en pardon you. You shall go to France after all, as page to Ranulph—

drawing the neckstring to from within and cutting a few airholes with his dagger. He wanted to go to the wars at all hazardsand in this manner to the wars he went. John Smith bore up brayely against cramp, hunger and thirst for a good thirty-

Thi

four hours in his strange saddle. But on the eve of the second day, while the party were encamped for the night by the royal his sack and go on a foraging tour. proved so successful that he tried it again courage and high blood, the surprise completely destroyed all presence of mind. Each locked at the other, white-faced and unable to move. Nearer came the halberdiers. Then up spake John Smith, and he spake with a will. "Shut to and bolt the door," he said. The

spell was broken. A dozen boys rushed to obey his order. "Now up with the anvil against it," was his next command, and this also they obeyed. The door was barricaded. "Lord Ranulph," said John, "you are quick afoot. Crawl through the chimney hole in the roof, and run and bring us aid. We will hold the force against the French." Eager hands hoisted Ranulph through the hole which permitted the escape of smoke. and heard him drop to the earth at the back of the smithy. By this time the butt of a halbred was banging against the door and a French voice demanded admittance. But John Smith had placed a great pot filled with water from the well above the roaring fur nace; and while it was boiling he ha crept out upon the roof, and, leaning over crept out upon the roof, and, leaning over, thrown the still heated end of one of the old pikes into the French below. A how of anguish was the result, followed, after a brief pause, by a general rush against the door. But the stout oak, supported by the iron anvil, held firm as yet. Two boys now sided John Smith upon the roof, and flung hot iron brands, passed up from below into.

the halberdiers. The French retreated, so as to surround the forge and dislodge the defenders from its roof. Their delay gave the water over the furnace time to boil, and it was passed up in rusty morions, steel helmet pots and impromptu bowls found in the force. V the enemy approached near enough to reach the boys with their long halberds they were greeted with showers of boiling water, the supply of which was constantly replenished below. Still, one of the gallant lads—Humphrey Bohun, indeed-was hurt by a halberd which a soldier, scalded by the water, had hurled at him. Bohun was let down into the forge and another took his place. But this sort of fight could not last for

ever, and the Frenchmen, growing wise by experience, had just hit upon a scheme of hurling large stones from a safe distance through the dreaded smoke-hole; while pro-tected by this fusilade a battering party was to rush forward and hammer down the door

"Saint George for Merrie England! An Edward! An Edward!"

Up leapt John Smith's heart for joy, and up, too, went his head through the smoke hole to see what meant that rousing cry. The sight he beheld was so joyful that he The sight he beheld was so joyful that he forgot all prudence, and sprang forth boldly upon the roof. For up the hill to the roar came galloping a company of English horse, led by a man in black armor, by whose side he recognized his own master, the Baron de Mountchesney, with little Ranulph riding behind him. The French halberdiers saw