

Copy, oght, 1896, by Joel Chandler Ha. CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"The sight of all this," said the gray pony, continuing his story, "aurprised me to that I stopped in the road and came near tucking tail and running back the way I came. But the Little Master was never afraid of anything. He stroked my shoulder and scolided me, too, and urged me for ward. Now there was nothing about this wagon train to frighten me. I had seen wagon trains before. But this one loomed up so suddenly and unexpectedly that it made me have a queer, shivery feeling, as when I hear a horse fly zooning around and don't know where he is going to light. It happened that the wagons were on a sandy level, and reither their wheels nor the mules' feet made any noise. The negroes were marching along as silently as the shadows that run on the ground when the monals shining and the clouds are flying and the clou "The sight of all this," said the gray level, and neither their wheels nor the mules' feet made any noise. The negroes were marching along as silently as the rhadows that run on the ground when the moon Is shining and the clouds are flying. It was the first time I had ever seen negroes going along the road together in utter silence. They were neither talking ner laughing and they seemed to be very far

Going nearer, I saw that the negro drivers were chalped to the wagons. On each ide of the file of marching negroes rode white man, a shotgun lying across his iap. I thought the negroes were prisoners, and that the men were carrying them to court for the judge and jury to sit on them. So the Little Master thought, for he urged me forward until we came up with the man who rode near the tall negro at the head of the file.

kept his eye on the negro at the head

'Whose negroes are these?' the Little 'Mine,' said the man, smacking his lips over it; 'every one mine.'
"'Then we went on in silence. The Little

Master had a way when he was puzzled of reaching over the saddle and twisting a wisp of my mane between his fingers. this now. He curled the wisp of hair on his forefinger and uncurled it ever so many times, as we went on in silence. I noticed that the negro at the head of the file had his a tied at the elbows. The whole weigh of the long rope, which was a big one, fell on this negro, but he was tall and strong and moved forward without sign of distress "Presently the Little Master spoke to the an again. 'What have your negroes done that they should be carried to jail?"
"The man laughed loudly, as he replied:

'I'm not carrying them to jail. They are

"Then you are a negro speculator, said the Little Master.
"That's what some people call me, sonny. Speculator or what not, I have negroes for that buck at the head of the gang. He's th finest of the lot, but I'll sell him cheap. He's worse than a tiger.'

"The Little Master urged me forward until we came to the side of the man at the head of the file. That was my first sight of the Son of Ben Ali. I knew at once that he was no negro. The Little Master spoke him, and he smiled as he answered. 'I'll sell him cheap, sonny,' said the 'name your price, give me the money,

'The Little Master slapped the pommel o his saddle, and I knew by that he was angry.
But what he intended to say was never
said for just then the White haired Master
and the teacher came by in the buggy, going at a sweeping trot, and the Little Master me the rein to follow, which I was the White-haired Master use the whip on old Sorrel, the buggy horse, but he used it that day, and I had hard work to catch seat and watched the file of pegroes and the covered wagons as far as he could se There was a frown on his face and his eyes had a queer light in them. I al-ways dodge when a man looks at me that

"I think the White-haired master wanted to get the teacher away from that procession of negroes. I heard them talking as I cantored beside the buggy.

"'You are from the north, and, of course you don't understand these things,' said the hite-haired Master.
''You are right,' replied the teacher. 'I understand them at all. I'm trui

forry I saw that sight. I shall see it aga dreams. have been living here fifty years,' the White-haired Master remarked, 'and that is the second time I ever saw it.'

great many people. Hitched to one of the racks I saw a rean mule that had given me bite when we were in the drove together. He was poor enough now, and his ears hung dejectedly. I wanted to stop and read him a moral, but the Little Master bade me go on, and I had no opportunity to speak

CHAPTER IV GRISTLE CONCLUDES HIS STORY. "The Little Master gave me a drink of cool water from the well in the public square, and then he had me carried to a comfortable stall in the stable behind the

old tavern. I don't know how long I stayed there, but by the time I had dropped off into a comfortable doze, dreaming that I nibbling sassafrae buds in the orchard at home, a negro came running into the stable and into my stall. He came upon me so sudden that I turned in the stall to get out of his way, and nearly mashed the breath out of him. He limped along and led me to the front of the tavern. There I saw the Little Master waiting to mount, d I went toward him gladly enough.
"I thought we were to go home, but my oughts jumped ahead of facts. I soon saw that the speculator's wagons and his file of negroes had come into town, and had stopped to rest on the public square, there a great crowd had gathered around them—some out of curiosity and some out of sympathy. I heard an old horse, blind in one eye, say to a companion tied near that such sights were seldom seen in these parts. The Little Master had sent for me.

gathered around the negroes. The people made way for him, and I soon found myself so close to the son of Ben Ali that he could so close to the son of Ben Ali that he could touch my nose with his hand, although his elbows were pinioned. So that he was able to give me the sign, and I knew him and spoke to him and he to me; whereupon he knew that he had found one friend there. He had found two friends, for the Little Master stretched forth his hand, white as a flower, and touched the Scen of Ben Ali on the cheek where there his hand, white as a flower, and touched the Scn of Ben Ali on the cheek, where there was the mark of a wound, saying 'Poor fellow!' I am sorry for you.' And the Son of Ben Ali reached up the best he could, his arms being pinioned, and took the white hand of the Little Master in his and pressed it to his forehead and then to his lips. After that he held his head higher, so that he looked over all that stood around him and beyond him, and smiled a little.

so that, by sitting on my back, he would be as tall as any of the men.

rode me into the crowd that had

beyond him, and smiled a little.
"But just then the man who owned him came hustling toward us, untied the rope to which the Son of Ben Ali was chained. and pushed him roughly through the crowd to the sheriff's block that stood near the court house door. This he made the Son of Ben Atl mount, so that all might see him. As he stood there, without a cost, the coller of his shirt thrown open, and the muscles of his cheek swelling and falling he seemed of his chest swelling and failing, he seemed to be a man among men. When the white man stood on the block beside him, the crown of his hat was no higher than the San of Ben Ali's shoulder.

"The man made a speech to the people. I

San of Ben Ali's shoulder.

"The man made a speech to the people. I don't remember everything he said, but I could see he hated the Son of Ben Ali and was afra'd of him. He was ready to jump from the black and run. But the Son of Ben Ali and Ali paid no attention to him. He had his cyes fixed on the face of the Little Master, Gossett's face. I plunged at him and tried in ext momen! I saw young Gossett fall as

following every movement he made and always smiling. The Little Master kept his me coming and fell backward and rolled out eyes on the White-haired Master and called of the way before I could reach him, nor

trader and another for the Little Master. One said:

"'Come up, gentlemen, and see what a

"'Has the sale been closed?' he asked sharply. His words were snapped out like the popping of a whip.
"'Yes, sir, yes, sir—it has been closed,' with. He's bad tempered and hard headed.
"Yes, sir, yes, sir—it has been closed,' the trader replied. He was as humble and with the popping of a whip.

the Little Master thought, for he urged forward until we came up with the man or rode near the tall negro at the head the file.

'Good morning,' said the Little Master thought, for he urged the man, but 'Good day, sonny,' replied the was as humbl "The trader cried out at the top of his

"The trader cried out at the top of his voice: 'Come up, gentlemen! Come up!
Look at this boy's limbs. Look at his muscles. Not a flaw about him, except his temper. What am I offered cash down for this What am I offered, cash down, for this still. likely

"The little master said: 'Please, please the nigger than the money

and his white hands trembling. "Wait! said the White-haired Master.
"With that he suddenly turned and went "With that he suddenly turned and went toward the crowd at the court house. I fol- of slaves had passed on through the town. pacrifice I am going to make. Come up and lill tell you why.'
"The other said: 'Come, father, please thing, and they made way for the White-

"'Na' said Mr Gossett 'I'd rather have



THE LITTLE MASTER URGED ME FORWARD UNTIL WE CAME TO THE SIDE OF THE MAN AT THE HEAD OF THE FILE.

hurry, father! You'll be too late. The man is selling him now!' The air was blue with states rights and constitutions. I shook my head and gave a loud whicker. seemed to irritate the white haired master,

for he ceased to smile and joke.
"'Go buy him yourself,' he said, sharply. 'How much shall I bid, father?' 'Up to \$1,200." "Before the little master could take the bridel rains in his hands I wheeled and cantered toward the crowd that had gathered

ound the sheriff's block, where the Son Ben Ali stood. The trader was saying: 'How much am offered? How much? Look at him, gen-lemen! As sound as a dollar!'

"The teacher said nothing more, and we man who lives across the creek—Mr. Goshawk—no—Mr. Gossett—got on the block with the Son of Ben All and put or great many people. Hitched to one of the his spectacles and looked at him, and felt of him, and thumped him on the back, and punched him in the sides. The Son of Ben All never flinched nor moved a muscle. He kept his eyes fixed on the little master But, after all, what could the little master

do? He was but a child. "Mr. Gossett came down from the block, took off his spectacles, and said something to the trader, who then cried out: "'What do you think, good people? I am asked to give this boy away! My friend here offers me \$500 for the finest hand that ever stood on the block in this country. Five 'Seven hundred dollars!' cried the little

trader stopped and looked at the Lit tie Master, as if he thought the bid was a 'Who said seven hundred?' he asked.

master

"'I did,' said the Little Master.
"'Seven hundred it is,' said the trader 'I am offered seven hundred-only seven 'Mr. Gossett said something to the

"'Nine hundred!' said the Little Master.
"'That is right!' cried the trader. 'In
this country even the children have saddle bags full of money. Nine hundred! I am offered nine hundred!"

"Mr. Gossett nodded his head. I was 'One thousand!' cried the trader. am offered one thousand! Am I to give this man away for \$1,000?'
"Twelve hundred,' said the Little Master in a voice as clear as a bel!."

people "This seemed to stagger the trader. He myself could looked at the Little Master and then he looked at the crowd. He shook his head, and then some of the people laughed. This was made others laugh, and then the trader, nd I very red in the face, turned to Mr. Gossett had

" 'I don't like to be made a fool of. negro is yours, sir, for \$1,000."
"This made the people laugh again, but the Little Master didn't laugh. He cried to the Little Master didn't laugh. He cried to
the crowd around, 'Get out of my way here!'
and gave me the word to push my way
through. I needed neither whip nor spur
for that, and the people in front of me had
as much as they could do to scuffle and
scramble out of my way.

"'Here, sir, what does this mean?' cried
the Little Master. 'I bid \$1,200 and you
sell him for \$1,000. What do you mean?'

"'Don't bother me, sonny,' the man replied. 'The negro is mine. I sell him for

plied. 'The negro is mine. I sell him for what I please. This gentleman here, he pointed to Mr. Gossett, 'said you were playing one of your pranks. I've no time for pranks. If you are not pranking, plank down your \$1,200 on that block there.'

"Mr. Gossett had taken from his pocket a long red book, and was already counting out the money he had bid. Then and there a thing happened that has never had been an another white-haired Master told Mr. Gossett to pay the trader another hundred dollars he made a step toward the man to see what he would do. At that moment Mr. Gossett's son, George, a great rowdy and bully, came rushing through the crowd. He mouth. He came crying, 'Is pap in a fuss? Where are you, pap?' He had a pistol in his hand and when he

the money he had bid. Then and there a thing happened that has never been understood by anybody but me. Everybody will tell you that the Little Master tried to ride to in his hand and when he saw the White-haired Master standing so near his pap. as he called him, he bellowed like a mad bull and came rushing up, leveling the platol as he got near. tell you that the Little Master tried to ride over and run down Mr. Gossett, but it is not so. The Little Master had no more to do with it than the cld buggy horse who was tied to the rack near by. I felt the Little Master's hand shake as it rested on my White-haired Master. I felt the body of

"'I'll give you \$2,000," persisted the White-haired Master.
"Mr. Gossett showed his yellow teeth again. 'Well, sir,' he said, 'if he's worth that to you, he's worth it to me. The fact is, I want to tame the n'gger. They say he's as wild as a buck, and as hard-headed as a mule. I want to tame him.'

"The White-haired Master turned to the trader. 'Why did you insult my son an me by refusing to cry his last bid?' H caught the man by the throat and shook him The people gave back and scattered a little at this, for in those times men were quick to use their knives and pistols. But the trader had no idea of using his, though he

'Let me explain, sir; let me explain, he cried, as the White-haired Master releases his hold. 'That gentleman there said the youngster was only playing me one of his

'What gentleman?' the White-haired Master asked me, as quick as a flash. He wheeled and looked around, as if searching for some one. The people were still afraic a fight was about to take place, and they stood off some distance, but not so far that they couldn't hear every word that was

What gentleman?' the White-haired "The trader went to Mr. Gessett and touched his shoulder so as to make no mis-take. 'This is the gentleman sir.' he said.

"At this the White-haired Master fairly roared with laughter. 'Pay him another hundred! He has earned it. You'll not fine arother man in the country to pay you such

There must have been some joke or his in this, for the people laughed even louder than the White-haired Master, and Mr. Gosset turned very red in the face. But if it was a joke it passed over my head. I saw no fun in it, and neither did the Son of Ben Ali, who had drawn near and trader, who cried out: 'Eight hundred! I fondling the thin white hand of the little am offered eight hundred!' master in his."

Here the Gray Pony paused and held his head up as if he heard a noise somewhere. Then he cropped off a bunch of peach leave and chewed on them, to all appearances relishing their flavor. This done, he scratched his neck by rubbing it against the peach tree, which was old and rough. The children sat absorbed in the story he was telling. "Now, right here." the Gray Pony went on, "two or three things happened so close together that the quickest eye could hardly separate them. If I told them as they hap

pened I should have to tell them all at once but this can't be done, not even in your tongue. So I'll have to blunder along the best I know how. In cantering or gallop-ing I always start off on my right forefoot A man taught me that with a whip and I've never been able to forget it. That foot comes down heaviest and I always fling the right foreshoe first. In was loose when we started from home that morning and when I jumped at Mr. Gossett I wrenched it nearly off. For a time I didn't mind it, but every time I stamped my foot to drive the flies away it rang and rattled like a cow bell. The Son of Ben All, hearing it rattle

he had been strick by lightning. The Son of Ben All croft under my belly, and when I saw him again he was sitting on the block where he had stood to be sold, his arms folded and his eyes closed as if he were fast

"No one knew what had happened except the Son of Bez All and myself. All eyes had been fixed on George Gossett and the White-haired, Master. Some said Gossett had fallen as a fit of passion and that the blood had burst from his face. Some said that he had fallen on a horseshoe that hap-pened to be lying near. Some said one thing and some another. George Gossett always declared, so I've heard, that somebody jabbed him in the face with a forked stick, but his best friends caid be was drunk at the time and fell on the horseshoe and hurt himself. But there were some people who whispered it abound that they saw the blood gush from his face as he fell forward.
"The matter was never explained, and for

many a long day no one but the Son of Ben All and I knew that Gospett had been hit in the face by one of my shoes. I think the White-haired Master learned the truth by asking the Son of Ben All about it one ight when they were returning from a long ride together. "In the midst of the excitement old Mr

Gossett forgot all about the Son of Ben All. But after the wounded man had been carried to a doctor's shop and physicked, and the dectors had said he would recover, though the bruise was a serious one, Mr. Gossett remembered his purchase, and came out to the public square in some alarm, fearing that his newly bought slave had given him the slip. But he had not far to seek. Though the public square was deserted except for the horses and mules tied to the racks and a few people straggling aimlessly about, the Son of Ben Ali still sat on the sheriff's block erect and silent, his arms folded and his feet

"When Mr. Gossett caw the Son of Ben All sitting where he had left him, he nodded "The other said: 'Come, father, please come! You'll be too late!' The White-haired Master nodded and smiled. 'Presently, son: at his coattsiles.

"Has the sale been closed?' he asked in the body of the wagon, and into this the young haired Master and for me, with my nose at his coattsiles.

"Has the sale been closed?' he asked in the body of the wagon, and into this the young haired Master and for me, with my nose at his coattsiles.

"Has the sale been closed?' he asked in the body of the wagon, and into this the young haired ha had come in a buggy, and he made the Son of Ben Ali sit beside him and drive him." At this point the gray pony paused and bit at a speckied fly that was sitting on his fat side out of reach of the sweep of his

> "Is that all?" asked Buster John. "It is enough," replied the gray pony. "A few days afterward, being on the far side of the plantation, I heard a plough mule telling Mr. Gossett's buggy horse that the Son of Ben Ali had gone to the woods." The gray, p.ny, saying this, turned and walked away.

CHAPTER V. AMBLER BEGINS HIS STORY. The children thought that they had been treated somewhat impolitely by the gray pony and so, as soon as they could find an opportunity, and when they thought he was in a good humor, they asked him why he walked away so abruptly and refused to tell them the reason Asron went to the wood; and what befell him when he got there. "As for that," the gray pony answered, "I know nothing of the matter of my own knowledge. It is all hearsay with me. The Son of Ben All can tell you. He knows. He was there.'

The children had to be content with this until they take in opportunity to talk with Aaren. He was very busy during the day, and sometime at hight, managing the affairs of the plan stim, but he told them that whenever try, aw a light in his cabin right after s and he would have time to talk to them. This appened the next night Drusilla on the light, and told Sweetest Susan and Brate John it was there, and in a few minutes her were all. a few minutes hey were all in Aaron's They found him baking a hoccake and fry

ing some bacon, and it smelt so good that Buster John's mouth began to water, al-"Uncle Agron," he said, "I'll give you two biscuits and a piece of ham for a piece of your hoecake and some of your meat."
"Do so—do so," answered Agron.

"Bring four biscults and two pieces of ham," cried Sweatest Suene, as Buster John rushed out of the door. He returned in a little while with four biscuits, each sand-wiched with a piece of ham. Whereupon Aaron turned over to the children all his hoscake and fri 1 bacon, which they dealone. This done, they gave Aaron to under-stand what they came for, and he, without egro would have indulged in, and likewise without any humor, told his story. Perhaps there was no room for humor, but a negro would have found a place for it.

"I can't tell you the story as the field hands could," said Asron. "They have a word for everything. What I know is that when I saw the little white boy crying about me I was no longer the same man. Some thing swelled here"-touching his threat-"and something broke here"-striking his "I had said to myself, be as cunning as a snake. My mind was made up to away from the man that bought and follow the negro trader and strangle him in the night. He was a beast, I promised myzelf that he should live no more. The thoughts made me hap y and then I saw the white child, small and pled, crying because his father had bought me. I said, what is he to me? And then my hands shook and my knees trembled. Another man crept into my skin and looked out of my eyes. Not since my mother shook hands with me when I was a boy had I seen anybody crying for me. Then, said, the man who gets me today will ge good bargain.

"In my mind there was but one thoughtthe child is my Little Master. The gray pony has told me what happened. It was to save the Little Master's father that I threw the horseshoe. I thought the young man was killed, and I said it is a pity! When I rode home with Mr. Gossett I kept on saying it is a pity—a great pity; and when my new master asked me if I would treat him right I smiled and told him I would do the best I could. And I did. I worked for him as hard as I ever worked for a man. But he never trusted me. He was always

"One night, just after sundown, he called me out of my hut—it was not a cabin—and sa'd he wanted me to get in the one-horse wagon and take a bale of cotton to a neighhouse and cell it to him. At once emelled trouble.

dered with a feeling of apprehension that she " 'But will the man buy it?' I asked. "The answer was: 'He may; if he does, the money is yours. If not, no harm is

'I am afraid of the patterrollers,' said I "The answer was: 'I'll not be far away.'
"I had nothing else to do but go, but I knew there was trouble at the end of the road. I had seen negroes lashed for selling their masters' things, and I had seen white men sent to sail, for trading with negroes between two suns. I found out long after ward that Mr. Gassett's neighbor had some land that he refused to sell. He was not very well off, but he held to his land and made poor crops. If he bought the cotton from me Mr. Gossett could buy his land or put him in fail. But this was all dark me then.

"I mounted the wagon-but wait! Rambler, the track dog, is here. He knows what happened. I will call him. Aaron went to the door of his cabin, put his right hand to his mouth, and gave a musical halloo. The dogs were barking in another part of the lot, but they ceased instantly, as if listening. Then catch dog, birked three times. (To be Continued.)

BEDTIME. "1" Chifeago Post. Three little girls are weary,
Weary of books and of play;
Sad is the world and dreary,
Slowly the time slips away,
Six little feet are aching,
Howard is sach little head Yet they are up and shaking When there is mention of bed

Brave'y they laugh and they chatter,
Just for a minute or two;
Then, when they end their clatter,
Sleep comes quickly to woo.
Slowly their eyes are closing,
Down again drops ev'ry head,
Three little maids are dozing,
Though they're not ready for bed.

That is their method ever,
Night after night they protest,
Claiming they're sleepy never,
Never in need of their rest;
Nodding and almost dreaming,
Drowsity each little head,
Still is forever scheming,
Merely to keep out of bed.

DODE DE COORDE DE DE COT A BABY BOY NOW TOMMY AND THE GRAND DUKE.

A True Story of a Brave Kentucky Girl.

Tommy lived on a farm in Kentucky. She her dodging about the horse in the stable.

was a chort, stoutly built girl of 14, with "She's probably broken him in. Look how well she sits." And a gleam of pride stole was a short, stoutly built girl of 14, with strong, heavy ankles and wriste, a rude shock of chort hair, which was unusually bristling. She spent most of her time out of doors, wearing no head covering excepting a discarded brim that had belonged to the hat of one of the farm hands. She had a contempt for dolls, and while she never shirked any household tasks that were anaigned her, they were no sooner fin shed than she was off to the fields or woods, not to return until hunger or nightfall compelled

She would work in the fields beside her father and farm hands for hours without a word of complaint, for she loved the smell of fresh turned earth and all the forms of creeping, growing life.

Her mother was much concerned over what she considered Tommy's lack of fem-inine tendencies, and held many a consulta-tion with grandmothers, aunts and cousins as to what course she had best pursue in order to correct the girl.

"I should whip her and make her remain indoors," said a warped spinster. "Do not allow her among the farm hands," cautioned one.
"Dress her more as a young lady and make

her take music lessons," suggested another.
"Send her to a convent," urged the fourth.
Tommy heard their verdicts with firm, set tips and flashing eyes, but her father, who had given her the masculine pseudonym, snapped his figers and said: "Let the child alone. You will see that she'll come out all right. b worth everything else to her while she is growing, and her work in the fields is worth twice that of her brother." She turned a grateful look toward his hard,

to the stables, flinging out the wild, free notes of an unfettered bird. r found her one day standing be fore the stall of the young stallion he had reently purchased. What do you think of the Grand Duke,

The men don't like to tackle him.

peamed face, and darted away down the path

SHE SPRANG AS A YOUNG PANTHER UPON THE HORSE

and had never experienced a sensation of fear | killed." But there was fire in the Grand

Were

gran'ma did.

conjecture to offer.

her awful tired.

Tom-isn't he a fine fellow? But he hasn't been broken. He's a vicious creature, too.

Tom was delighted, for she loved horses,

among them.

When her father was well out of the way she climbed on the salt box, near the stall,

and, reaching down, secured the halter. She backed the Grand Duke out and led him into

the barnyard. He no sooner found himself under the open skies than he made a grand

plunge for freedom, running round and round

he girl, wrapping the rope on her wrists un-

til the skin broke, staining it with her blood

Finding himself balkel, he made a lunge toward her, rearing his great hoofs over her

head. With the large cart whip in her hand the stepped back, looking him steadily and

fearlessly in the eyes, the whites of which shone eminously.

"Don't you dare!" she cried, preparing to

bring the butt end down on his head. His great legs wavered, and he brought them

harmlessly to the ground beside her, only to

It was a struggle-a cloud of dust, a plung-

ing animal, a flying whip and then she grasped him firmly by the mane and led him

feared the consequences if he should find her

back, for she heard her father's voice, and

The horse tried to catch her between his

body and the wall, and she was obliged to

climb into his trough, dealing him a smart

The barn was opened and her father came

straight toward the stall.
"Tommy, Tommy," he called, "I heard you

Where are you? What are you doing in that stall? Come out instantly and don't ever let

ne catch you there again. Didn't I warr

With a bound she reached his side, and he shook her severely. But this did not prevent her from making

daily pilgrimages to the Grand Duke, and familiarizing him with her, softly rubbing

his back and allowing him to smell the sad

dle, until at last she was able to adjust

upon him, and seat herself firmly, making short trips to the barnyard. Once, as she rode out of the stall, she saw

that she had forgotten to put up the bar across the main doorway. The horse headed

for the opening, and as she passed through she glanced at the bar, as it stoo? leaning

obliquely against the door jamb, and shud-

TOMMY.

ould not explain to herself. In a moment it was over, and she was riding calmly into The farm hands did not notice her until

she was quite near.

"Mistaw Fawkes, look at 100 dawtaw!"
eried one of them, staring at her in consternation, his mouth open, his fingers

"Mistaw Fawkes" said nothing, but his face blanched and his eyes were fixed sternly

on the girl. "Shall I run and catch them?" asked the

"No-no." replied her father, collecting

you against the viciousness of that animal.

be lifted again, while he enorted angrily

(Copyright, 1886, by Genevieve L. Browne.) | himself and recalling how often he had found

she adjusted the bar in the doorway, won-

ing with excitement. "Tommy, Tommy, Tommy, father's foot has been run over by the harrow and we can't stop "Where is he?" cried Tommy.

"Lying on the grass in the meadow."
She paused a moment, then, entering the

Duke's eyes, and none of the men would rick themselves before the resistless body of the

tremendous animal. The boy threw an appealing glance toward them.

panther upon the horse's breast, clinging

to his neck, and throwing herpelf a dead

A REMARKABLE VERDICT.

Frank Putnam in the Times-Herald.

He gives his toys up freely at sister's lightest plea.

He'll stop his most amusing play to come and sing for me;

But when we ask a shade too much he shakes his curly head And shuts off all discussion with a curt; "My mamma said!"

Suppose the clock's short finger has worked

suppose that both his railroad trains are loaded high with freight;
And then suppose that I suggest he better go to bed,
He turns me off directly with a shap: "My mamma said!"

don't know when he pleaded before our

But when he did, beyond a doubt the argu-

Sometimes, though, I am tempted to have

Or to have the testimony and the argu-

ments referred.
Then get it sent to Helen, or perhaps to Uncle Ned.
In order to discover what it was his mamma said.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Mamma-Gracious! how dirty your hands

are. You never saw my hands that dirty. Elsie (aged)—No, mamma; but I 'spect

"What did Belshazzar do when he saw the

handwriting on the wall?" said the teacher. "He went it one better," hazarded Swipesy

de Kid, seeing that no one else had any

Teacher-Johnny, I want you to use a

sentence with the word "disarrange." Johnny

-I den't know none on'y what Pop said dis

mornin' when he was lightin' de fire. "What did he say?" "He sed: 'Damn dis 'ere

Little Irene (entertaining Mr. Noodle)—Do

whispering in school." "Well, that was right." "But, mamma, he hollered ten times

"My dear," said Mr. Wilkins, "we must economize, watch every penny, for dollars are scarce." Ten minutes later he added,

are scarce." Ten minutes later he added,
"Tommy, why haven't you gone to school?"
"I'm helpin' you to economize, pop." said
Tommy, "You said I could have \$5 if I

wasn't late this term. I guess I'll be late

Mrs. Fauntleroy-You bad little boy, to

throw stones at my Aigernon! What are such wicked little boys as you allowed to live for, anyway? Tommy Tuffboy—If it weron't

for wicked little boys like me. ma'am, you couldn't see how good your Algernon is by

Tom, henceforth

your life to your sister.

the Grand Duke belongs to you."

dering what could have been the cause of the unaccountable chill of fear that had seized her a few moments ago, as she had passed it, when her brother ran past, pant-

"For twenty-six years I have used tobacco in great quantities, and of late years took to cigarette smoking, writes Mr. W. of Simpson Compte, La.

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want to go on rec-erd that tobacco has robbed me of many years of life and a great deal of happiness, I realize it now as I comand my condition with that of a year ago, when I was a tobacco saturated cigarette

"Where is he?" cried Tommy.
"Lying on the grass in the meadew." Is the paused a moment, then, entering the stable, filled one pudgy hand with dense cobwebs, and, snatching up some cloths, she shot away, as a speeding arrow. She pushed her way amongst the men kneeling beside him.

"Now, then, what you up to?" said the man who had previously called attention to the perilous position. She ignored his seowl and clotted the cobwebs thickly over her father's wounds, bandaging them as tightly as she could.

They carried him to the house and Tommy looked about for her brother.

"He has gone for the doctor," said her mother, who sat anxiously beside her husband. She glanced at Tommy's calm and solid countenance reproachfully.

"This never would have happened if you hadn't excited your father with that harum-searum trick of yours," she said. Tommy did not reply, but went away to stable the Grand Duke. She could find no ttac of him. Her heart beat wildly for a moment, then she slowly returned and seated here's the house.

There came a sound of clattering hoofs and the shout of some one from the dusty pike. Tommy, ever alort, leaped to her feet, this first clutching the bridle.

Her mother rushed out, screaming, "Stop him! Step him—if the bar is up he will be him? Step him—if the bar is up he will be him? Step him—if the bar is up he will be him? Step him—if the bar is up he will be him? Step him—if the bar is up he will be line, and out in tobacco spit."

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ORIGINAL AND OKLY GENUINE REMEDY. weight upon him. She brought him to a standstill, pawing and shaking his head Discovered in 1000. Office 312, 78 Monroe Street, CHICAGO, ILL. angrily.

She came into the presence of her parents with misgivings, for she expected a scathing reproof for her daring.

"Come here, Tom," said her father from the sofa. "Did I not tell you, Amanda, that the child was all right? Peter, sir, you owe

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The case was never mentioned in any law STRICTURE AND GLEET at home ments he read re based on law and equity, because his mamma said. Dr. Searles & Searles, 118 % 14 It fits the things he wants to do as well as those he don't.

It backs him up securely when he either will or won't;

In short, there seems no limits to the points beneath the head of this mysterious verdict for my baby: "Mamma said."

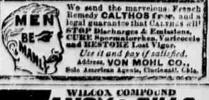
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you play very hard with my sister, Clara, Mr. Noodle? Mr. Noodle-Play with your sister? Why, no. I don't play. Why do you ask? Little Irens-Well, she says you make Papa—Who's the smartest boy in your school, Bobby? Bobby—Well, Tommy Jones says he is, and teacher says Billy Barlow is, ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N.Y. and I—well, I don't like to say who I think is, 'cos I sin't as concelted as Tommy. "Mamma, teacher whipped a boy today for whispering in school." "Well, that was

MEN



ANSY PILLS