

and that our large navy was more than a match for them upon the water. We had gained some credit, which we were sorely

so that I have seen him turn on the instant from a younglsh man to an elderly. His

eyes especially were meshed round with wrinkles, as is natural for one who had

puckered them all his life in facing foul wind and bitter weather. These eyes were

perhaps his strangest feature, for they were of a very clear and beautiful blue, which

shone the brighter out of that ruddy setting.

By nature he must have been a fair-skinned

man, for his upper brow, where his hat came over it, was as white as mine, and his

He had served, as he was proud to say, in the last of our ships which had been chased

out of the Mediterranean in '97, and in the first which had re-entered it in '98. He

was under Milier, as third lieutenant of the

Theseus, when our fleet, like a pack of eager

foxhounds in a covert, was dashing from Sielly to Syria, and back again to Naples,

trying to pick up the lost scent. With the

same good fighting man he served at the Nile, where the men of his command sponged

and rammed and trained until, when the

last tricolor had come down, they hove up

the sheet anchor and fell dead asleep upon

the top of each other under the capstan bars. Then, as a second lieutenant, he was

holes, their spare cables tied round their keels and over their bulwarks to hold them

together, which carried the news into the

for his services, he was transferred as first

licutenant to the Aurora frigate, engaged in cutting off supplies from Genoa, and in

her he still remained until long after peace

How well I remember his home-coming.

Though it is now eight and forty years ago,

it is clearer to me than the doings of last

week, for the memory of an old man is like

one of those glasses which shows out what

My mother had been in a tremble ever

is at a distance and blurs all that is near.

since the first rumor of the preliminaries

came to our ears, for she knew that he

her hands steal up to smooth her pretty black hair. She had embroidered a white

before our great day came round to us. It had been raining all morning, I remember—

a soft, spring rain, which sent up a rich

ing rod (for I had promised Boy Jim to go

were the skirts and the feet and the blue

the chaise.

said he.

Oh, Anson, Anson!" she cried.

'Tut, 'tis but the bone of my leg." raid he

taking his knee between his hands and lift-ing it round. "I got it broke in the bay,

"Now that we have peace I can lie up and

around at the walls of the room. "Here are

all my old curios, the same as ever, the carwhal's horn from the Arctic and the blow-

fish from the Moluccas and the paddles from Fiji and the picture of the Ca Ira with

Lord Hotham in chase. And here you are, Mary, and you also, Roddy, and good luck to the carronade which has sent me into so song a harbor without fear of sailing orders."

My mother had his long pipe and his to-bacco all ready for him, so that he was able now to light it, and to sit looking from one

many a lonely watch, and that the expecta-tion of it had cheered his heart in many a

dark hour. Sometimes he would touch one of us with his hand, and sometimes the other, and so he sat, with his soul too sati-

ated for words, while the shadows gathered in the little room, and the lights of the inn

windows glimmered through the gloom. And then, after my mother had lit our own lamp, she slipped suddenly down upon her knees, and he got one knee to the ground also, so

until King George wants me again,"

'Twas a carronade that came

the two lilac bushes which flanked the

Bay of Naples. From thence, as a reward

close-cropped hair was tawny.

CHAPTER III - CONTINUED.

Jim's pride brought a flush to his cheeks, for he did not like to be called a country lad, or to have it supposed that he was so far behind the grand folk in London. "I have never been inside a playhouse,"

gaid he. "I know nothing of them." "Nor I either."

"Well," said she, "I am not in voice, and it in need of, after the American business, and is ill to play in a little room, with but two to listen; but you must conceive me to be the queen of the Peruvians, who is exhorting her pitt stood against. Still, if we had known in history yet," he cried, looking in triumph at my mother. "Have you learned geog-

queen of the Peruvians, who is exhorting her countrymen to rise up against the Spaniards, who are oppressing them."

And straightway that coerse, swollen woman became a queen, the grandest, haughtlest queen that you could dream of; and she turned upon us with such words of fire, such lightning eyes and sweeping of her white hand, that she held us spellbound in our chairs. Her voice was soft and sweet and persuasive at the first, but louder it rang, and louder, as it spoke of wrongs and freedom, and the joys of death in a good cause, until it thrilled into my every nerve, and I asked nothing more than to run out of the cottage and to die then and there in the cottage and to die the cottage and to die the cottage and the cotta the cottage and to die then and there in the cause of my country. And then in an instant she changed. She was a poor woman now, who had lost her only child, and who was bewalling it. Her voice was full of tears, and from a younglab man to an elderly. He what she said was so simple, so true, that we both seemed to see the dead babe we could have joined in with words of pity and of grief. And then, before our cheeks were dry, she was back into her old self

"How like you that, then?" she cried. "That was my way in the days when Sally Siddens would turn green at the name of Polly Hinton. It's a fine play, is 'Pizarro.'"

"And who wrote it, maam?"
"Who wrote it? I never heard. What
matter who did the writing of it! But
there are some great lines for one who knows how they should be spoken."

"And, you play no longer, maam?"
"No, Jim; I left the boards when—when I weary of them. But my heart goes back to them sometimes. It seems to me there is no smell like that of the hot oil in the footlights and of the oranges in the pit. But you are sad, Jim."

'It was but the thought of that poor woman and her child. "Tut, never think about her! I will soon wipe her from your mind. This is Miss Priscilla Tomboy from "the Romp." You must conceive that the mother is speaking. You in one of those grim three-deckers, with king. powder-blackened hulls and crimson scupper and that the forward young minx is answer-

And she began a scene between the two of seemed to us as if there were really two felk before us, the stern old mother, with her hand up like an ear trumpet, and her flouncing, bouncing daughter. Her great figure danced about with a wonderful light-ness, and she tossed her head and pouted her lins as the insward back to the heat old lips as she unswered back to the bent old figure that addressed her. Jim and I had forgotten our tears, and were holding our ribs before she came to the end of it.

"That is better," she said, smiling at our "I would not have you go back to Friar's Oaks with long faces, or maybe they would not let you come to me again." She vanished into her cupboard, and came out with a bottle and glass, which she placed upon the table.

might come as soon as his message with a said little, but she saddened my life by insisting that I should be forever clean and

she said, "but this talking gives one a dry-ness, and-" Then it was that Boy Jim did a wonderful

thing. He rose from his chair and laid his hand upon the bottle.
"Don't," said he. im in the face, and I can still see those black eyes of hers softening before

his gaze.
"Am I to have none?"

"Please don't."

With a huick movement she wrested the bottle out of his hand and raised it up so that for a moment it entered my head that she was about to drink it off. Then she flung it through the open lattice, and we heard the crash of it on the path outside. "There, Jim." said she. "Does that sat-"There, Jim," said she, "Does that satisfy you? Its long since any one cared whother I drank or no." smell from the brown earth and pattered pleasantly upon the budding chestnuts behind our cottage. The sun had she "You are too good and kind for that," said

"Good," she cried. "Well, I love that you should think me so. And would it make you happier if I kept from the brandy, Jim? Well, then, I'll make you a promise, if you'll open door of it was my mother's black skirt ake me one in return."
What's that, Miss?"

"No drop shall pass my lips, Jim, if you buried in the chaise. Away I ran for the will swear, wet or shine, blow or snow, to come up here twice in every week that I we had agreed. When I had finished there were the skirts and the feet and the blow or the skirts and the feet and the blow or the skirts and the feet and the blow or the skirts and the feet and the blow or the skirts and the feet and the blow or the skirts and the feet and the blow or the skirts and the feet and the blow or the skirts and the feet and the blow or the skirts and the feet and the blow or the skirts and the feet and the blow or the skirts and the feet and the skirts are skirts and the skirts are skirts and the skirts are skirts are skirts and the skirts are skirts are skirts are skirts and the skirts are skirts are skirts are skirts are skirts and the skirts are skirts ar may see you and speak with you, for indeed arms just the same as before.
"Here's Rod," said my mother at last, there are times when I am very lonesome."



"DON'T," SAID HE.

So the promise was made, and very faithfully did Jim keep it, for many a time when I have wanted him to go fishing or rabbit maring he has remembered that it was his day for Miss Hinton, and has tramped off to Austey Cross. At first I think that she found her share of the bargain hard to keep, and I have seen Jim come back with a black face on him, as if things were going amiss. But after a time the fight was won, as all fights are won if one does but fight long enough, and in the year before my father came back Miss Hinton had become another woman. And it was not her ways only, but herself as well, for from being the person that I have described, she became in one twelvemonth as fine a looking lady as there was in the whole countryelde. Jim was prouder of it by far than of anything he had a hand in in his life, but it was only to me that he ever spoke about it, for he had that tenderness toward her that one has for those whom we have helped. And she helped him also, for by her talk of the world and of what she had seen, she took his mind away from the Sussex countryside, and prepared it for a broader life beyond. So matters stood be-twoen them at the time when peace was made, and my father came home from the

CHAPTER IV. THE PEACE OF AMIENS. Many a woman's knee was on the ground that, hand in hand, they joined their thanks

over, "you're getting a man now, and I sup-pose you will go affoat like the rest of us. You're old enough to strap a dirk to your thigh.

"Weil, there's time enough yet," said he, than to fill them, now that peace has come. But I've never tried what all this schooling has done for you, Rodney. You have had a great deal more than ever I had, but I dare say I can make shift to test it. Have you learned history?" candle in every window, with a big G. R. fluttering in the wind over the door of the inn. Folk were weary of the war, for we had been at it for eight years,

"Yes, father," said I, with some confidence.
"Then how many sail of the line were at
the battle of Camperdown?" war, for we had been at it for eight years, taking Holland and Spain and France each in turn and all together. All that we had learned during that time was that our little army was no match for the French on land He shook his head gravely when he found

that I could not answer him. "Why, there are men in the fleet who never had any schooling at all, who could tell you that we had seven 74s, seven 64s, and two 50 gun ships in the action. There's a picture on the wall of the chase of the Ca Ira. Which were the ships that laid her aboard?"

Again I had to confess that he had beaten

raphy?"
"Yes, father," said I, though with less con-

fidence than before. "Well, how far is it from Port Mahon to Algeciras?"

I could only shake my head. "If Ushant lay three leagues upon your starboard quarter, what would be your near-

"Well, I don't see that your geography is much better than your history," said he.
"You'd never get your certificate."

"You'd never get your certificate." "Well, I don't see that your geography is much better than your history," said he. "14 St. Jermyn Street, St. James', April "You'd never get your certificate at this rate. Can you do addition? Well, then, let us see if you can tot up my prize money."

He shot a mischlevous glance at my mother those finer feelings which are the chief

said he.

to heaven for manifold mercies. When took back at my parents as they were in so as long as I can remember, so that a man those days, it is at that very moment that I can picture them most clearly, her sweet feeling when I heard his name. And, in face, with the wet shining upon her cheeks, and his blue eyes upturned to the smokenad calling. I remembered that he with something brilliant and extraordinary. to heaven for manifold mercies. When I derful brother of hers, and niways had done whether in the whole land there was a finer, I swayed his reeki'g pipe is the earnestness of his prayer, so that I was half tears and half smiles as I watched him.

"Roddy, lad," said he, after supper was over, "you're getting a man now, and I Egham at Newmarket, or when he brought Jim Belcher up from Bristol and sprung him thigh."
"And leave me without a child as well as without a husband," cried the mother.
"Well, there's time enough yet," said he, "for they are more inclined to empty berths pear to be elated at my mother's triumphant

'Aye, and what does he want?" asked he, in no very amicable voice.

"I wrote to him, Anson, and told him that Rodney was growing a man, now, thinking that since he had no wife or child of his own, he might be disposed to advance him."

"We can do very well without him." growled my father. "He sheered off from us when the weather was foul, and we have no in no very amicable voice. need of him now that the sun is shining. 'Nay, you misjudge him, Anson," said my mother, warmly. There is no one with a better heart than Charles, but his own life moves so smoothly that he cannot understand that others may have trouble. During all these years I have known that I had but gay the word to receive as much as

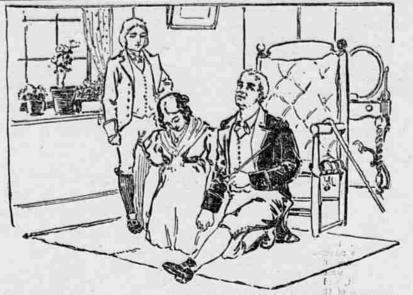
wished from him."
"Thank God that you never had to stoop to it, Mary. I want none of his help."
"But we must think of Rodney."

"Rodney has enough for his sea chest and kit. He needs no more.' "But Charles has great power and influence in London. He could make Rodney known to all the great people. Surely you would not stand in the way of his advance-

ment. "Let us hear what he says then," said

as he spoke, and she laid down her knitting adornment of humanity. It is true that in her lap and looked very earnestly at him.
"You never asked me about that, Mary," in affairs of the highest importance, I have said he.

"The Mediterranean is not the station for the Mediterranean is not the station for can assure you that I have been reproached by many despite charmantes of your charm-



THEY JOINED THEIR HANDS TO HEAVEN FOR MANIFOLD: MERCIES.

ranean for honor."
"I had a share of both last cruise, which

to nad a share of both last cruise, which for a frigate. Now, Rodney, there are two pounds in every 100 due to me when the prize courts have done with them. When we were watching Massena off Genoa, we got Keith will want his finger in the pie, but that's for the courts to settle. Put them at to your husband. I am ever my description of the set of the courts to settle. But them at to your husband. I am ever my description of the set of the courts to settle. But them at to your husband. I am ever my description of the set of the courts to settle. "Two hundred and eighty pounds," I an-

tidy. With every rumble of wheels, too, her eyes would glance toward the door and "Why, Anson, its a fortune," cried my

"welcome" upon a blue ground, with an anchor in red upon each side, and a border of laurel leaves, and this was to hang upon tage door. He could not have left the Mediterranean before we had this finished, He could not have left the thousand. What's my share of that?" and every morning she looked to see if it were in its place and ready to be hanged. But it was a weary time before the peace was ratifled, and it was April of next year

"A hundred pounds."
"Why, the purser couldn't work it out uicker," he cried in his delight. "Here's quicker. with the La Sabina, from the Mauritius, with sugar and spices. Twelve hundred pounds she's worth to me, Mary, my darling, and never again shall you sell your pretty fin-gers or pinch upon my beggarly pay."

our cottage. The sun had shown out in the evening, and I had come down with my fish-My dear mother had borne her long strugwith him to the mill stream), when what should I see but a postchaise with two smoking horses at the gate, and there in the gle without a rign all these years, and now that she was so suddenly eased of it she fell sobbing upon his neck. It was a long time before my father had a thought to spare and her little feet jutting out, with two blue arms for a waist belt, and all the rest of her

upon my examination in arithmetic.
"It's all in your lap, Mary," said he, dashing his own hand across his eyes. "By George, lass, when this leg of mine is sound we'll bear down for a spell to Brighton, and if there is a smarter frock than yours upon the Steyne may I never tread a poop again. But how is it that you are so quick at fig-ures, Rodney, when you know nothing of history or geography?"

I tried to explain that addition was the struggling down onto the ground again. "Roddy, darling, bere's your father!"

I saw the red face and the kindly light blue eyes looking out at me. "Why, Roddy, lad, you were but a child, and we kissed "Well." he conclude same upon sea or land, but that history and "Well," he concluded, "you need figures

goodbye when last we met, but I suppose we to take a reckoning, and you need nothing else save what your mother wit will teach must put you on a different rating now. dear lad, and as to you, sweetheart—!" The blue arms flew out and there were the skirt and the two feet fixed in the door aga'n.

"Here are the folk coming, Anson," said my mother blushing. "Won't you get out and come in with us?"

And then sudden's "So it was that was tha

And then suddenly it came home to us both that for all his cheery face he had never moved more than his arms, and that his leg was resting on the opposite seat of the cher, and their affection was as warm to the cher, and their affection was as warm to the cher, and their affection was as warm to the cher, and their affection was as warm to the cher, and their affection was as warm to the cher, and their affection was as warm to the cher, and their affection was as warm to the cher, and their affection was as warm to the cher, and their affection was as warm to the cher, and their affection was as warm to the cher, and their affection was as warm to the cher, and their affection was as warm to the cher, and their affection was as warm to the cher, and their affection was as warm to the cher, and their affection was as warm to the cher, and their affection was as warm to the cher, and their affection was as warm to the cher affection was as warm to the ch and fresh as if they were two newly wedded lovers. I have learned since that sailors can be coarse and foul, but never did I know it from my father, for, although he had seen as much rough work as the wildest could wish for, he was always the same but the surgeon has fished it and spileed it, though it's a bit crank yet. Why, bless her kindly heart, if I haven't turned her from pink to white. You can see for yourself that it's nothing!"

He sprang out as he spoke, and with one the square of the parish, while on the other the square of the parish, while on the other the square of the parish, while on the other the square of the parish, while on the other leg and a staff he hopped sw.ftly up the path, and under the laurel-bordered motto, and so he would sit by the hour among my humble over his own threshold for the first time for five years. When the postboy and I had carried up the sea chest and the two canvas carried up the sea chest and the two canvas men that I have seen the champion knot his men that I have seen the champion knot his men that I have seen the champion knot his carried up the sea chest and the two cannot be bags, there he was sitting in his armchair by the window in his old weather-stained by the window in his old weather-stained by the window in his old weather-stained smouldered like the forge embers as he blue coat. My mother was weeping over his poor leg, and he patting her hair with one brown hand. His other he threw round my waist and drew me to the side of his chair.

My father had been placed on half pay, like so many others of the old war officers, and so for nearly two years he was able to remain with us. During all this time I can only once remember that there was the slightest disagreement between him and my adrift in the bay when it was blowing a top-gallant breeze with a beam sea. Ere we could make it fast it had me lammed against the mast. Well, well," he added, looking mother. It chanced that I was the cause of it, and as great events sprang out of it I must tell you how it came about. It was indeed the first of a series of events which affected not only my fortunes, but those of

very much more important people.

The spring of 1803 was an early one and the middle of April saw the leaves thick upon the chestnut trees. One evening we were all seated together over a dish of tea, when we heard the scrunch of steps outside our door, and there was the control of steps outside our door, and there was the control of steps outside our door, and there was the control of steps outside our door. tea, when we heard the scrunch of steps out-side our door, and there was the postman with a letter in his hand.
"I think it is for me," said my mother, and sure enough, it was addressed in the most beautiful writing to Mrs. Mary Stone

now to light it, and to sit looking from one of us to the other and then back again, as if he could never see enough of us. Young as I was I could still understand that this was the moment which he had thought of during the moment which he she asked.

"I had hoped that it was from Lord Nelson," answered my father. "It is time the boy had his commission. But if it be for you, it cannot be from any one of much im-

you, it cannot be from any one of much importance."

"Can it not," she cried, pretending to be offended. "You will ask my pardon for that speech, sir, for it is from no less a person than Sir Charles Tregellis, my own brother."

My mother always seemed to speak with a hushed voice when she mentioned this won-

Atlantic for prize money and the Mediter- ing sex. At the present moment I lie abed (having stayed late in order to pay a compliment to the marchioness of Dover at her Rodney (mon dieu, quel nom!), and as I shall be on my way to visit the prince at Brighton next week, I shall break my jour-

> "CHARLES TREGELLIS." "What do you think of that?" cried my mother in triumph, when she had finished. "I think it is the letter of a fop," said

mother, clapping her hands.
"Try you again, Roddy," said he, shaking his pipe at me. "There was the Xebec frigate out of Barcelona, with 20,000 Spanish dollars aboard, which make 4,000 of our week, and this is Thursday, and the best week, and this is Thursday, and the best Her hull would be worth another curtains unhung, and no lavender in the heets!" Away she bustled, half distracted, while my father sat moody, with his chin upon his hands, and I remained lost in wonder at the thought of this grand new for you again. We passed the straits and relative from London, and of all that his worked up to the Azores, where we fell in coming might mean to us. coming might mean to us.

> CHAPTER V BUCK TREGELLIS

Now that I was in my 17th year, and I had already some need for a razor, I had begun to weary of the narrow life of the village, and to long to see something of the great world beyond. And the craving was all the stronger because I durst not speak openly about it, for the least hint to it brought the tears into my mother's eyes. But now there was the less reason that I should stay at home, since my father was at her side, and so my mind was all filled by this prospect of my uncle's visit, and of the chance that he might set my feet moving at last upon the road of life.

As you may think it was toward my father's profession that my thoughts and my hopes turned, for from my childhood I have calt upon my lips without feeling the blood of five generations of seament thrill within my veins. And think of the challenges of the seament thrill within my veins. veins. And think of the challenge which was ever wavering in those days before the eyes of a coast-living lad! I had but to walk up to Wolstenbury in the war time to see the sails of the French chasse-marees and privateers. Again and again I have heard the roar of the guns coming from far out over the waters. Seamen would tell us how they had left London and been engaged ere nighthad left London and been engaged ere nightfall, or sailed out of Portsmouth and been
yardarm to yardarm before they had lost
sight of St. Helen's light. It was this imminence of the danger which warmed our
hearts to our sailors and made we and Cuddie.

The prize old man of England, to whom
Gladetone, who might in years be a son.
sends an occasional note of congratulation,
is Dr. William Salmon of Glamorganshire.
He is 107 and the oldest doctor as well as hearts to our sailors, and made us and Cuddle the cidest Free Mason in the world. He Collingwood and Johnnie Jarvis, and the rest goes to bed at 9, sleeps well, rises at noon of them, not as being great high admirals and dines at 6. He drinks two glasses of with titles and dignities, but as good friends whom we loved and honored above all others. What boy was there through the length and breadth of Britain who did not long to be out

with them under the red cross flag!
But now that peace had come, and the fleets which had swept the channel and the Mediterranean were lying dismantled in our harbors, there was less to draw one's fancy seaward. It was London now of which I thought by day and brooded by night, the huge city, the home of the wise and the great, from which came this constant stream great, from which came this constant stream of carriages and those crowds of dusty people who were forever flashing past our window pane. It was this one side of life which first presented itself to me, and so as a boy I used to picture the city as a gigantic stable with a huge huddle of coaches, which were forever streaming off down the country roads. But then Champion Harrison told me how the fighting men lived there, and my father how the heads of the cavy lived there, and my mother how her brother and his grand friends mother how her brother and his grand friends were there, until at last I was consumed with impatience to see this marvelous heart of England. This coming of my uncle then was the breaking of light through the darkness, though I hardly dared to hope that he would take me with him into these high circles in which he liyed. My mother, however, had such confidence either in his good nature or in her own powers of persuasion nature or in her own powers of persuasion that she already began to make furtive

preparations for my departure.

But if the narrowness of the village life chafed my easy spirit it was a torture to the keen and ardent mind of Boy Jim. but a few days after the coming

"What is there for me to do, Rodney?" he cried. "I forge a shoe and I fuller it, and I clip it, and I caulken it, and I knock six holes in it, and there it is finished. Then I

handsomer man, "The army or the navy le the place for you, J'm," said I. you, J'm," said I.
"That is very well," he cried, "If you go
into the navy, as you are likely to do, you
so as an officer, and it is you who do the
ordering. If I go in it is as one who was born to receive orders. "An officer gets his orders from those above him."

"But an officer does not have the lash hung over his head. I saw a poor fellow at the inn here—it was some years ago—who showed us his back in the taproom, all cut into red diamonds with the boatswain's whip 'Who ordered that?' I asked. 'And what would you have had if you had struck him dead?' said I.
"'The yardarm,' he answered. 'Then, if

had been you that's where I should have seen, said I, and I spoke the truth. I can't help it, Rod! There's something here in my heart, something that is as much a part of myself as this hand is, which holds me to it." I know that you are as proud as Lucifer, "It was born with me, Roddy, and I can't

help it. Life would be easier if I could, was made to be my own master, and there's

"Where is that, Jim?"
"In London, Miss Hinton has told me of it until I feel as 'f I could find my way through it from end to end. She loves to talk of it as well as I do to listen. I have it all laid out in my mind, and I can see where the playhouses are, and how the river runs, and where the king's house is, and the prince's, and the place where the fighting men live. I could make my name known in

"How?" "Never mind how, Rod. I could do it, and I will do it, too. 'Wait,' says my uncle, wait, and it will all come right for you.' That is what he always says, and my aun the same. Why should I wait? What am I to wait for? No, Roddy, I'll stay no longer eating my heart out in this little village, but I'll leave my apron behind me and I'll seek my fortune in London, and when I come back to Friar's Oak it will be in such style as that gentleman yonder. (To be Continued.)

CONNUBIALITIES.

Thomas Bailey, aged 75 years, and Pamelia Rhea, aged 60, both of Camp Point, Ill. ere married recently. A proposal of marriage made to an Egyp tian princess 3,500 years ago is in the Br.tish nuseum. It is inscribed on a brick.

At Marshall, N. C., Lafayette Shelton, boy 16 years old, was bauled to the state line in an ox cart to be married. Shelton is a deformed boy, can't stand, sit nor walk. He married a girl by the name of Mary Hall. She is deaf and dumb and about 30 years old. Judge Dale of Wichita granted Jennie Henderson a decrea of separation from Nel-son Henderson Wednesday in exactly fortyfive seconds after the case was presented to him. There were just twenty-three words spoken, and but two questions were propounded.

There is a romance in the marriage of Miss Armenia Stevenson and Louis D. Ryno, a Brooklyn letter carrier. Twenty years ago the couple became engaged, but a quarrel parted them. Ryno was on his way to church with a friend a few weeks ago when he met a woman who inquired if his name was not Louis D. Ryno. He replied that it was. "Don't you remember Armenia Stevenson, who lived next door to you in Hoboken twenty years ago?" exclaimed the woman. "Why, Armenia, is it you?" said Ryno. Then he accompanied his old sweet-heart to her home. Ryno had married since they parted and has two motherless children. Miss Stevenson had been twice engaged, but on each occasion her intended died before the wedding day. They we're married last

Mrs. John Marin of Hoboken, N. J., has brought suit for \$10,000 damages against Miss Jennie Currey for alienating the affec-tions of her husband. Mrs. Marin is the daughter of ex-Alderman Gorman of Yonkers. Miss Currey has been connected with the Union Hill public school for twenty-five years, and is at present vice principal. She is Marin's aunt. Mr. Marin is an architect. A year ago Marin married Miss Gorman. Three weeks ago he left her. Mrs. Marin says that when she last saw her husband promised to return the following week. She alleges that her husband's aunt, Miss Currey, disliked her, and was greatly vexed when she learned of her marriage. She says also that Mr. Marin had often told her that "it would be all up with him" when his aunt found it out. She alleges that Miss Currey has used every means in her husband's sudden departure. this action not so much to secure damages as to find out where her husband is. Miss Currey denies everything.

LONG ON YEARS.

Thomas W. Hall, who has just died in West Chester, Pa., at the age of 101 years, was never ill a day in his life, and died from a general breakdown on account of old age. A brother 99 years old and a sister 97 years old survive him. Abner T. Burroughs, the oldest voter in

Chicago, will be 91 next month, but he John A. Parshall of Delhi, Delaware county, N. Y., has worked continuously at the case as a compositor on the Delaware Gazette, in the same building, at the same case and at the same window, for over fiftyfive years.

The Rev. Charles M. Bowen (Methodist) of Chicage, who was 90 years old the other day, has been for years a consp'eucus figure in the great Methodist camp meetings, where so addressed have repeatedly reached him. Two women, Miss Bettle Munday, aged 98, mile from home, have never seen a train or steamboat, nor have they been sick a day in their lives. They don't use a cook

stove, but cook on the open fire. port wine at dinner, and sometin very rarely, smokes a couple of cigarettes with that meal.
With the "frontier" fast disappearing, even

in the further west, it seems a far cry back to the days of the frontier in the further east, but there are yet in Maine white people who are living links with those days. Mrs. Sibyl Dow, who died in East Dover, Me., a few days ago, at the age of 91 years, was such a link. She was the fifth white child born in the region which is now Piscataquis county, Maine. Two years before she was her father, Eli Towne, moved from New Hampshire, crossed the Piscataquis river, made a clearing in the primeval forests, and built there a log cabin, in which Mrs. Dow was born. He was one of the first band of white people who settled in the wilderness, and Dover now stands on the site of his cabin. Mrs. Dow was the first white child born in the present town limits of Dover.

Bishop-elect G. Mott Williams (Episcopal) will be consecrated bishop of Marquette in Grace church, Detroit, on May 1. Bishop Davies of Michigan will have charge of the service, and Bishop McLaren of Chicago will preach the sermon.

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Roy F. Green in the Inter Ocean.
There are thays of care and croases Mixed with ledgers, pen and lak,
Of profits and of losses
As the values rise and fink;
But when dusk and dew are stealing
O're the mountains and the lea
There's childlen hughter pealing
And a kirs that waits for me.
Till my burdened heart is beating
With the love it fain would speak,
In the clinging and the singing
Of my little dimple cheek. Roy F. Green in the Inter Ocean.

of my little dimple cheek.

There's a chain of childish troubles
Then unfolded in my ear.
Which to me doth seem as bubbles
On the sea of childhood clear.
But we share them, both together,
Till my troubles filt away.
And we never mind the weather,
Be it winter, be it May;
For I catch a glimpse of sunshine
That shall hallow all the week,
In the clinging and the singing
Of my little dimple cheek.
Tell me what of wealth's possessions,
And the gay attendant train,
What of honor's bright concessions,
Mingling pleasure up with pain;
What could they bring to bless me,
Realms below or realms above,
Like a dear one to caress me,
And to measure cut her love?
For the Lord he doth reward us
In the ways diverse we seek
In the clinging and the singing
Of a little dimple cheek,

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

GOSSIP ABOUT NOTED PROPLE.

James Keene is going back to California to try his luck again in gold mining. Keene's life has been a remarkable one. He was a poor laborer about the mines and in some way he got in on the Comstock lode with Crocker. He left the Pacific coast with \$10,000,000, which he lost on wheat; made and lost another fortune in the same way; and made another on the Cordage trust that wrecked so many others.

Theodore F. Shuey, who has been ap ointed an official reporter of the United tates senate, is descended from French Hugenots. "During the long vacations of the senate," says the Philadelphia Times, "covering nine months every other year, Mr. Shuey has traveled in Europe and all over our own country. He is a linguist, a scholar and has perfected himself in all branches of shorthand work. He can easily write 200 words per minute, and the average speed required in reporting senate debates is 170 words per minute. His selection for the position of chief stenographer meets with the hearty approval of all who are familiar with this peculiar and important work of the senate."

Some time ago the editor of the Missouri Editor, published at Columbia, Mo., wrote to Mr. Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York Charles A. York Sun, asking for a short list of books valuable for country editors. Mr. Dana re-turned the following list as indispensable not only to country editors, but to every person of American origin: The bible, the declaration of independence, the constitution of the United States, Bancroft's "History of the United States," McClure's "Life of Lincoln," Irving's "Life of Washington." Franklin's autobiography, Channing's "Essay on Napoleon Bonaparte," Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Shakespeare.

Crawford Marley, who has just died in New Zealand at the age of 83, is believed to have been the last survivor of those who had a ride on Stephenson's No. 1 engine when the Stockton & Darlington railway was first opened. He was about 13 years of age at the time, and, with two other boys, he went to see the "iron horse," which was brought from Newcastle on a dray by eight horses. When the locomotive had been placed on the line, George Stephenson's brother, Joseph, who was in charge of it, asked the lads to run to a farm house for some buckets, and the boiler was filled from a spring near at hand. The fire having been lighted and steam raised, the boys, in return for their assistance, were invited to have a ride. "That was," says the New Zealand Herald, "nearly three-quarters of a century ago, and with Mr. Marley the last survivor of the first railway train has passed away.'

The death of the originator of the Punchand-Judy show in the United States is re-ported from Boston. During nearly half the lifetime of Samuel Murdock he conducted says also that she knows where he is, but his exhibition just inside the West street refuses to tell. Mrs. Marin says she brings gate of Beston Common. He first saw his little friends thirty years ago, when the Beck Bros., London acrobats, introduced them to Americans. They employed Mr. Murdock to assist in the manipulation of the dolls. The reed trick, which is employed to make the figures apparently speak, was sedulously concealed from him, but he mastered it, and when the Becks departed he set up in business for himself. The business has languished of late, and about the only opportunities for doing anything have been in the country fairs in the fall.

Captain Elias H. Pierce, of Camden, Ind., now more than seventy-mix years old, has had an eventful career. He enlisted as a vol-unteer in the Mexican war, and served through the whole of it with dietinction. Then he organized a company of 150 ven-turesome spirits like himself, provided it with ox teams and prairie echooners, and set out for the then little known northwest. out for the then little known northwest. He drilled his company and had its members under the strictest military discipline.
After much hardships and many encounters with the Indians the adventurers reached the far west. Pierce and his company were the first to discover gold in what are now the states of Idaho and Washington, and Pierce City, Idaho, is named in honor of the intrepid explorer. Some years ago friends of his filed in his behalf a claim in congress to allow him \$30,000 for the services rendered by him in exploring and opening up the region now comprising the states o Washington and Idaho. For several years For several years he has been engaged in writing a history of that part of the Pacific slope referred to, his design being to take up the history of the region where Lewis and Clark left off and bring it down to the time when it entered on its territorial history proper. The Times-Herald reports that the Eugene

Field monument fund, started some time ago and which has been dragging of late, is now in a fair way to be realized. A handsome souvenir volume, containing sixteen of Mr. Field's best known and most generally quoted poems, illustrated by famous artists, is about to be issued under the auspices of the monument committee and the proceeds of this publication will be used to defray the ex-penses of a monument suitable to Mr. Field's memory and fame. The souvenir will be ap-propriately called "Field Flowers," will be inclosed in illuminated covers, printed on plate paper, and will contain a very fine portrait of Mr. Field. There will be full-page and marginal illustrations by such well known artists as A. B. Frost, Howard Pyle, W. A. Rogers, Frank O. Small, W. Gran-ville Smith, Mrs. Alice Barber Stephens, W. L. Taylor, Miss Abby Underwood, Will H. Bradley, F. Hopkinson Smith, Mary Hallock Foote, A. B. Wenzel, Frederic Remington, C. J. Taylor, Charles Howard Johnson, Stanford White, L. S. Ipsen, Orson Lowell, Charles Graham, Charles Mente, W. H. Drake, Harry Fenn, Henry Sandham, Charles C. Curran, George Wharton Edwards, Mrs. Rhoda Holmes Nicholls and Kate Greenaway. It will sell for the nominal sum of \$1 and it is believed that the fund can be swelled to \$10,000 or \$15,000 in a few months' time.

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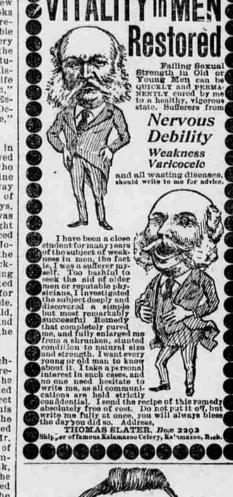
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