THE QUEEN'S PARDON.

A DACOIT STORY.

When, at the end of the year 188-, I was sent to take up the duties of Assistant-Superintendent of Police at Pyeemana, in the Hanthawaddy Division of Lower Burma, I was told before I left Rangoon that I should find there no lack of opportunity to distinguish myself; and I soon discovered indeed done well! how truly this hint reflected the condition of this district. The country was literally overrun with dacoits, who found it a peculiarly favourable field for their nalpractices. The villages were small, far apart, and, comparatively speaking, well-todo; roads were practically nil; and bound ·less tracks of jungle and teak-forest afforded secure shelter for the light-heeled gangrobbers who haunted them. The police garrisons were few, and consisted entirely of Burman constables, whom their lawless compatriots utterly despised.

Of the numerous gangs which lived upon the peaceable inhabitants, the largest and most mischievous was one led by a man named "Boh Hlan." This outlaw was a species of Burman Robin Hood, and he owed his long immunity from capture to his cheap generosity. He was the terror of wealthy cultivators whose houses were worth looting and the unfailing friend and patron of the poorer classes. What he stole with one hand, he lavished broadcast with the other; hence information which might have enabl-

difficult to obtain. To compass the death or capture of this man was the chief end of my professional life during the first months of my stay at Pyeemana. For weeks together I hunted his gang from cover to cover and from village to village. Such jungle work during the hot season is not conducive to health of either white man or native. By the time the "rains" were due, my constables were completely worn out by the hardships of their life, while I myself was almost incapacitated by repeated attacks of fever, brought on by sleeping out in marshy jungle and living on the poorest diet. At intervals I took my men back to Pyeemana, to let them rest and recruit; but these much-needed holidays from dacoit-hunting never lasted very long. Sometimes an alarm from a remote corner of the district drew us out on a wildgoose chase; or impatient despatches from headquartes asking what was being done, and how I explained the continued paralysis of trade in my locality; or private letters from my superiors, urging me to renewed efforts, drove me out into the forests again with followers scarcely fit to

I was thoroughly sick of the whole business, and would have done anything to get rid of the perpetual worry, when I was surprised by a visit from the officer in charge of the Police Department. He had come to Pyeemana to "inspect," for which ordeal I was quite prepared; but besides inspection, he came to give me new and unexpected instructions regarding terms. I therefore resolved to take the dacoits.

carry their own rifles.

'The Government,' he said, 'has determined to try what effect an offer of Pardon will produce on these fellows. Do you think any of those who are harrying your district would alternative. come in if promised free pardon for past offences?'

I considered the question carefully. Although we had failed to bring down or arrest any of the outlaws, we had kept them so remorselessly on the move that they had had no time to do mischief for the last two months. No man grows tired of his business sooner than an idle dacoit, and Boh Hlan had made no raids worth any thing lately. I believed many would 'come in' if they could be convinced they might do so without fear of the consequences.

'Very good,' said my chief. 'You are emdistrict on these terms: full pardon to every man who has not a price upon his head who ed first on the ground, they were not likely comes in and gives up his arms before the to lose such an opportunity of taking my 31st. July next. See what you can do.'

He went away next day, leaving me to my own devices. I cannot say I relished the idea of carrying out these instructions. was obliged to confess to myself that with the means at my command I could make little headway against the storm of crime but to offer free pardon looked two much like admission of disability to be palatable failed to appear before midnight, I took my to me. However, the order had been given, and I resolved to turn the chance it offered started for my destination. The country to the best account;

I lost no time. I determined to begin with Boh Hlan, who chanced, quite undeservedly, not to be one of those for whose head a reward had been proclaimed. He was the greatest pest I had to deal with, and, moreover, he had his band so well in hand, that if he consented to apply for pardon I felt certain his entire following would do the same. So, an hour after Colonel X. had gone, I sent an orderly to summon the old phoongyee (priest) who was the sole occupant of the tiny monastery outside Pyeemana. The person of a phoongyee is peculiarly sacred even to dacoits; and I subjected the old man to no risk in appointing him my ambassador to eleven o'clock; and when I emerged on the Boh Hlan.

The phoongyee soon appeared, and entered the veranda of my house at the slow stately pace observed by the Buddhist priesthood. He had been a tall man; but now he was bent with age; and the yellow robe which had fallen from his shoulder discovered a frame as gaunt and shrivelled as squatting in the shade of a clump of elephant that of a mummy. With his shaven head, sunken eyesand cheeks, and dry-parchmentlike skin, he looked a messenger more fitting to carry tidings of Death than of Peace.

Infirm though he appeared, he was still active in body and mind; and when I had explained what I wanted with him, he readily consented to 'help the Government side. Could he ascertain Boh Hlan's present The old man bowed; he had no doubt he those two lovers kiss on the stage." Mr. attempt it, and deliver with his own lips the | pretend to. They're married." message I wished given the dacoit chief?

missed him, praying that success might lars.' attend his mission.

How or where he found the Boh I did not think proper to inquire; but five days afterwards, he reappeared, looking if possible, a

shade more withered than before. "The Boh," he began without any prelim-

inaries, and in the matter-of-fact tones he might have used in delivering a casual mesnames a place of meeting.

The old phoongyee smiled at me pityingly. at Thongway village a week hence. He is explained that to "make San Martino' words are lies."

and dismay. The phoongyee fairly burst lodgings, the sly hint as to defeat entailing out laughing.

"Of course your honour will not go?" he be understood.

"I shall go!" I replied.

worth consideration; but continued failures " neck or nothing !" but I had no idea of missing it. I therefore warmly thanked ed the police to arrest him was particularly the old phoongyee for his services and his kind advice; but reminded him that if I declined to meet the Boh even on such preposterous conditions, it would produce a told of a certain Federal captain. Just bevery serious effect on the state of the fore the Federal troops entered Cincinnati, country. Would he oblige me by seeking an Indiana regiment, worn out by a long out the dacoit leader again, and telling him would meet him at Thongway on the day named ?- My adviser flatly refused; he bis men, the captain shouted, "Close up, would help no man to his death.

"Did Boh Hlan say-he would be there on Thursday?" I inquired.

' Your honour, he did; but'-

I cut the old gentleman short, and told him he had permission to go home to his monastery. This was Monday, and I had no time to waste in fruitless argument.

I did not grow more enamoured of the plan as I thought over it. Boh Hlan was a thorough scoundrel. I could not forget that I had in our only skirmish, with my own gun wounded him in the arm; and he was not likely to have forgotten it either. But I was determined to meet him. If he consented to 'come in,' I should score a good mark at headquarters; if he played me

Thongway was a small hamlet of notoriously badrepute, lying under the Shan Hills, about fifty miles away. If the dacoits agreed to lay lown their arms and give up their business in return for pardon it would no easy matter to persuade them to come in as prisoners and go through the forms of trial, as the authorities required: they would never consent to follow me back tamely on such terms. I therefore resolved to take the camp at a spot I knew of, about ten miles from Thongway, and bring them in under guard; always supposing they meant fairplay. I did not care to ponder over the

I pass over the two days' march to the place I had selected for my police encampment. We arrived there late in the evening, very thoroughly done up by our wearisome tramp in the heat of the sun, and all hands turned in early. The following day was that fixed for the meeting at Thongway, and tired as I was, idle speculations on the task to morrow had in store, kept me glass of something with me, Cuff." "Well. awake all night. I was up at daylight, making my last preparations, and giving my sergeant orders to be carried out in be ugly bout it. Some niggers is too proud event of my non-return; but I did not set out for the rendezvous until the sun was powered to treat with the dacoits in your high. The residents of Thongway were to as good as a nigger-especially if de nigger's a man friends of Boh Hlan; and if I appear. dry. head as an acceptable gift for their patron. They might have learned from the Boh that their village had been chosen as a meetingplace; but more likely not; and I preferred

to run no unnecessary risks. Giving my sergeant the only orders could depend upon his carrying out-namely, to return with all haste to ryeemana if I stick, filled my pockets with biscuit, and through which the path to Thongway led was very lovely; open and grassy, splendidly timbered, and wonderfully rich in orchids whose blossoms gleamed, pink, yellow, red, and white, from almost every bough ; while the darkly-wooded hills rose to a height of five thousand feet right before me. I remember the scenery now, though I did not pay much attention to it at the time. I don't think I am more of a coward than most men but I do not mind confessing that I walked that ten miles to Thongway in a condition of unspeakable 'funk.'

I reached the belt of jungle which surrounded the village at a little distance, about open paddy-land which lay between me and the cluster of bamboo huts, I paused to pull myself together and try to discover whether the dacoits were true to their tryst. I could see no one in the village save a few romping children; but on moving a little farther to the left, I saw a crowd of men bamboos, a little way on the far side of the hamlet. So far so good, I wiped the perspiration from my face and hands and strode forward. My heart sank a little lower as I drew near, for I saw that every man of the assembly was armed. That did not look as though they intended peace.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mrs. Grubbs (at the theatre)-" I think hiding place, fand make his way thither? it's perfectly disgraceful the fervent way could-if he went alone. Then would he Grubbs-" They don't really kiss, they only

Did you see old Skinflint?" "Yes, I told He would, certainly, if I would write the him I had come to ask of him the greatest blessing a man could seek-his daughter's I did what he required, and begged him to hand." "And what did he say?" "He go soon; and having received the old man's seemed very much pleased. Said he was assurance that he would start at once, I dis- afraid at first I wanted to borrow five dol-

> Brown-" And so Susan is to marry young Tenuous? Does he inherit anything?" Black | doctor. Does it make any difference on the young mother, whose character, to say - Nothing, it believe, beyond a squint from his mother and a slight suggestion of | _ " Well, a good lawyer will never lie on | imperiled. Such cases may be more numerhe gout from his father."

FUN ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

Some Queer Soldiers' Jokes.

The grim business of a campaign would

scarcely appear likely to lend itself to any display of humour, yet some of the wittiest bon-mots have been uttered by men on active service. Even the heat of battle has produced its examples, and the pun made by sage from a next-door neighbour-' the Boh | Victor Emanuel, at that time King of Saris willing to treat with your honour, and dinia, is a case in point. During the war of 1859 against the Austrians he led an 'Very good !' I exclaimed. 'You have attack on an Austrian position at San Martino. His soldiers were repulsed. When rallying them he cried out in stentor-Boh Hlan's words were these, 'he continued: | ian tones, "Comrades, we must either take "Tell the police officer to come and meet us San Martino or make San Martino." If it must come alone and without arms. If he is an Italian equivalent for that nocturnal carries any weapon, we shall know his fine operation greatly favoured by impecunious tenants, and known in England as " shoot I could not repress a gasp of astonishment | ing the moon," or decamping from one's a change of quarters on his command will Another Royal soldier-Frederick II.

could not resist the temptation to joke even "The old man may counsel the young," at the hour his position looked most dessaid the phoongyce respectfully. "If your perate. It was during the great crisis of henour go to Thongway, he goes to his the Seven Years' War that one of his men deserted, and, having been taken, was An opinion given by this man was well brought before him. Why did you wish forth consideration; but continued failures to leave me?" asked the king. "Because, and official "wiggings" had made me reck. sir," replied the soldier, "your affairs are less; and I was not in a mood to listen to in such a bad condition that I thought it reason. Here at last was a chance of doing was high time to abandon you." "Well," something tangible; it was literally said Frederick, quietly, " remain till after the battle to-morrow, and, if they are not better, we will desert together."

The vein of humour possessed by most Americans was continually illustrated during the war, and an extremely funny story is march on a sultry day, straggled along with but little regard to order. Hurrying up to close up. If the enemy were to fire when you're staggling along that way they couldn't hit a cussed one of you! Close up."

The ranks closed up immediately. General Lee, who possessed a supreme con tempt for anything approaching affectation, once administered what may in reality be termed a "cutting" rebuke for such to one of his command. Findingene day a r. Cutting. an army surgeon, who was a handsome and dressy man, arranging his cravat complacently before a glass, "Cutting," said Lee, "you must be the happiest man in creation." "Why, General?" asked the surgeon. "Why?" replied Lee, "because you are in love with yourself, and have not a rival on earth." The General, however, sometimes met with an adversary enjoying a wit as keen and dry as his own; notably in the following instance. When a prisoner at Albany, he dined at the house of an Irish gentleman. Before commencing the afterdinner pastime of wine-drinking, the General said to his host that he hoped he would excuse a fault of his after drinking, which he was sorry to say was a tendency to abuse Ireland and Irishmen. "By all means," replied the other, drily; "I will excuse your fault; but I must also beg of you to excuse a parallel defect in myself. Whenever I hear a man abuse my country I have a trick of cracking his head with my shillalegh." The General drank his wine, but never said a word about Ireland that evening.

As is well known, American militia officers do not rank very high in the States, and sometimes get rather broad hints of it to their very faces. "Guff," said one of these dignitaries to a negro at his side, as he prepared to swallow his seventh tumbler, "Cuff, you're a good, honest fellow, and I like to compliment a man wot's led an honest life, even if he is a black-you shall take a Capta'n," said Cuff, wiping his mouth with his coat-sleeve, " Ise berry dry, so I won't to drink with a millishy ossifer; but I tink a millishy ossifer-when he's sober-is jis'

Of our own army there are many capital anecdotes on record, and not the least amusing is one telling how in the eighteenth century the Government granted commissions to such Highland chiefs as raised a certain number of men for the service! An English officer who had been sent into the Highlands to receive recruits, inquired, "Where are the volunteers?" "All safe," was the reply; "they are tied up in the barn." The ingenuousness of this reply almost equals that of a young officer, who, with a companion, had, after a mess dinner, very much ridiculed their general. He sent for them and asked them if what was reported to him was true. "General," said the delinquent, "it is; and we should have said much more if our wine had not failed."

Whether it really is possible for an Irishman to help perpetrating a "bull," even under the most painful circumstances, would appear to be extremely doubtful from the following. An officer from the land of the shamrock had the misfortune to be severely wounded in an engagement in the American War. As he lay on the field, an unfortunate near him, who was also badly injured, gave vent to his agony in dreadful howls, which so irritated the officer, who bore his own in silence, that he exclaimed. "What do you make such a noise for? Do you think nobody is killed but yourself?"

Time or place is apparently of little moment to incorrigible jokers, and a capital story illustrative of this is told of Sir William Scrope and his son and heir. When about to charge with his troop at the famous enough to spend; "to which the witty rogue answered. "And, egad, father, if I should be killed, you'll have enough to pay."

Cut in Texas.

Mr. Gustav Nauwald, Jr., Tivydale, Fredericksburg P. O., Tex., U. S. A., my hands and feet ; I suffered three weeks. A half bottle of St. Jacobs Oil cured me."

venture, and an old maid listener whis- tracted the horrible disease from been there.

the left side.

Rexanna Darning Socks. I like to watch her sitting there. The lamplight on her jetty hair.

Her eyes down bent upon the socks. The while she slowly, slowly rocks. The wooden chair seems quite a throng-

The queen upon it all my own. And wife Roxanna is so sweet,

In plain home dress that's always neat Her slippers peopout just below On feet that sure forgot to grow. Her hands are dimpled, warm and white,

Sometimes they steal about my face In all their fair and tender grace.

And always busy still at night,

And when Ifeel upon my brow Their touch, Lin quick homage bow. We've just been wed a year or two, And still we are two lovers true, She is so gentle, good and kind. And to my faults so strangely blind,

I like to watch her darning socks As slow the old farm clock tick-tocks. For she's a picture sitting there, The lamplight on her jetty hair.

A Woman's Hate.

"I hate you. I hate you!" the maiden said. And her eyelids drooped and her face gre And she turned from her lover and hung her

The flush crept up to her rich brown hair. And she plucked to pieces a rosebud fair, As she stole a glance at her lover there. And he, these men are so full of guile;

His eyes a glistening with mirth the while,

Looked calmly on, with a doubting smile. I hate you, I hate you!" she said again. And she tapped her toe on the carpet then.

As if each tap were a stab at men. Her fip was a-quiver, her eyes in mist, Her cheek and throat, as the sun-gods kissed, Were bathed in the essence of amethyst.

And then her love, with a startled look, Grew serious quite, and his face for sook The confident glow which it erstwhile took. And, "Oh, very well," as he rose to go:

Why, so it shall be, as you doubtless know," He took one step, but a sudden turned: Oh, much the sweetest is bliss unearned; And looked in the tear-wet eyes that yearn

And if it please you to have it so,

No word she spoke, but her arms entwined Around his neck. Oh a woman's mind Is a puzzle, to which no key you'll find.

Upon his shoulder she laid her head, And he kissed her cheek, which was still You know I hate you!" was all she said.

To Tell a Good Housekeeper. How can ! tell her ? By her cellar. Cleanly shelves and whitened walls. I can guess her By her dresser; By the back staircase and hall; And with p'easure Take her measure By the way she keeps her brooms; Or in peoping.
At the "keeping" Of her back and unseen rooms. By her kitchen's air of neatness, And its general completeness Where in cleanliness and sweetness

An Enchanted Princess. I found her deep in the forest, The beeches and clms between

The rose of order blooms.

A delicate amber plane-tree 'Mid masses of bronze and green; A sorrowfull spell-bound princess Awaiting her lover there. She said "He will know me, surely,

By the veil of my yellow hair. "He seeks me the wide world ever He seeks me the whole year through To loosen the charm that binds me, My prince, and my lover true!"

She shivered beneath her foliage. And sighed in the twilight chill: Thy love that tho u seekest still?"

"I saw him," chirruped a blackbird,
"He passed by this very spot: He is come and gone, O princess! He passed, and he knew you not."

The cold wind rustled her branches Till the yellow leaves fell slow; "He is dead and gone, O princess! Many a year ago.

In Vain I Search.

In vain I search like one distraught, My house from floor to floor, Till I am by the neighbors thought As one whose mind gives o'er

Vain search, for she is dead, is dead; She will return no more. Alas! forever lost and fled, And open still the door.

I start when rings the bell-Iown I hope to find her near, Glad Autumn days, where are you gone,

Oh God! when she was here. That soul has ta'en its upward flight, I still below must keep;

To stars that glitter in the night I stretch my arms and weep. Pressed 'gainst the window, I repass In dreams the days of yore;

All lost !- that good sweet heart, alas! Which sang-I have no more.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

Kissing.

One of the most senseless and reprehensible practices occurring in modern society is the indiscriminate kissing which is not conflict of Edgehill, at the opening ball of only tolerated but encouraged by many in the Parliamentary campaign with King the most thoughtless manner. The danger Charles I., he said to the young scapegrace, of communicating various loathsome diseases "Jack, if I should be killed, you will have in this manner is much greater than is supposed. Dreadful and disgraceful maladies have not infrequently been traced to this source of infection. A physician recently: reported a most distressing case in which:a young married lady of excellent character became infected with a most horrible and loathsome disease. The circumstances were truly distressing, and the young woman's writes: "I was cut by a scythe and knife in | character was likely to be impeached, and her social standing forever destroyed. She singularly saved her reputation and position by tracing the infection to a certain young man, who, supposed to be of good character "It was a tight squeeze for me," said and habits, had been allowed the habit of Bjenks, as he finished the story of his ad- kissing her baby. The little one had conpered softly to herself : "If I had only man, who was suffering from the secquences of gross immoralities, and thus had Lawyer-" I'm not feeling very well, communicated the same frightful disease to

which side I sleep ?" Doctor (with a wink) | nothing of her life and health, were thus ous than is generally known.

Is the most ancient and most general of all diseases. Scarcely a family is entirely free from it, while thousands everywhere are its suffering slaves. Hood's Sarsaparilla has remarkable success in curing every form of scrofula. The most severe and painful running sores, swellings in the neck, or goitre, humor in the eyes, causing partial or total blindness, and every other form of blood disease have yielded to the powerful effects of this medicine. Try it.

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In Case of War.

Chief among the methods pursued by those who have sought to impress the world with what the result would be were the nations of Europe to engage in a general war, has been the enlarging upon the wonderful perfection to which modern weapons of warfare have been brought. A contemporary seeks to create the same impression by directing attention to the strength in numbers of the Dreibund and Zweibund, repectively. Taking the first combination we have:

Inhabitants.

The German Empire with 46,800,000 Austria-Hungary, with 40,500,000 The Kingdom of Italy, with.... 30,000,000

Aggregate population of the Dreibund powers...... 117,300,000 On the Russo-French side are: Russian Empire, with..... 98,000,000

French Republic........... 38,000,000

Aggregate of the Zweibund . 136,000,000 No prophet can predict the terrible consequences that would ensue where these 253 millions to become involved in war, May a merciful Providence long delay the evil day.

The Hon. J. W. Fennimore is the Sheriff of Kent Co., Del., and lives at Dover, the County Seat and Capital of the State. The sheriff is a gentleman fifty-nine years of age, and this is what he says: "I have "used your August Flower for sev-"eral years in my family and for my "own use, and found it does me "more good than any other remedy. "I have been troubled with what I "call Sick Headach Dain comes "in the back part of my head first, "and then soon a general headache "until I become sick and vomit. "At times, too, I have a fullness " after eating, a pressure after eating "at the pit of the stomach, and "sourness, when food seemed to rise "up in my throat and mouth. When "I feel this coming on if I take a "little August Flower it relieves "me, and is the best remedy I have "ever taken for it. For this reason "I take it and recommend it to "others as a great remedy for Dys-"pepsia, &c."

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

Tommy Took it in.

"Whoopee! Jimmy, I seed more fun 'n you cud get into an ocean steamer." "Wot wuz it, Tommy?"

"W'y it wuz that gawk of a Johson a proposin' to my sister.' "Did she hev 'm?"

"Course she did. I tell you, Jimmy, it was quick work, though. One minnit he wuz on his knees 'n ther next minnit she "Wuz what, on her'n?"

"Naw, you gump, on his'n."

Reportal. "So poor Will was accidently strangled to death. How'd it happen?" Flicker. "Got caught in a shower, and couldn't unbutton the collar of his flannel shirt."

