I Kissed You.

(A parody on Josephine Hunt's poem—"You Kissed Me.")

I kissed you, I own, but I did not suppose
That you, through the papers, the deed would disclose.
I kissed you! The impulse as suddenly came
As that cold-looking cloud is transformed into flame.

My act was the lightning that glances and thrills,
And yours the loud thunder that blabs to the hills.
I kissed you! As kissed the poor Carian boy,
In dreams his Diana, so cold and so coy.
And foolishly fancied, encircling your charms,
A maid—not a match-box—was clasped in my arms.

I kissed you! The zephyr on tip-toe passed by,
The moon with a kerchief cloud hid her soft eye;
From the bough that swayed o'er us, all shivered with dew,
With half-smothered titter the katydid flew.
I kissed you! All nature in counterfeit sleep
Half promised our secret so sacred to keep;
No ubiquitous press correspondent peeped through
The leaves. I was "interviewed" only by you.

I kissed you Then, scared by my boldness, I deemed
You had fainted, or else you would surely have screamed;
But no; you not only all censure forbore,
But, like Oliver Twist, are now asking "for more."

I kissed you! All others may do it who choose,
But I to repeat the performance refuse.
On your lips I will never again print a smack,
By the press or by note you may send that one back.
I kissed you! The poetess—Sappho—of old,
Like you, was so warm that her Phaon grew cold,
So she ended her love and her life in a pet—
I presume there are equal facilities yet.

The Old Hymn.

To-day, with quiet heart, I heard
The prayer, the anthem, and the psalm,
And gently on my spirit fell
The sweetness of the sunday calm,
Till, at the reading of the hymn,
With sudden tears my eyes were dim.

That old, old hymn! Its sacred lines
Had fallen on my childish ears;
My life turned back unhindered by
The stretch of intervening years;
Near me my little daughter smiled,
And yet I was again a child.

Outside the winds were fierce and rough,
The winter's chill was in the air;
But I could hear the bonny birds
And humming insects everywhere;
And felt in spite of frost and snow,
A summer breeze of long ago.

To find the place I took the book,
And held it in a woman's hand,
While all my soul was moved with thrills
No other soul could understand;
And quite unseen, with love divine,
My mother's fingers folded mine.

And not because the music rose
Exultingly I held my breath,
Lest I should lose its sweet delight,
Upon her lips the hush of death
For years has lain, and yet I heard
My mother's voice in every word.

Full well I know the dead are dead,
Yet sometimes at a lower tone,
With short relenting, will the past
One moment give us back our own,
Oh, happy pain! Too quickly done—
As swiftly ended as begun.

—*Susannah Arichald,*

The Funny Man.

If you are ambitious to make a name
As a funny man on the page of fame,
You must follow the precepts here laid down—
Acknowledged alike in country and town
Stick to them closely, through thick and thin,
And, sooner or later, you're sure to win.

You must tell of the all-devouring goat;
Of the young man sporting his overcoat;
Of the mule who stands with innocent face
While his owner goes sailing aloft thro' space;
Of the harmless dude, of the maid intense;
And the cats' serenade on the garden fence.

Then you must mention the wily tack;
The banana peel and the broken back;
The maiden's father with the heavy boot,
And the boy carried off by unripe fruit;
And the bull-dog fierce—for strength of jaw
Rivalled alone by the mother-in-law.

Of the Vassar girl a line or two
Is always in order—therefore you
Of her ponderous sponge cake next may tell;
And to finish up with the chestnut bell.
Arrange all these on a proper plan
And you'll make a name as a funny man.

The Old Story.

Oh yes! I am a married man;
I have a wife, and when I sought her
Some years ago for mine, and brought her
Home as a bride, life first began
To be worth living. I just thought her
An angel, and thanked heaven I'd caught her.

And do so still—and yet, and yet,
There's another—one who's wrought her
Shy witchcraft o'er me till there's naught her
Fair face may not make me forget;
And to this day I've never fought her
Soft sway, although you say I "oughter."

I know you think it's not quite right,
But she loves me, too. Oh, I've taught her
The old sweet lesson! and I bought her
My first love gift but yesternight;
'Twas but a trifle—cost a quarter;
It was a doily—she's my daughter.

A Long Good-bye.

The day was heavy with wind and rain,
When last we said good-bye;
When I and my love shall meet again
There will be a cloudless sky.

I clapped your hand; but I made no sign,
I could not speak nor stay;
Yet something flashed from your eyes to mine
I dream of night and day.

And strangers stood in the dreary street,
And mark each glance and tone;
When I and my love once more shall meet,
We shall be all alone.

There's many a troth break's easily;
There's many a love may quail.
I know, wherever our trust may be,
We two shall never fail.

And death may sweep our years apart,
And all but faith shall die—
As my own heart I trust your heart—
A long, a long good-bye!

DOMESTIC ADVICE.

When your helpmeet inquires in a terrible tone,
"What kept you so late?" and, beginning to moan,
Declares that "you have no more heart than a stone,"
That "you're rapidly wearing her down to a bone"—
Just let her alone.

When she floods all the house with a deluge of slops,
Till the place is a vista of buckets and mops,
And she says "you oblige her to work till she drops,"
Don't seek to assert that your soul is your own—
Just let her alone.

No Benedict argues, of course, with his wife,
Unless he's prepared for perpetual strife;
If your principal aim is a peaceable life,
And you'd change for the Torrid the Temperate Zone—
Just let her alone.

At last, when you've really stood all that you can,
If you hear, on the quiet, that she has a plan
To elope on the sly with another young man,
To rush in and stop it, pray do not be prone—
You let her alone.

THE CHOICE OF THREE:

A NOVEL.

Ernest crossed the road and asked an old *bourgeois*, who was standing in the doorway of his shop taking the air after his day's labor, if the house opposite was a school.

"But certainly not, Monseuir. It is a convent. The holy sisters lived there. But stop, Monseiur had reason; it used to be a girl's school before the last revolution Monsieur could, no doubt, see over the old place. The holy sisters were hospitable, oh, most hospitable."

Armed with this information Ernest returned to his friends, and in due course they were admitted to the place and allowed to wander round the ancient walled garden, with every nook of which Mr. Alston seemed to be perfectly acquainted.

"There is the tree under which she used to sit," he said sadly to his boy, pointing out an old yew tree under which there stood a rotting bench.

"Who?" asked Ernest much interested.

"My dead wife, that boy's mother," he said with a sigh. "There, I have seen it; let us go."

CHAPTER XV.

ERNEST GETS INTO TROUBLE.

When Mr. Alston and Ernest reached the hotel there was still a quarter of an hour to elapse before the *table d' hote*, so, after washing his hands and putting on a black coat, Ernest went down into the *salon*. There was only one other person in it—a tall, fair Frenchwoman, apparently about thirty years of age. She was standing by the empty fireplace, her arm upon the mantel-piece, and a lace pocket-handkerchief in her hand; and Ernest's first impression of her was that she was handsome and much overdressed. There was a "Figaro" upon the mantel-piece, which he desired to get possession of. As he advanced for this purpose, the lady dropped her handkerchief. Stooping down, he picked it out of the grate and handed it to her.

"Mille remerciments, Monsieur," she said, with a little courtesy.

"Du tout, Madame?"

"Ah, Monsieur, parle francais?"

"Mais oui, Madame."

And then they drifted into a conversation, in the course of which Ernest learned that Madame thought Dieppe very dull; that she had been there three days with her friends, and was nearly dead *de tristesse*; that she was going, however, to the public dance at the Entertainment Rooms that night. "Of course Monsieur would be there"; and many other things, for Madame had a considerable command of language.

In the middle of all this the door opened, and another lady of much the same cut as Madame entered, followed by two young men. The first of these had a face of the commonplace English type, rather a good humored face; but when he saw the second Ernest started, it was so like his own, as his would become if he were to spend half a dozen years in drinking, dicing, late hours and their concomitants. The man to whom this face belonged was evidently a gentleman, but he looked an ill-tempered one, and very puny and out of health; at least so thought Ernest.

"It is time for dinner, Camille," said the gentleman to Madame, at the same time favoring Ernest with a most comprehensive scowl.

Madame appeared not to understand, and made some remark to Ernest.

"It is time for dinner, Camille," said the gentleman again in a savage voice. This time she lifted her head and looked at him.

"*Din nare, dinnare,* qu'est que c'est que *din nare* ?"

"Table-d'hote," said the gentleman.

"Oh, pardon," and with a little bow and most fascinating smile to Ernest, she took the gentleman's extended arm and sailed away.

"Why did you pretend not to understand me?" Ernest heard him ask, and saw her shrug her shoulders in reply. The other gentleman followed with his companion, and after him came Ernest. When he reached the *salle-a-manger* he found that the only chair vacant at the table was one next to his friend of the *salon*. Indeed, had he thought of it, it might have struck him that Madame had contrived to keep that chair vacant, for on his approach she gathered together the folds of her silk dress, which had almost hidden it, and welcomed him with a little nod.

Ernest took the chair, and forthwith Madame entered into a most lively conversation with him, a course of proceeding that appeared to be extremely distasteful to the gentleman on her right, who pished and pshawed and pushed away his plate in a manner that soon became quite noticeable. But Madame talked serenely on, quite careless of his antics, till at last he whispered something to her that caused the blood to mount to her fair cheek.

"Mais tais-toi donc," Ernest heard her answer, and next moment—the subsequent history of our hero demands that the truth should be told—it was his turn to color, for, alas! there was no doubt about it, he distinctly felt Madame's little foot pressed upon his own. He took up his wine and drank a little to hide his confusion, but whether he had or had not the moral courage to withdraw from the situation by placing his toes under the more chilly but safe guardianship of the chair-legs, history saith not; let us hope and presume that he had. But if this was so or no, he did not get on very well with his dinner, for the situation was novel and not conducive to appetite. Presently Mr. Alston, who was sitting opposite, addressed him across the table.

"Are you going to the Assembly Rooms here to-night, Mr. Kershaw?"

To Ernest's surprise the gentleman on the other side of Madame answered with an astonished look—

"Yes, I am going."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Alston, "I was speaking to the gentleman on your left."

"Oh, indeed, I thought you said Kershaw!"

"Yes, I did, the gentleman's name is Kershaw, I think."

"Yes," put in Ernest, "my name is Kershaw."

"That is odd," said the other gentleman, "so is mine. I did not know that there were any other Kershaws."

"Nor did I," answered Ernest, "except Sir Hugh Kershaw," and his face darkened as he pronounced the name.

"I am Sir Hugh Kershaw's son; my name is Hugh Kershaw," was the reply.

"Indeed! Then we are cousins, I suppose, for I am his nephew, the son of his brother Ernest."

Hugh Kershaw the elder did not receive this intelligence with even the moderate amount of enthusiasm that might have been expected; he simply lifted his scanty eyebrows, and said, "Oh, I remember, my uncle left a son"; then he turned and made some remark to the gentleman who sat next him that made the latter laugh.

Ernest felt the blood rise to his cheeks; there was something very insolent about his cousin's tone.

Shortly afterward the dinner came to an end, and Madame, with another fascinating smile, retired. As for Ernest, he smoked a pipe with Mr. Alston, and about 9 o'clock strolled over with him to the Assembly Rooms or Casino, a building largely composed of glass, where thrice a week, during the season, the visitors at Dieppe adjourned to dance, flirt and make merry.

One of the first sights that caught his eye was a air creature in evening dress, and with conspicuously white shoulders, in whom he recognized Madame. She was sitting near the door, and appeared to be watching it. Ernest bowed to her, and was about to pass on; but, pursuing her former tactics, she dropped the boquet she was carrying. He stooped, picked it up, returned it, and again made as though he would pass on, when she addressed him, just as the band struck up.

"Ah, que c'est belle la musique! Monsieur, valse n'est ce pas?"

In another minute they were floating down the room together. As they passed along, Ernest saw his cousin standing in the corner looking at him with no amiable air. Madame saw his glance.

"Ah," she said, "Monsieur Hugh ne valse pas, il se grise; il a l'air jaloux, n'est ce pas?"

Ernest danced three times with this fair enslaver, and with their last waltz the ball came to an end. Just then his cousin came up, and they, all including Mr. Alston, walked together down the street, which was now quite deserted, to the door of the hotel. Here Ernest said good night to Madame, who extended her hand. He took it, and as he did so he felt a note slipped into it, which not being accustomed to such transactions, he clumsily dropped. It was the ball programme and there was something written across it in pencil. Unfortunately, he was not the only one who saw this. His cousin Hugh, who had evidently been drinking, saw it too, and tried to pick up the programme, but Ernest was too quick for him.

"Give me that," said his cousin hoarsely.

Ernest answered by putting it into his pocket.

"What is written on that programme?"

"I don't know."

"What have you written on that programme, Camille?"

"Mon Dieu, mais vous m'ennuyez!" was the answer.

"I insist upon you giving me that," with an oath.

"Monsieur est '*gentleman*.' Monsieur ne la rendra pas," said Madame with a meaning glance, and then turning she entered the hotel.

"I am not going to give it to you," said Ernest.

"You shall give it to me."

"Is this lady your wife?" asked Ernest.

"That is my affair; give me that note."

"I shall not give it to you," said Ernest whose temper was rapidly rising. "I don't know what was on it, and I don't wish to know; but, whatever it is, the lady gave it to me and not to you. She is not your wife and you have no right to ask for it."

His cousin Hugh turned livid with fury. At the best of times he was an evil-tempered man, and now, inflamed as he was by drink and jealousy, he looked a perfect fiend.

"D—— you!" he hissed, "you half-bred cur, I suppose that you get your —— manners from your —— mother!"

He did not get any further, for at this point Ernest knocked him into the gutter and then stood over him, very quiet and pale, and told him that if ever he dared to let a disrespectful word about his mother pass his lips again, he (Ernest) would half kill him (Hugh) Then he let him get up.

Hugh Kershaw rose, and turning, whispered something to his friend who had sat next him at dinner, a man about thirty years of age and with a military air about him. His friend listened and pulled his large moustache thoughtfully. Then he addressed Ernest with the utmost politeness.

"I am Captain Justice, of the —— Hussars. Of course, Mr. Kershaw, you are aware that you cannot indulge yourself in the luxury of knocking people down without hearing more about it, especially," he added, "on this side of the water. Have you any friend with you?"

Ernest shook his head as he answered, "This," indicating Mr. Alston, who had been an attentive observer of everything that had passed, "is the only gentleman I know in the town, and I cannot ask him to mix himself up in my quarrels." Ernest was beginning to understand that this quarrel was a very serious business.

"All right, my lad," said Mr. Alston quietly, "I will stand by you."

"Really, I have no right," began Ernest.

"Nonsense! It is one of our colonial customs to stick by one another."

"Mr. Justice——"

"Captain Justice," put in that gentleman with a bow.

"Captain Justice, my name is Alston; I am very much at your service."

Captain Justice turned to Hugh Kershaw, whose clothes were dripping from the water in the gutter, and, after whispering with him for a moment, said aloud, "If I were you, Kershaw, I should go and change those clothes, you will catch cold;" and then, addressing Mr. Alston, "I think the smoking-room is empty; shall we go and have a chat?"

Mr. Alston assented and they went in together. Ernest followed, but, having lit his pipe, sat down in a far corner of the room. Presently Mr. Alston called him.

"Look here, Kershaw, this is a serious business, and, as you are principally concerned, I think that you had better give your own answer. To be brief, your cousin, Mr. Hugh Kershaw, demands that you should apologize in writing for having struck him."

"I am willing to do that if he will apologize for the terms he used in connection with my mother."

"Ah!" said the gallant captain, "the young gentleman is coming to reason."

"He also demands that you should hand over the note you received from the lady."

"That I certainly shall not do," he answered, and drawing the card from his pocket he tore it into fragments, unread.

Captain Justice bowed and left the room. In a few minutes he returned, and, addressing Mr. Alston and Ernest, said:

"Mr. Kershaw is not satisfied with what you offer to do. He declines to apologize for any expression that he may have used with reference to your mother, and he now wishes you to choose between signing an apology which I shall dictate, or meeting him to-morrow morning. You must remember that we are in France, where you cannot insult a man on the payment of forty shillings."

Ernest felt the blood run to his heart. He understood now what Captain Justice meant. He answered simply:

"I shall be very happy to meet my cousin in whatever place and way you and Mr. Alston may agree upon," and then he returned to his chair and gave himself up to the enjoyment of his pipe and an entirely new set of sensations.

Captain Justice gazed after him pityingly. "I am sorry for him," he said to Mr. Alston. "Kershaw is, I believe, a good shot with pistols. I suppose you will choose pistols. It would be difficult to get swords in such a hurry. He is a fine young fellow, took it coolly, by George! Well, I don't think that he will trouble the world much longer."

"This is a silly business and likely to land us all in a nasty mess. Is there no way out of it?"

"None that I know of, unless your young friend will eat dirt. He is a nasty-tempered fellow, Kershaw, and wild about that woman, over whom he has spent thousands. Nor is he likely to forgive being rolled in the gutter. You had better get your man to give in, for if you don't Kershaw will kill him."

"It is no good talking of it. I have lived a rough life and know what men are made of. He is not of that sort. Besides, your man is in the wrong, not that boy. If anybody spoke of my mother like that I would shoot him."

"Very good, Mr. Alston. And now about the pistols; I have none."

"I have a pair of Smith & Wesson revolvers that I bought yesterday to take out to Africa with me. They throw a very heavy bullet, Captain Justice."

"Too heavy. If one of them is hit anywhere in the body——" He did not finish his sentence.

Mr. Alston nodded. "We must put them twenty paces apart to give them a chance of missing. And now about the place and the time."

"I know a place on the beach, about a mile and a half from here, that will do very well. You go down that street till you strike the beach, then turn to your right and follow the line of the sea till you come to a deserted hut or cottage. There we will meet you."

"At what time?"

"Let me see. Shall we say a quarter to five? It will be light enough for us then."

"Very good. The New Haven boat leaves at half-past six. I am going to see about getting my things ready to go to meet it. I should advise you to do the same, Captain Justice. We had better not return here after it is over."

"No."

And then they parted.

Luckily the manager of the hotel had not gone to bed, so the various parties concerned were able to pay their bills and make arrangements about their luggage being sent to meet the early boat without exciting the slightest suspicion. Ernest wrote a note, and left it to be given to his friend when he should arrive on the morrow, in which he stated mysteriously that business had called him away. He could not help smiling to himself sadly when he thought that his business might be of a sort that it would take all eternity to settle.

Then he went to his room and wrote two letters, one to Eva and one to Dorothy. Mr. Alston was to post them if anything happened to him. The first was of a passionate nature and breathed hopes of reunion in another place—ah, how fondly the poor human heart clings to that idea—the second collected and sensible enough. The letters finished, he, following Mr. Alston's advice, undressed and took a bath, then he said his prayers—the prayers his mother had taught him—put on a quiet, dark suit of clothes and went and sat by the open window. The night was very still and fragrant with the sweet, strong breath of the sea. Not a sound came from the quaint town beneath. All was at peace. Ernest, sitting there, wondered whether he would live to see another night, and if not, what the nights were like in the land whither he was journeying. And as he thought of it the gray damps that hide that unrisen world from our gaze struck into his soul and made him feel afraid. Not afraid of death, but afraid of the empty loneliness beyond it—of the cold air of an infinite space in which nothing human can live. Would his mother meet him there, he wondered, or would she put him from her, coming with blood upon his hands? And then he thought of Eva, and in his solitude a tear gathered in his dark eyes. It seemed so hard to go to that other place without her.

CHAPTER XVI.

MADAME'S WORK.

Presently the eastern sky began to be barred with rays of light, and Ernest knew that the dawn was near.

Rising with a sigh, he made his last preparations, inwardly determining that, if he was to die, he would die in a way befitting an English gentleman. There should be no sign of his fears on his face when he looked at his adversary's pistol.

Presently there came a soft knock at the door and Mr Alston entered with his shoes off. In his hand he held a case containing the two Smith & Wessons.

"We must be off presently," he said. "I just heard Captain Justice go down. Look here, Kershaw, do you understand anything about these?" and he tapped the Smith & Wessons.

"Yes. I have often practiced with a pair of old duelling-pistols at home. I used to be a very fair shot with them."

"That is lucky. Now take one of these revolvers; I want to give you a lesson and accustom you to handle it."

"No, I will not. It would not be fair on the other man. If I did, and killed him, I should feel like a murderer."

"As you like; but I am going to tell you something and give you a bit of advice. These revolvers are hair-triggered; I had the scears filed. When the word is given, bring the barrel of your pistol down till you get the sight well on to your antagonist somewhere about his chest, then press the trigger, do not pull it—remember that. If you do as I tell you, he will never hear the report. Above all, do not lose your nerve, and don't be sentimental and fire in the air, or any such nonsense, for that is a most futile proceeding, morally and every other way. Mark my words, if you do not kill him he will kill you. He intends to kill you and you are in the right. Now we must be going. Your luggage is in the hall, is it not?"

"All except this bag."

"Very good; bring it down with you. My boy will bring it to the boat with my own. If you are not his, you will do well to get out of this as soon as possible. I mean to make for Southampton as straight as I can. There is a vessel sailing for South Africa on Friday morning; I shall embark in her. We will settle what you are to do afterward."

"Yes," said Ernest with a faint smile, "there is no need to talk of that at present."

Five minutes afterward they met in the hall and slipped quietly out through the door that always stood open all night for the accommodation of visitors addicted to late hours. Following the street that Captain Justice had pointed out, they soon reached the beach, and, turning to the right, walked along it leisurely. The early morning air was very sweet and all nature smiled dimly upon them as they went, for the sun was not yet up; but at that moment Ernest did not think much of the beauty of the morning. It all seemed like a frightful dream. At last they came to the deserted hut, looming large in the gray mist. By it stood two figures.

"They are there already," said Mr. Alston.

As they approached the two figures lifted their hats, a compliment which they returned. Then Mr. Alston went to Captain Justice and fell into conversation with him, and together the paced off a certain distance on the sand, marking its limits with their walking sticks. Ernest noticed that it was about the length of a short cricket pitch.

"Shall we place them?" he heard Captain Justice say.

"Not just yet," was the reply, "there is barely light enough."

"Now, gentlemen," said Mr. Alston presently, "I have prepared in duplicate a paper setting forth as fairly as I can the circumstances under which this unhappy affair has come about. I propose to read it to you and to ask you all to sign it as a protection to—to us all. I have brought a pen and a pocket ink-pot with me for that purpose."

Nobody objected, so he read the paper. It was short, concise and just and they all signed it as it stood. Ernest's hand shook a good deal as he did so.

"Come, that won't do," said Mr. Alston encouragingly as he pocketed one copy of the documents after handing the other to Captain Justice. "Shake yourself together, man!"

But for all his brave words he looked the more nervous of the two.

"I wish to say," began Ernest, addressing himself to all the other three, "that this quarrel is none of my seeking. I could not in honor give up the note the lady wrote to me. But I feel that this is a dreadful business, and if you," addressing his cousin, "are ready to apologize for what you said about my mother, I am ready to do the same for attacking you."

Mr. Hugh Kershaw smiled bitterly and, turning, said something to his second. Ernest caught the words "white feather."

"Mr. Hugh Kershaw refuses to offer any apology; he expects one," was Captain Justice's ready answer.

"Then if any blood is shed, on his head be it!" said Mr. Alston solemnly. "Come, let us get it over."

Each took his man and placed him by one of the sticks, and then handed him a revolver.

"Stand sideways and remember what I told you," whispered Mr. Alston.

"Are you ready, gentlemen?" asked Captain Justice presently.

There was no answer; but Ernest felt his heart stand still and a mist gathered before his eyes. At that moment he heard a lark rise into the air near him and begin to sing. Unless he could get his sight back he felt that he was lost.

"One!" The mist cleared away from his eyes. He saw his adversary's pistol pointing steadily at him.

"Two!" A ray broke from the rising sun and caught a crystal pin Hugh Kershaw incautiously wore. Instinctively he remembered Mr. Alston's advice and lowered his long barrel till it was dead on the crystal pin. Curiously enough, it reminded him at the moment of the eyes in the witch's head at Dum's Ness. His vital forces rose to the emergency and his arm grew as steady as a rock. Then came a pause that seemed hours long.

"Three!" There was a double report and Ernest became aware of a commotion in his hair. Hugh Kershaw flung up his arms wildly, sprang a few inches off the ground and fell backward. Great God, it was over!

Ernest staggered a moment from the reaction and then ran with the others toward his cousin—nay, toward what had been his cousin. He was lying on his back upon the sand, his wide-open eyes staring up at the blue sky, as though to trace the flight of his spirit, his arms extended. The heavy revolver ball had struck near the crystal pin and then passed upward through the throat and out at the base of the head, shattering the spinal column.

"He is dead," said Captain Justice solemnly.

Ernest wrung his hands.

"I have killed him," he said. "I have killed my own cousin!"

"Young man," said Mr. Alston, "do not stand there wringing your hands, but thank Providence for your own escape. He was very near killing you, let me tell you. Is your head cut?"

(To be Continued.)

The heroes we read of are not like those we see. If a man is born great, as the world goes now, he must hustle around lively enough to stay great.