[Now First Published.] [All Rights Reserved.]

THE MESSAGE OF THE BELLS

AN ENGLISH CHRISTMAS STORY.

By ADELINE SERGEANT,

Author of "Jacobi's Wife," "Under False Pretences," &c., &c.

III.

A woman, carrying a child, stood in the garden-path. Her back was to the western light, which had nearly died out of the windy sky. He saw that she was tall and slight, and that she trembled as she stood before him. Her dress was black, and the sleepy child nestling in her arms wore a black frock too.

"Does Stephen Hatfield live here?" she asked in a low unsteady voice.

The tones thrilled him. To his ear they were wonderfully sweet. Where had he heard that voice before?

"Yes. I'm Stephen Hatfield."

"You—Stephen Hatfield?"

Then her voice broke. She let the child slip gently from her arms to the ground and stretched out her shaking hands. "Oh, Stephen, Stephen, don't you know me? I'm Grace."

His face blanched to an awful whiteness. He looked over her shoulder, away into the distance, as if he saw some one behind her. But there was no accusing figure at her back, no ghostly voice came out of the gloom, requiring at his hands the blood of the man whose life he had virtually taken. His eyes wandered back to her, and he said in a hoarse whisper:

"Grace, is it you?"

"Yes, Stephen," she said, sobbing, "and I'm in sore trouble." His face hardened; he thought he knew what she was going to say. She went on; "It's nigh upon three months since George left me." And then she broke into a wailing cry, almost like a shriek, and put her hands before her face.

"And now he's dead," said Stephen, scarcely knowing what he said.

The words gave her a shock. She let her hands drop and gazed at him with wide-open, panic-stricken eyes. The child clung to her garments, frightened by what she heard, and still more by the sight of this strange, dark man.

"Oh no, no!" cried Mrs. Dene. "Why should you say he's dead? Have you heard of him, then? Oh no, he's not dead, Stephen! Tired of me, perhaps," she said, sobbing, "and gone to seek his fortune—or ill in hospital may be, and not able to write to me—but not dead, Stephen, nay, not dead!"

He did not know what to do with a woman in such a passion of grief; he took hold of her hands and gently drew her within his door. His one thought was to screen her from the unkind notice of passers-by, but once inside, more hospitable thoughts occurred to him.

"You'd better come in and sit by the fire," he said, awkwardly. "Don't take on in that way, Grace. I thought you meant me to understand that George was dead. If it is as you say—why, no doubt, he'll be back again before long."

He turned his back on her as he spoke, and led the way into the kitchen.

"You've not heard of him then?" said Grace, commanding herself and following him obediently. "He's not been here?"

"No," he answered in a low voice; "he's not been here."

He could not tell her the truth. He would get some clergyman, some person in authority, to let her know that George was dead. He shook all over at the thought of telling her himself. No—not yet; in the morning, perhaps, or in a day or two——

"Sit down," he said, lighting a candle, and hurriedly stirring the dying embers of the fire. "You'll be tired if you have come from Woodley to-day."

She opened her great dark eyes with a look of pathetic surprise. "To-day?" she said. "It's three weeks since I left Woodley. I walked most of the way. Look at my shoes."

They were worn nearly off her feet. Hatfield felt his heart contract with an unwonted pang of pity. He looked at the shoes, at the threadbare garments, at the thin, sunken face, and did not say a word.

"It was fine weather, most of the way," Grace went on, half absently, "else I could never have done it. We got a lift in a cart now and then. I could not bear to wait any longer. George had never written, but he told me before he went away that he was coming to you. Did you see him?"

There was a scarcely perceptible pause before Stephen answered "No."

"My mother died suddenly on the day after Christmas Day," she went on. "It took all the money I had to bury her. I was staying with her—George had already sold our furniture and taken the money with him, and I expected him back every day. The neighbours at Woodley began to say that he had deserted me, and I could not bear it any longer. I came after him—to Redford—to find *you*."

"Why did you not write?" he asked.

"I don't know. I did not think of it." The colour ebbed out of her face as she spoke, leaving her cheeks and lips as white as snow. "You used to be his friend," she murmured. "Have you forgotten us?"

"No, no. I have never forgotten you," he said, in a strange, confused way that surprised her. "Here, I have made some tea. Polly would like some milk, perhaps?"

"How did you know that her name was Polly?" said Grace, looking at him with attention.

"I heard it—didn't you call her so just now?" he said, still more and more troubled in manner, as he reflected that he had gained this piece of information from her husband.

Grace was too tired to dispute the matter. She ate and drank at his bidding and saw the child's hunger satisfied, and when the meal was finished she made an attempt to rise.

"I'm sure I thank you for your kindness, Stephen," she said, timidly. "Perhaps you can tell me of a lodging house where we can go to for the night. It must be a cheap one; I have very little money."

"You might as well stay here," said Hatfield, without raising his eyes, and with a curious sullenness of demeanour. "There's a room upstairs if you like to use it. You can look out for a lodging to-morrow."

"But—it it is your room—what will you do?"

"I can sleep by the fire here. I shall be quite comfortable. You can't go from place to place looking for lodgings at this time of night; the child is asleep already."

Grace accepted his offer thankfully. She was a simple-hearted, gentle-natured woman, not very self-reliant, and it seemed natural that he should be kind and helpful to her. As a sort of excuse for having come to the house, she ventured to say:

"I thought you were married, perhaps, and that your wife would put me in the way of getting a lodging."

He looked her full in the face, and did not speak for a moment. She quailed a little before the fire of those dark eyes, and bethought herself of some words that her mother had let fall in the early days of her marriage with George Dene. Was it possible that this man, Stephen Hatfield, had once wanted to marry her? She felt a sensation of alarm at the thought.

But after a moment's space, the light died out from Hatfield's eyes, and he looked down in his usual sombre, brooding fashion. "No," he said, "I've never been married."

When he opened the door of the room upstairs, he seemed to feel that some explanation of its disorder was required.

"I've had nobody to do for me lately. The place is like a pigstye, but maybe you can manage with it to-night. Is there anything I can get for ye?"

The manner was rough, but the kindliness of his meaning unmistakeable. Grace thanked him and held out her hand as she said good-night. He did not seem to see it. He turned his back on her and went downstairs.

She slept long and heavily. When she awoke and dressed in the morning, Stephen had already gone to his work. He had lighted the fire and left food ready for herself and the child; he himself had taken his dinner with him and did not mean to be back till evening.

It was after six when he returned. As soon as he set foot within the house, he was conscious of a change in it. Grace had been busy. To make the place clean and tidy was her way of showing gratitude. The kitchen fire was burning brightly in a clean grate, the floors and tables had been scoured, and the cooking utensils cleaned. There was an air of neatness, almost of brightness about the room which moved Hatfield to wonder.

"What have you been doing?" he said, rather roughly.

"Only tidying up a bit," Grace answered. "I hope you don't mind?" she added meekly, seeing an inexplicable expression upon his face.

"Not a bit. Do what you like," he replied, bending his brows. She looked at him in silent wonderment, never suspecting that he felt a great throb of anguish and shame at the notion of her working for him—the man to whom her husband owed his death.

After tea, she began timidly to talk to him about her position. She was possessed with the idea that George was somewhere in Redford, and that she would be able to find him if she looked carefully enough. In the meantime, she thought that she could earn a livelihood by taking in plain sewing, or going out charing—though this latter work, as Hatfield knew, would have been considered far beneath her in Woodley. If she could find a cheap lodging for herself and child she would not trouble Mr. Hatfield any longer. There was a new humility in her voice that cut Stephen to the heart.

"It's no trouble to me," he said gruffly.

He was sitting by the fire as he spoke, and just then something soft touched his hand. He drew it away and looked down hastily. It was Polly, who had drawn a wooden stool to his side, and had tried to slip her little fingers into his palm. She looked up at him smiling, and put her little pink hand on his knee. After a moment's hesitation, he laid his rough fingers tenderly upon it and held it there. The touch sent a new sensation through him. It seemed to make the blood rush more quickly through his veins, to break up the ice about his heart. It influenced his tone and look as he addressed the child's mother.

"You've no need to hurry yourself," he said, "take time. And don't go making enquiries here and there and everywhere about Dene. I'll do that for you. I should be glad if you would stop here a bit, and put my house straight. It seems to want a woman's hand. If George Dene's anywhere hereabouts, he'll find you, never fear. There's been some mistake, no doubt, and he's wondering why you don't come to him."

"Oh, if only I could think so!" said the poor woman, her eyes filling with tears. "You don't know what it is to be pointed and jeered at as I have been in the village—the wife whose husband got tired of her and left her in the lurch. He always seemed so proud and fond of me. Do you think it's possible that he could get tired all at once and go off without a word?"

"I don't think it's possible," said Hatfield in a low voice. Ah, no! What man would cast away from him this sweet wife, this cooing, caressing little child? And he—he knew so well what George Dene thought of these two, how much he loved them, and he dared not say a word to set the grieving woman's heart at rest. For, as it soon appeared to him, the doubt as to George's love was even more present to her mind than the uncertainty about his life.

Grace wiped the tears gently away, and sat silent for a little time with her hands folded in her lap. She was not given to noisy demonstrations of any kind. When she felt calm enough to speak she said gently:

"I'll accept your offer thankfully for a little time, Mr. Hatfield. If I can be of use to you, I shall be only too glad. We often talked about you—George and me. You don't know, maybe, how fond he was of you."

"Don't call me Mr. Hatfield," said Stephen, rising suddenly. "Call me Stephen, as you used to do." He broke off the conversation by going out of doors, and all that Grace could do was gratefully to acquiesce.

She settled down in her new home, and went about her duties in a [illegible] quietly uncomplaining manner which greatly [illegible] pressed Hatfield. He [illegible] springing from a [illegible] deed of doubt and sorrow than any that he had had to bear, never repining, never showing bitterness or sullenness. She was braver than he had been. His thoughts were filled with her night and day: as time went on, his remorse for the past, though present, became so blended with his love for her that it lost its hardness and painfulness. He even dreamed of a time when he might tell her that George was dead, and ask her to be his wife. He could give her a peaceful home, a sure, strong love: would she refuse the gift.

He dreamed thus one night as he was walking home from his work, which, on this occasion, had been prolonged until eleven o'clock. His house was near the station, but two or three not very respectable little streets had to be traversed before he reached it, and it was in one of these streets that he saw a sight which froze the blood within his veins.

Was it George Dene's ghost?

There were no such things as ghosts, he argued passionately with himself. The parson at Woodley had always said so. His eyes had played him a trick. His head was muddled with long hours of work. Spirits from another world never came back now-a-days to trouble their worst enemies. It could not be.

And yet he was sure—as sure as of his own existence—that George Dene's face had looked at him out of the darkness of the unlighted street.

He had been absorbed in his own thoughts. He had heard no footfall on the pavemnet, had seen no figure coming towards him, and yet, without warning, the dead man's face, white, rigid, stern, had hovered before his eyes. If he had been able to move, it seemed to Stephen that he might have touched those pallid features with his hand. Menacing, accusing, reproachful, all at once, those eyes which had once been so friendly sought his own; then for a moment everything grew dim to Hatfield's sight. When he recovered his calmness there was nothing to be seen. The vision had faded away into the darkness, and he went unhindered upon his way.

But from that moment he was free no more. The face haunted him. Now and then he saw it in a crowd; once in a railway carriage; several times at his window before the blinds were down at night. It came to him in his dreams; the memory of it, the fear of it, haunted him night and day. The dead man would not let him rest.

He began to look wild and haggard, to cast strange looks over his shoulder, to mutter to himself. "Hatfield's going out of his mind," one of his companions whispered to another. "He's mighty queer." Even Grace, with all her placidity, wondered at and pitied him. She was never afraid of him, he was glad to see. He could not have borne that. When he was alone he used to cry out upon George Dene's unquiet spirit to leave him in peace. "What do you want, George?" he muttered with quivering lips. "How can I atone for what my hand has done? It's too late—too late; I can do nothing for you now."

CHAPTER IV.

It had been the height of summer when first Stephen Hatfield saw that terrible vision of the dead man's face. As summer passed into autumn, and autumn into winter, its recurrence became more frequent, and had a very disquieting effect upon Hatfield's nerves. It became plain to him that if he saw that face much oftener he would have to give up his work. Eyes, hand, brain, all seemed paralysed at times by fear and agony. Grace, not knowing what was wrong, entreated him to see the parish doctor. But Hatfield shook his head. "No doctor can do me any good," he answered, gloomily.

One day in December he came home and found her in tears. On asking what was the matter, he elicited from her a tale of how Polly had run in from the street, crying out that her father had looked at her over the fence.

"The child would not remember him," said Hatfield.

"She's five years old, and she was very fond of her poor father," said Grace. Then, wiping her eyes, she added indistinctly: "I thought—I thought I saw him myself last night."

But this was more than Hatfield could bear. He went out again without waiting for the conclusion of her little story. "Are we all to be haunted by George Dene's ghost?" he asked himself, almost angrily, "for me, it's natural enough—but what have they done?"

Grace Dene felt a little hurt by his abrupt departure. She sat down and cried, caressed Polly, and gave herself up for a few minutes to the luxury of indulgence in her own quiet sorrow; but then she remembered that she had a good many things to do, and so betook herself, somewhat less tranquilly than usual, to her household tasks. It was Christmas Eve, and she had determined that her own sorrow, her own sad memories, should not bring sorrow to other people. For Stephen's sake she meant to be cheerful, and to make him think that she was content.

She wondered that he did not come back to tea. She put Polly to bed, and sat by the fire with some needlework. The night was fine but windy, and on the wind there came from time to time the sound of the Christmas bells.

Her hands had fallen on her lap: her eyes were fixed in mournful reverie upon the glowing embers of the grate, when a sound at the door arrested her attention. Stephen stood in the doorway—the kitchen door opened upon a little bricked yard—and his hand was still upon the latch. A gust of cold air blew in, extinguishing the candle at Grace's side. She sprang up, and then stood still. She could just see Stephen's face: there was a ghastly smile upon it that made her heart beat strangely fast.

"What is it, Stephen?" she said, nervously.

He lifted up one finger, as if warning her to be silent. "Do you know who stands outside?" he asked her, with the same weird smile upon his face. "I saw him as I came in; I should see him still if I looked again. Your husband, Grace—George Dene."

"My husband!" she cried, flinging up her hands.

"Not in the flesh, Grace; not in the flesh. You would not see him if you looked, but I see him—I see him wherever I go. He was here at your window not long ago."

"Oh, Stephen, you frighten me!" said Grace, sinking down in her chair and covering her face with her hands.

The sight of her tears calmed him. He closed the door softly and advanced towards her, looking earnestly at her bowed head.

"I don't want to frighten you, Grace," he said. "It was those accursed bells that sent me home to you. They rang and rang till I could bear it no longer. 'Go back, go back,' they said. 'Tell her the truth. Go back.' And so I thought that if I came to you and told you the whole truth, I might perhaps be delivered from the terror that follows me night and day. Night and day, sleeping or walking, I see him," Hatfield went on with a startled glance over his left shoulder, "and I know that he comes to punish me for what I did. Perhaps if I tell all the truth and give myself up I may yet know peace. The bells have driven me to you."

"But—why? What do you mean, Stephen?" said Grace, beginning to tremble with an inexpressible fear.

He took no notice of her question.

"Look at me," he said. "Have I not suffered? Am I the man I was a year ago? I do not know how I live, how I eat or sleep. The misery that has fallen upon me is more than I can bear. For I never meant to be a murderer, Grace; I never meant to hurt him, though I thrust him away from me and struck him in my wrath. Grace, Grace, believe me, I never meant to harm a hair of his head!"

He fell down on his knees before her as he spoke, stretching out his hands to her in a blind groping way. She drew back an inch or two, looking at him with a strange expression, half of repulsion, half of pity, in her eyes. In after days his face came back to her as she had seen it then, and she remembered how wasted it was, how worn with grief and care. But just then she thought only of his words.

"Tell me what you mean," she gasped out below her breath. "Is George dead? What do you mean?"

"I mean, Grace, that I—I—killed your husband, George Dene."

A low cry escaped her lips.

"Not by my hand," he said, looking down at the thin fingers that shook as with an ague while he held them out. "Not by my own hand. He came to me on Christmas Eve—a year ago this day—and the bells were ringing overhead as they ring now. He told me of his happiness with you, and I could not bear it. Don't you know, Grace, how I have loved you all these years. He stole you from me, or I should have won you—I swear I should have won you if he had left me time. But he took everything from me—home, wife, children; he had all and I had none. I was alone in the world; a miserable wretch, cast off by God and man. I had no hope of happiness. Then he came to me and he spoke of you. I struck him—I thrust him out of my way. He fell over the line. I did not stay to help him up. I forgot that the express was nearly due. He must have been stunned—insensible—when the train came up."

His voice failed him. He bowed himself to the ground, and lay at her feet. There was silence for a time.

"God forgive you, Stephen," said the woman at last, in a broken voice. She sat very still, white as death, with the tears dropping over her pale cheeks. The gentleness, as well as the infinite sadness of her tones, unloosed his tongue once more. He did not rise, but faltered out disconnected words and sentences that she could scarcely hear.

"You say 'God forgive me,' I bless you for those words." He dragged himself nearer to her and kissed her foot. "I do not ask you to forgive me; it would be no use, I know. My life's not been worth living; the sooner it ends the better. I shall give myself up to the police this very night: I wish they would hang me and have done with it. When I am in my grave, Grace, perhaps, you'll forgive me then. My love, my love, you'll never know how much I've loved you. And you would have loved me if I'd had the time——"

What voice was that which a listening ear would have noted? The creak of a latch, the sound of a footfall on the threshold? They did not hear.

"God pity you—God forgive you," said Grace, with increasing agitation. "No, Stephen Hatfield, don't delude yourself with a false belief. I should never have loved you, if we had lived side by side for a thousand years. I never loved but one man in my life, nor ever shall again; and that, as you well know, was George Dene. And you that killed him," she cried, bursting into tears; "ask God to pardon you, and I'll pray to Him that He may; night and morning I'll pray for your poor unhappy soul, Stephen Hatfield; but I will go away from your house now, which I never would have entered if I had known the truth; and never, never will I look upon your face again."

She rose from her seat. Hatfield struggled into a kneeling posture, caught at her dress and pressed it to his lips.

"God will forgive me if you ask Him," he said. "You give me hope by that word, Grace. No, I shall never see you again. I don't think it will be long before I go where George has gone. Perhaps I may meet him somewhere—perhaps I may ask him to forgive me—"

He has risen to his feet and turned away. Grace gave a little cry. Who was it speaking? Who was it standing in the open door?

"No need to go far for that, Stephen Hatfield," said a voice which had a strangely familiar sound. "I am here, and you may ask me what you like."

The room swam before Hatfield's troubled eyes. When they cleared again he saw Grace clinging to a tall, gaunt, feeble-looking man, whose arms were clasped tenderly around her, whose lips were pressed to her fair face. It was no dream! This was no vision of the night. George Dene was alive, and had come back to claim his wife. What was he saying? It seemed to Hatfield that he could scarcely hear for the tumultuous beating of his heart, the surging trouble of his brain.

"I've been in hospital until a fortnight ago," George said. "I lost my memory for a time. It was some other chap who was killed by the express, not me. I got up after you pushed me away, Stephen, and walked out of the town. I hadn't been well all day, and I felt dizzy and strange. They told me afterwards that I must have had a fever coming on, and that the fall—well, perhaps it made me a trifle worse, there was some sort of concusion, they called it. Anyway, I was found by the road side and taken to a hospital five miles from Redford, and there I stayed. My mind seemed gone, even when my body was stronger. I came fully to myself only a month ago. Then I went to Woodley and found Grace gone. I hunted for her everywhere. Then I came here."

He stopped to embrace his wife once more and to glance at Hatfield, who was sitting beside the table with his face hidden upon his folded arms.

"I inquired about Hatfield, and little by little I pieced together the whole story. I knew that he, at least thought me dead. I saw Polly to day, and I had a glimpse of you, too, Grace, but I did not know whether you had a place for me in your heart or not. I thought—shall I tell you what I thought?"

"No," she answered, laying her hand upon his lips. "I can guess, George. But I should never have loved any other man but you."

"Ah, so I heard you say, my darling; and I know—I know—how true and faithful you have always been. I had rancour in my heart against my old friend here,—yes, I'll call him my friend, for I know how sad and bitter his life has been—but if I had anything against him, I forgave him as I stood at his door and heard the Christmas bells overhead. 'Peace and goodwill,' they seemed to say. And I thought to myself, 'Let bygones be bygones between Stephen Hatfield and me!' Let us thank God that I have come back to you, Grace, and that our old friend Stephen can be our oldfriend still."

They heard Stephen give a gasping, struggling sigh, almost like a sob. They waited silently for a moment, but he did not lift his head.

"Stephen thought he saw you—many times," said Grace, shuddering a little at the memory of his words came back to her.

"He must have fancied it. I came to Redford yesterday—the first time for a year past. Come, Stephen, my old friend, lift up your head and give me your hand at last."

He put his hand on Hatfield's shoulder; and Grace bent over him with tender words.

"You'll be our brother now, Stephen, and love us both as we love you. Hark to the Christmas bells! 'Peace and goodwill'—it's twelve o'clock striking. Christmas Day! Stephen, a happy Christmas! A happy Christmas to us all!"

But Stephen's happy Christmas was not of this world.

[The End.]

Of the Davy family, of Rochester, the eldest girl is in the workhouse as incorrigible, the father is gaoled as a drunkard, and Esau, the eldest son, aged nine, being left at home in charge of his three sisters, aged five, six and eight, took them to a church where the whole party loaded up with Bibles, hymn books and fans, and got well away before they were overhauled by a policeman and taken to the station. There three silver watches were found in Esau's pockets. He and his sisters were sent to a charitable institution.

The French Academy of the other day distributed the annual "prizes of virtue." The Montyon prize of 2,000 francs was awarded to Jean Adolphe Delannoy, a Calais pilot, who has twenty-one times risked his life in saving shipwrecked crews. Delannoy is loaded with medals and wears the cross of the Legion of Honour. The academy now proclaims him the most heroic and [illegible] of Frenchmen. The other awards include 1,000 francs to Mr. Bonaparte Wyse for his survey and book on the Panama Canal.

The German Crown Prince

...some time the serious illnes... ...and popular heir to the Ger... ...now in his fifty-seven... ...caused deep anxiety to his fa... ...and has been watched w... ...by all the world. It now se... ...the Crown Prince is afflic... ...mortal disorder, and that, alth... ...linger for months, his days on... ...numbered.

The prospect of his death, the g... his father, the Emperor William... ...of his mother, give a very... ...pathetic aspect to the condition of... ...Imperial family.

The Emperor, in his ninety-fi... ...watches anxiously, lest his once... ...hardy son, in whom he always rep... ...confidence and pride, should, after... ...earth before him, while the... ...by which the brave Crown... ...deeply beloved, sees before it the... ...that he will never occupy the... ...that the next Emperor will be... ...young Prince William.

The career of the Crown Prince... ...well fitted to inspire his countryn... ...admiration and affection. Coming... ...hardy military stock, he has been... ...most brilliant and victorious genera... ...nineteenth century.

In the great war between Pru... ...Austria, in 1866, he was one of... ...tors in the decisive battle of Sadow... ...four years after, when he comma... ...the German legions on the fields o... ...energy, courage, skill and pe... ...for him a military renown equ... ...superior, to that of any German g... ...the war.

His character, aside from his g... ...talents, is such as to increase... ...admiration which they have called fo... ...son, husband and father, "Unse... ...the Germans endearingly call... ...been devoted, faithful and true.... ...treated the Emperor with filia... ...well as reverent affection, and ha... ...a large family of sons and dau... ...useful members of society.

Each of his sons has been thoro... ...educated, and has, by his father's w... ...taught to practise some handicraft... ...same way, the young princesses, h... ...have been carefully taught... ...management, and the homeliest... ...duties. In this domestic policy th... ...has been cordially supported by... ...the Princess-Royal of England.

The Crown Prince has always be... ...moreover, for his cheerfulness, his... ...heart, and his chivalrous beari... ...occasions. During his military ca... ...not only his courage in the face o... ...but his frank cordiality to his co... ...all ranks, his genial smile and g... ...and his constant care for the w... ...even his humblest followers have... ...parts of the troops which have ser...

It is not usual for the heirs to t... ...take an active part in the political... ...their countries, and throughout h... ...German Crown Prince has kept... ...aloof from public office or activ... ...fatherland.

His tastes are almost wholly mil... ...those of his aged father, and he h... ...abstained from attaching himse... ...political party and cause.

The probable death of the aged... ...and of the Crown Prince within a... ...will transfer the German crown... ...William, the Crown Prince's eldes... ...twenty-eight years of age. Of t... ...but little is known outside of... ...it has been reported that he, too... ...by a dangerous disorder: and... ...so, be short-lived, the crown... ...descend to the fourth generation,... ...now nearly six years old.

In the light of these facts, th... ...before Germany is a perplexed... ...one. The German crown still p... ...itself so much real power, that a... ...sovereigns may well mean a... ...general policy. Much, therefor... ...upon the inroads which death m... ...make upon the reigning family.

Is It Capt. Kidd's Treas...

The report of the finding of... ...that had long been buried in the... ...coast of New Brunswick is of in... ...old-time searchers for Capt. K... ...treasures. The search for the... ...was extended as far as the tr... ...great buccaneer, whose ravages... ...waters stretched from Newfoun... ...West Indies. There are no gro... ...belief that he buried other tr... ...the north-eastern coast or in th... ...of the Hudson than those whic... ...soon after he had buried them... ...Island when he sailed up to... ...Sound and went into Oyster B... ...prize that Kidd captured ne... ...Brunswick coast was a Frenc... ...vessel, which, so far as is known... ...contain a pot of gold worth $400,...

A Request Grante...

Long-haired Man (to barte... ...have a few tracts in here, my... Bartender—Yes, you can lea... ...here, and I want the toes to... ...the door.

Broken of His Re...

Brown—What makes you... ...all the time, Robinson? You... ...used earlier. Robinson (yawning)—I kno... ...to tell the truth, Brown,...

The Shape of the...

Teacher—"What is the... ...earth, Johnny?" ... "Then didn't I tell you it... "Yes. But I don't believe...

A Fine Fellow...

...but if he tell... ...the world is... ...Corn Extract... ...only p... ...Corn... ...bottle...