years ago the founder of a college for negroes was hunted like a wild beast through a region where all parties now reverence him. William Lloyd Garrison was nearly murdered by an infuriated mob for championing the emancipation of the slaves. Even the gentle poet Whittier had his office sacked because he pleaded for the freedom of the slaves. Those who championed civil and religious liberty a few years ago paid for it with their lives. Christ and his disciples and the long line of martyrs were persecuted and put to death for righteousness' sake. ... years ago I went to see the light- ... Dunnett Head. On ascending the tower I observed the thick plate glass windows of the lantern cracked in a number ... This is done by stones ... the sea. The wave strikes ... high ... hurl the loose stones ... a height of 300 feet. So the elevation and exposure of great light-bearers render them liable to attacks from the world.

There is a story told of a little beggar boy who was found one morning lying upon a pile of lumber, where he had passed the night. A laboring man passing by on his way to work, touched with a spirit of kindness, stopped, and, opening his dinner pail, laid beside the ... a portion of the good things ... and then went on. A man, standing near, saw the kindly act, and, going over to where the boy lay, dropped a silver half-dollar near the sandwiches the laborer had left. Soon a child came running over with a pair of shoes; ... the good work went on, one bringing clothing and another something else. By-and-bye the boy awoke, and when he saw the gifts spread around ... down and burying his ... wept tears of thankfulness ... kind deed inspire ... of kindness and sow the ... happiness.

Love ... the element of compulsion out of our life-work; it takes the idea ... it transforms command... into inspirations. We cheerfully ... to whom we are bound ... and tender love. Hard... hard to bear. Love ... like ether that bathes ... all our life, a breath of ... strength to us and imparts ... existence. We gain something ... preciousness of this subtle ... an apparently love-... that seems to dwell in the ... banishment of selfishness. ... of all the ... mutual services ... sympathies which make ...

... conversation is given as ... between a plain-spoken ... pastor: "Good ... I am sorry to hear you ... preaching on Sunday. ... Janet—"I had ... sir. Firstly, ye ... ye didna read ... it wasna worth ..."

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

A ... a Little Mixed.

... young man who ... the waiter in the ... boy, hubby, I ... clams. ... money

Out of the Frying Pan.

... you've been play... you? (Tears.) I ... go right home to ... stay where you ... he had and all ...

The Nights Didn't Count.

... uncomfortable ... visitor to a man ... dime museum. ... freak. "I don't ... that I can ... well, so long ... night."

Harrowing Experience.

... delightful sensa... more money than ... been in that fix ... where I had ... and couldn't ...

Appropriate Place.

... was practic... spread... village smithy. ... interrupted ... to stand." ... girl. ... chestnut in ...

Married and Used to It.

... dinner is given ... I can't let you take ... will take the ... a pretty ...

... Whom do I take in,

... but she's uglier than ... but she's mar... neglected."

Gladys' Philosophy.

... about Gladys?" said ... Mamie. ... Pinchpenny ... Charley ... The old gentleman is ... she thought ... with a husband ... generous if he could ... could be generous but ...

To Come Later On.

... and the bride unfor... impediment in her ... well-however, until it ... those well-known ... cherish and to obey." ... "To love, cherish ...

... the overseveral ... At last the ... impatient, cried: ... go on wi' t' sar... say oh when aw get.

A Joke in the Pulpit but Didn't Know It.

... Hibernian divine, for many ... of a well-known church ... had contracted the ... habit of addressing his ... "Dear Dublin souls." ... was arranged that he ... pulpits with a brother ... at Cork. All went well till ... waxing earnest, exclaim... something which had gone ...

... of you never for one ... forget this great truth, dear ... I mean dear Cork souls!" ... the reverend gentleman ... away by his enthusiasm ... to observe the smile which ... the countenance of nearly every ... of his congregation.

THE SELECT STORY TELLER

SHORT, BRIGHT FICTION.

The Latest Stories by Popular, Well-Known Authors. Light Reading For the Whole Family.

THE ROAD AGENT.

The warm afternoon sun looks down upon a scene of rugged grandeur. The view is picturesque and awe-inspiring. A rough, uneven, rocky road winds in a semi-circle about the base of a mountain. Here, on the one side, a perpendicular wall of rock looms up to an amazing height; on the other are hills, with here and there a few scattering clumps of dogwood, while the shrubby cacti are growing in greater or lesser abundance.

A rumbling sound breaks the quietude, and a moment later the lumbering overland stagecoach comes in sight. As the driver cracks the long lash of the whip, urging the horses to increased speed, the vehicle sways to and fro in a manner which must prove uncomfortable to its passengers. Now it gives a greater lurch, as it swings sharply to the right, around a projection at the base of the huge mountain, and an unlooked-for thing occurs. "Halt!"

The peremptory command has an unmistakable ring of determination, and the sight of half a dozen revolvers levelled in his direction causes the surprised driver to pull up his horses to a sudden standstill.

Conscious that something usual has happened, the passengers within the vehicle exchange alarmed glances. There are two of them—both men—and they are an oddly assorted pair; one is a bronzed and bearded fellow, whose looks, speech and general makeup indicate that he is a westerner, the other a refined and dignified man, attired in the conventional black of a clergyman. He is young, and no doubt unused to his present surroundings and mode of travel.

Understanding the hasty glance his companion has shot him, a look of dismay and indignation flashes across the clergyman's face and he makes a quick movement with his right hand in the direction of his hip pocket. With a significantly imperative gesture the other promptly checks the action.

"Tain't no use, friend," he says hastily but decidedly. "It's Dangerfield, the gentleman road-agint an' he's several too many for us."

The words of caution have the desired effect; the look of anger on the face of the clergyman immediately gives way to one of surprise. The man who has spoken notices the change and is unable to account for it. Whether the bandit's name is familiar to him, or whether the mention of the word "gentleman" gives him assurance the plainsman is at a loss to know.

He is about to make a further remark but the door of the coach is flung open with a bang, and an ugly-looking revolver is thrust through the aperture.

"Get down and out," orders the desperado, who holds the weapon in a voice sternly authoritative, yet with little, if any, western dialect discernible. "Hurry along, parson. Be quick, and no harm will come to you."

There is nothing to be gained by disobeying, and the clergyman clambers out of the coach, following upon the heels of his fellow-passenger. As they reach the ground the muzzle of a revolver is thrust into the face of each, and Dangerfield's command of "hands up" is obeyed without a word.

Hastily relieving both passengers of their weapons, Dangerfield secured the minister's gold watch and chain, then proceeds to search his clothing, prosecuting the work with a thoroughness and despatch which bespeaks his experience in such matters. He is not long in discovering that several packages are securely sewn up within the lining of the clergyman's vest, and it is but the work of another moment to ascertain that they are packages of bank notes. How the eyes of the robbers sparkle through the holes in their masks as they behold the precious parcels!

Meanwhile, the victim of these indignities has been contemplating the work of the bandits without uttering a word. At no time has his countenance displayed the flush of alarm and anger one would naturally expect to find depicted upon the face of one who is being relieved of a fortune. A frown mantles his fine features, but it amounts to little else than a look of contempt.

"The money is not my property," he says, addressing himself to the leader. "It was entrusted to me for delivery to its owner, whose whereabouts I have been seeking to discover."

"I think you have found him," returns Dangerfield, sententiously, and the remark elicits a hearty laugh from the other highwaymen.

"In this instance might is right," the clergyman responds, looking fixedly into the robber's eyes. "Yet the heart-broken mother, who entrusted to me the care of that money, bidding me to deliver it to her wayward boy, would hardly be satisfied with the transaction."

Dangerfield starts slightly, but answers carelessly:

"You have done what you could, so console yourself with that thought. As for the boy, no doubt he is a rich man by this time, and does not need the money. We make fortunes fast in the west."

"So I perceive," says the other dryly.

Dangerfield turns away, with an impatient movement. While this conversation has been going on the remaining passenger has been standing by, gazing upon the scene in open-mouthed wonder. He is next searched, after which the baggage of both men is overhauled. Nothing, however, is taken except a large envelope tied about with red tape which Dangerfield finds in the clergymen's satchel. Without stopping to examine its contents, he places it in the inner pocket of his coat.

Apparently satisfied with the result of their work, the bandits toss the firearms belonging to their victims into the stage and the leader orders the pair to clamber in; then the driver is commanded to "let her go," and the cumbersome old vehicle goes rumbling down the rough road, followed by several harmless pistol shots.

"They got but little booty uv me," ventures the westerner, when the scene of the robbery has faded away in the distance, "but it 'pears to me they hit you mighty hard, eh?"

"Well," replies the clergyman, with an air which does not exhibit much concern, "I do not mourn my loss, under the circumstances, as much as I regret some other matters."

He does not volunteer an explanation, and the first speaker is disinclined to question him, though greatly mystified by his inexplicable conduct. To all appearances the minister has become deeply interested in the beautiful landscape without, and with an almost inaudible "That gets me!" the other lapses into silence.

Dangerfield and his comrades are not long in mounting their horses and quitting the scene of their latest depredation. On and on they ride, now travelling at a brisk pace through beautiful valleys hemmed in by massive walls of rock, now making their way cautiously over dangerous mountain passes; and on and on until the sun has sunk from sight, and its golden glory has faded from the western sky.

At last the party comes to a halt in the very heart of a wild and desolate region. A skilfully hidden aperture at the base of a cliff leads to a subterranean cavern, whither the men betake themselves, after dismounting and turning their horses loose in the valley below.

"Well, boys," says Dangerfield, who has been gloomy and silent throughout the journey, "let us have supper, for I am as hungry as a bear. Then we will attend to business."

In a remarkably short space of time, a fire is lighted, and a few minutes later the evening meal is prepared. It is a meagre spread, but the hungry men eat heartily and with evident relish.

Let us look at them a moment as they sit about an improvised table in the shadowy light of the declining fire. Dangerfield is a young man, possessed of a clean-shaven, pleasing countenance—though one that bespeaks weakness of character—well-built, and dressed in a suit of some black material, which has not seen much service. The others are not so neatly dressed. They are rough, bearded fellows, whose speech and manner sets them in decided contrast with their leader; it is easy to perceive that the latter is looked up to and admired by his comrades, and is a prime favorite with them.

The meal concluded, the plunder which has so easily fallen into the hands of the band is produced. The packages of bills are first given attention, surprise and delight beaming from every countenance as the money is counted. It is scarcely ten minutes before the work is finished, and Dangerfield announces amid deathlike silence:

"Two packages containing each one hundred dollar bills, and two containing one hundred fifties apiece—thirty thousand dollars—nearly eight thousand each, beside the watch and chain and the western chap's effects."

It would be difficult to relate with what feelings of surprise and satisfaction the men hear their leader's words, and with what exclamations of exultation the amount named is received by each.

"Now, men, listen to me," says Dangerfield, when the first noisy congratulations are over. "We've made enough money to-day to enable us to live honest lives. Suppose we break up camp and turn respectable? I, for one, am tired of this sort of thing, and want to get out of it. What say you all?"

No one speaks for a few moments; then Jake Hawkins slowly answers:

"Well, cap'n, we'll think of it over night. Ye see, we're old hands, and it's hard to do what we know nothin' about. You're different from the rest; you have friends back there in the east—a father and a mother, perhaps, and came to us because you were starved out, and were ashamed to write to 'em. I saw the words of that preacher chap touched ye. I'm about right, I reckon?"

Dangerfield answers with a nod—speech seems impossible.

"All right—we won't hinder ye; leave us if ye wanter; but we can't promise anything in a hurry, can we, boys? Say no more just now, cap'n. Leave us to think about it, and you'd better think, too. Now, who's for a game of cards?"

Dangerfield says nothing further; but he will neither play nor drink, and soon stretches himself at full length upon a blanket and sinks into a light, dream-haunted sleep.

Some hours after he awakes with a start; his thoughts revert to the events of the day. He is unable to account for the strange, indescribable feeling which possesses him. What did the clergyman's significant words and manner mean?

"The papers!" he exclaims, springing to his feet as a sudden thought occurs to him. "Why did I not think of them before?"

The candles have burned to their sockets and gone out, leaving the place in darkness. Dangerfield lights a fresh one and sets it on the table. Then he takes from his pocket the packet of papers found in the minister's satchel, unties the ribbon which secures it, and brings to light several legal looking documents, and a small envelope, securely sealed.

"Frank Dangerfield!" he falters, reading the name written in bold characters upon the envelope. "Am I dreaming or have my senses forsaken me?"

He throws himself into a chair, and hurriedly, but with trembling hands, breaks the seal and draws forth the contents of the package—two sheets of note-paper closely written, and blotted here and there. One glance at the chirography and the man recoils as if dealt a mortal blow, clutching desperately at the table before him. His face is deathly pale, his breath comes in labored gasps, and his eyes fill with tears as he reads the following:

"MY DEAR LOST SON,—I am told that I am about to die, but I shall try to write a letter to you in the hope that it may, some time be delivered into your hands. Your sudden departure was a severe blow. Your poor father survived it but a few days, and I—I have waited for tidings of you in vain. May you, my dear boy, never know the torture I have endured during the past months! Frank, how could you bring such trouble upon us because a silly, frivolous girl proved false? We have loved you all your life, she had but for an hour, yet you broke our hearts for her sake. My boy, I tremble for one who has shown himself so weak; how can you withstand temptation? But neither reproaches nor grief will bring you to me, and I must try to be strong.

"I want to say this: All the property shall be yours; I shall turn it into money and leave it in the care of a distant relative who is about to be ordained a minister of the gospel. I sent for him and he is here. I have asked him to find you if he has to search the whole broad country over, and place the money in your hands. He has promised me, and a great burden is lifted from my heart. My dear, my only son, I cannot see to write more. You will be alone in the world, but I command you to the keeping of God. May he comfort and help you to be strong and do right. A kiss and good-by.

"Your devoted and heart-broken
"MOTHER."

With a face which seems to have suddenly grown old, Dangerfield sits at the table, gazing fixedly at the letter. His mother dead—his kind, patient mother, whose only fault was her over-kindness for him! He could not believe it. Oh, to live the past over again!

For an hour he sits there; then with a look of sudden determination he rises to his feet.

"I must leave here at once!" he says. "It is not too late. I may redeem the past. Mother, mother, your prayers shall be answered!"

He glances about him. His companions are sleeping soundly, oblivious of what is transpiring. The sight seems to bring to his thoughts another aspect of his misfortune.

I have shared my fortune with them,' he mutters, "given them thousands which rightfully were my own. Shall I acquaint them with my story, furnishing proof of its truth? No—the money may help them to lead honest lives in spite of Jake's words. They have risked what have risked, braved dangers as I have braved them. We have shared the spoils as we shared the dangers, equally. The money is theirs."

The envelope addressed to him had fallen from his nerveless grasp to the floor of rock beneath his feet. He gathers up the letters and other documents without further examination and hastily thrusts them into his pocket. Then with an expression of unspeakable sadness upon his face, he casts a last lingering look about him, dons his hat and quits the cave.

The pure mountain air cools his aching head and seems to revive his drooping spirits, but his step is as the step of an intoxicated man. With little difficulty he finds his horse, and in a moment he has adjusted the saddle and bridle; then, in the gray light that heralds the break of day, he mounts the animal and turns his face toward the land of the rising sun.

AN EPISODE AT MISS FINCHETT'S.

The great school-room of Miss Finchett's seminary was deserted save for a solitary figure occupying a desk near one of the long windows—that of a girl attired in a blue serge dress. Her hair, of a light golden brown, was brushed back from her forehead, and fell in a heavy braid below her waist as she sat bending over a pile of manuscript which lay upon the desk before her.

The hands of a great clock upon the wall pointed to half-past four. It was a half-holiday, but Amy Morrison had been busy at work in the school-room during the greater part of it.

A bevy of gay girls were having a merry time in the room she and Lucy Milburn shared together. Lucy was rejoicing in the receipt of a box of home-made goodies, and had invited a few kindred spirits to join in the general festivities; so her room-mate, although a "kindred spirit" also, must needs seek a quiet place to continue her work upon an essay to be handed in the following morning. General festivities and the tranquility desirable for composition were incompatible.

The young girl glanced at the clock occasionally as her pen flew over the paper. At last, as the hands pointed to 5, and the corners of the great room were becoming weird and shadowy in the fading daylight, the essay was finished, the last neatly copied sheet added to the pile, and Amy, gathering up her writing materials, arose from the desk. She passed down the empty room, through the corridor outside and thence up several flights of stairs. At the door of her room she paused, expecting to find it fastened and to hear sounds of gleeful merry-making; but all was quiet, and so, turning the knob, she entered. Miss Milburn, sat by the window in the fast gathering dusk, her attitude betokening deepest dejection.

"Why, what is the matter? Where are the girls?" exclaimed Amy, standing an image of surprise upon the threshold, and nearly dropping her inkstand in her wonder.

"Hush! Don't talk so loud! Come in here! Oh, Amy, what do you think? Miss Finchett came up just as we were beginning, and she would come in, and there were the things all spread out, and she said we were to put them away at once, and that nothing of the kind must ever go on here again while we were in her seminary. The mean old thing!"

Lucy ended her outburst with a stamp of her small foot, and immediately relapsed into the most profound melancholy.

A mysterious tap came at the door which Amy had just closed, and upon its being opened two girls crept in on tiptoe, with warning fingers uplifted, and the door being cautiously locked, all four gathered in a group at the window, and an eagerly whispered discussion ensued.

At the end of half an hour the two outsiders departed on tiptoe as they had come. As the gong sounded for tea, Lucy Milburn, with cheeks aglow and attitude transformed to gayest buoyancy, whispered in her room-mate's ear as arm-in-arm they descended the stairs together:

"Oh, Amy, what a lark it will be!"

CHAPTER II.

At Miss Isabella Finchett's seminary for young ladies, which bore a reputation unsurpassed for regularity of routine and strictest discipline, and which, according to the catalogues, was most ably presided over by herself and a corps of competent assistants, lights were ordered to be out at 10 o'clock, and by 10:30 all inmates were supposed to be safely wrapped in the arms of Morpheus.

Passing strange, then, that at this exact hour, upon a certain night, there should have been heard the creaking of sundry doors upon their hinges, the cautious emergings and whisperings of mysterious figures, which, flitting into the unlighted gloom of the hall, seemed each anxiously bent in one direction, and arriving there, were received with a deep silence and solemnity befitting a most momentous occasion.

As the last invited guest tiptoed silently in the door was bolted, and a high bureau of ancient date was lifted by four stalwart girls and placed against it. Upon this the tallest climbed, and, as well as she could in the total darkness, fastened a black quilt above the transom and draped its descending folds over every crack and crevice of the entire doorway. This accomplished, sundry candles, purchased for the occasion, were lighted, and in the centre of the apartment, upon the floor, was spread forth a feast which would have delighted the eyes of an alderman. In addition to the "home-made" goodies, which were of themselves most delectable and all that could be desired, each guest had contributed to the entertainment certain delicacies known to be the favored choice, in the matter of dainties, of some one other guest, and this brilliant plan resulted in a banquet such as had never before been laid within the walls of Miss Isabella Finchett's seminary.

Alas that we must record so flagrant an outrage upon the rules and regulations as laid down in the catalogues issued by this estimable lady! And in addition after her own august presence and judicial commands had nipped in the bud the proposed revels of the afternoon previous!

"But this is all the better," said Lucy, who acted as hostess, in view of contributing the largest share toward the "spread."

"It may be all the worse," said Amy, dubiously, as she deposited in the centre of the feast a candelabrum, swiftly constructed from an empty bon-bon box.

"No unpleasant prognostications!" cried Jean Hamilton, scattering oranges right and left as she poured them from a capacious bag.

"Fortune favors the brave!" quoted Sibyl Patterson, who had established herself upon the footboard of the bedstead, every available space around the "spread" being occupied.

Sibyl was the beauty of the school, and, attired in a light blue wrapper from beneath which one daintily slippered foot swung to and fro as she gazed complacently down upon the scene of festivity, she was suggestive of Thetis presiding over a feast of the Nereides, though the dignity of the suggestion was rather lost sight of as the banquet opened by a general distribution of pickles, sardines and crackers, liberal supplies of which were passed up to the goddess by two of the Nereides who sat upon the floor beneath her.

The revelry was at its height. Smothered convulsions of laughter, stage whispers, cracking of nuts and of jokes, and half-suppressed cries of "Hush-sh!" accompanied a consumption of edibles that would have struck astonishment and terror to the frugal souls of Miss Isabella Finchett and her "corps of competent assistants" could they have known of it.

But, alas, a day of reckoning is inevitable for the transgressor! Sibyl, being in sole possession of a silver fruit knife; a cream cake was passed up to her for dissection; the babel of tongues had grown fast and furious and more incautious, and the spirit of the revellers were at a proportionate height, when above the general din of the proceedings there come suddenly upon the door an ominous knock. Down went the cake from the hand of the goddess with a crash upon the floor, and the panic which ensued baffles description. The remains of the feast were swiftly hustled into the darkest depths of a closet, candles were extinguished, and in an attempt to drag away the ancient bureau from before the door it was overturned, and great was the fall thereof.

It was a singular fact that throughout all the confusion not one sound escaped from the lips of the dozen or more girls, and when the door was finally opened and Miss Finchett's Argus-eyed monitress was descried, candle in hand, upon the threshold, not a word was uttered; but as she lifted the candle and peered into the darkness of the room a dozen silent figures flitted past her into the gloom of the corridor and were soon safely locked within their own sanctums.

But poor Amy and Lucy were obliged to stand their ground, and heard in silent resignation the mandate which issued from the lips of outraged authority to the effect that on the following morning they would be expected to report within the solemn precincts of Miss Finchett's private apartments.

CHAPTER III.

A girl in a blue serge dress, with a long braid of golden brown hair falling below her waist, stood the next morning with downcast eyes before the desk of the preceptress.

"I respect your motives, Amy, which I believe worthy, but this is a case where I must enforce obedience. Once more I ask you to name to me all who were in any way connected with the disgraceful proceedings of which I have this morning been apprised."

"I cannot tell you, Miss Finchett."

The voice was firm and unshaken, but the eyes, so softly brown in color, so gently beseeching, raised to the teacher's face, seemed for a moment to carry confusion into the camp of the enemy. Miss Finchett's own eyes fell. A shadow of something resembling a flush passed over her withered features. Instantaneously, so fast the mind travels, her thoughts sped backward across the years. A golden haze of memory was encircling the face of a sweet child, that of a little sister long since gone from earth. Soft brown eyes looked into hers. Almost she felt the "touch of a vanished hand."

"I cannot tell you, Miss Finchett. It would be so mean, so disloyal! I have no wish to defy your authority, but I cannot betray my friends. Do with me as you will—let me bear the punishment of all. I am sure the girls will never disobey you again—and this is a first offence. Send me away, if you think best, but let the others go."

There was a long pause. Amy did not look at her teacher, but stood with downcast eyes, the color fluctuating in her face, the sweet lips quivering. Her words echoed within the gray walls of the stuffy little room, with its maps, its chart, its blackboards. They required an answer.

"Amy, look at me, child!" Could that be Miss Finchett's voice, softened, vibrating with a little thrill which in some way, she knew not why, touched a responsive chord within the girl's heart. "You need not tell me the names of the young ladies. If you or they have done wrong your own hearts will be your accusers. As you say, this is the first time I have had cause to complain seriously of any of you, and under the circumstances I am willing to pass the matter over, feeling confident that you will give me no reason to regret my leniency. You are too noble a girl, to do wrong wilfully. Now go to your room and tell Miss Milburn that I wish to see her."

A great rush of feeling almost blinded the girl's eyes for a moment. Unaccustomed to leniency in the matter of misdoings, she stood as if in uncertainty, then, moved by a sudden impulse, she came around from before the desk, and leaning over, pressed a kiss upon the teacher's lips. Then she fled from the room and hastened to her own, divided between a deep contrition for her misdemeanors and an overwhelming sense of the liberty she had taken. Never before had one of Miss Finchett's young ladies entertained the vaguest dream of attempting to offer her any suspicion of a caress.

Amy was sitting solemnly by the window of their room when Lucy returned. The eyes of the latter were red and swollen. She sat down silently beside the opposite window.

"Amy," she said after a moment, "I promised Miss Finchett that I would never disobey her again. Did you?"

"No," said Amy, "but I have made that promise to myself, and I shall keep it."

"So shall I, Amy."

And they did.

Stood by His Flag.

A dozen rough but brave soldiers were playing cards one night in the camp. "What on earth is that?" suddenly exclaimed the ringleader, stopping in the midst of the game to listen.

In a moment the whole squad were listening to a low, solemn voice which came from a tent occupied by several recruits who had arrived in camp that day. The ringleader approached the tent on tip-toe.

"Boys, he's a praying or I'm a sinner!" he roared out. "Three cheers for the parson!" shouted another man of the group as the prayer ended.

"You watch things for three weeks! I'll show you how to take the religion out of him!" said the first speaker, laughing. He was a large man the ringleader in mischief.

The recruit was a slight, pale-faced young fellow of about eighteen years of age. During the next three weeks he was the butt of the camp. Then several of the boys, conquered by the lad's gentle patience and uniform kindness to his persecutors, begged the others to stop annoying him.

"O, the little ranter is no better than the rest of us," answered the big ringleader, "He's only making believe pious. When we get under fire you'll see him run. These pious folks don't like the smell of gunpowder. I've no faith in their religion!"

In a few weeks the regiment broke camp, marched towards Richmond, entered the Wilderness and engaged in that terrible battle. The company to which the young recruit belonged had a desperate struggle. The brigade was driven back, and when the line was reformed behind the breastworks they had built in the morning, he was missing.

When last seen he was almost surrounded by enemies, but fighting desperately. At his side stood the brave fellow who had made the poor lad a constant object of ridicule. Both were given up as lost.

Suddenly the big man was seen tramping through the underbrush, bearing the dead body of the recruit. Reverently he laid the corpse down, saying, as he wiped the blood from his own face:

"Boys, I couldn't leave him with the Rebs—he fought so! I thought he deserved a decent burial."

During a lull in the battle the men dug a shallow grave and tenderly laid the remains therein. Then, as one was cutting the name and regiment upon a board, the big man said with a husky voice:

"I guess you'd better put the words 'Christian Soldier' in somewhere. He deserves the title, and maybe it'll console him for our abuse."

There was not a dry eye among those rough men as they stuck the rudely carved board at the head of the grave, and again and again looked at the inscription.

"Well," said one, "he was a Christian soldier if ever there was one! And," turning to the ringleader, "he didn't run, did he, when he smelt gunpowder?"

"Run!" answered the big man, his voice tender with emotion, "why, he didn't budge an inch! But what's that to standing for weeks our fire like a man, and never sending a word back? He just stood by his flag and let us pepper him—he did!"

When the regiment marched away that rude headboard remained to tell what a power lies in a Christian life.

Durable Paint.

A simple method is announced for obtaining a durable white paint, one that overcomes the general objection to white paint, namely, that on exposure to heat, and especially to gas flames, lamp shades, ceilings, etc., painted with oil colors, it soon turns brown, owing to the calcination of the organic matter contained in the colors and the linseed oil in the oil paints. In the new process a quantity of fine zinc white is mixed to a suitable consistency with a solution of protoxide of sodium and water-glass of forty to fifty degrees of Baume. The surfaces to be painted are first thoroughly cleansed, and for certain metals, such as zinc, washing with hydrochloric acid is necessary. The surface is subsequently cleansed with water, and then several coats of zinc water-glass paint are put on until the article is deemed sufficiently covered, an interval being allowed, but not of long duration, between the application of each coat, as such paint soon dries. In case of a large surface, such as a ceiling to be covered, too much of the paint should not be mixed, as the chemical action of the water-glass on zinc white is soon to render it thick and hard.

This paint is represented as being unaffected, always remains snowy white, only becoming soiled by dust and soot.

Able Financiering.

One of Spokane's bank presidents has a habit of taking an airing each evening on the front end of a street car, absorbing ozone and throwing off the cares of business while chatting with the motorman. The other night he met a genius and his match.

After the usual exchange of courtesies the motorman said:

"Mr. Blank, you consider yourself a financier, I suppose?"

"Yes" replied the banker. "I guess I am, or I could not hold my job."

"Well, you don't know anything about financiering," the motorman made bold to state. "But my boss (referring to the president of the street car company) is a first-class financier, he is. Why, do you know that every Sunday he advertises for a servant, and Monday twenty or thirty girls ride out to his house to the end of the line to get the place, but find madam can't see them; so they ride back, and repeat the journey several times before they are finally told that the old girl has decided to stay awhile. Now that's financiering. Fifty cents paid for the advertisements and $8 or $9 taken in for car fares to swell the annual dividends of the boss' company."

The banker saw the point, told the story on his friend, and the "boss" is looking for that particular motorman with blood in his eye.

A Young Merchant's Idea.

Some years ago a young man, now a prosperous wholesale merchant on Front street, started in business. He had plenty of money, and laid in a stock of goods as fine as any of his neighbors. While trade poured into their places it seemed to fight shy of him. Dust lay upon the door sills and clerks stood about idle.

After a month of business depression, the young man got an idea. He hired a number of drays, backed them up to the front, and put his clerks to work getting down goods from the shelves, which were packed in cases and loaded into the vehicles. Other drays drove up and discharged their contents, which were carried inside. The same goods were being handed over time and time again, but there was an air of business about all this, and after a few days customers began to come. Then the drays carried only goods which were sold, and the merchant prospered, until he is a leader in the grocery line in the city at the present time.

John Archer, aged 23, of Peterboro', was drowned near that town Monday by the upsetting of a canoe.

W. T. Samuel & Co., hatters and furriers, Montreal, have assigned. The liabilities are over $65,000.

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

AMATEURS IN THE GARDEN.

Notes of Interest to the Flower, Fruit and Vegetable Grower, and Talks on Trees and Shrubs.

Current Work in the Fruit Garden.

BLACKBERRIES AND RASPBERRIES.—Every home grower needs at least a row or two. Plant now, making the rows six feet apart for raspberries and eight feet apart for blackberries, with plants set three feet apart in the rows. Firm the soil well about the plants. Keep the rows of older plantations down to a narrow strip, say from one to two feet wide. Usually, too many canes are allowed to remain.

CURRANTS AND GOOSEBERRIES.—A mulch will help them. Watch for worms, and spray early with hellebore in water; the gooseberries also with a solution of liver of sulphur, half ounce to the gallon of water, for mildew.

GRAPES.—Look to the posts and wires; straighten the former and tighten the latter as needed. Tie or hook the canes to the wires. Don't neglect to spray or wash vines and surroundings with a strong solution of iron sulphate. Plant more vines if you have room, not to omit a Green Mountain.

INSECTS.—Destroy eggs and cocoons wherever found. Watch the young foliage, and apply the torch, or Paris green water, as soon as caterpillars begin to appear. Hunt for borers and destroy them. Young plum and cherry trees often suffer badly from the depredations of green fly (aphis). Have your eyes open and spray with kerosene emulsion, tobacco tea or strong potash water when aphis are noticed.

GRAFTING.—Good success may be had at this time with apple and pear cions, cut freshly from the tree, and at once inserted in the tree to be top-worked. Don't allow worthless varieties to remain unimproved. The few trees on the home-grower's grounds should all bear good fruit. So it is with grapevines.

PLANTING.—Like any other operations needs the exercise of good sense and judgment. Don't let the roots dry out when trees or plants are out of the ground. Be sure that fine, moist soil of reasonable richness is brought in direct and close contact with the roots in planting. The coarse stuff, lumpy manure and strong fertilizers, as well as the poor subsoil, must be kept away from the roots.

SPRAYING FOR BLIGHTS, ETC.—The amateur, with his few trees, is always at a disadvantage. It would not pay him to get a regular tea-spraying outfit; yet spraying large trees with hand sprayers is not a desirable job. If you can get a neighboring orchardist who sprays his orchards to spray your few trees for a consideration you will find it a convenience and profitable.

Fruit Buds.

That fruit which is worth having is worth planting.

Are you after money in apple culture? Plant quite a proportion of good early fall sorts.

A Massachusetts firm advertises asbestos torches at 50 cents each for the destruction of caterpillars. Sold by all seedsmen.

"Mills" seedling raspberries are crosses between Gregg and Tyler, and have been found of considerable promise in trials made at the New York State Experiment Station at Geneva.

A little protection in fruit growing often goes a great way. An instance is told of an apple tree standing near the barn, at one edge of a large, hot pile of manure. The side warmed by the manure was loaded with fruit, the other side barren.

The Southern States may have a monopoly on profits in pecan culture, but not on nut culture generally. As the Rural says, nut growing will pay in 43 other States besides Louisiana. There will be a time when chestnuts and walnuts, and possibly butternuts and hickories, are quite commonly planted in orchards and groves.

PROTECTING BUDS FROM BIRDS.—An English gardener, whose currant and gooseberry bushes were being stripped of buds by the birds, and who was unable to get cheap netting, kept the birds off by covering the bushes with white worsted, twisted and triangled in all directions. Cherries, also seed peas, were saved from bird attacks by the same means. He finds a mask an excellent thing with which to scare the birds. By tying a string between two stakes, and suspending the mask in the middle between them, the least air will turn the face any and all ways. The mask should be painted with oil paint as a protection against rain.

APPLE COFFEE.—A German garden paper states that apples cut in little pieces (without removing seeds or skins), well dried or scorched, and pulverized in a mortar, make an excellent coffee substitute. When this is mixed with equal parts of ground coffee, only an expert can tell it from genuine unmixed coffee. The apple flour alone, mixed with a little chickory, is said to give a palatable "coffee."

THE RED SPIDER IN CALIFORNIA.—To overcome the pest, Geo. Ditzler, of Butte County, has constructed a broadcast seeder that distributes sulphur in a dense cloud through from three to six rows of trees in the time necessary to drive through. The sulphur is thrown in one direction, and is applied in the morning when the leaves are damp. An almond orchard treated by Mr. Ditzler in this manner for the past two seasons has retained the leaves until late in the fall, while other orchards in the same district not sulphured, dropped their leaves in August and September.

NATIVE PLUMS.—The improvement of our native plums seems to me a good field to work upon. I have watched a seedling standing near some barn for five years. It has been loaded down with fruit every year. The tree is perhaps eight or nine years old, rather small. Last year it bore five bushels of fruit. The branches were partly lying on the ground, partly held up with perhaps a dozen props. The bark is almost yellow, and the foliage reminds me of that of a peach; fruit is of medium size and fair quality. Another good native plum stands in the yard of an acquaintance. It is perhaps 35 or 40 years years old, and has borne good crops every year as long as I can remember, sometimes as high as twelve to fifteen bushels. Body of tree has a diameter of about eighteen inches. The fruit is round in shape, above medium to large in size, golden yellow in color, free stone, seed small, skin thin, flavor delicious and free from astringency. We have other good natives hereabouts.

SWEET PEAS.—The sweet pea is deservedly called the "queen" of all our annual flowers; and there are many persons who, if obliged to choose a single flower, would prefer this to all others. It has long been a favorite; and, owing to the marked improvement that has been effected in the new varieties during the past few years, it is reasonable to expect that it will become more and more popular in the future, as its superiority becomes widely known. A few of the chief points of merit, by reason of which the sweet pea would seek an entrance into every garden, small or large, are: 1st, Its culture is very simple and easy; 2d, It produces a distinct and very beautiful flower, that emits an exquisitely sweet and delicate perfume; and 3d, It continues uninterruptedly to bear a profusion of blossoms for two or three months in succession, or until late in the autumn.

Sweet peas need, to do their best, a cool, moist and very rich soil, that is well supplied with decaying organic matter, or humus. It would undoubtedly be the better plan to at least partially prepare the ground in the fall, previous to time of planting, spading or plowing it deeply and making application of manure then, so that the latter may become pulverized and more perfectly incorporated with the soil before spring. Sweet peas seem to ... potatoes, in ... ous ... tomatoes ... hard-wood ashes ... est ... in ... plant food ... excellent ... is no ... To ... and ... amounts of ... or ... coarse ... pea seed should ... soon as the soil ... work. This ... the growth of ... cool damp weather ... season. Plant ... four inches. ... inches deep ... and ... over with ... the plants ... hoe or cultivate ... keeping the ... gradually draw ... trenches are ... is perfectly ... inches will ... the plants ... planting may ... when too ... any ... plant ... A strong ... kind, ... should be ... made ... as well as ... Birch ... often used ... effect. Ordinary ... to ... upon ... well. ... upon ... points of ... plants ... ded is ... that ... weight of ... able, especially ... Sweet peas ... too, ... dry weather ... ed once ... days apply ... of the ... result ... early ... two or ... For the ... salt or ... most ... in the ... render ... soil ... evaporation ... which ... the flowers. To ... sons, ... case ... haust ... Let every ... has ... at ... some ...

... abundance of ... strong vigor... unleached ... best and cheap... this element ... bone is an ... acid, which ... perfect the flow... development ... users use small ... Whatever ... are and use no ... spring. Sweet ... very early, as ... condition to ... that frost of ... made in the ... first part of the ... deeply, at least ... four or five ... one inch apart ... fine soil. Af... the surface, ... frequently, ... porous, and ... soil until the ... and the earth ... or even three ... enough for ... row. Trans... performed, and ... ants to occupy ... exist. ... sort of some ... to run upon, ... and may be ... of materials, ... different forms, ... ground, are ... quite a rustic ... fastened ... mailed ... purpose very ... be stretched ... afford ready ... the running ... support provi... is necessary ... to bear the ... is considerable ... rain ... and that, ... In hot, ... fairly soak... Upon wash ... to the roots ... beneficial ... liberally, but ... for a foot or ... sweet pea row, ... pine needles, ... whichever is ... advantages of the ... weeds down, ... checks ... carpet upon ... or picking ... the blos... and in no ... and thus ex... beautiful, who ... garden room ... are and sow ...

Trials of the Weighing Machine Man.

... of a rail... other day to ... I rarely get ... a very fat ... the latter ... mile of the ... Today, ... to me. She ... chin. He ... Says I to my... you've come to ... than meets ... quarrelling ... approached ... Mr. Smith; but ... that settles ... benefac... ... Bella," he re... you just as ... with me its a ... He sat ... weighed him ... whispered: ... me twenty ... be two dol... young man. ... resolved to ... ... eighty-three ... the chair, ... looked at ... big fool. ... really think ... hundred and ... of mind. ... ma'am ... face to Smith ... my two dol... hundred and ... myself. It ... expose you. ... never got a ... pay. Lean ... they're al... and ... them their ... so, I only ... They enjoy ... flesh and ...

... The largest ... world has ... Its ca... feet, and it ... to its own ... It is a ... 21 feet, and ... silk, each 18 ... by four miles ... building the ... six days, with ... this to be ... of silk ... and uni... of construc... balloon made ... Crystal Palace ... after remain... in a con... Horsham. ... several scientific ... worked at a ... built in Paris. ... There will be ... it will be a ... This sounds ... in this ... is being built ... has a steep ... has been ... corner of the ... and rises, there ... equivalent to five ... that visitors to ... out of the ... as well as all the ...

... Fired. ... island for the ... the most ... present there ... this is now ... light of two ... candle power. ... five seconds. ... flashes will be ... of full twenty ... thrown on the ... by vessels ... away. In the ... water to New ... land sighted.

Where the ... Flourishes.

... boors ... a ... back. ... has received ... horse will ... and its use by ... been discontinu... places where ... flourish, and ... American theater ...

... Ex-Lord ... the Buddhist ... Kesho, head of ... is dead.

FROM THE UNITED STATES

DOINGS ACROSS THE LINE.

Uncle Sam's Broad Acres Furnish Quite a Few Small Items that are Worth a Careful Reading.

The shortage of coal is getting serious in Buffalo.

There were eight suicides in New York City last week.

The exports of gold from New York last week were $6,585,360.

The Chicago brickmakers' strike has ended in a compromise.

There is no change in the great coal miners' strike in the States.

A negro convict suspected of murder was lynched in Hamilton county, Fla.

The American glucose factory at Peoria, Ill., has closed down for lack of coal.

All railway lines entering Colorado have joined in cutting freight rates to that state.

The first consignment of raw sugar from the Hawaiian Islands has just reached New York.

A gigantic ice combine has been formed of all the New York and Brooklyn ice companies.

Thos. C. Latto, well known as a Scottish poet, died in Brooklyn, N.Y., on Saturday evening.

Mrs. H. C. Miner, wife of a theatrical man, and the mother of 15 children, is dead in New York.

Several girls narrowly escaped death by the burning of the telephone exchange at Toledo last week.

The coasting trade at Philadelphia is becoming seriously affected by the Pennsylvania coal strike.

The trustees of the Brooklyn tabernacle have definitely decided to rebuild the church for Dr. Talmage.

The worst sand storm for five years prevailed Sunday at Waterdown, S.D., and all business was suspended.

W. D. Lohman, the Brooklyn embezzler who was captured in Toronto, has been sent to Sing Sing for seven years.

A double dose of poison ended the life of vicious "Tip" in Central Park. The big elephant died in great agony.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co.'s freight depot and thirteen cars were destroyed by fire at Columbus, Ohio, Saturday.

The California Mid-winter Fair will close on July 1. It has proved a decided success financially and otherwise.

Oswego county, N.Y., was visited by a frost on Tuesday morning, and strawberry plants and fruit trees were injured.

Astronomer T. H. Lin... of Chicago announces the discovery of a new comet about half a degree below Zeta Hydra.

William C. Spillman, a wealthy dry goods merchant of New York, committed suicide on Thursday by gas inhalation.

In the ten months of ... half of the present fiscal year Uncle Sam's Government has spent $70,000,000 more than the revenue.

One standard of morality for women and men was demanded at a meeting of the Federation of Women's Clubs in Philadelphia.

A father, mother and four children were murdered near Mazan, Mo., on Thursday. The suspected murderer has been jailed.

At the annual meeting of the National Board of Underwriters at New York the past year was declared to be a most disastrous one.

Edward Patterson and Geo. Henderson were fined $500 each at Rochester for smuggling opium into the United States from Canada.

Boats have been offered at Chicago to carry corn to Kingston at 2 cents per bushel, without takers. A freight rate for Buffalo was offered.

The Board of Managers of the Union League Club, Chicago, voted to expel Col. Breckinridge from the roll of honorary membership of the club.

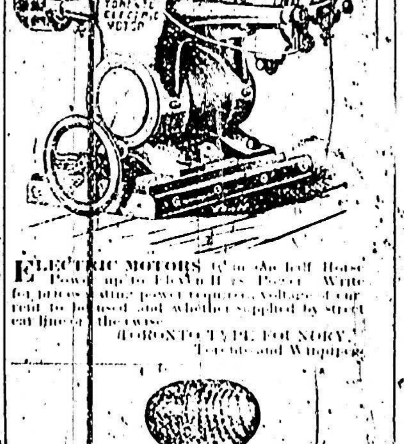
Laborers employed on various railroads in the States are being thrown out of employment owing to the scarcity of coal, caused by the miners' strike.

Mayor Hopkins and Health Commissioner Kneeb... of Chicago, have issued a proclamation to the public requiring everyone in the city to be vaccinated.

Col. Joseph Moore is dead at Indianapolis, aged 60 years. He planned and constructed all of the pontoon bridges used by Sherman on his march to the sea.

The strike of the ... miners is having a temporary disastrous effect on the coasting trade of Philadelphia, in which the coal shipments form a most important item.

The Great Northern Railway strike troubles are at last being settled and the men have gained almost all they asked for. The trouble was settled by arbitration.



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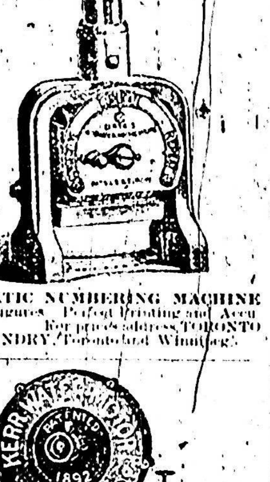

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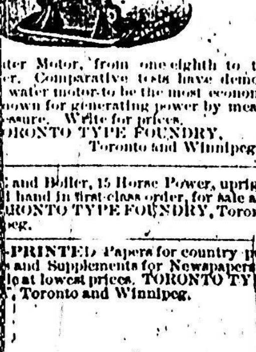

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