egistered in accordance with the Copyright
Act of 1875] "I am not to be debarred, Mister Joseph," he said, very picked and precise in every syllable, as men only educated late in life are apt to be,-" I am not to be debarred, Mr. Joseph, from doing my duty by any pretend ed contempt you may assume. It is my business to warn you and I do it without fear If my warnings are disregarded by you I shall carry them elsewhere. I have already told you that I have watched you closely.

en rap."
"Eh?" saidyoung Joe, an octave higher than his common speech, and very softly.
"I spoke to her," said the R-verend Paul, "and admonished her. And I shall make 1 my business now, for her soul's safety and yours, to tell your par nts and hers what know about this matter.'

witnessed your parting last night from

"You will, will you?" said the other in the

same soft key.
"I can tell. already," said the Reverend Paul, " that it will be useless to appeal to any honorable instinct in you. And I have seen enough of the girl whom you have endeavored to make the victim of your arts and wiles, to know that only constant watching could en sure her safety."

As that instant three people were tremen dously surprised. And I cannot tell who was the most profoundly amezed amongst them I record the fact. Young Joe struck the Reverend Paul and knocked him headlong into the arms of Bushell senior, at that mo ment in the act of entering the room Father and son rewarded each other across the semi prostrate figure of the minister with blank amazement, for young Joe was as wildly asionished at his own deed as even the Rav erend Paul himself could be. Yet having done the deed, he must abide by it.
Why, west's all this?" demanded the

old men sternly.
"Tuis fellow," said young Joe. scornfully indicting the minister, who held a white handkerchief to his mouth, "has the involve ence to tell me that he has been watching me this long time past. He says he saw m kiss a pretty girl last night, and that he's going to tell her mother and my mather, and have us looked after an i taken care of. And e has the audacity to tell me that nothing but close watching can save my -my sweet

O disingenuous and cowardly young Joe It was not too late even then, and one honest word might have saved you, but you would

down! An' you do it in your father's house of a Sunday!

a Sunday : "He insulted a lady," said young Joe, " for whom I have a great respect and regard. I never meant to strike him. I tried to leave the room, and he stood in the doorway, and wouldn't let me pass Suppose a min had attacked my mother's reputation before you married her, wouldn't you have knocked him

Old Joe had been a little too handy at knocking people down in his own youth, on slighter provocation, to feel that he had any great right to be severe about this mat Yet he telt keenly that an outrage had been committed and that it must in some way be at ned for. He was angry, but he was puzzied, and, as his readlest refuge from bewilderment, he looked angrier than he was As for young Joe, he began to feel that he was dangerous and incendiary. He knocked down two men in one day, and he was now bitterly ashamed of the achieve ment. One of the men was his closest friend and the other was elderly and laid under pro fessional obligations not to fight. But the more ashamed he grew, the more shameful his last misdeed seemed likely to appear in the eyes of others, and the more necessary became to shroud himself in a sort of clock oftent ecorn of everybody, and be sulky in as innified a way as came easily.

The ru-tle of a bilk dress was heard and Mrs Bushell stood in the doorway, by her husband's side. At the bare sight of his mother young Joe recognized the hot elessuess of any defense, and threw himself upon the

sofs.
"What's the matter?" asked Mrs Bushell "Your son," said the Reverend Paul r son," said the keverend Paul removing the bandkerchief, "has gone before him; for the want of one wise dath solemn word of warning you coursed in blasself, or, failing that, one answered the solemn word of warning you desired me to address to him by blows."
"Not blows," said the culprit from

sofa, hardening himself, "a blow."
"I do not know," said the minister "whether I received one blow or more.

am still a little snaken by his violence." "Joseph, 'said Mrs. Bu-hell, advancing " leave this house, and never come back to

Very well," said the young man rising Even at that moment the mother's hear yearned over him, but she must acquit her seif of duty first and be tender afterwards She knew her husband would interfere, and she never dream-d that her only child would "Rot an' nonsense!" said the old man

angrily. "If it's anybody's business to order my son out o' the house, it's mine. Fair play's a j-wel. Jue's done wrong, but we do know- (meaning don't know) -the rights of this business jet. Now, parson, it's your turn. Say thy say." Mr. Screed answered nothing, and Mrs.

Bushell, still confident in her husband's interference, turned again upon her son. Leave the house, Joseph

" Very well, said young Joe again, and passing from the room went upstairs, and began to pack his belonging to ether. Mean while the minister told his story, and from

his own point of view told it fairly.
"Mr. Banke," said Mrs. Bushell. "ain't godly person, but I've known Dinah ever since her was a baby, an' her's as good a gel as ever lived, I believe. I've seen as Jee an her was fond o each other, an' I alway thought some hin' ud come of it."

"Cue it all, parrou," said old Joe in great heat. " why shouldn't the lad kirs his sweet why should yo' go and black he

character to him?"
"I did my duty," said Mr. Screed with dignity. Forgiveness is a Christian duty." said

Mrs. Bushell, alarmed by the sounds which came f om above, where young Joe was vigor ouely cording a box. "I needn't tell you that, sir. But Joseph shall beg your pardor on his bended knees, or out of this house h goes."
"I am willing to accept his applogy," said

the Reverend Paul, with a real effort toward

charity, which cost him dear.

Mrs. Bu-hell mounted the stairs and en tered her son's best-room. He was hastily searching the pockets of an old light over coat, and when his mother entered he three the garment upon the bed, where it lay with all its pockets turned inside out. Whatever he searched for was not found, for he turned and, dieregarding his mother's pres ence, took a hasty look through a number of documents - old letters scraps of newspapers as if putting off the search to a more con venient moment, tumbled the papers loo together into a portmanteau which he strapped and locked. His mother watched him with a cold demeanor which belied the longing of her heart.
"Joseph!" she said harshly, yearning over

him.
"Yes mother,' said he, looking up for

minute.
"Come downstairs an' beg Mr. Screed'

pardon, or out o' this house you go."

"Beg his pardon for insulting me!" said young Joe bitterly, "No, thank you, mother. As for leaving the house, I've been ready and willing to do that this many a day. It's been none too happy, a home for me, with its par-

sone and prayer meetings."
"Where do you think you're going?" asked Mrs. Bushell sev. r. ly wounded by this last allu 'A wise son maketh a glad father, bu he that is foolish despiseth his mother, be that refuseth instruction despise h his own

went down stairs again.

"Joseph," she said, addressing her hus-

speak to him? The old man called his son from the foot of the stairs, and Joe came down with a box if a wife can't go along with her on his shoulder and a portmanteau in his door, and stood there sulkily.
"I've beend this thing through o' one side,"

said old Joe, striving to death enestly with the case. "What h.' you got to say?" "I have said all that I nave to say," young Joe answered. "He was insolent, and I lost my temper. I told him once that he was my unhacpy girl whom you are endeavoring to

father's guest, and that I had no right to quarrel with him. I had him good afternoon, out he stopped me, and was more insolent than ever. "Now, look here, Joseph," said the old

man: "you ask Mr. Screed's pardon, and tak' them things upstairs again, and be good lad, and let a hear no more about it ' "I wouldn't forgive Mr. Streed," said young Joe, feeling himself to be a very plucky martyr now, "if he asked my pardon fifty times, and that I should apologise to him is

out of the question."
"Then leave the house," said Mrs. Bushell, still belying herself and thinking it righteous to do so.

"I can send for these, I suppose?" young Joe, indicating the chest and portmunteau. Good bye, father. Good-bye mother. When next you feel inclined to be involent, sir, remember the deserved chas tis ment you once met wit at my hands." With that final defiance, young Joe was one. He was very miserable, and very much ashamed : but there was not one of confess that he had at least a shado v of right

on his side. Indeed the whole of this poor quarrel was conducted by people who were named of their part in it The Rev. Paul lelt that he had gone further with the lad than duty impetted him. The mother repent d of her cruel ultimatum, and cried to think she had not used softer means. The father was angry with himse f for having atleved young Joe to go The lad himself, as see have seen already, was heartily as named Of course each member of the quartette would have fought the quarrel through again, rather than a imit just then a shale of wrong

on his or her own side.
Young Joe could scarcely analyze his own an' becos a minister o' God's word, as of his father and very proud of him, in spition and interpretation of an education which had done much to o' warnin' to you, you so an' knock him down! An' you do it in work father and very proud of him, in spition of an education which had done much to weaken all family ties. For his month, in the control of t had an affection much less keen. There hed never been any sympathy or between them, so far as young Jo-knew; and although his negative knowledge was necessarily incomplete, it was a barrier more than sufficient against love's progress. I regret that we shall see but little of that hard old Calvinist, for to one who knew her well she was a woman well worth knowing. She had more aff-ction in her than anybody gave her credit for, and she loved her only child with so passionate a tenderness that she prayed every night and

morning that she might not make an "idol" of him. In this wise she succeeded in disguising her love so perfectly that young Jo had grown up in belief that his very presence

was distasteful to her.

So, with a sore heart and with some bur dens of conscience, the young follow dawled away from the house in which he was born, resolved never to return to it ture looked blank enough, for he had no business or profession, and had discovered in himself no special apritudes which were likely to be profitable to him. He had ter pounds in Lis pocket, and might be able, perhaps, on his personal possessions of jewelry and what not, to realise fifty. The prospect was altogether dreary, and in spite of his resolve not to return, he was conscious of A very definite longing that his father would run after him and take fo coble possession of him by ear or shoulder. He would will ingly have gone back -even ignomiationaly that the ignomny had not seemed voluntary. But not o ly ran after him ; no restraining voice called him; and voung Joe went his way to shame and sorrow, as many many a thousand worse and better men have

him in the blank Sabbath street, where one cur lay in the sunshine snapping at the flies Young Joe had upon him an impulse to kick the cur, but res rained himself, and went uighly improver and even immoral to smoke in the streets on Sunday in that quarter of any talk about me yet, my dear. chose a way which led him across certain mournful meadews, where the grass was of it long ago. And now you want to tell porsoned by the exhalations of a chamical him when he's vexad a'ready " factory near at hand, and rambled on through froway verdure until he reached a canal. The artificial hills rose high on each side of the cutting, and on one side ran clean into the water, wooded to the very edge. Oa the other, the towing path was green except for one little streak. The water was althout motion, or the place might have passed to an unusually favorable scrap of English river scenery. The artificial bluffs were bold m-rit

precipitous, and they had the of hiding the defined country which lay beyond them. Up and down the towing path young Joe wandered with the sir of a man who had appointed a ren dezvous He waited for perhaps an hour, when round the corner of the farthest bluff came a figure in fluttering white muslin and a straw bat. His back was turned, and the w-comer, with innocent mirchful n her face, ran tiptoe along the award, and

'Guess who it is," said the new-comer blithely.
Young Joe returned no answer. The ex ression in the girl's face changed. Suc moved her hands, and saw—what she had up in my portmanteau, but I will send them only felt before - that they were wet with te rs. She threw one arm around his neck, and seaking his left hand with hers, asked

with tender solicitude, "What is it, Joe, dear? What's the mat-Young Joe, facing about, kissed her, and took both her hands in his. The tears still glistened on the lashes over his gloomy eyes.

ad the girl regarded him with a look of feat and anxiety.
"I have bad news for you, Dinah," said

young Joe at last. "I am turned out of was gone.

somewhere and face the world."
"Turned out of house and home?" ques ioned Dinah, with brown frigutened eyes

wide open.
"Turned out of house and home," young Joe repeated sombrely. But don't be afraid. Dinah. I shall be able to take care of myself and you. I shall cast about for somebone rather than see you want anything "
"Turned away from home?" Dinah again

ked. "Who turned you away?" Jue related the incitents of the afternoon, with some little natural bias "And you ree, dear, there's nothing for it

but to go away and "-with a bitter little augh —"and seek my fortune."

"But, Joe,' said Dinah, "you hadn't ought

to bave hit him and him a middle-aged man Wou dn't it be better, darling, to go back, and "Y as you was sorry?"
"Good heavens, Dinah!" said young Joe

don's say hadn't ought. How can I go back nd say I'm sorry? I'm not sorry; and even if I were, I couldn't go back and say so, to nave them think I was afraid to face the world.

Diugh stool grave and thoughtful for a umuse, and then said. "I suppose I musn't tell your father as

we're a going?"
"My darling," said young Joe, "you

"Joseph," she said, addressing her husband, "I can do nothin with him. Will you disconsolately on the side of the spoil-bank and wiping her eyes with her little muslin apron - I don't see any use in being married when he's turned out of house an' home, and hand. He set them down sutside the parlor, door, and stood there sulkily.

Jos sat down beside her on the grass grown bank and soothed her, feeling himse f very guilty all the while. Dinah refused to be comforted, and yet found his proffered comfort pleasant. But by and by a certain coquettian little petulance took the place grief, and young Joe knew that he had half won his cause, which he admitted was a poor one to win. "Don't tell me, Joe," said pretty Dinah.

for always - I know better. If you take for always - I know better. If you take 'em ne glad to have you back again." Young Joe recognised the truth of this

Joe, glad to appear as the injured person of day inherit old Joe's

there was such an obvious self accusation in him when he said it, that the girl threw her

arms about his neck and kissed him.
'I know you're noble an' 'igh sperited, my a word, Joe. And I've been a very thankless girl, Joe, to make balieve as it was my trouble when it was yours all the time. Why, dear me liv's no great matter for me to go on No. dartin.' I shan't fret no more about my

He read the devotion and the affection n her heart, and had a dim notion that he could not be alsogether a had fellow rince she gave him such unstitted ove. It stirred a vague comfort in him and strengthened him to approve of himself He bullied his conscience into quiet, therefore, and began to take quite a high tone with

"It's perhaps a good thing, after all," he said. "A man ought not to be dependent upon anybody. He ought to be able to take And I shall go into the world and fight for you. Dinah, and that will help me And when I have made a place for He smiled in appreciation of the work already done - in fancy.
"Don't mind about its being a fine place

at first, dear," said Dinah, nestling to him and admiring him with all her heart-hie courage, his misfortune, his love.
"Not too fine a place at first," said Joe,

He said it lightly, and she laughed at the again. It was a bitter business, after all When the time for parting came, Joe strained her to his breast, and she hung about him

sobbing
"G," she said, struggling to be brave. "Go, au' God bess you, my own dear, dear, ever dearest Joe" At this courageous sorrow young Joe

melted.
"Yes." he said. "I will go, I'll go home and beg o'd Screed's pardon, and I'll-I'll tell my father that we're married. Dinah. and if ne likes to cut up rough about it he can, but I can at least feet that I've acted like a man. and not a coward. And if he likes to send me away then, I can work with a clear conscience, and I shall know that I have done

my duiy." Now, women have always been puzzles to me, and I un terstand very little of them, but I have noticed in them one consistent pecu-liarity. If you once succeed in a wakening in a woman that sense of protecting streng h women are capable of feeling over even the word of friendly resolution from outside him. most helpful of men. she will protect you, at remarkable woodenness of his manner, and a There was nothing to invite or eucourage the cost of serious wounds from the meres scratch of any little thorn. Dinah would have none of this wholesome and honest sacrifice

for her sake.
"No," she said, fairly yearning over miserably and moodily along. It was counted him and worshipping him for his bare pro mise of bare justice. "Don't vex him with the world; but Joe, feeling that he was leav know, darling," she went on strangling her ing the town and could afford to despise its own hopes with the bows ring her sultan had edict, lit a cigar and hardened himself. He sent her a month before, "that if you hadn't known as it 'ud vex him you't ha' told him

"I don't care," said Jos, feeling heroic. "He can't do anything worse than he has done. I'll do the right thing."

But Duah clung to him
"N." she said. "You shan't ruin your "N," she said. "You shan't ruin your self for me, Joe." And she clung to her point with such vehem-nee that Joe yielded, and had all the satisfaction of seeming heroid without incurring any danger-a joy which have myself experienced.

They kissed and embraced again, and Joe

wiped her eyes, and promised brokenly to "You're not a goin' far away, my darlin',

are you?" said Dinah, trying to be brave a_aio No, dear, no," said he in answer : " not

"And, Joe, darlin'," she said after a tear ful paure, relieved by many sad kisses, "will you let me keep my marriage lines?"

She whispered the question at his ear, and

he bent over tenderly the while.
"Yes, yes, my dest," he answered; "I "Yes, yes, my dest," he answered; meant to bring them to you this afternoon, but I was in such a hurry. They are packed humor.
"Joseph!" said Mrs Bushell warningly.
"Joseph!" said old Joe, leaning

"You don't mind my askin' for 'em, do you. Jue?" "I was wrong all through," he said: " we ought to have been married openly. But I shall do you justice, Dinah. You know that, don't you?"

And so, with profestations, caresses, and And so, with profestations, caresses, and hopes, and with some repentances on his side, they parted. Joe climbed the bank he was sore d again, and waved adieu from the top. She longings," as she asswered with a motion of the hand, and he

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Bushell did what she could to atone to the minister for the terrible insult which had been put upon him by her son. Old Joe sat awhile and smiked in silence, and, being greatly exercised by the whole business drank rather more whiskey and water that thing to do, and I'll work my fingers to the was good for him. Finally a streak of light appeared, and he went, a little flushed towards it. It led him for a while by the road young Joe had taken an hour or two before, but he stopped short of the mangy me dow and sounded a heavy rat tat at the lor of a smart looking house, which stood little back from the lane. A nest servant maid responded to his summons. "Is Brother George in?" askel the old

> "Yes, sir," said the damsal, and led the way into a gaudily furnished parlor, where in black broadcioth sat an intensely respect able man in an arm chair by the fireplace. "Joe ziph," said the intensely respectable man, dividing the name into two balanced yllables, "how are you?"
>
> "George," said old Joe, seating himself.

I'm in a bit o' trouble."
"You don't say so Jue-ziph," said the respectable man, wi h a wooden want of in-

JOSEPH'S COAT. soul, but he that h-areth reproof gotteth mustn't think of coming with me. Not at understanding. You come down and bed first you know. I mustgo away and get some thing to do, and make a home tor you. We my Jo- out o' my house, an' ne's took her at thing to do, and make a home tor you. We my Jo- out o' my house, an' ne's took her at thing to do, and make a home tor you. We my Jo- out o' my house, an' ne's took her at thing to do, and make a home tor you. We my Jo- out o' my house, an' ne's took her at agained every scrap, turned outhis pockets, and make a home tor you. The samined every scrap, turned outhis pockets, and make a home tor you.

Brother George.
Old Joe told the story, with rough-hewn brevity, and his brother nodded now and then to signify attention. In point of fact, think," said old Joe, driving one great hand it interested him more than it seemed to do He was pretty nearly as wooden as he looked, No Joe, no, you couldn't have the heart to but he had a very remarkable eye for the main chance. He saw money with an eye at once telescopic and microscopic, and he scented it, or seemed to scent it, as a sleuth hound scents his game. Joe Bushell had made his money by a remarkably profitable patent, was worth a quarter of a million if a penny, and lived on less than a twentieth part of his income ain't worth say."
George had borrowed ir m his brother to no more to say." start life as a charter master, had worked hard and lived hard, and screwed down all as your folks are going to drive you away under him to the uttermost farthing, and unanswerable. having made his money chiefly by S-tedness, was hated by his workpeople, and knew it, and rather rejoiced in it than other wise, as being in some sense a tribute to his observation, but it played such havor with business capacity. He was a m an and the heroics of the case that he resented it and pooh-p-ohed it with a sombre gloom.

"It isn't very kind of you D nah," said dislike for Joe, because young Joe would one fortune. Not that the two, "to make light of such a serious George had ever had a hope of it himself, matter. And I would not lower myself in my but he grudged wealth to anyb dy, and could own esteem by begging myself back again for have nursed a spite against the very walls have nursed a spite against the very walls anything the worl i could give me. I couldn't of a bank's strong room for holding so much do it, durling, even for your sake. No, I'll work for you, and struggle for you, but I won't do a mean thing, even for you."

He said "even for you" so tenderly, and Joseph's money as his own some day. It' was that dim fancy which made old Joe's

story interesting to him.
"Now," said the father, when his narra tive was finished. " what I want thee to do. dear," she said "and I shall never say a word George, is just his. Thee go an' find Joe, to ask you to be nothing else for me, no not an' fetch him hum. Tak no sort o' denial. He can stop wi' thee a day or two, an' then, when it's blowed over wi' Ribecca, he can come back to me. Dost see?"

"Ah," said Brother George, "I see." And livin' at home with my father an' mother, he saw more than he confessed to care on bim. But, George, don't go to let folly and the promises of amendment so till you can afford to send for me, is it, Joe's beeing. He intended no wrong to him know as I ain't angry wi' him. Mind anybody, but was it likely that Jue would listen to his solicitations? He thought not. And if that unguided young man declined to listen, might not his absence

> his head perplexedly, "we do' rightly know wheer he is. But he's boun' to send for his luggaze."
> "Ah," said Brother George again, "I see."

"I think," sld Jue resumed, "as he's that he also was very angry. George knew likely to send for it to-night. Our Joe's very well that his nephew would tender no allays in a cit of a hurry, an' does everything apology just then, and began to look complahot-foot."
"Then," said George, "I'd better come up

to your place, eh?"
"Just what I wanted," answered old Joe; and the two set out together. "Not a word to the missis, mind." G orge nodded in reply. turning over in that stiff jointed mind of his the question—Shall I break or keep that promise? Which is likely to pay? He would not have robbed young Joe—he would not have robbed anybody. Theft was "agen the But although any straight forward method of transferring a neighbor's coin to his pouch was a thing to be reprehended, construction of any crooked scueme for that purpose was praiseworthy, and the carriage of the same to triumphal effect was althing to be proud of. In short, Brother George was diplomatist, and had some personal advanages in the diplomatic way -singular as that statement may appear. He could lie, for instauce, with a stoudity which defied scrutiny Prectice had done much for him, but the irst great gift was Nature's. He was in scrutable enough to have realised a Tory journalist's idea of a prime minister. His respectable countenance, clean shaven but for its respectable tufts of grey whisker, was scarcely more mobile than a mask. Since he never hed apart from strictest necessity ne was commonly regared as a veracious man He is not the scoundrel of this story - which. indeed, scarcely aspires to the portraiture of a real rascal -and nobody who knew him thought of him as being anything but a very respectable self made man who did unusual credit to his original station in life. The responsible for the family belief in his wis

He was the final autnority on family affaire. The Reverend Paul had left the house when the brothers had reached it. Mrs Bushell was sitting in the kitchen with a big Bible before her, earnestly and believingly seeking comfort in the utterances of Habak-kak. There are people who find Christian philosophies in Solomon's Song and suck satisfaction out of Ecclesiastes; and Mrs Bushell was of them. But at this sorrowful hour, a philippie against the Chaligans. " that bitter and hasty nation," had

little power to soothe.

"Brother George," she said, as that repectable person entered, "has Joseph been

asking your advice?" " R-becker," Brother George replied with weighty solumnity, " far be it from me to lany anything as is true. That's what Jue-ziph come to see me for, as far as I can

"Why," read Mrs. Bushell with her fiager tracking the denouncing lines in the great Bible, "why dost thou show me iniquity and cause me to behold grievances? for spoiling and violence are before me; and there are that raise strife and contention herefore the law is slacked and judgment oth never go forth; for the wicked doth compass about the righteous; therefore wrong

judgment proceedeth"
"Weil, well, Rebecker," said Brother George with a propitiatory accent, "boys will be boys, you know, an' allays was."

"Becky, my gell! sail old Joe leaning above her chair and laying a heavy hand

upon her shoulder. She felt the appeal thus conveyed, for she But I was by nature a woman of much tenderness.
w that, But she only straightened herself and laid her finger once more upon the warning text "There's my guide. Joseph," she made answer, when she could trust her voice, for he was sore disturbed, and her "wordly longings," as she called them, moved strong-

> Old Joe moved away from the back of her chair, and Brother George sat down with an air of wis iom on him, and looked as one who George until now?"
>
> Saw them hurridly labelled, took his seat just in time, and was swallowed up by the darkness. s prepared to proffer counsel. There was silence for a time; then Mrs. Bushell turned her head away and asked:

" What do you advise, Brother George?" "Well," said Brother George, venting an daborate and prolonged wink upon old Joe. I should advise as nothing should be done ot to say precipitate.' "Ya," said old Joe, nodding at his bro

ther, "give him a day or two an' he'll come round." " Joseph." said Mrs. Bushell, with unfortunate solemnity, " if you look for any healin' of this breach apart from his repentance, you will wait in vain. If you mean as I shall comround, you are mistaken. In this case, Joseph there is duty to be done, an' l've spoke my last word a'ready."

Joe shook his head at Brother George mournfully and George shook his head in answer. Matters were growing rather bright for Brother George, and if the brightness were only nebulous as yet, it might reveal things pleasant to look at by and by. Notwith-standing this cheerful inward knowled te, nowever G orge looked upon his brother with s stemp countenance. He would fain have

go."
"Very well mother," said young Joe; and make a nome for yot. We my Joe out o' my house, an' he's gone."
"Very well mother," said young Joe; and that fashion. It would be sometime that fashion. It would be sometime to work the long. Dinah, don't o'. Dear me," said Brother George, as woodward, an' he's gone."
"The my Joe out o' my house, an' he's gone."
"Hilling to do, and make a nome for yot. We my Joe out o' my house, an' he's gone."
"Secky," said old Joe, being perhaps a letter of that more cressible to emotion at that more than he commonly was, "the lad was unlocked his chest cry, my darling, don't cry. We shan't be enly as before.

We shan't be enly as before.

"Yes," said old Joe, being perhaps a letter of my Joe out o' my house, an' he's gone."
"Hilling to do, and make a nome for yot. We my Joe out o' my house, an' he's gone."
"It little more accessible to emotion at that more than he commonly was, "the lad was unlocked his chest contents, and still went down on the life."

We shan't be enly as before.

"Yes," said old Joe, being perhaps a letter of my house, an' he's gone."

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"Yes," said old Joe, being perhaps a letter of my house, an' he's gone." little more accessible to emotion at that mo examined every scrap, turned outhis pockets, ment than he commonly was, "the lad was unlocked his chest and searched though its at a word an' he's gone." stands to r'ason as Joe got humped at it.
"Wuat did her order him off for?" asked He axed me. Becky, afore you come into the room, what I'd ha' done if any man had said thing's somewhere here, I'm sure. I must things to me about yo' afore we got married look for it by daylight." by way of consolation for almost certain into the palm of the other, "who is't was a said it. I'd ha' floored him, if he'd ha' killed me the next minute.'

Brother George nodded gloomily in assent to this for it seemed to him an unanswerable argument in young Joe's favor. But Mrs. Bushell held firm.

"I've poke my last word Joseph. He struck a minister o' God's word, in his own father's house, of a Sunday; an' if that ain't worth sayin' 'I'm sorry for,' I've got

Brother George nod led again in acquiesence, for this view of the case also seemed "Gi'e the lad time," urged old Joe.

" Let him take his own time, Joseph," said again. But I fear he'll sup sorrow by spoon tuls i' the way."

She left the room, and old Joe with a troubled face, set tebacco and a glass of gloomy silence for a while when a knock came to the door. Old Joe answered this

"Who's theer?" he asked. "Weil," said a voice from the dark outside, "Come in William," said old Joe in a shaky

rummons.

young that. Do it all as if it was comin' from your est like. D'ye see?"

"I see," said Brother George. Could any

thing have been designed to play better into ecome a source of profit to his uncle? the hands of a respectable man who desired Where is he?" the uncle asked, after giving to secure an advantage and was atraid of these reflections time to form.

"Well, thee seest," said old Jce, rubbing the shadow of a lie upon his conscience. All that was to be done was to tell the truth, and Bushell, without an apology, was implacable, and her husband wished to have it supposed

ently on the promise of the future,
Young Joe sat moody and alone in the moke room of the Dudley Arms, awaiting the return of his emissary, when Uncle George entered and with a solemn aspect

George entered and took a seat before him.
"This is a bad j bb, Joe-ziph," said he, shaking his head.
"I've heard all about it from your mother and father. I don't say as of you was in the wrong, not to say altogether, out you know as it was a dreadful thing to do —a dreadful thing. But look thee here, my lad," he continued, with a wooden assumption of geniality which went, howsoever unreal it might be, clean to the lad's sore heart, "blood's thicker than water, an' all's said and done you're my nevew and I'm your uncle. Now, what d'ye mean to do? They'm hard on you at home, fearful hard."

young Joe "I'm not afraid!"
"Of course you ain't, a fine built young fellow like you! It ain't likely as you would be. But look here, my lad—you can't face the curl papered damsel as coffee. After this the world on nothing. Can you, now?" Joe in answer. "I am not altogether with-

"Ab, dear me. Well. I can see as you're just as hot-foot as your father and mother But come now, wheer do you think o' goin "I'd go to America," said young Joe, "if I

only had the chance."
"Merriky?" echoed Uncle George. "It's long way there." The longer the batter," said Joe bitterly.

said Uasie George pent on it. why. I --- . No, no, Joseph. dou't think on it."
"Yes," said Joe, "I'll do it if I work my passage out. There's room for a man to move

in, in America."
"Don't you talk nonsense," said Uncle George.
"By jove," quoth young Joe, rising, and

feeling already the glow of a successful ex plorer, "I'll show you whether or not I'm talking nonsense I tell you sir I'll do it, "Pooh!" said Uncle George; "you ain't going to work your passage out. Not while you've got an uncle as can put his hand in is pocket to help you. No, no, Joseph."
"You're very kind, uncle," said Jose

"but I can't accept any help from you. And he wondered why did I never see what a good

fellow Uncle George is until now.
"Wait here a bit," said the benevolent ncle, and with that arose, and left the room with stagey stealth. When he returned, he bore with him a sheet of letter paper and an inketand. He sat down in silence, and wrote in a slow and labored manner. Then he produced a pocket book, from which, after an intricate search, he drew a crumpled receipt stamp. Gazing hard at Joe, he moistened this with his tongue, affixed it to the paper, and then, squaring his elbows, he set his head down sideways to the table, and laborious y signed the document. watched him, not knowing what all this might mean, until the sheet, carefully dried before the fire, was placed in his own hands.

eyes, less at the gift than at the kindness which dictated it.
"Thank you uncle," said young Joe. God ble s you for your goodness. You are

the only friend I have."

"If they knowed," said his only friend truthfully, "as I'd helped you i' this way, they'd never forgive me. But wherever you me. Atlays write to me, my lad; allays

write to me."

Therewith the benevolent uncle squeezed s nephew's band and left him. Young Joe "A dear good fellow!" he said aloud in his of the tunnel before he had looked round him

CHAPTER IV. Young Joe, his heart still warmed by h incle's generosity, sat at the side of the bed in his room at the Dudley Arms that Sunday night, and surveyed the situation. Starting in this well provided way, it did not seem easy to fail in the world. Practically, as everybody kno vs, there is an end to the productive powers of a hundred pounds, but for all that, a hundred pounds is a good round sum for a start in the world, and Young Joe saw already in fancy his fortune

made.
"And I'll make poor little Dinah happy, anyhow." he thought. Sie haupted him, and her memory filed him with a keen and poignant remorse. "The poor child," he said to himself, "must have her marriage lines." With that he unstrapped his portmanteau, tumbled out its disorderly a selemn countenance. He would fain have appealed seriously to his sister-in-law's for-bearance, and so have drawn from her a noncemphatic and forcible denial of her "Yis," said old Joe, rubbing his grey hair more emphatic and forcible denial of her First, he made a hasty and confident grope

that mo- examined every scrap, turned outhis pockets sat down on the lid of his box in the midst of his tumbled belongings and clawed his bair with vexation. "Confound it all!" said Joe.

" The

With this promise

loss, he undressed and got into bed. had but a poor night of it, for Dinah's appealing face was always before him, and he felt alternately base and heroic as he thought of his encounter with the min ister. The caudle burned down and went out, with the result particularised in the Honorable Mr. Sucklethumbkin's account of a public execution. Then the moonlight sent into the room a beam which traveled very very slowly across the carpet, and rose very slowly up the fireplace, and when Joe had tossed about for long ages, reached the mirror, and crept along the wall, and slid lowly toward the window, as its brightness faded and died. Then the swallows who built beneath the roof pipes began to chirrup the mother staunchly. "When he stired of the husks of the Prodigal, he'll come back up the blind and lighted a cigar, and looked a last look on the familiar fligh street; a last conscious look at least, for always when memory brought her budget of pictures to him hereafter, she brought that view, with whiskey before his brother. The pair sat in the grey desolate dawnlight broadening on the closed shutters of the shops, and he heard distinctly many a time, by memory's magic, the stately step of the peeler—" the blue robed guardian of the city streets," as a minor poet called him once upon a time-

as fur as my apinium go's, it's a young fel-er o' the name o' Bowker."

I—the present writer—have found it neces sary, for one reason or another, to face the world anew s often, and under such varyworld anew stoften, and under such varying circumstances, that I have almost world why your son's at Dudley Arms," said Mr. Bowker entering the kitchen. "an' he's sent me up here t' ax for his box. He's But striving as a faithful chronicler should gooin' into Brummagem to-night, an' on to strive to project myself into Young London i' the mornin'."

"Goo an' say a word to him, George," said the fatur "Do't let the lad go further 'n Brummagem. Mak' him send word to you wheer he is, when he gets theer, an' we li tek care on him. But George don't set folly and the promises of smandard and care on him. voully sworn—the dear regard for parted friends, the hope to meet again, the determin

ation to return triumphant. All these held sway in the young fellow's heart. But for Uncle George's news of the attitude of father and mother, he could will-ingly have gone home again to say good-bye, not wi hout hope of no good bye being said Sname pulled him both ways, now wards, now abroad. After all, going back was He packed carefully, out of the question. purposing to go once more through his papers, but when he came to them he said without being quite certain of the motive which moved him, "I'll look into them on the way," and so thrust them anew into his portmanteau, and waited drearily for some signs of life in the hotel.

At the first sound of opening doors he

rang his bell, and demanded of Boots, Who came unkempt and sleepy the time table for London. The railway had not reached the outlying Black Country towns at this time, but coaches ran through most them to the great New street station in Birmingham, a marvel whose vast glass roof was in these days, as I can just remember, an object of wonder to the populace. The coach would etart in time to catch the mid day train, and there were four hours to wait. He went down-stairs and sat alone in the dismal coffee-room, and being presently broken in upon by a damsel in curl-papers, asked for "I shall go out and face the world," said out of "I'm not afraid!" and bacon, and investigated a funeral looking Britannia metal urn containing a dark color ed semi liquid tepid concoction announced by

"I have something to begin with," said to send on his luggage by the coach in time for the up-train, and set out to walk. out money. And then, I have a little owing spirits rose as he went along the road. Town seems in danger of meeting town to day, and ome now alive may live to see a vaster Lon don join its scattered parts in the middle of England, forming one solid and prodigious city. But there were fair spaces of field and park about the central town when Joe walked towards it, and here and there a rabbit frollicked across his path, and once he stood still to watch a weasel shoot across the road from hedge to hedge, where a grey rabbit had run the road, the sun shone clear, the wind blew warm. Joe meant no wrong to any human creature. Why should trouble weigh upon him? He pegged on, with snatches of and Ugly song on his mind, and high resolve in his Do not There was gold in California. Jim Berks, the High street tailor's son, had found a nugget weighing two hundred ounces Gold-digging was the readiest way to wealth the world had seen, and many a man pros-pered at it — Why not he? The great Henry

you sin't Russel's songs were in vogue, and Young Joe Not while sang jollily back to the lark and throstle: Pull away, cheerily, Poil away, cheerity,
Not slow or wearily,
Shifting the cradle boys, fast to and fro;
Working your hand about,
Shifting the sand about,
Seeking for treasures that lie hid below.

And so on. The verse was not written in the highest possible style of art, but it might be interesting to know how many young fel-*8 went out of England with that degerel in their ears and on their tongues. Joe was only one out of many who made it a part of the Litany sung at Gold's great shrine

He cashed Uncle George's cheque at Lloyd's back, and drew the hundred pounds Lloyd's back, and drew the hundred pounds has to Set type all Night and Play pedro for in severeigns, influenced, I fancy, by those gold-digging visions. Paper is but a poor Printer were it not for the Night Work. andium between riches and poverty, after all You may be able to translate it into gold, but it has not gold's magic, and can exert but little of gold's courm. I am nothing of a money lover, but I do yet care somewhat for He read it with a swift moi-tening of the the round ring of minted gold, and find a something sibilant in the rustle of bankpaper, as though that rustle whispered:
"Soon shall I fly." With the hard gold in a lump in his inner breast pocket, tied in a chamois leather bag, Joe wandered down to the station and awaited the arrival of the coach. By some accident, for the days were eisuerly, and people gave themselves plenty Tom's horn came tootling into New street a quarter of an hour beyond its usual time, and the train was already puffing to be gone. Joe had secured his ticket, and now fell upon sat with his elbows on the table, and looked his luggage, called a porter, impetuously bade with new burn affection and gratitude after him get these things into the London train,

"A dear good fellow!" he said aloud in his of the stands o And with tears of gratitude hot in his eyes, he folded up his uncle's cheque for a hundred pounds.

tenance of Mr. Sydney Cheston, who held out his hand with a loud greeting. Joe took it, a little shameface ly, but his friend was determined to make light of the previous day, and was even ostentatiously hearty. At Coventry they were left alone and, having try they were left alone and, havin bribed the guard with half a-crown (after the manner of a young British gentleman before Brinsley Sheriden's grandson gave us the good gift of smoking carriages), they began Fall if it Were not For the Man. At any to smoke at a great rate; and it befel that in

> went on:
> "I'm in a deuce of a mess, old fellow. To tell the truth. I was in a wretched bad temper all day yesterday, or I should never have haved as I did to you—"
> ', Don't say a word about it," Cheston said; "I didn't mean to hurt you, but it was

my fault." TO BE CONTINUED.] A sturdy old son of the plough Had a g maine creamery cough, But he took a had cough

Which carried her ough, And ne don't run a creamery nough.

Ninety-Eighth Year. (From the Dayton Journal.)

OLD FATHER GREATPIPE, An Inveterate Smoker Who Reached His

The Hollanders are more given to smoking than any northern people - " dreaming with the eyes open." The boatmen of the Tresch-krit, the aquatic diligence of Holland, measure distance by smoke; from one place to another not so many miles, but so many pipes. Entering the house, your host offers you a cigar filling; another, often insisting upon leaving your eigar case. Some go to sleep with pipe in their mouth, relight it on awakening in the night, and in the morning before stepping out of bed. Diderot says "A Dutchman is a living alembic." The cigar is not the companion of indolence, but the stimulant and aid to labor. Smoke is eixth floger of the hand. A Frenchman telis the story of a rich gentleman at Rotterdam, Von Klaes, surnamed Father Greatpipe being old, fat and a great smoker. As a merchant in India he had amassed a fortune. On his return he built a palace near Rotterdam, in which be arranged, as in a museum, all the models of pipes from all countries and of every time. This was opened to strangers to whom, after his display of smoking erudition, he gave a catalogue of the museum, bound in velvet, with pockets of cigars and tobacco. Mynheer Von Klaes smoked 150 grammes of per day, and died at 98, from 18 years of age he smoked 4,283 kilogrammes making an uninterrupted black line of tobacco of twenty French leagues in length. few days remained to complete his 98th year he suddenly felt his end approaching and sent for his notary, a smoker of great merit, and said, " My good notary, fill my pipe and your own: I am about to die.' pipes were lighted Van Klass dictated his zil, celebrated over Holland.

After the disposal of the bulk of his property to relatives, friends and hospitals, he dictate

the following article:

"I desire that all the smokers in the counry shall be invited to my funeral, by all possible means—newspapers, private letters, circulars and advertisements. Every smoker who shall accept the invitation shall receive a gift of ten pounds of tobacco and two pipes, upon which shall be engraved my name, my arms and the date of my death. The poor of the district who shall follow my body to the grave shall receive each man, every year, on the anniversary of my death, a large parcel of tobacco. To all those who shall be present at the funeral ceremonies I make the condition if they wish to benefit by my will, that they shall smoke uninterruptedly during the ceremony. My body shall be inclosed in a case lined inside with the wood of my old Havana cigar boxes. At the botton of the case shall be deposited a box of French tobacco. se called caporal, and a parcel of our own Dutch tobacco. At my side shall be laid my favorite pipe and a box of matches, because no one knows what may happen. When the coffin is deposited in the vault every person present shall pass by and cast upon it the

ashes of his pipe.' The will was carried out. The funeral was splendid and vailed in a thick cloud of smoke. The poor blessed the memory of the deceased, and the country still rings with his fame. All over New England clay pipes are offered or sale with the initials T. D. There once for sale with the initials T. lived in Newburyport, Mass., an eccentris genius by the name of Dexter, who wrote his name with the suffix "My Lord Timothy." He was a great smoker, and invariably used a clay p pe manufactured in a pipe factory of that city. In order that his name or its initials might not be lost to posterity, Dexter endowed this factory with the understanding that every pipe offered for sale should bear the initial letters of his name, and from the day of the endowment until the present every pipe made by the Newburyport Manufacturing company bears the twentieth and fourth let-

THE DENVER "TRIBUNE" PRIMER. Simple Tales for the Pleasure and Profit of the Nursery Brigade.

ters of the alphabet, meaning Timothy Dexter.

Thus can New England furnish a Dexter to

Von Klass of Holland.

Here we Have a Piece of Chewing Gum. t is White and Sweet. Chew it awhile and stick it on the Under Side of the Mantel

Piece.
The hired Girl will find it There and Chew tawhile Herself and then Put it Back. In Whole Family. When the Gum is no Good, Put in the Rocking chair for the Minister or your Sister's Beau to sit Upon.

This is a Cock Roach. He is Big, Black and Ugly. He is Crawling over the Pillow. Do not Say a Word, but lie still and Keep your mouth open. He will crawl into Your Mouth and You can Bite him in Two. This will Teach him to be more Discreet in

The Peach is Hard and Green. He is Waiting for a Child to Come along and Eat him. When he gets into the Child's little Stomach he will Make things Hot for that Child. The Child Who eats the Peach Be an Angel before he Gets a chance to Eat another. If there were No green Peaches there would not be so many Children's Sizes

of Gold Harps in Heaven. IV.

Behold the Printer. He is Hunting for a Pickup of half a line. He has Been hunting for Two hours. He could have Set the half Line in twenty Seconds, but it is a Matter of Principle with him never to Set what he Can / pick up. The Printer has a Hard time. He

the Paper. How Proud he is. He is Stepping Higher than a Bind Horse. It he had Wings he would Fly. Next week the Paper will say the Man is a Measly Old Fraud, and the Man will not Step so High. This sorry Spectacle is a Plumber. He is

This is the Man who has had a Notice in

Ragged and Cold and Hungry. He is Very, very Poor. When you See him Next spring he will be Very, very Rich and will wear Diamonds and Broadcloth. His wife Takes in Washing now, but She will be able to Move in of time for most things, the sound of Old the First Circles by the Time the Weather

> Here is a Castle. It is the Home of a Editor. It has Stained Glass windows and Mahogany stairways. In front of the Castle Park is the editor's wife. She wears a Costly robe of Velvet trimmed with Gold Lace, and there are Pearls and Rubies in her Hair. The editor sits on the front Stocp smoking an Havana Cigar. His little Children are Playing with diamond Marbles on the Tesselated Floor. The editor can afford to Live in Style. He gets Seventy five Dollars a month

Wages. See the Lamp Post. By its Dim Rays you can Behold the Electric Light across the Street. There is a Man Leaning against the Lamp Post. Perhaps the Lamp Post would the course of the journey Joe opened his heart, and, having first apologised once more, trying to Work his Boots up Through his Mouth. He will have a Headache to morrow

and Lay it to the Climate. IX.

The Girl is Scratching her Back against the Door. She has Been eating Buckwheat Cakes. Her Beau thinks she is Delicate, but be has Never seen her Tackle a plate of Hot Cakes on a Frosty Morning. Cakes had better Roost High when she is Around. If we were the Girl we Would wear Sand Paper lining in the Dress and not be Making a Hair Brush out of the Poor Door.