

his brother's sin, that swung round a staff officer. My brave to you? I will be the execution of



his brother's sin, not to be deferred till the truth of this. If it shall be saved if he him. His eyes with a look heart.

He bowed his down to hers. Cleanse that if all late.

Infinitely gentle, then he turned and order and bade his without a second's caught it from his

No other will go so

on are worn out at

her beautiful wild blinding, passionate

I would tarry for that I had let them that I might ask him quick, quick! Lend herse, one that will a second order by the Arabs may kill then they will not

She touched her little feverish hand with

She has shown me none like yours. If she safe, and France avenge its darling's

another second's them and, vaulting of a young horse out in the courtyard, full speed, out into the sun, out to the of the plains.

These, indeed, was in chances were as a it she would reach ere, with the risk-life would have set

remorse was on her, bitter jealousy in stred vengeance on a rendered her a red him—loved him passion—and only in when it was confronted of death, did the maddest of that love out of the petulant undied vanity which

She had been a hero. Beneath this at him she changed man and a martyr.

Full speed through had done through the glancing all around the butt of her belt had no sense, her ling, her eyes had no as of waters was and the giddiness of figure sent the gloom round, like a whirl-

Yet she had remem-bered to ride on and on and flinching from the and her cramped limbs her beating temples, nce enough to strain ward the east and terror of that white soon break, the only ven ever uttered by her's kiss had ever

the day back!"

[CONTINUED.]

and "Dandy Funk."

They are familiarly called, are served out hand," says Charles

In the Mercantile like a satisfying meal occupy all the watch as hard as nails, mas- sarily a slow operation.

Difficulty they are of canvas bag and by unding reduced to a ant liquid, sometimes left over from dinner, s until it becomes a ces of fat pork stick the surface to give the indulgence of the in the oven, and when as 'dog's body.'

In another dish of the substitution of a little the excuse for an-

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Nov. 9, '03.

Master Bilderback's Return to School.

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

We remember one day last summer, during the long vacation, when the Hawkeye published a news item stating that a boy named Bilderback had fallen from the seat of a reaping machine, and got cut to pieces, a patient, weary looking, and rather handsome young lady called at the office, and appeared to be very anxious to have that item verified. And when we gave her all possible assurance that everything appearing in that great and good paper, the Hawkeye, was necessarily true, she drew a deep sigh of relief, and said she felt actually thankful she wouldn't have that boy to demoralize the school the next term. And then she smiled sweetly, and thanked us for our assuring words, and went away.

Imagine her dismay, then, about the third or fourth day of the fall term, when a terrific cheering in the yard, about ten minutes before school time, drew her to the window, whence looking down, she saw every last solitary lingering boy in that school district dancing and yelling about Master Bilderback, who was dancing higher and yelling louder than any other boy in the caucus. Her heart sank within her; but she braced up and went down stairs to quiet the bedlam, and in five minutes learned the dreadful truth. Master Bilderback had met with a reaping-machine accident, but the papers had reported it incorrectly. He had climbed into the seat the moment his uncle, on whose farm he was spending the vacation, got down. He prodded one of the horses with a pin in the end of a stick, and made the team run away. The terrified animals ran the machine over twenty stumps, and mashed it to pieces; one of the horses ran against a hedge-stake and was killed, and the other jumped off a bridge and broke a leg; Master Bilderback's uncle, chasing after the flying team, had dashed through a hornet's nest, and the scorching little insects came out and sat down on him to talk it over, until his head swelled as big as a nail-keg, and he couldn't open his eyes for a week; a farm-hand who tried to stop the horses by rushing in front of them, was hit by the tongue of the reaper and knocked into the middle of an Osage orange hedge, where he stuck for three hours. And Master Bilderback, the author of all this calamity, was thrown from his seat at the first stump, and fell on a shock of grain, and wasn't jarred or bruised or scratched a particle. And that night, when his aunt handed his blinded uncle the halter-strap, and held Master Bilderback in front of him to receive merited chastigation, that graceless young wretch seized his aunt around the neck after the first blow, and wheeling her into his place, held her there, drowning her piercing explanations and pleadings in his own tumultuous but deceitful howlings and roarings, until her back looked like a war map, and the exhausted uncle laid down the strap with the remark that he "guessed that would teach him something." And so the teacher, when she saw Master Bilderback at school again, felt weary of life, and sighed to see her deep in the silent graves—if she could find one that was for boys, and didn't cost more than a quarter of a dollar. It being the young man's first day at school that year, he was feeling good, and well, and happy, and a little bit of a half before the bell rang, the teacher being an unscrupulous attempt at a part to pull enough hair out of the hair of another boy's head to stuff a mattress, and a highly successful effort on the part of the other boy to claw enough hair out of Master Bilderback's nose to make a pillow of boots of, at least a dozen, of the way Master B. drew off his feet, and in a conciliatory spirit intended to amuse him that he was only in fun. These before the opening exercises were at- tached, three boys in his neighborhood rose up in their seats with utter wildness and began feeling about in their pockets for intrusive pins. When the first class filed out to its place, the circling eye of the anxious teacher that caught Bilderback had traced the end of his nose. Then he in used the boy next to him to lean back his head against the wall, just as Master B. did; and when that complaisant boy was suddenly called on to rise and recite, he lifted up his voice and went for him pulled a pile of shoemaker's wax and about a dozen ounces of blackboard sulfur and placed out of the wall with his back half open, he spread out the tail of another boy's coat on the seat, and piled a little pyramid of books on it; and when the boy stood up to recite, he was walked out on the floor—bathed in innocent tears, and protesting his innocence—by throwing shot on the floor, and was told he was growing worse that that Bilderback boy. He tried the ends of a girl's sash around the back of her chair, and when she tried to stand up she was almost jerked out of existence. He was sent out with a boy who was taken, was the nose-bleed, and found occasion to mix ink in the water he poured on the sufferer's hands; so that, on his return, the sufferer's appearance created such howls of derision that it started his nose bleed afresh, and he threw the teacher into hysterics. He enticed a gaunt hound into the girls' side of the yard, and clapping a patent clothes-pin on one of its prominent ears, raised the alarm of "mad dog!" and laughed till he choked to see the howling animal rushing around trying to paw the clothes-pin off; while the shrieking girls wrenched themselves in desperate and frequently unsuccess-ful attempts to climb over an adjacent fence. He put a pinching bug as big as a postage stamp down a boy's back. He got a long slate-pencil crossbars in his mouth, and it nearly poked through his cheeks before they could break it and get it out. He tossed a big apple, hard as a rock, out of the third story window at random, and it struck an old lady in the eye as she was walking along, admiring the building; and she came up and gave the poor tortured teacher a piece of her mind as long as the dog days. He dropped into the water-bucket a lot of oxalic acid, that had been brought to take some ink splashes out of the floor, and came within one of poisoning the whole school before they found it out; and finally, he poked a bean so far up his nose that they thought it was coming out of his eye; and the happy teacher dismissed him, thoroughly frightened for the first time in his eventful life, and he ran like a race-horse all the way home, crying louder at every step, and never stopped to call a name or throw a stone.

AN EARTHLY TRINITY.

Health and Wealth Ought to Be Linked With Happiness.

We are used to feel, to put it crudely, that folks who have health and money ought to be happy. And so they should. A sufficient income promotes comfort, and that contributes to cheerfulness of spirit, and to have health of course means to feel well, and that is a long step toward feeling good. But how far do we have to look to find persons with health to squander and more money than they know how to spend making strenuous efforts to attain happiness and merely achieving impaired health? If you have health and money you can usually buy pleasure, but enjoyment is a different article, and even when you have got enjoyment happiness may still elude you. Pleasure palls and sometimes demoralizes; enjoyment easily yields to weariness, but you don't get tired of being happy, and you may be ever so tired and be happy still.

Happiness is a state of satisfaction. One reason why it is so elusive may be because we human creatures are a complication of body, mind and spirit and require for our complete satisfaction a particularly nice adjustment of blessings and of conduct. If we indulge the body too much the other two partners become mutinous; if we over-cultivate the mind the body may break down, and if we bestow all our attention on mind and body, the spirit, ignored, takes a sure vengeance on us for our neglect. It is so difficult so to measure and direct our efforts as to appraise all the demands of our triplicate natures that the simpler way is to regard happiness as a byproduct, give over all direct attempts to acquire a constant supply of it and simply accept however much of it may come while we go about our business with such intelligence as we can. We can usually keep our bodies in fair repair if we are not too lazy or too self-indulgent. If we have to earn our livings our minds and bodies, too, find occupation that is usually wholesome, and the discipline of work does, as it usually is, for others as well as for ourselves, helps to satisfy the exactions of the spirit.

"LOST AND FOUND" COLUMN

Pronounced the Most Interesting Part of a Newspaper.

An inveterate newspaper reader was overheard to say the other day, says the Chicago Tribune, after an hour's strict attention to the news: "The most entertaining part of a big daily is the 'Lost and Found' column. Some people look at the sporting news, others for the deaths and marriages, but last articles and other rewards are my particular fancy. If you study these 'lost' you will have a pretty fair idea of your fellow creatures' common sense and their ability to hold on to what belongs to them. Sooner or later the horseshoe pin runs off with the hat pin, and the cluster diamond ring disappears with the pearl crescent. A popular eloquent is in the purse with jewelry, but the lightsome fashion with which pocket-books lose themselves in this sinful world shows how careless mortals be and that nobody ever learns anything by another's dear experience.

"The rewards offered for missing treasures indicate their value to the loser. Some are quite pathetically large, others recklessly so, but a saving clause is the laconic 'No questions asked,' and then I feel the case is truly desperate and the watch chain and locket must have departed under peculiar circumstances. 'The lady who was seen to pick up,' etc. is another thrilling instance of a loser's despair. For the chances are it is mere supposition, and 'no lady' picked up anything. Now and then it is a yellow headed parrot that goes astray to vary the endless variety of dogs whose owners publicly sorrow for their loss. About this live article there is always a sense of tragedy, and when I note a 'found dog' in the list I mentally congratulate whoever had the kind thought to advertise it and thus to put an end to the anxiety in its home."

Feeling the Neighbors.
Terence O'Grady had only been married a week, but his bride was already making things lively in the little house in Ballybunion. He had been working for three hours in his little garden when Bridget came to the back door and called out in strident tones: "Terence, me bhoy, come in to tay, toast and folve eggs." Terence dropped his spade in astonishment and ran into the kitchen. "Shure, Bridget, alantah, ye're only coddin' me," he said. "Nay, Terence," replied Bridget, "it's not ye, it's the neighbors O'm coddin'!"—London Telegraph.

Freezing Cream.
It is a mistake to throw away the salt and slush which remain in the freezer after the ice-cream has been made. The salt will be perfectly for the next freezing, and if some of it be still slushy and wet use it for the top layer the next time the freezer is filled. The freezing process will be greatly hastened.

Siamese Delicacies.
Among the articles of diet relished by the natives of Siam are snails, crocodile eggs, ants, silkworms and horse beef.

A Long Walk.
The longest walk on record is a little jaunt of 3,395 miles. The distance covered was from San Francisco to New York city, and the pedestrian was Mr. Zoe Gayton. He left San Francisco on Aug. 27, 1890, and arrived in New York March 27, 1891.

Not to return a benefit is the greatest sin, but not to confer it is the earlier—Segep.

A Fishmongering Railroad.

While looking through a pile of old papers a correspondent came across the following article in a New York paper of the date of Feb. 6, 1850, under the caption of "The Smelt Railroad."

"It is well known that the Portsmouth railroad has to turn everything to account to pay running expenses, and many are the jokes they perpetrate upon the conductors in reference to their shifts to get a living. It is said that one of them last year was accustomed to bring fish from Portsmouth and peddle them out on the way to Concord.

"One day he brought along smelts, dealing out to customers at every station, till he got to Suncook, where he blew his horn and an old woman came out and wanted six, 'just a pattern—all I've got left, you're in the nick of time,' said he, and he began to count them and found only five. 'How's this? I should have six.' And he began to count his fingers and reckon over how he had disposed of the four dozen he had started with. After awhile: 'I have it! Hold on a little while and I'll be back,' said he, and he ran the train back seven miles to a place where he had let a woman have one more than she had paid for, got it, came back to Suncook and let the old woman have the six she wanted, and then the 'smelt' train went to Concord."—Manchester (N. H.) Union.

Sentinel and Hussar.

Two well known military terms, "sentinel" and "hussar," afford capital instances of the remarkable manner in which a nation does its word twisting. At first sight there seems little connection between the Latin word sentina, signifying the hold of a ship, and a soldier keeping watch over his sleeping comrades. The connecting link is afforded by the word sentinella, the Roman who pumped the hold of Caesar's galleys free of bilge water. Upon his constant vigilance depended the lives of the entire ship's company. Similarly the word "hussar" is merely a Hungarian term signifying "twenty-two." It arose in this manner: When Matthias Corvinus became king of Hungary in 1458 he was extremely afraid of foreign invasion. He consequently raised an army by the simple expedient of commandeering every twentieth individual in the land; hence the hussar.

Mistake, Mistaken.

The use of these words seems to be so anomalous as to need some inquiry and explanation. I may be mistaken, for I continually make mistakes. But when shown to have been mistaken I own myself in error. Yet, if I am mistaken, it is not the error of him who mistakes me? But it may be that I am right and that he is mistaken, though I suppose that I ought to take him aright and not mistake him. Nevertheless I often have to say in argument: "You were quite right. I was mistaken."

Fanatical Morocco.

Morocco, in spite of its close proximity to Europe, is the most fanatical of the Mohammedan countries. Christians are hated by the natives throughout the country, and it is often very dangerous to go outside the town of Tangier. The business of Morocco is entirely in the hands of the Moorish Jews, who amass considerable wealth in the coast ports. It is not prudent for a Christian to stay anywhere but in the Jewish quarter. At the capital, Morocco City, and Fez the natives expectorate and hurl stones at the "foreign infidels," as they call them, and no Christian is safe in the streets unless escorted by soldiers.

The Good Red Grouse.

Besides his many other claims to distinction the "good red grouse" has one which is often forgotten. He is the one vertebrate creature peculiar to the British Isles. All the rest of our fauna is duplicated elsewhere, and even his cousin, the black cock, has foreign relations, but the true grouse exists nowhere in the world except within the United Kingdom, and considering what a noble game bird he is, how hardy and plucky and how magnificent in his flight, the fact is really something to be proud of.—London Globe.

Strong Coolies.

The power of endurance of the Chinese coolies is marvelous. Many will travel over forty miles, carrying a heavy load on their backs and think nothing of it. A writer mentions the case of certain coolies who, after going twenty-seven hours without food and having carried a heavy burden in the meantime, still had strength enough left to offer to carry a man fifteen miles farther.

Signed Against Signing.

Man With Petition—I'd like to have your name on this, Ruggles. It's a mere formality, you know, but— Business Man—I'd like to oblige you, Rackshaw, but a fellow came round last week with a pledge binding the signer not to put his name on a petition of any kind for one year, and I signed it.

Chance For Heroism.

Adorer (anxiously)—What did your father say? Sweet Girl—Oh, he got so angry I was afraid to stay and listen. He's in a perfectly terrible rage. Go in and appease him.

The Wicked Parrots.

Miss Nancy—I wonder why it is that sailors are such terrible swearers? Cousin Tom—Why, don't you know? They learn profanity of the parrots. I thought everybody knew that.—Boston Transcript.

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