TO LEUCONOE.

Translation from Horace.) ek not, Leuconoe, by mystic numbers, What fate reserves unknown for thee or me; Nor care to mark the day when life's last slum Shall coldly namine write "We've ceased t

Let us unflinching to the last endure; What, the this winter be for us the la That bursts in fury on the Tuscan shore Let us be wise and drain, for time is fleeting The wine; life's sunds steal far too fast away;

WILLIAM H. TAYLOR.

Clarence.

By Bret Harte, Author of "The Luck of Roaring Camp," Etc.

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PART III-CHAPTER I. It was sunset of a hot day at Wash-ington. Even at that hour the broad avenues which diverged from the capitol like the rays of another sun were fierce

Into this stifling atmosphere of greed and corruption Clarence Brant stepped from the shadow of the war department. For the last three weeks he had haunted its ante-rooms and audience chambers, in the vain hope of righting bimself before his superiors, who were content, without formulating charges against him, to keep him in the disgrace of inaction and the anxiety of suspense.

The nearly level rays of the sun forced him at last to turn aside into one of the openings of a large building-a famous caravansary of that hotel-haunted capital—and he presently found himself in the luxurious bar-room, fragrant with mint and cool with ice slabs, plied symmetrically on its marble counters. A few groups of men were seeking coolness at small tables, with glasses before them and pulm-leaf fans in their hands; but a larger and noiser assemblage was collected be-fore the bar, where a man, collariess and in his shirt-sleeves, with his back to the counter, was pretentiously addressing them. Brant, who had moodily dropped into a chair in the corner, after ordering a cooling drink as an excuse for his temporary refuge from the stifling street, glanced at him quickly from the shadow of his corner. He was not mistaken-it was Jim Hooker!

For the first time in his life, Brant wished to evade him. He would have elipped away, but to do so he would have had to pass before the counterengaln, and Hooker, with the self-consciousness of a story-teller, had an eye on his audience. Brant, with a palm-leaf fan before his

face, was obliged to listen.
"Yes, gentlemen," said Hooker, examining his glass dramatically, "when a man's been cooped up in a rebel prison, with a death line before him that he's obliged to cross every time he wants a square frink, it seems sort of like a dream of his boyhood to be standin' here comf'ble before his liquor, alongside o' white mer once more. And when he knows he's bin put to all that trouble jest to save the reputation of another man, and the se crets of a few high and mighty ones, it's almost enough to make his liquor go agin He stopped theatrically, seemed to choke emotionally over his brandy smash, but with a pause of dramatic de-termination, finally dashed it down. "No, gentlemen," he continued gloomily, "I don't say what I'm back in Washington don't say what I've bin sayin' to myself when I've bin picking the weevils outer my biscuits in Libby prison—but ef you don't see some pretty big men in the war department obliged to climb down in the next few days my name ain't Jim Hooker of Hooker, Meecham & Co., army beef contractors, and the man who saved

the fight at Gray Oaks!" "Toil us about the fight again," said a smiling auditor.

Hooker looked around the room with a

certain dark suspiciousness, and then in an affected lower voice, which his theat-rical experience made perfectely audible, went on: "It ain't much to speak of, and if it wasn't for the principle of the thing. I wouldn't be talkin'. A man who's seen Injin fightin' don't go much on this here West Point fightin' by rule-of-three-but that ain't here nor there. Well, I'd been out a-scoutin'-just to help the boys along and I was sittin' in my wagon abo when along comes a brigadiergeneral, and he looks into the wagon-flap. I ought to tell you first, gentleman, that every minit he was expectin an attackbut he didn't let on a hint of it to me. 'How are you, Jim?' says he. 'How are you, general?' says I. 'Would you mind ending me your coat and hat?' says be-T've got a little game here with our pickets, and I don't want to be recognized."
Anything to oblige, general, says I, and with that I strips off my coat and hat, and he peels and puts them on. 'Nearly the same figure, Jim,' he says, lookin' at me; 'suppose you just try on my things and see.' With that he hands me his coat -full uniform, by G-d-with the little gold cords and laces and the epaulets with And then he says, handin' me his sword and belt, 'Same inches round the vaist, too, I reckon,' and I puts that on, You may as well keep 'em on till ! come back,' says he, 'for it's mighty dam and malarious at this time around the swamp. And with that he lights out. Well gentlemen. I hadn't sat there flys minutes before bang! bang! rattle! rattle! kershiz! and I hear a yell. I steps out of the wagon, everything's quite dark, but the rattle goes on. Then along trots an orderly leadin' a horse. 'Mount, general,' he says. 'We're attacked—the rear guard's

paused, looked around his audienand then in a lower voice said, darkly: "I ain't a fool, gentlemen, and in that minute a man's brain works at high pres-sure, and I haw it all! I saw the little came of the brigadier-to skulk away is my clothes and leave me to be captured in his. But I sin't a dog, neither, and I mounted that horse, gentlemen, and hi out to where the men were formin'! I didn't dare to speak lest they should know me, but I waved my sword, and by G-0! they followed me! And the next minute we was in the thick of it. I had my hat as full of holes as that icestrainer; I had a dozen bullets through strainer: I had a dozen bullets through my cost, the fringe of my epaulets was shot away, but I kept the boys at their work—and we stopped 'em! Stopped 'em, gentlemen! until we heard the bugles of the rest of our division, that all this time had been rolling that blasted rear guard over on us! And it saved the fight! But the next minute the Johnny Rebs, made a last dash and cut me off-and there I was by G-d! a prisoner! Me that had saved

A ripple of tronical applause went round as Hooker gloomity drained his glass and then held up his hand in scornful depre-

"I said I was a prisoner, gentlemen." he went on bitterly; "but that ain't ali!" I asked to see Johnston, told him what I had done, and demanded to be exchanged for a general officer. He said, 'You be d-d.' I've bin 'you be d-ded' from the lowest non-com to the commander-in-chief, and when I was at last exchanged —I was exchanged, gentlemen, for two mules and a broken wagen. But I'm here, gentlemen, as I was that?"

Why don't you see the president about it?" asked a bystander, in affected com-

Mr. Hooker stared contemptuously at the surgestion, and expectorated his according dissent. "Not much," he said. "But I'm going to see the man that carries him and his cahinet in his breeches pocket—Senator Boompointer." "Boompointer's a big man," continued his auditor, doubtfully, "Do you know aim."

bitter, sardonic laugh. "Well, gentiemen, I ain't the kind o' man to go in for fam-ily influence, but." he added, with gloomy elevation, "considerin" he's an intimate

relation of mine by marriage, I should say I did." Brant heard no more: the facing around of his old companion toward the bar gave him that opportunity of escap-ing he had been waiting for. Only one ing he had been waiting for. Only one thing he learned, that Hooker knew noth-ing of his wife being in camp as a spy, the incident would have been too tempt-ing to have escaped his dramatic embel-

It had been once or twice in his mind to seek the president, and under a promise of secrecy reveal a part of his story, and one afternoon, a few days later, in sheer listlessness of purpose, he found himself at the White House. The president was giving audience to a deputation of fanatics, and, as they left the gallery, he lingered in the ante-room for the president to appear. But, as he did not come, afraid of losine his charge he arranged. afraid of losing his chances, he returned to the gallery. Alone in his privacy and shadow, the man who had just left was standing by a column in motionless abstraction, looking over the distant gar-den. But the kindly, humorous face was at tragic with an intensity of weariamost trage with an intensity of wearlness. Shocked at that sudden change, Brant felt his cheek burn with shame. And ne was about to break upon that wearied man's unbending—he was about to add his petty burden to the shoulders of this Western Aflas. He drew back silently and descended the stairs.

But before he had left the house, while minding with the crown to the shoulders.

mingling with the crowd in one of the largest rooms he saw the president reappear beside an important, prosperous-looking figure, on whom the kindly giant was now smiling with humorous tolerawas now smiling with humorous tolera-tion. He noticed the divided attention of the crowd, the name of Senator Boompointer was upon every lip; he was nearly face to face with that famous dispenser of place and preferment—this second hus-band of Susy! An indescribable feeling, band of Susy! An indescribable feeling, half cynical, half fateful, came over him.



"Kla'uns. I call it real mean! I believe on just hoped I wouldn't know you. If ou're a bit like your old self you'll come right off here-this very night! I've got a big party on-but we can talk somebetween the acts! Haven't I ! Tell me! And my! what a gloomy swell the young brigadier is! The carriage will come for you-so you have

The effect of this simple note upon Brant was strangely out of proportion to its triviality. But then it was Susy's very triviality-so expressive of her character

crowded rooms, half remoraefully con scious that he had taken some irrevocable step, and none the less assured by the presence of two or three reporters and correspondents, who were doggling his steps, or the glances of two or three prefty women whose curiosity had evident-ly been aroused by the singular abstrac-tion of this handsome, distinguished, but sardonic looking officer. But the next

moment he was singularly interested. A tall young woman had just moved into the center of the room with an indolent yet supple gracefulness that seemed familiar to him. A change in her position suddenly revealed her face. It was Miss Faulkner. Previously he had only known her in the riding habit of Confederate gray which she had at first affected, or in the light morning muslin dress she had worn at Gray Oaks. It seemed to him, tonight, that the careless elegance of her full dress became her still more; that the pretty willfulness of her chin and shoulders was chastened and modified by the pearls round her throat. Suddenly their eyes met; her face paled visibly; he fancied that she almost leaned against her com punion for support; then she met his glance again with a face into which the color had as suddenly rushed, but with eyes that seemed to be appealing to him, even to the point of pain and fright. Brant was not conceited; he could see that the girl's agitation was not the effect of any mere personal influence in his recog-nition, but of something else. He turned hastily away; when he looked around

again she was gone.

Nevertheless he felt filled with a vague irritation. Did she think him such a fool as to imperil her safety by openly recognizing her without her consent? Did she think that he would dare to presume upon the service she had done him? Or, more outrageous thought!—had she heard of his disgrace, known its cause, and feared that he would drag her into a disclosure to save himself? No! no-she could not think that! She had perhaps regretted what she had done in a freak of girlish chivalry she had returned to her old feelings and partisanship; she was only startled at section the single witness of her folly. Well, she need not fear! He would as studiously avoid her hereafter, and she

should know it. Susy's voice recalled him to himself.
"Furious I may well be," he said with a
gentle smile, although his eyes still glittered, "furious that I have to wait until the one woman I came to see, the one woman I have not seen for so long, while these puppers have been nightly dancing before her-can give me a few moments from them, to talk of the old days."

In his reaction he was quite sincere, al-though he felt a slight sense of remorse as he saw the quick faint color rise, as in those old days, even through the to-night's powder of her cheek. "That's like the old Kla'uns," she said with a slight pressure of his arm, but we will not have a chance to speak until late. When they are nearly all gone you'll take me to get a little refreshment, and we'll have a chat in the conservatory. But you must drop that awful wicked look, and make yourself generally agreeable to those women until then."

It was, perhaps, part of this reaction which enabled him to obey his hostess commands with a certain recklessness that, however, seemed to be in keeping with the previous satanic reputation he had, all unconsciously, achieved. The women listened to the cynical flippancy

"That's take the old Kla'una," she said, with a slight pressure of the arm.

He would not have been surprised to have so even Jim Hooker join the throng which now scened to him to even durate in the throng which now scened to him to even durate it all! fear this only excited him to further to touched him. He wanted to except it all! But his fate brought him to the entrance and triumph. Once he are no more that Bompointer was leaving it, and that distinguished man browhed Eastily by him, as a gorgeous carriage, drawn by two spirited horses, and driven by a respindent negro conchman, dashed up. It was the Boompointer carriage, A fashionably dressed, pretty woman, who, in style, bearing, opulent content, ment and ingenuous self-consciousness, was in perfect keeping with the slight, occupant As Boompointer steps in the recognition and mischief darted from her eyes to his. For it was Susy!

When Brant returned to his hotel there was an augmented respect in the vehicle, her blue eyes fell for an instant on Brant. A happy childlike pink in the cherk as he handed him a note with the cherk as he handed him a note with the cherk as he handed him a note with the cere was an augmented respect in the voice of the cherk as he handed him a note with the cere was an augmented respect in the voice of the cherk as he handed him a note with the cere was an augmented respect in the voice of the cherk as he handed him a note with the fer remark that it had been left by Senater to make the compositor's coachman. He had no the correct was an augmented respect in the voice of the cherk as he handed him a note with the cere was an augmented respect in the voice of the cherk as he handed him a note with the cere was an augmented respect in the voice of the cherk as he handed him a note with the cere was an augmented respect in the voice of the cherk as he handed him a note with the cere was an augmented respect in the voice of the cherk as he handed him a note with the cere was an augmented respect in the voice of the cherk as he handed the remark that it had been left by Sena-tor Boompointer's coachman. He had no difficulty in recognizing Susy's peculiarly Brobdignagian schoolgiri hand.

The per-room, she simply passed through it with a significant pressure on his arm, drawing aside a musiin curtain, stepped into the moonlit conservatory. Behind the curtain there was a small rus tic settee; without releasing his arm, she sat down, so that when he dropped beside her their hands met and mutually clasped.

"Now, Kla'uns," she said with a slight comfortable shiver as she nestled beside him, "it's a little like your chair down at old Robles, isn't it? Tell me. And to think it's five years ago. But, Kla'uns, what's the matter? You are changed," she said, looking at his dark face in the moonlight, "or you have something to tell me.

"I have."
"And it's something dreadful, I know,



"I WAS TALKING WITH MY OLD FRIEND, GANERAL BRANT," SAID SUST.

at Robbes, he felt it react against his own ethics. Was she not right in her delightful materialism? Was she not happier than if she had been consistently true to Mrs. Peyton, to the convent, to the episode of her theatrical career, to Jim Hooksode of her theatrical career, to Jim Hook-er-even to himself? And did he con-scientiously believe that Hooker or himself had suffered for her inconsistency? No! From all that he had heard, she was a suitable helpmest to the senator, in her social attractiveness, her charming estentations, her enguging vanity that dis-armed suspicion, and her lack of responsi-bility even in her partisanship. Nobody even dared to hold the senator responsible for her promises, even while enjoying the fellowship of both, and it is said that the worthy man singularly profited by it. Looking upon it merely as a phase of Washington society, Brant resolved to go.
The moon was high as the carriage whirled him out of the still stifling avenues towards the Soldier's Home-a sylvan suburb frequented by cabinet ministers and the president—where the good senator had "decreed," like Kubia Khan, "a state-by pleasure dome" to entertain his friends and partisans.

Brant sauntered listlessly through the Know him?" Mr. Hooker laughed a

fected him at such moments. Again, as she said, wrinkling her brows with a

know," know," she went on, with cheerful rapid-ity, "I know everything about you-I al-ways did, you know-and I don't care and never did care, and it don't and never did make the slightest difference with me. So don't tell it and waste time, Kla'u "It's not about me-but about my wife," ne said, slowly.

he said, slowly.

Her expression changed slightly.

"Oh, her!" she said, after a pause. Then, half resignedly. "Go on, Kia'una."

He began. He had a dozen times rehearsed to himself his miscrable story, always feeling it keenly, and never fearing the hearsel. that he might be carried away by emotion or morbid sentiment in telling it to an-other, but to his astonishment he found himself telling it practically, calmiy, almost cynically, to his old playmate, re-pressing the half devotion and even ten-derness that had governed him, from the time that his wife, disguised as a mulatto woman, had secretly watched him in his office, to the hour that he had passed her | man?

"And she got away-after having kicked you out of your place. Kla'uns?" said Susy when he had ended. Clarence stiffened beside her. But he felt he had gone too far to quarrel with

"She went away. I honestly believe

"She went away. I honestly believe that we shall never meet again—or I should not be telling you this!"
"Kla'uns," she said lightly, taking his hand again, "don't you believe it! She won't let you go. You're one of those men that a woman when she once has hocked on to, won't let go even when she believes she no longer loves him—or meets bigger and better men. I reckon it's because you're so different from other men—maybe—there are so many different things about you to hook on to—and you don't slip off as easily as the others. Now, if you were like ple Peyton, her first husband, or like poor Jim, or even my Boompointer, you'd be all right! No, my boy, all we can do is to try to keep her from getting at you here. I reckon she won't trust herself in Washington again in a hurry!"

"But I cannot stay here—my career is in the field."
"Your career is alongside o' me, honey—

"But I cannot stay here—my career is in the field."

"Your career is alongaide o' me, honey—and Boompointer. But nearer me. We'll fix all that. I heard something about your being in diagrace; but the story was that you were soft on some secesh girl down there and neglected your business, Kla'uns. But Lordy! to think it was only your own wife! Never mind, we'll straighten that out. We've had worse jobs than that out. We've had worse jobs than that out. We've had worse jobs than that on, Why, there was that commissary who was buying up dead horses at one end of the field and selling them to the government for mess beef at the other; and there was that general who wouldn't make an attack when it rained, and the other general—you know who I mean, Kla'uns—who wouldn't invade the state where his sister lived; but we straightened them out somehow, and they were a heap worse than you. We'll get you a position in the war department here, one of the bureau offices, where you keep your rank and your uniform—you don't look bad in it Kla'uns—and better pay. And you'll come to see me—and we'll talk over old times."

Brant felt his heart turn sick within him. But he was at her mercy now! He said with an effort: "But I've told you that my career—nay, my life—now is in the field."

"Don't you be a fool, Kla'uns, and leave it there! You have done your work of fighting—mighty good fighting, too—and everybody knows it. You've earned a change. Let others take your place."

He shuddered as he remembered that his wife had made the same appeal. Washe a fool, ten, and these two women—so totally unlike in everything—right in this?"

"Come, Kla'uns," said Susy, relapsing against his shoulder."

he a fool, then, and these two womenso totally unlike in everything-right in
this?"
"Come, Kla'una," said Susy, relapsing
against his shoulder; "now talk to me!
You don't say what you think of me, of
my home, of my furniture-of my position-even of him! Tell me!"
"If find you well, prosperous and happy,"
he said, with a faint smile.
"Is that all? How do I look?"
She turned her still youthful, mischievous face toward him in the moonlight.
The witchery of her blue eyes was still
there as of old, the same frank irresponsibility beamed from them; her parted
lips seemed to give him back the breath
of his youth. He started, but she did
not.
"Susy dear."

ot. "Susy, dear!" "Susy, dear?" It was her husband's voice. "I quite forgot," it went on, as he drew the curtain aside, "that you are engaged with a friend, but Miss Paulkner is waiting to say 'good night,' and I volunteered to find you."

"Tell her to wait a moment," said Susy, with an impatience that was as undisguised as it was without embarrassment or confusion.

SUSPIRIA.

Take them, O Death! and bear away hatever thou cans't call thine own Thine image, stamped upon this clay, loth give thee that, but that alone! Take them. O Grave! and let them lie ded upon thy narrow shelv As garments by the soul laid by,
And precious only to ourselves!
Take them, O great Elernity!
Our little life is but a gust
That bends the branches of thy tree And trails its blossoms in the dust!

"Drove Back."

By Clark Russell.

(Copyright, 1895, by Clark Russell.) It was in that voyage that I took in the Empire that I made up my mind to knock on the sea. We were homeward bound from Adelaide, and I was keeping a lookout one black night on the fok'sle, when, there coming a yelling splt of soaking blast slap into my face, I lifts up my fist and brings it down on the rail. For more than 20 year had I used the sea, and what was it to come to? An old chest, two or three shifts of rags, a pair of sea-boots, and s'help me, no more. Through the improvidence of the sailor? By thunder, then, no! What's Providence got to do with such a withered life as the ocean? Saying means getting, and where in niggers is the getting to be found where it's all living hard, faring hard, dying hard, and going to hell after

The ship duly arrived, and I, along with the rest, was paid off. There was 22 months' wages to take up, so I had scope to ride by. I took a lodging at 2 Bromley street, Commercial road, and apent in a land-going rig-out. Then I was at a loss. The name of the landiady was Mrs. Bloomer, and her husband was a waterman. Meeting her one day in the ssage as I was going to take a turn to ook about me;
"I should like," I says, "to have a

short yarn with you, missis, if you've "Don't 'sir' me, I beg," says I. "I'm no

She stens me into a bit of a parlor, close she steps me into a bit of a parlor, close with careful keeping. There was a little looking-glass over the mantel-shelf, bound in yaller gauze, with oyster shells for occasional ornaments, and a glass case with a stuffed bird in the front window. "Can I sit?" says I.

"Why, yes," says she, smiling. "It can't burt yes."

There's a many situations a-going, says she, "and a handy man ought never to want for a job. Why not turn water-

"No more water for me," says I.

"Light porter," says she.
Thought she meant something to drink.
"Can you drive a 'orse?" "I don't fancy driving," says I.
"Look 'ere, Mr. Pooley," says she, "your chance'll lie in advertising. Write out a little place for the papers. It'll cost yer about 3 or 4 shillings to put in. Answers'll come.

come, and you can pick and choose."

I allowed this to be up to the knocker, and in that same room she and me made out this advertisement:

"A saliorman wants a job. He is an "A salforman wants a job. He is an all-around hand, useful anywhere, and any time, being accusiomed to a calling that runs a day's work into 24 hours, and pays no overtime wages. Address William Pooley, 2 Bromley street, Commercial Road, E."

When Bloomer came home that night he recommended me to put the place into the paper which says it has the largest

the paper which says it has the largest circulation in the world. This I did next day. Forgot the cost. Valuing it in pints of beer, call it four gallons. I'm a slow hand at reading, and it took me a smoth-ered long time to spell through the ad-vertisements on the day when the piece I had wrote was to appear. At last, down

in one corner, I spies my name,
"W 10's a-going to see this?" says I
to Mrs. Bloomer, putting my finger upon "It do look insignificant, certainly,"

said she.
"Who in the blooming blazes is a-going to see it?" says I, a-bringing down my "Yer never can tell," says Mrs. Bloom-

I went out for a turn that afternoon and sat for a spell with an old shipmate that had brought up in the Home in Well street. He had said to me: "You'll never get rid of it Bill. O'er and o'er I've been ag-giving of it up. Six

times have I been a-running, and I've tried my hand as barber, derg-fancyin', and wheel chairman. All no go," says he. 'Here I am, three weeks ashore from Jamaica, and new I'm a-looking for an-other ship. They don't want sailors on dry land. Yer'll be drove back to it." When I returned to my lodging I found a letter addressed to Mr. William Pooley.

"Looking for a ship," says L.

"Blistered if it ain't been seen arter all,' 'said I, grinning like a fool,

I opens the letter, and going to window, holds it up and reads it. was from a gent, saying he had seen my advertisement, and was willing to give me a job; but I must invest some money along with him. Mrs. Bloomer said that I must look to get a number of letters of

Well, after that letter, I heard no more. Who was a-going to see my name down in that there corner. I looked round at the orfice four days after the notice had appeared, and says to a clerk, "Considering," I says, "the cost I've been put to, I'm surprised," says I, "not to have got any answers."

"Put it in again," says he.
"Down in that corner!" says I, "What's ver charge for half of one of them pages of yourn with that there notice printed big, right amidships of the white?" "We don't do business in that sort of way," says he. "If we did, the cost 'ud ep'yer to wind'ard of jobs for the rest Was this 'ere chest your William's?"

Ver shiping days."

I gives my bosom a thump, "Was

When I got to the lodging that afternoon, Mrs. Bloomer told me a party had called to see me.

"Something in the job line?" says I.
"I can't say, I'm sure," says she, and I thought that her manner was changed. She had a sort of cast in her eyes, and looked at the wall past my head, though she was a-staring hard at me, taking me

"What did the party want?" says I. "She was a female," she answers. "I believe she'll be able to find yer a job, Mr. Pooley. She'll be here at half past tomorrow morning, if convenient to

I went to my room and smoked a pipe. There was no letters in answer to my notice. The paper might have the biggest circulation in the world, but its corner-pieces wasn't read. What female party was this a-asking after me? A good many women kept shops. Numbers was widows in the baccy, sweetmeat, and oth-er lines. Any sort of a job ashore would suit me, and one to my taste for all I knew might be coming along tomorro at half-past 10.

Half-past 10 came round right enough for if there's one thing that never disappoints a man it's time: that old bloke, drawed with a beard and a log-glass, always keeps his blushen' word. There was no letter from the largest circulation I had come back from getting a mouthful of breakfast, and was a-shavingit was about half-past 10; whilst I was all lathered, comes a knock, and Mrs. Bloomer sings out: "Mr. Pooley, the party that called yesterday is awaiting to see you in my parior."
"Right," says I, and wiping off the soap, I put on my jacket and went down-

stnirs. There was a woman and her little boy

standing by the table. She wore a green hat, and looked to be got up for a Sunhat, and loosed to be got up for a Sun-day outing. The boy, for his tidy looks, was like one of them children that sings in the streets along with men in clean jumpers and women with babies under their shawis. Mrs. Bloomer, standing be-side the door, says, "This is Mr. Pooley." When I steps in the woman took and dodged a bit, shooting her head out at first to part them to starboard, ascerawfirst to port, then to starboard, a-screw-driving of her eyes into me with the twitchings of her face. She then said,

been moved by it.
"What's this?" says I, turning upon

says I.

why, yes," says she, smiling. "It can't hurr yer."

I put down my cap and took a chair and says:

"Mrs. Bloomer, I've been a sallorman all my life, and have come ashore to find a job, meaning to stop ashore. I've got a few pounds, and can hold out for some time, and I want you to tell me how I ought to go to work."

"What's your age?" says she, leads no over.

I told a.

never was married in this here world, and so if I've got a wife she must be an

angel."
"Never was married?" she whilst the running up to me, whilst the boy sang the papers. She saw the name of Treakout, "Mother, I shall fall!" and Mrs.
ell, an' says you're her man. She demarried!" she shrieks. "D'yer mean to
ning to talk with a sort of saar! (there's say you forget courting me at my father's Simon Dadds, who kept the hostillery called the Sinking Star," on the Sandwich road? Never was married!" she yells, road? Never was married!" she yells, with her words streaming in a quick rattle like coal from a tip, "when the church was St. George's, at Deal, and the date June 21, 1878? Never was married? Oh. Bill! If you ain't so changed, I can't be. I've been alone for nigh six years. Look at your child; it's me as has fed him and done for him, or where'd he he? Don't say yer don't know me. I never expected that."

And here letting go of you arm she

And here, letting go of my arm, she buries her face, and lets fly all her nerves in screechings. 'Why don't yer comfort her?" says Mrs.

"Why don't you?" says L "She's got nothen' to do with me. With that I walks out. The woman files

after me.
"Bill! Bill!" she bawls, cathing hold of I turned and said: "What's it yer want?"

Here the young 'un began to cry, roar-"What's all this about?" says Bloomer, ming up from the kitchen. He'd got a

cold in his head, and was a-lying by.
"Joe," answered Mrs. Bloomer, "this
poor woman has been deserted, along with
her child, for nigh upon six year, and now
she says she's found her man in Mr. Will-

iam Pooley."
"I've had almost enough of this here larking, han't you?" says I to the woman.

"Who are yer, and what d'yer want? You don't believe I'm your husband. Bloomer, s'elp me, as I stand a living man, I never was married, and that woman knows it." "How should she know it?" squawked Mrs. Bloomer, like a gull in a gale. "Got yer there, Pooley," says Bloomer, in a voice thick as gruel with cold,

"I was married," cried the woman, "at St. George's, Deal, June 22, 1876, and Will-iam Pooley was my man's name. Simon Dadds was my father, and kept a hos-tillery. Oh, ma'am, that he can stand there and pretend not to know nor remember! If my father were alive-he was a sailor then," she sings out, pointing at me. "Will you tell me that yer don't recollect stopping the carriage at the 'Deal Lugger' Inn, as we drove from church, and treating the boatmen? Didn't yer likewise stop at the 'Yarmouth Packet' and keep father awaiting dinner for us-?" "I tell yer," I roared out, breaking in to her noise, "that I don't know yer, and that I never was married, and that you've mistook your man.' Here Bloomer, stumping back to his kitenen, stops at the head of the stair-

case to call out: "Settle it quickly, and don't make no oise, for this 'ouse 'as got a name to lose. I know what sailors are, and mubbee it is, and mubbee it ain't. Lizzie, keep you clear, and if the parties'll come to tarms outside, it'll be agreeable," and down he

went. "Are you going to tell me, Mr. Pooley, says Mrs. Bloomer, whose face showed like a relish for this shindy, for all that it was as hard as sallors' beef, "that there's no truth in this party's state-

"None," I yelled, for their working up of my old iron was a-making me red hot.
"And yer tell us," says Mrs. Bloomer,
with a sneer, "that a woman's memory won't allow her to recognize her husbane

after six years of desertion?"
"He was six months old," says other, sobbing and pointing to her boy, "when we was left. He sailed in a ship called the Miranda. I've never heard of I must look to get a number of letters of that sort. They was all thieves that wrote 'em, and I was to take no notice. She tore the letter up, fearing that I might be tempted to call upon the old upon me, "from Jim Redpath, who had not be the streamed of the stream of him since, but I knew he was alive, for sailed with yer afore, and came home with

yer in the 'Orkins.' When she had said this I pulled off my jacket and waistcoat, bared my arms to the elbows, and opening my starched shirt, I turned it under that they might see to the flesh of me. They yelled and fell back, thinking I was going for them, and Bloomer came upstairs again, sneezing. I ran my fingers through my hair, and flinging open the house door, that the light of God, which the minister says is the truth itself, might shine upon me, I lays hold of the woman and pulls her on to the doorsteps, and sings out:

"Now look at me. Can yer see me? ere arm your William's "Yes," she shricks; "that was his cru-

ries, she shriess, that was his cru-cinge."
"Was this 'ere face your William's?"
slapping my forehead, and I shoves it into her'n and sings out, "Look again. Look by God's light. Look, if your durned perishing William ever had such a face upon him as mine in all his goin a-fishin'."

There was a crowd by this time, an', no ticing it, I steps into the passage, picks up my clothes and goes upstairs. After this I shifted my shanty. There was nothen' to be lost, I allowed, by a change of address, as they call it. By this time all notion of getting a job out of the largest circulation was clean gone I hired a room in Smith street, Stepney The house was kept by Mrs. Gumble

ow of a coasting skipper. When I paid Mrs. Bloomer she took my money scorn-fully, and I think she would have spoke. but my eye kept her quiet; my hauling off my cost, too, and hauling of the lying party onto the pavement, had done Mrs. Bloomer good. Bloomer good.

I still carried some pounds in good

money in my pocket, but guessed if I iddn't fall in with a situation soon the old leather purse 'ud be showing like the end of a long voyage. I answered adverisements and hunted about; it was all no good-nobody wanted me. What was ex pected was always exactly what I hadn't got. Then they wanted written charac-ters, and I had nothing but "Y: G." cer-tificates to show 'cm. I told Mrs. Gumble I wanted to give up the sea and settle ashore, and she answered that in her heart she couldn't blame me. She advised me to put in a little notice. I told he I'd done so.

Says she: "Though once might be of no use, twice might work the traverse.

Try another poper." After considering the thing, and under-

standing it might find me a chance if i did no more, I walked round to anothe newspaper with the same piece that ha appeared in the largest circulation, only instead of signing my name, William Pooley, to it, I took the name of William Treakell, my mother's name afore her marriage, partly because I reckened that as William Pooley I'd had all the innings I was going to get, whilst Treakell was like starting on a fresh voyage, and partly because I didn't want my name to meet

faintly:

"Lor-why-yes. Bill!" and grasping the table she fell to rocking herself, very quietly, saying once or twice softly. "Bill," but with a note of such grief and days after the piece had appeared, I reproach that an old goat might have street. When I walks in, Mrs. Gumble

calls out from her back room:
"Is that you, Mr. Pooley?"
"Pooley it is," says I, stopping at the foot of the steps. She comes out, and, looking hard at me, says: "There's been a party, with a boy, in-

quiring arter you."
"Female party?" says L. "Yes," says she. "She says that her husband left her

when her child was 6 months old. He was a seafaring man His name was ead?" Pooley," says she, looking at me ver I thought to myself, "Bloomed if I don't hard. "He didn't always used to sign o says she, looking at me very think now that them corner-pieces in the largest circulation are read." Mrs. Bloomhimself as William Treakell." I breathed er's face was like a ship's figure-head, short. "It was her mother's maiden hard with feelings.
"You're quite mistaken," say I, "I "What brought her to this house?"

says I, talking as if I'd just had a tooth

"She's always on the lookout for her usband, and reads the advertisements in scribed yer," says Mrs. Gumble, begin-ning to talk with a sort of snarl (there's a durned sight too much of fellow-feel-ing among people of Mrs. Gumble's sort). "She gave me your likeness in words as though she talked with your picture in her and. She says yer lodged at Mrs. Bloomer's, down out of the Commercial Road, and left that house because she

discovered yer. "Well," says I.
"Well," says she. "She'll be here to-norrow morning at 19 o'clock, and hopes it'll be convenient to you to see her."
"It'll be convenient for me to see her
in—" but I stopped myself; the bloom-

in—" but I stopped myself; the blooming joke was past beyond all cusses. "How in flames did she know," says I, "that I called myself Treakell" "She asked if the Treakell as lodged "She asked if the description she gave ere answered to the description she gave of yer. 'No Treakell lodges here,' says I, but I've a party stopping in the house as is the same as you describe. Then his name is Pooley, says she. Pooley it is, says I, the surprise making me answer quick. Then she tells me yer married her at Deal, and desarted her when yer

infant babe was 6 months old."
"Til not see the hedge-hog," I burst out. "She's ten stun o' lie from hat to heel. Don't let me be troubled by her. She's no wife of mine."

"You won't see her, d'yer say?"
"Look here! Is there any letter for

"Nary letter. You won't see her, d'yer

"Nary letter?" I says, "It cost me four bob, and who the blooming blazes is agoing to see it where they've gone and stuck it, right amidships of a whole smother of like notices? If they takes yer money why don't they find yer in answers? Damn me, if it ain't worse than picking yer pecket, to entice a man into spending fur bob, and never a one withered reply in two days."

"So yer won't see her, then?" says Mrs, Gumble, lifting of her eyebrows, and sourly spreading of her lips till I saw the red of her false teeth at the back of her

I just wished deep down in me that she'd been Gumble instead of his widder. and passed upstairs.

I lay late next morning, being, as I have said, wore out. 'Sides, what was there to get up for? Of course, it would be the old joke over again, ways of refus-ing of a man that was the same as punching his head, loaning about all day long,

comfur home and no letters, and wonder

ing if drowning was as quick as hanging.
I was getting out of bed at noon, when

mes a knock upon the door, and Mrs. Gumble's voice says, "You're wanted."
"Who wants me?" says I.
"An officer of the court," she an-SWers.

I opened the door to hear her, and put-ing my head out, says, "What court?" "The police court," says she, "What does he want?"

"You come down and he'll tell yer."
I dressed and went downstairs. Sumble, hearing my footsteps, beckons ne into the front parlor, and there I cound the party as claimed me for her husband, the young 'un, and a tall man with strong whiskers, dressed like a po-

"Now, sir," cries out the party when I steps in, "That's my husband, William Pooley. He desarted me-"
"This female," says the officer, "was up at the court this morning, asking the magistrate's advice. His washup sent me round to inquire into her complaint. She says you're her husband. If she can prove that, you're liable for her main-

enance—her's and her youngster's."
"His youngster," says the party.
"This all comes along," says I, "of my tepping ashore, and putting a piece in the paper with the 'opes of getting a lob. If that," says I, pointing to the party, "is the sort of a job that's offered to sallor-men when they comes ashore sick of the sea, the sooner it's aboard and 'un keeleg' with them again the better. Mr. Offi-cer, I'm no married man, and she knows I never was her husband. I was in Bombay in a ship called the Sutley, when she

says I was a-marrying of her at Deal."
"Oh, you liar!" shricks the party. "If he can prove he didn't marry yer, there's an end," says the officer, turning

"He's got a crucifige on his arm," she velled: "so had my William. What made him take the name of Treakell? Don't it stand to reason? His name's William Pooley, and Mr. Officer, he's my manved nothing, broadened a little, certainly, but it's William's face after six years, and, oh, William!" she cried out, how can you deny it?"

The officer looked very hard at me, and then very hard at he female, and then says to her, "if he can prove an alibi, what are you going to do? Have you got no certificates of discharge," says he, "going back six years?" "Have I?" says I, and rushing upstairs

I brought him down a handful. There was seven, and they went back 12 years, He turns 'em about, then, asking for the date of the marriage, says:
"Here y'are. He's spoken the truth,
This man was at sea when you said you vere married to him."

"And am I to believe they're his own cried the woman ailors every day a-forging of these here .-G.'s?" "Put 'em up." says the officer to me. "I can't help you, missis," says he, tak-ng up his hat.

Just one hour later I met an old shipate on the steps of the shipping yard at 'What are you doing here, Bill?" says

"Looking for a ship," says I.
"I heard that you'd squared yards with the sea and was ashore for a settlement." "And a settlement it's been," says I, and just then, some one singing out for hands for a China clipper, I steps in, scarce smiling as I thought of that night when I brought my list down on the fore-castle-rail of the Empire.

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