



CHAPTER VIII.

July reigns, vice June, dethroned, but still the roses hold full sway. Seaton Dyrart has come and gone many a time to and from Greyport, and by degrees a little of the constraint that had characterized his early visits has worn away.

CHAPTER IX.

While the two girls were discussing in a frightened way, the result of Griselda's impudence, Seaton was having a tussle, sharp and severe, with his father.

A SHOCK TO THE ENGINEER.

Always Unnerved if His Locomotive Runs Down a Man. Some one with a fondness for the compilation of statistics, has evolved the theory that engineers hold their positions on an average ten years.

WHERE TO LOSE TREASURE.

Best and Safest Place Seems to Be in a Paris Cab. If a man must lose his purse somewhere, perhaps the best place is in a Paris cab. Major Arthur Griffiths, writing in Cassell's Magazine, tells some wonderful stories of money recovered after being thus left.

One night a rich Russian, who had gone away from his club a large winner, left the whole amount, ten thousand francs, in a cab. He was so certain that he had lost it irreparably that he returned to St. Petersburg without even inquiring whether it had been given up.

The case seemed hopeless, yet the cabman brought back the diamonds of his own accord. The quietest part of the story is to come. When told at the prefecture to ask the jeweler for the substantial reward to which he was clearly entitled, he replied: "No, not I; he was too rude. I hope I may never see him or speak to him again."

King Edward, although devoted to yachting, has been absolutely prostrated by mal-de-mer when crossing the channel between Dover and Calais. Indeed, the only member of the English royal family who is absolutely immune from this ailment is the widowed Duchess of Albany.

When Mark Twain lived in Buffalo he made the acquaintance of some neighbors under peculiar circumstances. Emerging from his house one morning he saw something which made him run across the street and remark to the people who were gathered on the veranda: "My name is Clemens; my wife and I have been intending to call on you and make your acquaintance. We owe you an apology for not doing it before. Now I beg your pardon for intruding on you in this informal manner, and at this time of day, but your house is on fire!"

When a girl begins to call certain rooms in the house poster rooms, don't think it is the dear thing's choice. Her father refused to put up new wall paper, and she was forced to cover up the walls in some way.

After a man passes fifty, he hates to have his name spelled wrong. Ever buy anything from an "agent" that you really needed?

THE TRAGEDY OF A CENTURY

The man who avenged the assassination of Lincoln by hanging four of the conspirators, Mrs. Mary E. Surratt, David E. Herold, Lewis Payne, Powell and George A. Atzerott, now lives in Jackson, Mich. He is Col. Chris. Rath, Ever since that 7th day of July, 1865, when these four were executed in Washington, Col. Rath has been in possession of information which settles beyond dispute that Booth was killed and that Mrs. Surratt was guilty of the crime with which she was charged—conspiring to take the President's life.

AN OLD VALENTINE.

It wasn't much for beauty, but its sentiment was good. Since it bore some tender verses that were easily understood, it was not to be discarded as an old-fashioned relic.



THE HANGING OF MRS. SURRATT, PAYNE, HEROLD AND ATZEROTT.

was not killed and that Mrs. Surratt was an innocent victim of the law. Neither is true. Take Booth's case first. "Death of Booth Corroborated." David E. Herold attempted to escape with Booth. He was afterward under guard in the arsenal, and he told me more than once that Booth had met an untimely end.

Phil's Queer Valentine. I felt quite sure she'd guess it was me, as when she showed it to the crowd I colored so as to stammer that I give it all away.

When the fact that Mrs. Surratt practically acknowledged that she left guns and ammunition and provisions at her hotel in Surrattville the day before the assassination, with instructions to her help to deliver the stuff to whomsoever called for it, strengthens my contention. This stuff was called for by Booth and Herold. Isn't that evidence enough of her guilt?

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could celebrate some other form? "Books, Daddy, books of 'em, telling 'bout animals an' birds. I wouldn't tell another thing but books. Do you think the time'll ever come when you can buy me a few books?"

"It ain't here now, son; there's shoes for your mother an' a blanket for your bed, an' I reckon some socks for me, ter come out of this load of greens. But don't get discouraged. Mebbe we kin spare a dollar, come spring, fer that book you were tellin' about. What's the name you called it by?"

"Smith's Natural History, and a bargain I'll be; but like's not the man'll sell it before spring."

"Like's not," assented Jake. "Whoa, there," he called to the horses, which stopped willfully enough. The two climbed to the seat of the sled and as the horses started off, Jake gave Phil's shoulder an encouraging pat.

"You know my old sayin'; the first dollar you find in a horsehoe track, you kin spend fer the book."

"Phil's face lost its shadow as he answered: 'I ought to be ashamed to bother you, when you an' mother could have his more, if you hadn't taken me.'"

"That's what I did, or leastways I never was no hand with the pencil, but I got the teacher ter write it. It said suthin' like this:

"On the fourteenth of February 'Twas our lot ter be merry. Kind Fortune sent an' ticks drew: If you love me as I love you, Round in this ring, it's got an end. So in my love for me, my friend, If these few lines you do refuse, Er these few lines you do refuse, Er these few lines you do refuse, Er these few lines you do refuse."

"I got her either way, you see?" Phil did not hear the last words. Ahead of them something glinted and he was sure it was not the sun shining on the snow. He hurried forward a step and stooping down, turned the object over with his finger. Then he raised his beaming face to Jake and exclaimed: "See, Daddy, a dollar, an' I found it in a horsehoe track!"

"Blessed of you, son! Right," the man answered. "An' Bill Stone's son! ter the city ter-morrow, so you kin send by him an' git that book 'bout 'natural history.'"