

DREAM ON.

While the moonbeams bright are peeping
Through the ivy curtains pane
By their owly radiance sleeping
Every eye in the lane

BOB SMITH'S FAG.

"Lioness, I want you."
"Yes, yes, Bob; I'm coming!"
On the terrace of a suburban villa stood
A boy, he was thirteen years of age,
Perhaps, very chubby, with cheeks as red
As apples, a square figure and brown eyes.

"I say, the master has written to auntie,
and I'm to go home."
"O-h!" with a gasp. "When?"
"Tomorrow, first thing. Isn't it a bore?"

"The little girl did not answer. She
turned away, and forced back the rising
tears and swallowed the lump in her
throat, for Bob hated to see her cry.

"Well," said Bob, "anyhow, let's go
off and fish, as it's the last day."
So off the children started, down the
hot, dusty road, across the field to the
little brook.

"Lioness" carried the rod and
the worms, and walked at a pace
which suited Master Bob, and was
perfectly happy to do it for him. Her heart
was very sore about the parting on the
morning, but, brave little soul, she put
the thought away from her as she listened
to all the fine, grand and splendid
things that Bob would do when he was
a man and a soldier, "as all my people
are."

Soon the two children were sitting by
the side of the brook. Bob held the rod;
to fish was his part of the work, to bait
the hook and to take off the fish "Lion-
ness." No talking was allowed, as it
disturbed the fish, and so an hour or two
went by. Perfect silence reigned, broken
only by an exclamation of joy when a
fish was landed, or one of impatience on
the part of Bob when "Lioness" did not
do her work fast enough. At last, when
six or eight shining little fish were fast-
ened together by a string cunningly in-
serted through their gills by "Lioness,"
she said:

"Bob, we lunch early to-day, and
unlike will be back; so I must not be too
late, or aunt will be cross. I think I'd
better go. What time is it, please?"

Bob looked at his watch and reported.
"It's about five I went in, too; so
come along," and, having wound up his
rod, the two children started to walk
home, Bob carrying the results of his
sport, with which to astonish any passer-
by they might chance to meet and
"Lioness" bearing the rod and tackle.

As they crossed the field Bob re-
marked:
"O-h, I can't come this afternoon!
Auntie said I was to go with her and
some old wretch, so it's good-by now."

"I wonder if we shall ever see each
other again?" said "Lioness," somewhat
sentimentally.

"O-h, I dare say we shall!"
"I don't know. You have never been
here before. You never spent your holidays
with your aunt till this summer. Then
papa is coming back soon, and I shall
go home; and you have never been there
in all your life—and I don't see how
you ever should."

been easy to trace any likeness between
this tall and lovely girl and the wild,
overgrown child of some ten summers
earlier.
Her hair, then a mass of confusion,
was now gathered low against the white
neck, in what the society papers of the
time called a Heba knot. The brown
eyes and marked eyebrows, which had
been too large for a child eight years old
lent a great charm to the bright com-
plexion of a maiden of eighteen.

"Yes, Alice was lovely—not merely
pretty; and if her outward appearance
was changed there were other changes
to be noted also.

"Who would dare 'fag' that stately
maiden? who could imagine those wili-
shaped white hands handling worms and
fish? No; they might gather roses, but
would scarcely bait a line. There had been
times when she had blushed at the re-
membrance of her childish promise; but
her life had been a somewhat monotonous
one. That one summer still stood out
in brilliant colors among her many
quiet holidays. No, she might smile
now at the memory of her promise, but
she had neither forgotten that nor her
boy lover—Bob Smith—and, while she
told herself that it was very silly, she
knew that she would like to see again
the hero of that summer at Marlfields.

Alice had hardly arranged her nosegay
of roses, and was choosing one little bud
for her father, when his voice from the
drawing room window told her it was
time to be going; and a few minutes
later she was seated in a low pony car-
riage, driving a pair of light chestnuts,
while her father, a handsome old man,
sat by her side.

"My dear, I met Mr. Foster in town
to-day, and he wishes to introduce us to
two young officers quartered at East
Fort. He has asked them over to-day,
and he and his wife find them very pleas-
ant and young fellows. But of course Mr.
and Mrs. Foster have not many amuse-
ments to offer young men."

"Nor have we, papa."
"Well, we might ask them to come out
Saturday and play tennis. Ask some
girl to make the fourth."

"Yes, papa, I'll ask Grace Foster,"
and Alice wondered what the two young
officers might be like.
Alice drew up at her destination, and,
while she crossed the garden to meet Mrs.
Foster, she scanned the crowd of girls
and young men who were gathered round
their hostess. From them her eyes wan-
dered to the few who watched the three
energetic games of tennis that were being
played; but she did not make out clear-
ly in her mind which were the two
young officers. Then her attention was
engrossed by many friends, to whom she
gave a gracious bow or friendly nod, ac-
cording to their sex or to her degree of
intimacy with them.

At last she was again at liberty to
watch the assembled guests, and she
found her attention caught by one of
the lawn-tennis players. A net serve
which his opponent failed to take at-
tracted her, and she looked at the
server.

"Who is that very handsome young
man, Grace?" she asked of a girl stand-
ing by her.
The young lady, who was two years
younger than Alice, devoutly believed
that her friend was the most beautiful,
the cleverest and the noblest woman who
had ever trodden the earth.

"I'll ask my aunt," she replied, and
hastening to Mrs. Foster, had asked the
question and was back with the answer
before she could be prevented.

"He is a Mr. Smythe, quartered at
East Fort, and that other playing with
him is Mr. Smith, another of them."

"Mr. Smith! Can it be Bob?" thought
Alice; and she turned her attentions from
the handsome tennis-player to his brother
officer.

The latter was a well made though
rather heavy man.
"I am sure Bob's hair was not so red
as that!" said Alice to herself.

This was rather hard on Mr. Smith, as
his hair was not really red, only inclining
to that hue. His complexion was per-
haps too ruddy for beauty, though his
whole face was expressive of one quality
—good nature.

"Well," soliloquized Alice, "Smith"
is rather a common name, so why should
it be Bob! Certainly this man is just un-
like Bob as I am unlike now what I was
then; but I dare say it is not he."

With this idea Alice contented herself,
and turned to look at Mr. Smith's part-
ner.

What she could see of his face pleased
her—large brown eyes, well-cut nose,
firm mouth and chin. All this Alice saw
and noted at a glance. In a few minutes
more the game of tennis was broken up,
and Mrs. Foster advancing, introduced the
two young men to Miss Markham,
and with her niece Gracie to make the
fourth, sent them off to play.

It fell to Alice's lot to be the partner
of Mr. Smythe, and a merry game they
had. After it was over the four sat and
watched their successors on the ground,
chatting merrily. Gracie did not speak
much, and the two young men devoted
themselves mainly to the entertainment
of her friend. Very lovely Alice looked
as she talked and laughed with her new
acquaintances.

partner instead of the little schoolgirl."
"The little schoolgirl, as you call her,
is a very pretty little thing."
"Yes; but Miss Markham is a very
lovely girl. I wonder what her name is?
Lilly, I'll bet.

"Alice."
"How do you know?"
"Heard her father call her by that
name."

Silence again fell on the air and lasted
until they were in sight of the East Fort,
when Mr. Smythe said:
"You'll drive over in the dog cart Sat-
urday, I suppose, Bob?"
"Thanks, I will. I say, Victor, shall
you fall in love with that young lady? I
think I shall."

"Don't be such an ass! Can't you see
a pretty girl without talking such non-
sense? Of course I shan't; why should
I? Here we are!" and he jumped from
the dog cart, turning to give an order to
his man.

Saturday came last. Anyone who had
overheard the greeting given by Alice to
her guests, and watched their demeanor
as they received it, would but have
remarked how gracefully she played her
part of hostess, and considered that the
two young men behaved like any other
gentlemen on being received by a young
and pretty girl. But those three could
each have told a different tale. To each
of them the single hand shake, the few
ordinary words of welcome, had in them
something special. So, too, the talk
over the tennis, the "chaff" over the
afternoon tea, the stroll round the gar-
den, the conversation at dinner, the few
words on the terrace, when Miss Mark-
ham, her father and their guests stood
and admired the rising moon—all ordi-
nary and commonplace to an outsider—
were fraught with inner meaning to
three of the actors.

A month went by; one or the other
of both of the young men were constantly
at Oakfield. Very rarely did either of
them see Alice alone, and even when they
did, what passed was exactly the same
as when others were present. Yet each
knew well when they had been alone
with her, and she knew well when she
had been alone with each of them.

During that month, by tacit consent,
the two young men never mentioned
Alice to each other, and excepting once,
when they called after that first Sat-
urday, they never went to Oakfield to-
gether again, though they met each other
there and drove back together several times.
So a month went by.

Alice had never liked to ask or find
out in any way whether the new Bob
Smith of her acquaintance and her boy
friend of that name were one and the
same. Her promise stood in her way,
for even now she could not ask, "Are
you the man whom, when I was a child,
I promised to marry?" But as the
months slipped by, she grew more and
more afraid he was her former playmate.
She had now no fresh reason for suppos-
ing so—far from it; but she had begun
to believe that he must be—perhaps be-
cause she did so hope he was not. This
uncertainty made her a little shy with
Mr. Smith, and shyness lent a charm to
her manner and a softness to her words
which fairly intoxicated poor Bob. And
yet the brilliant blush, the downcast
eyes, the slight tremor round the mouth
with which she hailed the entrance of
one of the two were not for Bob. But he
was too much occupied in noticing and
dwelling on the little stammer and pretty
shyness with which she often greeted
some chance remark of his to see how
she received his friend.

On Tuesday, exactly a month after the
lawn tennis party at Mrs. Foster's, the
two young men were out riding. That
there was something special in this ride
both of them knew. It had been sol-
emnly arranged that morning, and both
felt that there was something which
would have to be said before it was over,
and yet they had ridden now for nearly
an hour, and but little, and that very un-
important, conversation had passed be-
tween them. But, as they rode down a
lane with steep banks of sandstone on
either side slightly covered with grass, a
road so bad that both men should have
been occupied in holding up their horses,
Victor Smythe broke silence:

"I say, Bob, old chap, do you remem-
ber what you said this day month when
we were driving home from Foster's, that
you meant to fall in love with Alice
Markham? Because if you are playing at
falling in love, I wish you'd stop."

"But I'm not, Victor, old fellow; and
I'm very glad you have spoken at last.
You are such a reticent chap that I
daren't speak first about it; but I have
seen plainly enough lately how it is.
We both love her, and we both want
to have her. Now, in the old days we should
have had to fight, and one of us would
have been killed, and then the other
could have married her; but things are
different now, so we'll do the same with
a difference. We'll toss up, and the one
that wins the toss shall have the first
chance, a week from to-day, all clear—
shall make love, ask her, and be either
the happy man or a miserable sinner this
day week; if she says 'No,' then the other
shall ask her. What do you say? But,
Vic, whichever it is, don't let's sacrifice
a friendship of years for the sake of any
girl, however lovely! Of course I am not
to you what you are to me; you aren't
a lonely beggar like me, but—"

Somehow the horses were near to-
gether, and the two men grasped hands
tightly; then Victor said:
"Are you right, Bob. It's an idea to
toss up in such a matter; but I think it's
best. You cry!"—and a sovereign flew
it

She knew she had already broken her
childish promise, that she had already
given away her heart—and surely not
unthought! But where was he? Bob
Smith had never mentioned his friend,
and she could not ask.

The week went by, and Alice as she
dressed on Tuesday morning, only knew
that it was a week since Victor had been
at Oakfield. She did not know what was
before her on this day. Bob Smith had
been there the evening before; but
though he had tried, somehow he failed
to pluck up his courage and tell her that
he loved her. This morning, hiring a
hansom, he drove out to the Mark-
hams', and was shown into Alice's morn-
ing room, where she was sitting, unen-
suring to read, but, oh, failing utterly!

Then and there, in a simple, manly
way, Bob told her of his love and asked
her to be his wife. Astonished and
horried—and, oh, so very sorry—poor
Alice only murmured—
"O-h, no—oh, I can't!"

Bob stood up.
"Please don't cry; I'm so sorry I
bothered you. It does not matter. If
you are quite sure you can't, you can't;
but are you quite sure?" he asked, so
wisely; then, as she managed to look
up, he saw in her face something of the
truth. "I think I know," he said, bend-
ing over her as she half reclined on the
sofa. "Don't be unhappy; it'll all come
right. And he's the best chap in the
world!"

He raised her hand to his lips, pressed
it, rushed out of the house, and jumping
into the hansom, buried his face in his
hands, sobbing like a child.

Alice, springing from the sofa, flew
into the garden, and, throwing herself
upon a grassy bank, cried as if her heart
would break.

The week was up. Another hansom
passed poor Bob some two minutes after
he had left the house, but the occupant
of each, buried as he was in his own
thoughts, did not notice the other.

As Victor Smythe drove up to the Mark-
hams' door, he saw a white form among
the trees, which, with true lover's in-
stinct, he knew to be his lady love's.
Dismissing his hansom, he walked softly
toward her over the grass. Perhaps she
was asleep or—horrible thought—hurt.
Yes, for she was sobbing dreadfully.

"Alice—Miss Markham—what has hap-
pened?"
She turned; he was bending over her.
There was something written on his face,
something on hers, and neither was
astonished that he dropped down by her
and that she made room for him.

"Now tell me what is the matter," he
said.
Poor Alice. She had no mother, no
friend near her, except this one, who
wanted to hear, and she felt as if she
must tell some one. So, as well as she
could, she began.

"Mr. Smith—" a pause and a bright
flush followed—
"I know," from her sympathetic com-
panion; "he has been here and you have
refused him?"

The question was asked in a half glad,
half anxious tone.
"Y—yes," sobbed Alice.
"Poor Bob! But don't cry so," he
said; "you know other girls have refused
other men before this."

"Of course; but I always wanted to
see him and to say 'yes' when he asked
me."
A puzzled look came into Victor's
eyes.

"What? Did you know him before? I
don't understand!"
She looked up. She could tell him;
he was not Bob, and would only laugh
at it all. She talked fast.

"I know it is very silly, and you will
laugh at the story; but years ago I was
staying one summer in Yorkshire with
an aunt and uncle of mine. Next door
lived an old lady, a Mrs. Smith, and
her nephew, Bob Smith, came to spend
his summer holidays with her. Why are
you looking like that, as if you knew
about it?"

"Never mind. Go on, please."
Alice dropped her eyes, and, looking
at the grass, went on:
"well, we were allowed to play to-
gether, and I—I liked him very much; I
don't know why—for I think he rather
bullied me—but I did; and one day"—
she spoke low—somehow, even after all
these years, to tell any one of her prom-
ise made her feel shy—"I promised that
I would marry him, and he promised"—
she laughed a little hysterical laugh—"
that when he was 30, if he had not seen
any one he liked better, he would marry
me; and though I don't know that it was
Mr. Smith, I thought it might be, and it
bothered me."

A ringing, happy laugh from her
companion answered her.
"I knew you'd laugh," she said, hum-
bly.

"And you did not quite like to break
your promise—and you promised that?
Why, Lioness, what a brute I was to
make you!"
"Y—yes! Alice's eyes were full of
a very sweet surprise.

you'll keep a promise—witness the way
you said 'Yes' to me a few minutes ago,
as you said you would years ago—will
you promise to be very good and always
to do just what I like, and never to do
anything for yourself?"

"No, I won't."
"Then here you are, and I won't put
you down." But he did, for all that.
A few minutes later Alice said, look-
ing up gracefully into her lover's face:
"What will papa say? Did you ask
him?"

"Oh, I'll make that all right with
'papa!'"
And all right he did make it; so "all
right" that three months later Alice be-
came Mrs. V. E. Smythe.

From the handsomest present which
Alice received slipped a card on which
was written, "With the best wishes of R.
Smith." And on the happy day the
man who stood by Victor Smythe, he
who acted the part of "best man," was—
Bob Smith.

Mr. Smith's Large Family.

At a meeting of the Smith family, in
Broadway Park, Brooklyn, the other day,
Mr. Robert Smith made the following
address of welcome:

"I will not," he said, when the ap-
plause had subsided, "occupy your time
with any preliminary remarks. You are
aware of the occasion that brings us
together. Since the days of the distin-
guished founders of our family, Adam
and Eve Smith, the world has known
our illustrious name. We need not go
outside our own kith and kin for ex-
amples of all that is good, bad, and in-
different in life. The history of our fam-
ily is the history of the world. When
Cain Smith killed his innocent and un-
suspecting young brother, Abel Smith,
our family records were first stained
with human gore. Three grand old
specimens of our race should be forever
before our eyes—Abraham Smith, Isaac
Smith, and Jacob Smith. I need not
dwell upon the more remote branches of
the family, to one which Esau Smith be-
longed. And it will be sufficient for me
briefly to mention the renown won by
our powerful ancestor, Sampson Smith,
and the obloquy brought upon us by
Judas Iscariot Smith. [Hisses.] There
was a time in our history when a bio-
seemed about to mar the face of our
escutcheon. I refer to that dark period
when Noah Smith, having rescued the
members of his family from a disastrous
flood, sent his three sons, Shem Smith,
Ham Smith, and Japheth Smith, out to
battle with the world. It was Ham
Smith who so nearly brought us to dis-
grace. He spelt his name with a "y."
To this day he has followers, but they
are, fortunately, few. Look back at
your glorious ancestors, my kinsmen,
and learn from them wisdom and prudence. Look at Ananias and Sapphira
Smith, and let not your tongues be
furred with falsehood. Look at Lot
Smith and his unfortunate wife, and
never look back when you have a good
thing ahead. Think of Moses Smith,
and have faith that you will be rescued
from peril, even though there is no
Queen's daughter to take you out of the
bushes. Look at John Smith!
[Cheers.] I mean the great original
John who lived so long in the wilder-
ness. When you are in previous danger
think of Jonah Smith, who was eaten by
a whale. Remember Paul Smith. These
were some of the founders of our family.
[Hear, hear!] The latter shows we have
not degenerated. My feelings will not
allow me to do more than refer to the
first great soldier of our name, Caesar
Smith; nor to the first great poet, W.
Shakespeare Smith; nor to the founder
of our own great land of liberty, George
Washington Smith. [Cheers.] Think
of your ancestors, my relations, and keep
your name unsullied. Rather let your
bones be laid in the cold and wormy
earth than disgrace such names as Wel-
lington Smith, Napoleon Smith, Lafay-
ette Smith, Garibaldi Smith. Where-
ever men are raised above the level of
the brute the name of Smith is known.
[Applause.]

The Hunter and the Bouncer.

There is something very childlike and
teaching in the letter of apology to Miss
Maggie Cline, the ballad singer at Harry
Miner's theater in the Bowery, which
John Morris, "mountaineer, hunter and
trapper in Cascade, Sisme and Blue
mountains," as he describes himself, has
addressed to our contemporary, the New
York Sun. "I went into Harry Miner's
theater," he says, "and was much
amused in it. Miss Maggie was on
the stage singing. She looked to me
actually as if she was a queen. I was
greatly delighted with the looks of the
woman, and her voice was so musical that
it overpowered my ignorance, so that I
didn't think in coming in I had actually
paid enough, and so I tore up a piece
of paper and wrapped up 25 cents into it,
and I love it onto the stage across the
congregation, not thinking I was doing
any harm at all. The big bouncer
snatched me right out where I was a set-
ting, and shoved me ahead of him till I
was outside, without listening to what I
had to say." The letter is as racy and
expressive as the generosity of the writer
which met with such a cruel reward. He
is evidently now filled with awe at the
decorum required by a Bowery "congre-
gation." The hunter went in like a lion,
and came out like a lamb under the
pastoral guidance of "the big bouncer."
Indeed, there is a favor of mountain
lamb in his playfulness, as well as of
prairie hen in the expression "snatched
me where I was a setting." There was a
delicacy in his wrapping the quarter of
a dollar in paper before he "hove" it over
the heads of the congregation, remind-
ing one of the old fashion in handing a
physician his fee. Indeed, Maggie's
voice had acted like a tonic medicine
upon him and stimulated his generous
blood. But he will give no quarter in
future even to a queen of song.

How was poor John, who for twelve
years had had no pillow for his musical
head but a "Winchester rifle and thirty
rounds," to know the severe etiquette
of the Bowery stage, which will not tolerate
an aesthetic rapture which is expressed
by the choicest bouquet of flowers. A
bunch of lilies of the valley or mountain
violets would have won a smile from the
high-toned nightingale whose salary
renders her impervious to small change.
Or, if John had only written a few
lines, informing Miss Cline that he was
a setting onto her songs with ecstasy,
she might have been more favorably in-

clined to receive his admiration and per-
haps an invitation to supper. How
abrupt and metallic was poor Jack's
note of admiration compared to those
which Fred Gebhardt addressed to Mrs.
Langtry. John's realism, which made
Miss Cline seem "actually a queen," re-
minds one of the sailor whose feelings
were so overwrought at the appearance
of the stage ruffian in the bonhair of
the innocent beauty who was doing up her
back hair before the mirror, that he
leaped upon the stage, felled the
astounded tragedian, and putting his
arm protectively around the lady's waist
requested to be "darned" and have his
timbers shivered if she should be hurt
while he was around.—Brooklyn Eagle.

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

Of Virginia's 5587 schools, over 1500
are colored.
Lincoln Institute in Philadelphia is to
be hereafter used as a training school for
Indian children.

An attempt to substitute Roman for
Gothic text in German books of study
in the St. Louis schools has failed.
Brooklyn public schools are to have
\$75,000 worth of books to establish the
free school system for the coming year.

A measure to secure to the teachers of
the Baltimore public schools a tenure of
ten years has failed, chiefly, it is as-
serted, through the opposition of the poli-
ticians.

Rutherford college, North Carolina,
matriculated 278 students during the
year just ended. Over 2000 indigents
have been educated there gratuitously
since its existence.

Nebraska has set aside 2,443,148 acres
of land for public schools. The state
university at Lincoln has an average at-
tendance of 300 students. A new school
of medicine will be opened in the state
next year.

Of 1016 girls examined for admission
to the normal college in New York this
year, 964, or 95 per cent. were success-
ful. The percentage of successes among
the boys who applied for admission to
the city college was 82.

The new Indian institute at Oxford
will furnish, when completed, a com-
plete course of instruction in the dead
and living languages of India, with all
the necessary studies to fit and equip
one for life and success in that country.
It is hoped that native Indians will take
advantage of it, as well as English stu-
dents.

Huxley, Tyndall and some 470 mem-
bers of the British Association for the
Advanced Sciences will meet in Mon-
treal in August of next year, the Cana-
dian Government having appropriated
\$30,000 for their entertainment. The
American society for the Advancement
of Science is asked to hold its session at
Philadelphia next year, so that the fore-
ign contingent of wise men may be
shipped there after the Montreal session.

A cure for rheumatism an English
doctor has found in total abstinence
from food. He declares that many cases
of acute articular rheumatism have been
cured by fasting from four to eight days,
while chronic rheumatism was also al-
leviated. No medicines were given, but
patients could have cold water and lemon-
ade in moderation. The doctor states
that rheumatism is only a phase of indig-
estion, and therefore can be cured by
giving complete and continued rest to
all the digestive organs.

Some 2,000,000 children are being
taught in the Japanese public schools on
the American and English systems. Be-
sides the schools under government con-
trol there are a great many private edu-
cational enterprises scattered about the
country. With a view of training young
men for special professions, there are
also schools and colleges in connection
with the various departments, as also a
school of foreign languages, medicine,
translation, etc. Separate institutions
are established for the education of
girls, and are meeting with good success.

Judge Laughlin of St. Louis, in re-
cently honorably discharging a school
principal, against whom a charge of as-
sault and battery had been entered for
punishing a refractory boy, aged ten
years, said: "Whipping hurts bad boys
only a short while. The sentiment
against this is productive of positive in-
jury. Four years of experience in the
administration of criminal law convinces
me that the boys who become criminals
are the boys who don't get whipped,
and when it is remembered that a large
percentage of the bolder crimes known
to the law is committed by youths rang-
ing in age from fourteen to twenty years,
the question arises: Is it better to whip
first or imprison afterwards? Boys who
from infancy are allowed to follow the
road of their own vicious inclinations go
from bad to worse and unrestrained to
their almost certain and ultimate ruin."

Helpful Hints.

Lamp chimneys can be washed easily
by holding them over the nose of the tea
kettle when the water is boiling furiously.

It is said that a clove dropped into ink
will preserve it from molding, and that
any essential oil will answer the same
purpose.

Figs are an excellent food for invalids.
They are excellent boiled about five min-
utes and eaten hot fifteen minutes before
breakfast.

For macaroni with cheese, or for Welsh
rabeit, cheese which is too dry for the
table may be used; when it is grated and
melted, add a very little cream to
moisten it.

Pale blue stockings, which have lost
their color, can have it restored if they
are dipped into hot water in which com-
mon blueing has been poured and some
lumps of alum dissolved.

There were nine rough-looking fellows
and a real bright, sensitive boy on the
chaingang in an Alabama town. The
boy attracted a great deal of attention
on account of his youthfulness and in-
nocence. An Indiana lady, noticing
him as she passed along the street,
stopped and spoke to him. The guard
in a very rough manner, ordered the
boy to go to work. He looked up into
the lady's face, and his eyes filled with
tears, as he turned to obey. Just then
the express came thundering along, and
without a word to any one, he threw
himself in front of it, and was crushed
into a shapeless mass.