0

Look here, Tonteen, one good turn deserves another. Now, if you make me one of the examiners for your company I'll agree to help you rake in old man Bolus." It's a bargain," said Tonteen, and forthwith the young physician was appointed,

Now," said that gentlemen to Ton-"you go to Botus and offer him \$10,oo insurance for nothing." "Oh, but I can's do that," said Ton-

"The company would never sanction such a proceeding,"
"That's all right," replied the doctor.
"You go and offer him that and see how

quick he will jump at it." "Why, if you offered old Bolus a cent he would take it quicker than a wink."

"You offer him the insurance and tell him there will be nothing to pay and send him to me to be examined."

So the next time that Tonteen went into the office of Mr. Bolus he said to him,

netwithstanding that gentleman's frown and wave of the hand: "Look here, Mr. Beins, business is business. I will not concent from you the fact that if I got you on our list it would be a very good thing r our company. Our company recognizes that, and so they authorize me to offer you \$10,000 lesurance on your life for othing. We will take the risk for the advantage it will give us to carry you. Of course you understand that this thing has to be kept quiet. We wouldn't care to else know it." have anybody else know it."
"That's all right," said Bolus genially.

Now, young man, you are talking sense. I will accept that proposition, and some time perhaps I will take a little more in

your company."
"I am sure," said Tonteen, "when you see the advantages of carrying life insurance that you will have more of it. Now, if you can call around on our examiner, Dr. Bones, corner First and Blank streets, he will examine you."
"See here," said Bolus. "Thaven't time

to go fooling round a doctor's office. Can't you send him up here?"

'All right," said the insurance agent. "I'll see about it. What time would suit you best? 'Oh, I den't know; any time in the

forenoon." And so it was arranged.
Young Dr. Bones was kept waiting some time for Mr. Bolus, but at last be was asked to step into the private office, and the door closed behind him. He stood the old man up and made him breathe long breaths, and then thumped him on the shoulders, and listened to his heart, and placed his ear back of him and front of him in different positions, and finally

stood up and looked at the millionaire se-"Ever been rejected by any insurance company?" said the doctor.

"Certainly not, sir," answered Bolus botly. "Never applied for a cent of insurance in my life." "Well, I am sorry to say, Mr. Bolus,

that I cannot recommend our company to take you as a risk. There is something the matter with your heart. You may drop dead at any moment, sir." Old Bolus turned pale and then sank in-

to his office chair again.

"Oh, it may be nothing serious," said the deeter; "only our company is very careful about such matters, and, of course, I have a great responsibility. If you should drop off three months after I have made this examination, then I would be in trouble. I wish you good morning, sir. Old Bolus sat for some time looking into

at his door. Finally he called up his boy and told him to telephone to Mr. Tontoen. When that gentleman came, he found the millionaire in a state of mind. "See here," he said, "What do you mean by offering me \$19,000 insurance and then

space and paid no attention to the knocks

having your physician reject me? What do you expect to make by that sort of con-'Really," said Tonteen, "has he reject-

ed you? Why, I wouldn't have thought You look to me as healthy a man as walks the streets. "" 'And so I am, sir, and so I am."

Well, see here," said Tenteen confiden-lly. "This is rather serious, you know. Perhaps Bones is mistaken,

'Of course he's mistaken," cried the millionaire, smitting his fist on the desk. Well, the trouble will be that if you apply for insurance anywhere else you will have to tell them that you have been re-

jected by our company?"
"But, sir, I haven't been rejected. I never made application to your company,

and I refuse to have it considered so. "I am sorry to say," said Tonteen, that your application has already gone in. You remember you signed it? Now, I'll tell you what we had better do, Mr. Bolus. You come around with me to old Squills. He's not half so particular as our other man. Perhaps he will pass you all right.'

"Very well, Mr. Tonteen. I will do so," said the millionaire, with a sigh of relief. But, of course, you understand it cannot be on the first arrangement? You see, I took you for being as sound a man, as I said, as any that walks the streets. It seems that you are not so, and if you get into an insurance company at all now, let me tell you, you are mighty lucky and making a good speculation of it. I only do this now because I have offered you the free insurance, and because if your application were rejected by our company you would not be accepted by any other company. I may get into trouble on account of this as it is, but we had better go and

see what Dr. Squills says." Dr. Squills did not make nearly so thorough an examination as Dr. Bones, and he had no hesitation in passing the subject all right.

Mr. Tonteen is now a very successful

### insurance agent, but he never cares to tell how he landed old man Bolus into the insurance net,-Exchange.

A Dogged Confession. "I'm surprised to find that you keep a dog, Tomkins! Why, you can barely keep

(6)

your wife! What on earth do you feed him Well, I gives 'im cat's meat, and when I can't afford that, why, 'e 'as to 'ave wot we 'ave."-Punch.

### A TIMELY WARNING.

There were six of us sitting around the campure in an attitude of attention, for our guide, Jake Carver, was about to tell us a story.

'It wur about six years ago that this ero adventure happened to me. I wur a-totin a young feller across the peralry to Brown's Hele (Fort David Crockett is its right name). In course you all know where that is. Want, we run about six miles, or maybe more, from the Hole, and it wur pretty dark, so I concluded it wur best to stay where we wur till mornin. I produce. knew there wur an old shanty near by that would shelter me. Not that I cared, and, like age usually has, it has been understand, about sleepin in the open sometimes bright with sunshine and then Antone Pallotta, the then head of the fanair, but on account of Hamlin. That wur the young feller as I told you about. Wasl, we soon found the shanty and wur nicely it to attract housed in it in no time. I soon had a fire its legend. blazin—not to cook anything, but just fur the comfort of it. Waal, I lit my pipe. We sot there fur a long while sayin nothin, when suddenly Hamlin says:
"'Jake, wonder whether there's cuny

Injins around? 'No,' says I, laffin, 'in course not, What would enny Injins be doin aroun here unless they were friendly ones? So you needn't be afraid.' He flewed up at

" I am not afraid,' he said, kinder med like, but I don't feel easy tonight some-how. I feel as if somethin wur goin to

Waal, to tell the truth, I felt just the mme, though I didn't say so for fear of makin him worse. Ennyhow I deter-mined to stay awake that night if I had o prop my cyclids open with my fingers. I felt for my rifle and found that the primin wur all right. As I lay listenin I heard a sound as of somebody outside walkin around the house. I sat up and walted. Putty soon the door was pushed open, fur we didn't have anything to fasten it with, and a girl stepped into the room. I was settln in the corner in the shade, but the fire shone right in her face, and I knew she was a white girl.

"She war dressed like an Injin squaw and had a little rifle in her hand. looked all around the room and then saw me, for she came right up to me and touched me. "Get up, she said; 'the Indians are all

around you.' "You'd better believe, boys, that I didn't let time ily by much before I wakaned Hamlin and told him.
"'Where are they?' be shouted. 'Can't

we escape? "'(Hush,' said the girl in a whisper. They are not more than a hundred yards off, and they will hear you. Your lives

depend on your silence.'
"'How many are there?' I asked. "'Seven,' answered the girl. 'If you can keep them off for an hour, you will be

"'How?' I asked, but she had gone, and we then commenced to work at our defenses. First I took a look out of a crack in the logs, and I saw the Injins creeping up toward the hut. I said we went to work at our defenses; but, in fact, the only defenses we had wur our rifles and knives and one pistol that Hamlin had. We endn't fasten the door. So it all depended on keepin them at bay and not lettin them get near the door. Waal, they cum nearer and nearer till they wurn't more nor 50 feet from us, when we let drive, and two Injins were shot. We reloaded, and arter awhile a redskin popped up, and I dropped him, and just then Har lin fired at another. The Injins knew a many there wur now of us, and four of them—the other three wur dead, and one of these four was

wounded in the head-rose to their feet and rushed toward us. "As they cum in the door I struck the first with the butt of the rifle, but the Injin, who was as limber as a painter, dodged and the blow fell on his shoulder. The next minute I was in a hand to hand tussie with the biggest one of the lot. As I rolled over on the floor I caught a glimpse of Hamlin strugglin with two and that finished him. Hamlin all this while was fightin like blazes. I never thought there was so much pluck in the lad. I sprang in the midst of them and drove my knife right into the eye of one of them. He gave a horrible howl and heeled

OVER. "There wur still two Injins; but, then they had the advantage, 'cause they wur both unwounded, while Hamlin and me

wur bleedin all over. One of them had Hamlin down, and the other pinioned me by the throat. I shut my eyes and gave up all hope, when the Injin who had hold of me dropped off. shot through the brain. I kinder fainted, and when I came to I found that the room was filled with men, fellers that I knew well, and right in the midst of them wur the purty girl that warned us.

"Hamlin was purty near dead, but recovered, and when he was able to walk around the girl told us about the way she

"It seems that she was a captive among these Binckfeet, taken when she was a lit tle girl, and that the Injins wur takin her about 50 miles north to another village, where she was goin to be married to a chief. As they wur travelin in the night (they wur afraid to travel in the day on account of the fort bein so near), one of the skunks cum across our horses. They determined right away to attack us, but she heard of it and cum and warned us, and then stole back and took one of their horses and set off fur the fort, where she soon found assistance, and you know the

"And what became of the girly" asked one of our party.
"Waal," replied old Jake Carver slowly, "as she didn't have any name except an

Injin name, and that was an ugly one. Hamlin thought he would give her his and so married her, and they live in Chicago, and I'm goin there to see them some time. That's all. And now, boys,

We obeyed, and soon the camp was buried in slumber. - Exchange.

## Small Mercies.

Clergyman-Fine weather, Jones. George-For them as ain't got to work, Clergyman-Your garden looks well

Jones. George-To them as doan't ha' to moil Clergyman-I'm glad the wife's better,

George-Them as doan't ha' to live wi her may be. Clergyman passes on .- Penky Illustrat-

ad Paper.

### THE MYSTERY.

In an our of the way place on ---stress is an old building whose rained ga-bles and quality architecture tell of a period long geno by. The columns that sustain the old galleries are stained with age, and the wild ersepers in many a curious twine have crops around its arches and shadow half the roof. In the center of the flagged couriyard is a foundain, or, rather, the remains of one, for the waters have long cound to play and the murble urn is dry,

Like most old houses, it has a history,

They were not childless, but people said that transite had rome upon the family, and their young daughter had been driven out from the shelter of the old rooftree. Be that as it may, they had lived alone, their rooms summetimes rented out to lodgers, and in the summer excluded from all

But at the time to which I refer a lady lodger with a little girl had come to them in the spring and secured an apartment. and at very rore intervals was the lady een by either the old man or his wife. She went out daily, however, thickly veiled, and, remaining several hours, reincllowed Into substitut,

silent to the sound of pleasure and delight, pledge of secrecy."

see his face. How long he staid the old This I did as a guest from a distant state e screams of the lady's child-the little cirl-awakened them. Proceeding to the icor locked upon the inside. Fearing that some cyll had befallen the little one r its mother, the steer was finally forced, that looked upon it.
The lady lay dend on the floor.

Har throne was literally out from ear to and yellow hair, which lay dabbled in the gore. There was no knife or weapon in the toom with which the deed could have been done. The child could only tell that the had none to sleep, leaving her mother and Jupa talking, and that she awakened

to find her parent dead. The glitter and glare of the gaslight added berrer to the spectacle.
"Who is your papa, child?" I inquired,

for I already suspected that this nameless visitor was the homicide.

"He came fast night," she said. "What is his name?"

She knew no other, And this was all we could learn, but in preparing the body for the grave a starding discovery was made.

The strange lady was the banished aughter. There could be no mistake, daughter. The wanderer, exiled so long, had indeed alked of the strange occurrence and shock

What could it mean? Many even suspected that the story of

out. I tell you what, boys, I kin fight not even be conjectured. There was not some, but I had my match then. I endn't the shadow of a clew left to trace him. get a stick at him with my knife, but I Days and weeks went by in fruitless managed to keep him from get in a search, and the circumstances finally faded chance at me. At last he slipped and loss out of the public mind. At last more out of the public mind. At last more ened his hold on my arm a little, and I | than a year was gone, when one day I was see a dying man.
"Are you --- " he inquired as I en-

terd the room.

"I nm." You were the detective who was in

in -- street?" "You have found no clew?"

"Not the shadow of one." "Your search will end here, then, for I am the mult

his hand and continued:
"Do not speak. I have but little strength

hen alandered her. Years after we me and I married her. She had a marriage scriffence. I had again left her, and but or the proof of this marriage with her I could have formed a wealthy alliance. was to get this ecrtificate that I went to ce her that night. I could not, however, persuada her to give it to me. She would of tell me even where it was. Maddened lmost to frensy, I struck her down at my hand I asked Mr. Pallotta what it was, et, and, prempted by insanity, I believe

This was all. The man looked as if he

This was all I ever knew, - Exchange.

Emerson's "The American Scholar."

What are the influences which form the cholar? That is the first question which Smerson asks. They are, is the answer, store, books and aetlon. inties of the scholar? They are, it may be nswered, all comprehended in self trust. allied with this duty, or as applications f if, are the duties of trust in humanity, nd in American humanity in particular

I sometimes think that in our quest for and to convey knowledge we are prone to hink more of the chair of instruction gives the instruction. We inquire with care into the academic biography of the cademic candidate, but do we inquire with sufficient care into the vital, forms tive, ethical, manly and man making power of the soul which teaches and in-spired. The college was made to make ien, to make men through scholarship and personal association. Let us therefore ave scholars, but let us also have each scholar a man. Let ue have both a man who is a scholar and a scholar who is a Let us have a scholar who was a nan before he became a scholar and who a man after he becomes a scholar .-President Thwing in Forum.

# A FAMILY SKELETON.

There is an old brick mansion on Esplande street, New Orloans, that stands a little way back from the banquet, and from its quaint construction arrests the atten tion of the passerby. It was built over a century ago, and has a strange history yet fresh in the memory of many. It is councered with an event sumewhat remark able in my experience. It was then the residence of a Spanish family of great wealth and distinguished social position Mr. I, and myself were strangers to then personally, although we were familiar wiff their reputation in the community. sail with rears. I knew it first a few years tily, which consisted of a nephew and since, but the circumstances that caused daughter. Rumor had it that the wife It to attract my attention led me to learn was yet living; but, if so, it was in such its begand.

mentioned to strangers.
On introducing himself to us Mr. Pullotta stated that he might possibly need our services in a matter-terminate how t would-which must be kept secret until after his death. This injunction we were of course willing to observe, and so stated. He then disclosed to us the fact that h

had recently missed from his wate some tames of their disappearance left no doubt In his mind that they were taken by either his nephew or his daughter. The profound agitation with which this disclosure was made left no doubt in our minds of the grief it cost him to make it.

'I would not," he said, "put this mat ter in your hands but that I am bound by turned generally in tears, as her southings selemin obligation of honor to transmit would tell to the old people, who could them to the representative of my bouse hear her means and cries of distress. This when I die. It may be that my child has life west on for weeks, and spring at last them, or my nephew, urged by debts nellowed into summer. Which young men sometimes contract, has lim one day a change was noted in the taken them to pledge to enable him to issigner's consider. From sudness she passed raise money. In either event they will to the extreme of light heartedness and have to be recovered, since I cannot evade have to be recovered, since I cannot evade oy. The exultrance of her spirits found the vow I am under. You perceive new out in song, and the old rooms, so long why I am compelled to require of you a

That evening she had a visitor. He we set ourselves to work upon the case. With this the interview terminated, and ums thoroughly disguised, and none in To presecute our inquiries mere effectually the bonne save—the—lady was permitted to—it was necessary for me—to visit the house.

A more heautiful creature than Marie Pallotta I had never seen. She seemed, indeed, a child of the tropies, radiant as a partment of their guest, they found the gem of the crient, star eyed as the Egyptian queen. Long black hair, soft and silky, fell to her waist, while her slender. exquisitely proportioned figure would have been a sculptor's ideal, graceful and and a speciacle of horror was presented been a sculptor's ideal, graceful and which well might chill the aged hearts witching in her young girlhood and so innocent that it seemed impossible to associate with a creature so levely an idea of crime. The nephew was a tall, fine ar, and the blood, forming a wide pool looking man, with the dark that of the around her head, stained her white dress Spaniard in his complexion and the fire of his passionate race in his eyes.

I knew at once that the old man's theory was wrong. However suspicious the circumstances, these young people were guiltless. Still I kept my own counsel and accepted the hospitalities I had come ap-

parently to enjoy.

My room was on the second floor, elegantly and sumptuously appointed. After retiring I sat before the fire enjoying a Havana and reflecting on the case. must have been near midnight when my reverie was disturbed by a scream so plereing that my blood curdled at the fearful sound. It was succeeded by a sound of The singular caden cehood along the vaulted passages with a weird utterance that seemed to the fancy

ghostly and chilling, as the wind in a charnel house.

I could not account for it. Struck spellbound, I could only listen for its repetiperished sements the roof where she was born. Of course this augmented the excitement, already at fever heat. People and sought forgetfulness in sleep. But my nerves were excited, and slumber had utterly forsaken me. At last I dropped to sleep—a troubled, uncertain kind of repose that wearled instead of rested mind the strange visitor was untrue and that and body. I awoke from this with a start, maybe the old man had taken his child's An tey hand was on my forehead. The Injins, and the other Injin, the wounded life.

One, dodgin around with his tomahawk, The strangeness of the affair perplexed in my ears. I sprang upright in bed, and

pression was that I was in the presence of the supernatural. Pefore I had time to think however, it fled. I sprang from the bed and fellowed drove the knife up to the haft in his breast, sent for to go to the Charity hospital to hastily. Far up the flight of stairs I heard the patter of fleeling feet. Determined to see who my visitor was, I followed quickly. Up into the highest scory and back along a gallery the creature fled. I could see it "You were the detective who was in-trusted with the case of the murdered lady atood in the center of a brilliantly lighted room formed like a cell. She was laugh ing and beckening me on. At the thresh old of the door lay a servant, felled by

some heavy instrument, and still insensi ble. All was plain to me now. The strange creature was a maniac con To my start of astonichment he waved fined in the house. In escaping she had is hand and continued: "I was necessary to secure her, and for this purpose left, and life is waning fast. The woman before alarming the family, I advanced to was my wife. I first led her astray and where she stood. In doing so my eye fell upon a casket concealed in the besom of her dress. I gave the alarm, and in a moment almost the room was filled with frightened servants. Shortly after the father and daughter came in. were greatly agitated and evidently great-ly surprised. I detailed to them as hastily as I could the circumstances that brought me there, and taking the casket in my

"The jewels! The jewels!" h claimed, and grasped it eagerly. This was all. The man looked as if he woman was his wife. For long years should may more, but his speech failed him had been a maniac. Before her reason do serted her and her mind became a ruin she knew where the jewels were kept and had frequently worn them. Inspired by some strange freak, she had sought them, with

the result as stated.

Of course all susplcion was now put at rest. I was enjoined to keep another so cret. It can do no harm to publish it now for both he who enjoined and she about whom it was made are dust. Another clime protracts the life of the beautiful girl and the brave youth. No eye save those of a stranger will peruse these lines. I same that think that in our quest for It is a memory only to us who mingled in a man to all in our chairs of instruction the scene.—New York News.

If one's intimate in love or friendship cannot or does not share all one's intel lectual tastes or pursuits, that is a small matter. Intellectual companions can be found easily in men and books. After all. if we think of it, most of the world's loves and friendships have been between people that could not read or spell .- Holmes.

## A Royal Tip.

During the reign of Charles II one Signor Letl proposed to write a history of the court. "You will give offense," urged his friends. "Were I as wise as Solome said Leti, "I could not avoid that, "Then he as wise," rejoined the king, who was present, "and write proverts, not history.

## A GAME FOR LIFE.

It was might in the camp of Maximil on's army, and sounds of merriment were earn upon all sides.

In a tent in the inner circle of the camp sat two officers at a rude table, upon which was marked with lead pencil a draughtboard, while black and white buttons served for the "men."

They were prisoners-soldiers in the ervice of Juana captured the day before but their appearance believed that they were not Mexicans.

A love of adventure had caused them to

leavy their houses in England and east their proveds with Juneze to and in driving from

a young lawyer of good though poor parchtage. He was fast winning a name when he crossed the path of Mabel Mon-

telth, the sister of Caponl. One day a pretended friend told him-One day a pretended friend told him raised in the house wiv the othah good that Mabel was his promised wife, but niggabs, but Jene was mean lak nobody I that their engagement had not yet been

Three months later found him a rayalry captain in the army of Benito Juarez, where in a few weeks he was surprised to be joined by Capoul Monteith, who had also effected his services to the Mexican

Suddenly a heavy trend resounded with

out the tent, the scritter challenged, there was a response, and three of Maximillan's officers entered, one of whom was an American, another a Frenchman, the third a Mexican. "Gentlemen," said the American, "I am sorry to disturb you, but news has come tonight that Benito Juneos has ex-

cented a coptain of our army, and I have orders to select one of you and march you forth to die in retaliation. You cannot mean that one of as must

die for an offense against Maximilian by Juarezt<sup>10</sup> said Capoul and Monteith, risrinch are my orders, but I know not

which of you to select." "Let the gentlemen play a came for the chance, the lower to die," suggested the

'A good idea, mousleur, Gentlemen, I observe you were playing a game of draughts when we entered, so set to work and play three games, the one who wins "When is this execution to be?" asked

"Within the hour."

"Very well, Capoul, I am ready for the game of life and death."
"I, too, am ready," said Monteith, and the two friends sat down. Ten minutes passed, 29, and the game

was won by Capoul. The second game, too, was won by him. "Great heaven! Garnet! old fellow, feel for you from my heart!" cried the winner, the tears starting to his eyes.

Garnet pressed his friend's hand as he

"I was ever a poor, unlucky dog, Ca oul; but, my friend, when I am dead bok in my saddle roll, hanging there, and the papers you find please deliver to the proper address, and—and—Capoul, say to—to Miss Mabel I left a farowell for her

lentlemen, I am ready. "
Half distracted with grief, Capoul Mon ofth paced his tent, his thoughts whirling

and his brain on fire.

An hour passed, and the American offier stood before him.

"Well?" said Capoul. "He is dead.

"Heaven have mercy upon him!" croaned the sorrowing friend. Yes, Captain Monteith, he is dead, and though I have seen many men die, I neve saw one face death with such perfectly calm indifference as did your friend

'He gave the order to the plateon to fire and fell instantly, but ere he died he wrote this note to you ' And the American im perialist handed a slip of paper to Capoul, and turning left the tent.

In Garnet's bold hand was written:

"I could have won those two games but I gave my life away to save you, for l loved Mabel too dearly ever to let brother die where I could be sacrificed in

"I dare tell you this now, for I stand or the brink of my open grave. Farewell!" Three years passed, and one pleasant ening a horseman was riding slowly along a highway traversing a fertile Eng-

Three years had added more dignity to the face and perhaps saddened it, but otherwise no change had come over Capoul Montelth's fine features:

Upon his right hand, setting back from the road, was a pretty farmhouse, sur-rounded by fertile fields, and, the sight promising well for a night's "lodging for man and beast," Capoul turned in at the white gateway, rode up to the front door and dismounted.

The owner of the house descended the steps to greet him, and Capoul Monteith stood face to face with Garnet Weston! "Great heaven, has the grave given up

its dead?" cried Capoul in dismay.
"No, old feilow! You find me flesh and blood, ready and willing to give you a hearty welcome to this my home, left me by an old bachelor uncle a few months since. But come in. I will tell you all."

Around a well spread table that evening Reard how Garnet had been carried

forth to be most bunglingly executed, how a squadron of Juarez's cavalry had appeared and frightened off his executioners ere the first platoon had retired and how a watchful ranchero had seized him and borne him to his ranch, where, after months of suffering, he recovered.

"But, old fellow, why did you not write to me?" asked Capoul. "I did write to my old law partner, and

he said you had moved away, none knew "True. Poor Mabel failed in health, and I took her to the continent, but we

soon returned. Mabel is contented if not

happy."
"She married"-"She married? Fiddlesticka! No; she never had any idea of marrying any man excepting yourself, and you went off to Mexico and nearly broke her heart."-Ex-

### change. Victoria's Tobacco Bill.

It is well known that Queen Victoria has a great dislike of tobacco, so much so that so does not allow smoking in her eight full for her guests is a very heavy one. The principal item is the thousand finest Havana algurs which are specially made for her and sent to Windsor in glass tubes hermitically scaled. According to The Phrenological Magazine, Queen Victoria's eights smild not be had even in Culm at wholesale prices under \$1 apiece. The men who make them receive 30 cents for each cigar, and none but the oldest and most skilled workmen are intrusted with their-manufacture.

# HE LOVED THE NEGRO

"I bey that turn' passable sheepshaed Yah evalt tasted," said Uncle Reuben as the smoothed the cloth and put down the

condiments. "Will yak hev some?"
Of course when Uncle Reuben, cook and judge, says a thing of that kind you always take what he prescribes. So I or-dered the sheepshead, and Uncle Reuben went to the kitchen to prepare it. When the fire was hot and the fish was cooking, he came back to me in his old way and ant down on the other side of the table. Doin uh powah uv lynchin down thah

these days," he said. Sweeping some of 'em off, Uncle Reu-

Mexican sell a German emparor.

Capoul Montelth, the light balrat officer, was a young man of wealth and good they lynch Jene? Didn't I nevan tell yuh 'bout tha'? Oh, tha' was uh time. Yuh 'bout tha'? Oh, tha' was uh time. Yuh see, Jene was thu meanes' niggah in west Ten'see. Evalibody say that bout him. He was too mean faw thu buzzads tuh pick, an tha's sho' bad. Jene was one uv ustha' is, he was one uv thu fam'ly, an

"Somehow, Miss Cha'ity think a whole lot uv Jene, an she try all she kin tuh make him good. But Jene is jus' so nachul bad he kain be made good. Miss Chality she try an try an do all she kin, but Jene kain be saved. He des simply ain' no good. He got mixed wiv uh bad bunch, an bimely he gits intuh a bahn burnin crowd. Yuh knows bout bahn burners? They's sho' bad folks. Jone got mixed wiy 'em. as I'm sayin, an thah was hahd times faw uh niggah.
"Thah was des one thing tha' kep Jene

fum bein hung, an tha' was thu love what Mistah Har'y had faw him. Yuh see, Jene took keer uv Mistah Har'y and Mistah Har'y, bein uh gemmen, was pow'-ful fond uv Jene. He save Jene's life

onet. "One night all thu folks they's settin out on thu front po'ch talkin when uh lot uv men they rid up tuhe hu front gate an ask faw Marse Tom Baxtah. Marse Tom was settin wiv thu folks an not thinkin nothin wrong, an Mistah Har'y, whut wa'nt mo' an 10 yeahs old, was settin by Marse Tom. When thu gemmen rode up tuh thu big gate, Mistah Har'y he got all tuh onet interested. Marse Tom he go down tuh thu big gate tuh see thu gemmen, an Mistah Har'y, betn small an not much noticed, followed 'long aftah him. When Marse Tom met thu gemmen, they

say they want Jone.

"Wha' faw,' say Marse Tom.

"Faw burnin uh bahn,' say thu gem

men.
""Jene been burnin uh bahn?" say

Marse Tom.
"An when thu gemmen they say yes Marse Tom he kindah mournful lak Gemmen, I reckin yuh have tuh take him. "Little Mistah Har'y he hearn tha' an

he slip away fum thu crowd an he go runnin todes thu house. He kep goin roun tub whah thu niggabs live, an ho see Jene. Soon as he see thu niggah he say, 'Jone, they's done come faw yuh, yuh bettah run. Take ma yellow pony an git outen thu county.

"Jene he's so skeered he don' know what tuh do, an fo' he kin git outen

'roun come Marse Tom. 'He says, 'Jene, yuh been mighty good tuh Har'y, an I want tuh save yuh, but youse uh bad niggah an evahbody knows bout it. Ef I save yuh fum thu mob, will yuh do whut I say?'

'Uv cose, Jene was willin tuh do anythin tuh git away. So Marse Tom he go down tuh see thu gemmen at thu gate an he say: 'Gemmen, Jene is up at thu house. Yuh kin git him of yuh wants him. Yuh knows I done raised Jene in this fam'ly, an I kindah hate tuh have him hung. Now, of I promise yuh tha I will take Jene outen thu county tulinight an tha' he won' nevah come back no mo', will yuh let him wo?"

"Well, thah was uh lot uv talk, an bimeby thu leadah he say: 'Mistah Tom, we'll take yo' word. Ef yuh'll move him intuh Arkansaw an promise thu county he'll stay thah, we'll let him off on yo' account. Marse Tom he giv his word, what was lak uh bond in tha' county, an thu mob they

rode away. "Putty soon Marse Tom he kum down tuh thu stable and he say, 'Saddle up Queen an Night.' Them's thu bes' two hosses we got in thu bahn. When I git 'em saddled, he say, 'Whah's Jene?' Evahbody go lookin faw Jene. We kain fin him nowhah. Marse Tom he's sho worried, kase he done said he'd move him outen thu county. Than was thu hosses sad-dled an Marse Tom all ready, but than wa'n't no Jene. We look an look an we don' fin him. Marse Tom is des rendy tuh cuss when somebody say, 'Whah's Mistah

'Marse Tom he kindah think uh little an then he walk intuh thu big house kindah slow, lak he don' wan tuh go. yuh rockin? Marse Tom he went right on tuh whah Mistah Har'y bin sleepin sence he was big 'nough tuh sleep by hisse f an than they was, Mistah Har'y, white an sweet, uh lyin in bed wiv his arm 'roun tha' wuthless niggah Jene, an Jene uh snorin lak uh sick hose

'Marse Tom he look at 'em lyin thah so still, an then he kindah wipe his eyes an still, an then he kindah wipe his eyes an he grab Jene by thu arm an pull him out-en thu bed. 'Jene,' he say, 'yuh mus' come wiv me.' An he tuk Jene an he put him on Night an he tuk him away.

"It was mighty late when Marse Tom come back, an thu hosses was all covered wiv sweat lak they's bin uh long way. Marse Tom didn' hev nothin tuh say mo'n tuh keep thu hosses dry, an his face was mighty white when he walk up todes thu big house. All us niggabs is tremblin an worryin kase we didn't know what time we mightn' go intuh Arkansaw ourselves. We don' know 'bout tha', but anyhow we

don' see Jene no mo'.
"Nex' mawnin Mistah Har'y he wake up an take uh look 'roun, an he don' see no niggah. He git outen thu bed an he go lookin faw Jene. He look down in thu abins and he look in thu bahn. He look all eval thu place an he don' see no Jene. Then he tark thu dinnah horn-Jene could allus heah uh dinner horn furthah than any niggah on thu place. An Mistah Har'y, he blow an he blow, but he don' heah no Jene answerin tuh his call. Then he come down whah us niggahs is livin an he ask whah Jene is. Ain' nobody kin tell him. Then he go back tuh thu house an he ask Miss Cha'ty whah Jene is, Miss Cha'iy look at him kindah sor'ful lak an she tell him she don' know. She

des kain tell him thu truf. Then Mistah Har'y he fin Marse Tom an he ask him whah Jene is. Marse Tom he des have tu tell him, an so he say, 'Jene dun moved tuh Arkansaw.' Mistah Har'y he look at Marse Tom uh minit, an then he thow back his head an straighten hisso'f lak uh race hoss, an he say tuh Marse Tom, 'Paw, youse uh cowahd!

"An tha's thu way un white man loves un niggah."—Charles Trevath. in New York Journal.

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