

CHAPTER XXII.-(Continued.)

In upon him, Mr. North opened his bloodshot eyes, rubbed his forehead with hands that trembled, and suddenly awakening, rolled off the bed and rose to his He saw the empty brandy bottle feet. on his wooden dressing table, and remembered what had passed. With shaking hands he dashed water over his aching head, and smoothed his garments. The debauch of the previous night had left the usual effects behind it. His brain seemed on fire, his hands were hot and dry, his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. He shuddered as he viewed his pale face and red eyes in the little looking glass. Stealing into the sitting room, he saw that the clock pointed to half-past six. The flogging was to have taken place at half-past five. Unless accident had favored him he was already too late. Fevered with remorse and anxiety, he hurried past the room where Meekin yet slumbered, and made his way to the prison. As he entered the yard Kirkland had just got his fiftieth lash.

"Stop!" cried North. "Captain Bur-

gess, I call upon you to stop." "You're rather late, Mr. North." re-"The punishment is torted Burgess. nearly over."

North stood by, biting his nails and grinding his teeth during six more lashes. Kirkland had ceased to yell now, and merely moaned. His back was like a bloody sponge, while in the interval between the lashes the swollen flesh twitched like that of a new-killed bul-Suddenly Macklewain saw his lock. head droop on his shoulder. "Throw him off! Throw him off!" he cried, and Troke hurried to loosen the thongs.

"Fling some water over him!" said Burgess. "He's shamming."

A bucket of water made Kirkland open his eyes. "I thought so," said Burgess. "Tie hlm up again."

"No; not if you are Christians!" cried North.

He met with an ally where he least expected one. Rufus Dawes flung down the dripping cat. "I'll flog no more," said he.

"What?" roared Burgess, furious at this gross insolence.

"I'll flog no more. Get some one else to do your bloody work for you. I won't.'

"Tie him up!" cried Burgess, foaming. "Tie him up! Here, constable, fetch a man here with a fresh cat. I'll give you that beggar's fifty, and fifty more on the top of 'em; and he shall look on while his back cools."

Rufus Dawes, with a glance at North, pulled off his shirt without a word, and stretched himself at the triangles. His back was not white and smooth, like Kirkland's had been, but hard and seamed. He had been flogged before. Troke appeared with Gabbett, grinning. Gabbett liked flogging. It was his boast that he could flog a man to death on a place no bigger than the palm of his hand. He could use his left hand equally with his right, and if he got hold of

"cross the cuts."

to the other, as they pushed him, not Roused by the morning sun streaming ungently, into an empty cell, there to wait for the hospital guard. The body of Kirkland was taken away in silence, and Burgess turned rather pale when he saw North's threatening face. ۹It isn't my fault, Mr. North," he said. "I didn't know that the lad was chickenhearted." But North turned away in disgust, and Macklewain and Burgess pursued their homeward route together. Mr. North, in agony of mind at what he considered the consequences of his neglect, slowly, and with head bowed down, as one bent on a painful errand, went to see the prisoner who had survived. He found him kneeling on the ground, prostrated. "Rufus Dawes!"

At the tone Rufus Dawes looked up, and seeing who it was, waved him off. "Don't speak to me," he said, with an Impreceation that made North's flesh creep. "I've told you what I think of you-a hypocrite, who stands by while a man is cut to pieces, and then comes and whines religion to him."

North stood in the center of the cell, with his arms hanging down, and his head bent. "You are right," he said, in a low tone. "I must seem to you a hypocrite. I a servant of Christ? A besotted beast rather! I am not come to whine religion to you. I am come to ask your pardon. I might have saved you from punishment-saved that poor boy from death. I wanted to save him, God knows! But I have a vice; I am a drunkard, I yielded to temptation, and -I was too late. I come to you, as one sinful man to another, to ask you to forgive me." And North suddenly flung himself down before the convict, and catching his blood-bespotted hands in his own, cried, "Forgive me, brother."

Rufus Dawes, too much astonished to speak, bent his black eyes on the man, who crouched at his feet, and a ray of divine pity penetrated his gloomy soul. He seemed to catch a glimpse of misery more profound than his own, and his stubborn heart felt human sympathy with this erring brother. "Then in this hell there is yet a man," said he; and

a hand-grasp passed between these two unhappy beings. North arose, and with averted face, passed quickly from the cell. Rufus Dawes looked at the hand which his strange visitor had taken, and something glittered there. It was a tear. He broke down at the sight of it, and when the guard came to fetch the tameless convict, they found him on his knees in a corner, sobbing like a child.

The morning after this, the Rev. Mr. North departed in the schooner for Hobart Town. Between the officious chaplain and the commandant the events of the previous day had fixed a great gulf. Burges knew that North meant to report the death of Kirkland, and guessed that he would not be backward in relating the story to such persons in Hobart Town as would most readily repeat it.

Burgess, however, touched with selfish regrets, determined to balk the

## never knew there had been one held."

"Here is the medical certificate," said Vickers, holding it out, "accompanied by the copies of the evidence of the constable and a letter from the commandant."

Poor North took the papers and read them slowly. They were apparently straightforward enough. Aneurism of the ascending aorta was given as the cause of death; and the doctor frankly admitted that had he known the deceased to be suffering from that complaint he would not have permitted him to receive more than twenty-five lashes.

North, going out with saddened spirits, met in the passage a beautiful young girl. It was Sylvia, coming to visit her father. He lifted his hat and looked

after her. He guessed that she was the daughter of the man he had left-the wife' of the Captain Frere concerning whom he had heard so much. North was a man whose morbidly excited brain was prone to strange fancles; and it seemed to him that beneath the clear blue eyes that flashed upon him for a moment lay a hint of future sadness, in which, in some strange way, he himself was to bear part. He stared after her figure until it disappeared; and long after the dainty presence of the young bridetrimly booted, tight-waisted and neatly gloved-had faded, with all its sunshine and gayety and health, from out of his mental vision, he still saw those blue eyes and that cloud of golden hair.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Maurice Frere found his favorable expectations of Sydney fully realized. His notable escape from death at Macquarle Harbor, his alliance with the daughter of so respected a colonist as Major Vickers, and his reputation as a convict disciplinarian, rendered him a man of note. He received a vacant magistracy, and became even more noted for hardness of heart and artfulness of prison knowledge than before. The convict population spoke of him as "that -Frere," and registered vows of vengeance against him, which he laughedin his bluffness-to scorn.

One of the first things this useful officer did upon his arrival in Sydney was to inquire for Sarah Purfoy. To his astonishment, he discovered that she was the proprietor of large export warehouses in Pitt street, owned a neat cottage on one of the points of land which first at his studies. jutted into the bay, and was reputed to possess a banking account of no inapplied his brains to solve this mystery. She had not been rich when she left assured him, and appearances bore out that "'twas a waste of money." her assurance. How had she accumulated this sudden wealth? Above all, why had she thus invested it? He made in-

for his pains. Sydney banks in those days did some queer business. He had not been long established in his magistracy when Blunt came to

claim payment for the voyage of Sarah the picnic, and the boy agreed to go. Purfoy. "Well," said Blunt, "I've got a job

on hand." "Glad of it, I am sure. What sort a job?"

"A job of whaling," said Blunt, more uneasy than before.

"Oh, that's it, is it? Your old line of business. And who employs you now?" "Mrs. Purfoy."

"What!" cried Frere, scarcely able to bee at an alfalfa blossom.

believe his ears. "She's got a couple of ships now, cap-

THE OLD FLAG.

Oil with your hat as the fing goes by ! And let the heart have its say: You're man enough for a tear in your eye That you will not wipe away.

You're man enough for a thrill that goes To your very finger tips-Aye, the lump just then in your throat that

Spoke more than your parted lips !

Lift up the boy on your shoulder high And show him the faded shred— Those stripes would be red as the sunset sky If death could have dyed them red.

The man that bore it with death has lain This twenty years and more: He died that the work should not be vain Of the men who bore it before.

The man that bears it is bent and old, And ragged his beard and gray. But look at his eye fire young and bold At the tune that he bears them play.

The old tune thunders through all the air And strikes right into the heart-If ever it calls for you, boy, be there! Be there and ready to start!

Off with your hat as the flag goes by ! Uncover the youngster's head ! Teach him to hold it holy and high For the sake of its sacred dead. -Henry Cuyler Bunner.

# MICKEY EMMETT'S FOURTH OF JULY. \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

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He's a man now, and a good one, but July 4, 1872, he was a freckled-faced, barefooted school boy in Elwcod, Kan. He's a division superintendent on the Illinois Central railroad now, and he writes his name "M. R. Emmett, Supt.," but in those days he was known at the village school as Mickey Emmett. Of course Michael Robert Emmett would have been more distingue and deferential, but in those days he didn't go in much for style, and, with the memory of his dead father's fine Irish brogue yet ringing in his ears, "Mickey" sounded all

right. Mickey's widowed mother 'kept cows." Nobody called her little establishment a "dairy' except heself, but she managed to eke out a decent living for herself and Mickey, and she was proud of her ambition to give him an education and prouder of the fact that he always was

But when the glorious Fourth of 1872 drew near, Mickey made an eloquent plea considerable magnitude. He in vain for some fireworks. He wanted to show his patriotism. He had an ambition to make as much noise as the other boys, Van Diemen's land-at least, so she had and his heart rebelled at the suggestion The widow promised him a flag.

"Oi'll giv yes a two-bit flag," said she, "an' take yez over t' the piculc at Lake quirles at the banks, but was snubbed Conthrary. They's t' be a balloon ascinsion and free foir wurruks, and 'twill cost us both only four-bits."

Mickey preferred to make bediam in his own yard, but the widow was bent on

It was the balloon that fascinated the lad. He was no sooner on the picnic grounds than he sought out the cordnetted bag of yellow, with its w'cker basket, its anchor and its gaping mouth. When the great charcoal fire was kindled and the pipe inserted into the big balloon, Mickey was the busiest lad in the neighborhood. His good mother watched him and cautioned him a hundred times, but he hovered about the balloon like a

Finally, the aeronaut, Prof. Winball, came forth with a bath robe flowing grace-



There they stood in the morning light On July the fifth, the present year, And the roll was read in accents clear By the senior Jones, who was ghastly white. "Charley Jones." At the call there came Two ambulance men and some doleful

As they bore in the body of Charley Jones,

that the people looked like small bugs, bump, the voices were ringing in ay a was the bottom of the hollow dish. To and I felt a hundred hands the west, like a yellow ribbon winding among green fields and forests and I was in a hammock on the pent of squares of golden harvest field the Mis- little hotel near the lake. I want is squares of golden harvest neta the Lake in the least, and my mother light souri river lay flashing in the sun. Lake in the least, and my mother light long, looked like the halt-closed blue eys of a woman. St. Joe, smokeless and spangled with tin roofs and glass, seemed almost beneath me, like a toy village on a checkerboard, its hills flattens 1 and its streets merely dotted with crawling with fear, but Prof. Winball, whe in specks.

"It must have been past 6 o'clock in the evening when the balloon let go." The sun was low, and yet before it set beyond the Kansas plains the world no longer looked flat. Just as the sun, monstrous in size and brazen with the dull color that you have seen at sunset, struck the horizon, the world sudden'; assumed the appearance of a globe. The lake below me, now looking like a siver dime,



at the empty balloon. When I can old Irish way, was holding my lank had descended within a hundred june the place I had started from and h spent nearly three hours at a reat tude. Of course my mother mit his business, reassured her sourche his own certainty that the absolute a ness of the sir would insure my aba acent near by. His only worry was in I'd fall in the lake, and a score of but were patrolling the waters watching me. The balloon anchor was abat on the first jolt as I swept downward in it broke the force of the fall and per ably saved me from a brakes links least. No, I never went near a belo again, but I'm not sorry for the eps ence,"-John H. Raftery in Chican he ord-Herald.

While "The Star Spangled Banse"

It has kee Doodle" was derived from a mill march played by the Hessian troops in ing the Revolutionary wat. In a non German publication Johann Lenning presses the opinion that it was original a country dance of a district of Ku-Hease called the "Schwalm." is suiting the dances of the "Schwalm" Len ter was struck by the similarly in im and rhythm of "Yankes Doodie" at music of these dances. At his kin last year in the village of Wass when the band struck up "Yanke De dle" the young men and girls swang an a true "Schwalmer" dance, as if the se sic had been composed for it.

All tons -

ambulance people hurst

got him To make some repairs on his injured h

Twas a gallant day, but it cost m far. For that family roll when called by Of a total of seven that entered by Numbered but four that answered -Chicago Tribune.

Origin of "Yankee De

the United States government's of hymn, to the strains of which the fact raised and lowered on forts and ness war, and "America" is the tuns m favored by the patriotic popular. To kee Doodle" seems to best trail in "spirit of 1776."

Rufus Dawes planted his feet firmly on the ground, took fierce grasp of the staves, and drew in his breath. Mackiewain spread the garments of the two men upon the ground, and, placing Kirkland upon them, turned to watch this new phase in the morning's amusement. He grumbled a little below his breath, for he wanted his breakfast, and when the commandant once began to flog. there was no telling where he would stop. Rufus Dawes took five-and-twenty lashes without a murmur, and then Gabbett "crossed the cuts." This went on up to fifty lashes, and North felt himself stricken with admiration at the courage of the man. "If it had not been for that cursed brandy," thought he, with bitterness of self-reproach, "I might have saved all this." At the hundredth lash, the giant paused, expecting the order to throw off, but Burgess was determined to "break the man's spirit."

"I'll make you speak, you dog, if I cut your heart out!" he cried. "Go on, prisoner."

For twenty lashes more Dawes was mute, and then the agony forced from his laboring breast a hideous cry. But it was not a cry for mercy, as that of Kirkland's had been. Having found his tongue, the wretched man gave vent to his boiling passion in a torrent. He shricked imprecations upon Burgess, Troke and North. He cursed all soldiers for tyrants, all parsons for hypocrites. He called on the earth to gape and swallow his persecutors, for heaven to open and rain fire upon them, for hell to yawn and engulf them quick. It was as though each blow of the cat forced out of him a fresh burst of beast-like rage. He seemed to have abandoned his humanity. He foamed, he raved, he tugged at his bonds until the strong staves shook again; he writhed himself round upon the triangles and spit impotently at Burgess, who jeered at his torments. North, with his hands to his ears, crouched against the corner of the palsied with horror. He would wall. fain have fied, but a horrible fascination held him back.

In the midst of this-when the cat was hissing the loudest, Burgess laughing his hardest, and the wretch on the triangles filling the air with his cries, North saw Kirkland look at him with what he thought a smile. Was it a smile? He leaped forward, and uttered a cry of dismay so loud that all turned.

"Hullo!" says Troke, running to the you. Leap of clothes, "the young 'un's slipped his wind!"

Kirkland was dead.

"Throw him off!" says Burgess, aghast at the unfortunate accident; and Gabbett reluctantly untied the thongs that bound Rufus Dawes. Two constables were alongside him in an instant, for sometimes newly tortured men grow desperate. This one, however, was silent with the last lash, only, in taking his shirt from under the body of the boy, he muttered "Dead!" and in his tone there seemed to be a touch of envy. Then flinging his shirt over his bleeding shoulders, he walked out, defiant to the last.

"Game, ain't he?" said one constable

parson at the outset. He would send down an official "return" of the unfortunate occurence by the same vessel that carried his enemy, and thus get the ear of the office. Meekin, walking on the evening of the flogging past the wooden shed where the body lay, saw Troke bearing buckets filled with darkcolored water, and heard a great splashing and slulcing going on inside the hut. 'What is the matter?" he asked.

"Doctor's bin post-morticing the prisoner what was flogged this morning. said Troke, "and we're cleanin' sir." up.'

North, on his arrival," went straight to the house of Major Vickers. "I have a complaint to make, sir," he said. wish to lodge it formally with you. prisoner has been flogged to death at Port Arthur. I saw it done."

Vickers bent his brow. "A serious accusation. Mr. North. I must, of course, receive it with respect, coming from you, but I trust that you have fully considered the circumstances of the case. I always understood Captain Burgess was a most humane man."

North shook his head. He would not accuse Burgess. He would let events speak for themselves. "I only ask for an inquiry," said he.

"Yes, my dear sir, I know. Very proper, indeed, on your part, if you think any injustice has been done; but have you considered the expense, the delay, the immense trouble and dissatisfaction all this will give?"

'No trouble, no expense, no dissatisfaction, should stand in the way of humanity and justice," cried North.

"Of course not. But will justice be done? Are you sure you can prove your case? Mind, I admit nothing against Captain Burgess, whom I have always considered a most worthy and zealous officer; but, supposing your charge to be true, can you prove it?"

"Yes. If the witnesses speak the truth."

"Who are they?"

"Myself, Dr. Macklewain, the constable and two prisoners, one of whom was flogged himself. He will speak the truth, I believe. The other man I have not much faith in."

"Very well; then there is only a prisoner and Dr. Macklewain; for if there has been foul play the convict-constable will not accuse the authorities. Moreover, the doctor does not agree with

"No!" cried North, amazed.

"No. You see, then, my dear sir, how necessary it is not to be hasty in matters of this kind. I really think that your goodness of heart has misled you. Captain Burgess sends a report of the case. He says the man was sentenced to a hundred lashes for gross institute and disobedience of orders; that the doctor was present during the punishment; and that the man was thrown off by his directions after he had received fiftysix lashes. That, after a short interval, he was found to be dead, and that the doctor made a post-mortem examination of the body and found disease of the heart."

North started. "A post-mortem? I

tain, and she made me skipper of one of 'em. We take a turn at harpooning tights gleamed in the hot sunlight, and sometimes."

Frere stared at Blunt, who stared at the window. There was-so the instinct of the magistrate told him-some strange project afoot. Yet that common sense which so often misleads-us urged that it was quite natural Sarah should employ whaling vessels to increase her "Oh," said he, "and when do trade. you start?"

"I'm expecting to get a word every day," returned Blunt, "and I thought I'd just come and see you first, in case of anything falling in."

Maurice Frere, oppressed with suspicions, ordered his horse that afternoon, and rode down to see the cottage which the owner of "Purfoy Stores" had purchased. He found it a low white building, situated four miles from 'the city, at the extreme end of a tongue of land which ran into the deep waters of the harbor. A garden, carefully cultivated, stood between the roadway and the

(To be continued.)

house.

Force of Habit. Charon smilled as ne piloted his ferry boat across the Styx.

"I bet that chap over in the stern is from Chicago," he whispered.

"What gave you the impression?" asked the friend. "Why, he asked what time the loe

closed navigation down here."

Altering the Case.

"You ain't at home, are you, ma'am?"

"Of course I'm at home."

"But it's Mrs. Nozle at the door, ma'am."

"Then I ain't."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## They Were Happy.

"Miss Screecher is going to cease her vocal exercises and travel." "It will be the rest cure."

"I don't see how she can rest while traveling."

"No, but the neighbors can."

### Dilution.

"You wouldn't think of watering your milk?"

"No," answered Farmer Corntossel. "The best I can do now is to capitalize my dairy business an' water the stock."

Ida-Because when he meets her he always says: "There is nothing like old friends getting together." She objects to the "old."

Manners carry the world for the moment, character for all time .- A. B. Alcott

fully from his shoulders. His spangled he superintended the inflation of his balloon with the careless confidence of a master. Mickey redoubled his efforts to help so great a man. He helped to lift the sand bags into the car, and as the yellow bulb, like a monstrous orange, bobbed upward in its efforts to be free, the little Irish boy was beside himself with delight. He hopped into the basket a dozen times. The professor sm'led beamingly upon him and asked :

"Will you go up with me, little man?" Mickey glanced at his mother, who shook her head fiercely, and then he dodged away again into the crowd.

Fifty atout arms were now holding the guy ropes which confined the balloon. The day was perfect. Not a breath of wind disturbed the air. The smoke from the little steamer in the lake curled straight upward in a widening cone of gray. The trees were motionless. No cloud specked the blue sky, the water lay flat and shining like a mirror in the sun.

"Now, my friends," thundered Prof. Winball, casting aside his robe and standing resplendent in the sunlight, 'when I shout 'Let go!' you must all loose hold upon the ropes."

The volunteer assistants chorused "All right." Then there was a wait while the professor looked after some carrier pigcons that were to accompany him in the ascent. Somebody shouted "Let go !" The restraining ropes were dropped with one accord, and the balloon, tenantless and like a rayless planet, rose upward from the ground.

Then the round, brown, freckled face of a small boy peeped over the rim of A woman screamed and the basket. fainted, and Mickey Emmett, the small boy of Elwood, Kan., went sailing toward the zenith alone in a alender basket, swinging by four taut cords, with the upward sweeping bulb of yellow silk lifting him beyond the sound of voices and into the measureless space where the winds are free and the world is but a silverstriped ball of green and yellow. When I looked over the edge of that

basket," said Superintendent Emmett. telling the story, "I didn't realize that I was going up. For five minutes or more it seemed to me that the earth had suddenly dropped downward into space. I heard my mother scream and was vaguely convinced that she had felt the earth dropping under her and was fightened. It didn't occur to me that I was in danger. I rather felt that I was lucky to be in a balloon at the very moment when the world fell from its place. I speculated upon what would happen when the globe went crash against the moon, and selfishly chuckled at the thought that 1 at least, wouldn't be in the smash-up.

"The only breeze I felt seemed to come straight down from above. I dropped my cap out and it fell like a pound of lead. Then, for the first time I began o realize it I was got up and the earth was 11 will, sing business n the same · quarter of

n hour the CORVERSE the high on seemed like the apex of the sphere, and

then, as the sun dropped below the sky line, shadows crept about it. I saw, like stars reflected in the water, the city's lights shining dimly below. Soon the globe, down upon which I gazed with fascinating interest, lost all color. The pale lights seemed to be swimming round and round. But yet my balloon, still in the sun's half light, was lumincus with a pale yellow glow.

"I became fascinated with the sparks of light and streaks of fiery red that then began to glimmer and flash in tiny lines and arcs upon the earth. Sometimes a muffled roar like that of thunder and then the crack of lesser noises would reach my ears, and I began to fancy that I was far above the clouds and was looking down upon a miniature thunder storm. But finally I remembered that it was the Fourth, and then I knew that the disturbed area upon which I saw so many little darting lights was St. Joe and its evening display of Roman candles, rockets and bombs. They all seemed very trifling and pitiful to me then, and I remembered conceiving a genuine contempt for so small a thing as a pack or even a box of fire-

crackers. "Then I noticed that the breeze no longer blew downward upon my bare head. I watched the bag which had been rotund and bulging, and saw that Its sides were dented and flabby. I found a package of cards in the basket, advertisements for the balloon'st, and throwing them out saw that they sailed lazly upward.

"'I'm failing !' I murmured, and for the first time became conscieve of the most terrible fear. My hair was rather long, and stood on end partly with terror and partly from the upward draught through which I was descending more rapidly each second. The moon peeped over the eastern hills suddenly, and then I could see the earth again, luminous in a pale green glow and apparently soaring steadily toward me. Then I could see blotches of darker shadowy green, the river looked broader, and now I could see the lake as if coming up directly under me, silvery blue. Then I heard a murmur as of many distant volces which grew louder and louder. I heard cheers and looked over for the last time. I was falling so swiftly now that I prayed and thought of my mother by turns. Then I covered my face with my hands and waited for the crash.

"But suddenly the basket in which I ...oked like crouched stopped with a sudden jerk, and a+med like then the big sliken bag came softly rustus, so far ling down over me. I felt another gentle

During the War of Independence in chief recruiting office for the miss of Hessian mercenaries was at Ziepe hain in Kur-Hesse. It seems pro therefore, that soldiers from "Schwalm" who fought under the ban of King George brought with then i America the tune of their childhood a played it as a march. The derive w set to the air were no doubt added b some British wit whose joke was to upon him when the colonists adopted a song as their own. The British it said, evacuated Boston playing this an When they heard it at Yorktown, pape by their conquerors, they realized the ed a "dast 'Yankee Doodle" was inder and their own bands marched cut of 9 supposedly impregnable "last stand" pay ing "The World Turned Upside Den."

An Epitaph Btop, traveler, and weep for his Who's lying here below. He filled his cannon to the bris-Their all cannon to the bris-Morning of the Fourth.



Uncle Rastus comes to to be on hand for the celebral



The celebration begins.

-Washington Star.

Extremes.

Ida-She hates Juck.

Belle-And why?