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the better; delay is dangerous.

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A SILVER DOLLAR.

BY ARTHUR C. GRISSOM. The Green Mountains were beautidark earth below, with its bleak, brown shrubbery, afforded a contrast as novel as it was beautiful.

It's so," continued Harry, firmly.

"There were thousands of 1804 dollars coined, but no one knows what become

At the foot of the mountains, peace lace possessed no distinguishing charrecord, and its progress for a score of years could be told in a breath.

Climbing upward from the village to-ward a solitary and dilapidated little clad for that season of the year. 'hrough his ragged' shoes his hands loons were thin and tattered.

But his eyes were bright and his exression showed a spirit of honesty nd resolution.

rock, and gazed with a meancholy air down upon the village.

All the region was silent. It was early morning, and not yet time for the sound of the wood-chopper's axe to echo through the mountains. Volumes of white-fringed smoke rose hesitatingly from the chipmans of the little want.

dearly beloved, for he had never known not for what they would purchase—that was little, indeed—but for their

Two or three weeks before some Boston dealer in old and rare coins, having somehow secured his name and address, had sent him a catalogue with descriptions and prices of ancient money pieces, and it had interested him. Straightway he had become a coin colector. In the bottom of one of the old bureaa drawers where his mother kept odds and ends, he remembered to have seen some curious old copper cents, large in size-two or

did he know of any one who had coms to exchange. So he was not much of a collector after all. As he rattled the copper and fanci ed it gold, he began to think what he

Medicine for mother that would econd-hand shoes of Sam Ragland,s

This fine air castle was suddenly dashed to ruins by the sound of approaching footsteps, and, turning around, he beheld a boy of about his own age, but heavier and warmly dressed, com

ing down the steep path. leasant features and an awkward body.

"Hullo, Henly!" said the young

very much money," he said shortly.
"Has old Miser Brown paid you

"Not yet, was the reply. "I'm or through about noon, I guess. These

"Let me look at 'em," said the other. He leaned his gun against the rock where Harry was, and sat down on a ock near by. "I tramped up the mountain to fine

cottontail this morning," he remark larter's Pond; I hear there's a lot of ducks over there.' "He took the coins in his hand and glanced over them carelessly.

"All copper cents, aint they!" said "I wish one of'em was dated 1793,

"It'd be worth two dollars. There's premium on coppers of that date, beause they're made different from others and are scarce. "Who'il pay two dollars for one 1'd

like to know!" "There's a man in Boston that would for he says so in this book I've got in my pockte."
"What book!"

Harry produced the catalogue, which

nistakable figures, "1804!" back with a sniff of disdain. No wonder he was agitated. In his "I don't like books!" he declared hand was a perfect specimen of the most famous and valuable of all Ameri-

"That's all bosh, any way."
"No, it isn't," Harry assented, with spirit. "Now, If I had a dollar of 1804 do you know what I could get tor it? Five hundred dollars!" Sam was much amused at this state ment, and burst into a loud guffaw "Bosh!" he exclaimed.

coined, but no one knows what become of 'em, except about ten or twelve That's all any one knows anything about, this book says. So there's a sort of a mystery about that dollar, and it's so scarce these rich men in the cities that like to own curiosities are willing to pay an awful big price for one of 'em. I tell ye, I wish I had

"You're a ninny!" said Sam, contemptuously. Then he changed the subject by asking, "When are ye goin, to pay me for them shoes, Henley!" Harry hesitated. "I'm sfraid I can't

take 'em, Sam,' he replied.
"Can't take 'em! Well, what did ye nean by sayin' you'd take 'em? They're good shoes -I never wore 'em much, cause they're too small for me, and they're well worth a dollar, and twice that. I wouldn't let anybody else but but you have 'em for a dollar."

This last remark was a very persuas-ve character, but it lost its force when Harry remembered that the shoes had een offered to one boy for ninety-five ents But he did not refer to this. "I'll tell you why I can't take 'em.

e said. "Mother's come down sick ince I made the bargain with youshe's awful sick with pneumonis-and I'll have to take all the money I can get to buy medicine for her."

The boy's pinched face was pitiful as he said this, his eyes bent on the poor shoes that only half covered his cold feet. But Sam Ragland was not one to be touched by any such picture. He began to scowl.

"I thought you was a feller of yer word," he muttered. "You said that as soon as old Brown paid you for workin' up that wood you'd take the hoes. And you said you thought you'l get yer money last night er this morning. Now I want to go over to Carter's Pond this afternoon, and I've got to have some ammunition, 'cause m nearly out. I've been dependin' on that dollar you promised to buy some more shells with, and I've got to have

"I need the shoes bad enough; I guess," replied Harry, mornfully; "and I know I told you I'd buy 'em last night or this morning. But I didn't get through the wood as soon as I exceed." pected There was the biggest four cords lever saw. And when I promisd, mother wasn't sick-"

"Yer mother bein' sick don't have nothin, to do with the case," averred Sam, angrily, as he got upon his feet and took up his gun. "You bargained to take them shoes, and you've got to three times as large as ordinary cent pieces. Eagerly he went to learn their dates, but none of them was quoted at any price.

| O take them subs, any you to get them, a lickin'. You said you'd get through the job about noon, so I'il see ye then, an' bring the shoes, an' don't you forget to have the dollar

Harry replaced the coins and cataogue in his pocket and arose, too. Sam did not wait for him to reply, but whistling to his dog, strode down the mountain toward the village.
"I wonder what the old man will

pay me," Harry murmared to himself, as he continued his way up to the cabin. "He said he'd pay me well. He's so awfully stingy, though; I reckon he can't pay me less'u two dollars-two made a spurt and got past his awkdollars for four cords is awful cheap. Then, if I have to buy them shoes-I'd have a dollar left for the medicin

anyway.
"Old Miser Brown," as every one i Meadowvale called him, bad lived alone on the mountain for forty years. He was an avaricious old man, who hoarded his pennies as if they would save his soul. It was said that he had a large amount of gold and silver secret d somewhere about the hovel he called his home-money that came into his possession when he was young. But he spent none of it except for his scanty

He had offered to pay Harry Henley 'weli" to saw a lot of wood for himenough to last him many months, with is economical use of fuel-and the poor boy had jumped at the chance of arning the trifle.

All the forenoon the boy worked at the pile of wood, which by his continued application, had been growing beautifully less, and was now nearly done for. At intervals he sat on his saw-horse to rest, and at such times he was sure to draw forth the fascinating coin catalogue.

By noon the last stick was sawed. and Harry knocked at the cabin door to ask for his hard-earned pay. The old man shuffled out, to make sure that no stick remained uncut, and then extended in his withered palm one silver dollar with out saying a word. "Harry's pale face grew still more

pale. "Is this all you are going to give me?" he asked faintly. "Yes," was the sharp answer. "But you said you'd pay me well and there was four big cords-four big

cords-The miser glared at him with th ferocity of a wild beast. "Not anoth er cent," he cried, harshly-"not another cent, not one, sir!', "My mother's sick, Mr. Brown," be

gan the boy again, but again he was "Clear out!" the old man fierdly ut tered. "Clear out!" ttontail this morning." he remark-"This afternoon I'm goin' over to away and took the path down the untain. He was almost too dazed

and disappointed to think with any clearness. When he arrived at the clearness. When he arrived at the rock which had afforded him a seat in the morning, he again sat down, to brood over his ill-fortune and plan th disposition of his single dollar. Before very long he gave expression to this discussion: "I'll take the promised licken before I'll take the shoes

That dollar"-and he made a determ

ined gesture with the coin in right

ance. As his eyes fell upon the piece

hand. But he did not finish the sent-

he started excitedly to his feet, and strange cry came from his throat. The coin was bright and new in ap pearance, and had evidently been in circulation but little. But it was not that so suddenly animated the boy. was already worn with the owner's He noted first that the head of "Liberty frequent study of its contents. He faced to the right, instead of to the

An Almost Forgotten Orime-

In Captain Basil Hall's account of is travels in the United States, in 1881, liam Chapman, of Bensalem, now an It was Harry's first impulse to rush

almost forgotten crime as follows.
"In Captain Basil Hall's account exultantly down to his home and to his mother's bedside, and there pro-claim his extraordinary wealth; but anis travels in the United States

kept a boarding house at Audalusta, in "You've given me a dollar worth five hundred times a dollar," Harry be-Bucks county. He was especially sucstammered on, "you can sell this for five hundred dollars, or more—" "You're crazy!" cried the old hermit. maiden name was Winslow and she "Clear out! You can get no more money out of me. Clear out!" He slammed the door. Again Harry started down the mountain. His step Madame Le Brun's Ladies' school was lighter now. He had done his duty; his conscience was for the an excellent reputation. On the 19th moment clear. Indignant at his rude of May 1831, Mr. Chapman and his family were seated on the porch of their dwelling at Andalusia when a came into the yard and in broken Eng-lish asked for something to eat. Chap-Half-way on the steep decent he met | man was kindly in disposition and gave largely in charity and he ordered the man into the kitchen, where he got a good meal. He then asked per-

Harry gave detailed explanation of double crime. Mrs. Chapman seemed the circumstances which prevented his to be infatuated with the man, alabject creature. He gave his name a of its won lerful value, and he promised | Lino Amalio Esposy Mina and stated that his father was Governor of Cali Chapman championed him and, having command over her husband, got him to advance money for a suit of clothes. way, and in turn leaped after the coin.

the declivity at full speed.

After him ran the boys, Sam calling to him to stop in harsh, loud tones; but city and went to Durand's drug store, before, but the recollection of it hapdog would drop it at some spot where June, Chap van was taken sick and but the unfortunate man grew worse and on the 23d he died. The house and which Mina had taken to his over people began to talk, and when, on the 5th of July, twelve days after ward enemy; but the dog was getting her husband's death, his widow was married to Mina, public suspicion be-

estigation. "Mina had, immediately after th wedding, commenced to collect and sell the furniture in the house sul Mrs. Chapman's eyes were then opened to the character of the scoundrel wh had misled her. Taking her four chi dren, the eldest a girl of ten, she fled to Erie, Pa, and here she was arrested. Mina escaped to Boston, but in Sep-

"In her last letter to Mina was the entence: Believe me Lino, that Gowill not suffer you or me to be happy this side of the grave.' On the 20th o he dollar was for the moment suspended by the necessity of a quick inerference to save his dog from being man and her daughter Lucretia.

"Mina was tried and convicted May , 1831, and was hanged in Doyles He made a confession, knewledging that he administered the poison to Mr. Chapman in his food and that Mrs. Chapman was cognizant of all he did. He was a native of Cuba and was born in 1809."-Doyles town Demacrat.

Under the Spell of a Snake-

in the bushes,

refers to the murder of Dr. Wil-

old man thrust out his head with the savage inquiry, "What is wanted?" highly-respected school-master, who was a New Englander by birth. Pre-vious to her marriage to Mr. Chap-man she had been a teacher in Spruce street, Philadelphia, and had

> night stating that he was penniless. "Mr. Chapman seems to have distrusted him, but, to the surprise of all, his wife took part in the discussion by insisting that the tramp should be permitted to stay, and he entered the house into which he was fated to bring though to others he was a fawning, fornia and his wealth enormous. So And you!" contradictory were his statements and so palpable his lies that those who came in contact with him at once set him down as an impostor, but Mrs.

James Page's, at Sixth and Chestnut Street, where he was measured for an heyed the Mexican was a scoundrel He was now an inmate of the family out riding together and were seen by iece in his mouth, and dashed pown the neighbors in compromising situa-

gan to take the shape of a legal in-

back to Doylestown. "Mrs. Chapman was tried first be fore Judge Fox. David Paul Brown William B. Reed and Pelle McCai were her lawyers. In the trial Brown made the effort of his life and was regarded thenceforth as the greatest criminal lawyer in the United States After reading the evidence it seems in credible that a hard-headed country

jury could have acquitted the murderer

had a thrilling experience near Jones town says the Reading Eagle. was out fishing, and while seated along the edge of some bushes his attention ed intense agony and the perspiration dropped from his forhead. Sudden! most thrilling experience of his life.

nervously into a chair,
"The stupid wretch," she exclaimed.
"He ought to have had more sense than to take me at my word." Suddenly she stooped to the floor, picked up a small ivory tablet that had dropped from Algernon's pocket, pressed it passionately to her lips, bowed her head upon her hands and

obbed aloud. Years had passed. The afternoon sun was gilding the pretentious spires and cupolas of an ambitious western town, and the soft, weird music of the fish peddler's horn was heard in the street, when a middle aged man with steps and knocked at the door.
A lady answered the knock—a lady.

The Correct Version

TOLD BY A LATER DAY NOVELIST "So this winds the thing up, does it,

Miss Pankey?"
"It does, Mr Swackhammer."

THE STORY OF THE "SWEETHEARTS" AS

"And you haven't any explanation to

"What explanation do you want? I have told you I wished to break off

he engagement because it has become rksome to me. Isn't that enough?"

The young man uncrossed his legs, got up, and reached for his hat.

ply, and Algernon Swackhammer, with a low bow, turned upon his heel

When the door had closed upon his

retreating form the young woman sank

and walked out.

"Seems strange," he said, as a yearnng look came into his eyes, "that the engagement didn't become irksome to you until the oyster season was over." Miss Pankey did not deign any re-

well preserved but no longer young.

The stranger bared his head. His hair was beginning to turn gray, but time had evidently dealt with him leniently, and care had left no deep

traces on his brow.. He spoke: "Is the gentlemen of the house-am I dreaming? Isn't this Cassimere Pan-key? Or rather"—and he smiled— "isn't this the lady who was once Miss

Cassimere Pankey?"
"I am Miss Pankey," she answered, and you are Algernon Swackhammer. I recognized you as soon as I saw

wou. Won't you come int "Well, well," said the middle aged traveler, as he sat in an easy chair the the front parlor a few moments later and looked with interest at the face of the lady. "Who would have thought of meeting you here? And you tell me you are still Miss Pankey?

isn't this your home? "It is my brother's He is a widower. I keep house for him.' "And you never married?"

"How have you prospered!" "I-I have no reason for complaint.

"I have hal a great many hard kuocks, Cassimere-Miss Pankeysince we met last. By the way, we parted rather unceremoniously, didn't The lady sighed. "And I always felt that I owed you an apology," he continued, "for not sending your photograph back after you had returned mine: but the fact

is," he went on, awkwardly, I-ercouldn't find it. It got lost somehow.

Miss Pankey sighed again.

"That reminds me," pursued Mr.

Swackhammer, "that I lost a little book slate the last evening I was at your house. I must have dropped out of my pocket in some way. wasn't of any particular value, and I

little black book slate. "I'm sure it was a white tablet."

Going to the mantle she opened a dush lined jewel casket and took out little ivory tablet. "Here it is," she said.

"And you have kept it all these years!" exclaimed Mr. Swackhammer. "I see I was mistaken. But to change the subject. Do you consider yourself — aw — fixed in life? Have

on no-plans for the future? "Why, I"-She paused, and her visitor pro-

peeded. "In a sense, I suppose, you are a fixture here? Your brother's children are to some extent dependent upon

"Of curse, but"-"Then permit me, Miss Pankey for he sake of old times," said Mr. Swack sammer, rapidly, as he opened his alise and took out a number of documents, "to call your attention to the fact that life is uncertain, disease and ieath stalk abroad in the land, fatal ccidents may happen at any time, and it is the part of wisdom to provide against contingencies by securing those who are or may be dependent apon us against want. In the policies of the Limpinlazarus Lafe Insurance company, which I represent, and for which I have travelled for the last seven years, you will find the most perfeet system, the surest guarantee, the most absolute security offered by any ompany in the field, and either on the ten year, the endowment, or the life plan, as you may prefer, you will find the premiums smaller in proportion to the gilt edged character of the insurance afforded than in any that has ever come under your notice, while the non-forfeitable feature of the policies, peculiar to our company alone, together with the dividends that accrue after the third year, thus steadily decreasing the annual premiums, while at

the same time"---"Was this your object in calling, Al-Mr. Swackbammer? "It was Miss Pankey. I've just be

gun to work this town. Opening the little ivory tablet be began jotting figures down in it with "Now here you will see," he said, that on the ten year plan -let me see,

what is your age, please?" "You will please excuse me sir. have some bread in the oven that must go and look at, and I don't need any life insurance. Neither does my brother. I wish you success, Mr.

Swackhammer. Good afternoon. Miss Cassimere Pankey art in pen siya silence a minute or two after caller had departed, then picked up the little ivery tablet, put it back into the plush covered jewel case, took them both out to the kitcher, tossed them lyzed. He could not move nor utter a into the stove and went about her work with a firm and decided expres-

l sion on her face. Three weeks afterwards she married a baldheaded dentist 57 years old, who had been making love to her unsuecessfully for about eight years. - Chi-

Customer-Have you anything that will cure a corn.

Druggist-Yes, are bere's a preparason that I put up myself. It's a sure cure. Why, two got a corn that I've been putting it on for nearly two years, and I wouldn't think of using

ful in a garb of perfect white, their huge, council forms strongly outlined against the dun winter sky. The snow line's limit was abruptly marked a thousand feet above the level, and the

ful and picturesque lay the village of Meadowvale, which was like many towns of rural New England. The seristic; it was one of the sleepy old haunts that abound in the Vermont hills, with no claims to fame, no ambition, no distinction but existance. Not startling event marked its municipal

hut which hung on the mountain-side, was a slender, wan-faced boy, poorly acked mittens, and his jacket and pant-

The path was steep and rugged, and presently the boy paused for breath. He seated himself on a convenent

from the chimneys of the little weathrworn dwellings, and vanished in the hungry atmosphere. Far down a wide irregular street, almost at the end, he could discern his own humble home,

From one of his patched pockets the oy drew a half-dozen old coins, of alnost no intrinsic value, and began to ingle them in his hand. The sound was pleasant to him. It was not often that he heard money rattle, and although these pieces were practically valucless, they were his own, and as they rattled musically he could imagine them gold. He really prized them highly,

age and their peculiar character.

any price.

These odd coppers his mother had saved as relies of her girlhood, since they had been the first money she had ever owned, and now, being given to him, they served to establish the foundation of his collection. But just there his collection stopped. He had no money to pay for other coins, not

vould do with so much money, and the shadow on his face lighted and his ves danced.

nake her well right away-that the irst thing," he soliloquized. "Then Mary should go to that type writing school in the city and learn to be a type writer, and then get a position at wenty dollars a month. Sie's been dreamin' of that this long time-ever since she read that peace in the paper. Theu-then I'd have a new pair of shoes, sure's I'm a livin' boy. No

The new-comer carried a gun on his showlder, and wore a belt of cartridges about his waist. At his heels trotted a dog, a big, shaggy fellow, that certainly had no claim to beauty. The animal resembled his master in this respect, for the latter had course, un-

sportsman, familiarly. "You seem to have lots of money this morning. I heard the chink of your coins way up Harry Henly smiled faintly. "Not

my way up now to finish the job, and then he'll pay me, I suppose. I'll get are some old copper cents mother gave

omething to shoot, but I haven't seen

Sam," exclaimed Harry.
"Why?"

handed it to sam pointing to the prize-list of old cent pieces, but Sam threw he saw, below the bust, the bold, un-

treatment, at the despicable insult, he made up his mind he would not again tempt to explain the peculiar value of the coin to the ignorant miser. The dollar of 1804 was his—his very own! sam Ragland, who bore, in addition to isgun and cartridge-belt, a brown-

gan to explain. "I mean to say,"

can coins-the realization of his dream!

mparted.

paper parcel. Sam was, as usual acompanied by his unsightly dog.
"I've brought you the shoes," was
the young hunter's greeting. "I went to your house, but you was so long comin' I concluded to hunt ye up. I'm on my way to Carter's Pond now, and want that dollar to bay ammuni-

parting with that precious silver coin. He tried to impress upon Sam an idea im hat in a few days, as soon as he suld sell the coin, he would take the hoes as he had agreed; but the youthful rough was obdurate. "You're a fool!" was the epithet he harled at Harry. "You can't trifle with me! Gimme that dollar."

Harry's lips closed resolutely as drew back from the bully. He would resist the outrage with all his power. He attempted to thrust the dollar into his pocket, but it slipped from his fingers, and went rolling down the mountain side! Harry sprang forward after his treasure, but Ragland blocked his

The dog seized the rolling silver-

But he, too, was anticipated.

it would never be found; or if not that Sam would get it, and spend it for ammunition, and in either case his loss would be irrevocable. Sam followed the animal as fast as he could, and Harry kept at his heels, all the while trying to out-distance him. Finally, when the bottom of the mountain had been reached, Harry

The race into the village was a fran tic and desperate one. Down the main street of the town they went, causing more consternation than the place had known in many days. The race ended presently in a dogight. Between Ragland's dog and another cur of the village there was an anen ling enmity, and whenever the

wo met they fought with great feroc-

farther and farther ahead.

Harry's fortune in his mouth, dashed gayly down the street, his canine ny made his appearance, and immediately there was a sharp contest etween them. While the combat raged and spectators were gathering, Harry reached the scene just in time to perceive

the Peace, pick up his bright dollar from the ground where the dog had relinquished it. "It's mine, Jedge!" he had just lough breath left to grasp the words, and the Justice graciously placed the oin in his hand without question. When Sam arrived his interest in

worried. When at last he got the two beasts separated, Harry was safely at home, and he gave up his trip to Carter's Pond in disgust. Harry wrote to the Boston dealer in oins, and gave a description of his 804 dollar, and of the strange circumstance by which it came into his was her retribution.

w days later, this letter:

Youth's Companion.

is in as good condition as you allege, we will pay you eight hundred dollars Harry went with this letter to the miser's cabin, and tried again to ex-plain the matter, but Mr. Brown would not listen. Then Harry sent on the coin and promptly received his pay; and after that, it is needless to say, his mother never suffered for medicine nor he for a pair of shoes.—

DEAR SIT: If the coin you describe

Lady (giving a tramp a luncheon. "I ought not to give you this. I appose you never work. Tramp-"You are mistaken madam. work bard every day." Lady .- "What do you!" Tramp-"It's hard work getting

neals for nothing, I tell you.'

pincott's Magazine for July.

The Purest and Best. Articles known to medical science are used in preparing Hood's Sarsaparilla. Every ingredient is carefully selected personally examined, and only the best retained. The medicine is prepared under the supervison of thoroughly ompetent pharmacists, and every step in the process of manufacture is carefully watched with a view to securing in Hood' Sarsaparilla the best possible

1831 he refers to a murder trial is progress near Philadelphia as creating other sentiment, after a struggle, prevailed, and he went slowly back to ward the hat, resolved to explain to the a marked sensation throughout the entire country. This was the case of old miser the value of the coin which he had been hoarding so many long Mrs. Chapman accused of taking the years—perhaps since it was coined— life of her husband by poison. The and return it to him in exchange for details, as brought out in the trial, are another of the value intended to be strange and sensational in the highest When he knocked at the door the "Mrs. Chapman was the wife of

pessful in treating children who had im- a valise in his hand opened the gate pediments of speech and many of his in front of a modest but neat and well scholars were of this class. His wife's built cottage, walked briskly up the

small, dark man, very shabbily dressed, mission to sleep in the house that

She personally accompanied him to expensive outfit. Page wrote to Chapman to be on his guard as he beand his relations with Mrs. Chapman began to create scandal. They went

the dog thought it evidently all play, at the Southwest corner of Chestnut pened to occur to me just now. It and did not obey. Harry was in despair. His precious for preserving bird sains, he said, and dollar would certainly be lost. The was given two concess. On the 17th of "No. I am quite positive it was confined to his bed. Mina nursed him, keeper had noticed that some rice sour that she had made for the sick man room, when thrown out in the yard had killed a number of ducks belonging to a neighbor, but she kept her own counsel. After the funeral was

tember he was caught and brough "Jedge" Bloom, the village Justice of

February the trial ended and Mrs. Chapman was free, but she was shunned by all, and twelve years after he accquittal a geotleman who knew he well was in the town of Lancaster and visited a poor variety show. A wretched looking woman and a poor thin girl were singing on the stage and he recognized them as Mrs. Chap ossession. In reply he received, a

was attracted by a rustling noise In looking around his eyes caught those of a huge black soake. In an instant Mr. Fisher became apparently paraword. He was powerless. Every muscle in his body seemed to twitch and tremble. He was conscious but could not move a muscle. In the meantime the reptile seemed to be approaching loser and closer. He tried to cry for elp but could not. He said he suffer s man came in sight and the snake, being seared by the noise, disappeared Mr. Fisher was in stantly released from the spell and returned home. He said it was the

Jacob Fisher, of near Pinegrove,

cago Tribune.

any other remedy,-West Shore.