

MANHOOD.

He stands the test where souls are tried, And truest honor finds, Who conquers, manfully, the pride That lingers in feeble minds;

Who seeks not rest in life's career, Nor yet beyond the grave; Whose heaven is duty's noblest sphere— Not that which idlers crave.

He covets not the lordling's place, Nor vainly strives to scan The Master's mind, but asks for grace To do the best he can.

His peace nor terror of the soul, But harmony within; Renouncing self to reach the goal And triumph over sin.

Once on the plow his hand he lays, His eye ne'er backward turns; Fortune he seeks in virtue's ways, Ill-bought success he spurns.

Looking his fellow in the face He sees God's image there; Whatever may help to lift the race, His hand is quick to share;

Meekly he takes life's daily tasks As part of Heaven's great plan; This boon—ought else denied—the asks, To be a manly man.

Angels attend on such an one, And startle their courses move; To light his pathway to the throne, And garnish it with love.

—John Troland, in Springfield Republican.

COLONIAL

FREE-LANCE BY CHAUNCEY C. HOTCHKISS (Copyright, 1897, by D. Appleton & Co. All rights reserved.)

CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED.

On the night of August 14 I went below, fully expecting that but a few hours would elapse ere we went to the bottom.

In a while the sun would assert itself, and a quick apprehension, a living sensibility, would shoot through me like a running flash of driving sparks in burned-out tinder.

Report like that made by a bursting sail. Half conscious I crawled to the deck to see what had happened. The dawn was well forward, a strip of bright sky of pearly clearness heralding the day.

I noted these details with a slow, dreamy satisfaction, but on turning my gaze southward, I became fully alive to the fact that the awakening day had put a period to our misery.

For a space I stood like a man of stone, my look fixed on the ensign so long a stranger to me. As I gazed at the gorgeous bunting my heart rose in my throat, the tears welled from my eyes, the frost which had long bound me suddenly thawed, and, putting all my remaining power to my voice, I gave vent to a wild shout, threw both arms above my head, and staggered below.

That night, under her own remaining canvas, the Phantom sailed into the harbor of Holmes Hole and dropped her spare anchor. We had been rescued by the American privateer Jenny, of New London, out of that port bound home with prisoners and booty after a four months' cruise.

With my story told, there had been enough help offered to equip me for a voyage to the Indies, but I asked for only provisions, water, fuel, and a couple of hands, determined to gather to myself the glory which had well-nigh slipped my grasp.

Not a word did I say about the two sailors whom I had captured, and who had served me well. The doctor I had found had died from fright, the effects of his debauch, starvation and seasickness, and I determined to hold him myself still as a prisoner on parole.

haven of Holmes Hole and dropped the only anchor we had left, creating a flutter among the inhabitants of the hamlet, who were mightily alarmed at seeing a schooner bearing no flag sail up within gunshot of the shore and round to us as though for a broadside.

But now, saving a few fishermen drawn up on the beach there was not a craft in the harbor. The peace of the evening, the quiet beauty of the green land, and the feeling of safety fell on my spirits like a benediction after an impressive sermon, and I breathed as one breathes on waking from the horrors of nightmare.

I had suddenly shot from an era of conflict to one of peace, I thought, nor did I dream I should be aroused again, unless I voluntarily took the field.

Then he heard behind him a piercing shriek. Turning he saw Gertrude throw herself on the form of McCary, just as he sent a bullet whizzing by his head.

Then, turning, Donald hurried to where the motionless form of Gertrude lay. His passion broke against all restraint, and he poured into her deaf ears the story of his love, and kissed her white lips.

On the morning of the 5th of September Mrs. Thordyke was too ill to rise from her bed. John Phillippe, the doctor at Edgartown, was called.

Next morning the British landed on the island, with but little warning of what was to come. Capt. Scammell with several marines was at the house.

Without knocking, Scammell entered and demanded that Gertrude King, Beverly Ames and Donald Thordyke be surrendered to him. At that moment the hall door opened and Gertrude entered.

As Thordyke appeared on the scene he met a marine, who opposed his advance, but he was shortly laid out by a blow from the butt of a gun.

Ames was leaning against the wall confronted by the marine who had come up with Scammell. In front of the bed stood Gertrude with a cocked pistol in her hand and facing Scammell.

Donald drew his sword, and with the cry: "Turn, you villain, turn!" he smote Scammell across the shoulders with the flat of the blade.

In the meantime in the room above the marine had shot Gertrude and he had had missed her, but had done his deadly work on the aged sufferer in the bed.

Over the bed, where lay his beloved dead, Donald swore a vengeance which should not cease until his country was rid of the butchers invading it. Ames reached out his hand, and thus was cemented anew the covenant between them.

For the two days the British remained on Martha's Vineyard. Donald and his little party lived in a disused shed deep in the heart of the forest.

Brute No. 1—That is marriage after all? Brute No. 2—Taking a wife for better or worse.

Brute No. 1—Yes—mostly worse. Brute No. 2 (also a married man)—Ah! come and have a drink, old chap.—Ally Sloper.

But She Didn't Want To. "Yes, when Jack proposed to me I thought of the grammar class when I went to school."

Dr. McCary was allowed to roam in and about. Donald thinking he might yet be needed for his skill, Thordyke was anxious for the return of the Phantom, and was now in the habit of daily taking a walk up the gently sloping cap of the cliff, which suddenly breaks away to the sea in an almost sheer precipice.

One day Ames asked him to give McCary an overhauling for some papers taken by his sister from Mrs. Badely's desk, which were now missing.

A few days later when Donald walked to the cliff Gertrude was with him. He was a hundred feet in advance of her as he reached the brow of the promontory.

Then he heard behind him a piercing shriek. Turning he saw Gertrude throw herself on the form of McCary, just as he sent a bullet whizzing by his head.

Nothing ails your mother," he said to Donald, "saving the disease of old age. You may have her with you for awhile yet, but she's tender, lad."

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"How heart-rending," said Romance, "it is to see a strong man weep!" "Yes," retorted Realism, "it is. It is a pretty sure sign that the idiot is drunk."—Indianapolis Journal.



ARISTOCRATIC DOGS.

New York Society Women Exhibited Canine Pets Which Are Worth Their Weight in Gold.

To be literally worth one's weight in gold is an ambition laudable enough—even for a dog.

At the recent show of the American Pet Dog club a number of diminutive animals that were valued at their weight in gold were exhibited.

Mrs. Frederick Senn, of No. 278 West Eleventh street, New York city, exhibited her Japanese spaniel Senn-Senn, by Kobie, dam Nanan, a strikingly beautiful little creature, very finely marked, which weighs but four pounds and is valued at \$2,000. The



MRS. SENN'S TOY YORKSHIRE "GEM."

same exhibitor showed Gem, a toy Yorkshire, sired by Blackburn Major, dam Floss, weight three and a quarter pounds, value \$1,500, and Perseverance, a handsome King Charles Spaniel, by Champion Defender Princess Anne, weighing only three and a half pounds and valued at \$1,800.

Ashton Premier, a three-and-a-half pound Yorkshire terrier with a strikingly long coat, was an admired exhibit, with a value of \$1,000.

The long-haired Chihuahua (Mexican) dog Fonso, shown by Mrs. James Noyes, weighs but three pounds and is valued by its owner at \$1,600.

A 14-ounce toy black and tan puppy owned by Mr. W. W. Fuller, of No. 111 Fifth avenue, was valued at \$300.

Mrs. Winifred Harrison exhibited Chesit, a two-and-a-half-pound Japanese spaniel, valued at \$1,100, and Snowball, a three-pound toy terrier, which she values at \$1,300.—N. Y. Herald.

Grave digging was hard work in the winter, and it required two or three days of thawing and digging to get a grave sufficiently deep for its purpose.

A Commercial Suggestion. Customer—Look here, I want to change this coat I bought yesterday. My wife doesn't like it.

Heidelber—Change that coat? You must be crazy! That's the finest piece of goods you ever wore. I tell you what, my friend, you'd better keep that coat and go home and change your wife!—Tit-Bits.

FORTUNE IN COFFINS.

Little Woman Snowed Up in the Klondike Displays Rare Versatility and Enterprise.

"There have many stories come out of the Klondike country of the people who have made fortunes there. Some have been of moving, some of packing, some of gambling, some of salooning, some of feeding the hungry and so on, but none of undertaking, so far as I have heard, and I know of a man and his wife who have got rich by burying people."

"It was really the wife who did it," he continued, "and her story is interesting. Her husband, whom she greatly admires and affectionately calls 'Jim,' was a worker in an undertaking establishment, and when the rush began toward the gold diggings she hustled him out and came along to take care of him.

"So she and her husband and the dog, which she had named 'Jim' as a compliment to her liege lord, started on their long, hard journey. They got along quite well or better than many others on the trail, and when the first tollgate was reached the woman's wit manifested itself still more.

"Arrived at the spot, they did not know just what to do at first, never thinking of the undertaking business, which they had run away from. But one day a man died on the creek where they were, and there wasn't anybody in particular to bury him.

"Other funerals followed, and Jim got them and took in \$200 or \$300 for each one. Now and then a man would die who wished his body sent outside, and for this kind Jim got \$800.

Each one. Now and then a man would die who wished his body sent outside, and for this kind Jim got \$800. In the winter it was impossible to take bodies out, and Mrs. Jim arranged a cold corner of their cabin, where she had the waiting boxes piled up, with a portiere drawn over them to make them more ornamental, and there they remained until spring.

Grave digging was hard work in the winter, and it required two or three days of thawing and digging to get a grave sufficiently deep for its purpose. A little incident will show what kind of a business woman Mrs. Jim was when it was necessary.

When the springtime came again Mrs. Jim went down to Seattle, where she laid in a full supply of funeral fixings, except coffins, which are all home made, and she and Jim have a first-class place and have made a comfortable fortune, besides owning several claims on which they have not yet realized."

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TO MEET STEAMSHIPS. A New Service by the New York Central Railroad.

George H. Daniels, general passenger agent of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, has added a steamship bureau to the equipment of the passenger service of the road.

"They will meet all incoming steamships, and will be prepared to furnish railway tickets, parlor and sleeping car accommodations and to assist passengers with their baggage and check it to points on the line of the railroad, after it has been passed by the customs inspectors.

"The two men have also been directed to assist passengers who come to this city with a view of going abroad, and such passengers will be met at the Grand Central Station on incoming trains and conducted to the steamship. Their baggage will be attended to, and steamship tickets can be procured in advance by communicating with Mr. Daniels.—From the New York Commercial Advertiser.

Hard on the Doorkeeper.

On the opening day of the session of the Fifty-sixth congress, a tall, gaunt man, shambling of gait, with "high-water" trousers, a slouched hat mashed in any old way, and an overcoat that needed brushing, presented himself at the center door of the house of representatives.

"J. Danger, from over the way." Another man, who took the premises, put up this notice: "This is a safe shop; no Danger here."—Answers.

Points to the New Man.

A shopkeeper named Danger moved across a street and put up this notice: "J. Danger, from over the way." Another man, who took the premises, put up this notice: "This is a safe shop; no Danger here."—Answers.

Give the Children a Drink

called Grain-O. It is a delicious, appetizing, nourishing food drink to take with the plain coffee. Sold by all grocers and liked by all who have used it, because when properly prepared it tastes like the finest coffee but is free from all its injurious properties.

Cause for Complaint.

City Editor—Mr. Strong has been in today, and he had murder in his eye. How in time did you come to speak of Mr. Strong's "alleged husband" in that paragraph about her accident?

Potatoes, \$1.20 per Bbl. and Up. Salzer beats the world on prices. Largest Growers of Farm and Vegetable Seeds and Potatoes on earth! Millions of pounds of Onion seed, Cabbage, Radish, Peas, Beans, Corn, Potatoes, etc.

Teacher—Now, Johnny, you know the eagle stands for America. What animal typifies Great Britain? Johnny—I dunno. Teacher—Lobster! (Eagerly)—"Lobster!"—Catholic Standard and Times.

What the public call a failure is often simply an unrecognized success.—Town Topics.

Woman's Kidney Troubles

Why trifle with health when the easiest and surest help is the best known medicine in the world? Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Is known everywhere and thousands of women have been cured of serious kidney derangements by it.

Mrs. Pinkham's methods have the endorsement of the mayor, the postmaster and others of her own city.

Her medicine has the endorsement of an unnumbered multitude of grateful women whose letters are constantly printed in this paper. Every woman should read these letters.