

SONG BIRDS.

Sing, little bird, you sweetest song,
And let each note, throat-warm and clear.
Float on the breezes far and long.

was a bounding step on the piazza, a ring at the bell. The servant bustled through the hall and threw open the door.

Mr. Folsom. I—I deeply regret it. Though, as I have told you, I can hardly be surprised, after what has been said, and what I have seen."

when, as now, disbursing officers were forbidden to gamble, but when, not as now, the law was a dead letter. Burleigh had gambled for years; had, with little remorse, ruined more than one man, and yet stood now awe-stricken and dismayed and wronged by Fate, since luck had turned at last against him.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!
Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee.

A Child's Query.
The recent death of the third Duke of Wellington called to mind memories of the first bearer of this historic title.



CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

She had seated herself at the piano, and her long, tapering fingers were rippling over the keys. She knew full well he did not care what she played, and for herself she did not care just then to play at all.

"Who was it?" demanded Mr. Folsom, his rugged face pale and twitching, his eyes full of anxiety.

That evening, when John Folsom, half an hour earlier than the stipulated time, drove the girls and their friend, Lieut. Loomis, out to the fort, Maj. Burleigh was left to his own devices, and his face plainly showed that he was far from pleased with the way things were going.

"After I had watched a colored man fishing in a South Carolina brickyard pond for 40 minutes without pulling up his hook," said the traveler, "I asked him if he thought there were any fish there to be caught."

Could anything prove more clearly the efficiency of Mrs. Pinkham's Medicine than the following strong statement of Grace Stansbury?



"I—ah, yes, it's a charming composition—charming, though I don't recall its name just now."

CHAPTER XI.
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back to his subordinate, his face to the light, and growing grayer every moment. One was a curt notification that \$10,000 would be needed at once at Warrior Gap to pay contractors and workmen, and directing him to send the amount from the funds in his keeping.

"De objick, sah," he repeated without taking his eyes off the pond or moving the pole—"de objick of my fishin' fur fish whar dere hain't any is to let de ole woman see dat I hain't got no time to pick up de hoe and work in de truck patch!"—Washington Post.

Victoria Likes Dogs.
Of all kinds of animals there have never been any so favored by Queen Victoria as the dog. Wherever she stays she is surrounded by her pets and her favorites are always moved from place to place with her.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup
Cures Hacking Coughs, Sore Throats, Gripe, Pneumonia and Bronchitis in a few days. Why then risk Consumption? Get Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Don't be imposed upon. Refuse the dealer's substitute. It is not as good as Dr. Bull's.

"How can it be possible?" said Burleigh. "The only thing to warrant his delay would be Indians, and there are none south of the Platte; or horse thieves, and they hung the last of the gang three months ago. Mr. Dean, I—ah—regret to say, is fonder of fishing and hunting than of his legitimate duties, and this, I fear, is why he is not here to welcome his sister."

Those were days when inspectors' visits were like those of other angels, few and far between. The railway was only just finished across the great divide of the Black hills of Wyoming. Only as far as Cheyenne was there a time schedule for trains, and that—far more honored in the breach than the observance. Passengers bound west of that sinfully thriving town were luckier, as a rule, if they went by stage.

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Equal to the Occasion.
"Hubby, dear, I can't wait to tell what I'm going to buy you!"
"Darling wife, what is it?"
"Well, I'm going to get a silver card tray, a bronze Hercules for the mantelpiece, and a new Persian rug to put in the front of my dressing table.

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