



THE OTHER FISH IN THE SEA.

A youth who loved a pretty maiden, And worshipped all she wore...

"The world," he wailed, "contains no other Whose charms may make me glad..."

It chanced that while his heart was bleeding He traveled far away...

He suddenly forgot the beauty For whom his heart had yearned...

But cruel fate was still against him, Once more he was denied...

In God's good time he had to travel To other scenes once more...

Most graciously she smiled upon him, And he at once forgot...

"Tis ever thus; we think the charmers Are all there are beneath the sky..."

From Bath to Monterey, From distant Tokio to Troy...

D'ri and I By IRVING BACHELLER. Author of "Eben Holden," "Darrel of the Blessed Isles," etc.

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

At the dinner the count had much to say of the scenes of excitement in Albany, where he had lately been...

save yer life, I did, an' they was tight up t' me all the way." "Poor fellow!" said the baroness...

To Capt. Elias Wilkins, Royal Fusiliers: My Dear Captain: You will proceed at once across the river with a detail of five men mounted and three days' rations...

"They'll be here," said D'ri. They'll be here jest es sure es God—fore daylight, mebbe. But I can't fight er dew nothin' till I've had supper..."

"Is that air hired man o' yours a Britisher?" D'ri inquired as soon as the butler was gone. "He is—from Liverpool," said she...



IT WAS MY PART TO UNHOUSE A COLONY OF THE LONG WHITE-FACED HORNETS.

basket with such a splendid taste tew 'em es these hev'." The baroness looked at him with some show of worry...

"I beg your pardon," said she, "did you say the neck of you was broken?" I explained the idiom.

"Ain't hed nothin' t' eat since day fore yistiddy," said D'ri. "Judas Priest! I'm all et up with hunger!"

With old Burgundy and biscuit and venison and hot coffee he was rapidly reviving. "I'm wondering where I will hide you both," said the baroness, thoughtfully.

"Hed n't orter hev no rumpus here, n' go t' shootin' n' mebbe spile yer house n' furnicher," said D'ri. "I ain't decent er t' ain't nice. We'd better mek tracks an' put a mild er tew 'twixt us n' here fore we hev any trouble..."

"I shall not permit you to go," said the baroness. "They may be here now, about the house in the dark. They would shoot you, they would stab you, they would cause you to die as you went. No, I shall permit you not to go. There are four of them? Very well; we shall fight here, we shall conquer. We have a general, a count, a millionaire, a marquis, a lawyer, an astronomer, a scout and," she added, patting me on the shoulder, "le brave capitaine! I have four guns and three pistols, and M'sieur Bell has arms also. We shall conquer. We shall make them bite the dust."

"Guns, did ye say? Jerushy Jane! Le' a hev 'em," said D'ri. "What did he call me? Mon Dieu! Jerushy Jane! It is not I," said the baroness.

Again I explained the difficulty.

"Ain't very proper-spoke," said D'ri, apologetically. "Jest wan' t' say et them air guns er likely t' come handy here 'most any minute. Give us guns, n' we'll sock it to 'em."

"We shall sock it to them, we shall indeed," said she, hurrying out of the room. "We shall make them to run for their lives."

I took my detail of six men above-stairs. Each had a strip of lumber we had found in the shop, and each carefully raised a window, waiting the signal. I knew my peril, but I was never so cool in my life. If I had been wiser, possibly I should have felt it the more. The horsemen promptly deployed, covering every side of the mansion. They stood close, mounted, pistol and saber ready. Suddenly I gave the signal. Then each of us thrust out the strip of lumber stealthily, prodding the big drab cones on every side. Hornets and wasps, a great swarm of them, sprang thick as seeds from the hand of a sower. It was my part to unhouse a colony of the long, white-faced hornets. Goaded by the ruin of their nests, they saw the nodding heads below them, and darted at man and horse like a flight of arrows. They put their hot spurs into flank and face and neck. I saw them strike and fall; they do hit hard, those big-winged Vespaes. It was terrible, the swift charge of that winged battalion of the air. I heard howls of pain below me, and the thunder of rushing feet. The horses were rearing and plunging, the men striking with their hats.

I heard D'ri shouting and laughing at his window. "Give 'em hell, ye little blue devils!" he yelled; and there was all evidence that they understood him. Then, again, every man of us opened his window and fired a volley at the scurrying mass. One horse, rearing and leaping on his hind legs, came down across the back of another, and the two fell heavily in a rolling, convulsive heap. One, as if blinded, bumped a tree, going over on his withers, all fours flashing in the air. Some tore off in the thickets, as unmanageable as the wild horse. More than half threw their riders. Not a man of them pulled a trigger; they were busy enough, God knows. Not one of them could have hit the sky with any certainty. I never saw such a torrent of horsehair and red caps.

"What! Been on the back o' one o' 'em hosses?" said D'ri, telling of it a long time after. "D' ruther o' been shet up n' a barrel with a lot o' cats n' rolled down hill. Good deal better fer my health, an' I'd 'a' loked more like a human bein' when I come out. Them fellers—they did n't luk fit t' sociate with nuthin' er nobody when we led 'em up t' the house—nut one on 'em."

Only one Britisher was brought down by our bullets, and he had been the mark of D'ri; with him a rifle was never a plaything. Five others lay writhing in the grass, bereft of horse, deserted by their comrades. The smudges were ready, and the nets. D'ri and I put on the latter and ran out, placing a smudge row on every side of the Hermitage. The winged fighters were quickly driven away. Of the helpless enemy one had staggered off in the brush; the others lay groaning, their faces lumpy and one-sided. A big sergeant had a nose of the look and diameter of a goose-egg; one carried a cheek as large and protuberant as the jaw of a porker's head; and one had ears that stuck out like a puffed bladder. They were helpless. We disarmed and brought them in, doing all we could for their comfort with blue clay and bruised plantain. It was hard on them, I have often thought, but it saved an ugly fight among ladies, and, no doubt, many lives. I know, if they had taken us, D'ri and I would never have got back.

I have saved myself many a time by strategy, but chose the sword always if there were an even chance. And, God knows, if one had ever a look at our bare bodies, he would see no sign of shirking on either D'ri or me.

CHAPTER X.

The shooting and shouting and the tramp of horse and man had roused everybody in the big house. Even the general came down to know what was the matter. The young ladies came, pale and frightened, but in faultless attire. I put an armed guard by the prisoners at the door, under command of D'ri. Then I had them bare the feet of the four Britishers, knowing they could not run bootless in the brush. We organized a convoy—the general and I—and prepared to start for the garrison. We kept the smudges going, for now and then we could hear the small thunder of hornet-wings above us. There is a mighty menace in it, I can tell you, if they are angry. "Jerushy Jane Pepper!" said D'ri, as he sat, rifle on his knee, looking at his prisoners. "Never thought nobody c'd luk s' joomightyful-cur-us. Does mek a man humly t' hev any trouble with them air willy-come-bobs." He meant wasps.

I had had no opportunity for more than a word with the young ladies. I hoped it might come when I went in for a hasty breakfast with the baroness, the count, the general and Mr. Parish. As we were eating, Louison came in hurriedly. She showed some agitation.

"What is the trouble, my dear?" said the baroness, in French.

"Eh bien, only this," said she: "I have dropped my ring in the brook. It is my emerald. I cannot reach it." "Too bad! She has dropped her ring in the brook," said the baroness, in English, turning to me.

"If she will have the kindness to take me there," I said to the hostess, rising as I spoke, "I shall try to get it for her."

"M'sieur le Capitaine, you are very obliging," said she. Then, turning to Louison, she added in French: "Go with him. He will recover it for you." It pleased and flattered me, the strategy of this wonderful young creature. She led me, with dainty steps, through a dewy garden walk into the trail. "Parbleu!" she whispered, "is it not a shame to take you from your meat? But I could not help it. I had to see you; there is something I wish to say." "A pretty girl is better than meat," I answered quickly. "I am indebted to you!"

"My! but you have a ready tongue," said she. "It is with me a pleasure to listen. You are going away? You shall not return—perhaps?" She was trying to look very gay and indifferent, but in her voice I could detect a note of trouble. The flame of passion, quenched for a little time by the return of peril and the smoke of gunpowder, flashed up in me. "It is this," she went on: "I may wish you to do me a favor. May I have your address?" "And you may command me," I said as I gave it to her. "Have a care!" she said, laughing. "I may ask you to do desperate things—you may need all your valor. The count and the baroness—they may send us back to France."

"Which will please you?" I remarked. "Perhaps," she said, quickly. "Mon Dieu! I do not know what I want! I am a fool. Take this. Wear it when you are gone. Not that I care—but it will make you remember." She held in her fingers a flashing emerald on a tiny circlet of gold. Before I could answer she had laid it in my hand palm and shut my hand upon it. "Dieu!" she exclaimed, whispering, "I must return—I must hurry. Remember, we did not find the ring." I felt a great impulse to embrace her and confess my love. But I was not quick enough. Before I could speak she had turned away and was running. I called to her, but she did not turn or seem to hear me. She and my opportunity were gone. We stowed the prisoners in the big coach of the baroness, behind a lively team of four. Then my horse and one of D'ri were brought up. "Do not forget," said the baroness, holding my hand, "you are always welcome in my house. I hope, ma foi! that you will never find happiness until you return."

The young ladies came not to the step where we were, but stood by the count waving adieu. Louison had a merry smile and a pretty word of French for me; Louise only a sober look that made me sad, if it did not speak for the same feeling in her. The count was to remain at the Hermitage, having sent to the chateau for a squad of his armed retainers. They were to defend the house, if, by chance, the British should renew their attack. Mr. Parish and his footman and the general went with us, the former driving, D'ri and I rode on behind as the coach went off at a gallop.

[To Be Continued.]

A Farmer's Revenge. Will Carleton, while traveling recently in a stage coach among the Green mountains, is said to have fallen into a literary conversation with a prosperous farmer. In the course of conversation the farmer, who had no suspicion of the author's identity, quoted from Mr. Carleton's poems to illustrate some point he was trying to make. "Oh, that's from Carleton!" said the poet, "and I never have been in the habit of believing half he said."

The farmer eyed him for a moment, somewhat contemptuously. "Well, stranger," he retorted, slowly, "I don't know you, nor I don't want to be unkind, but if you never know half as much as Will Carleton does you'll know twice as much as you do now."

The Bishop "Bit."

A distinguished Irish archbishop was one day walking along St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, when he saw a ragged little boy endeavoring to reach up and ring the front door bell of a house, but it was just too high for him. Seeing the difficulty the child was in, his grace stopped and very kindly rang it for him. The little urchin looked up at him with grateful eyes, seized the archiepiscopal hat in his and said, "Now, come along quick and hide till we see the feller open the door and not find us."—Tattler.

He Was Wondering.

A Scotch doctor who was attending a laird, had instructed the butler of the house in the art of taking and recording his master's temperature with a thermometer. On repairing to the house one morning, he was met by the butler, to whom he said: "Well, John, I hope the laird's temperature is not any higher to-day." The man looked puzzled for a moment, and then replied: "Weel, I was just wonderin' that mysell." Ye see, he died at twal o'clock.—Argonaut.

"Yes," at Last.

"Miss Mabel," said the persistent suitor, "I can't help speaking to you again. It is true you have said 'No' very emphatically to every proposal—" "Not at all," interrupted the sweet girl, "I said 'Yes' last Tuesday." "Last Tuesday? Er—I wasn't here then." "No, but Jack Hansom was."—Philadelphia Ledger.

It Was Good. Chloe, our maid of all work, had the true Ethiopian's fondness for "good eating," and, like so many of her race, she often used language more lofty than appropriate. One day Chloe's mistress made an extremely good pudding for dessert. Chloe took a generous taste of the pudding, smacked her lips and said with evident satisfaction: "My, oh! ef dat don't taste melo-dious!"—Lippincott's.

False Report. "I have been told," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "that your daughter has been doing some wonderful things in pyrography." "Oh, no," replied her hostess, "she ain't been there at all. The last letter we had from her she was in Pittsburg, and thought she'd get right through to Washington."—Chicago Record-Herald.

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"Yes," said Newlied, "my wife and I are housekeeping now. She prepared our first dinner last night with her own fair hands." "How was it?" asked Bachelier. "Well, the wats and raisins were fine."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

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