

SEVEN QUESTIONS OF LIFE.

An infant, walling in his fright At landing in this world of fret; Afraid of dark, afraid of light, With unknown troubles to be met; We cry: "Ah, see the lovely pet!" And "How much money will he get?"

II.

II. When into joyous youth he's grown We watch and weigh each chosen friend, We ask it wild oats he has sown, And speak of ways that he should mend. And often trust and distrust blend In "How much money does he spend?"

III. en to the problems of this life e seems to have become awake, I thinks of getting home and wife-hat form then does our question tak thoughts thus into speech will brea ell, how much money does he make

IV. In mildle life he has become Sedately dignified and staid, And of his countenance so grum At times we almost feel afraid. But into his affairs we wade With "How much money has he made?"

a pillar of the stateght or fifty, say-him with honors great for him along the way. y of the bitter fray ch money will he pay?"

VI. 1 later on, when days go by ke water dropping through a sleve, fulling hair and failing eye socialm he has not long to live. then we're most inquisitive ith "How much money will he give?

VII. 1; we meet and sigh; m and gently grieve, d culogy eulogy and deeds we weave. wé receive mouey did he leave?" leago Daily Tribune.



CHAPTER X - CONTINUED.

He was a great whip, that man David Parish, who had built a big mansion Ogdensburg and owned so much of the north country those days. He was a gentleman when the founders of the proud families of to-day were dickering in small merchandise. Indeed, one reight look in vain for such an establishment as his north of Virginia. This side the Atlantic there was no stable of horses to be compared with that he had-splendid English thoroughbreds, the blood of which is now in every great family of American horses. And, my faith! he did love to put them over the road. He went tearing up hill and down at a swift gal-lop, and the roads were none too smooth in that early day. Before leaving home he had sent relays ahead to ing home he had sent relays ahead to wait his coming every 15 miles of the ourney; he always did that if he had ar to go. This time he had posted hem clear to the harbor. The teams await his coming every 15 miles of the far to go. This time he had posted them clear to the harbor. The teams were quickly shifted; then we were off again with a crack of the whip and a toot of the long horn. He held up in the swamps, but where footing was fair, the high-mettled horses had their heads and little need of urging. We halted at an inn for a sip of something and a bite to ea

'Parish," said the general, rising on is a punishment.'

D'ri was worn out with lack of sleep and rest, but he had hung doggedly to How do you feel?" I asked him as

we drew up on each side of the coach. "Split t' the collar," said he, soberly, as he rested an elbow on his pom-

We got to headquarters at five, and

of the other. We had to jump from back to back to save ourselves. It was

crowding flanks. Then a big wave went over us. I hung on, coming up astride my capture. He swam vigorously, his nose high, blowing like a trumpet. I thought we were in for a time of it, and had very little hope for any land-ing, save in kingdom come. Every min-ute I was head under in the wash, and the roaring filled me with that mishty terror of the windfall. But, on my word, there is no captain like a good horse in had water. Suddenly I felt Lim bit the bottom and go forward on Lim hit the bottom and go forward of his knees. Then he reared up, and be an to jump in the sand. A big wave washed him down again. He fell on his side in a shallow, but rose and ran wearily over a soft beach. In the blackress around me I could see nothing. branch whipped me in the face, and as like fencing in the dark. ugh hit me, raking the withers of m orse, and I rolled off headlong in a lot of bushes. The horse went on, out of hearing, but I was glad enough to lie still, for I had begun to know of my bruises. In a few minutes I took off my boots and emptied them and wrung blouse, and lay back, cursing my

But that year of 1813 had the kick of ill fortune in it for every mother's son of us there in the north country I have ever noticed that war goes in

aves of success or failure. If we had had Brown or Scott to lead us that year, instead of Wilkinson, I believe it had had a better history. Here was I in the enemy's country. God knew where, or how, or when I should come out of it. I thought of D'ri and how it had gone with him in that hell of wa ters. I knew it would be hard to drown him. We were so near shore, if he had missed the rocks I felt sure he would come out safely. I thought of Louison and Louise, and wondered if ever I should see them again. Their faces shone upon me there in the winly darkness, and one as brightly as the other. Afterwhiles I drew my wet blouse over me and went to sleep, shivering.

head. I lay in a strip of timber, thin and narrow, on the lake shore. Through the bushes I could see the masts of the brig slanting out of water some rods away. Beyond the timber was a field of corn, climbing a side-hill that sloped off to a level, grassy plain. Beyond the hill-top, reveille was still sounding. A military camp was near me, and al-though I made no move, my mind was looking down at my uniform, not, in-deed, the most healthful sort of dress for that country. All at once Learner to the sleaves stiffened legs, "I like your company and I like your wine, but your driving up and busy as a cat at a mouse-hole. looking down at my uniform, not, in-deed, the most healthful sort of dress for that country. All at once I caught sight of a scarecrow in the corn. I laughed at the odd grotesquery of the laughed at the odd grotesquery of the thing—an old frock coat and trousers taughed at the odd grotesquery of the woods, I could hear the charms of thing—an old frock coat and trousers sticks and a low voice. Shortly two of olive-green, faded and torn and fat with straw. A stake driven through its collar into the earth, and crowned with for I saw they were members of my an ancient, tall hat of beaver, gave it a troop. backbone. An idea came to me. I "Hello, there!" I called in a loud

anchor in a hurry. Soon the horses on either side of the water that year. upon my collar. In all my life I had were all in a tumble and one on top As my feet sank deeper in the soft never saw a hat so big. Through the earth I felt as if I were going down to my grave. The soldiers led them into In a jiffy the horse had cleared a no pretty business, I can tell you, to get to the stalrway. D'ri was stripped of a boot-leg, and I was cut in the chin by a front hoof, going ten feet or so ing up a little, as if they were looking they denote the stalrway. I was a rage of disto the upper deck. To the man who into the clear, blue sky. I could see comfort, I fancy, for somehow, I never was never hit in the chin by a horse's them waver as they stood waiting. The felt so bounded and cluttered, so up in hoof let me say there is no such hoof let me say there is no such remedy for a proud spirit. Bullets are much easier to put up with and keep a civil tongue in one's head. That lower deck was a kind of horses' hell. I also of that little company about to is also advanced, halting as the air and out of place in my body they raised their rifles. To my horror, is aw the prisoners were directly be tween me and them. Great God! was is up to be and the about the about the air and out of place in my body hammering my knee; the big hat was rubbing my nose, the straw chafing in the about to is a strain the about to the about the about the about to is a strain the about the abou We had to let them alone. They got die? But I dared not move a step. I arm that would sway and what the astraddle of one another's necks, and stood still, watching, trembling. An side of the horse every leap he made. where cut from ear to fetlock-those officer in a shiring helmet was speak-that lived, for some of them, I could ing to the riflemen. His helmet seemed jewel of my soul. I wondered why, were being trampled to death. to jump and quiver as he moved away. and what it might be. In a moment we hit areef there in the storm and the sway as they waited. The shiny bar-black night. I knew we had drifted to rels lifted a little, their muzzles point- word, it was the stake! How it came block hight. I knew we had drifted to the north shore, and as the sea began ing at them and at me. The corn himself. The brig went up and down like a sledge-hammer, and at every blow her sides were cracking and cav-blow her sides were cracking and cav-flash of fire, a cloud of smoke, a rear ing horses. My fingers caught in a wet i feit the dirt fly up and scatter over mane: I clung desperately between me, but was unburt, a rigid, motionless his beys. The straw worked up and mane: I clung desperately between ne, but was unhurt, a rigid, motionicss his Feys. The straw worked up, a clowding flanks. Then a big wave went man of straw. I saw my countrymen a great wad of it hung under my cl



STUCK THE STAKE IN FRONT OF ME the sound of cheering had died a star TO STEADY MYSELF AND STOOD On we went over a long strip of hard TO STEADY MYSELF AND STOOD On we went over a long strip of hard soil, between fields, and off in the soil, between fields, My horse be-

odies fall silently forward. The soldiers stood a moment, then a squad went after the dead with litters. Formng in fours, they marched away as hey had come, their steps measured by that regular rap! rap! rap-rap-rap! of the drum. The last rank went out of sight. I moved a little and pulled he stake, and quickly stuck it again, waiting as stiff as a poker. I stood waiting as stiff as a poker. Some men were running along the beach; two others were coming through the corn. They passed within a few feet of me on each side. I heard them talking with much animation. They spoke of the wreck. When they were all by me I faced about, watching them. They went away in the timber, down to rocky point, where I knew the wreck as visible.

They were no sooner out of sight than I pulled the stake and saber, and shoved the latter under my big coat Then I lifted the beaver and looked about me. There was not a soul in sight. From that level plain the field ran far to a thick wood mounting over the hill. I moved cautiously that way for I was in the path of people who

A selecte selecte selecte se se Balcom & Lloyd.

5

11

1

[l IT

h

P

1

H

1

n

W

have his youth on his death-bed! It was a leap in the dark, but I was

eady to take my chances. Evidently I was nearing a village.

Groups of men were in the shad thoroughfare: children thronged th dooryards. There was every sign of holiday. As we neared them I caugi

saber under my knee, and hands into the long sleeves

waved them wildly, wheoping like Indian. They ran back to the fa-with a start of fear. As I passed to hey cheered loadly, waving their

and rearing with laughter. An horse, standing before an inn, br his balter and crashed over a fer A scared dog ran for his life in fr of me, yelping as he leaped over stone wall. Geese and turkeys flew the air as I neared them. The pre-

had seemed to take me for som

age youth on a masquerade.

house white-washed from earth

bare feet, a plump and cheery face.

cela?

her, "I am hungry.

and I will make you a meal." [To Be Continued.]

9

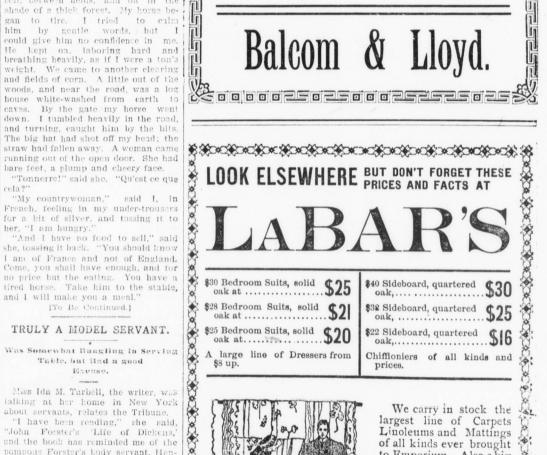
4

14

1

WE have the best stocked general store in the county and if you are looking for reliable goods at reasonable prices, we are ready to serve you with the best to be found. Our reputation for trustworthy goods and fair dealing is too well known to sell any but high grade goods.

Our stock of Queensware and Chinaware is selected with great care and we have some of the most handsome dishes ever shown in this section, both in imported and domestic makes. We invite you to visit us and look our goods over.



never a warmer welcome than that of uniform. I ran out and hauled it over It startied them. They turned theld his lest visit to America.

CHAPTER XI.

It was, indeed, tougher business than we had yet known-a dash into the alarm as I closed the buttons. For half enemy's country, where my poor head a minute I had heard a drum-tap comwas in excellent demand. D'ri and I ing nearer. It was the measured tap! were to cross the lake with a band of raiders, a troop of 40, under my command. We were to rescue some pris-ing with it back of the hill. How soon oners in a lockup on the other side. They were to be shot in the morning, to reckon, but I dared not run for and our mission therefore admitted of cover. So I thrust my scabbard deep no delay. Our horses had been put in the soft earth, pulled down the big aboard a brig at midnight, and soon beaver hat over my face, muffled my aboard a brig at midnight, and soon after the noon mess we dropped down the lake, going into a deep, wooded cove south of the Grenadier island. There we lay waiting for nightfall. A big wind was howing over the woods at sunset, and the dark came on its wings an hoar ahead of time. The night was black and the lake noisy when we got under way, bound for a flatboat ferry. Our skipper, it turned out, had little knowledge of those wa-ters. He had shortened sail, and said ters. He had shortened sail, and said stiffly in black coats, a squad leading he was not afraid of the weather. The wind, out of the southeast, came hard-er as it drove us on. Before we knew it, the whole kit and boodle of us were in a deail of a chalten for a source in shackles, their arms behind a devil of a shakeup there in the them. They were coming to their death

would rob the scarecrow and hide my voice

circled a flour barrel and buttoned with

room to spare. But with my stuffing of yelp straw it came around me as snug at the Left as the coat of a bear. I took

ing nearer. It was the measured tap! tap! tap-tap-tap! so familiar to me. Now I could hear the tread of feet comthem. The thing I had taken for a

and pulled the staffing out of it. The heads to see where the voice came "The man, it seems, was devoted to brought the rum-bottle after we had to users were made for a from, and stood motionless. I pulled his master. From one year's end to the "Teengranuate you both, he said as he brought the rum-bottle after we had made our report. "You 'ye got more fight in you chan a wolverene. Down with your rum and off to your beds, and report here at reveille. I have a tough job for you to-morrow." control of the said as ward, it was enough to make a lion

"Holy Mother!" said one, as they broke through the bush, running for their lives. I knew not their names but I called them as loudly as I dared. They went on, never slacking pace. It was a bad go, for I was burning for news of D'ri and the rest of them. Now I could hear some heavy animal bounding in the brush as if their running had startled him. I went back to the corn for another stand. Suddenly a horse came up near me, cropping th brush. I saw he was one off the boat, for he had bridle and saddle, a rein hanging in two strings, and was badly cut. My friend! the sight of a horse did warm me to the toes. He got a taste of the tender corn presently, and came toward me as he ate. In a mo-ment I jumped to the saddle, and he went away leaping like a wild deer. He could not have been more frightened if I had dropped on him out of the sky. I never saw such energy in flesh and blood before. He took a mighty fright as my hand went to his withers, but the other had a grip on the pommel, and I made the stirrups. I leaned for the strings of the reign, in a devil of a shakeup there in the broad water. D'ri and I were down among the horses and near being pity them! A spy might as well make trampled under in the roll. We tried big pace with heaven, if he were to put about then, but the great gusts of wind made us lower sail and drop of wind made us lower sail and drop to put about the sail and drop of wind made us lower sail and drop to put about the sail about the sail and drop to put about the sail about the sa

moous Forster's body servant Han. Dictens described Henry during

NOX.

3

No.

A CALE CALE

X

* Cacle

X

Table, but Had a good

Excuse.

other he never needed a reprimand.

"It was therefore surprising one night, when Forster was entertaining several writers at dinner, to see the scrupulous Henry make error after error. He unset a plate of soup and Forster uttered a cry of alarm. He forgot to serve sauce for the fish, and his master said, 'Why Henry!' Altogether he made the excellent dinner seem a slovenly and poor repast.

"When, at the end, he had set the port and walnuts on the table, Henry leaned over Forster's chair and said in a tremulous voice:

'Please, sir, can you spare me now? My house has been on fire for the last two hours.,'"

Japanese Humor.

Here is a typical Japanese humor-ous story: A quack doctor had prescribed the wrong medicine for the only son of a certain family, with the result that the boy had died. The parents determined to have revenge. So they sued the doctor in a court of law. The affair was eventually patched up, the quack giving the bereaved pa-rents his own son in return for the one he had killed. Not long after this the doctor heard a loud knocking at his door one night. On going to the door he was informed that the wife of one of his neighbors was dangerously ill × × and that his presence was required at once. Turning to his wife, he said: "This requires consideration, my dear. ** There is no knowing but that it may end in their taking you from me."--

- /

o Emporium. Also a big line of samples. 2

À very large line of ace Curtains that can-Lace Curtains that cannot be matched anywhere for the price.

Art Squares and Rugs of all sizes and kind, North Contraction to a state of the state of from the cheapest to the best.

Dining Chairs, Rockers and High Chairs.

A large and elegant line of Tufted and Drop-head Couches. Beauties and at bargain prices.

The finest line of Sewing Machines on the market, the "Domestic" and "Eldredge". All drop heads and warranted.

A fine line of Dishes, common grade and China, in sets and by the piece

As I keep a full line of everything that goes to make * up a good Furniture store, it is useless to enumerate them all.

第12家 Please call and see for yourself that I am telling you the truth, and if you don't buy, there is no harm done, as it is no trouble to show goods.

GEO. J. Labar.