



WHEN HE COMES HOME.

When he comes home, the baby who has grown  
To be a man, and claim a man's estate,  
I listening stand beside the gate alone,  
And for his welcome footsteps silent wait.  
Through evening shades I am the first to see  
His well-loved form, that joyous draws more near,  
As on the breeze softly comes to me  
His greeting, full of tenderness and cheer.

When he comes home, I revel in the past,  
While for the future still I hope and pray.  
His hands hold mine in such a loving clasp,  
Though leading I am led; our footsteps stray  
To old familiar paths where little feet  
Beside my own so long ago did roam.  
The while his fingers gathered blossoms sweet,  
We live it o'er again when he comes home.

When he comes home—my baby, boy, and man—  
My crown of motherhood glows wondrous bright;  
Lift by the moon's pale beams his face I scan,  
To know that everything has gone aright.  
We, reverent, bow our heads together here,  
Beneath the boundless scope of heaven's dome,  
And offer thanks for such reunion dear,  
With love all changeless still, when he comes home.

—Ruth Raymond, in Ohio Farmer.

**D'ri and I**  
By IRVING BACHELLER  
Author of "Eben Holden," "Darrel of the Blessed Isles," Etc.  
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CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

I led my horse to the stable, scraped him of lather and dirt, gave him a swallow of water, and took the same myself, for I had a mighty thirst in me. When I came in, she had eggs and potatoes and bacon over the fire, and was filling the tea-kettle.

"On my soul," said she, frankly, "you are the oddest-looking man I ever saw. Tell me, why do you carry that long club?"

I looked down. There it was under my arm. It surprised me more than anything I ever found myself doing.

"Madame, it is because I am a fool," I said as I flung it out of the door.

"It is strange," said she. "Your clothes—they are not your own; they are as if they were hung up to dry. And you have a saber and spurs."

"Of that the less said the better," I answered, pulling out the saber. "Unless—unless, madame, you would like me to die young."

"Mon Dieu!" she whispered. "A Yankee soldier?"

"With good French blood in him," I added, "who was never so hungry in all his life."

I went out of the door as I spoke, and shoved my saber under the house.

"I have a daughter on the other side of the lake," said she, "married to a Yankee, and her husband is fighting the British with the rest of you."

"God help him!" said I.

"Ame!" said she, bringing my food to the table. "The great Napoleon he will teach them a lesson."

She was a widow, as she told me, living there alone with two young daughters who were off at a picnic in the near town. We were talking quietly when a familiar voice brought me standing.

"Judas Priest!" it said. D'ri stood in the doorway, hatless and one boot missing—a sorry figure of a man.

"Hidin' over 'n th' woods yender," he went on as I took his hand. "See that air brown boss go by. Knew 'im soon as I sot eyes on 'im—use 't ride 'im myself. Hed an idee 't was you 'n the saddle—sot a kind o' easy. But them air joemightyful clo's! Jerushy Jane! would n't be fit 't skid a skunk in them clo's, would it?"

"Got 'em off a scarecrow," I said.

"Nough 't mek a painter ketch 'is breath, they wus."

The good woman bade him have a chair at the table, and brought more food.

"Neck 'is broke with hunger, 't is sartin," said he, as he began to eat. "Hew 't light out o' here purty middlin' soon. 'T ain't no safe place 't be. 'T won't never dew fer us 't be ketch'd."

We ate hurriedly and when we had finished the good woman gave us each an outfit of apparel left by her dead husband. It was rather snug for D'ri, and gave him an odd look. She went out of doors while we were dressing. Suddenly she came back to the door.

"Go into the cellar," she whispered. "They are coming!"

CHAPTER XII.

I found the door, and D'ri flung our "duds" into the darkness that lay beyond it. Then he made down the ladder and I after him. It was pitch-dark in the cellar—a deep, dank place with a rank odor of rotting potatoes. We groped our way to a corner and stood listening. We heard the clink of spurs on the stone step.

"Ah, my good woman," said a man with a marked English accent, "have you seen any Yankees? Woods are full of them around here. No? Well, by Jove, you're a good-looking woman. Will you give me a kiss?"

He crossed the floor above us, and she was backing away.

"Come, come, don't be so shy, my pretty woman," said he, and then we could hear her struggling up and down the floor. I was climbing the ladder, in the midst of it, my face burning

with anger, and D'ri was at my heels. As the door opened I saw she had fallen. The trooper was bending to kiss her. I had him by the collar and had hauled him down before he discovered us. In a twinkling D'ri had stripped him of sword and pistol. But it was one of the most hopeless situations in all my life. Many muzzles were pointing at us through the door and window. Another hostile move from either would have ended our history then and there. I let go and stood back. The man got to his feet—a handsome soldier in the full uniform of a British captain.

"Ah, there's a fine pair!" he said coolly, whipping a leg of his trousers with his glove. "I'll teach you better manners, my young fellow. Some o' those shipwrecked Yankees," he added, turning to his men. "If they move without an order, pin 'em up to the wall."

He picked up his hat leisurely, stepping in front of D'ri.

"Now, my obliging friend," said he, holding out his hand, "I'll trouble you for my sword and pistol."

D'ri glanced over at me, an ugly look in his eye. He would have fought to his death then and there if I had given him the word. He was game to the core when his blood was up, the same old D'ri.

"Don't fight," I said.

He had cocked the pistol and stood braced, the sword in his right hand. I noticed a little quiver in the great sinews of his wrist. I expected to see that point of steel shoot, with a quick stab, into the scarlet blouse before me.

"Shoot 'n' be damned!" said D'ri. "Fore I die ye 'll hev a hole er tew 'n thet air karkiss o' yours. Shan't give up no wepon tell ye've gin me yer word ye 'll let thet air woman alone." I expected a volley then. A very serious look came over the face of the captain. He wiped his brow with a handkerchief. I could see that he had been drinking.

"Ah, I see! You have an interest in her. Well, my man, I want no share in your treasures. I accept the condition."

Evil as was the flavor of this poor concession, D'ri made the best of it. "She 's an honest woman for all I know," said he, handing over the



HE LIGHTED THE CANDLE AND WENT ABOUT POURING ITS GLOW ON EVERY WALL AND CORNER OF OUR CELL.

weapons. "Ain't a-goin' 't see no ledy misused—nut ef I can help it."

We gave ourselves up hand and foot to the enemy; there was no way out of it. I have read in the story-books how men of great nerve and skill have slaughtered five to one, escaping with no great loss of blood. Well, of a brave man I like to believe good things. My own eyes have seen what has made me slow to doubt a story of prowess that has even the merit of possibility. But when there are only two of you, and one without arms, and you are in a corner, and there are 10 pistols pointing at you a few feet away, and as many sabers ready to be drawn, I say no power less remarkable than that of God or a novelist can bring you out of your difficulty.

You have your choice of two evils—surrender or be cut to pieces. We had neither of us any longing to be slashed with steel and bored with bullets, and to no end but a good epitaph.

They searched the cellar and found our clothes, and wrapped them in a bundle. Then they tied our hands behind us and took us along the road on which I had lately ridden. A crowd came jeering to the highway as we passed the little village. It was my great fear that somebody would recognize either one or both of us.

Four of our men were sitting in a guard-house at the British camp. After noon mess a teamster drove up with a big wagon. Guards came and shackled us in pairs, D'ri being wrist to wrist with me. They put a chain and ball on D'ri's leg also. I wondered why, for no other was treated with like respect. Then they bundled us all into the wagon, now surrounded by impatient cavalry. They put a blindfold over the eyes of each prisoner, and went away at a lively pace. We rode a long time, as it seemed to me, and by and by I knew we had come to a city, for I could hear the passing of many wagons and the murmur of a crowd. Some were shouting, "Shoot the d—d Yankees!" and now and then a missile struck among us. There is nothing so heartless and unthinking as a crowd, the world over. I could tell presently, by the creak of the evening and the stroke of the hoofs, that we were climbing a long hill. We stopped shortly; then they began helping us out. They led us forward a few paces, the chain rattling on a stone pavement. When we heard the bang of an iron door behind us, they unlocked the

heavy fetter. This done, they led us along a gravel walk and over a sounding stretch of boards—a bridge. I have always thought—through another heavy door and down a winding flight of stone steps. They led us on through dark passages, over stone paving, and halted us, after a long walk, letting our eyes free. We were in black darkness. There were two guards before and two behind us bearing candles. They unsnaked us, and opened a lattice door of heavy iron, bidding us enter. I knew then that we were going into a dungeon, deep under the walls of a British fort somewhere on the frontier. A thought stung me as D'ri and I entered this black hole and sat upon a heap of straw. Was this to be the end of our fighting and of us?

"You can have a candle a day," said a guard as he blew out the one he carried, laying it, with a tinder-box, on a shelf in the wall of rock beside me. Then they filed out, and the narrow door shut with a loud bang. We peered through at the fading flicker of the candles. They threw wavering, ghostly shadows on every wall of the dark passage, and suddenly went out of sight. We both stood listening a moment.

"Curse the luck!" I whispered presently.

"Jest es helpless es if we was hung up by the heels," said D'ri, groping his way to the straw pile. "Ain' no use gittin' wrathy."

"What 'll we do?" I whispered.

"Dunno," said he; "an' when ye dunno whut 't dew, don't dew nuthin. Jest stan' still; thet's whut I b'lieve in."

He lighted the candle and went about, pouring its glow upon every wall and into every crack and corner of our cell—a small chamber set firm in masonry, with a ceiling so far above our heads we could see it but dimly, the candle lifted arm's-length.

"Judas Priest!" said D'ri, as he stopped the light with thumb and finger. "I'm goin' 't set here 'n th' straw luk an' ol' hen 'n' ile up m' thinker 'n set 'er goin'." One o' them kind hes 't keep 'is mouth shet er he can't never dew no thinkin'. Bymby, likes es not, I 'll have suthin 't say er 'll mount 't suthin'."

We lay back on the straw in silence. I did a lot of thinking that brought me little hope. Thoughts of Louison and Louise soon led me out of prison. After a little time I went philandering in the groves of the baroness with the two incomparable young ladies. I would willingly have stood for another bullet if I could have had another month of their company. The next thought of my troubles came with the opening of the iron door. I had been sound asleep. A guard came in with water and a pot of stewed beef and potatoes.

"Thet air 's all right," said D'ri, dipping into it with a spoon.

We ate with a fine relish, the guard, a sullen, silent man with a rough voice that came out of a bristling mustache, standing by the door.

"Luk a-here," said D'ri to the guard as we finished eating. "I want 't ast you a question. Ef you hed a purty comfortable hum on 't other side, 'n' tew thousan' dollars 'n the bank, 'n' hosses 'n' ev'rythin fixed fer a good time, 'n' all uv a sudden ye found yerself 'n sech a gol-dum dungeon es this here, whut 'ud you dew?"

The guard was fixing the wick of his candle and made no answer.

"Want ye 't think it all over," said D'ri. "See ef ye can't think o' suthin soothin' 't say. God knows we need it."

The guard went away without answering.

"Got him thinkin'," said D'ri, as he lighted the candle. "He can help us some, mebbe. Would n't wonder ef he was good et cipherin'."

"If he offered to take two thousand, I don't see how we 'd give it to him," said I. "He would n't take our promises for 't."

"Thet ain't a-goin' 't bother us any," said D'ri. "Hed thet all figgered out long ago."

He gave me the candle and lay down, holding his ear close to the stone floor and listening. Three times he shifted his ear from one point to another. Then he backed to me.

"Jest hol' yer ear there 'n' listen," he whispered.

I gave him the candle, and with my ear to the floor I could hear the flow of water below us. The sound went away in the distance and then out of hearing. After a while it came again.

"What does it mean?" I asked.

"Cipherin' a leetle over thet air," said he, as he made a long scratch on the floor with his flint. Then he rubbed his chin, looking down at it. "Hain't jest eggzactly med up my mind yit," he added.

We blew out the light and lay back, whispering. Then presently we heard the coming of footsteps. Two men came to the door with a candle, one being the guard we knew.

"Come, young fellow," said the latter, as he unlocked the door and beckoned to me; "they want you upstairs."

We both got to our feet.

"Not you," he growled, waving D'ri back. "Not ready fer you yet."

He laid hold of my elbow and snapped a shackle on my wrist. Then they led me out, closing the door with a bang that echoed in the far reaches of the dark alley, and tied a thick cloth over my eyes.

"Good luck!" D'ri cried out as they took me away.

"For both," I answered as cheerfully as I could.

They led me through winding passages and iron doors, with that horrible clank of the prison latch, and up flights of stone till I felt as lost as one might who falls whirling in the air from a great height. We soon came out upon a walk of gravel, where I could feel the sweet air blowing into my face. A few minutes more and we halted, where the guard, who had hold of my elbow, rang a bell. As the door swung open they led me in upon a

soft carpet. Through the cloth I could see a light.

"Bring him in, bring him in!" a voice commanded impatiently—a deep, heavy voice the sound of which I have not yet forgotten. The guard was afraid of it. His hand trembled as he led me on.

"Take off the blindfold," said that voice again.

As it fell away, I found myself in a large and beautiful room. My eyes were dazzled by the light of many candles, and for a little I had to close them. I stood before two men. One sat facing me at a black table of carved oak—a man of middle age, in the uniform of a British general. Stout and handsome, with brown eyes, dark hair and mustache now half white, and nose aquiline by the least turn, he impressed me as have few men that ever crossed my path. A young man sat lounging easily in a big chair beside him, his legs crossed, his delicate fingers teasing a thin mustache. I noticed that his hands were slim and hairy. He glanced up at me as soon as I could bear the light. Then he sat looking idly at the carpet.

The silence of the room was broken only by the scratch of a quill in the hand of the general. I glanced about me. On the wall was a large painting that held my eye. I saw presently it was that of the officer I had fought in the woods, the one who fell before me. I turned my head; the young man was looking up at me. A fine set of teeth showed between them.

"Do you know him?" he asked coolly.

"I have not the honor," was my reply.

"What is your name?" the general demanded in the deep tone I had heard before.

"Pardon me," said the young man, quietly, as if he were now weary of the matter, "I do not think it necessary."

There was a bit of silence. The general looked thoughtfully at the young man.

"If your lordship will let me—" he went on.

"My dear Sir," the other interrupted, in the same weary and lethargic manner, "I can get more reliable knowledge from other sources. Let the fellow go back."

"That will do," said the general to the guard, who then covered my eyes and led me back to prison.

Lying there in the dark, I told D'ri all I knew of my mysterious journey. My account of the young man roused him to the soul.

"Wha' kind uv a nose hed he?" he inquired.

"Roman," I said.

"Bent in at the p'int a leetle?"

"Yes."

"And black hair shingled short?"

"Yes."

"An' tall, an' a kind uv a nasty, snookin', mis'able-lookin' cuss?"

"Just about the look of him," I said.

"Judas Priest! He 's one o' them sneks et tuk me when you was fightin' 't other feller over there 'n the woods."

"Looks rather bad for us," I remarked.

"Does hev a ruther squeaky luk tew it," said he. "All we got 't dew is 't keep breathin' jest as nat'ral 'n' easy es we can be till we fergit how. May fool 'em fust they know."

[To Be Continued.]

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

Proposed Victim of Misplaced Confidence Proves to Be a Man of Resources.

The following story comes from Belgium says the Philadelphia Ledger.

Two fellow travelers got into conversation and came upon the subject of free luggage, when asked leave to measure the other's trunk. The result was that the measurer said:

"Your trunk is seven and one-half centimetres too long, and has no right to be in the compartment of free luggage. I am a railway inspector, and must fine you five francs. Please give me your name and address."

The proposed victim of misplaced confidence was, however, equal to the occasion.

"Kindly lend me your measure, then, I may satisfy myself on the subject."

Then with a polite smile, "I am a director in the royal weights and measure office. To my great regret your measure is not stamped, as required by law, so that, first, your measuring is not legally valid, and, secondly, it is my painful duty to subject you to a fine of fifty francs. Please give me your name and address."

Senator Morgan's Eclair.

A colleague tells an amusing story in which Senator John T. Morgan, who is quite near-sighted, is the main figure. It appears that the Alabama statesman, while at dessert one evening in a hotel at Hot Springs, Va., experienced considerable difficulty in separating from the plate passed him by the colored waiter what he thought was a chocolate éclair. It stuck fast, so Senator Morgan pushed his fork quite under it and tried again to pry it up. Suddenly he became aware that his friends at the table were convulsed with laughter, which much mystified him. But his surprise was even greater when the waiter quietly remarked:

"Pardon me, senator, but that's my thumb!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Particular Witness.

"How far off were you when you saw the horse do what you say?" asked the late Sir Frank Lockwood.

"Seven yards, three feet, four and a half inches," was the reply.

"How comes it you are so sure about the distance?" pursued Sir Frank.

"Because," replied the witness, "I expected some fool or another would ask the question, so I measured it."—Smith's Weekly.

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