FAST AND SURE.

Strong in the faith of woman I lift mine eyes to thine, I feel thou art a true man To love as fond as mine, Fond as the flower that turneth To where the sunbeams shine

What need of words revealing All thou dost know full well? True love hath no concealing, And eyes will secrets tell, Love firm as rocks still braving Unmoved the ocean's swell.

Within thy hand now laying My hand I place secure, Nor doubt nor fear betraying; My faith is fast and sure— Fast as the twining ivy, As oaks that storms endure.

Nay, if my pulses flutter, 'Tis not the throb of fear; My lips no word could utter Of doubt while thou art near; So let my stay be ever Thine arm so strong and dear.

Yes-draw me to thee nearer And whispering sweet and low, In accents that are dearer Than chiming water's flow, Tell me the love thou feelest No change can ever know

Oh! thus upon thee leaning, As woman ever should, Thy heart may learn the meaning Of trustful womanhood, Leaning on man her weakness With strength to be endued.

A TOY DRAMA.

Colonel Poland, of the Indian army, and late of the Hussars, was a man whose ill luck had long been proverbial among his friends. He had originally joined a crack cavalry regiment, in which he was by far the most popular officer. But good nature was a more character, than discretion, and in an evil moment he backed a brother officer's Needless to say that his friend absconded, and was declared bankrupt, and that Poland being only a younger son, with a small allowance, was obliged to exchange into a regiment of Indian native cavalry.

He was a married man with a delicate wife and a couple of young children, and the climate speedily made his wife a chronic invalid, while the children faded away and died before their parent's eyes. The unfortunate man was too poor to afford to send them to England, and his father declined to assist him, saying with more truth than kindness, that he had been the cause of his own ruin, and must make the best of his altered circumstances.

Grief almost killed Mrs. Poland, and nearly broke the Major's heart-for he was not the Colonel, then. He would the country he looked upon as accursed," but necessity kept him at his post, and to the floor, he lived on, a dreary, hopeless existence, among a people he hated, and in a him. Two years after the death of their second child, a third was born to the Colonel and his wife-a son, whom they called Rupert. The two loved this dreaded the fatal air of the place, and

in silence, but he could not realize the position.

Bradley, "but it certainly seems a pity self!" that you should cut the Service now, and starve on half pay, when there is such an easy way out of the difficulty."

So, after a long discussion between Poland and his wife, it was settled that the Colonel should accept his friend's offer, and send Rupert to England, while he and his wife remained at Bundapore.

There was very little time for preparation, or for prolonged leave-taking. The poor mother strove to console herself with the thought that her child's life would be saved, but she suffered terribly in parting from him, while the Coronel's feelings were none the less deep because his manhood forbade him to parade them. As for Rupert, he had taken wonderfully to his new friends, and as his old nurse went with him, his childish sorrow was soon consoled by the novelty of the journey, and the change of scene.

Two years passed and the Polands were almost reconciled to the separation by the comforting letters they constantly received from Dr. Bradley. Rupert was growing up a strong, healthy boy. He was wonderfully sharp and intelligent, and had by no means forgotten his parents. The Bradleys were living near Tunbridge Wells, as London, they thought, was not good for children, and the country air suited Rupert to perfection

Mrs. Poland almost lived upon these letters, in which her little one's life was so minutely and faithfully depicted, that she was tempted to forget the dreary waste of sea which lay between them. In another year the Colonel would retire on a good pension, and conspicuous quality in Frank Poland's then they would be again united. Rupert had had only one misfortune-his old native nurse was dead-but Mrs. Bradbills for a very considerable amount. ley said that she thought she had found an excellent substitute.

Only six months were wanting to complete the Colonel's term of service. ple of letters from England, one in a should take. black-bordered envelope, addressed in a

stiff, formal hand, and the other from Dr. Bradley. The Colonel opened the black-edged letter, and handed the other to his wife, The first was from a lawyer, curtly informing him that his think it would be difficult." father and elder brother had been

drowned on a yachting trip. "Good God, how awfull" cried Poland

His father had been his worst enemy, and his brother had never raised his when the moment came to part with it; little finger to help him. But blood is the sweet and bitter memories it called thicker than water, and the good man up, although they cost her many tears, was grievously shocked by the news. seemed to lift her out of her terrible As he stared at the open letter, he sud- sorrow, and, woman-like, she took a sad have resigned his commission, and left | denly heard a shiek, and turning round, saw that his wife had fallen, fainting,

"Why, Bessie, what is the matter?" he exclaimed, and then his eye fell on she loved it almost as a friend. land which had become detestable to the letter from Dr. Bradley. Picking it up he strove to revive his wife as he low?" she said to the Colonel, when the began to read it. The first few sentences turned his bronzed face to the lips. sent off to its destination. Rupert was lost! He and his nurse

youngest baby with a devotion that was had disappeared, and not a trace could answered her husband, "but I believe almost pitiful in its intensity, for they be found of them. Detectives had been we can easily find out." se: to work, still nothing had resulted scarcely dared hope that he would from their exertions but vague and un- becomes of it."

The Colonel grasped his friend's hand every child in the Kingdom who hap- with a sad expression and wistful eyes. but one morning there came a packet pens to have light hair and blue eyes! It's positively irritating te see the head "I don't want to press you," said of the family make such an idot of him-

> "It would be rather awkward for you, too, if the child is found," suggested a malicious old gentlemen, whose mission in life was to rub people the wrong way. "Oh, I should be too delighted!" re-

plied Martin; "but I am afraid the old Colonel will be imposed upon, you know, and adopt some scrap of humanity that does not belong to him." In spite, however, of such sneers, Colonel Poland and his wife hoped

against hope, and took a somewhat melancholy pleasure in doing all they could to relieve the wretchedness of the poor little gutter children whom they found in work-houses and hospitals, and even in the streets.

Christmas was drawing near, and the Colonel, according to his custom, was fuil of benevolent plans for the welfare of these waifs and strays of infant humanity. One day an announcement caught his eye that a certain paper pro-

posed to raise a fund for providing toys for Chrismas presents for these children. "A splendid ideal" cried the worthy man. "I'll send them a subscription at once; and we'll go round to the shops, Bessie, and buy some toys for them, too."

His wife eagerly assented, and they spent an afternoon and a good many own. sovereigns in buying such an assortment as 'they felt convinced would do much to relieve the misery of many a friendless little sufferer.

"By the way," said Mrs. Poland, "I "Oh, Rupert, my own sweet darling! see that there is a competition for the Thank God, we have found you at best home-made toy. I used to be rather last!" clever at that sort of thing."

The mother's voice failed her as she thought of the lost darling whose eagerly expectant face had done so much to inspire her dexterity.

The Colonel pressed her arm in mute sympathy, and said:

"Do, dear; it will be a nice occupation for you." They spent a good part of the evening when, by the same mail, arrived a cou- in deciding what form the proposed toy

> "What do you say to a doll's house?" asked Mrs. Poland, after several other suggestions had been discarded as impracticable; "made, you know, as a model of our old bungalow. I don't

"Capital, my dear; you must set to work at once, and I'll help you."

So the bungalow was duly begun, and in due time was finished off to admiration. Mrs. Poland was really sorry pleasure in reproducing in minjature. the house where she had endured so much misery. The little model seemed to bring her nearer to her lost boy, and

"I wonder who will get the bungadoll's house had been duly packed and

"I'm afraid I can't say, my dear," "I think I should like to know what

"I think, Madam, your toy was sent from England for Mrs. Rufus Parsons. into this ward," said the Superintend- It was a great event in their monotoent, who acted as guide; "but Mrs. Price will know. A doll's house Mrs. Price, with one story and a veranda." "Yes, Madam," said Mrs. Price, hurrying up to them. "I gave it to one child, but another pleaded so hard for it

that I let him have it, instead of his own toy. This way, if you please." chimes, telling "What is the name of the little and a victory. pleader?" quickly asked the Colonel, strangely interested.

"Robert Home," answered the nurse, surprised; "at least, so we were told. He was found a month ago in a wretched den in Shoreditch, and has been very ill with a slow fever. His mother went off with a sailor, and left him starving friends, each forgetting the difference be so rude aboutsticking their heads in -the wretch! In the cot, just beyond -there!"

As she spoke, they approached the cot, but the little occupant was too much absorbed in the contemplation of his new treasure, to notice them. So he went talking to himself about it:

this is my room-and papa's study-and the dog-kennel-and-"Good heavens!" exclaimed the Colo-

nel, "what can this mean?"

turned its startled face full into her

ward, and the children wondered as they heard a woman's voice sobbing

Rebecca's Prisoner.

The day had been a dreary one for the young matron, Rebecca Parsons. She was entirely alone in their humble forest home as she, the bride of a few months, had given a "God speed" to her Rufus and bade him go with the brave band of Massachusetts volunteers to fight for freedom and a treeman's right.

Rebecca wrapped herself in warm shawls, caught up the milk pail and started to the barn, looking back at the bright fire that burned in the great, wide fireplace. She burst into tears, and

"I can't-I can't spare Rufus much longer, it's so lonely here now. I'd rather be oppressed by old England and have Rufus home than to be free and live without him. Then-he may be killed!"

Rebecca milked Bonny Lass, the sleek, gentle cow, and was pulling down hay for Prince's supper, when she was startled by a faint moan. Another louder groan alarmed her." Weak and nervous from a recent illness, she almost fainted. "Help me, friend, if you can," said a

weak voice. Rebecca nerved herself to search for the sufferer. In the hay loft lay a young man dressed in the hated uniform of a British soldier.

"I am your prisoner, lady; do not betray me for the sake of my young wife. Think if it were your own husband;" and he swooned, so weak and sick as he was from the effort it cost him to make this appeal to his captor.

It was a great event in their monotonous lives, and delighted indeed was the young housewife at the dainty, pretty articles of dress and the toilet table sent by Mrs. Reginald Lingard. fat bumble bees tumbled and buzzed, Rufus and Rebecca's little son was born to a heritage of freedem upon the very day the bells rang their joyful chimes, telling the glad story of peace

The summer Richard was 18 a great surprise came to the Parsons family. Sir Reginald Lingard, with his wife and two young daughters, drove up to "Hazelwood Farm" one morning.

Rebecca Parsons and Lady Lucie in dress and station.

Victoria, the eldest daughter, was a genuine aristocrat, and a little inclined to snub and patronize all Yankees; but and the old barn was the favorite play-Beatrice, the piquante, black-eyed gypsy, was in love with everything she saw. When Sir Reginald was ready to start "Yes, I'm sure we used to live here; for home he discovered his little Bee was not heart-whole.

"What are we to do about it, Parsons? I think our two young people are in love with each other. I think my But almost before the words were Bee is too young to marry, but if they uttered, his wife sprang forward, and, are of the same mind a few years from from down the creek to put in, but I seizing the child by its little shoulders, now I will give my consent."

"And I mine," said honest Rufus Parsons. "And I think my son good And then a great cry of joy filled the enough to mate with a princess."

"I think so too, or I should not be willing to give my bonny Bee," answered Sir Reginald.

The last evening of their stay in America was a never-to-be-forgotten one to Bee and Richard, who plighted their troth and planned how they should spend the years that should pass before Richard could make her his own cherished wife.

Rich Men's Sons.

If there is any person in the world to be envied it is the one who is born to an ancient estate, with a long line of family traditions and the means in his hand of shaping his mansion and his from the porch.

domain to his own taste, without losing sight of all the characteristic features which surrounded his earliest years. The American is, for the most part, a nomad, who pulls down his house as the Tartar pulls up his tent poles. If

I had an ideal life to plan for him it would be something like this: His grandfather should be a wise. scholarly, large-brained, large-hearted country minister, from whom he should inherit the temperament that pre-disposes to cheerfulness and enjoyment, with the finer instincts which direct life to noble aims and make it rich with the gratification of pure and elevated tastes and the carrying out of plans for the good of his neighbors and his fellow creatures. He should, if possible, have been born, at any rate have passed some of his early years, or a large part of them under the roof of the good old minister. His father should be, we will say, a business man in one of our great cities, a generous manipulator of millions, some of which has adhered to his pri-ate fortunes, in spite of his fetters of fear that bound her limbs, liberal use of his means. His helr our and she dashed wildly into the house,

ideally placed American, shall take upsetting wee Jamie on the way, and possession of the old house, the home leaving him screaming. She thought it f his earliest men

ous rich men can make themselves hat-

ed, held as enemies of the race, or be-

Old People as Travelers.

In Europe and in this country it must

often have been observed how many

people of an advanced age, women as

well as men, are traveling for health or

selection of localities and in adjustment

as to weather not borne out by meteor-

much more foolish thing. He can see a

shallow and superficial part of a novel

world in his own way, but under the

care and council of a ripe mind he will

see and learn things that his own vision

never dreams of. This remark is not wholly inapplicable to the young ladies.

These bewitching creatures too might

Who?

A big, old-fashioned parn in the country, piled full of sweet-smelling hay; thousands and thousands of clover blossoms, with honey cups over which gathering their sweet burden, were stowed away in the loft; golden buttercups mingled with the grass; great oxeyed daises, on which Aunt Alice drew such cunning little baby faces, were ruthlessly beheaded and packed away in the mows.

Such a delightful place for a romp and a tumble! Such delightful tea parties as were held out there! All the dolls were invited, and sometimes Moppet's Lingard were at once tender and true whole family of kittens, only they would the milk jar.

Four little folks from the city were spending a month with their cousins, house. Amy Goodwin sat under a horse chestnut tree one afternoon, very quiet and thoughtful.

"O, Amy!" cried Cousin Jessie," we're going to have supper in the barn; Dora will give bread and cake, Will is picking berries and Flossy is making a real salad out of the cook book. Johnny brought her some garbage

"Tisn't garbage, it's garlic," corrected Amy shortly. "I'm not going to that old barn to eat!"

"I'd be more polite to my companions, anyway," retorted Jessie. "In the city it is considered very ill-bred to correct people!" And Jessie walked away with a dignified air but Amy made no movement toward following her.

"I wonder what ails Amy lately; she is so quiet," said Aunt Alice.!

"She looks so pale and worried all the time; I cannot understand it," said her mother anxiously.

"She mopes along all the while, and will not play," said Horace. "I'm going to find out what the trouble is and see if I cannot bring back her merry laugh," and he sprang down lightly

To tell the truth, Amy was worried and was sure no little girl ever had such a dreadful thing happen to her. She was acquiring a very bad habit of not always telling the exact truth about little things. She had never been guilty of a deliberate falsehood, but it is so easy to slip into sly ways.

One evening after tea, she was rumaging in the china closet, which was forbidded, when she knocked down and broke a cut-glass berry dish, which she knew her mother particularly prized. She ran to her usual refuge, the barn, to think it over, and formed a very wicked resolution.

"I'll tell mamma Betty broke it," she thought. "and she won't know any difference, for she sent her away last week. Yes. I'll just lay it to Bettie."

"Who who-of" called a loud, hoarse voice from the loft.

Amy was paralyzed with fright. "Who, who-o, WHO O-O?" rang out

from above. The last fierce question loosed the

escape the fate of his brother and sister; but Rupert was a strong healthy child, and for the first three years of his life scarcely had a day's illness.

Poland began to think his luck had turned at last. He had recently been prometed to a Colonelcy, and shortly wife, too, seemed to revive in the delight unlooked-for catastrophe. of her boy's existence, and Rupert himself was as little spoiled as any child could be, considering the amount of affection lavished upon him.

But just when the prospects of the family seemed to brighten, a new terror rose to torment the luckless Colonel. His child began to show premonitory symptoms of the same wasting disease to his parents, and the chance of losing dreadful persistence before their imagination. So far, indeed, there was no perceptions were quickened by his overpowering anxiety and affection, or he would scarcely have noticed that little Rupert's face occasionally wore a hectic flush, and that he seemed to tire of play sooner than was altogether natural.

Husband and wife, for a long time, therefore, kept up the painful farce of pretending to ignore each other's fears. but an explanation was finally inevitable. Poor Mrs. Poland, valnly striving to check her tears, implored her husband to tell her candidly if anything was really wrong with her darling, and he was forced to admit that the doctor had recommended a sea voyage and a change of climate.

"And how the poor child is to get either the one or the other I'm sure I can't imagine," he groaned.

"Surely your father would do something if he ouly knew!"

But the Colonel shook his head very drearily.

"I can't ask him, my dear; no, there is nothing else for it; I must send in my papers, and we must try to keep out of work-house somehow or other. Anything to save Rupert."

And so the matter was settled. Colthe very day before he sent in his papers, it happened that an old comrade of the Colonel's was passing through the station in which he was quartered-Surgeon Major Bradley, who had been invalided home, and was making the best of his way to England with his wife.

They stayed a couple of nights at Bundapore, and sympathized deeply with the Polands in their dilemma. Dr. Bradley seemed to take a great fancy to Rupert; he was childless himself. On boy antil his parents returned to Eng- useless persistence. land.

"It would really be rather a favor

satisfactory clues. Rewards had been offered, and scores of children had been said Colonel Poland, always eager to inspected, but Rupert was not among gratify her every fancy. them. Dr Bradley wrote that he and his wife were almost beside themselves with anxiety, and dread to meet Col.

expected to command his regiment; his for being the innocent cause of this of little cots, each of which contained

ned and helpless.

be. which was already so terribly familiar fate, which ever seemed to mock him with vain hopes of happiness. Presently him, too, began to present itself with the unhappy mother recovered from her swoon, and awoke to the full sense of cause for immediate alarm Poland's failed to console her; indeed, his own despair was too evident to permit him to inspire either hope or comfort.

"But perhaps he is found by this time," he said.

"No, no!" moaned his wife; "they would have telegraphed. I shall never see him again!"

On the misery of the return journey -the journey to which the Colonel from its face, and infused into its dull and his wife had looked forward so life a new and exquisite pleasure. eagerly for years-it is needless to dwell. In six week's time they were in England, and had learnt all there was to hear of their loss.

Not the smallest trace had been found of the child and nurse, except that the detectives were practically certain that they had gone to London, and there disappeared utterly. What had induced the woman to take

this extraordinary step, Doctor and Mrs. Bradiey utterly failed to imagine. She had always been a steady, honest girl, and the mystery was beyond their be content, with the donkey. comprehension. So, with a mighty effort, the poor Colonel forgave his sion, and the little family were to start searched every work-house, hospital, new toy as if he could never take his orry to have Rufus come home. his eyes were weary and his heart sick with disappointed longing. He made by the plausible tale of an impostor. And after a year so spent, he was forced sight. to confess to himself that his chance of "It

long as her son could not be found.

"Of course the little beggar's dead," remarked to his friends young Martin all days in the year." than otherwise," he protested. "My Poland, who, by the way, was the Col-wife and I are very dull by ourselves, one's presumptive heir. "He always wife and I are very dull by ourselves, and if you could only trust us, I am sure was a weakly brat. Just imagine the children and their toys. Two of we would take as good care of the boy spending your life in running about as if he were our own. But you know from Poplar to Seven Dials, and from you must make up your mind at once." Land's End to John o' Groats, to see

"So you shall, Bessie; I'll see to that,"

The scene was a ward of an East-end hospital for children.

Low-voiced, neatly-dressed nurses Poland, who would never forgive them were passing to and fro among numbers some tiny scraps of suffering humanity. Poland called his servants to take his But the restless limbs were quieter than wife to her room, feeling utterly stun- usual, the queruless cries were less frequent; there was a rare look of delighted One thing was clear in his mind-that expectation upon the upturned faces; he must sail for England without a eyes were brighter, cheeks flushed with day's delay, whatever the cost might a color that was not altogether hectic, And then he suddenly remembered and small tongues showed an invincible that he was now a rich man, and in the disposition to chatter, which the nurse's bitterness of his heart cursed his cruel authority could not altogether restrain. For Christmas was close at hand, and with Christmas came, so the children had heard, all sorts of beautiful toys, such as none had ever dreamed of being her misfortunes. The Colonel utterly able to call their own; Christmas cards, new sixpences, and joys wonderful and altogether beyond imagination.

Aud presently rapturous expectation ended in blissful reality; a chorus of delight and surprise filled the long, so, but a soldier must go wherever he is formal room, where the cries of pain, were, alas, much more frequent, and every child in the ward fondled some toy which chased the look of suffering

One little fellow alone did not seem satisfied with the splendid wooly donkey wistful and wondering looks upon the prize which had been bestowed upon his neighbor-a doll house of a somewhat | woman?" asked Rufus. unusual pattern.

"What's the matter, Bob?" asked a nurse, very kindly, with whom Bob, wrong, Rufus?"

was an especial favorite. "Please, nurse, may I see Ada's doll's house?" pleaded the child.

"But, Bob, you know you ought to

"Oh, please, nurse, may I look at it?" And the proud woman had not the friends, and settled down into a life heart to refuse. Ada was a contented spent in unremitting, toilsome, and child, and was easily prevailed upon to fearing he would think it his duty to ever-tantalizing search for the lost child. | relinquish her claim to the doll's house, | give the poor soldier over to the Ameri-He spared neither money nor trouble in and to transfer her affections to the the one object of his existence. He donkey. And Bob lay staring at his English wife made her heart tender to

"Are you satisfied now, Bob?"

fruitless journeys all over England in he touched the house with trembling for stray redcoats. search of a fancied resemblance, or led and careful fingers, as though he half expected it to vanish away from his Lingard, made him as comfortable as

"It's like the house we used to live in, leave. success grew more and more remote. Mrs. Poland's health had somewhat improved by the change of climate, but she, too, had small pleasure in life, so to the hurse, ever so long ago," he said. "This is where the nursery was; and Mamma used to sleep here. Oh, nurse, shall I ever see Mamma again?" Heave. "God keep you and yours, and reward you for this," said the soldier, as he left the humble forest home. Rufus came home as he said he should,

"Of course you will, Bob," answered the second morning he came to the Col-onel and offered to take charge of the him behind his back for his apparently and wondering what the little fellow "I am glad and wondering what the little fellow "I am glad, little woman, that you could be thinking about' "But cheer did not tell me sooner, as I should have up, darling, you mustn't cry to-day, of thought it right to have given him up,

> There was a stir at the other end of lish girl's husband for her. No doubt the ward, as some visitors entered to see she would have done as much for you." them were a tall, gray-haired gentleman, very erect and stiff, accompanied by a lady some years younger than himself, early days letters were few and scarce, thing."

Rebecca's heart was a tender and womanly one. She ran to the house for Wealth is a steep hill, which the father brandy and wine, and gave it to the solclimbs slowly and the son often tumdier. She looked at the wound; a gaping, cruel one it was, and in the chest too, bles down precipitately, but there is a table land continuous with it, which but only a flesh wound. She then caremay be found by those who do not lose fully washed and dressed it. their head in looking down from its sharply cloven summit. Our danger-

Having revived him, she gave him her arm to the house, where he could be concealed in the garret chamber from chance visitors.

loved and recognized as its benc actors. A high fever came upon the patient. The clouds of discontent are threaten-For days he raved in delirium, and Mrs. ing, but if the gold-pointed lightning Parsons found it hard to control him. rods are highly distributed the destruc-Two week's careful nursing and he was tive element may be drawn off silently out of danger, but very weak and spent. "I want to show you this, Mrs. Par-sons, the picture of my wife," said Reand harmlessly.

ginald Lingard, as he took from his wallet an ivory painting of a sweetfaced, golden-haired girl, whose violethued eyes beamed with hope and joy. "This is my poor little Lucie, and she

is just as good as she is beautiful. Poor darling! she was almost heart-broken pleasure. These people, of course, have means, but as they seem in many rewhen I came to America. I left her spects to act more judiciously in the unconscious. It was hard to leave her ordered. I shall tell her when I get to new climates, customs aud conveniences than the younger folk, it is obvihome that an enemy saved my life. I ous that trained and disciplined faculwas wounded in the last skirmish, and ties tell in travel as in everything else. so weak when I crawled into your barn that I only wanted to die. How kind

you have been to mel" At supper, as she sat alone, two ing two prices for a service, does not strong arms were folded about her, and entice them into fruitless expeditions which had fallen to his share. He cast a loud voice greeting told her Rufus had and does not cheat them by assurance turn out." come home.

"Are you surprised to see me, little ological observation. The gray-headed

"Indeed I am, as I did not know you were near here. Is there anything and methods. He soon advises himself as to his new surroundings and is in a

"Oh, no, but it is rumored that a red- short time better informed as to many coat is in this neighborhood. Now don't matters than the natives themselves. be fearful, Rebecca, I am here to-night, and good news, dear, after this week I am coming home to stay all the time." of one of the seniors, but he might do a For once in her wedded life Rebecca had a secret from her husband. She dreaded to tell him about her prisoner, can authorities, and pity for the young

make travel far richer in results by occasional associations with much older At daybreak Rufus kissed Rebecca But Bob's eyes filled with tears, and and rode away, bidding her keep watch persons.

At 9 she prepared a lunch for Mr. An Even Thing. He was the attendant of a railroad

she could, and her prisoner took his unch counter at a station in Indiana. The other day, as a stranger called for a cup of coffee, the attendant glared at

and Rebecca could not rest until she

but I am glad that you saved the Eng-A year rolled by, and the war still

over as she sat alon Is not this a pleasing programme?

"O dear! O dear! Who could have read my thoughts? I-"Hello, Miss Doldrumsl In the

dumps again? Come on, supper's 'most ready!" and Horace took her hand to lead her away.

"I don't want any supper, and I hate that old barn," she said, holding back. "Why?" asked Horace, amazed.

"Because there's a ghost there, ' she whispered solemnly.

Horace began to laugh, bot a glance at Amy's pale face checked him.

'How do you know," he inquired. Then Amy told him all about the mysterious voice.

'Are ghosts always hoarse, do you think, Horace?" she asked.

"Come on and we'll see," he answered, laughing.

"Do you see anything behind me, Horace?" asked the nervous httle girl, softly, as they walked toward the barn. "Nothing but the shadow of a little

coward," he answered, gayly. Amy watched kim as he ran up the ladder to the loft, sure she should never dare follow him; but a merry laugh reassured her, and she climbed bravely up, her sun-bonnet falling down her back in the excitement. Horace sat on The astute hackman or boatman does the hay laughing and pointing to a large not gull these veteran tourists into paystaring owl.

ing two prices for a service, does not "There's your ghost, Amy," he cried; "that's the way ghost stories always

"I know owls can see when it's pitch dark, but how could he look through me and see that naughty story in my business man on his travels does not part company with his business ideas heart?" asked Amy, doubtfully.

"He couldn't," said Horace. "Owls always hoot that way; but, little cousin, there is an All-Seeing Eye that witnesses every act of hidden wrong-doing, A young man would laugh at the idea of seeing the world under the guidance louder, even, than this solemn bird."

Rabbits.

A single firm in Jasper, Mo., has shipped 7,000 rabbits this season. In some sections of Missouri restaurants class rabbits among the "delicacies of the season." The Springfield (Mo) Herald has this observation to offer on the subject evidently in the interests of justice: Rabbits are quoted at points on the Gulf Railroad at 24 cents per dozen, while eggs retail at 25 cents. This dis-crimination against the rabbit in favor of the hen needs investigation and legislation, and as there is no justice in a years' products of a mother rabbit bringing a cent less than the work of an old chicken, who only puts in a couple of week's scratching around in leisure moments dashes off 25 cents worth of produce.

An electric horse chronometer has been invented. The movement is controlled by a current opened and closed by the breaking of an almost micros pic copper wire stretched across the track. It is said to record to the 1-500 of a second.

A South END man calls his wife Crys tal because she is always on the watch.

him for a moment and then began to spit on his hands. "What's up?"

"Going to have revengeon you." "What for?"

"We were in Wall street together ten years ago. You advised me to buy railroad stock and unloaded on me and brought me down to \$40 a month."

"Well, don't get mad about that. It wasn't a year before a chap unloaded coal oil on me, and I'm braking on this train out here for a dollar a day." "They kissed and called it an even.