

IF ONLY YOU WERE HERE.

If you were here to-night, I might lift my longing eye to trace your dreamy eyes down-looking on my face...

Harley's Chances.

Prior to the great financial crash of 1873, Joshua Martin was deemed the most prosperous merchant in the then frontier city of St. Joseph, Wis.

The memorable crash of that decade which embraced the dates above written ruined Joshua Martin. He had staked everything in Eastern securities...

When a rich man suddenly becomes poor, the grave is the best place for him. It is a house of refuge, where he is safe from the scorn of those whose equal and superior in social position he once was.

By and by the house which they occupied was sold over their heads, but the new owner—a great, middle-aged, and somewhat handsome man—assured them that they should not be put out.

The new owner was a stranger in St. Joseph, but immediately purchasing the property above mentioned, he opened a commission store, and at once drew a thriving patronage about him.

the funds of the house have mysteriously disappeared. "What! Say that again boy?" The young man repeated his words, and added: "One afternoon while you were absent East, I placed \$500 in the safe, and the following morning \$45 were missing."

"You have committed an error in counting, possibly." "I cannot count money correctly when it is before my eyes. I deserve to be thrown out of employment," said the youth, in an insulted tone.

"Three hundred dollars have been purloined within four weeks," said Lee, turning from his desk. "It staggers me," returned Harley, "but we will watch the thief, and if we catch him he shall have his reward."

"I'll look at his figures," he murmured, but the next moment he turned the envelope and stared at the superscription. It was merely "Phillip Lee, Present," but the choreography started the merchant.

For a moment his eyes remained fixed upon the brief communication, when he started from the desk, while something like an oath fell from his lips. "So, Miss Maumee Martin," he said, hurrying the letter to the floor and gazing angrily at it.

When the clerk was dismissed, he turned to the desk, and placed it there, and the youth had left it. The contents of the missive did not amount to much. It was merely a reply to one which, during business hours, Phillip Lee had sent her, but the appellation of "Dear Phillip" had opened a mine of information to him.

"I saw Lee standing by the store last night at eleven, while I was going home from the club," continued Mason, evincing an eagerness to unburden himself of something that he had never mentioned to anyone else.

"I am on the right track," said Andreas Harley, exultingly. "And yes," he felt a sorrowful tone, "I do not want to think the prisoner is Phillip Lee."

the merchant began buttoning his coat, and the clerk walked from the room. Andreas Harley heard him close and lock the outside door of the store, and then stepped toward the desk, his dark eyes fixed upon an object which lay thereon.

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The other day a tall, double-breasted individual, with a white choker and a Quaker hat, on stepped into the Halifax Custom House and beckoned Mr. Morris over to the corner of the room.

"What are you giving me the straight tip, and if you take warning in time you will live to thank me for my timely hint." At this point Mr. Morris began to look serious.

"Do you remember," continued the "double-breasted," "about seven years ago, a building in Boston, known as 'Scollays,' tumbled to its ruin, twenty-five minutes after the inmates were warned?"

"Come to think of it," said Mr. Morris, "I do remember a leetle something about that." "Well, sir, I was the man who warned the inmates of that building. By so doing I saved forty-seven lives.

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ver from his belt and quick as thought sent ball after ball into the card, till there were six balls in a spot not much larger than a silver dollar.

"The scholars will take their seats; I open school with prayer," he said sternly. Five minutes later the scholars sat down silent almost breathless.

"We will arrange the classes," he said. "All who can read, write and spell, will rise, of them we will form the first class."

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An Exciting Note. "My home," said a tramp, in Chicago, is a few miles west of Philadelphia, Pa., and my father, a farmer there, is comfortably situated in a financial point of view.

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