

THE UNCROWNED KING.

Or God or Mammon, as he serves
Straight to his goal he cuts his way.
Perhahs on some vast continent
His hand was closed but yesterday.

"Aye, yesterday," you say. "But death—
Because one died is all life done?
The uncrowned monarch never dies.
The sun hath set—there springs the sun!"

A BRAVE YOUNG GIRL.

By MAURICE SILINSBY.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

A H. Johnson!" cried Squire Wilkinson, shaking hands through the carriage window, in front of the little inn in Cheshire, with a stout, rough-looking man in farmer's garb. "If I had expected to see you here, I would have brought along the money I owe you; but I have it safely locked up for you in my bureau drawer at home," he added, with a bland smile.

"Oh, never mind, squire. I'm in no special hurry 'bout it," replied the man addressed as Johnson. "I shall be up to Wilkinsonsville in a week or so, and will give you a call. I've a couple of more of them choice cards I'd like to drive up to you when I come. Same price as others, you know, and full as good, if not better."

"I don't know that I care to purchase any more stock just at present," replied the gentleman, blandly. "If you had a good young filly well broken for a saddle horse for a young lady, I might talk with you."

"I think I have my eye on just the animal you want, squire. For your daughter, eh?"

"Yes; mother and I are just going to fetch her home from the seminary, where she will graduate to-morrow—and, as I anticipate, with the highest honors." This, with an excusable degree of fatherly pride.

"She ought, squire, that's a fact," returned Johnson, with seeming interest, "for I know you have put out stacks of money on her education."

"Yes. Well, call for your money when you come to Wilkinsonsville. Good-morning!"

And the carriage rolled away.

Two or three idlers, of the type usually to be found lounging around country taverns, had been interested listeners to the foregoing conversation, and among them was Tom Dolan, the landlord's son, a reckless, dissolute fellow, who had already cost his father many a hard-earned dollar to keep him out of the clutches of the law.

"There is the man that can show the rocks to you," said Johnson, turning to his companions, as the stylish equipage moved off. "He's rich as mud, and they've named the town after him—Wilkinsonville. He's like all the rest of these city chaps, you know—full of new-fangled notions about fancy stock, and all that. Why, a shrewd fellow can pull the wool over his eyes as easy as a baby. Do you see, I know just such a filly as he wants—a good saddle horse for his daughter, well-broke, ha! ha! Did you understand? The mare is going on ten, but I shall sell her for five, of course. He'll never know the difference unless some one tells him. I can buy her for a hundred and a quarter, and shall sell to him for two hundred at least. Why, I sold him a three-year-old Durham bull and heifer this spring—short-horn, fancy breed, you know, ha! ha!—for three hundred and fifty dollars, and the two only cost me seventy-five a year ago. Pretty good pay for a year's keeping, eh? That's the money he was speaking about paying me just now; but I don't think I'd care to leave it in the house with a servant girl, and no men folk about. I'd expect to be robbed 'fore I got back."

"Ain't there no farm hands about the place?" questioned Tim, a look of hungry eagerness lighting up his stooped features.

"Yes; he keeps a half dozen or more; but they are boarded by the manager outside."

"And don't he keep dogs, eh?" queried Tim.

"I never saw any there excepting a small rat terrier and a poodle, but he keeps some excellent cider, I can tell you!" returned Johnson, smacking his lips at the recollection of the pitcher he had drunk there after the perpetration of the fraud he had just alluded to.

"Speaking of the cider, makes me think you can afford to treat oil that trade?" interposed one of the loungers, with a thirsty twinkle in his eyes.

"Well, Fagety, I don't mind if I do," assented Johnson, turning toward the barroom. "Come, Tim, let's go in and cider all hands round!"

While Johnson and his companions are drinking at the little tavern in Cheshire we will accompany the reader to Wilkinsonsville, where the gentleman's estate was attractively situated. The house had been left in charge of a stout servant girl, and the field where the farm hands were at work was a good distance away. But Polly Miner was in no way disturbed. She had often been left alone to guard and protect the house, and she felt in no way concerned for her safety.

It was a warm day, and doors and windows were open, while Polly herself was as busy as a bee flitting from room to room, as she performed her customary labors. Late in the afternoon a shadow falling across the kitchen floor attracted her attention, and she glanced up hastily from her work, directing her eyes toward the still open door. Standing on the sill, and gazing at her with a mingled look of admiration and mockery, stood a bearded, ruffianly-looking fellow, whom she at first took for one of the field hands.

The second glance, however, satisfied her that the fellow was not one of Mr. Wilkinson's men, and she began to feel a little uneasy under his persistent glance. The house was embowered in shrubbery, so that she could not even see the field in which the men were at work.

But Polly Miner was not to be easily intimidated by any strange tramp, and so she demanded of the rough-looking visitor what he wanted.

"Well, my girl," responded the ruffian, coolly, "I want all I can get; but first and foremost, I want the three hundred and fifty dollars laid away

you out!" responded Polly, mockingly. "Fire and furies, you jade, I'll burst the door open if you don't unfasten it!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Polly, tauntingly. "I'm going now to summon the field hands."

"If you go, I'll burn the house down!" shouted the robber, bawse with rage and alarm.

"That will hurt you worse than it will me!" retorted Polly, in a tantalizing tone.

"I say, my beauty," persisted the alarmed robber, changing his angry tone to one of coaxing persuasiveness, "let us come to a fair understanding. If you'll let me out of this, I'll promise you, on my sacred word of honor, I'll not hurt you, and I'll give up the square's money!"

"Look here, you wicked scamp!" exclaimed Polly, indignantly, "do you think Polly Miner is so big a fool as to allow herself to be taken in in that way by a ruffian of your stamp? Honor! What honor can be found in a sneak thief like you? No, sir; if you don't get out of this so easy, I've got you and the money both secure, and intend to keep you so till I can call in assistance and have you arrested. I look well, wouldn't I, to let such a villain as you loose on the strength of your own word?"

"Then I'll make you!"

"I'd just like to see you do it!" was the tart rejoinder.

The villain drew a revolver and a stout cord from his pocket.

"Now," said he, "if you remain quiet, and let me bind your wrists, it's all well and good. Otherwise you'll smell powder while I'm administering a dose of cold lead to you."

And being much stronger than our heroine he forthwith proceeded to tie her wrists behind her. She attempted to scream while he was doing it, whereupon he brutally stuffed his handkerchief into her mouth, nearly suffocating her.

"There, I guess you'll hold you tongue now!" he growled.

When he had secured her wrists, he dragged her into an adjoining room, and tied her to a bedpost. He then took a hatchet and proceeded to ransack the house. He was not long in finding the bureau, and with a few well-directed blows demolished the lock of the upper drawer, which chanced to be the right one. Here, to his surprise, he found eight hundred dollars instead of three hundred and fifty. This was so gratifying that he went to Polly and offered to release her if she would draw him a pitcher of the squire's cider and not raise a muss.

Polly, half suffocated, signified her willingness with a gesture.

"You are a beauty!" he said, pressing his thick, sensual lips to her cheek, into which the indignant blood rushed like a torrent.

Fortunately he did not offer to take any more liberties, but removed the gag and unbound her numb wrists, which had been tied so tight as to almost stop the circulation.

"Now," said he, "I haven't much time to spare, and hurry up and draw me the pitcher of cider, and I'll be off."

Without a word Polly went to the dresser and took down a quart mug, while the impudent robber narrowly watched her movements.

"Now I have him where I want him!" ejaculated the brave girl.

With the pistol in his possession, it might have been dangerous to approach him. Now he could do no harm, except it was by brute force, and she could soon summon help enough to easily overpower the villain. She accordingly left the house, and, hurrying through the surrounding shrubbery, was soon in the midst of the field hands, where she electrified them with the story of the robber's imprisonment in the cellar. One ran to the village for an officer, while the rest hurried back with Polly to see that her prisoner did not escape. They found him pounding impatiently at the door and asking to be released. One of the men picked up the revolver and the rest stood ready to overpower the thief the moment that Polly opened the door.

"Keep quiet now!" said Polly, "and I'll let you out. I've just brought a few friends to look at you, that's all!" And she opened the door.

"Tim Dolan!" was the general exclamation the moment their eyes fell on the caged ruffian.

Tim offered no resistance, and made no attempt to escape. He was completely Chapman, and didn't know what to say. In a few minutes the officer arrived, and he was taken into custody. They, of course, found the squire's money upon his person, and he was hurried off to the village lock-up, to await an examination. Here he was fully committed, and had to await trial. His trial soon followed; he was convicted, and sentenced to three years in the penitentiary.

In order to explain the mystery of Polly's unexpected appearance above stairs, it will be necessary to state that the main cellar was connected with the milk cellar, and a flight of back stairs leading from that connected with a small dairy room above, leading out from the kitchen pantry.

As for Polly, our brave little heroine, one of the squire's men, a likely and good-looking young fellow, fell desperately in love with her, partly for her pretty face, and partly out of admiration for her bravery, and married her from the squire's residence the ensuing Christmas. The squire gave her a marriage dower of a hundred dollars, and many other presents that were acceptable for housekeeping—New York Weekly.

Arranged Alphabetically.

So great an authority on circus matters as Toly Hamilton vouches for the truthfulness of the following story. It was with an English provincial circus, and business had been bad.

Finally the performers, with a tumbler named Zeno at their head, went to the management and insisted on receiving their back pay. They were paid off repeatedly. A definite date was at last promised, but the time arrived and still there was no money.

Zeno expostulated. Whereupon the management explained that it had commenced to pay salaries, commencing with the names beginning with A, and so on, but that the money had run out somewhere in the S's. The company walked home.

As for Polly, our brave little heroine, one of the squire's men, a likely and good-looking young fellow, fell desperately in love with her, partly for her pretty face, and partly out of admiration for her bravery, and married her from the squire's residence the ensuing Christmas. The squire gave her a marriage dower of a hundred dollars, and many other presents that were acceptable for housekeeping—New York Weekly.

Food For the Stock.

Those who have tested the use of cooked and uncooked foods for stock, more particularly for swine, agree that the uncooked foods are by far the most digestible. This opinion would delight the vegetarians who urge uncooked fruits and vegetables as being more wholesome. Yet there are two sides to the story, as usual. There seems to be no denying the value of the uncooked food, with animals at any rate, but we all know that a quantity of raw fruits and vegetables eaten by humans during the summer is apt to create a disturbance of the digestive organs. Not always does it cause looseness of the bowels, but acidity of the stomach, which is very painful. Is it not fair to assume that if uncooked food has this effect on the human stomach that it must have some bad effect on the stomach of the farm animal?

A year later Zeno appeared at the offices of the circus and asked for an engagement.

"Certainly," said the manager. "We will take you on at an increased salary. Now let me enter your name. Mr. Zeno, is it not?"

"One moment," said the performer.

"This year my name is Ajax."

An Interesting Document.

Probably the first treaty of peace to be typewritten is the South African document. The signatures of the Boer leaders form an interesting part of it. They are all in different styles. Louis Botha's is described as being in a due hand, and though the others are somewhat rougher, Delaray's is the roughest of all. He has spelled his name split into three syllables, de la Rey. Christian de Witt is also spelled with a small d.

Nature Beats Culture.

It has been discovered that the wild silkworm produces a silk with more luster than does the pampered worm of captivity. Those who are up on silk culture claim that the tame worm has lost much of its power because it is taken care of so well.

Sheep on the Farm.

Many stock farms have no sheep on them at all and there seems to be no good reason for this, especially on farms that are adapted to sheep growing.

Those who are up on silk culture claim that the tame worm has lost much of its power because it is taken care of so well.

you out!" responded Polly, mockingly. "Fire and furies, you jade, I'll burst the door open if you don't unfasten it!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Polly, tauntingly. "I'm going now to summon the field hands."

"If you go, I'll burn the house down!" shouted the robber, bawse with rage and alarm.

"That will hurt you worse than it will me!" retorted Polly, in a tantalizing tone.

"I say, my beauty," persisted the alarmed robber, changing his angry tone to one of coaxing persuasiveness, "let us come to a fair understanding.

If you'll let me out of this, I'll promise you, on my sacred word of honor, I'll not hurt you, and I'll give up the square's money!"

"Look here, you wicked scamp!" exclaimed Polly, indignantly, "do you think Polly Miner is so big a fool as to allow herself to be taken in in that way by a ruffian of your stamp? Honor! What honor can be found in a sneak thief like you? No, sir; if you don't get out of this so easy, I've got you and the money both secure, and intend to keep you so till I can call in assistance and have you arrested. I look well, wouldn't I, to let such a villain as you loose on the strength of your own word?"

"Then I'll make you!"

"I'd just like to see you do it!" was the tart rejoinder.

The villain drew a revolver and a stout cord from his pocket.

"Now," said he, "if you remain quiet, and let me bind your wrists, it's all well and good. Otherwise you'll smell powder while I'm administering a dose of cold lead to you."

"There, I guess you'll hold you tongue now!" he growled.

When he had secured her wrists, he dragged her into an adjoining room, and tied her to a bedpost. He then took a hatchet and proceeded to ransack the house. He was not long in finding the bureau, and with a few well-directed blows demolished the lock of the upper drawer, which chanced to be the right one. Here, to his surprise, he found eight hundred dollars instead of three hundred and fifty. This was so gratifying that he went to Polly and offered to release her if she would draw him a pitcher of the squire's cider and not raise a muss.

Polly, half suffocated, signified her willingness with a gesture.

"You are a beauty!" he said, pressing his thick, sensual lips to her cheek, into which the indignant blood rushed like a torrent.

Fortunately he did not offer to take any more liberties, but removed the gag and unbound her numb wrists, which had been tied so tight as to almost stop the circulation.

"Now," said he, "I haven't much time to spare, and hurry up and draw me the pitcher of cider, and I'll be off."

Without a word Polly went to the dresser and took down a quart mug, while the impudent robber narrowly watched her movements.

"Now I have him where I want him!" ejaculated the brave girl.

With the pistol in his possession, it might have been dangerous to approach him. Now he could do no harm, except it was by brute force, and she could soon summon help enough to easily overpower the villain. She accordingly left the house, and, hurrying through the surrounding shrubbery, was soon in the midst of the field hands, where she electrified them with the story of the robber's imprisonment in the cellar. One ran to the village for an officer, while the rest hurried back with Polly to see that her prisoner did not escape. They found him pounding impatiently at the door and asking to be released. One of the men picked up the revolver and the rest stood ready to overpower the thief the moment that Polly opened the door.

"Keep quiet now!" said Polly, "and I'll let you out. I've just brought a few friends to look at you, that's all!" And she opened the door.

"Tim Dolan!" was the general exclamation the moment their eyes fell on the caged ruffian.

Tim offered no resistance, and made no attempt to escape. He was completely Chapman, and didn't know what to say. In a few minutes the officer arrived, and he was taken into custody. They, of course, found the squire's money upon his person, and he was hurried off to the village lock-up, to await an examination. Here he was fully committed, and had to await trial. His trial soon followed; he was convicted, and sentenced to three years in the penitentiary.

In order to explain the mystery of Polly's unexpected appearance above stairs, it will be necessary to state that the main cellar was connected with the milk cellar, and a flight of back stairs leading from that connected with a small dairy room above, leading out from the kitchen pantry.

As for Polly, our brave little heroine, one of the squire's men, a likely and good-looking young fellow, fell desperately in love with her, partly for her pretty face, and partly out of admiration for her bravery, and married her from the squire's residence the ensuing Christmas. The squire gave her a marriage dower of a hundred dollars, and many other presents that were acceptable for housekeeping—New York Weekly.

Food For the Stock.

Those who have tested the use of cooked and uncooked foods for stock, more particularly for swine, agree that the uncooked foods are by far the most digestible. This opinion would delight the vegetarians who urge uncooked fruits and vegetables as being more wholesome. Yet there are two sides to the story, as usual. There seems to be no denying the value of the uncooked food, with animals at any rate, but we all know that a quantity of raw fruits and vegetables eaten by humans during the summer is apt to create a disturbance of the digestive organs. Not always does it cause looseness of the bowels, but acidity of the stomach, which is very painful. Is it not fair to assume that if uncooked food has this effect on the human stomach that it must have some bad effect on the stomach of the farm animal?

A year later Zeno appeared at the offices of the circus and asked for an engagement.

"Certainly," said the manager. "We will take you on at an increased salary. Now let me enter your name. Mr. Zeno, is it not?"

"One moment," said the performer.

"This year my name is Ajax."

An Interesting Document.