MY OLD HOUSE

shal ago

ons

written by a Lady of Niney-Four Years.)
hall once more my natarday.
ill in my tenement of clay.
With many favors blest. lew He who placed the structure here an prop it up another year. If He should think it best.

s hath it stood, through snows and nd braved life's fearful hurricanes while many a stronger fell— te reason why, we cannot see, at what to us seems mystery The Builder knows full well.

he summer's heat and winter's cold Pierce through the walls and roof. is like a garment, so worn out mend there seems no whereabout, so gone is warp and woof.

the tottering pillars are all weak. he poor old rusty hinges creak. The windows, too, are dim. These slight discomforts we'll let pass. or, looking darkly through a glass, We catch a hopeful gleam.

vature and reason tell us all This withered frame ere long roust fall; When, where, or how's unknown. We'll leave that to the Architect, and trust His wisdom to direct The taking of it down.

and when you see it prostrate lie, set not a tear bedim your eye, The tenant is not here. But just beyond time's little space he finds some quiet resting place, No more to date her year.

nd though she walks with you no more The world will move just as before;
"Tis meet it should be so. Let each his house in order set, That he may leave without regret, Whenever called to go. Boston Transcript.

The Middy's Captive

BLUBBERING won't do any good; you had better report the matto Capt. Wilson at once," said the navigating lieutenant of her majsty's ship Triumph, as he gazed quizingly down at the chubby-faced midhipman who stood in such comical disnay before his superior officer. "Come with me; I'm going to his stateroom ow," the speaker added, not unkindly, as he noted the lad's evident distress.

"I'm not blubbering, and I don't care f he does stop my leave!" indignantly responded the youngster, drawing himself up to his full height.

"What is it, Stuart?" inquired the captain, as the twain entered his cabin. I merely wish to say that we are ready to get under way whenever you please, sir; but Robson has a report to make," said the lieutenant.

"Not seasick yet, I hope?" ejaculated Capt. Wilson, ironically. "Well, I'm listening."

"Please, sir, it's the 'First Lord'; he's bolted! He ran off while we were shipping the soft tack-I mean the bread!" incoherently stammered Rob-

"The 'First Lord' bolted with the soft tack!" exclaimed Wilson, in astonishment. "What does he mean, Stuart? Who's the 'First Lord?' Is the boy a

raving maniae?" Lieut. Stuart had perforce to explain that the cadet, being in charge of a boat sent ashore to ship provisions, had lost one of his men-an able-bodied seaman answering to the name of West, but who was, by reason of his superior bearing, nicknamed by his companions "the First Lord of the Admiralty."

Charley Robson meekly endured the reproach of his commander, who was a stern martinet, and made no allowunce for youthful inexperience. "But at any rate," mused the young fellow, when he was at length dismissed, "he said nothing about stopping my furlough." And then his volatile spirits threw off the recent discomfiture as only youth knows how to, while his thoughts wandered far away to that pleasant country home in Surrey, with all its attendant attractions, from which he had been separated for one long year. And if among the dream faces conjured up there was one which eclipsed all others, the fact should not cause undue surprise.

The usual steps taken to secure the arrest of the deserter were of no avail. His description was circulated by the police throughout the country, and all the majesty of the law invoked to capture the runaway, but the man disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up. He was of a strangely reserved nature, mixed but little with his companions, and had evidently once occupied a far superior station in life.

There was one person, however, who did not forget the runaway. Robson often in imagination ran the scoundrel to earth.

Little did Charley Robson imagine as at the commencement of his longdeferred leave he lounged in a firstclass smoker on his way to Guildford how soon, or under what strange circumstances, he would meet the villain of his melodrama.

"And you have come home. Alice will be able to resume her interrupted country walks," said the mother of the youthful sailor next morning. "But, of of course," added she, addressing the girl, "Charley has not heard of your latest admirer. I don't know whether the girl's nerves are out of order," continued Mrs. Robson, "but she declares that a strange man has been following her about during the last few weeks, although no one else has ever caught

a glimpse of him." I sha'n't be afraid of any loafers while Charley is with me," responded the maiden. "In proof of which, he shall convoy me for a walk now." And Alice Westerne buoyantly danced off to array herself for the proposed

The eyes of mother and son followed irl with a wistful look as she quit-

abroad, believing to the end that he

"And Allie is still ignorant of her father's sad history?" queried the lad. "Yea. We have decided not to say anything to her until she is of age, unless some contingency should arise, such as your obtaining a sublicuten-

ancy, and being of the same mind as

you are now." Robson colored at the hint delicately conveyed by his mother, and so well understood by himself. To see their only son mated to their ward was the dearest wish of Admiral and Mrs. Robson, yet they had the good sense to restrain the impetuosity of the youth-ful couple until both arrived at years of maturity.

II.

With the course of true love running thus smoothly, and the crisp, frozen ground under their feet, the twain started upon their ramble.

With buoyant steps they breasted the "Hog's Back," from which favorite vantage ground a splendld view of the surrounding country could be ob-

"Yes, there's the dear old Towers," said Alice, "where I should be living now if the pater had not died."

"You've found another home," whispered Charley, "and other parents."

"I know that, dear," responded the relative. Only to think I cannot even and two half-frightened gray eyes. visit my father's grave, because he died in some faraway outlandish place!" Then, with returning vivacity, she added: "Don't you remember that day in your school holidays when we walked over there and rambled through the disused rooms? How we thought there was a ghost in the hall, and ran all the three miles back home without once stopping?"

"I should just think I did," said the young officer. "You caught a chill rare occasions that he saw a certain through being overheated, and the young officer, would, much to the governor said he would make a tailor of amusement of his daughter, simulate me for being such an idiot."

"You wouldn't be afraid now?" queried the girl.

"No fear!!" laughed her companion. "Life on a man-of-war soon knocks all the fear of spooks out of a man."

"Let us pay another visit, then!" A sharp walk soon brought the twain to the rusty lodge gates of Westerne

"How dreary it looks!" said the girt. I wonder if that scullery window is still unfastened?"

Charley tried, and, to his surprise, the sash slipped up without difficulty. 'It's a case of gentlemen first this time," said he, stepping through the aperture. "Come along, tomboy. If you're not careful you'll tear your dress. The window's no bigger than the lubber-hole of a brig."

The casement being negotiated in safety, together they wandered through the cobweb-festooned rooms of the once-palatial residence. Ascending to a second story, Robson carelessly threw open a door of a room which faced the landing. Here an unexpected sight met their gaze. Sitting before a wood fire was an elderly man, contemplating the flames with a ruminant air. At the sound they made he turned his face toward them and started in alarm.

The next moment the youth was across the room and grappling with the stranger. "You villain!" he panted. let her in. An easy, beautiful scheme, "I've got you at last! Run, Allie, bring some one quickly! I can't hold him long; say he's a deserter from the navy!"

The trembling limbs of the girl failed to carry out his behests as she stood fascinated, watching the unequal struggle which was speedily ended. Youth and agility were no match for the sailor's sinewy arms, and in a short time Robson was ignominiously pinned against the wall.

With lowering brows and eyes which boded no good to his captive, Wes't stood staring at the lad, as if undecided what to do with him. Then, catching sight of the pale face of Alice, who was petrified with horror upon recognizing in her companion's antagonist the man who had so persistently dogged her footsteps of late, his own features assumed a softer expression and he muttered: "It is kismet!"

After a pause of breathless slience the ex-sailor, addressing his captive, said: "You are not so muscular as was your father in his youth, young fellow. The Charley Robson that I knew would never have allowed an old man to get the better of him; but let that pass and come to the crux of the matter. You want to arrest me for deserting from the navy. Very well, you shall, if you still wish to after hearing what I have to say."

Releasing the grip upon his wouldbe captor, the elder man, in a strangely cultured voice, addressed his auditors.

"Years ago," sald he, "I was known and respected in this neighborhood, a man of substance, and a member of the diplomatic corps. Unfortunately, in my official capacity, I became embroiled in a quarrel with a political opponent, and, as was more common even 16 years ago, the result was I had no alternative between fighting a duel or being dis-

honored. "Not to make a long story, my adersary and our seconds journeyed to Guildford with me late one night, intending to settle our differences at daybreak on the following morning. With the courtesy that such affairs demanded, I offered the whole party hospitality

"From the moment my head touched next morning my mind was an entire blank, but judge of my horror when, essaying to rise, I found the bedclothes dabbled with blood, and at the foot of my couch a gory hunting knife belonging to myself. Simultaneously with my harrible discovery the arrant found. the pillow until I was awakened the

the man I was to any ly murdered

"Although conscious of his innoeence. I dored not face the inquiry which was sure to follow as who would believe my own theory of the matter, which was simply that I committed the terrible act in my sleep, as from chfidhood I had been subject to attacks ington Star. of somnambulism. Hastily caressing my infant daughter, the only pledge left me by my departed wife. I left the house like a felon and fled the country, and it was hunger for a glimpse of my dear child's face that has worked my undoing. My faithful secretary connived at my escape, and subsequently sent me the news of willful murder against Sir Richard Westerne. Yes. You will be able to deliver up to justice a more important person than the deserter West. My devoted retainer, Burton, who assisted me at such great risks to himself, is not here to help me now. He is dead."

"He was a villain, Sir Richard!" cried Robson, in wild excitement. "It was he himself who killed Lord Marcus, and artfully foisted the blame upon you in order that you should not discover his defalcations. My father possesses his dying confession to that effect."

The sudden revulsion of feeling was almost too much for the baronet. Tottering to the nearest chair, he buried his face in his toil-worn hands. Silence girl. "But you cannot imagine what reigned in the room for a few intense it feels like to have one's birthplace moments. Then Sir Richard, feeling a given over to ruin and decay, and to gentle hand upon his shoulder, looked know that one hasn't a single living up into a sweet but still scared face

> "Daddy, dear," Charley heard a treuulous voice murmur softly as he stole from the room. . .

> Powerful friends at the admiralty soon glossed over the delinquencies of the seaman West, and Sir Richard Westerne once more assumed his proper rank and station. As time wore on. and the vividness of his past misery faded, he could afford to joke about the matter; and sometimes, upon the extreme terror and cry in affected dismay: "He has come for me at last!"

> When some few years later a very excited youth, with a golden circlet upon the arm of his new uniform coat, burst unceremoniously into the room. he was greeted by the same old joke, and in response blushingly replied: "I'll let you off this time if you will give me Allie as a hostage." And as the girl seemed to be a willing sacrifice, Sir Richard gave them his blessing .-Chicago Times-Herald.

A SHOE FOR A SHUTTER.

The Cleverly Contrived Plan for Awakening Sleeper Goes Haltingly Awry.

Evidently there is no prescribed limit to the ingenuity of a woman. A striking example of this occurred recently in the home of a prominent physician. He has in his household two young lady boarders. One evening Kate wanted to attend a concert and, as the house is not provided with latch keys, she did not know how to get in upon her return. After much thought, Mary solved the problem. She would tie a string to toe, fasten a pasteboard other end of the string and drop it out of the window. When Kate came home all she had to do was to gently pull the string and wake Mary, who would then and one which could hardly fail. Kate went to the corner with her best beau was sitting in his study, when there was a queer flapping against the window. Made him think of Poe's raven, can; "this is a nation without a peer." which came "tapping, tapping at my - Harper's Bazar. chamber door." It was a windy night, however, and he didn't pay much attention at first. Then it continued and seemed to get worse,"

"It is a loose shutter," he thought, and went to fix it. He opened the window and gave an exclamation. There, ness and owns at least half a dozen reflopping in his face, was a big square of fineries."-Washington Star. pasteboard. He couldn't solve the mystery, and, finding the string, gave it a vicious yank, for he thought some boys were trying to play a trick on him. Heavens! what was that? From over his head came a piercing shrick. He yanked at the cord and again and again came the yells. Then some one came to the window above and yelled down; then there was a violent jerking at the cord from above and when he saw it went into the girls' window he let go. He went inside and called up to Mary "come down and explain immediately." She dressed and came down limping and tearfully explained her scheme. The doctor read the riot act to her and she sat up until Kate returned and let her in the usual way .- Chicago Chroni-

Short Whist.

This revolution was occasioned by worthy Welsh baronet preferring his lobster for supper hot. Four first-rate whist players- consequently four great men-adjourned from the house of commons to Brookes' and proposed a rubber while the cook was busy. "The lobster must be hot," said the baronet. "A rubber may last an hour," said another," "and the lobster may be cold again or spoiled before we have fin-ished." "It is too long," said a third. "Let us cut it shorter," said the fourth. Carried nem. con. Down they sat, and found it very lively to win or lose so much quicker. Besides furnishing conversation at supper, the thing was new -they were legislators, and had a fine opportunity to exercise their calling.—

Shaving Between Bayonet Charges. A barber was doing a rushing besiness in the Kansas trenches Sunday. The barber solicited custom from one soldier who preferred to wear lilaes and was greeted with the cheerful reply: "No, I had a close enough shave yester-day coming into Calcocan."—Manila Her Expinuation.

"A woman," remarked the man who assumes superior airs. "has no sense of

"Well," answered his wife, "when you consider how often she is requested to laugh over serious matters like housecleaning and Easter bonnets I don't think you ought to blame her."-Wash-

Marital Conversation.

She-Do you remember how you said. when you were courting me, that if I would marry you I would have nothing to do all my days but sit around and look pretty? And how different it is

He-Well, it ain't my fault if you can't look pretty any more .- Indianapolis Journal.

A Reproof.

Come, bear with the weather and don't make a fuss-The bright side of earth will soon swing round to us; Where now you sit grumbling and tousting

your feet, You seen will sit fifnning and roasting the -Detroit Free Press.

ABSENCE OF MIND.

Mr. Brownrigg (an absent-minded 'old gent) -- Let me see-does Mr. Brown-

rigg live here? New servant (not recognizing her master)-Yes, sir; but he's not in at

Mr. B. O, well, never mind. I'll call again.-Punch.

Work and Play. The professional musician His duty never shirks. Yet when he works he always plays, And when he plays he works.

L. A. W. Bulletin.

Time Wanted "My wife never buys a hat, a gown or even a pair of gloves without first

consulting me." "Is that so? Well, old man, your wife's a wonder. You ought to be able to save money."

"I could, probably, if she didn't always go and get what she wanted just the same as if I had agreed to it."-Chiengo Dally News.

Discouraged First Hobo-Whyain't ye workin' the hero of Santiager graft any more?

Second Hobo-Say! Yer oughter seen the chromo wot sprung on me an kissed me, an' didn't give me a thing to eat, the last time I worked it!-Puck.

Ventured No Opinion. "What's the matter with you?" asked the friend.

"I haven't the least idea," answered the very cynical invalid. "The surgeons are going to operate for appendicitia." -Washington Star.

Naturally.

"So you have no house of lords in this and Mary went to bed. The doctor country?" said the visiting English-

"No. we haven't," replied the Ameri-

Every Facility. "Le be a person of much refinement?"

naked the young woman. "Necessarily," replied Senator Sorglum; "his family is in the sugar busi-



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ctors had given up hope. Read this sworn statement:

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of September, 1808.

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