NO. 8

## THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VCL. XIII.

GRAHAM, N.C., THURSDAY, MARCH 24, 1887.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Toilet Luxury

In every respect, Ayer's Hair Vigor never fails to restore the youthful freshness and color to faded and gray hair. It also prevents the hair from falling, eradicates dandruff, and stimulates weak hair to a vigorous growth.

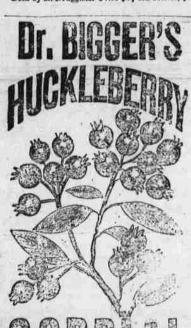
Five years ago, my hair, which was Five years ago, my hair, which was quite gray, commenced falling, and, in spite of cutting, and various preparations faithfully applied, became thinner every day. I was finally persuaded to try Ayer's Hair Vigor. Two bottles of this remedy not only stopped the hair from falling, but also restored its original color, and stimulated a new growth.—Eli F. Doane, Machias, Me.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

EBUPTIONS OF THE SKIN, whether in the form of Pimples or Boils, indicate impurities in the blood, and should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

For the radical cure of Pimples, Boils, and Carbuncles, I know of no remedy equal to Ayer's Sarsaparilla.—G. H. Davies, Pawtucketville, Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Prepared by Dr. J. C. Aver & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.



BOWEL TROUBLES AND CHILDREN TEETHING.

AND CHILDRES TEETHANG.
There are very few who do not know of this little bush growing alongate of our mountains and falls; but very few bookes the fact, inche little purple burry, which is many of a layer eaten in most every share in the historial layer of the bowels. Dr. Higgers I motheborry for a layer of the little one teething and cures? Larriage the little one teething and cures? Larriage Denotes the little one teething and cures? Larriage Denotes a substitute of the reas middle and curry one attacks of the the year sudden and durritous attacks of the bowels are so frequent, not we hear of so many deaths occurring before a physician can be called in, it is important tiggievery household should provide themselves with some speedy relief, a doss of which will relieve the pain and save much anxiety. Dr. Etigre's flockie berry Cordial is a simple received which any child is pleased is taken. Frice, 80 cents a bottle. Monufactured by WALTER A. TAYLOB, Atlanta, Go. Taylor's Cherokee Hemedy of Sweet Gum and Hullein - Ill care Chaghs, Cronp and Con-sumption. Price 21 cts, and 51 2 hottle.

Real Estate Agency. AARKER & KERNODLE, Agents, GRAHAM, N. C.

A plantation one mile from Mepines, 100 in enlity; tion. The pince is well watered, a creek and two branches running wavered, a creek and two branches running through it. A fine orchard, 3 good tobaceo barns, 2 tenement bones, good feed barns, an 8 room dwelling with basement and L. and good well of water, are on it. Convenient to churches, school, and a good new mill in [4]. On his way home Mr. Hodgson remembered that the bank held some shares of the Madford Chemical company as security for the balance of the account of the security for the balance of the account of

## Mme. DEMOREST'S RELIABLE PATTERMS

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JAS. E. BOYD,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Will be at Gerham ou Meaday of each w k affend to professional her inces. [Sep 16] THE PARTNER.

Mr. Thomas Mathers was only a ledger clerk in the banking clerk of Hodgson, Dunford & Parr, St. Swithin's lane, Lombard street. It was neither a very responsible nor a very lucrative position, and Tommy (as all his friends called him) longed, as perhaps fifty thousand young men in a similar situation in London are longing at this moment, for a chance of turning his brains to better account than adding up columns of figures and copying entries from one big book into another. The chance did not come, but Tommy did not despair; and there was this difference between him and the great majority of his fellow prisoners of the deal;—he had the plack to work away manfully at whatever he thought might possibly come day help him to better his position, even though he could not see exactly how it was to be done. With this end in view he got up Frenchs German and Italian, and he did everything he could to pick up information as to the financial circumstances of the customers of the bank. He scraped acamaintance with every clerk employed by those who had accounts at the bank, as far as he possibly could, and picked up in time an idea, more or less accurate, as to the commercial status of most of them.

One day he happened to be at lunch in his favorite restaurant when an acquaintance named Darling came in and sat down be ide him. After a little ensual conversation Darling asked him to let him know of any vacant elerkship he

might hear of.
"I will, certainly, old fellow," re-turned Tommy; "but I hope you haven't got into a row with Appleton." (Fred-erick Appleton was Darang's brother-in-Law, and he was also the secretary of the Mudford and County Chemical company. in whose counting house young Darling

had a subordinate post.)
"Oh, no, nothing of the kind," re-turned Darling; and then he changed the

subject.
On his way back to the bank after lanch, Mathers asked himself why Darling should leave his present situation. He had a capital prospect there—his brother-in-law being the accretary; and there was no disagreement between him and his influential relative. Could it be that Darling had had a hint from his brother-in-law that the Chemical company was getting into shallow water, and that it behooved him to be looking out for another situation? It seemed more than likely; and young Mathers determined to act at once. He slipped into the bank parfor that afternoon, hoping to find the junior partner. Mr. Parr, a good natured sort of man, who was not likely to simb him for volunteering information. his disappointment, he found only Mr. Hodgson, a sour tempered old man, who was struggling into his overcoat, preparatory to leaving the office for the day.
"Well," growled the banker, "what

do you want? Towns was on the point of saying that he had come to speak to Mr. Parr, but in a moment he changed his mind.

plied, what made me think that the Mudford company are not in a very good

Way. Well, what of that? what's that to mo?

"Nothing, sir; only I thought there was no haria in letting you know. "Anything of that kind you can say to Mr. Parkinson," answered the old gentleman, as he seized his uniorella and waldled down the passage.

Tommy fe's can bel, but he did not mind that much. He had done what he wanted, brought himself under the personal notice of one of the partners. If he had given the hint to Parkinson, the heal bane, in Alamance county, containing cashier, Parkinson, not he, would have had acres—45 acres in adginal growth, 50 in pines, 100 in cultivation. The place is well had all the credit for it. He retired to his place among the other clerks, a little his place among the other clerks a little

Page is seeded in wheat and outs, one of their customers who was deemed rather shaky. Next morning accordingly he called Tommy into his room and questioned him as to the nature of his reformation.

Perhaps you will excuse my entering into that, sir," said Tommy, with the utmost coolness.

Mr. Hodgson dismissed Mathers to his work with a dissatistical grunt and a wave of his hand, and immediately set to work to have the shares of the Mudford company exchanged for other se-

Towny, who managed to know most of what happened at the bank, noted the

fact and rejuced. Within six weeks the abareholders of the Mudford Chemical company met and resolved to go into liquidation, and, though Mr. Hodgson did not think it worth while to thank the junior clerk for the information be had given, Tommy was satisfied. He knew that people do not forget things which save their

It happened that, some months after the incident of the Mudford Chemical company, Messa, Hodgson had important business to transact in Turin, and it was thought advisable that the senior partner should proceed to that city to look after it. There was some idea, if the prospect seemed favorable, of starting a branch house there. The question then arose, which of the clerks should accompany the head of the tirm as his secretary; and Mr. Hodgson, mindful of the service which Mathers had rendered him, consulted the head eashier on the propriety of the selection. Parkinson, it happened, had a favorite of his own, and Tommy would have lost his opportunity if he had not remembered that at one time, when he was bent on acquiring foreign tongues, he had spent his evenings for a few months over an Italian amar. He contrived to let this feet e known, and in due time Mr. Parr informed his cenior partner that "it seemed

the language."

This decided the point. Tommy received his orders, and in three days more found himself on board the Dover and Calais packet, in charge of a large dispatch box and Mr. Hodgson's bulky portinantenus. The journey was by no means a comfortable one, for the young with found, that he was converted to man found that he was expected to travel second class, and generally act as courier to his employer. When at last Turin was reached, things were no letter.

that young Mathers knew something of

Mathers found that his It lian went but, which the young man was assuming, a very little way; and, besides, he had to "We'll find lifty clerks ready to jump at do the work of three clerks. Cometines it—five hundred, for that matter."
he was tempted to regret that he had left "You forget sir," said Tommy, rehis comfortable rooms in Torrington square, Eleomobury; but in his calmer moments he reflected that at least he was occupying a different position from that

rest of his fellow elerks. The calef man in Turin, so far as Holgson. Dunford & Parr were con- sir?' cerned, was a certain Count Marsoni. The count's nobility did not prevent his being the principle member of a large firm of merchants and shipowners. To cultivate this man was, indeed, the chief reason of Mr. Hodgen's journey to Turin; and, as the old banker knew very well how to lay aside his crusty and Lompous manner when it suited his book to do so, he soon came to be a not unfre-

quent guest at the Villa Marsoni.

Mr. Holgson began to see that there was a very fair opening for an English bank at Turin, and he was still engaged. in pushing his way here and there, when he received news that his wife was reriously ill. This made him burry off to England, leaving Mathers behind him to complete a transaction which he had al-

firm, for ever so short a time, and ever so formal a matter, Mathewa was pacing one day down the principal street of the city with a look of considerable importance on his face when he met Count Marsoni. The count stopped and asked after the old banker, when Tommy proudly informed him that he had returned to affairs of the firm.
"Ah. indeed! Well, there's a little

matter I wanted to speak of to him." "I shall be happy to serve you, count," said Tommy in his very best Italian. "Well, suppose you dine with us to-night, and we can talk it over after dinner," returned the count, who thought

he ought to show a little attention to the lonely Englishman.

Of course the invitation was accepted, and Tommy lind no somer entered the drawing room at the Villa Marconi than he last his heart at once, irrevocably and forever. Maria Marsoni was, indeed, beautiful and vivacious enough to have turned the head of a wiser and coller blooded man than Tommy Mathers; and so ready was he to minuse her by his efforts to speak a language that he parbrilliant talker would have done. Such an impression, indeed, did the signorina's Review. bright eyes make upon Tommy's succeptible heart that he was barely able to give due attention to the count, when, after dinner, he began to talk of bills, discount, mortgages and debentures.

Time went on; Mr. Hodgson did not return to Turin, and Mr. Mathers paid several visits to the count's residence, coming away more in love every time. Meanwhile, by dist of going about continually among the citizens, the young man was able to send home so good a Lt of prospective customers that the partners determined to establish a branch office at of been a surface. directs nost in it.

Nothing definite, however, had been fixed, when one day Tommy finding Maria Marsoni alone when he called at the villa, lost his head completely, and was metaling love as well as his imperfect knowledge of Italian perfinited, when the count, suddenly coming in, caught him in the act of kissing his daughter's

Maria fled like a bare disturbed on her | Anglicized or Latinized into Victoria.

form, and the count advanced with a neavy frown on his arcticeratic blow. More as a matter of form than anything else, for he knew his case was hope less, Mathers formally asked the hand of the agnorina in marriage, laying the blame of his irregular declaration on the strength of his passon and his ignorance

of Ralian etiquette.

The count heard him to the end, and then surveyed him from head to foot

with a look of contempt. "It is a piece of gross presumption in you-a mere clerk, a nobody-to address my daughter," said the count at lest in English, with his chin in the mr.

"Of course," said Tommy bitterly, stung by the count's lock. "If I were a partner in Hodgson's, though, you would give me a different answer.' "If you were a partner in Mesers. Hodgson, Dunford & Parr's," said the

count, with an altered expression, "that would make a difference of course; but as I do not understand that you have any prospect of entering that firm, I don't see

low that affects you."

Tommy righed, and made his escape as soon as possible. He know that he raight as well ask for the lord charcellorship a ask for a partnership in the bank.

For two days he remained in a state of collapse and then be received advices from London informing him of the decision to which the firm had come with respect to the new branch. A few moaths before Mathem would have been transported with delight at the proposal which the firm made to him: but now be considered that he was petting barely his respect to the beautiful Maria that mere commercial matters did not possess their usual interest for him. Saddenly, as he sat with the open kt-

for bearing the well known signature be-fore him. Tommy esseewed an idea.

Without a moment's delay he called for his bill at the hotel, sent a waiter for a cab and took the first train northward. He arrived at Victoria early in the moreing, went to a hotel, washed and dressed himself, and, purposely delaying until the partners should have reached the in St. Swithin's lane, he presented himself before his employers as they were engaged in discussing the morning's let-

"Hello sir," cried Mr. Holgson, so he caught sight of the young man. "What are you doing here? Anything wrong? Nothing is wrong that I know of, sir. I said the young man, coolly,

"Then why are you here without leave?" naked the junior purtner. "Didn't you get our letter informing you of our "I did, Mr. Parr. It is in conse-

quence of that letter that I are been."
This was said with considerable gravity, and Tommy helped I imself to a chair as he spoke. "I am afraid, sir," he continued, "that I cannot accept the situation you were good enough to offer me at Turin." "Den't, then?" burst out old Mr. Hodgen, in great wigh at the tone

Queen Victoria's descrit service of cld Sevres—the finest in the world—is val-ned at \$250,000.

spectfully but firmly, "that I have been at Turin for come time. I know the business there, and what I came here to propose was that I should have a small

share in the firm". Mr. Parr stared and ejaculated, "What,

Mr. Dunford laughed aloud and then Mr. Hodgson choked and gasped for breath. If a shell had burst in the room it could not have occasioned more surprise than Tommy's modest request. If the sweeper at the next crossing had demanded to be allowed to help himself

demand of the junior clerk's. "Of course, having no capital, I expect only a very small share in the business continued Tommy; "but you will see that as Count Marsoni's son-in-law"---"Vilat! What? What do you say?"

from the drawers under the counter, it

would not have exemed so absurd as this

echoed the partners in various inflections. "As Count Marsoni's sen-in-law I should be able to influence a large amount of business, and it would be more fitting ready practically arranged.

Of business, and it would be more fitting Delighted at being left to represent the if my name appeared in the name of the

branch firm. "Do you mean to say that you are going to marry that young lady, Count Marsoni's daughter?" and Mr. Hodgson, with wonder, incredulity, and a tinge of new born respect for his clerk mingling in his countenance.

"It is as good as settled, sir," said Eighand, baying him in charge of the Tommy modestly. "Of course this is a affairs of the firm." private matter, but it is one that would naturally be taken into recount." This was quite evident, and Temmy, having

made hirshot, rose, bowed and withdrew, Before half an hour had passed the firm had taken their resolution. The share which Tommy was given represented Little more than a somewhat liberal calary, but he was included as a partner in the branch first of Hodgson, Damford, Mathere & Co., of Turin. As soon as the partnership deed was drawn up and executed. Tommy returned to Haly, and had another interview with the count, who, imagining that he had misconceived the young raen's true position all along, was politoners itself. The young partner in the wealthy house of English bankers was one who might, without any impropricty, be presented to society as his tially knew that he won more favor in daughter's husband. Within three the maiden's eyes than many a more months the marriage was calchrated. Tommy had done the trick .- Whitehall

How Victoria Was Named.

Considering the "strained relations" with Bussin which have marked the whole course of the queen's reign it is remarkable that her first name, Alexandrinn, should have been conferred upon her in honor of the then relening exar, of whom the Duke of Lient was an admirer, and who was our faithful and close ally. It was in the Castlereagh period of our foreign policy. Ceorge IV was to have contributed another name, Georgiana. Dat Georgiana Alexandrina would have deprived the emperor of the Georgiana" would have derogated from the claims of the name beine by the notual king of Eacland and all Lis Hausverian predecessors. The name of the queen's mother was therefore substituted for that of her uncle. In the commencement of the christening of the new born princers also was called Alexandron Vic-

pire, but the second name was speedily A little before William IV a death turre was some finiter among official people as to the designation under which the queen expectant should be proclaimed and should remain, and Lord Campbell, then Sir John Campbell and attorney general, represents himself as having decided this matter, in conjunction with Charles Greville and Lord Lyndhurst as representing the opposition, in favor of the baptismal names for the proclamation. leaving it to the queen to choose afterward the name under which she should reign. Among other about suggestions there was one that she should be styled Elizabeth II. The assumption apparently was that her majesty was always to reseals a maiden queen, with perhaps Lord Mellsonrae for her Leicester, Lord John Enssell for her Essex, and Sir John Campbell for her Sir Francis Bacon! The fates bappily have otherwise determined. Lat it is curious to think that but for chance or caprice or good sense we might now be preparing for the jubilee, not of Queen Victoria, but of Queen Alexandrina or Queen Googiana-I put Queen Elizabeth Hout of the question.-London World.

A West African Telegranis. Amid the throng of ennous that come crowding around as as usual appear three or four ligaristeratio hosts manned by twenty or thirty entiverapiece, and reofed in annichtips with the awning of known matting which proclaims them to be the property of a chief. One of these black tuguefes—a rather good looking young fellow, with features almost as regular as those of a Laropean-comes on board, and is presented to us by the somewhat original title of "David Fine-Country."

As the bests circle to end fro there arises from them a weird, monotonous music like the distant beating of a drum. This is produced by a Lind of rule harmonima fermed of thin slats of wood unifed upon a rough framework, and played with two abort sticks. This curious contrivance is a telegraph as well as a ranged instrument, every note being a signal unintelligible to outsiders. In this way two natives can hold a conversation at a considerable distance, and a neers trader abound one of the fluctines 'hulles" can signal to his agenta on above. The large wooden drams of the Duallas, on the Cameroons river, are used in a similar way, .- Bonny (West Africa) Cor.

His Excellent Winc.

Champoirent was dining a few friends. When dessert was placed on the table all. his guests joined in complimenting him on the excellence of his wine. "And yet," cried Mmc. Champoirson, Intent on maintaining the family reputation for blandering, "do yea know we have by no means given you the best we have?"

Hydrophobia is unknown in Lopland. Spen. Captain, he almost solded. The temperate and industrious former solded country with great pleading. The temperate and industrious former solded country with the industries.

THAT HAND, THAT VOICE. If I could feel through the dark shades to-night That hand reached to me for my comfor

Sweet.
That roft, cool hand, with touch so tender light,
With what wild joy my lagging pulse would

beat! Warm kiss s would I press on that fair palm, And tears of joy, clear and pearl like, I'd set Within its little is slow—tears like balm To eyes with sorrow long years worn and wet.

If I could hear the project through space to night, That voice, with his old time carrowing tone, Utiling my name, I think is would require For the still years. I've passed so long alone, The ellent years, wherein no genelous note Has stored my weary neares to delight; For when that volce grew silent, ellence smote

That hand, that voice! Immeasurable the space, Eadless the distance stretchiar up between, I shall not feel or hear their vanished grace While life mill struggles through each shifting

But I would yield the gift of all my years To touch that hand, to hear that voice in ste. And count it mought, all my being so wears Like waves upon an administrate chore.

— Ada Iddinga Gala in The Current.

LITTLE BEN.

"Captain!" The voice was soft and gentle as a woman's, "Captain, can't you take me with you tast, Louis?" "Not ellowed to carry any passengers," said the ceptain, grufily, without looking

up from his desk The tug boat Staver, with her tow of barges was lying at the bank at Cairo, Ills. She was the only boat in eight that showed any sign of life; all the others were laid up for the winter; navigation was perilous. The great river was choked and fall of large masses of floating ice, and all the land was deep with snow and sleet. It was intensely cold. It

was the 22d of December.

"I didn't mean to go as a passenger,"
anid the voice. "I thought may be you
might let me work my way with the

"No; got all the hands we want, I believe," caid the captain, busy with his

"Captain, I'll work mighty hard—cap-tain, please, can't I go with you, sim" He tried to speak bravely, but it was pain-fully evident that he was forcing back a The captain finished his warbill and

look up at his visitor.
"Well, I be dam?" said the captain. It was a very small boy who had offered his services to the captain; a fad with the face and features of a delicate girl. His noft dark hair hung in wavelets about his neek. His checks were pinched and shrunken as if from illness. His clothing was scont and thin. He was trembling with cold, and his wide brown eyes had in them a look so imploying that the captain, as soon as he had recovered from his astonishment, told him to come into

"I know I'm raighty little, captain," said the boy m he stood by the stove. "but I'm 12 years old, and I'll work hard as enybody, sir."
"That's all right, sonny," said the cap-

tain. "What's your name, myhow?"
"Den," mawered the boy.
"So you want to go to St. Louis, do you, Ben? What do you want to go there

The boy looked at the binff officer a moment and then be said: "It a almost Christmas, and I promised

nother I was coming home. Mother lives His simple words touched the captain. The emptain's mother lived in Ft. Louis, too, and he was trying to reach home in time to spend the holidays with her.

Well, what's the matter?" asked the "Alu't you got no money? Sat Cown here, httle chen, and tell na short. R. Looks like you've been having a pretty

tough time. The boy act down, and the coptain, by much questioning, obtained his story. It was told in a simple, bonest way. His parents had resided in New Orleans. He was born there. His father was an artist, who rande a st fit lent income to support who made a still sent message to support his family in comfort and to send his little con to a ransical school. Two years be-fore his father died auddenly, and his mother moved to St. Louis, where she inmodest little rellinery establishment in one of the power sections of the city. Dusiness did not flourish with the widos but the managed by dint of saving to keep

I never know but what mother had plenty of money," said the boy in his simple way. "See always gave me every-thing I wanted, till one day but summer he came in my room, and I was singing and playing on my guine"-large tear drops had been slowly forming in the boy's eyes. He brushed them away has-tily with the back of his hand-"She looked so protty," he said, "that I ran up to her and absed her. She was smiling when she came in my room, but when I kinsed her she inid her hend on my shoutder and cried, and it nearly killed me; I never saw mother cry before. And the told the was just nervous and nothing was the nutter; but I made her tell me, and she said her money was nearly gone and she was afraid I would have to stop numbe leasons. And I told her not to cry, 'cause Pd make money for her, said, cap-tain, I done it, too." There was a tone of triumph in his voice, and for a moment his pair foce flushed with conscious pride I pover told mother what I was going

to do—I knew she wouldn't let me—but I took my ruiter and went out of the home, and then I wrote mother a note and told her I was going away for a little while, and I would write to her every day and send her some money. I walked from one town to mother all the aummer, and in the evenings I med to stand on the corner and sing, and people gave me lots of rioney. I sent it all to mother except a little I kept to pay my board. I told mother I was in business. I never said what business. I made plenty of money in the commer time, but when the wenther get chilly I didn't make so tauch, and I sent it all to mother, and some times I slept out doors. And then I got sick, and I had chills every day, and they shook me all to pieces, and I couldn't sing like I used to and people stopped paying me and I sold my guitar to a man, and I sent the money to mother.
"And every letter I got from mother

she was begging me to come home, and she said she did not need my money and business was getting good, but you see, captain, she fooled me some before. I back, but the last letter I wrote I told her but his face was colorless as any life had comed to bent in his heart. I was coming home and I'd be there for Christmas. And yesterday and last night I walked all the way from Padocoh ngh the snow, and captain, I can't

walk any more.

He had forgotten his present trouble in
the recital of his edventures. He seemed
suddenly to remember his position. He
looked at the captain with great pleading

work. Please, sir, let me go!" and then the little chap broke down and the tears had to come.

The captain got up and looked through

the little window. He blew his nose and wiped it carefully. Then he sat down again.
"Well, well," he said, "I wouldn't cry

about it, sonny. I reckon we can fix it for you. I expect you do want to see your mother, sure nuff." his eyes; "I never will forget your kind-ness, captain, and now I'm ready for work." "Thank you, sir," said the boy, drying

The captain looked at the boy and laughed.
"You needn't do anything, sonny; just

stay abourd and make yourself comforts But the boy persisted, and the captain finally told him to go below and do what-

ever the mate commanded.

An hour later the Slaver was making the best of her way up the ice filled, turthe best of her way up the ier filled, tur-bulent Mississippi, and the captain had nearly forgotten about the boy. He worked with the crew, pulling the sleety, frozen ropes, wheeling coal to the furnace, doing whatever the men would let him. They were rough, kind hearted men. They joked the boy in their bluff way and told him he had better lie down by the furnace dress.

furnace fires.

They had supper in a dirty mess room, where the men slept on little shelves against the wall. He was glad when he crept in between the rough blankets, and listened to the men talking about one bill Howe, who it appeared was an extremely unpopular personage employed as a cap-tain of the watch. Their conversation was not of interest to Ben. He was soon asleep; at midnight he was awakened of the gruff voice of a man who was shaking

the deck hand in the next berth.
"House up, English, rouse up! Hustle out, now! Want a man on the lookout. Come, now, pile out!"

"You go to ——" said English.
The man let him alone. He came to Ben's bed. "Hello! who's this? Pile out here, ung feller! You'll do as well as anybody else. Pile out, now! Don't lay there all night."

The boy was on his feet in a moment. "What do you want me to do?" he

nshed men, you are," said the man, eyeing the boy disdainfully. "Come on with me. I'll soon show you what you've got to do, you tow headed tramp, you. Where the devil did you come from, anyway?"

The deck hand known as English looked

over the side of his bunk, "Look here, Bill Howe," he grumbled, "do you mean ter say you're going ter put that there kid out on the front?"

"I mean to say I'm going to do just what I blame please," said Bill.
"Well, you oughter be ashamed of yourself," you white livered puppy," said the deck hand, with some warrath. "I'm the deck hand, with some warmth. "I'm a pretty tough man myself, but dam if I'm going to see such a outrage as that. You go back to bed, sonny; I'll take your "Naw you don't, neither," retorted

'Kid'll be back inside o' ten minutes,"

reflected English, when he was through cursing Bill Howe, and then he dozed off to sleep again. It was terribly cold on deck. The boy shivered as the man led him over the long line of barges. Finally they reached the last barge in front of the steamer. There was a torch burning there in an fron frame. The man told the boy be must keep a sharp look out ahead, and when he saw a dangerous drift coming to-

waving a light. All ri-right, sir," chattered the boy, and the man swore at him two or three

times and went back to the steamer. The storm of wind and alcet was over. The night was beautiful and still. deep, measured breathing of the tag away back in the rear, the crushing of the ice along the banks and now and then the lowl of a famished wolf from the swamp lands on either shore only made the frozen silence more awful and sublime. And above him the stars seemed doubly bril-liant through the clear, cold air, and before him was the great mad river filled with flashing, fastestic, ghostly forms that moved, and changed, and waved and seemed to becken him. And it was so

cold, so terribly, deathly cold. An hour-two hours, went by. The boy hept his eyes fastened on the river. but every bone in his frail body was trembling and his face was purple. The cold hart him; it was an agory, down on the front of the barge. looked back at the headlight of the tag, back to the glowing warmth of the fur-

"I must try and stand it," he kept re penting to intowelf, and presently he took from his ragged jacket a little box, and opened it. It contained a cheep black breastpin. He had spent his last cent in a Christmas gift for his mother. He looked at it and it seemed to were him. The cold didn't hurt him any more. A pleasant, dreamy sensation was steeling over him. He thought be would be down with his head on his arm; he could watch the river just as well. And then—no; he could not be dreaming!--by some curious magic he was at at home and his mother was with him. How well he remembered the bright, comy little room! and there was his books and his music just as he had left them, and on the table by the must be summer time, because the win-dow was open and the warm sir and eforious sunshine were dending in the room. And how pretty his mather was a able took him is her arms and bent and hissed him! 'And he nestled his head in her bosom, and he felt her warm breath on his cheek and langued with gladress.

"Oh, how I love you, pretty mother,"
murnured happy little Den, and he was
going to tell her about the tug, and the

emptain and the strange forms on the river, but it slipped from him and he forgot it. He forgot everything. The deck hand known as "English" woke from a sound sleep, and instantly— why he could not say—be thought of the boy. Not finding him in his cot, he boy. Not finding him in my too, in-hintily put on a great change overcost and went forward to relieve him from the watch. He found little Ben lying with his head on his arm, a staile on his lips, and in his hand he held his mother's gift,

stood up, and, perhaps unconsciously took "He's dead," said English, in a strange, soft whitper.- Don Rudd in Atlanta Con

WHEN ALL THE DAY IS DONE!

When all the day indone, then it is sweet To turn thy longing steps upon the way. That wings frave labor to love's endless day. There, for thy coming, quickening pulse and

hay
Of heart-sung welcome, ringing true alway,
Fill all thy home with ministry replete.

That lynd love both drawn thee from the read And direct trial of thy strength from place. For then, the world shuf out, thy heart can

Its tingtom whole within one blessed face— Thy wife, thy queen, thy other soul complete! —Edgar L. Welcemen in The Journalist. SECRET OF MIND READING.

A Boston Editor Timbs He Hes Discove

ered It-He Experiments. One of the most attentive spectators at the recent remarkable mind reading performances of Washington Irving Bishop in this city was Charles H. Montagae, city editor of The Globe. Mr. Montague is a gentleman of the enerous organiza-tion, and he made up his mind that he could duplicate Mr. Bishop's perform-ances. He at once began practicing Mr. Bishop's feats, and with such marked success that on Friday evening he invited some twenty of his acquaintances to his room at Hotel Middlesex to text his powers. Here Mr. Montague placed himsel. in the power of his friends, and under conditions which rendered collusions impossible. He successfully performed every one of the masterly achievements with which Mr. Bishop electrified Bes-ton. A cearf pin was taken from a gen-tleman and placed in a match cafe sus-pended from the chandelier. Mr. Mon-

tague was then brought in from an ad-joining room blindfolded. By taking

the hand of a gentleman, who kept his mind intently fixed on the object, Mr. Montague easily found the pin.

Various agents were selected from the
assembly, and with every one Mr. Montague had no difficulty in finding the con-cealed objects. When the "unettached process" was tried, articles were secreted about the room by various persons, and by having the agent hold his hand about four inches over Mr. Montague's limited the latter easily found all the hidden artieles. Mr. Montague then exacted the mock murder seene exactly as Mr. Bishop does it. While Montague was blindfolded in another room a knife was produced, a pretense made of stabbing a lady, and the brife was then concealed in the sleeve of a gentleman. Mr. Montague was then led in, still blindfolded, and by simply eleming the band of an agent whose mind was fixed intently on the net, he found the knife and repeated the feint of stabling. This operation was followed by the finding of a speel bridgen in the attic. Mr. Montague being connected with his agent only by a piece of

Then the mind reader caked a lady selected at random to think intently on the "Naw you don't, neither," retorted Bill. "You wouldn't come when I called you, and I'm capitain of the gang, and what I say goes, and don't you forget it," and before Laglish could interfere he had caught the boy rudely by the arm and pushed him from the cabin.

Tech at random is times in the lay on the first note of some piece of mucic. He then went to the piano, and, after a moment's fingering, played the ancient song, "Go Tell Rhody," which the lady said was correct. While blindfolded Mr. Montague succeeded in four and enchalf minutes in reproducing a geometrical figure drawn by a member of the party while he was absent from the room. Many other far more complicated feats

were successfully performed. Mr. Montague says he performs these acts through no occult power, but purely by natural agency. He chaclosis himself in order to secure the most perfect abstraction of mind. He wants the entire out ide world, except his subject or mount, shut out. The subject must fix his mind intently on the object to be discovered, and must give no muscular indiention whatever. The secret consists in this: A person Lealthy in body and mind will go toward an object of which he is thinking a great deal easier than he will go away from it. He has been necustomed ever since birth to do tids. If he fixes his mind intently on come object he is bound by the very nature of his mental and physical organization to go

that way more easily than the opposite.

The province of the mind reader is simply to discover in which direction the subject wishes to go and to lead him there. Doing bindfolded and baving his mind intently fixed on his subject, the mind render observes the slightest indientions of volition and by quickness of motion he soon thrown his subject off Lis guard, and the rest is casy. tricks connected with the above described selected enables the render to perform feats without physical connection almost as readily as with. - Eoston Cor. Phila-

delphia Prem.

The Greatest Number Hume, the historian, found himself one day at a social dinner next to Lord John Runcil. In the course of conversation his lordship said: "What do you consider the object of legislation?" "The greatest good to the greatest number," was Hume's enswer. "And what do you consider the greatest number?" cenfinned Lord John Russell, "Number one, my brd," was the historian's prompt reply.-The Argonaut.

Was Well Acquainted.

An Oxford university man insisted on heeping been One day a local clerical dignitury told him plainly that his been must be sent away, because a gentleman commoner had just been stung. He replied instantlys "Mr. Dean, I assure you you are doing us a great injustice. I ell. but belongs to Mr. Bigg, of Merten.

—New York Sun.

An Awful Concelt. It was an awful conceit of one sea writer that the bodies of the dead first have been cast overboard along the principal routes between America and Enrope are now standing erect on the bot-tom of the sea shoulder to shoulder, from port to port.—New York Sun.

A Truthful Listener. "Indeed, it happened in less time than I take to tell it," said the lady, who was considered somewhat of a bore "Oh haven't the least doubt of that," repl her patient and truthful listener.

"Pitels your voice in a low key," rays a riter on eliquette. We presume eliquette can be tempo urily dispensed with then trying to wake the born in the coming. — Pittslang Greenich-Pitelson