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## WHISTLING DICK'S CHRISTMAS STOCKING BY OHENEY

was with much caution that Whistling Dick slid back the door of the box-car, for Article 5716, authorized (perhaps unconstitutionally) arrest on suspicion, and he was familiar of old-with this ordinance. So, before climbing out, he surveyed the field with all the care of a good general.

He saw no change since his last visit to this big, almogiving, long-suffering city of the South, the cold weather paradise of the tramps. The levee where his freight car stood was pimpled with dark bulks of merchandise. The breeze reeked with the well-remembered, sickening smell of the old tarpaulins that covered bales and barrels. The dun river slipbales and barrels. ped along among the shipping with an oily gurgle. Far down toward Chalmette he could see the great bend in the stream outlined by the row of electric lights. Across the river Algiera lay, a long, irregular blot, made darker by the dawn which lightened the sky beyond. An industrious tug or two, coming for some early sailing ship, gave a few appalling toots, that seemed to be the signal for breaking day. The Italian luggers were creeping nearer their landing, laden with early vegetables and shellfish. A vague roar, subterranean in quality, from dray wheels and street ears, began to make itself heard and and half a loaf, and thus the problem felt; and the ferry boats, the Mary Anns of water craft, stirred sullenly to their menial morning tasks.

too imposing and magnificent for his gaze had been added to the scene. A ing and magnificent for his path pursued his way. gaze had been added to the scene. A eye regarded him with cold suspicton, wast, incomparable policeman rounded individuals reflected the stern spirit a pile of rice sacks and stood within twenty yards of the car. The daily miracle of the dawn, now being performed above Algiers, received the flat-tering attention of this specimen of mu-nicipal efficial splendor. He gazed with micipal efficial splendor. He gazed with desultory way, there suddenly menusbiased dignity at the faintly glowing aced him a vast and bewildering induscolors until, at last, he turned to them try. A new port was being established; his broad back, as if convinced that legal interference was not needed, and the sunrise might proceed unchecked. Be he turned his face to the rice bags, and, drawing a flat flack from an inside pocket, he placed it to his lips and

regarded the firmament.

Whistling Dick, professional tramp, possessed a half-friendly acquaintance with this officer. They had met several times before on the levee at night, for the affect, himself a lover of music, had been attracted by the exquisite whistling of the shiftless vagabond will, he did not care, under the present alreumstances, to renew the acquaint and. There is a difference between ance. There is a difference between meeting a policeman upon a lonely wharf and whistling a few operatic airs with him, and being caught by him crawling out of a freight car. So Dick waited, as even a New Orleans police man must move on some time-perhaps it is a retributive law of nature and before long "Big Frits" majestically dis-

appeared between the trains of cars.
Whistling Dick waited as long as his judgment advised, and then slid swiftly to the ground. Assuming as far as ground. Assuming as far as the air of an honest laborer who seeks his daily toil, he moved across fayette Square, where, according to appointment, he hoped to rejoin a pal known as "Slick," this adventurous pilgrim having preceded him by one day a cattle-car into which a loose slat had enticed him.

As Whistling Dick picked his way

where night still lingered among the big, recking, musty warehouses, he gave way to the habit that had won for him his title. Subdued wet clear with each note as true and liquid as a bebelink's, his whistle tinkled about the dim, cold mountains of brick like drops of rain falling into a hidden pool. He followed an air, but it swam mistily into a swirling current of improvisa You could call out the trill of mountain brooks, the staccato of green rushes shivering about chilly lagoons, the pipe of sleepy birds.

unding a corner, the whistler collided with a mountain of blue and

"So." observed the mountain calmiy, "you are already back. Und dere vill not be frost before two veeks yet! Und you haf forgotten how to vistle. Dere was a valse note in dot last bar.

Watcher know about it?" said Whist ling Dick, with tentative familiarity; "you wit yer little Gherman-band nix hunes. Watcher know about music? Pick ye ears, and listen agin

Here's de way I whistled it—see t"
He puckered his lips, but the big
policeman held up his hand.
"Shtop," he smid, "und learn der right Und-learn also dot a can't visitle for a cent."

Big Fritz's heavy mustache rounded circle, and from its depths came a flute. He repeated a few bars of the air the tramp had been whistling. The rendition was cold, but correct, and he

To which!"

"To buil der puna eferbody mitout fielble means. Dirty days is der price; or fifteen tellars."

"It's der pest tip you efer had. I gif it to you pecause I pellef you are not so had as der rest. Und pecause you gan yis! Der Preinhueir bezer dan I myself gan. Don't run against any gan. Don't run agninst any licemans aroundt der corners,

grown weary of the strange and ruffled brood that came yearly to reatle be-heath her charitable pinions.

lute minute, feeling all the outraged in-dignation of a delinquent tenant who is ordered to vacate his premises. He had pictures to himself a day of dreamful case when he should have joined his pal; a day of lounging on the wharf, munching the bananas and coccanuts scattered in unloading the fruit steamers; and then a feast along the free lunch counters from which the easy-going owners were too good-natured or too generous to drive him away, and afterward a pipe in one of the little bowery parks and a snooze in some a stern order to exile and one that he knew must be obeyed. So, with a wary eye open for the gleam of brass but tons, he began his retreat toward a rura refuge. A few days in the country need not necessarily prove disastrous. Beyond the possibility of a slight nip of frost, there was no formidable evil to be looked for.

ed, Whistling Dick stood for an irreso

However, it was with a depressed spirit that Whistling Dick passed the old French market on his chosen route down the river. For safety's sake be still presented to the world his portrayal of the part of the worthy artisan on his way to labor. A stall-keeper in the market, undeceived, hailed him by the generic name of his ilk, and "Jack" generic name of his ilk, and halted, taken by surprise. The vender melted by this proof of his own scute bestowed a foot of Frankfurter of breakfast was solved.

When the streets, from topographi cal reasons, began to shun the river Whistling Dick's red head popped bank the exile mounted to the top suddenly back into the car. A sight of the levee, and on its well-trodden The suburban of the city's heartless edict. He missed the seclusion of the crowded town and the safety he could always find in the multitude.

At Chalmette, six miles upon his try. A new port was being established; the dock was being built, compressed were going up; picks and shovels and barrows struck at him like serpents from every side. An arrogant foreman flying surrey. bore down upon him, estimating his muscles with the eye of a recruiting serin terror.

levels bordering the mighty river. He yet with a luxurious softness, between overlooked the fields of sugar-cane so his fingers. vast that their farthest limits melted into the sky. The sugar-making season was well advanced, and the cutters were after them; the Negro teamsters inspired the mules to greater speed with mellow and sonorous imprecations. Dark-green groves, blurred by the blue of distance, showed where the plantation houses stood. The tall chmineys of the sugar mills caught the eye miles distant, like lighthouses at sea.

At a certain point Whistling Dick's uncrring nose caught the scent of fry-ing fish. Like a pointer to a quail, he made his way down the levee side straight to the camp of a credulous and it!' and as swell as Fift' Av'noo, and as ancient fisherman, whom he charmed pher annihilated the worst three hours of the day by a nap under the trees.

When he awoke and again continued

his hegira, a frosty sparkle in the air had succeeded the drowsy warmth of the day, and as this portent of a chilly night translated itself to the brain of Sir Peregrine, he lengthened his stride and bethought him of shelter. He traveled a road that faithfully followed the convolutions of the levee, running along its base, but whither he knew not. Bushes andrank grass crowded it to the wheel ruts, and out of this ambuscade the pests of the lowiands swarmed after him, humming a keen, vicious soprano, And as the night grew nearer, although colder, the whine of the mosquitoes be-came a greedy, petulant snarl that shut out all other sounds. To his right, against the heavens, he saw a green light moving, and, accompanying it, the masts and funnels of a big incoming steamer, moving as upon a screen at a magic lantern show. And there were mysterious marshes at his left, out of which came queer gurgling cries and a choked croaking. The whistling vagrant struck up a merry warble to offset these melancholy influences, and it is likely that never before, since Pan himself figged it on his reeds, had such sounds

The road was now enclosed on eac side by a fence, and presently, as Whistling Dick drew nearer the houses he suddenly stopped and sniffed the air. A distant elatter in the rear quickly developed into the swift beat of horses oofs, and Whistling Dick stepped aside into the dew-wet grass to clear the Turning his head, he saw approaching a fine team of stylish grays drawing a double surrey. A stout man with a white mustache occupied the air the tramp and been washing.

rendition was cold, but correct, and he front seat, giving all his attention to emphasized the note to which he had him ant a placid, middle-aged lady and "Dot p is p natural, and not p vint.

Py der vay, you netter pe glad I meet
you. Von hour inter, und I vould half
to put you in a gare to visite mit der
chail pirds. Der orders are to bull all
der pums after susrise."

Laut between express wagons and bank a brilliant-looking girl hardly arrived between express wagons and bank doors. The remaining space in the ve-

een heard in those depressing solitude

tizes and shapes. As the surrey swept even with the gimme de up ans mornia.

side-tracked tramp, the bright-eyed girl, on dis farm?"
seized by some merry, madesy impulse, leaned out toward him with a sweet, "shouldn't never issuit his entertainguiting smile, and cried, "Merry Christmas!" in a shrill, plaintive treble.

Such a thing had not often happened I will restrain myself. We five—me, Dang Pete Blinky, Goggles and In-As the surrey swept even with the Such a thing had not often happened to Whistling Dick, and he felt handi-

hicle was filled with parcels of various



As the Surrey Swept Even With the Sidetracked Tramp, the Bright-eyed Girl, Seized by Some Merry, Madcap Impulse, Leaned Out Toward Him With a Sweet, Duzzling Smile, and Cried, "Merry Christmas."

The sudden movement of the girl had caused one of the parcels to become geant. Brown men and black men all unwrapped, and something limp and about him were toiling away. He fled black fell from it into the road. The ramp picked it up and found it to be a By noon he had reached the country new black silk stocking, long and fine of the plantations, the great, and, silent and slender. It crunched crisply, and

"Ther bloomin' little skeezicks!" said Whistling Dick, with a broad grin bi-secting his freekled face. "W'ot d' yer think of dat, now! Mer-ry Christmus Sounded like a cuckoo clock, dat's what she did. Dem guys is swells, too, bet yer life, an' der old 'un stacks dem sacks of dough down under his trotters like dey were common as dried applee Been shoppin' fer Christmus, and de kid's lost one of her new socks w'ot she was goin' to hold up Santy wid. De bloomin' little skeezicks! Wit' her W'ot d'yer t'ink! 'Merry Chris-mus!' Same as to say, 'Hello, Jack, how goes

he came upon signs of habitation. The buildings of an extensive plantation were brought into view by a turn in the road. He easily selected the plant build er's residence in a large, square ing with two wings, with numerous goodsized, well lighted windows, and broad verandas running around its full extent. It was set upon a smooth lawn, which eas faintly lit by the far reaching rays of the lamps within. A noble grove surrounded it, and old-fashioned bery grew thickly about the walks and fences. The quarters of the hands and the mill buildings were situated at a distance in the rear.

"If dere ain't a hobo stew cookin' omewhere in his immediate precinct. he said to himself, "me nose has quit tellin' de trut'."

Without hesitation he climbed the fence to windward. He found himself in an apparently disused lot, where piles of old bricks were stacked, and rejected, decaying lumber. In a corner he saw the faint glow of a fire that had become little more than a bed lying about it. He drew nearer, and by the light of a little blaze that sud-

weater and cap.
"Dat man," said Whistling Dick to himself softly, "is a dead ringer for Boston Harry. I'll try him wit' de high

sign."
He whistled one or two bars of a ragtime melody, and the air was imnediately taken up, and then quickly ended with a peculiar run. The first whistler walked confidently up to the fire. The fat man looked up, and spake in a loud, asthmatic wheese:
"Gents, the unexpected but welcome

addition to our circle is Mr. Whistling Dick, an old friend of mine for whom I fully vouches. The waiter will lay another cover at once. Mr. W. D. will he will enlighten us in regard to the circumstances that give us the pleasure loafing in of his company." "Chewin' de stuffin' out 'n de die

tionary, as usual, Boston," said Whist-ling Dick; "but t'anks all de same for de invitashun. I guess I finds meself here about de same way yous guys. A cop gimme de tip dis mornin'. Yous workin'

Such a thing had not often happened to Whistling Dick, and he felt handicapped in devising the correct response. But leaking time for reflection, he let his instinct decide, and snatching off his thattered derity, he rapidly extended it hit the road has evening just as the at arm's length, and drew it back with a tender hus of twilight had flopped continuous motion, and shouted a loud, down upon the daisles and things.

but ceremonious, "Ah, there!" after the Blinky, pass the smpty oyster can at your self to the empty gentleman at your right."

For the next ten minutes the of readsters paid their undivided attention to the supper. In an old fivegalion kerosene can they had rooked a stew of potatoes, meat and enions, which they partook of from smaller cans they had found anitered about the vacant lot.

Whistling Diek und known Boston Harry of old, and known him to be one of the about and most encountril.

of the shrewdest and most successful prosperous stockdrover or a solid mer hant from some country village. was stout and hale, with a ruddy, always smoothly shaven face. His clothes were strong and neat, and he gave spe-cial attention to his decent-appearing shoes. During the past ten years he had acquired a reputation for working aged confidence games than any of his acquaintances, and he had not a day's work to be counted against him. It was rumored among his associates that he easy as a blow-out in Cincinnat." had saved a considerable amount of Whistling Dick folded the stocking money. The four other men were fair who seeks his daily lois, he moved actively lines, with song and story, so that he dined intention of making his way by quiet like an admiral, and then like a philicarefully, and stuffed it into his pocket. noisome genus who carried their labels

After the bottom of the large had been scraped and pipes lit at the coals, two of the men called Boston aside and spoke with him lowly and mysteriously. He nodded decisively, and then said aloud to Whistling Dick: "Listen, sonny, to some plain talky teed you to be square, and you're to come in on the profits equal with the boys, and you've got to help. Two hundred hands on this plantation are

expecting to be paid a week's wages to morrow morning. Tomorrow's Christ mas, and they want to lay off. Says the bosa: 'Work from five to nine in the morning to get a trainload of sugar off, and I'll pay every man cash down for the week and a day extra.' They say: 'Hooray for the boss! It goes He drives to Noo Orleans today and fetches back the cold dollars. Two thousand and seventy-four fifty is the amount. I got the figures from a man who talks too much, who got 'em from the bookkeeper. The boss of this plan of living coals, and he thought he could tation thinks he's going to pay this see some dim human forms sitting or wealth to the hands. He's got it down wrong; he's going to pay it to us. It's going to stay in the leisure class, where denly flared up he saw plainly the fat it belongs. Now, half of this haul goes figure of a ragged man in an old brown to me, and the other half the rest of you may divide. Why the difference! I represent the brains. It's my scheme Here's the way we're going to get it There's some company at supper in the house, but they'll leave about nine. house, but they'll leave about nine. They've just happened in for an hour or so. If they don't go pretty soon we'll work the scheme anyhow. We want all night to get away good with the dollars. They're heavy. About nine o'clock Deaf Pete and Blinky'll go down the road about a quarter beyond the house, and set fire to a hig canefield there that the cutters haven't touched yet. The wind's just right to have it rearing in two minutes. The alarm'll be given, and every man Jack about the fighting fire. That'll leave the money sacks and the women alone in the house for us to handle. You've heard came burn? Well, there's mighty few women can sereech loud emough to be heard above its crackling. The thing's dead The only danger is in

safe. The only danger is in being caught before we can get far enough away with the money. Now, if you"—
"Boston," interrupted Whistling Dick, rising to his feet, "t'anks for de grub yous fellers has given me, but I'll be novin' on now." "What do you meant" asked Bos-

ion, also rising. "W'y, you can count me outer dis ting don't go wit' me. Burgiary is no good. I'll say good-aight and many t'anks for

Whistling Dick had moved away a

few steps as he spoke, but he stopped very suddenly. Boston had edvered him with a short revolver of roomy calibre

"Take your seat," said the tramp ender. "I'd feel mighty proud of myself if I let you go and spoil the game You'll stick right in this camp until we finish the job. The end of that brick pile is your limit. You go two inches beyond that and I'll have to shoot. Better take it easy, now."

"It's my way of doln'," said Whistling muzzle of dat twelve incher and iun 'er back on de trucks. I remains, as de newspapers says, 'in yer midst'" "All right," said Boston, lowering his

pistol as the other returned and took to future laziness and depredation f" his seat again on a projecting plank in a pile of timber. "Don't try to leave; that's all. I wouldn't miss this chance even if I had to shoot an old acquaint ance to make it go. I don't want to hurt anybody specially, but this thou pand dollars I'm going to get will fix me for fair. I'm going to drop the road and start a saloon in a little town I know about. I'm tired of being kicked

Boston Harry took from his pocket the fire.

"It's a quarter to nine." he said Pete, you and Blinky start. Go down the road, past the house, and fire the can in a dozen places. Then strike for the levee, and come back on it, instead of the road, so you won't meet anymen will all be striking out for the fire and we'll break for the house and collar the dollars. Everybody cough up what matches he's got.

The two surly tramps made a collect tion of all the matches in the party. Whistling Dick contributing his quota with propitiatory alacrity, and then they departed in the dim starlight in the direction of the road.

Of the three remaining vagrants two, Goggles and Indiana Tom, reclined larily upon convenient lumber and regarded Whistling Dick with undis guised disfavor. that the dissenting recruit was disposed to remain peaceably, relaxed a little of his vigilance. Whistling Dick arose presently and strolled leisurely up and down, keeping carefully within the territory assigned him.

"Dis planter chap," he said, pausing Harry, "w'ot makes yer t'ink he got de tin 'n de house wit' 'im ?" "I'm advised of the facts in the case said Boston. "He drove to 'Noo Orleans and got it, I say, today. to change your mind now and come

"Naw, I was just askin'. Wet kind o' team did de boss drive?" "Double surrey !"

"Yep." "Women falks slong!" "Wife and kid. Say, what morning paper are you trying to pump news

away. I guess dat team passed me in de road dis evenin'. Dat's ali." As Whistling Dick put his hands into and the men sprang to their feet, and his pockets and continued his curtailed would have laid their hands upon their heat up and down by the fire. He felt swords had not the verities of chronstocking he had picked up in

the road.

"Ther bloomin' little skeezicks." he authered, with a grin.

As he walked up and down he could see, through a sort of natural opening or lane among the trees, the planter's residence some seventy-five yards distant. The side of the house toward him exhibited spacious, well-lighted windows through which a soft radiance streame-

"What's that you said?" asked Bos Dick, lounging carelessly, and kicking meditatively at a little stone on the

illuminating the broad versada and

some extent of the lawn beneath.

ground. "Just as easy," continued the warbling

The dining room and all its appur

owy; there were interesting name signed in the corners of the pictures on the walls; the viands were of the on the walls; the viands were of the kind that bring a shine into the eyes of gournets. The service was swift, silent, lavish, as in the days when the waiters were assets, like the plate. The names by which the planter's family and their visitors addressed one another were historic in the annals of two nations Their manners and conversation had kind that still preserves punctilio. The planter himself seemed to be the dynamo that generated the larger por-tion of the galety and wit. The younger ones at the board found it more than difficult to turn back on him his guns of raillery and banter. It is true, the young men attempted to storm his works repeatedly, incited by the hope of, gaining the approbation of their fair companions; but even when they sped i well aimed shaft, the planter forced them to feel defeat by the tremendous discomfiting thunder of the laughter with which he accompanied his retort At the head of the table, serene, matronly, benevolent, reigned the mistress of the house, placing here and there the right smile, the right word, the en-

couraging glance. The talk of the party was too de sultory, too evanescent to follow, but at last they came to the subjest of the vexed the plantations for many miles around. The planter seized the occasion to direct his good natured fire of raillery at the mistress, accusing her of encouraging the plague. "They swarm ling. He was made to disclose in detail up and down the river every winter," his adventure with the evil gang of he said. "They overrun New Orleans, and we catch the surplus, which is generally the worst part. And, a day or two ago, Madame New Orleans, sud denly discovering that she can't shopping without brushing her skirts against great rows of the vagabonds big lighted windows of the dining sunning themselves on the banquettes, the police catch a dozen or two, and the remaining three or four thousand over flow up and down the levees, madame there" - pointing tragically

with the carving knife at her—"foods them. They won't work; they defy my overseers, and they make friends with my dogs; and you, madame, feed them before my eyes, and intimidate me when I would interfere. Tell us, please, how many today did you thus "Six, I think," said madame, with a

effective smile, "but you know two of them yourself."

The planter's disconcerting laugh rang out again.
"Yes, at their own trades. And one

was an artificial flower maker, and the other a glass-blower. Oh, they were looking for work! Not a hand would they consent to lift to labor of any other kind.

soft hearted mistress, "used quite good language. It was really extraordinary for one of his class. And he carried a don't believe they are all bad. They have always seemed to me to rather lack development. I always look upon them as children with whom wisdom has but clean, red carpet covered the floor remained at a standstill while whiskers have continued to grow. We passed one this evening as we were driving home who had a face as good as it was in mezzo from 'Cavalleria,' and blowing the spirit of Mascagni himself into it A bright eyed young girl who sat at

he left of the mistress leaned over and said in a confidential undertone; "I wonder, mamma, if that tramp we passed on the road found my stock ing, and do you think he will hang it up tonight? Now I can hang up but one. Do you know why I wanted a new pair of silk stockings when I have pleutyf Well, old Aunt Judy says, if you hang Taking his cost for a pillow, he up two that have never been worn, stretched himself luxuriously upon up two that have never been worn, Santa Claus will fill one with good things, and Monsier Pambe will place in the other payment for all the words streaks of dawn broke above the yeu have speken—good or bad—on the marshes, Whistling Dick awoke and day before Christmas. That's why I've ! been nausually nice and everyone today. Monsier Pambe, you know, is a witch gentlemen; he " The words of the young girl were interrupted by a startling thing.

Like a wraith of some burned-out shooting star, a black streak came ernshing through the window pane and upon the table, where it mavered into fragments a duzen pieces of crystal and chinaware, and then glanced be tween the heads of the guests to the wall, imprinting there in a deep, round indentation, at which teday the visitor to Beliemeade marvels as he gazos "I was just conversin' to pees de time upon it and listens to this tale as it is

The women screamed in many keys, ology forbidden.

The planter was the first to act; he sprang to the intruding missile and held it up to view.
"By Jupiter!" he eried: "A meteoric

shower of hosiery! Has communication at las been established with Mars?"
"T should may—ahem-Venus," ventured a young gentleman visitor, looking hopefully for apprehation towards the unresponsive young lady visitors.

The planter held at arm's length the unceremonious visitor—a long, dancing, black stocking. It's loaded," he su-

As he spoke he reversed the stocking, holding it by the toe, and down from it dropped a roundish stone, wrapped about by a piece of yellowish paper. "Now for the first interstellar message of the century!" he cried, and nodding (Continued on page twenty one)

chris mus.' Wot d'yer t'ink, now!"

Dinner, two hours late, was being erved in the Bellemeade plantation lining room.

The dining room and all its appurimentally strucks bell end end of the practical, decisive man of business. He immediately strucks bell end end of the practical of the practica The dining room and all its appur-tenances spoke of an old regime that was here continued rather than sug-gested to the memory. The plate was rich to the extent that its age and quaintness alone saved it from being above; there were interesting names to have the men arm themselves and bring plenty of ropes and plew lines. Tell him to hurry." And then he read aloud from the paper these words:

"To the Gent of de Hous! "Dere is five tuff hoboes xcept mede old brick piles is. Dey got me stuck up wid a gun see and I taken dis means of communikaten. 2. of der lads is gome down to set fire to de cain field below de hous and when your fellers goes to turn de hoes on it de hole gang is going to rob de hous of de money you gott pay off wit say git a mye on ye say de kid off wit say git a mye on ye say de kid dropt dis sock in der rode tel her mery crismus de same as she told me. Ketch de bums down de rode first and den sen a relefe core to get me out of soke youres truly,

"WHISTLEN DICK."

There was some quiet but rapid maneuvering at Bellemcade during the ensuing half hour, which ended in five disgusted and sullen tramps being cap-tured and locked securely in an out-house pending the coming of the morning and retribution. For another result, the visiting young gentlemen had secured the unqualified worship of the vis-iting young ladies by their distinguished and heroic conduct. For still another behold Whistling Dick, the hero, seated at the planter's table, feasting upon viands his experience had never before included, and waited upon by admiring femininity in shapes of such beauty and swellness' that even his ever-full mouth could scarcely prevent him from whist Boston Harry, and how he cunningly wrote the note and wrapped it around the stone and placed it in the toe of the stocking, and, watching his chance, sent it silently, with a wonderful centrifugal momentum, like a comet, at one of the

derer should wander no more; that The planter vowed that the wanand that should be rewarded, and that debt of gratitude had been made that must be paid; for had he not sayed them from a doubtless imminent loss, and maybe a greater calamity? He assured Whistling Dick that he might consider himself a charge upon the honor of Bellemeade; that a position suited to his powers would for him at once, and hinted that the way would be heartily amouthed for him to rise to as high places of emolthem offered to work, for you heard ument and trust as the plantation afforded.

But now, they said, he weary, and the immediate thing consider was rest and sleep. So the mistress spoke to a servant, and Whistling Dick was conducted to a room in the wing of the house occupied by the servants. To this room, in a few minutes, was brought a portwhich was placed on a piece of oiled eloth upon the floor. There the vagrant was left to pass the night.

By the light of a candle he examined the room. A bed with the covers neatly turned back, revealed snowy pillows and sheets. There was a dresser with a beveled mirror, a washstand, with a flowered how and pitcher; the two or three chairs were softly upholstered. A little table held books, papers and a day old cluster of roses in a jar. There were towels on a rack and soap

Whistling Dick set his candle on a chair and placed his hat earefully under the table. After satisfying what we must suppose to have been his curiosity by a sober scrutiny, he removed his coat, folded it, and laid it upon the floor, near the wall, as far a pussible from the unused bathtub.

the carpet.
When, on Christmas morning, the first reached instinctively for his hat. Then he remembered that the skirts of Fortune had swept him into their folds on the night previous, and he went the fresh breath of the morning cool memory of his good luck within his

As he stood there, certain dread and minous scounds pierced the fearful hollow of his car.

The force of plantation workers, ager to complete the shortened task allotted to them, were all astir. The mighty din of the agre Labor shook the earth, and the poor tattered and forever disguised Prince in search his fortune held tight to the windowsill even in the enchanted castle, and trembled

Aiready from the bosom of the mill ame the thunder of rolling barrels of sugar, and (prison-like sounds) there was a great rattling of chains as the mules were herried with atimlant imprecations to their places by the wagon-tongues. A little victors "dummy" engine, with a train of first ears in tow, stowed and fumed on the plantation tap of the parrow-gauge railread, and a telling, harrying, hallsoing stream of workers were dimly seen in the half darkness loading the train with the weekly output of sugar. Here was a poste; an epic nay, a tragedy-

The December air was front but the sweat brake out upon Whistling