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BY JOHN E. BARRETT.

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Dick Dawson left the room and was gone but a few minutes when he returned with a merry twinkle in his eyes and said, "She consents."

Carson was elated beyond measure, and wanted an interview at once, but Dick restrained him with the remark: "She is shy and bashful, and does not desire a word on this subject until the ceremony is over. Besides she does not want the judge, or any one else, to see her face during the ceremony, because she fears that they might tell her friends, and she believes that for the present secrecy is the best for both of you."

"Well, that's all right," said Carson, gleefully. "She is entitled to her feelings in this matter as well as the rest of us. Eh, Dick?"

"Quite so. Suppose you see the judge at once."

Carson then went to see the judge, the Hon. Gilbert Ransom, who was sporting soundly on a lounge in the main gambling room, where the lights were low, the excitement having died out.

At first the judge was bewildered. A dash of champagne brightened his dull understanding, and he soon comprehended the situation.

"It is a runaway match, your Honor," said Carson, "and we are both of age, and so forth, there can be no objection."

"Capital, Clarence, capital," said the judge. "Bring on the bride, and we'll tie the nuptial knot."

To Clarence Carson's surprise, the bride awaited him in the hall. She was heavily veiled, shy and silent, but she nodded assent, and taking her by the hand, Clarence led her before the somewhat sleepy dignitary who was to perform the ceremony.

The responses of the bride were almost inaudible, and the accommodating judge cut the ceremony short to please the groom, who remarked at the outset that he was in a hurry to catch a train. When the ceremony was ended, Clarence insisted on the judge writing out a marriage certificate, so that the couple might be armed against any enemies who might desire to interrupt their journey on the pretext that they were not lawfully wedded. The judge consented to finish the document, and while he was engaged in making it out in an exceedingly primitive form, the bride withdrew her arm from that of Clarence Carson, and executed herself, saying she would be back shortly.

The marriage certificate was made out in the form and contained the names of Clarence Carson and Edith Edwards, with the date of their marriage by Judge Gilbert Ransom. When it was completed, Judge Ransom passed it over to Clarence Carson, and received a handsome fee for his trouble. The document was not a picturesque one, but it contained the elements of a storm whose wrath was to break upon young Carson's head much earlier than he expected.

The younger man placed the certificate carefully in his pocket and paced up and down the gambling room, awaiting the return of his bride, but she did not come back.

Fifteen minutes elapsed, then twenty, then thirty. Judge Ransom was smoking soundly on his couch once more, and Clarence Carson kept looking eagerly toward the door, expecting to see Edith Edwards, but she did not appear.

Then he resolved on ascertaining for himself why she did not come, and he went into the hallway, where he met her face to face.

Edith Edwards started back in fear on seeing him, and, not knowing her alarm, he said:

"Why do you shrink from me, Edith? Now that we are married, there can be no further cause for alarm or distrust on your part. Come to your husband's arms, and let us plan the golden future that awaits us across the Atlantic, when we shall have left Grimsby and its griefs far behind."

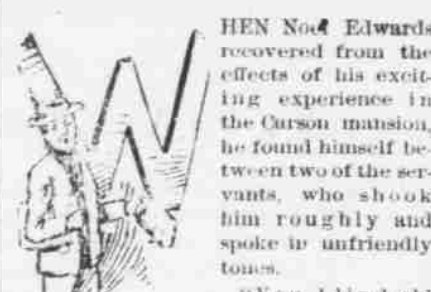
She looked at him in startled wonder, and retreated before his steady gaze. She recollected that Dawson had told her that the place was a hospital. Could it be that she was in a lunatic asylum?

She had read a good deal about some persons being confined in such institutions, and it might be possible that she had been thrust into one during a temporary delirium incident to her trouble. She had seen this man before, and she feared and hated him. Why did he continue to annoy her with his unwelcome attentions?

Carson noticed her consternation and could not understand it.

"Why, Edith," he said, in a tender tone, "why do you shun me? Did you not pledge me the vows of a wife but a few minutes ago, and can it be possible that regret has turned affection into terror and loathing? Come, my own sweet girl, banish those foolish fears and fancies, and think only of the bright future that lies before us."

"Now I know he must be mad!" she thought, and turning about she ran along the hallway with all her might, Clarence Carson following in close pursuit, until she met Alice Dawson, and appealed to her for protection.



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HEN Noel Edwards recovered from the effects of his exciting experience in the Carson mansion, he found himself between two of the servants, who shook him roughly and spoke in unfriendly tones.

"You blind old fool," said one, "what brought you here? Come straight up, and let us get you out at once. You have caused enough misery already."

"I want to speak with Mr. Carson before I go," said Noel, but the servants paid no heed to his request, and telling him that he had already talked too much, they hurried him along the hall, through the front door, and down the steps. Fearing that he might return again and make a scene if they left him there, they led him along the gravelled walk and into the roadway, where they deserted him to his loneliness and helplessness, and with a mocking laugh advised him to hurry home.

Noel stood irresolute for a few minutes, wondering what direction he ought to take. The chilly night blast swept along the street, whistled through the leafless branches of the trees that stood along the sidewalk in front of the ample grounds of the Carson mansion, and made desolate music to the ears of the blind man who stood there friendless and alone.

While he stood wondering what course to take, he heard the merry voice of a boy singing, "Nobody Cares for Me." There was a reckless tone in the lad's voice as he sang:

"I care for nobody, no not I,
And nobody cares for me!"

The light-hearted boy stopped as he noticed Noel Edwards groping about, and he asked:

"Is there anything the matter, mister?"

"Yes, my good boy, I am blind, and want to find my way home."

The lad's sympathies were aroused, and ascertaining Noel's address, he said:

"I'll see you home," then took Noel by the hand, and they moved along quite rapidly.

"It's rather late for a boy like you to be out, isn't it?" said Noel. "I should think your parents would object to your being away from home at this time of night."

"I haven't got any parents; they are both dead," answered the boy. "They died when I was a little kid, and I have no one as cares whether I be out late or early. But I must be out at this time to-night to meet the train what brings my weekly paper from New York."

"Then you are a newsboy. What may your name be, sir?"

"Sam Sharp, sir. The boys say it is a cutting name, but what do I care for that?"

"You must find it pretty lonely being an orphan, Sam," said Noel, sympathetically.

"No, not very much," was the peculiar response. "It don't trouble me much being alone, as you say. The people are good to me because they know I'm an orphan, and I don't bother much about things. I think orphans has less to worry about than anybody. The people what has a great many friends and relations in this world has more sorrow than us lone ones. There is no reason for us to break our hearts when anybody dies, but a boy that has a mother and a father, and brothers and sisters, must feel awful bad whenever any one of 'em climbs the golden stairs."

"Sam, you're a philosopher," said Noel, "and there is a good deal of truth in what you say. Those who have the dearest friendships suffer the greatest griefs when the final parting comes."

"So you see it ain't so bad to be an orphan, after all," smiled Sam, "if we only look at it in the right light. Did you tell me your name, sir?"

"I think not. My name is Noel Edwards."

The boy started off, and was about to run away, when Noel begged that he would not desert him.

After much coaxing Sam Sharp returned, but he was not anxious to take Noel's hand again.

"What is the matter, my boy?" said Noel, noticing the lad's timidity.

"Why I heard you was killed in the Grimsby Steel Mill," said Sam, "and I ain't quite sure but what you are a ghost."

"Mercy on me, Sam, is it possible that I am reported dead?" asked Noel, in surprise.

"But you see that I am still alive."

"Yes, I see you, but people can see ghosts. I feel you, too, when I take your hand, and seems to me that's where you get the bulge on the ghosts. I hear tell people can't feel ghosts because they is too thin."

"I am no ghost, Sam, but fortunately I lost my sight in the accident you speak of, and that is why I have to call on you for help to guide me to my home."

Noel's words were reassuring, and pretty soon Sam Sharp took him by the hand again and helped him along. Their progress was necessarily slow, and they talked much on the way, so that in a short time, they became great friends.

Sam Sharp, the newsboy, succeeded in getting Noel's confidence to such an extent that the latter told him of his adventure at the Carson mansion, and the suspicion that led him there.

Noel and the boy stood chatting in a sheltered spot a short distance from the home of the former, when the lad suddenly exclaimed:

"Look! There goes Carson now, in a great big hurry."

This excited Noel considerably, and clutching Sam's hand nervously, he said:

"What way is he going?"

"Toward the steel mill."

"Let's follow him," said Noel.

"Stay!" exclaimed Sam. "He's come to a halt. There's another fellow. They shake hands. I see who it is. It's Eckert, the bookkeeper at the mill. He buys a paper of the nearly every day. They say he's pretty fast on the sly. Now they separate. Each of 'em seem to be in a hurry."

"Let us follow Carson," urged Noel.

"He's going too fast," suggested Sam, "and you can't keep any ways near him."

"I'll do the best I can," pleaded Noel.

"I have a score to settle with that chap, and I want to know where he is going at this late hour."

"I'd rather not go," said Sam.

"But I'll pay you for your trouble," replied Noel, who was growing impatient.

"Come, let us follow him at once."

Sam consented somewhat reluctantly, remarking that it would be impossible for them to keep even within sight of Clarence Carson at the high rate of speed at which he was going.

Noel thought otherwise, but the result of a brisk chase along the narrow streets, which led in the direction of the river, confirmed the wisdom of Sam's judgment.

"I knew we couldn't keep in sight of him," said the boy, at length, in disappointment.

"What way did he go?" queried Noel eagerly.

"I don't know. We are off the track," replied Sam.

"We didn't go fast enough," said Noel.

"That's it," added Sam. "We didn't go fast enough because we couldn't. You stumbled a good deal as it was, but Carson went headlong like an engine, or as if he knew Old Nick was after him."

"It's too bad," said Noel, coming to a standstill. "but I suppose it could not be helped."

"I'll have to meet my train now," said Sam, and "get my papers, and I won't have time to see you home afore it comes."

"Let me go with you," suggested Noel, as the best way out of the difficulty which presented itself. "We cannot be very far from the depot, and I will not be very far from your way, Sam, if we go."

"Agreed," said Sam. "Now let us go. The train will be in before long."

With Sam leading him by the hand, Noel moved along at a fair rate of speed, and they were soon at the depot. The train was nearly half an hour late, and they waited for it in the cosy little waiting-room, where a cheerful fire diffused its warmth.

While waiting here, Sam noticed for the first time since they met that Noel acted queer. The stormy scenes at the steel mill seemed to pass vividly before the old man's vision, and he would start up from a light slumber in a most excited manner. At such times Sam found it rather difficult to calm him.

"I think you'd better keep from dozing to sleep," the boy said at last. "Them brain-pictures what you see ain't good for you."

"You are right, my boy," said Noel. "I will try and keep wide awake, now, until the train comes."

At last the train arrived. Sam Sharp got his little bundle of papers, and placing it under his left arm, took Noel's hand in his right and said:

"Now, we are ready."

Then they set out for Noel's home, taking the shortest possible cut through the side streets, and such grimy thoroughfares as Sam knew afforded the nearest way to the blind man's residence.

Although Sam Sharp knew no fear, under ordinary circumstances, he felt a slight feeling something akin to dread, on seeing a number of figures moving to and from a large object that stood in the middle of a dimly lighted alley into which he had led his companion.

"Let's go kinder slow here; it's very dark," he whispered to Noel. Then they came to a halt.

Sam Sharp noticed that the large object ahead in the middle of the alley was a carriage.

"I hear voices," whispered Noel, clutching the boy by the sleeve.

Sam listened attentively, and distinctly heard some one say in a stifled tone: "Step cautiously; she is moving."

The boy pulled Noel closer aside to the shelter of the buildings on the right, and said: "Stand still a minute and don't speak. I want to make a careful examination ahead."

Sam stepped forward with cat-like tread, and saw two men emerging from a narrow passage to the left. One of the men moved cautiously a little ahead of the other, who proceeded slowly, and carried something in his arms.

Sam Sharp drew closer, and saw that the second man was carrying a woman. The boy could only see the outlines of the form and face, but could not distinguish the features. He was startled and amazed at the sight. Why should these men carry a woman into the street at this unseasonable hour? Was she alive, or was she dead? Thoughts of a great crime entered Sam's mind, and he knew that extreme caution was necessary on his, as well as Noel's part, if they valued their lives. But with this great desire for caution, there also arose in the boy's breast an eager wish to attain a glimpse of the faces of the men who were engaged in this suspicious work.

Sam found this no easy matter. The dim light that filtered its rays through the solitary lamp which stood at the far end of the alley, only served to make the darkness more intense, and carefully as Sam shifted his position, he found it no easy matter to make a satisfactory focus on the faces of the two men, such as would enable him to identify them should he see them again.

An incident occurred, however, which aided Sam in his burning desire for information. When the man who was carrying the woman was in the act of placing his burden in the carriage, his hat rolled off, and Sam, who was but a

short distance away, noticed a deep red scar across his temple.

"I'll know that fellow again, anyhow," thought Sam. At the same time the boy obtained a glimpse of the woman's face. He noticed that her eyes were closed, and that the features were those of a beautiful girl, whose black hair was tangled about her face and neck in wild disorder.

What Sam Sharp had seen made him more eager than ever to unmask this mystery, and were he possessed of the necessary strength, he would confront these desperate men and make them give an account of their crime then and there. But although Sam was a brave boy, he knew the value of silence at the proper time. He had learned a good deal, for one of his years, by bitter experience, but it deserves to be said to his credit that he had a just abhorrence of all that was wicked and cowardly, and a wholesome admiration for what was noble and manly. He suspected foul play here, and wondered how he might avert it, but he was doubly helpless by reason of Noel's presence.

"Ald were Noel only possessed of sight now, what wonders we might do!" This is what Sam thought, as he saw the two men take their places in the carriage with the woman they had just placed there.

But there came a crisis quicker and more thrilling than Sam Sharp expected. No sooner were the three persons in the carriage than there was a fierce commotion within, followed by a crash of glass, caused by the breaking of one of the windows. This was followed by a piercing and pitiful cry that rang out in the desolate and frosty night air, like the wild note of a bird suddenly startled from its nest.

The voice was that of a woman, who cried aloud with all her might:

"Father, father! Oh, my father, help me!"

Just then Sam Sharp noticed Noel Edwards rushing recklessly forward, regardless of his blindness, and heedless of the obstacles in his way, while he waved his arms wildly above his head and exclaimed in tones filled with tenderness and terror:

"Edith, my Edith! where are you?"

"Oh God, it is my father!" she cried.

"Father, father! come to me, they are choking me to death!"

"Scoundrels, ruffians, let go my child, or I will have your heart's blood," shouted Noel, whose brain was in a whirl. He was not quite certain but that this was some delusion of his distracted mind, yet he felt impelled forward by the pitiful call for help, which came to him in the tones of his own Edith's voice, and thrilled him with a thousand fears.

Noel Edwards flung himself forward in sheer desperation, hoping to reach his daughter's assailants and strangle them in his wrath. At length he reached the rear end of the carriage in which the struggle was taking place, and the sense of some cruel wrong, which he could not understand, was borne in upon him with tremendous force. He knew that the woman had been silenced by physical effort, and he felt convinced that the voice which called out in the night so pathetically for help, was that of his daughter Edith.

When he felt all this, and realized his own utter helplessness, the thought made him frantic.

He caught the carriage and clung to it tenaciously. He resolved on clinging to it even if he should be dragged to death.

"Oh, father, they will kill me!" exclaimed the woman, during a moment that one of the ruffians took his hand from her mouth.

In that desperate moment Noel seemed to be imbued with sight and strength.

"Have courage, Edith. I am here," he exclaimed, as he groped his way along the side of the carriage in an effort to reach the door. "Edith, Edith," he said, "speak to me; but there was no reply. His mental anguish was intense as he heard the struggle continued in the carriage, and realized that it was an effort to silence Edith's voice.

"My God!" he exclaimed, "they are killing her! Oh, why am I blind? Why cannot I see and prevent this cruel wrong?"

As he spoke he reached the carriage door. The male occupants of the carriage were calling loudly for the driver, who had remained behind in the house to help himself to another glass of brandy, and who was so stupidly intoxicated already that he scarcely knew what he was doing.

He came upon the scene at last, with no idea whatever of what was going on, and said, in a reckless way:

"What's the hurry, gentleman?"

The answer to this aggravating question was a ringing curse from one of the occupants of the carriage, who added:

"Drive ahead for all your are worth. Spare nothing."

The driver did not find it easy to obey this order. His horses absolutely refused to move, and he could not understand it. He did not notice that Sam Sharp was holding them.

Meantime Noel was trying hard to make his way into the carriage. Failing to open the door, the stricken father in his desperation struck the glass window with his clenched fist and smashed it into thousands of splinters. He thrust his head and shoulders through the opening thus made and caught one of the male occupants of the vehicle by the throat. At that moment the driver, becoming furious with his stubborn horses, applied the whip recklessly, and thus urged, the animals leaped forward, flinging Sam Sharp aside, and hurling him against one of the neighboring buildings with a degree of force that made him see a thousand stars. Sam speedily recovered himself, however, and followed the rushing carriage up the dimly-lighted alley, wondering what would become of Noel Edwards and of the woman whose shrill cries for help he heard above the cursing of the driver and the clatter of the wheels.



CHAPTER X.

A MYSTERIOUS MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.

FTER driving some distance, at a furious speed, with Noel Edwards hanging half way through the door of the carriage, and his right hand upon the throat of Clarence Carson, the driver brought his horses to a sudden halt, at the command of Dick Dawson, who entreated the enraged father to release his daughter.

The temptation to put an end to Noel's life at that moment was great in Dick Dawson's mind, but the veteran gambler had discretion as well as desperation, and seeing an easier way out of the difficulty, he decided not to commit a crime that might entangle him once more in the meshes of the law.

He now knew that the man who had burst like a thunderbolt upon the scene, at the very moment when he and Clarence Carson were about to put into operation their infamous plan of carrying Edith off to the train for New York, was none other than Edith's father, and he felt that the safest way out of the dilemma was to let Edith go, and encourage Carson to escape to Europe alone.

All this came to Dick Dawson like a flash.

Like all successful gamblers, Dawson drank very little, and no matter how drunk others might be, his brain was always clear to think and act.

"Let go your grasp, old man," he said, addressing Noel. "I will have cause to regret this rash conduct."

"Never!" exclaimed Noel, "or you will never let go until I know what has become of my child, and if Edith has been wronged, I'll have this road's life."

"Man, you are mad!" retorted Dick Dawson. "In Heaven's name, what do you want, and why are you here?"

"I want my child, you scoundrel!" cried Noel, passionately.

In that trying hour all the blind man's strength came back to him, and he felt that he could contend with a lion.

"Well, you shall have her with pleasure," said Dick Dawson, in a diplomatic tone. "We were simply taking her to her home, anyhow, after treating her kindly at my house; but if this stormy conduct in a number of the thanks we are to get for our trouble, the sooner we surrender her to her father the better. Is it not so, Mr. Carson?"

"Carson, Carson!" exclaimed Noel in a fury. "Where is that scoundrel, Carson?" and he released his hold on Clarence's throat, thinking he could by bands on the object of his wrath, who must be somewhere near.

Dick realized that he had made a mistake. He was not aware of Noel's blindness, but with his usual tact he promptly tried to repair his error by saying, "I was referring to our driver. His name is Carson, a good, simple man, whom you cannot possibly know."

"That's right, sir," said the driver, who was feeling quite hilarious by this time, as the result of the wine in which he had indulged so freely before leaving Dick Dawson's apartments, "you can call me anything you like."

Noel had released his hold on Clarence Carson's throat, but he still clung to the door of the carriage, trembling with excitement, and wondering how this scene would end.

Dawson managed to whisper in Carson's ear. The latter, who was almost stupid from drink when he left Dawson's place, had been sobered a good deal by the shaking up he had received at the hands of Noel Edwards, and he was able to comprehend the gravity of his situation in some measure.

"We are caught," whispered Dawson. "The easiest way out is to let the old man have his daughter, and you proceed on your journey. We can't afford to fight this thing out."

Carson consented. He was glad to get away from this blind man, who haunted him like a spectre, and he cheerfully helped Dawson to lift Edith out of the carriage.

The poor girl's senses were awry. She did not know where she was or what she was doing, and when she was placed on the sidewalk, she was compelled to cling to her father for support.

"My poor child! my Edith!" said Noel, in a voice trembling with emotion, as he clasped her in his arms. "What wild tale could have placed you in the power of these bad men?"

"Oh, my dear father! thank Heaven, you are still alive! I went out to search for you, and wandered into a stormy dream; but it is all over now, and we are together again. We shall never, never part. Come, let us go home."

At that moment Sam Sharp came running up to where father and daughter were standing, and the boy fairly danced with glee to see the turn affairs had taken.

"It's as good as a play," said the light-hearted lad, catching Noel by the hand, "the way you made those two chumps take water. I got a squirt at them now, and I know who they are. It's Dick Dawson the gambler, and Clarence Carson, Dawson's bad 'un, he is, and it's a wonder he didn't show fight, because they do say he has killed his man before now."

"They are both villains," said Noel. "Did you notice what way the carriage went?"

"Yes," answered Sam. "I had my eye on it as they drove off. It went in the direction of the railroad station."

"And that's where they were going to take my Edith, instead of bringing her home. Thank fortune, that sent me here. 'Tis been a bitter night," added Noel. "But out of it all a blessing has come at last, and Heaven has enabled me to save my dear child from a terrible fate."

As he said these words, he felt Edith's hand fluttering like a bird within his

swirl. She shuddered at the thought of what might have befallen her had not her father happened so opportunely upon the scene, and even as it was, she was haunted by a strange, wild fancy that she would find forget. It seemed the echo of Clarence Carson's voice, as he followed her along the corridor, after the incident in which Judge Ransom was an actor, and he claimed her as his wife. His wife! Oh, how she hated that man, who in such a short space of time had become the bane of her life!

Edith spoke but little on the way home. Her right hand rested in her father's left as she walked by his side, and in answer to his many queries, she was compelled to plead weariness, and to promise that in good time she would tell him a strange story.

Sam Sharp trotted along at the other side of Noel, carrying his bundle of papers in his arm, and indulging in frequent comments on the conduct of Clarence Dawson, and the men who were supposed to frequent the gambling-den at the latter.

The lad's conversation had much in it to interest Edith, who now recalled the most suspicious circumstances which attracted her attention, while she was in Dick Dawson's gilded den; but she said nothing of this to her companions.

The trio had to pass through a sort of common on their way to the home of Noel, and their path lay quite close to the mouth of a tunnel that led into one of the coal mines owned by the Grimsby Steel Company.

Just as they reached the edge of the mine-shed, Sam's quick eye caught sight of a human figure emerging stealthily out of the gloomy place. It looked so spectral at that unseasonable hour, that the boy received a severe shock, and, starting back suddenly, he exclaimed in a voice loud enough to be heard by the individual who had attracted his attention: "Who's that?"

Prosperity Under Democracy.

The New York World is winning the attention and interest of Southern readers because of the progressive intelligence it displays in its consideration of Southern affairs. It shows its fair-mindedness in the following rebuke to a South-hating organ:

"Until negro and carpet-bag rule shall be re-established at the South that section has no right to hope that Northern capital or Northern enterprise can be attracted," says the Tribune. During the last three years under Democratic rule at the South and in the nation, there were organized in that section, according to the Manufacturers' Record, the following number of new enterprises: In 1886, 1,575; in 1887, 3,430; in 1888, 3,618. These called for the employment of hundreds of millions of capital, a large part of which came from the North. The South has grown mightily and soundly ever since the corrupt travesties of government under Republican rule were overthrown. —Richmond State.

As to Breathing.

The following heretofore unheard of information in regard to the breath and breathing was made public in Kentucky recently by a school boy of twelve years, who wrote an essay on the subject.

We breathe with our lungs, our lights, our kidneys and our liver. If it wasn't for our breath we would die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life a-going through the nose when we are asleep.

Boys who stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait until they get out in the fresh air. Boys in a room make bad air called carbonic acid. Carbonic acid is as poison as mad dogs. A lot of soldiers were once in a black hole in Calcutta and carbonic acid got in there and killed them.

Girls sometimes ruin the breath with corsets that squeeze the diaphragm. A big diaphragm is the best for the right kind of breathing. —Youth's Companion.

Painfully Witty.

There is no occasion which presents such terrible advantages to the practical joker as that of a sea voyage, and there is none on which his jocosities become more unbearable. The following incident embodies one of his most ambitious efforts:

When we were in the middle of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the nearest coast was two hundred miles away, a Yankee quietly remarked:

"Wal, I guess we are quite close to land now! It ain't more'n three-quarters of a mile away, nohow."

Personally we took no interest in facts of this nature, and were content to sit and believe, but many excited travelers dashed out of the smoking room to have a look at the long hoped for continent. They presently came back, in the worst of tempers, saying that the charts and all other authorities declared land to be at least two hundred miles away, and that there was certainly none in sight.

"Wal, I didn't say the shore," returned the champion joker. "I guess there's land right under us, not three quarters of a mile away." —Youth's Companion.

Some Curious Misnomers.

Arabic figures were invented by the Indians, not by the Arabs.

Dutch clocks are not of Dutch, but German (deutsch) manufacture.

Irish stew is a dish unknown in Ireland.

Baffins Bay is no bay at all.

Calfgut is the gut of sheep, not of cats.

Down is used instead of adown and utterly perverts its meaning.

The Saxon dun is a hill, and a-dun is its opposite, a descent. Going down stairs really means going up stairs. We ought properly to say "going a-down."

Now is the time to take your county paper, the COURIER, \$1.50.

CHAPTER IX.
A CRIMINAL NIGHT.