When we clean house, woe fathomless is mine The things are shook and hung upon a line. I cannot find my clothes, And where my meerschaum goes The future only shows When we clean house

When we clean house, I feel that I have sinned When we clean house, we mostly live on wind We have our little snacks And dine on beats and whacks And soap and carpet tacks When we clean house.

-Detroit Free Press.

### GREATEST OF THREE.

He was first of all her busband's friend and then her own, and this is time of great danger and stood herself gunpowder and grew blacker at every the story of how she saved him in a on the brink of an and greater step. peril.

Evey Lancaster was one of those women who marry men they averagely love and are faithful wives and devoted mothers so long as passion, going down the country lane of their peaceful lives, passes them by on the other side. She, perhaps, loved her husband more than these women usually do, but then she was made of sterner stuff, and where there is more to conquer there is more heaven had made her charming. Small hind the high hedge, only a brave woto suffer Small blame to her, since blame to Edward Vereker, her husband's friend, since he found her so, and he himself as goodly a man as you would meet on any summer's day. Her husband. David Lancaster, was a goodly man, too, and worthy of her and of Edward Vereker, his friend.

But there were three of them, and three is an evil number concerning men, and women.

It was during the summer of 1893; friends. He was staying with the Lanty little blue river, and David was going up and down to London every day, because it was yet early, and the varigun. So he and she were left a good first garden. deal on one another's hands. Satan found mischief, not for those idle hands, but idle oyes, for that summer

under the big cedars and looked at one so much-hanging limply by her side if nothing had happened, and two of another for want of something better to And David openal t' a door and came in them came back alive with the governal, do and found the occupation suffice for all their needs.

brought up; she read decent books, and, kiss was all she could remember of her press therefore, only a few, and she meant past life every word of her share in the marriage service.

But, alas and alas, she was a woman, and a pretty one, and Edward Vereker was good looking and a man, though somewhat unusually moral and possessed of a sense of honor. Moreover, they both loved David. But David was away, all day, and-I mistrust June and the devil in a green garden!

I don't know that anything would have come of it if tragedy had not stepand sudden death in one of its most appalling forms in the shape of hydrouho-

Evey and Edward had been unnecessarily energetic that day. Perhaps they both uncomfortably realized that sithaving prudently removed the cows, flowers. practiced shooting in the cool of the So she was heroic in that she saved day. They sh t very badly, but they him, and he was noble in that he conhad to look at 1 e target, and that was fessed his kies to her bushand. But comparative Luty. They got tired of it somehow it seems to me that the greatat last, and she sat down under one of est of these three was David Lancaster, the great oak trees flanking the garden who heard and understood and vet hearwith the revolver in her lap, while he ing and understanding, forgave. - Black sauntered across the grass to rearrange and White. the somewhat shaky target.

She was near the gate leading to the road, and it was even, for the cows had open for coolness' sake.

And here the Adelphi melodrama came in, and through the open gate, too, heralded by "shouts outside" -- a up from the hush of evening distancea creature with dripping jaws and starresemblance to the friendly, kindly dog of a few days back, and at its heels a concourse of men armed with sticks and farm implements and any weapon that could be hastily snatched up, but none,

alas, with a gun. Evey Lancaster, revolver in hand, over the sunburned grass to where Edthe dog never noticed her.

Edward Vereker turned on his heel at like Evey, took in the situation at a glance. But he was absolutely unarmyards from him.

Then Evey Lancaster, from where she the earth in six days and rested on the

knelt on the grass under the hedge, took aim and fired. She was his friend and knew that his life was at stake, and that quickened the presence of mind and the courage within her She was made of British stuff, and that steadied the shaking hand and kept the revolver straight, and though the first bullet went wide the second carried true, and the mad dog, with a hideons will, dropped disabled with a shattered shoulder not 15 paces from him. Then the crowd closed in and put an end to everything.

Five minutes later Edward Vereker and the woman who had saved him. leaving the excited villagers still clustered round the horror on the grass, went back into the garden.

It was as much as she could do to walk now that the strain was past, being only a woman after all, and the green garden was going round and round in a dim mist that smelled of

He saw her falter and stop and was only in time to catch her in his arms to prevent her collapsing on the lawn at his feet. The earth and sky might wheel and melt into a blackening mist at will, but a pair of strong arms were round her and her cheek on a protecting shoulder.

Strong emotions make us view the world in a distorted light with our mental as well as our bodily eves, and there was no David in the green garden beman, weak and trembling, with her bead on the breast of the man she had rescued from worse than death-the man who called her "Evey, my darling," and passionately kiesed her.

David Lancaster came home in the gloaming half an hour later, with a piece of salmon in a base bag and the fifth Globe with all the latest cricket in

Evey, up at her window, white and that Edward Vereker and Evey, his tremiling still, watching with half friend's wife, began to be more than averted eves a figure pacing up and down under the cedars, saw her bushand casters down in Surrey in their pretty coming in at the gate, saw him join the little red house on the edge of the pret restless figure and tramp up and down in company and knew the story was being told him, fir with a biss had come awakening and shame, as it came with ons vacations and holidays had not be the knowledge of good and evil into the

Some time later the two men came back to the house, and Evey's preter naturally sharpened ears beard Edward one's hands remained in one's lap and ascend to his own room and David turn it was too hot even to talk, but it is as down the passage to come to here. She easy to look at one's neighbor as to store stood in the middle of the floor in her blankly into space, and eyes can do a white gown. her tail anguly the stress of emplemental to the stre white gown, her bair slightly ruffled, tion which she had undergone, her So these two sat in the shady garden | hands—those little hands that had done

understood as he walk d across the roum the pile of rocks where General Payne by store, not by art. I mean she was and unhentatingly into his arms that living, and, I am told, the two noble nat rolly good and had not become so somehow, in spite of all, he knew about fellows who rescued him have wanted by trying very hard. She had been well the kies and had forgiven her. And the for nothing over tince "-Buffelo Ex-

When David Lancaster went up stairs to his wife and took her to his heart without asking for a word of explana tion on her part, he did the one thing that saved him and her and Edward Vereker from shipwreck.

I read a stary unce in which the cancluding scutenice ran thus, "And so by a little thing was a woman saved from the misfertune of a great passion.

Edward Vereker, having done all that lay in his power to atone for what had ped in; Adelphi tragedy, battle, murder happened, left the house early next morning without seeing Ever again. And her husband shook hands with him at parting.

They have not met since, except cashally in society, and then they meet and ting under the trees saying nothing was greet as friends. They had fallen a litbecoming a little exciting. At any the way together and repented of it, and rate Evey went to the gunroom and with repentance comes revulsion of feelbrought out a Smith & Wesson of her ing and with that the end of all things husband's, and they set up a mark in that might have been, withered untimethe meadow outside the garden, and, ly in the budding of passion's popur

## The Bacon Folly.

It was inevitable that the Bacon folly gone that way to the farmyard, and in should proceed to commit suicide by June, 1898, gates that it was not an piling up extravagances. By some methimperative necessity to shut remained ods one can prove anything, and accordingly we find writers busy in tracing Bacon's hand in the writings of Greens, Marlowe, Shirley, Marston, Massinger, Middleton and Webster. They are sure strange heart sickening clamor coming that he was the author of Montaigne's essays, which were afterward translated hoarse, scared yells, and the tramp of into what we have always supposed to running feet and confused directions ap be the French original. Mr. Donnelly parently issued in many voices. And believes that Bacon also wrote Burton's through the open gate a horror rushed, "Anatomy of Melancholy." Next comes Dr. Orville Owen with a new cipher ing eyes, a big, black retriever, bearing in its strange, altered state but little Queen Elizabeth by Robert Dudley, and

Finally we have Mr. J. E. Roe, who does not mean to be outdone. He asks us what we are to think of the notion that an ignorant tinker like John Bunwith shells still remaining in a couple yan could have written the most perfect of chambers, saw the mad dog enter the allegory in any language. Perish the meadow and make straight across it out thought! Nobody but Bacon could have done it. Of course Bacon had been more ward Vereker was walking toward the than 50 years in his grave when "Piltarget. She was under the shadows of grim's Progress' was published as Bunthe hedge, broadside on, as it were, and yan's, but your true Baconizer is never stopped by trifles. Mr. Roe assures us that Bacon wrote that heavenly book, the sound of the noise at the gate, and, as well as "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Tale of a Tub," which surely begins to make him seem ubiquitous and evered—he had not even a stick, and he lasting. If things go on at this rate, we was alone in the midst of a wide field shall presently have a religious sect with death in its foulest form not 80 holding as its first article of faith that Francis Bacon created the heavens and

seventh day. - John Fiske in Atlantic.

A PRACTICAL VIEW OF IT.

The folks that write of fields of green where birds and daistes raie, [Fil bet you, mover struck them fields and plowed a Georgy male, And them that write of tinkling bells in della where cattle roam, I'll bet you, never had to drive the scampering cattle home!

And them that sing of woodlands excet and coftly sighting pines, I'll bet you, never had to tramp through prickly briers and vines and cut a cord of wood or twoi No matter what they say, The country ain's as party as it looks from

just let 'em come and try it-where people have to rise Sefare the sun has blazed a way along the chilly skies And work from then until the stars look from

the darkening done-I'll bet you, 'fore the day was done they'd all make tracks for home! And yet they keep on singing of country life

'so sweet' And leave out all the mortgages and notes we

have to meet!

Fe thank 'em for their compliments, for all the words they my. But still we ain't as purty as we look from far away! -Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

## DAREDEVIL HEROISM.

Brave Rescue of General Pages by Some

Megro Volunteers The most daredevil piece of herolem I ever ears was by some negroes before Fort Pillow, when I was a prisoner inside the fort and General Payne was lying in front of it with his leg that off," was the way Charles Cotton of Company C of the One Hundred and Sixty first New York infantry began a story of valiant rescue that he told to anno negro veterana

"General Payne's leg had been shot off in the first charge," he continued, ours boiles esbid gatyl can od bas' rocks in front of the fort, when his troops were forming plans to resous him. The scathing fire from the fort ewept that epot, and no officer dared to command any of his men to go to certain death to what looked like a vain attempt to rescue their chief.

"While the men were deliberating a negro stepped up and said. We might as well run our chances now as any other time and I for one will make the attempt. He was a handsome fellow, and the spirit he displayed was at once equaled by that of it other negroes, who stepped out and voluntoered their services A stretches was brought, and four of them started, but had gone only a few yards when every one was shot dead. A mountain after four others of the relanteers rathed out, and nicking up the stretches, carried it a few rands farther, when they, too, wan killed The four who were left went a red as She would not look it his face, but she while the other two were left dead at where she stood and took her straight had been lying. General Payne is still

America's Literary Secondly. America needs to ctars a now intellecrual cycle, and it is superfluous to my that the way to start is not to rest in and Goethe and Shakespeara There is ger of drowning. As the old coach beuted to Huraco Orceley that what the 'nited States needed was a cound other nation on earth was higenough tod give it to them. The old world in well be teacher, not pupil

now teaching the world in the ideal realm is precisely the lesson which Von Hartmann has already put in words namely, that the literature of the future is to be as the farce which the Berlin business man goes to see of an evening by way of recreation. It is doing its best to prove that after Goethe the rela of transcendent genius is no longer to bo new movement in letters it would be an field (Ills.) Monitor. excellent thing if some profoundly one sided thinker should arise to shake to pieces the eminently respectable but fatally monotonous philosophy of the American schools-J & Tunison in

A Definition. A woman was being examined at the Old Bailey as a witness, when, to a question put by the barrister. Mr. -, she replied, "Don't think to pampas me ,

"Answer the question directly, woman, or I'll commit you. " interrupted the recorder.

"Ave," said Mr. C- and tell us what you mean by bumbag." humbugging you and the court too. "-English Exchange

A woman will always ask the price of everything before she pays for it. Yesterday afternoon a woman stepped into confectioner's shop and said:

"Iwant sixpennyworth of chocolates. They were handed to her, and she took out her purse and remarked: "How much is it, please?"-London

Some idea of the terrific force with which a bird passes through the air may be gained through the fact that a common curlew flew right through a piece of plate glass a quarter of an inch thick at Turnberry lighthouse, Ayrshire.

The original of the phrase "on tick." meaning credit, was 'on ticket," the idea being that articles bought and not paid for at the time had to be noted on window dresser."-Chicago Journal.

## A FAMOUS PHOTOGRAPHER. Mrs. Cameron, Who Was a Friend of

Herschel and Tonnyson. In The Century V. O. Scott O'Con-

nor has an article on "Mrs. Cameron, Her Friends and Her Photographs." Mr. O'Connor says: A feature of her personality which lay

at the root of her great encous as a photographer was her love of all that was beautiful. "She was always took by a face," as an old woman in Freshwater who remembers her put it to me. Charles Turner said the same thing in poet's language when he told her, in the sonnet he addressed to her on leaving the isle of Wight after a visit, that she "loved all loveliness." In obedience to this impulse she invariably stopped and spoke to any one however unknown. whether in a great London thoroughfare or a village lane, whose beauty attracted

her. "I am Mrs. Cameron," she would say. "Perhaps you have heard of me. You would oblige me very much if you would let me photograph you. Will you let me do so?" And by such bold and anconventional means she prevailed on many, absolute strangers though they

were, to ait to her. One of her models captured in this way was a young lady come as a summer visitor to Freshwater, Mrs. Cameron, engressed at that time in some remarkably fine studies illustrative of the a model for Queen Guizievers. But the apart that occans roll between them and thought Walker and only two children. advent of the fair stranger settled all deserts parch and bake. This is, of and here Ferguson writes me about his her doubts. Here was a beauty suited to course, a figure of speech, for Ferguson little girl. She must have been boxn in advent of the fair stranger settled all her purpose, and within the hour she and Walker both live in Chicago, where had carried her off to lunch and subsequent photography.

The lady proved a most kind and indefatigable model. The village poetman had already been seemred for King Arthur, and Mrs. Cameron's picture of accomplishes the purpose of desert and wishes for the best and prightest facure but in this character is one of the best ocean and mountain chain too. And yet for little Miss Walker, he ran his finthings in the collection. A friend, going the two men have met, but once, and gers through his hair and looked dased. one day to Dimbols, found the young then only to my "How dive do?" lady looking rather fatigued.

"Oh," she said, with an expressive gesture "I am so tired."

Supposing her fatigue was the result of a long walk on a midrommer day, my friend made some mitable reference to the matter, but the young lady answered with a smile.

last two hours, clutching the postman's whom he met on the first day of his visrokla"

Mrs Cameron, over kind and unselfish, possessed the faculty of bringing out such qualities to others. In 1879 she died, a few could after her last return to Carlea.

"As the day died," her sons wrote to Lord Trangers, "as the day died on Sunday, January the 26th, the sweet, tender, gracious entrit of our beloved mother passed away in peace." No shame that two such splendid fellows death could have been more calm, more should live in the same town and be beauthal than here

or cvil. His fellow passenger was an. Howard recommended for his worth. tagenizing his podition, when they were passing over a corduror bridge that I spanned a slough As they crossed this his pocket for a month, quite forgotten. the boasted excellence of some light bridge and the mud wagon was shaking At the expiration of that time Ferguson ill beset, to bring out the American cause her rige had got into the slough ed in Pocatello. As a postscript Howard rival of Homer and Danto and Virgil and were anable to get out and in dan- added the question; and Goethe and Shaker car of drowning. As the old coach be- "You have seen Walker, of course." a deal of meaning in the remark attrib. gan to climb the hilliside Mr. Lincoln called out "Driver, can't you stop just a moment?' The driver replied, 'If the guson mused, "Who in thunder is bar, who introduced his wishing friend, other feller den't object." The "other Walker? Oh, yes. That fellow I have Walker. The two glared at each other, feller'—who was no less a personage the letter of introduction to: Well, I and Forguson hurried into the billiard. thrashing, but that unfortunately no other feller don't object." The "other than at that time Colonel E. D. Baker, | really must call on him." worn. It is gradually approaching, from the gallant general who gave his life in sheer weariness, a social if not a politi. | defense of Old Glory at Ball's Bloud-did sive to Ferguson also carried one to sheer weariness, a social if not a politic defense of Old Glory at Ball's Bluit—did sive to Ferguson also carried one to senting an application for member-cal federalism, in which America much not "object," when Mr. Lincoln jumped Walker. Howard, among other things ship," said Walker to the man who was out, ran back to the slough and began wrote these words: "You remember escorting him. The next day Ferguson to life the little pies out of the mud and Ferguson, whom I asked you to call up met the member who had introduced But the only lesson which America is to life the little pigs out of the mud and Ferguson, whom I asked you to call up water and place them on the bank out What do you think of him! He's When he returned, Colonel Baker re- the right sort, isn't held marked, "Now, Abe, where does telfishness come in on this little enisode?" very essence of selfeliness. I would to whom he had given wlester for preshave had no peace of mind all day had entation to me. And I've clean forgot-I gone on and lefe that suffering old sow | ten it. Wonder where the man's to be worrying over those pigs I did it to get found?" He examined the directory's played By way of bringing about a peace of mind, don't you see!"-Spring. list of Fergusons, and then, with some

## Paying the Cook.

he could not afford it. "If you will beived further documents from Pocatel give me the guines I have to pay your lo. cook (fanoyl), I will come as often as "The matter you were examining in you choose to ask me," which was ac- to," Howard wrote, "turns out to be to cordingly done. The duke, however, had pretty good thing, and I'd advise you to service, did what he could. He always you. By the way, what do you think of attended his guests to the door. When Walker? You haven's told me. they put their hands into their pockets, be given the credit of putting an and to there in Pocatello and Lihaven't gratithe monstrous practice. After dinner tude enough to go and meet the man he with the Duke of Newcastle he put a saked me to." He would have rushed crown into the cook's hand. It was re- out forthwith to commune with Walkected. "I do not take silver, sir." er, only he saw that the directory locat-Very good, and I do not give gold." ed the man away off on the North Side. jected. "I do not take silver, sir." This courageous rejoinder "caught ou." and the day of valls to cooks was over next week, ' mid Ferguson.

He did not, however, 'He promptly

A Shrowd Cyclist. An eminent queen's counsel is said to take his bicycle exercise in the following fashion: He goes out every night, but he always rides before the to Walker the next time you see him wind, and consequently the direction of his ride depends upon the wind. He always comes hear he train.—Landon ways comes back by train. London

Early Training. "It seems strange that they should wealth."

Telegraph .

"Oh. I don't know-he started as

--- where the first the second of the second

UNCLE JIM'S DANCING

Uncle Jim, how never been To any city ball Until he come a visitie The folks in town last fall: Could dance until yen couldn't rest.
Knowed how to fling his beel.
But all the dance he knowed was too

The old Virginity real .... So when they took him to the ball The gals bad lots of fan.
He went a slippin crost the half As button an every one.

Of course couldn't waits, but they less a sellow he could.

They ke, a which him away.

Twok worse than splittin wood. Jest serious as could be he kent A goin roun an roun. On all the ladice trains he stepped When he warn't fallin down. He stood it jest as long as he Could stend it; then he throwed.

His hat down till they laughed to see.

Then jerked his cost all blowed.

He give ble galluses & hitch An equared himself, an then
As quick as that they seen him pitch
Right 'mongst the galwan men.
Twas danein now without a doubt. For then they seen him peel. His weakle off an Jump about

In a Virginny reel.

Atlanta Constitution

# A MUTUAL FRIEND

Howard, desiring to bring Ferguson and Walker into a fellowship like that markably fine studies illustrative of the and Walker into a fellowship like that people. Only I hardly think I under-idylis of the King, "was at a loss for Damon and Pythins, set them so far stand this last letter of Ferguson's I there are no oceans or deserts.

But the feeling of lostlying which has risen up to separate these two men whom Howard had hoped to make firm friends

Howard lives in Pocatello, Ida. To with the railroad company which pays ness. Ferguson was in Pocatello for two weeks. It was a gloomy sort of exit he would have suffered horrible pange and gripings of lonesomeness, but Howard, bright, entertaining and all informed, was as a wellspring of happiness and made the railroad man satav

sure and meet my friend Walker, It's strangers. I've writte wletter of intro- it Mr. Lincoln once remarked to a fellow and go out and take one on me. You'll

passenger on the old time mud wagon like Walker and he'll like you." Ferguson thanked Howard with an

Then he returned to Chicago. The letter of introduction nextled in

Great fellow, im't he?"

"Walker, Walker-let me see," Fer-The same mail which bore the mis-

"By Goorge," Walker oried on read-ing Howard's letter, "he did sak me to "Why, blees you soul, Ed, that was the drop in on somebody named Berguson, show of disappointment, said to himself: "Pahaw! His office is down in in old times to dine with a nobleman away. Well, next time I'm over that med birthright was regarded in Spain cost more in tips to the servants than a way I'll stop." Then he called for his as apport. Little by little pressure was

"Thunder and lightning!" Ferguson "I'll take that letter around to him

from Pocetello that the property is up the severes penalties of testure. So per cent in value. Give my respects quently of death, in Maxies of posted. "Let's see. Did I say I had a resdy met him! I guess I must have told Howard something like this! "Vell I'll have to lie if out on that line it it takes all summer." So he answered Howard's letter by saying this he and Walke had togother seen a play the night before and had had a most enormously good time. He even repeated.

We stmington Westmington Westmi make such a vulgar display of their Howard's letter by saying that he and

which he operated Training has the Mrs. "I'd like to know wholise If pears not or simple ! Pears most tellings.
'I've got a pully story I could we about him if I cally known Doggood him I wish I didn't have that held of Discolvesion to him. Berrouting V be a kind of prisence ! About the same time Walter write DE STEWART WAS MAYING BOW MINES

no was indebted to the western man for the pleasure he had drawn from his COMPANIONALLY WILL PRESENTED. "Only I wish to heaven Havry beds"! Decar so for rout in his descrip to have the meet the fellow. he observed to him-self. I suppose that, as he says, this man ferguson is all right, but I haven's Limu to go skeating all ever this nown looking him op. I pressume I noght to have gone and dug him out for Harry's sake a long time ago, but I keep forget tion it and bow line throled meanly in a foolish mesh of less strong or periences with Ferguson, whom I have not met, and whom to tell the truth. I'm getting so I don't want to meet." Out in Possessio Harry Howard was dalighted with the tidings he received from Chicago. "It's a great satisfac-tion," he told himself, "to bring two good men sepather this way. It's really a notaworthy thing to be the sucker of

a firm friendship between two first class the last year There were certainly only two hove when I Seeed through Chicago last summer. Pil send Best my congrutulations." Wholl Walker received the sheet con-

vering honest Harry Howard's good When did I say anything about a new baby?" he wondered "I must have Pocatello a year ago went Ferguson, low Ferguson's child. I think I have described the man's wife and children and father-in-law and the mortgage on him well for knowing intricate and hid, his house in my communications with den things about the transportation lousi: Howard. Harry's siways asking new questions, and the chances are that For-Oh, no I have not been for a walk itwo weeks. It was a gloomy sort of ex-guson has no family, and Howard thinks less been tying on the floor for the lie, and but for the presence of Howard, it was a slip of the pen and that I wrote about my own new beby-which I haven't got. Heavens, I with this business had never started! I with I'd never. promised to call on Ferguson. I wish Perguson would get run over by a cable car or come to some deficite and permain the sunburned regions of Idaho a new end. I'm getting to hate the very pleasant vacation, and when Ferguson name of him. I'll bet he's a cheap was ready to leave Howard said to him; skata anyhow who has imposed upon low, old man, I want you to be Howard's good name. Why should I go drilling three miles into town tust to meet him and say: 'How are you!' I know a triend of yours.' I sham's do

Perguson had already come to a simipleasant for me in Poratello," he reccoach on the cordurer read which ante-dated reflected that all men were prompted by selfabress in doing good. For he, too, shought it would be pleasent to meet one whom of his at first, but I've got so his med. tired of the very mention of the mame that it fills me with loatining, I believe. that if I were to meet that pirate of a Walker I'd want to throw bricks at laim. I thought the first he I sold about him. form of literature, for example, the like a Sucker with chills, they expled received a note from Howard, who would let me out, but the faiselscools.

American short story Is will take larger an old recorded sow on the bank of wanted to know something about a have multiplied upon themselves until offert than this and effort along lines the clough, making a terrible noise becomes the business matter which they had discuss. I don't remember half the facts I have. reported concerning that outlaw whom

I have never seen."

Two weeks ago Ferguson and Walker met. Ferguson, autering the library of his club, was accosted by a fellow mem-

"I have changed my mind about pra-Walker and said "I'm sorry, old man, but it it is your intentions to offer that fellow a name for membership III certainly do my best so get him blacks balled."

And this was the consummation of Harry Howard's kindly designs of 16 viving Pamon and Pythus Chicago

The idea of conquered races enjoying the Grand Central station, three miles, the most minute liberty of sotion by use cost more in tips to the servants than a way I'll stop." Then no casted to his as appared. Little by interesting and that lead a leater self-brought to bear on the king and that Lord Poor, a well named Irish peer, oxoused himself from dining with the custoff with Ferguson immensely.

Duke of Ormond upon the ground that

Two weeks afterward Ferguson re-subjects to their forced allegisment. Trade, created by the Spaniards, which finally extended to half-contest was onefired exclusively to commerce with Spain. Both in the far east and the far west the exact size and symmetry pack. not the plack to stop the practice. Lord hang on to it. I'll keep you posted on area shipped, the number of voyages per Tasic, a general officer in the Austrian developments. I'll not les them fool annum so and fru of the Base (govern ment trading galledne), combette A bales sir, were all regulated and or one could ship without a boleto or push-"Why," replied the woman, "if I he said: "No. If you do give it, give it uttered, "I ought to have called on the permit, which could only be character was to tell you, hir C—, that the reto me, for it was I who paid for your Howard's friend a month ago. Here he from the universphilous officials who had
corder was a gentleman that would be dinner." To Sir Timothy Waldo must is doing me all kinds of good turns out come to fill their pockets by the most come to all their problems of the case porrupt means. Permission and to the se Hotsed again and again to perform most any act beyond the common unit at the of life. One could nettile has quit or enter the country, real was nor plant a field without House

THE LIES THE COUNTY OF THE PARTY OF THE PART forgot all about Walker until a fort to dross as they were shift sink straight hight person and information came the religion of their constructions in profuguients to the Maniffs & were publicly sold Traff Mr.