And the heart grows heavy for lack of song-Man has his pipe.

When your friends forsake you, one by one. And many a task is left undone,

And riches and fame will not be won-Man has his pipe. When the woman says she'll have none

of you And marries the other (they always do!) And your mind gives way to the devils

blue-

Man has his pipe.

.When duns beset you, morning and night.

Though the sums be ever so small and slight, And your purse strings hang in a dis-

mal plight-Man has his pipe.

Oh, the golden weed that soothes you and cheers

Calms you, dispels all worries and fears!

Woman has naught but her briny tears Man has his pipe.

## SECRET.

When Doris married I arranged to allow her a couple of hundred a year, on condition that she kept it a secret. I am blessed with a number of other nieces to whom I have no desire to allow anything. They're all nice girls in their way, and I've no particular fault to find with them, but they aren't Doris. She was always my savorite, from the time she began to talk. No doubt it was artful of her mother to teach her to say, "Nice uncle!" before she could toddle; but she did, and I

that settled the question of favoritism. Doris is a romantic young person. with a weakness for wilting poetry. and all that sort of thing, and she had some scruples about keeping a secret from her husband; but I insisted.

"Of course, if Harry should ever be hard up, you'll have to tell him and put her head on my knees, sobbing as go shares," I said. "But if he has a fault---

"He hasn't," she assured me. dency to extravagance. It is much -he's spent it all. I know it is onbetter that he should underrate the re- some one lelse." fast she consented. I always had a a loss what to do or say. Then I regood bit of influence over her.

When they had been married about fifteen months she called at my office one afternoon. She kissed me three cheerily. "Come, come, my dear, you times, and termed me "dear old uncle" mustn't give way like this." twice: so I knew that she had come to

Propose something preposterous: my legs and folding my hands judic- huskily. fally, "may I ask the real purport of

this demonstration?" "I came to propose something."

"I begin to suspect a very wild proposal," I informed her.

"You are horrid," she retorted, "Well?"

compliment, if you hadn't stopped me." "By all means."

"I was going to say that you were quite right about that allowance of mine. It is very kind of you, uncle, gloved hand and I patted it. "You were right, I was going to own, about keeping it secret.

"I trust Harry hasn't been plunging?" I asked, with alarm. He is an unusually nice fellow, and had seemed quite steady since the marriage." "Oh, dear no!" she cried.

could you imagine such a thing?" "Then how is my wisdom proved?" "I am going to explain. You-you won't be cross or satirical-will you, uncle dear?" She leaned eagerly :0ward me, with her head a little to one side. She is nice to look at.

"I hope not." "Promise."

"Very well. I promise not to be cross or satirical; but, of course, I may object."

'it's this, uncle. You know how fond Harry is of painting, and how he gets up early and does such lovely pictures before he goes to the city?' "Ye-es. Go on. my dear." They're

rather of the dabby order to my mind. "I call them beautiful: but they won't have them at the Academy—I m sure, it's only jealousy—and he can't

sell them often, you know." "Umph!" I though she wanted me to

purchase them! "I want you to get an agent to buy some-with my allowance-which Harry knows nothing about." I was preparing to object, but she put her hand on my shoulder. "It would please poor Harry so," she pleaded, "and I should be just as well off. He would be sure to buy things for me and baby with the money. If he didn't, we have everything we really need. He is so good and kind to me, and-I do so have to put up with that. When I en- time. Rose Inis caught the one bold want to-uncle-dear." E're paused for breath, with her big eyes looking there, and I plunged at once into the ate suggestion, and it called for a tre entreatingly. I wiped my pen carefully and considered.

"Master Harry is a sufficiently lucky man without being a great artist." I put his arm around her, and they look- ish squads farther and farther apart said at last. "I don't know that he deserves any more good fortune."

"It would please me, uncle." be spent entirely at your own discre-

tion." "But you wouldn't mind, would you?" I watched her eager face ad-

shouldn't mind. It is a very good plan mightly mistakes.

-of a very good little woman." She jumped up and fairly hugged me, un-When the world and its jangle seems till I had to protest that one of my cierks might come in.

Doris's plans were duly carried outthey generally are. We bought eleven of the masterpieces for £215. The agent evidently thought that we were a pair of lunatics, but be promised to send Harry a check for the amount, iess the commission, at once, and, as we found afterward, kept his word. Doris was in high glee and actually small balance. Strange to say, Harry made no mention of the sale to fer, though he seemed very jubilant. So we felt sure that he was prepurion some grand surprise. When a 'oek had passed, however, I begin to feel uneasy. Then he called at the office.

"I want to consult you about something, uncle," he said. "It is a secret from Doria, you must understand!" "Yes." said I, rubbing my hands and laughing up my sleeve. "Yes, my

boy." "I've sold some of my old daubs," he continued, with a hearty laugh, "for a couple of hundred. It's quite a windfall. So I want to do something for Dorry with the money."

"Exactly," I agreed. "You know she wrote a book of poems before we were married, called Roseleaves'-not half bad, either."

"Yes, of course, I know; but I wouldn't encourage her to do any more if I were you, Harry. She's better occupied with her baby and house-and husband."

"Certainly. But they were published at her own risk-or-" He looked at me

"Mine?-Well I'm afraid so." Ninety-five pounds odd I had to pay for excess of cost over receipts.

"It has always been a sore point with her that they didn't go off better. So I thought perhaps we could arrange to buy up the lot with my two hundred. It would please her awfully, poor little woman."

I nearly choked with laughter, but managed to control my countenance. "A splendid idea, and does you great

credit," I told him. We arranged it so successfully that in a few days a check for £202 188. 4d. went to Doris from her publishers.

She came round before dinner next day to tell me; but, to my surprise, she sat down on the rug at my feet as she used to do when she was a child, and if her heart would break.

"He has never said one word to me about the pictures," she cried; "and -"Well, if he had, it would be a ten- and-I looked in his check book-and

solved to pooh-pooh the matter.

"I have more faith in Harry than his foolish little wife has," I said,

"I wouldn't have cared for myself. if he had just bought something for "Well, madame," I inquired, crossing the dear little baby," she continued,

"Give me a little more time." I suggested. "Meanwhile, I'll see what i can find out. I shall see him at the club this evening, if you let him out--' "He can go just where he pleases, and when he pleases," she said scorn-

fully. "I don't want him." "Don't be a little donkey!" I said. "I really did want to pay you one sharply. I seldom speak crossly to Doris. If I do she generally cries, and makes me feel a brute. On this occasion, however, it acted as a tonic.

"Men are all wicked, deceitful wretches," she pronounced, emphaticreally. I don't mean that for flattery." ally. "I suppose you and he will make She touched my arm with her tiny up some fine story to put me off. But I won't believe a word of it-so there!"

And she bounced out. I went round to the club after dinner and found Harry watching the billiard tournament, as I expected. He was very dull, and after a bit drew me into an alcove.

"Look here, uncle," he whispered gloomily, "Doris hasn't said a word about the check for the poems. thought, perhaps, she hadn't opened the letter—you know she's jolly careless about such things-so I went up to her room when she was out this afternoon to see if it was lying on her table. It wasn't—but the envelope was. So was her check book. I didn't know she had an account even. I suppose it was shabby, but I looked at it and found ness of what he should do when the that she had a lot of money I knew

nothing of; and had just paid a check for over a couple of hundred." "Good heavens, man!" I cried. "You surely wouldn't suspect her of any-

thing wrong?" "Wrong-certainly not; foolishnothing more likely. Anyhow, she hasn't been straight with me. I don't so discover him. The time for action know if she thought I might want her money." He kicked a chair savagely. "You fellows are missing the best

game of the season," said that interfering ass, Dobson, appearing at the corner of the alcove. "Harris has just made forty-three." So we went to view of marsh lands and breeze-tossed look at the play. At least, I did. When I turned round to speak to Harry he

had bolted. I saw the game through while I considered the matter. Then I left and took a cab to their house, resolved to Parker. have done with secrets. The truth | A truly brave spirit is never withmight hurt their vanity, but they'd out adequate resources at a trying tered the drawing-room they were both chance as it offered. It was a desper-

matter. "Look here, young people," I said, "you both have a secret." But Harry ed at one another and laughed.

"I've found out," said he. "My dear child, the allowance is to you're a pair of wicked, deceitful crea- the creek. As it afterward turned out, tures; and I should be very cross, if the officer was a topographical engin-

If you suppose that the world is con- vanual. But Rose into reft sure that stantly keeping its eyes peeled to note he was being tracked and now a suit-"No. my dear," I told her, "I your troubles you will find ourself dealy formed plan of escape took act-



SHE NEVER WAS A BOY.

When I come home the other night With an ugly lockin' eye That I had got into a fight Poor ma commenced to cry. But when I told pa how it was He clapped his hands for joy. And told me I'd done bully, cause Once he had been a boy.

"Boys will be boys," I heard him say "They won't be otherwise, And the one that learns to fight hi

Is the one that wins the prize; When I was his age fightin' was My greatest earthly joy-" But ma, she kept on cryin', cause She never was a boy.

My golly, I'd hate to be A girl with fluffy hair, And always prim as A. B. C. With clothes too clean to wear! When ma was sman I s'pose she was Red-cheeked and sweet and coy-But, oh, the fun that missed her 'cause She never was a boy.

Late in the month of December, 1778. Thomas Ints and his son, Rose, then about 16 years old, were on one of the small marsh islands which lie in the frith of the Savannah river. Savannah was then a small town, beld by the American army of patriots and the war of the revolution was in full progress throughout the colonies.

From the information furnished me it does not appear what Mr. Inis and Rose were doing on the marsh; but they had a sailboat anchored in a creek, and for some reason Mr. Inis took the boat and returned in it to Savannah, leaving his son alone on the island until he should come back.

It seems that Rose had some provisions and a gun, wherefore I infer it was wild fowl shooting that had tempted the twain down the river. At all events, Rose was left alone and his father had been gone scarcely an hour when a large English vessel, tall masted and heavily armed, appeared in a broad bayou or creek a mile from the island. It was one of a strong fleet come to attack Savannah.

Rose knew, as soon as he saw the ship, just what it meant, and his predicament seemed quite hopeless, so sources of the establishment." So at I was, for a moment, completely at far as escaping capture was concerned, especially when a little later there came a small, sloop-rigged open boat, containing a British officer and five men, which anchored almost exactly where his own boat had lain when his father took it.

All this time Rose was on a bit of hummock land, where a line of straggling trees and bushes grew near a narrow tide channel in the marsh. He quickly hid himself and watched, while the officer and crew came ashore and it soon appeared that they were a party sent from the fleet, probably to look for an eligible place upon which to establish a camp.

Doubtless Rose, being but a boy. exaggerated his danger and became unduly excited, wrought upon by recollections of stories he and heard of British cruelty to prisoners. Still, his feelings were like prophesy of what was to happen, for, when Savannah was taken, unarmed citizens were bayonetted in the streets by the brutal soldiers of invesion.

Rose was no coward, however; on the contrary, he came of a stock whose chief characteristic was the fighting spirit, and he was a patriot from heel to crown. He looked to the priming of his gun, examined the edge of the fint to be sure that it was duly sharp, for he did not mean to be taken without a fight, and he even preferred

death to capture. Meanwhile the British party had made a swift survey of the little beach near the boat. Apparently the officer was not quite satisfied. He had, perhaps, seen the tracks made by Mr. Inis and Rose, and was taking precautions carefully reconnoitering. Rose quickly forsaw that he would be tracked up and found. As his danger grew, however, his spirit and wit increased apace. He held his gun ready, while he lay in a tuft of scrub palmettos, and he thought with lightning swift-

last emergency came. The party of British separated into two squads, one passing east of Rose, the other to the west of him. Evidently the intention was to beat the marsh in a systematic way. It would not be long before one or the other squad would come upon the flank of his bit of hummuck land, cross his trail and of some sort could not be greatly delayed. Rose revolved the situation in his mind, never once losing sight of the

deliberately advancing soldiers. The point where he lay concealed was perhaps the highest part of the little island, and it gave him a wide waters and wooded isles and distant mainland. Three war vessels were now in sight over toward Tybee some miles away. What was to be done must be done. It was one lone boy

mendous spurt of energy and a coolness, a strength and a daring almost

impossible. The directions taken led the two Britand at the same time farther and farther from the boat, which, with "So," she said, "have I. I think sail flapping, my close by the shore of -if-I didn't like you both so much!" eer and his actual purpose was to find. if possible, a short route by either land or water to the outer defenses of Saive possession of his mind.

With but a moment's consideration he select his gun and ran straight for the British sailboat. As he sped along he stooped as much as ne could in order to hide behind clumps of palmet-to and patches of tall marsh grass. The alert soldiers soon saw him, however, and the one nearest him yelled to him to stop. Instead of obeying the

the boat. Bang! went the Briton's gun and it's ball sang in the grass close to Rose's legs. All the men and the officer now gave chase to the flying boy, who, when he reached the creek, plunged in holding the gun so that the lock was out of the water and swam to the boat. Out of breath and terribly excited Rose scrambled abroad, first tumbling his gun over the gunwhale to the bot-

order Rose doubled his effort to reach

tom of the boat. It was now work for dear life. Rose was a clever sailor and knew just how to go at the business in hand. He hauled in the little anchor and sprang to the sail, loosened it, grabbed the tiller and got into the breeze. Meanwhile on came the now thoroughly alarmed officer and men, shooting,

panting, gesticulating.

The breeze was fresh and favorable It took the sloop's sail with vigorous sweep. She leaned low and sprang along beautifully. Rose had lost his hat and his hair was all disheveled: the perspiration poured down his face. On came the soldiers and at the water's edge they lost some time to confused on the subject which progree him. Coming running back and fort... Then by in contact with one of this class recently he order of their commander they fell lifted up his voice and addressed me in this to reloading their guns. Every minute, every second, was precious to the brave boy.

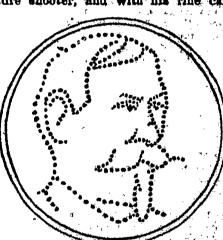
Fortunately for him army muskets in those days were but rude weapons with a very short range. Two hundred yards could not be accurately shot over with them and already the swift little boat was a good hundred yards out and flying down the creek to the broad arm of the river nearby. "Fire!" cried the officer.

A volley rattled spitefully; but not a bullet struck the heroic boy. One went through the sail, two hit the boat. Then the soldiers ran frantically along the shore until they reached impassable mud. Here they were compelled to stop and give over the chase. Rose knew every waterway in all that region and seeing the masts of the British fleet, he took a course to avold the vessels. But in doing this he presently fell into a cross channel

which lost him the breeze and he had to row for more than a mile. Meantime the firing had been heard on board the fiest and the nearest vessel sailed up and tried to discover the cause. It was too late. Rose made his way to Savannah and was afterward in the thick of the fight when the town fell into the enemy's hands. Nor did he give up, even then. With his father he went away as a private in the little patriot army and served until the successful close of the glorious war. His life was a long and happy one and although he never became a distinguished man, he enjoyed the and of his days the server has been made president of the action was been made to the action was action was been made action when the profits are divided yearly. In this way a poor man gett work is given to the action was action was action was action was action when the profits are action was action when the case both action was action was action was action was action. Meantime the firing had been beard to the end of his days the esteem and respect of all who knew him. He I have written it

Expert Markemanship.

Adolph Toepperwein, "the champion shot of the world." is a marvel. Young Toepperwein is an expert picture shooter, and with his rifle can



LATEST RIFLE WRINKLE.

draw a man's head in less than five minutes. For Admiral Schley's picture, which he dally draws on the target before admiring audiences, nearly 200 shots are required.

A Wonderful Ploating Spall. There is a small snall which is so are unable to face the storm, it tosses

about in perfect safety.

The little snail is of violet color and is therefore called lanthinn; it has a small shell and there projects from the under part of the body a long, tongue like piece of flesh. This is the raft. and it is built upon most scientific principles, for it has compartments in it for air. It is broad and the air compartments are underneath, so that it

Moreover, the snall knows how to stow away its cargo, for the oldestcompartments by getting a globule of air underneath its head, the body is then curved downward beneath the raft, and the head being tilted on one side, the air rushes up and fills th spaces. It feeds on a beautiful little jelly fish, which has a flat, rart-like form with a pretty little sail upon it and they congregate in multitudes

when the sea is calm. Sometimes specimens are washed upon the northwestern coast of France and when they are handled they give out a violet dye.

Japanese Street Tumblers The Japanese are the most wonder ful tumblers and acrobats the world has known. They seem to be devoid t bones. The street tumblers in own nerve-racking hand organs. They go from tea house to tea house, and perform the most marvelous feats ail day, and never seem to feel the strain any more than if they were puppers

Teacher-Bobby, if your mother gave your sister six apples to divide equally with you, how many would you \*\*\*! Bobby-None.

Teacher-Why, Bobby, you'd get

## DICKERARY SILVES

Coening Miss Maket Bradley departed on a far-weeks wait to Pallacielphia and adjoining . John O'Brien left last week for Toledo.

glass works we can Nicholas Harris has accepted a position in the glass works at Toledo O., and left

O. where he has secured a pesition in the

during the past week for the west. A night that was almost alarming was to be seen one night last week when there was a dance in progress at Howell hall. The hall was in a blass of light, of source, and the windows had been let down from the top for air. It was an intensely cold night, and out of each window there floated acloud of steam of such density that the place seemed to be on Arc. With this onme the siming of "Spring, gentle spring," which might have been properly called a musical sajardity and which, it is presumed, had reference to the movemen s of the dancers, and not intended to be seasonably appropriate.

An enthusiast is a delightful and enter-

taining person when you happen to agree with his views or, at least, to be indifferent wise: Are you going to join the Poor Man's Association? The intimation parried by this suggestion that I could have anything in common with such an amode anything to common with such an amoosa-tion inclined son to east at the speaker a look of haughty surprise, but I restrained myself and he went On: "Is's going to be the best thing that ever supprised in this town. It's an association to back against the business men's association. Those business men, you see, have banded together and have lately informed us poor devils who happen to Owe money that unless we settle list and that list made more or less public. It isn't right. It's a schome to beyout the poor workingman so that he can't buy any taing except for cash—which he hasn't got always. But the business men have gone too far, as they'll soon find out. They for-got when they made their threats that there

is such a thing possible as a co-sperative store, run by workingmen for workingmen at which articles of all kinds oun be got at wholesale prices. Such so operative stores are and have long been in existence in other countries, shares in which are bought by sociation with Mr. 11 organ, the most moroften told the story substantially as held on Monday, Fab. 6th, when plant for the operation of the business of the species tion will be perfected, and whose we got sell store running and a large member of share holders interested, then will there begin to develop a forcelling is going to startle and shake to its foundation the whole commer-cial structure of our city. My informant left me wondering, and I intend to attend

that interesting meeting next Monday night

Very sarly on Monday morning shortly after midnigh which sidewalks were much ing in the intense cold and stillness of the night, the rade clangor of the fire alarm die turbed light sleepers and distressed without dismaying sommolent fire inddies. The latter hastened with all the speed they could summon to the Erie yard and there found a subcose in flames. The fire had started from an overheated stoys, and the thing was so far gone that it was impossible so save it Fire, like other mistorishes, sever come singly in Corning, and at half-past saves on the lame morating there commend in the male street of the town a much more serious con-flagration in which the constents of three stores were much damaged and burned. The fire started in the sellar of T. Heffersan's dry goods store, and had gained much head. way before it was discovered by one of the cierks who opened the cellar cloor and was staggered by the flame and amoke. The fire spread rapidly, and though the fremes ap-peared on the scene and worked with much energy they could not stop the awful per-gress of the flames until Heffernan's elegant store was a wreek even to the second flace where his millinery was stored. The store fond of the sea that it never comes to on the sast side, occupied by C. H. Freeman land and it builds such a capital boat grocer, was much damaged, and up stairs for itself and its eggs that whilst the barber shop of frank fown. The result large ships are sinking and steamers of the fire is estimated at a loss of about \$30,000 two-thirds insured. The intense most difficult and even perilons, and much

credit is due for the work they did Dan Flamnigan, one of the Independent 18 44 Hose company, was accidentally struck over the eye by a noazle. The wound was a painful one, but nothing serious will remit What is the matter with St. Mary's shoir? That is the question of the moment. Does A nat is the question of the absence of solor it lack a leader, or is it the absence of solor (a very noticeable absence the last two Sun-days) by Mrs. Kate Carr, Mr. Lao Egginton eggs and those which hatch the soon and others, that creates an aching rold and est are placed in the center, and the lightest and newest on the sides of the piorable uner Surely an acident, and a department. The lanthing fills its own air one Catholic shole in the city, we ought be able to make that a good ene

> Sodus Points Miss I. Maxey of Elmira spent Sunday is Mr. Williams is home from Elmira on h Miss Nors Distal of Spalley visited Miss

The marriage of Miss Maudi Withham to Mr. Frederick LeFebrals announced.

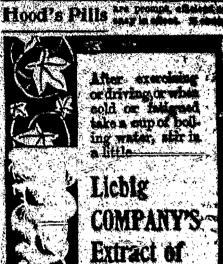
Continued on 8th page.

We have a select line of fine wed. ding invitations at reasonable prices Japan are more numerous than our lallandsee them at the Lardouse JOURNAL Office, 8244 East Main M.

It is the best remain

to be of transit to class. find themselves in the u stances. She makes this s The fact of the second my unales and exists had fled with sumption. I was this and salley a dark rings pround by ayes. One t advertisement of Rood's Screen into my biseds. I senseinder to bey medicine and I derived at month to from the first bottle that I book five fi and less now well and second. My the playion is clear, my cheeks see tiled a and I have grown techy." Justa Rade

Hood's Sarsaparille





Broading, Oxidiator, Same The Polishing, Mark Workers all Refinishing to look as good. ng to look as a Manufacturer of Bar Brackets and other screif

