A Stage Soldier

How Feeney's Training Wob Him His Chevrons in an Unexpected Skirmish.

OR

BY GEORGE I. PUTNAM.

December, on a West Texas prairie, under a grey wind-streaked sky awning. Brown earth, covered with grey, dry moss and unhappy mesquite, stretching away with low, indistinct undulations to the horizon's confining distance. That was the boundary line, and it drew a circle about the spot where the paymaster of the Military Department of Texas, with his preciative glances about the men kept picked escort of a dozen sinewy men on through the tall grass, down the in blue and brown was pitching camp steep bank of the water channel up for the night.

His wall tent was raised, and the money chest containing pay for the a shelf of rock and thin soil. supportsoldiers of the department was under- ing some scrubby bushes. There they neath his bunk, and he stood erect in hay down, stretching themselves comfront of the tent eyeing the rise of the fortably behind the natural screen and Sibley, the cutting of wood, the hob- | tenderly disposing their rifles by their bling of the mules, the kneading of sides The grey in the east had lifted camp bread on the level tailboard of and streaks of orange proclaimed the the wagon with the keen delight of the professional soldier in the little hardships that make up the active nodded knowingly at one another, for part of his existence. A man of responsibbilities, he thought of possible danger from highwaymen, and then successful development of a plan. let his glance range again over his little command They were unhandsome men ingrained with powder yet son, squinting the distance and fingerpossessing the peculiar alertness that ing his rear sight lightly. befits soldiers, and caring for their rifles with affectionate solicitude As the paymaster took this in he nodded to himself and whispered that he suessed-they-would-do.

The sergeant of the escort came and stood before him and made a salute that knew no bounds to military courtliness The paymaster responded mechanically, he was not good at a salute. "What is it, Sergeant""

"Some of the men, sir, are grumbling----"

What'"

"A little, sir, about the grub. Say they're sick of rations."

"Ab Bread, beans and bacon, eh? "Yes, sir There are some good hunters in the party, sir, and if they could go ahead down the canon tomorrow morning, say an hour before daylight, they might get a deer."

fut. Be rights I shud shift yer jaw a pace ter th' lift fur that. I cud, ye know." "Oh. yes I know," said Hakkerson, grunting amiably.

The road lay across the prairie with light regard to undulations, till suddenly, it dipped behind one and never rose again. It dropped to the bottom of a crease that showed distinctly upon the breast of the earth, deepening as it went, becoming a canon with constantly growing walls, and fed now

and then by other canons, like tributary streams. It widened in places to extensive meadows, then narrowed to a pass. Through the heavy grass of the canon bottom, the wagon track wandered from side to side, seeking the line of least resistance. It rounded a jutting shoulder of rock on the left, and then veered sharply in behind it, close to the mouth of Dead Man's Gully. Here the party left it and made straight for the rough wall

opposite. A bachelor jack rabbit, roused from his sleep in the long grass, galloped away to a safe distance and sat up, cocking his long ears suspiciously, a prairie hen whirred heavily up, and in the brush of the dry water-course a covey of blue quail ran about and pec-pcd fearfully at the men crashing through. Without delay yet casting apthe other side, and still on, half-way

up the canon bluff, until they reached coming of the sun. They drew in deep elastic breaths of the cool air, and they had the satisfaction of robust men in a warm comradeship, and the They spoke in low wary tones.

"Six hunder t' ther gully?" Hakker-

Armstrong nodded. "Six hundred good, and a point of windage-a nine o'clock wind." His own sights were already set. 'Wud ye use th' peep?'' demanded

Feeney, anxiously. "Peep? No. Open sight."

"Well, here goes fur a sightin' shot. onyway," continued Feeney, poking his rifle forward and glancing along the barrel.

"Gn, gn," laughed Hakkerson, disdainfully, and Feeney stopped to glare at him. "Befo' yu c'd git ernother catfidge in ther breech th' deer'd be ten miles off. H's just hidin' bhin' th' rocks, now, keep an eye fer 'im, rukie," concluded Hakkerson. with a wink of intelligence to Armstrong. The wink convulsed Gutter; he laughed inwardly until the shelf

shook and amail stones rattled down

"Yis, I did. Me knowledge was acmired behind th' footlights. On th' minic shtage, me friends, t' th' strains av occhestras an' th' idification av large sujinces. I have marched in iv'ry army since that av Tiberlus. I have appeared in sections av v'ry armor an' uniform iver made for use or show. I wondher now, if ye never saw me playin' me ingagements

at th' Bowery theatres?" "We never did, Fpeney; haven't been east in an age, you know. Go on," said Armstrong. There was an interest in the recital, lively but subdued; for there was no telling at what moment game might appear. But Feeney could be best occupied in varning.

"Well, well. "Tis passhin' strangelet it passh. Ye'd niver furgot it if ye had. Me gait was th' admiration av th' house. Twas me megnifishent shtride detarmined me upon infantry whin I inlistid.

"Ah, but me opportunities t' study th' art an' th' shience av war. Th' shtage's th' school. I remember th' lasht army in which I tuk part-it was composed av a single set av foors, but me iligant manoeuvers caused it t' appear much larger-an' we put t' flight a far greater force by our shuperior 'quipmints an' marchin' qualities, not mentionin' th' neshessities av th' play. We was th' Quane's army Ah! Thot Quane!" `

"What Queen?" inquired Armstrong, lazily, not taking his eyes from the shoulder of rocks opposite that concealed the depth of Dead Man's Gully.

"Th' wan whose army we was. I'm not deceivin' ye, byes. There was a woman in it.

"Always is," came deeply through Hakkerson's beard.

Yes, there was Gretchen." whispered little Gutter, softly. But nobody paid attention to him. The story of Gretchen was familiar in barracks. and caused Gutter to be alternately laughed at and pitied. Armstrong alone made no response to the sentiment; he might have said more than all the others if he would, but that is the kind of man who says nothing. Feeney continued. "Th' Quane av thim parts was riprisinted by Miss Della O'Flynn; thot's a bit av family history-her shtage name was far diff'runt. She was th' thrue impersaration av royalty. In her prisince was th' imbodiment av all that's regal. At thot time she was receivin' twinty dollars a wake an me addrissis, which was no shmall conshideration, an' I flatthered mesilf she was not imparvious to me solishitations. We was on th' best av terms-familiar, ye know-but at th' lasht she shtruck me as bein' a thrife too much so. An' I

casht her aff." "Gn. gn," was heard from Hakkerson. Feeney rolled a doubtful eye up-

"I casht her aff." he repeated, firmly. Hakkerson was silent.

on him.

BUL Armstrong, MILE next on his right, threw out his arm swiftly, and interposed the generous thickness of his hand between the hammer and the finger-pin. And when Feeney's trembling finger jerked the trigger there was no discharge. The Irishman looked up in indignant surprise tor an explanation.

"Be quiet," whispered Armstrng. "The buck isn't feeding-he's been scared, don't you see? What sort of an animal do you reckon has scared him so? He ready. We may pot something better."

Feeney started, noted the tense expectancy of his comrades, and his surprise gave place to bland comprehension. "I do be thinkin' now," ho whispered sweetly, "that ye contimplate a ruction. What a game ye've played on me! Will there be a shot apiece? Don't ye dare to say no!"

Up the canon the paymaster's escort swung suddenly into sight around a sharp angle. Two men with rifles were walking ahead. The wagon jolted heavily over the rough road; some of the escort sprawled atop the load of camp equipage; the sound of their voices came down on the wind. Close behind was the ambulance, with the paymaster and the money-box. In the rear, a couple of inattentive men plodded along at a convenient distance for being cut off. The procession moved with an air of security that made Armstrong and Hakkerson look at each other and shake their heads disa pprovingly.

From the unseen depths of Dead Man's Gully some crouching men crept cautiously upon the jutting rocky shoulder, and made a disposition under cover. The terrified buck, finding himself between two fires, bounded perilously up the bluff, and disappeared upon the levels above. The men moved quickly and silently, preparing to pour a fire upon the soldiers of the escort. They looked upon the paymaster's money-chest as already theirs

Armstrong could not repress a sigh of satisfaction. He kicked out gently against Hakkerson, and breathed: 'Sized it about right, eh. Hak?"

Hakkerson turned his head, revealing a mouth distended with cartridges. from the bottom of his throat came the cordial answer.

"You bet! Gn, gn!" Gutter, cuddling his rifle-stock to bis shoulder, was crooning a chant. the burden of which was his joy at the turn affairs had taken. And Feeney, radiant and self-nossessed, whispered:

'Don't shpake av deer huntin' fur a mont'. We'll shkin starnity wid th' clippings av thim fellies!"

Daylight had come to earth as boldly as a bridegroom to his bride, and all the valley was filled with light. unwavering, steadfast-a light that might have been without beginning or ending. For the four on the shelf, time seemed to stand still. The escort wagon creaked lasily towards the critical point; one more bend in

Alter that a pot a law more polater And I faured it out with Private Hakkerson that this was a likely spot, for we both knew it of old."

The paymenter's official spirit began to assert itself. "Did you notify your commanding

mor of your suspicions?" "No sir, only Private Hakkerson." "That's a serious breach of discipline. Look at the risk you have mede me run. Had I known I would have taken a larger escort."

"You'd have taken a regiment, you wite who was marrowly water old office soldier," was Armstrong's certainly had no portion of it and thought. But aloud he said submis-tetters addressed to him had be sively, as a private soldier should to his superior:

"Yes, sir. But then they wouldn't have come at us, sir, and we'd have miamed the fight. We've done a good job, sir. They're better dead."

is pretty rocky here----"

in the bottom, siz." "So it does. Why, there's a mound

already that looks like a grave." They'll be good company."

The Major started. "Be good-That mound-"

Armstrong grinned. "He was something of a murderer himself, and a deserter. I was here once before, sir." "Well," said the Major, "Fill forgive your duplicity, and call it strategy. You are too good for the ranks, Armstrong-"

else. Major. I know it." And he else. Major. I know it." And he ance with his intended prey-gradually turned away to superintend the burial and casually, to avert suspicion. One sound.

to explain the unauthoried use of so him, as his speech and manners wate many Government cartridges, and he those of a gentleman; and after a lit gave proper credit to all concerned, the hesitation; the shepherd conferend But Foeney's gallantry in warning the that such was the case-presently tellescort became noted in the papers; ing a plausible tale of mistortunes in the paragraphs smacked of the thestrical advance agent); and it was ev- the kind-hearted major lent him monen spread upon the regimental records. ey, and took him back into the city. When the first vacancy in company non. coms. occurred. Feeney got a corporal's warrant; and the point of the chevron comes just high enough to cover the tender spot on his shoulder.

th' shtage's th' school. I'm a grad- tainty and safety that the detective diate, an' luk at me." Armstrong and Hakkerson sit on so long.

ing their pipes, and say chevrons are every other goasible pates of conceal-not worth having, anyway. not worth having, anyway,

AN ARTIST'S MODEL.

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whereby a paper was croken on th including mounders the colours in rotting said on or a main where there was so extradition tre He was believed to have taken whole of the plunder with him, so

through the post-offict so a priv detective of great reputation was ployed by the bank mathematics to out to the River Platts, and ende sither to recover the money, or to lare the forger into a position where he might be captured. This detective was

protty rocky here-" intending to pay a short visit to Valparaiso and Peru. Unlimited pow-ers, official and unofficial, wars conferready that looks like a grave." red on him; he was supplied with less "Yes, sir; we'll put them alongside. ters of introduction to the leading people in the Republic; and of course there was to be no guestion of expenses

Thus furnished, he set out. On arriving in Buenos Ayres, he discovered that this man had gone some leagues, up country. Following up track, he found him living in apparent great poverty, employed as a shepherd by an English estanciero, to whom the would-be Major R happened to have a letter of introduction. In this way, he "And not good enough for anything had no difficulty in misking acquaint.

day he asked him openly whether his position in life had not been very dif-In due course, the paymaster had ferent from that in which he found husiness, etc. Professing pity for him. where he entertained him at one of the best hotels as his guest, having montioned to him confidentially that he wished to invest a considerable sum in land out there, and promising to install him as manager of the estate All In the light of all Feeney smiles this time the thief was supposed to be largely to himself, and says in a carrying the monsy bidden about him superior strain: "For th' right thrainin' av sholdlers strategy for obtailing this with cor-th' altages th' school. I'm a grade postponed the denouement of the plot

the back porch of the barracks smok- At length when he had excluded man's entire confidence, he went to the captain of the Brillah man of war tr ing there, and revealed himself in his own character for mobody till them had the least inkling of the truth and "Please, do you need a model?" together they arranged a very instead of the transfer and an instant little trap. The officers of the grant later Ralph Orton saw the lovellest boat were to give a grand please face framed in by dancing golden lowed by a dance on beard and all the curls. the major for the wherewiths! to preon her face. Orton, with wealth and friends on arm, you may be sure that Major R. his fame. His famcee, Irene Howard, was pos- wary of Scotland Yard. Hiring a boat

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Now the Daymaster wis a brave the slope knew the value of deer steak, broiled could do no more than brandish a was about t' deliver its final charge on a stick over the camp fire of mes- huge red fist threateningly, and grin aganist th' inimy, th' Quane wud apquite roots. But he was three days at everybody. Armstrong restored the pear at th' back ov th' shtage in a from the last fort and four from the balance. next, and all the art and science of at such distance from support He temporised and was lost . Who says deer? Who thinks so?" he asked incredulously.

"Armstrong, sir, and Hakkerson and Feency and Gutter would be in the party, for they're great chums sir that will leave us eight."

"Huh' Armstrong and Jakkerson -best men l've got Well, I don't see why not " The memory of "is last camp venison oiled the connection between brain and stomach filled his mouth with the sweet juice of remembrance. "All right-let them go."

"Yes, sir." The cergeant swept kerson growledheaven and earth with another salute. and removed himself to the circle of the enlisted men. Deep grunts of approval marked the delivery of the navmaster's permission. Then night fell; a running guard was established; pipes were out; the camp slumbered trustfully in its charmed circle, watched over by the Infinite.

The earth had yet on his death mask of sleep when the four stole out the next morning their belts buckled over a cold biscuit and hut enlistment-an' I reports ter 'im. 'Col- nor th' shpunk av a sholdier!' she coffee. All was dark, impenetrably grey. At a rod's distance they could not have seen camp. But they went confidently, proud of the distinction er. Fer er minut ther Colonel was cast upon them. Armstrong was the j still, an' then he says. 'Very well, leader; he knew the country. So did Hakkerson, but Armstrong had brains in his head, and Hakkerson had only a soldier's drill machine. Feeney and Gutter tramped along on either side of these men. It was a mark of favor to be in a party that had Armstrong at its head.

'Tis a lucky number we are," remarked Feeney, presently, his head full of great game. "Four av us. We'll quarter th' shtage, an' nothin' can eshkape."

"You take your cue from the old man." rejoined Armstrong. He got hold of Feeney's massive shoulder and pushed him ahead down the road. 'We've got to keep a lively gait for five miles before we strike the place where we lay for our meat. Eh, Hak?" "Jus' er bout so," growled Hakker-

SOD.

"That's where Dead Man's Gullyanother canon-runs into this," Armstrong continued. "The likeliest spot I know. And we'll lie behind the rocks opposite, and crack away at everything that shows."

"An' mine's th' first shot at a deer, remimber," interrupted Feeney. "Tis me inthroduction to h' counthry, bein' only a recruit, an' th' courtesy is due." Hakkerson expelled two grunts, which stood him for a laugh. "'F yu don't score on the first shot, yu c'n have twenty more. an' twenty after that. We won't hinder. He won't stan' bein' shot at like or target."

The quartette hughed, and Feeney playfully applied the butt of his gun to Hakkerson as a propelling force. "Shame o ye, pokin' fun at a tinder

From lack of suace and man with the knife and fork, and he the necessities of the occasion, Feeney now. In th' foorth act, as th' army

> been here before "He looked signif. I think th' Quane-an' I mane no dishicantly at Hakkerson; and Hakkerson respec -- musht hav ben undher th' inresponded with a nod to show that he floo'nce to a degree. It cudn't have remembered.

twict t' his disolit region? An' for wake, an' I knew me groun' why' An'th' name av it yander that night whin I charged, there was Dead Mon Gully Why is it no, now " the Quane planted like th' Goddess

once when we were here before, I I cud not dodge aroun' for I was reckon. Armsrong hazarded

ly scanning the ravines and ridges by me arm about her waist-'twas an the growing light Seeing this. Hak

"Snuthin'. There man was in ther an' presshed on. Victory ristld wid g'ardhouse to McKavett. He was a us, an' th' curtain fell. reports ter ther Colonel-I was ser- her.

onel.' says I, 'I cudn't bring that de- shrieked at me. serter back; he got ercross then river.' I didn't hav ter say what riv-Sargeant, I know yer done yer duty. By his eye I knew he was on to me! 'Yes, sir,' says I, an' 'That will do,' he says, an' I 'bout faces out er ther office. " An' fur some reason, since then, in our rig'mint, it's ben Dead Man's Gully." which Hakkerson wetted a cartridge out av th' game. in his mouth, slipped it into the gaping chamber of his gun, and closed the

Feeney winked lovingly upon his companions. "The wurst riccommindation av th' sholdiery is its murtherous quality," said he. "An' their shuperior officers encourages thim in it. So, now, says th' Colonel, 'Sargint, there's a mon eshkaped: ketch 'im or kill 'im.' Ye come back. 'Colonel, I didn't kech 'im.' 'Very good, Sargint, I know ye done yer juty.' There it is. 'Tis bloodthirstiness misbefittin' av civilised mon." He complacently stroked his chin as he saw Gutter bristling with resentment.

"What did you enlist for?" demanded the little German.

"Not from an overweenin' deshire sharily?" t' wade in gure, nor yit t' acquire rowlin' wealt' in wan mont' av th' year, not but what th' emolumints av' th' position was a atthraction, me exchequer bein' as low as yer own brutull inshtincts. But ravther from a desire to sarve me counthry paceably, avoidin' th' police. I do not exaggerate whin I say I hav hild acquaintance wid ivery policemon in th' city av New York. Beshides o' thot, I knew somethin' av true sholderin," "Yes, you did, gn, gn," came mockingly from Hakkerson.

tabloo wid rid fire, th' incarnation av "My words better than a shot,' he victory. An' thot night, there was war was against a division of force said. "Six hundred yards it is. W've some shtage business not on th' bills. your men. Take a long breath and an hot. Now!"

ben me, for I'd charged along th' same Feeney mused. "Wud a mon come crack av th' flure iv'ry night for a But "Oh there was a dead man there av Liberty-glory to her-in me path. chargin' fiercely, an' she wud not "Go on, go on wid th' shtory," said budge, bein' as she believed, in a tab-Feency. But Armstrong was intent. loo. In th' predickymint I shlipped armful for ye'-whispered 'By yer lave me darlin' shwept her t' wan side

murderer, an' a deserter, wich was "There was no word in th' known ther wurst thing erbout 'im An' he world bad enough for me thin. She dug out one night, stole er hoss in ther laid her tongue to a few she thought cavalry corral, an' come this way, on affhand, but they were unshatisheadin' fu ther Rio Grande. We ov- factory to her; I was shatisfied. Thin ertuk 'im 'ere, 'e com the Gully an' she wint so far as to casht ashperions we ther reg'lar road, which is on me pretensions to histrionic ability, smoke bank, pointing with his rifle shorter. Then we went back an' till I was nigh losin' me timper wid

geant of ther defail, 'twas on my 'ast "'Ye havn't th' sinse av an actor Th' rocks!"

""Tis yure opinion only,' said I,

calm like. "Twas so it wint. "I got me discharge from th' theatre thot night an' I soon found th' Quane had squared me at all th' rist. Nivver was such a time. Th' whole lingth av th' Bowery, th' shtage dures was locked aginst me. Not even a job av gladdyater in a dime musheum-she might hav lift me that. But no; the There was a little pause during Quane had tuk me trick, an' I was

"Wan day I passhed a recruitin' office. There was th' flag, an' th' sign, breech-block upon it noiselessly. Then 'Sholdiers wantid for th' Unitid Shtates Army.' A nate swate little curly corp'ril shtood in th' dure advertisin' th' place, like th' wooden Injin av a cigar shtore. I tuk 'im in wid me eye as I passhed; he looked like he's shtruck a fat job. "The shpunk av a sholdier?" I communed wid mesilf, suddin like. 'I how it.' an' in I wint.'

"I was not mishtaken. Th' physical examination was only butther to me cakes, an' the moral was only a makebelave. I sold me old clothes to a Jew for fifty cents an' chated him, too; an' that was a clane half dollar more than I had to me name before th'trade. An' here I am. Don't you think that deer's delayin' th' game onneces-

Across the valley come the clatter of loose rolling rock fragments behind the shoulder at the mouth of the guily. An instant, and there sprang to the ridge-line a noble buck. He stood there, alert, tense, proudly erect, winding the valley.

"Saints! What a shot!" breathed Feeney, snuggling his rifle. "Square on th' shky line! Oh, thim antlers! What's th' matter wid me? I shake like a chill, an' I'm all av a shweat. Nivver mind. Armstrong, ol' bye, here goes!"

the road, and it would be uncovered:

the advance guard already afforded a fair target. There was an impatient tremor among the ambushing party on the shoulder, which Armstrong noted. "Ready, now," he murmured; "spot easy sight, and plump it into 'em

The next were moments that live quickly, and remember for all time. As fast as heart pulses, spurts of fiame leaped from the mouths of the rifles; the reports echoed between the confining walls in bewildering reduplication; gun barrels grew hot; sulphur smoke concealed the shelf in a white cloud; the trajectories of bullets were traced by fine blue lines of heated air.

The escort had halted, and stood in the road, huddled and helpless. But the party in ambush, surprised and suffering loss, paid them no attention; weightier matters than the looting of hung to their position, though confused and undecided. Freney caught an intuition of this, and suddenly sprang to his feet, and stood glorious against the limestone cliff above the and shouting to the escort-

"To yure lift! Th' rocks, there!

"Lay down, you fool!" Hakkerson bellowed, between shots. But Feeney had drawn a fire, and he came down with a suddenness that caused Armstrong to eye him apprehensively. Feeney grinned in rich enjoyment.

"Me shtage fall," said he. "Ye shud see me whin in form. But that chap's th' divil t' shoot; he nigh cut th' blouse aff me arm." And he indicated with a certain pride a sharp, crimsoning furrow across the shoulder. Spurred by Feeney's words, the escort sprang into action. A squad skurried up the slope, and a converging fire rattled its bullets into the rocky shoulder. Then the intending looters gave up the fight and fied, leaving those who could not run to the chan-

ces of mercy and death.

A half hour later, as the paymaster and Armstrong headed a party with spades to the spot, the paymaster said----

"How did this happen, Armstrong? Said you wanted deer, and you come down here and fank their positionit doesn't look like chance."

"No Major, and it wasn't," said 'Armstrong, "The only chance was. would they lay for us here? I knew they'd do it somewhere."

"I was in town one night-faroand the bank went broke. That body was dealer," pitching a pebble at an unattractive corpse propped against a rock. "It was just a few days before you paid us. You know those fellows soldiers, sir? After the game he think, and said 'yes,' and the next minute I was sorry; for I knew what sort of a man he was-always on the lookout for a man's job to hold fown time for the paymaster. . T didn't

He stood an instant, lost in rapt ad- vited-Major R. and his triend amon miration; then the overwhelming de- the rest. The "friend", was delighted sire to paint her, his ideal, selzed him. at the prospect, and draw largely se turned away, a bright, winsome light sent a belitting splendor of appearance "Return in half an hour," and she on her face.

every hand, had chosen art as his 10- heart beat high with the triumph at fession, and was now in the senith of ready in his grasp one of the elever his fame.

ing for him, but her face lacked the they soon arrived slongside the many delicate feeling which he sought, For, while Irene was beautiful, still, under "Jump up," said the major, as the her charming exterior there lurked a heart that was cruel and hard. Ah! but now he had seen the "Mar-

guerite' of his dreams!

waited. Why did she Bot come? But stay here in the boat and lister to the. at last his impatience was rewarded. Winifred Grey was an orphan, and 1. If the officer did not feel sold at the he sole support of an aged grand, moment, no man ever did. The best the sole support of an aged grandmother. She was well loved in the a money-chest occupied them; they studios, where her gentle ways won much too wary to trust the post is her many friends as well as engage- he and his wife-who joined him a ments.

As the sittings went on, the picture progressed rapidly; so also did the ac- governess who, had maver been quaintance, and from mere friendli- pected of complicity with the pected ness Ralph soon found that he loyed sume Hut how he discovered in as never before, but, too honorable to versary was sever knowed

one day, smelled smoke; turning to as he thought he might obtain an retrace her stops, she heard the door link newspaper). If he got one he closed and the key turned, and a low, stainly had plenty of time to rea "Ha, ha, my pretty bird; trapped at quarantine, and he had to maders last! Now will you steal my lovery horrors of seclusion at man

Beat your dainty wings and cry; but it will be in vain. Ha, ha!" ·

A week later Winifred came out of have disspeared from the se 1. 1. 2 a period of unconsciousness. The sure there are yet many octan marat roundings were all strange; so was that are almost as much for the kind-looking lady who smoothed these outlaws of the black Hag. Off back her hair. To Winifred's inquiry times when a ship for down at the gentle answer came: "Is an is descried by its crew and lat at

The gentle answer came: "Is am is described by its crow and left at Ralph's mother and you are at his mercy of the wayse if it is a woo home. Now rest, dear," and with a kiss she left her. Strength is quickly regained in pleasant environments, and soon Win-ifred heard of the fire and True's for should he stand his oract the treachery; also the old, sweet story, some dark might it might show a (which is old, but ever new) of Ralph's in his pros-(which is old, but ever new) of Ralph's in his prov. and develop a sove for her. Winifred is now matried and, the can place these wanderers

happy mistress of a dainty house. I just where they may be at The place of honor in her parlor is disretore doubly from the filed by the "Marguerits," and as the times a develop will remain filed by the "Marguerits," and as the about the count of remain firelight fails softly on it the hus will get into the suff are band draws his wife to him, and, will get into the suff are glancing at the picture, murnurs the coust of fighted. glancing at the provide found, but avery down the almost lost you, but now you are the vast on mine forever and ever."

"But why do you call the hero of reports the life your musical comedy Asof Yoral "Well, you know that in every musical comedy there must be at least one gun soat is some ent you paid us. You know those fellows joke You can have all the music you for a and if it is soldiers, sir! After the same ha want, but you need only one joks. The tharpen it want to asked me suddenly if it wasn't about aubience look for it. "Well?"

of-war, where the poop was already gangway ladder was lowerel; "Wa're just in time."

Well, no. Mr. G.," returned the for or calling the detective by name. With consuming anxiety Ralph don't think I'll go on board; bat I'll

music while you go up and dance it was, the audaclous robber had not en penny of his booty with him, and

afterward-were obliged to work their bread until the arrival of th as never perore, but, too honorable to break his plighted vows, he sufferd in By the way, this name deter silence. Winifred, arriving first at the studio mail steamer just come in from three weeks.

Wanderers of she be

Lic and go Barris (200 - 1820)

