

WHEN JAMIE COMES HOME.

The skies of summer were blue and bright...

And I long for the day That I'll be gay...

The lasses out in the gloaming steal To the lads that they love best...

For never a lad Can make me glad, Though a fairy prince were he...

I wept and smiled when his love he told; I said I would be his bride...

And they'll make me fair With blossoms rare, As a sailor's bride should be...

—Samuel Mintura Peck, in Atlanta Constitution.



BOO-BOO-BREAKER BY T. C. DE LEON.

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

She spoke gravely; and the earnest gleam of her eyes into his own told the man that she more than suspected his excuse for the disguise.

"Shure it's not to be thinkin' I'm paid, sor," the woman answered. "Me aunt use to say thot th' shet mouth caught no flies...

She left McKee to polish his complexion with a hare's-foot, standing in a most composite attire. A heavy, low-necked hunting shirt terminated in three pairs of dark tights...

As he stepped back for final view, the woman reentered with her ample Sunday gown, and a poke bonnet of unusual depth and flagrant in decoration of green and yellow flowers.



HE EXTENDED HIS HAND, AND MRS. CLONAN SHOOK IT WARMLY.

"Mither of love! but ye do be a fine copy!" she cried, admiringly. "Yer hid's a darlin' knot an' all; but thim lige an' that waist spoils the simmity!

McKee, selecting a massive pair of pads, was deftly fixing them in place with safety pins.

"Now shlip th' driss over yer hid." "Wait a bit. I must secure my figure first," he answered, struggling into a tight net shirt...

"An' I'm aftier thinkin' it do be time for bid, Masther Carroll," he said, with a deep but laborious courtesy.

"Great!" cried Meredith, glancing from counterfeit to reality. "Mary's very well! Willie, that would be a triumph for burlesque."

"Bodad, Mary shmoils a rat; and I'm thinkin' it do be safe to thrust th' shpat av her—Mary," he turned gravely to McKee...

It makes no difference; but I want you to keep closely in the house until I return your clothes. I know I can trust you, and I am truly grateful for your trouble and willing help."

He extended his hand, and Mrs. Clonan shook it warmly, but with deprecating shake of her head. When her own was withdrawn a new gold piece glittered in it, at which she stared curiously.

"Is it to keape this fur ye I am, sor?" she asked, innocently.

"No; for yourself," McKee answered, quickly changing the subject. "Be sure and keep well out of sight till I come."

"But I do be thinkin' ye're a bit errin', sor," the woman answered, quietly. "Thim clothes ben't fur rint; an' shure I'm not kapin' a blank."

"I'm always riddy to hilp th' masther an' his frinds; most ways whin they're shpillin' some dirty jhob o' thim blue coats! But it doesn't nade payin' Mary Clonan, sor, to kape her face hid an' her mouth shet. May th' Holy Mither bliss an' shped yer thrick, Mither Will; but I kin niver tech—that!"

"Certainly you can't! Forgive my awkwardness, Mary," McKee cried, with a deep blush, invisible under his pigment. "But it was not intended for 'pay;' only a little present. Anyway, I shall remember your help and trust your loyalty always."

He shook hands again with the woman, who paused in the doorway to say: "Thim pockits be dape, Masther Carroll; an' th' night's cowlid. Ye'd bether be puttin' a flask o' summat in 'em. It won't be the first, perhaps; an' it'll be naded, beyant."

"Damned if she hasn't longer head and truer heart than most men!" Meredith exclaimed, as the door closed. "Mix for yourself, Willie. There are flasks and demijohns galore in the sideboard; but yours truly has not even peeped into it since he broke his word, for old times, with Peyton Fitzhugh. By the way, have you seen him since?"

"Sunday morning, at the prisoners' line, but not later," McKee answered. "I suppose he's loafing about the club, when he should be in Virginia, fighting," Meredith growled.

"No; he hasn't showed at the club since that night. But don't abuse him, Carroll. He'll turn up all right, I guess. Something I heard to-night makes me think Fitzhugh is game."

"I hope so," the other retorted. "But Mosby and Stuart need men all the same."

Then for two hours the men talked earnestly over roads, routes and cut-offs in the country, McKee never once dropping into natural speech, but using Mary Clonan's brogue and manner, eliciting his friend's frequent praise on his capital acting.

And just as the clock struck three, Mr. Carroll Meredith's shooting trap, drawn by his best horse, turned slowly into Mr. Gray's large yard, the host himself—again swinging the key that imprisoned the sleeping servants—opening the gate. He stared with equal surprise and doubt at the buxom woman handling the reins so like an expert.

"Aisy, darlin'. Ye've no nade to look out. Th' shtrate's all clear," the driver said, making an easy turn to face the gate. "Be me sowl, I do be forgetthin'! Here's a note fur th' young miss Mither McKay's soft on."

Then dead silence reigned, as the master of the house took the note in, soon reappearing with two shadowy figures, one heavily muffled.

There was a long, clinging embrace, and then Carolyn Clay whispered: "Words cannot say what I owe you, Bess—and him! Think of it, dear, with God's blessing, within three days I shall kiss mamma and my poor little Fairfax!"

"Good-by, darling Caro. May He watch over and take you safely to them. Willie says you can trust the woman implicitly."

"I do, dear; tell him so! Good-by! God bless you and him! God bless you all!"

Another straining of the girl to her heart, a long, sisterly kiss, and Carolyn Clay was on the seat by her strange guide, and Mr. Gray tucking in the heavy robes, needful that freezing night. Then out quietly into the still street, slowly over echoing stones, through moonless, bitter cold, the hunting-trap rattled lightly, the pace mending as they neared the outskirts and the impatient horse, given his head, broke into his swinging trot.

Carolyn Clay, wrapped in close-clinging thought and once more joyous in her sense of freedom gained, was as silent for awhile as was the careful driver; but, as they left houses far behind and bowed along the country road, she turned to her mute companion:

"You seem to be a good driver."

"Shure; I've druv him afore. Th' beastie knows the hand o' me," was the quiet reply.

"Is there any chance of meeting patrols on this road?" the girl again queried, after a pause.

"Divvil a guard," was the response. "Th' addijittint-gineril towid me—by th' same token, Mither McKay—thot th' road was clear—"

"Halt! Who goes there?" rang out a challenge from the darkness directly in front; and the driver's great fur gloves rested against the ample bust, as the horse was pulled up short. "Who goes there?" the challenger repeated, gruffly.

"An' who wad ye shuppose?" was the answer, to Miss Clay's great dread. "An', by th' same token, it's not goin' I am, but comin'."

"Have you the countersign, woman?" "Have I th' shpat? But I'm not to be shopped by my wail Gin'rill Bond,

beyant in th' town, sld I'd take me docther home free an' ondathurbed, sor."

"Have you the countersign?" again came gruffly from the darkness.

"Shure I've some av it," was the reply, and the driver nudged Miss Clay, as the fur glove went deep into the ample pocket and drew forth a goodly flask. To the girl's wonderment, it went straight to the owner's mouth, a gurgling swallow, a resounding smack and a strong odor of brandy filling the cold air on its withdrawal.

"Corp'ral—ga-ad! Post number one!" called the impatient sentry, as his musket rattled to a "charge."

There was sound of feet approaching at a run; then the thick voice growled: "Vot fur vos you yelling, Shones? Haf you found somedings, ain'd id?"

"Challenged, and no countersign!" the sentry replied.

"Dismount, vrend, und geeffe der gounderzine," the corporal ordered, throwing his lantern above his head and dimly showing the two women on the trap.

"Wudn't ye come an' git it, Mither Kraut?" was the unmilitary rejoinder. "Th' likes o' ye, be thratin' ladies wid small considryrshin, shure! Whaat wad the gin'rill beyant, as gin us th' pass, be sayin av' sich thratement?"

"Coom dot vaggon down und geeff der gounderzine!" the German recruit growled back. "Coom down like der deffel so fast!"

"Dismount, if you have the word," Carolyn Clay whispered low.

"Divvil a tut!" was the return whisper, with the addition aloud: "Here it be, Misher Dutchy, writ by the gin'rill all over th' paper!"

Hesitant between newly-learned discipline and the glamour of oft-repeated title, the green non-commish, advanced cautiously towards the wagon, peering keenly under his uplifted lantern. Grasping the extended paper, he read it laboriously with one eye, while trying to fix the other on the two women.

"Dot vos all ride," he said at length, handing back the paper. "You may broeced."

The sentry stepped aside, facing and coming to a "carry," but the cart did not move; and Miss Clay trembled, lest the gulp from the flask had done its work.

"Well, vhat for you vos vaiding?" the corporal asked, impatiently, slapping his arms for warmth.

"By me sowl, ye're a darlin'!" was the retort. "Didn't ye ask fur it—fur some av th' country sign?" And the driver extended the flask, in full light of the lantern, adding: "Ye naden't refuse. It do be th' reale craythur."

With puckering lips and a quick glance towards his inferior, the new levy lowered his light, seized the flask and took one huge gulp, wiping his mouth on his overcoat cape as he handed it back.

"Ye're not aftier bein' mane eno' to leave out yer partner?" the owner of the liquid asked. "It do be cowlid eno', I'm thinkin', to make 'm nade a dhrop."

Again, in the struggle between discipline and natural good-nature, discipline went down, and the German stepped off into darkness. A quick grounding of arms, a pause; then he reappeared, again wiping his own mouth, as he returned the flask.

"Dot vos foine, foine!" he said, in friendly confidence. "Now you vos vree to bass on."

"Shure an' I will, darlin'! It's none too warrum here," was the answer. "Aben', th' same token, I'll shpare a dhrop av th' country sign till th' next wan of yez as shtops me."

"Dere vos bud cine more bickid," the man replied. "Dey vill shtrand der Nord road on, der mill close by."

"I'll shpake to 'im beyant. Plisint dhrame, darlin'!"

The horse trotted merrily by the dimly-outlined sentry, and the deep sigh of relieved suspense burst from the lips of Carolyn Clay, as they sped onward through the gloom.

"Why did you delay so?" she asked, at last. "It was very risky."

"Simply to ascertain which fork of the road to take, Miss Clay."

"Willie McKee!" The girl's amazement even then did not raise her voice, in the exclamation.

"At your service," he answered, cheerily. "The adjutant general lied to me: I did not expect to meet any pickets. But we have struck the south fork now; it's not picketed, evidently; and you will be safe at old Pete's cabin before sunrise."

CHAPTER XII. A NIGHT SURPRISE.

Bright, deceptive glints of sunrise slanted low from the crisp east over the low shore line, touching yet only the tall tree tops, as old Pete emerged from his dingy cabin on the creek and stood like a statue in ebony, listening intently.

"Stalwart and tall, like Anak's son," the long, bony limbs of the black, over which the corded muscles played with every motion, denoted unusual strength, even for one of his race and calling. And the grim strength of his hard, seamed face showed inner strength well suited to his body. Cleaner cut and firmer than usual with the negro, Pete's features were grave and stern, the thin, blue lips set, as though used to sudden peril and his were the motto of the Douglas: "Ready; aye ready!"

The clatter of hoof and wheels grew clearer; then Meredith's familiar trap appeared and drew up at the cabin.

"Here we are, Pete," McKee cried, merrily, dismounting as fast as skirts permitted, and assisting Miss Clay's light descent from her cold perch.

"Sarvant, Mars' Kee! How yo' mar?" the negro answered, with a grave bow, but showing no surprise at the familiar voice coming in such questionable shape. Had Original Sin come in that trap and spoken in that voice, Pete had accepted them as countersign and parole.

"And here I am again, Pete," the girl said, as she threw back her veil. "Can we get across now?"

"Sarvant, missy," the negro repeated. "Glad yo's cum, sholy. I has inspected yo' de fo' las' trips."

"Thank you. Can we get across to-night?" she again asked, anxiously.

"Reck'n," the black replied, as gravely as briefly. "De creeks is scummed wid ice, but et's light, an' I kin wuk out onto de flats, sholy. Den, ef de ribber ent close—"

"But will it be?" she interrupted, impatiently.

"De marster knows," Pete answered, gravely as a Covenanter. "He ent sendin' I Pete no marrakes; so dis ole nigga's knowledge-ment don't go no fadder dan de presunt. But I reck'n!"

"And we reckon on some hot coffee, Pete," McKee said. "Come in, Miss Clay. You need it, after that freezing ride."

"Sarvant, Mars' Kee," the negro said, removing his woolen cap, as they entered. "De coffee's dar; an', wid de



"I HAS INSPECTED YO' DE FO' LAST TRIPS."

lady's permission, I'll go 'tend ter Mars' Carl's hoss."

While the worn horse was led into a sheltered glade, well back from the road, and rubbed briskly from muzzle to heel by the brawny black, McKee poured steaming coffee. Then Carolyn Clay produced Mrs. Gray's much-praised tin.

"No, not that," the youth cried. "Those are your marching rations. Here's our breakfast—Maryland club cookery."

He dived deep into Mrs. Clonan's pocket, coming up with a package wrapped in oil-silk and packed with the best of cold substantial; and the adventurous pair breakfasted with appetite natural to frosty morning, largely aided by danger passed and hope renewed. Then, as the negro again loomed gigantic in the low doorway, the girl asked:

"Any patrol boats in the river, Pete?" "Plenty, missy; but dem doan' count. Mos' o' dey knows Pete, an' leff him fish onquesh'shonable."

"But Mars' Carl' said transports were passing up, night before last," McKee said.

"Dem's all gone up t'wads town," the black replied. "Las' night, w'en I mek my 'spechun, der warn't one o' dey in de ribber. But I does 'apise dose transports sholy!"

"They are usually full of green recruits," Miss Clay said, quietly, "who shoot as they hail."

"An' dem's cur'us, too. Dem's fon' o' lowerin' boats an' 'spectin' fish'mun wot de patrol boats 'lows ter pass."

"God forbid!" the girl exclaimed. "Should an inspection come to-night, we are lost!"

"But none will come!" McKee cried, gayly, quoting:

"The stars have said it, and the voice Of my own prophet and oracular soul Confirms the shining sibilis!"

"You are as safe now as though already in Stuart's camp. But come; the day will be a long one, anyway, and a tramp in this air will help, after your imprisonment."

They walked briskly through the clear sunshine that brightened all nature, but gave little warmth, plunging into an error of crossed paths that seemed as familiar as Charles street to her escort.

Spite of his awkward attire, that caught in underbrush and vine, and of his painted face, made more absurd by garish light, McKee proved himself capital company. He talked poetry and people, sang a little, and good-naturedly chaffed mutual friends. Then, quieting down, he heard for the first time minute details of Miss Clay's race for freedom, of her capture, and of her singular rescue from the hut.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Mrs. PLAINFIELD (proudly) — "And who would have thought that I should ever be the mother of a poet?" Her Neighbor (misunderstanding) — "Oh, well, don't worry about that. He'll have better sense when he gets a little older." — Puck.

THE Australian dog and the Egyptian shepherd dog never bark.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Gen. Rufus Ingalls had other military qualities than those necessary to make a good quartermaster-general. Grant, who greatly admired him, once said: "If he could have been spared to any of the other departments he would have made his mark as a fighter."

—Rev. Samuel Barnett, who is at the head of Toynbee hall, in East London, has accepted an invitation to attend a conference to be held at Chautauqua next summer. The university settlements in Rivington street, New York; Andover house, Boston; Hull house, Chicago, and other similar enterprises, will be represented.

—Bismarck told an interviewer recently that all he now cares for is to remain at home with his family. He rarely visits Berlin, because he has no house there, and he dislikes unfamiliar beds and hotel accommodations. Moreover, he would not be able to take a single step in Berlin without being the object of popular demonstration.

—Adelina Patti's sister, Carlotta, but for a physical deformity, might have been as great an opera singer as the diva. Her voice was of singular sweetness and compass, reaching to G sharp in altissimo, but her stage presence was so bad, owing to a lameness, that she could never appear in opera save in one of two parts where no walking was required.

—Robert Franz, whose German songs have won him fame and friends, recently died at the age of seventy-seven. Nearly all his famous songs were written during his early life, and for many years he has done little original work. Two hundred and fifty-seven songs for single voice, with piano accompaniment, besides numerous part-songs and choruses are included in his writings.

—Senator Kenna traveled a part of one season through the mountains of West Virginia with a circus. Every evening and afternoon the young candidate for congress appeared in the ring when the performance was about half over and made his speech. The combination proved a great success, both for circus and candidate. The novelty attracted people till they had to be turned away and Kenna was elected by a great majority, though he had to fight a bolting candidate.

—The publication of Miss Ellen Terry's "Reminiscences" has resulted in setting at rest the place of the well-known actress' nativity at Coventry. Miss Terry herself thought the house was no more, but the other day a framed brass plate was to be seen hanging in the green-grocer's shop at No. 5 Market street, and it bore this inscription: "The birthplace of Miss Ellen Terry." That is now known to have been a theatrical lodging-house "on a St. Valentine's day in 40's," as she has put it.

HUMOROUS.

—Reducing Himself.—Briggs—"Isn't that ulster too big for you?" Griggs—"It wasn't when I got it. I have grown thin carrying it around."—Clothier and Furnisher.

—He'd an Alternative.—First Thief—"What do you do when you can't pull the wool over a jeweler's eyes?" Second Thief—"Throw pepper in 'em."—Jeweler's Weekly.

—Mr. Figg—"Why, Tommy! Don't you know any better than to declare that a terrapin can outrun a hare?" Tommy—"Well, anyway, that's what the teacher tortoise."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Edith—"Papa, Mitha Longcourt ith a bady, bady man." Papa—"Why do you think so?" Edith—"Cauthe thitha thaid to him, 'O, you bad man! My hair ith fath on your vetht button.'"—Clothiers and Haberdashers' Weekly.

—Charity Begins at Home.—Billington—"Well, I've done a good deed today." Jones—"What's that?" Billington—"I've given a poor, deserving man an overcoat. (Turning about.) How do you think it fits?"—Boston Transcript.

—A Recommendation.—Mrs. Higherman—"Now, about that man you sent over to me—is he honest?" Mrs. Fireman—"Well, I should say so. He has been tried twice for stealing, and escaped both times."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

—Maria—"Look a here, Amos, jist the same old story. Women don't git their rights nowhere." Amos—"What is it, Maria?" Maria—"Why here in this here railroad wreck I see there wasn't nothin' saved but the mall car. —Inter-Ocean.

—Mr. N. E. Verylate—"Have you ceased to care for me, Adele? I came earlier this afternoon, and you do not even look glad to see me." Miss Adele Sarteau—"Indeed, I am glad to see you! But this is my hour for resting my features from all expression."—Vogue.

—An Accommodating Husband.— Wife (sobbing)—"Some day you'll find me lying at death's door, and then what will you do?" Husband (courtously)—"My dear, have you ever known me to be so ungallant as to allow a lady to open a door when I am present."—Texas Siftings.

—A Very Brief Fullness.—Pikerly—"That set of decanters you gave us for wedding is fine, old man, and we both appreciate them, but (facetiously) there was only one trouble with them. They should have been filled." Jagway (sadly)—"They were when I first got them."—Detroit Free Press.