MY HEART'S LIFE.

Oh, little child that lies asleep,
A flower within thy hand half crushed,
To this white breast I gently creep
To kiss thy cheek, rose flushed.

For now there is no other thing
That makes me strong to walk and wait;
That makes me in my frenzy fling
Myself against the gate;

That shuts me from the golden frame
I crave but for thy sake alone;
Ah, but for thee, to see the name
Were on some wayside stone!

Thou art indeed the very core
Of my heart's life; I cannot bear
Even to close this open door
Since thou art sleeping there.

And now I never dare to read
Of little children that have died;
So sharp the pang that warms my heart
My eyes must turn aside.

And so I leave these lines undried,
And stealing through the open door
I bend me gently at thy side
And kiss thee o'er and o'er.

—Howard Glyndon.

I RETIRED.

We had strolled till near eleven,
And I thought myself in heaven:
As I talked.

I had told her all about it,
And implored her not to doubt it;
As we walked.

So I stopped and gently kissed her,
But just then her cheri-ale-er
Came around.

But I knew not till her sighing,
Placed me in position trying;
And the sound

Of a peal of mocking laughter,
Set my brain a moment after;
In a whirl—

Overwhelming and depressing,
When I felt so near possessing;
My dear girl.

From my happiness awaking,
And with fear and anger quaking;
Even so!

Scarcely conscious, little caring
That I came so near to swearing,
What a go!

That I trembled as the saints do,
When they feel the awful thumb crew
And the rack;

And I wished that elder sister
Had a good, old-fashioned blister
On her back.

But, alas, I was mistaken,
For she was not to be shaken—
No, nor fired!

As I could not coax nor wheedle,
And she sharper than a needle,
I retired.

—[Dr. W. M. Gray.

THE SUMMER BOARDER.

Together they had walked the fields
As morning's veil was drawn;
Had plucked, with dewy diamonds wet
The daffodil and violet,
And breathed their breath of dawn.

She was a dainty city lass,
A pallid lily fair;
But Auster through the flying weeks
Had blown the roses in her cheeks,
To grace the dimples there.

And he who by the maiden's side
Dame nature 'a sweets enjoys!
A hale and hearty country lad,
Whose brawny limbs were roughly clad
In rustic corduroys.

Each morn th's captivating miss
Ere their walk had begun
Attired herself in raiment new,
So ravishingly sweet, she drew
Warm kisses from the sun.

But he possessed no such supply
Of complicated suits;
And save on Sabbath day, he wore
The trousers of the day before,
Stuffed in his creaking boots.

Between his puckered lips he blew
A lively roundelay;
And all his nimble, whistling notes,
The warblers from their yellow throats
Caught up in trebles gay.

"Poor fellow!" thought this fair coquette
"I'll drive his mirth away;"
And so she said, "I fear my friend,
Our rambles all must have an end;
I go to town to-day."

"Gracious!" thought this maiden fair,
"He shows no signs of grief;
That look which glimmers to the sight
Is surely, if I judge aright,
Expression of relief."

The hue of sunset's ardent gleam
Turned cheeks of tan a flame;
As he exclaimed, "I don't mind me;
This is my business here, you see,
It's mam' that is to blame.

"She told me I must show you round
And let you flirt a bit;
Kase if you didn't find a chap
To tumble in your purty trap —
She feared you'd up and git.

"I ain't the kind you hev to coax
To do a things that's nice;
'Sides fur the little bit you got
Mam' said the other day she thought
You paid a rousin' price."

"An' it's a blame sight funnier
Than workin' anyhow;
I'd rather climb a tree for eggs
Than shake the st flin' frum my legs
A wrestlin' with a plow.

"But Sairy told me yesterday
I spread it on too thick;
An't at sech triflin' w nldn't do,
Onless I let up courtin' you,
She'd drap me migaty quick.

"You don't know, Sairy——?" like a flash
The city damsel turned;
Upon her cheeks a crimson hue,
And as she vanished from the view
He said, "Well, I'll be durned!"

—[Washington Star.

Monopolists Opposed to Free Wool.

Philadelphia Times.

If free wool shall be incorporated into our new tariff laws it will be done, not by strangers and enemies to the wool industry, but it will be done by the Congressmen representing a large preponderance of the wool growth of our nation, and they certainly propose to make wool free in the interest of their own people. Outside of Ohio, there has been little emphatic protest against free wool from the wool growers themselves; and it is obvious that if free wool was the fearful peril to the wool growers generally that monopoly champions declare, there could be no practically solid vote for it in the huge wool growing states of Texas, Kentucky, Georgia, Missouri and others, with divided delegations in such large wool growing centers as California, Michigan, Indiana, Virginia and North Carolina. The chief opposition will come from monopoly champions and blind partisans who have seldom if ever seen a flock of sheep, and and have practically none among their constituencies. Are these sober facts not eloquent and persuasive on the question of free wool?

THE FARMERS' TRUST.

The Convention for Its Organization Being Held in Topeka.

TOPEKA, KAN., May 3.—The convention called for the organization of the Farmers' Trust met here yesterday and was attended by about 200 delegates mostly from Kansas, the remainder coming from the Mississippi valley. Ex-Governor David Butler of Nebraska was elected for president; Cleveland Moulton, Missouri, vice president; J. B. Ferguson, Kansas, secretary. Addresses were made by Governor Butler and ex-Governor Glyett of Kansas. The committee on resolutions made a report favoring the procedure set forth in the call for the convention, the establishment of ten central agencies to do all the selling for the members of the association. This report was discussed all the evening but no definite plan was determined upon.

"Caution—Buy only Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Name other genuine."

CHAPTER III.

ST. BRIDE'S CROSS.

ST. Bride's Cross stood a little way back from Shoreby, on the skirts of Tunstall Forest. Two roads met; one from Hollywood across the forest; one, test road from Risingham down which we saw the wrecks of a Lancasrian army fleeing in disorder. Here the two joined issue and went on together down the hill to Shoreby; and a little back from the point of junction, the summit of a little knoll was crowned by the ancient and weather-beaten cross.

Here, then, about 7 in the morning, Dick arrived. It was as cold as ever; the earth was all gray and silver with the hoar-frost, and the day began to break in the east with many colors of purple and orange.

Dick set him down upon the lowest step of the cross, wrapped himself well in his tabard, and locked vigilantly upon all sides. He had not long to wait. Down the road from Holywood a gentleman in very rich and bright armour, and wearing over that a surcoat of the rarest furs, came pacing on a splendid charger. Twenty yards behind him followed a clump of lances; but these halted as soon as they came in view of the trysting-place, while the gentleman in the fur surcoat continued to advance alone.

His visor was raised, and showed a countenance of great command and dignity, answerable to the richness of his attire and arms. And it was with some confusion of manner that Dick arose from the cross and stepped down the bank to meet his prisoner.

"I thank you, my Lord, for your exactitude," he said, louting very low. "Will it please your lordship to set foot to earth?"

"Are ye here alone, young man?" inquired the other.

"I was not so simple," answered Dick; "and, to be plain with your lordship, the woods upon either hand of this cross lie full of mine honest fellows lying on their weapons."

"Y' 'ave done wisely," said the lord. "It pleaseth me the rather, since last night ye fought foolhardily, and more like a blind lunatic than any Christian warrior. But it becomes not me to complain that had the undermost."

"Ye had the undermost indeed, my lord, since ye so fell," returned Dick, "but had the waves not holpen me, it was I that should have had the worst. Ye were pleased to make me yours with several dagger marks, which I still carry. And in fine, my lord, methinks I had all the danger, as well as all the profit, of that little blind man's medley on the beach."

"Y' are shrewd enough to make light of it, I see," returned the stranger.

"Nay, my lord, not shrewd," replied Dick, "in that I shoot at no advantage to myself. But when, by the light of this new day, I see how stout a knight hath yielded, not to my arms alone, but to fortune, and the darkness, and the surf—and how easily the battle had gone otherwise, with a soldier so untried and rustic as myself—think it not strange, my lord, if I feel confounded with my victory."

"Ye speak wel," said the stranger. "Your name?"

"My name, an't like you, is Shelton," answered Dick.

"Men call me the Lord Foxham," added the other.

"Then my lord, and under your good favour, ye are guardian to the sweetest maid in England," replied Dick: "and for your ransom, and the ransom of such as were taken with you on the beach, there will be no uncertainty of terms. I pray you, my lord, of your good will and charity, yield me the hand of my mistress, Joan Sedley; and take ye, upon the other part, your liberty, the liberty of these your followers, and (if ye will have it) my gratitude and service till I die."

"But are ye not ward to Sir Daniel? Methought, if y' are Harry Shelton's son, that I had heard it so reported," said Lord Foxham.

"Will it please you, my lord, to alight? I would fain tell you fully who I am, how situate, and why so bold in my demands. Beseech you, my lord, take place upon these steps, hear me to a full end, and judge me with allowance."

And so saying, Dick ent a hand to Lord Foxham to dismount; led him up the knoll to the cross; installed him in the place where he had himself been sitting; and standing respectfully before his noble prisoner, related the story of his fortunes up to the events of the evening before.

Lord Foxham listened gravely, and when Dick had done, "Master Shelton," he said, "ye are a most fortunate-unfortunate young gentleman, but what fortune y' 'ave had, that ye have amply merited; and what unfortune, ye have noways deserved. Be of a good cheer; for ye have made a friend who is devoid neither of power nor favor. For yourself—although it fits not for a person of your birth to herd with outlaws, I must own ye are both brave and honorable; very dangerous in battle, right courteous in peace; a youth of excellent disposition and brave bearing. For your estates, ye shall never see them till the world shall change again; so long as Lancaster hath the strong hand, so long shall Sir Daniel enjoy them for his own. For my ward, it is another matter; I had promised her before to a gentleman, a kinsman of my house, one Hamley; the promise is old——"

"Aye, my Lord, and now Sir Daniel hath promised her to my Lord Shoreby," interrupted Dick. "And his promise, for all it is but young, is still the likelier to be made good."

"'Tis the plain truth," returned his Lordship. "And considering, moreover, that I am your prisoner, upon no better composition than my bare life, and over and above that, that the maiden is unhappily in other hands, I will so far consent. Aid me with your good fellows"——

"My lord," cried Dick, "they are these same outlaws that ye blame me for consorting with."

"Young Shelton, let them be what they will, they can fight," returned Lord Foxham. "Help me, then; and if between us we regain the maid, upon my knightly honor she shall marry you!"

Dick bent his knee before his prisoner; but he, leaping up lightly from the cross, caught the lad up and embraced him like a son.

"Come," he said, "an y' are to marry Joan, we must be early friends."

CHAPTER IV.

THE GOOD HOPE.

An hour thereafter, Dick was back a the Goat and Bagpipes, breaking his fast, and receiving the report of his messengers and sentries. Duckworth was still absent from Shoreby; and this was frequently the case, for he played many parts in the world, shared many different interests, and conducted many various affairs. He had founded that fellowship of the Black Arrow, as a ruined man longing for vengeance and money; and yet among those who knew him best, he was thought to be the agent and emissary of the great King-maker of England, Richard, Earl of Warwick.

In his absence, at any rate, it fell upon Richard Shelton to command affairs in Shoreby; and, as he sat at meat, his mind was full of care, and his face heavy with consideration. It had been determined, between him and the Lord Foxham, to make one bold stroke that evening, and, by brute force, to set Joanna free. The obstacles, however, were many; and as one after another of his scouts arrived, each brought him more discomfortable news.

Sir Daniel was alarmed by the skirmish of the night before. He had increased the garrison of the house in the garden; but not content with that, he had stationed horsemen in all the neighboring lanes, so that he might have instant word of any movement. Meanwhile, in the court of his mansion, steeds stood saddled, and the riders, armed at every point, awaited but the signal to ride.

The adventure of the night appeared more and more difficult of execution, till suddenly Dick's countenance lightened.

"Lawless!" he cried, "you that were a shipman, can ye steal me a ship?"

"Master Dick," replied Lawless, "if ye would back me, I would agree to steal York Minster."

Presently after, these two set forth and descended to the harbor. It was a considerable basin, lying among sand hills, and surrounded with patches of down, ancient ruinous lumber, and tumble-down slums of the town. Many decked ships and many open boats either lay there at anchor, or had been drawn up on the beach. A long duration of bad weather had driven them from the high seas into the shelter of this port; and the great trooping of black clouds, and the cold squalls that followed one another, now with a sprinkling of dry snow, now in a mere swoop of wind, promised no improvement, but rather threatened a more serious storm in the immediate future.

The seamen, in view of the cold and the wind, had for the most part slunk ashore, and were now roaring and singing in the shoreside taverns. Many of the ships already rode unguarded at their anchors; and as the day wore on, and the weather offered no appearance of improvement, the number was continually being augmented. It was to these deserted ships, and, above all, to those of them that lay far out, that Lawless directed his attention; while Dick, seated upon an anchor that was half embedded in the sand, and giving ear, now to the rude, potent and boding voices of the gale, and now to the hoarse singing of the shipmen in a neighboring tavern, soon forgot his immediate surroundings and concerns in the agreeable recollection of Lord Foxham's promise.

He was disturbed by a touch upon his shoulder. It was Lawless, pointing to a small ship that lay somewhat by itself, and within but a little of the harbour mouth, where it heaved regularly and smoothly on the entering swell. A pale gleam of winter sunshine fell, at that moment, on the vessel's deck, relieving her against a bank of scowling cloud; and in t is momentary glitter Dick could see a couple of men hauling the skiff alongside.

"There, sir," said Lawless, "mark ye it well! There is the hooker for to-night."

Presently the skiff put out from the vessel's side, and the two men, keeping her head well to the wind, pulled lustily for shore. Lawless turned to a loiterer.

"How call ye her?" he asked, pointing to the little vessel.

"They call her the Good Hope of Dartmouth," replied the loiterer. "Her captain, Arblaster by name. He pulleth the bow oar in yon skiff."

This was all that Lawless wanted. Hurriedly thanking the man he moved round the shore to a certain sandy creek, for which the skiff was heading. There he took up his position and as soon as they were within earshot opened fire on the sailors of the Good Hope.

"What! Gossip Arblaster!" he cried. "Why, ye be well met; nay, gossip, ye be right well met, upon the rood! And is that the Good Hope? Ay, I would know her among ten thousand! A sweet shear, a sweet boat! But marry come up, my gossip, will ye drink? I have come into mine estate, which doubtless ye remember to have heard on. I am now rich; I have left to sail upon the sea; I do sail now, for the most part, upon spiced ale. Come, fellow; thy hand upon 't! Come, drink with an old shipfellow!"

Skipper Arblaster, a long-faced, elderly, weather-beaten man, with a knife hanging about his neck by a plaited cord, and for all the world like any modern seaman in his gait and bearing, had hung back in obvious amazement and distrust. But the name of an estate, and a certain air of tipsified simplicity and good-fellowship which Lawless very well affected, combined to conquer his suspicious jealousy; his countenance relaxed, and he at once extended his open hand and squeezed that of the outlaw in formidable grasp.

"Nay," he said, "I cannot mind you. But what o' that? I would drink with any man, gossip, and so would my man Tom. Man Tom," he added, addressing his follower, "here is my gossip, whose name I cannot mind, but no doubt a very good seaman. Let's go drink with him and his shore friend."

Lawless led the way, and they were soon seated in an alehouse, which, as it was very new, and stood in an exposed and solitary station, was less crowded than those nearer to the center of the port. It was but a shed of timber, much like a blockhouse in the backwoods of today, and was coarsely furnished with a press or two, a number of naked benches and boards set upon barrels to play the part of tables. In the middle, and besieged by half a hundred violent draughts, a fire of wreck-wood blazed and vomited thick smoke.

"Ay, now," said Lawless, "here is a shipman's joy—a good fire and a good stiff cup ashore, with foul weather without and an off-sea gale a-snoring in the roof: Here's to the Good Hope! May she ride easy!"

"Ay," said Skipper Arblaster, "'tis good weather to be ashore in, that is sooth. Man Tom, how say ye to that Gossip, ye speak well, though I can never think upon your name; but ye speak very well. May the Good Hope ride easy! Amen!"

"Friend Dickon," resumed Lawless, addressing his commander, "we have certain matters on hand, unless I err? Well, prithee be about them incontinently. For here I be with the choice of all good company, two tough old shipmen; and till that ye return I will go warrant these brave fellows will bide here and drink me cup for cup. We are not like shore-men, we old, tough tarry Johns!"

"It is well meant," returned the skipper. "Ye can go, boy; for I will keep your good friend and my good gossip company till curfew—ay, and by St. Mary, till the sun get up again! For, look ye, when a man hath been long enough at sea, the salt getteth me into the clay upon his bones; and let him drink a draw-well, he will never be quenched."

Thus encouraged upon all hands, Dick rose, saluted his company, and, going forth again into the gusty afternoon, got him as speedily as he might to the Goat and Bagpipes. Thence he sent word to my Lord Foxham that, so soon as ever the evening closed they would have a stout boat to keep the sea in. And then, calling up his men, he bade them come by different routes, some to the beach, and some to the tavern, where Lawless was drinking with the skipper; and leading along with him a couple of outlaws who had some experience of the sea, he returned himself to the harbor and the little sandy creek.

The skiff of the Good Hope lay among many others, from which it was easily distinguished by its extreme smallness and fragility. Indeed, when Dick and his two men had taken their places, and begun to put forth out of the creek into the open harbor, the little cockle dipped into the swell and staggered under every gust of wind, like a thing upon the point of sinking.

The Good Hope, as we have said, was anchored far out, where the swell was heaviest. No other vessel lay nearer than several cables' length; even there who were the nearest were themselves entirely deserted; and as the skiff approached a thick flurry of snow and a sudden darkening of the weather further concealed the movements of the outlaws from all possible espial. In a trice they had leaped upon the heaving deck, and the skiff was dancing at the stern. The Good Hope was captured.

She was a good, stout boat, decked in the bows and amidship, but open in the stern. She carried one mast and was rigged between a felucca and a lugger. It would seem that Skipper Arblaster had made an excellent venture, for the hold was full of pieces of French wine, and in the little cabin, besides the Virgin Mary in the bulk head, which proved the captain's piety, there were many lockfast chests and cupboards, which showed him to be rich and careful.

A dog, who was the sole occupant of the vessel, furiously barked and bit the heels of the boarders; but he was soon kicked into the cabin, and the door shut upon his just resentment. A lamp was lit and fixed in the lee-shrouds to mark the vessel clearly from the shore; one of the wine pieces in the hold was broached and a cup of excellent Gascony emptied to the adventure of the evening; and then while one of the outlaws began to get ready his bow and arrows, and prepare to hold the ship against all comers, the other hauled in the skiff and got overboard where he held on, waiting for Dick.

"Well, Jack, keep a bright watch," said the young commander, preparing to follow his subordinate. "Ye will do right well."

"Why," returned Jack, "I shall do excellent well indeed, so long as we lie here; but once we put the nose of this poor ship outside the harbour—— See, there she trembles! Nay, the poor shrew heard the words, and the heart misgave her in her oak-tree ribs. But look, Master Dick! how black the weather gathers!"

The darkness ahead was, indeed, astonishing. Great billows heaved up out of the blackness, one after another; and one after another the Good Hope buoyantly climbed, and giddily plunged upon the further side. A thin sprinkle of snow and thin flakes of foam came flying, and powdered the deck; and the wind harped dismally among the rigging.

"In sooth, it looketh evilly," said Dick. "But what cheer! 'Tis but a squall, and presently it will blow over." But, in spite of his words, he was depressingly affected by the bleak disorder of the sky and the wailing and fluting of the wind; and as he got over the side of the Good Hope and made once more for the landing-creek with the best speed of oars, he crossed himself devoutly, and recommended to heaven the lives of all who should adventure on the sea.

At the landing-creek there had already gathered about a dozen of the outlaws. To these the skiff was left, and they were bidden to embark without delay.

A little further up the beach Dick found Lord Foxham hurrying in quest of him, his face concealed with a dark hood, and his bright armor covered by a long russet mantle of a poor appearance.

"Young Shelton," he said, "are ye for sea, then, truly?"

"My lord," replied Richard, "they lie about the house with horsemen; it may not be reached from the land side without alarum; and Sir Daniel once advertised of our adventure, we can no more carry it to a good end than, saving your presence, we could ride upon the wind. Now, in going round by the sea, we do run some peril by the elements; but what much outweigheth all, we have a chance to make good our purpose and bear off the maid."

"Well," returned Lord Foxham, "lead on. I will, in some sort, follow you for shame's sake; but I own I would I were in bed."

"Here, then," said Dick. "Hither; we go to fetch our pilot."

And he led the way to the rude alehouse where he had given rendezvous to a portion of his men. Some of these he found lingering round the door outside; others had pushed more boldly in, and, choosing places as near as possible to where they saw their comrade, gathered close about Lawless and the two shipmen. These, to judge by the distempered countenance and cloudy eye, had long since gone beyond the boundaries of moderation; and as Richard entered, closely followed by Lord Foxham, they were all three tuning up an old, pitiful sea-ditty, to the chorus of the wailing of the gale.

The young leader cast a rapid glance about the shed. The fire had just been replenished, and gave forth volumes of black smoke, so that it was difficult to see clearly in the further corners. It was plain, however, that the outlaws very largely outnumbered the remainder of the guests. Satisfied upon this point, in case of any failure in the operation of his plan, Dick strode up to the table and resumed his place upon the bench.

"Hey?" cried the skipper, tipsily, "who are ye, hey?"

"I want a word with you without, Master Arblaster," returned Dick; "and here is what we shall talk of." And he showed him a gold noble in the glimmer of the firelight.

The shipman's eyes burned, although he still failed to recognize our hero.

"Aye, boy," he said, "I am with you. Gossip, I will be back anon. Drink fair, Gossip;" and, taking Dick's arm to steady his uneven steps, he walked to the door of the alehouse.

As soon as he was over the threshold, ten strong arms had seized and bound him; and in two minutes more, with his limbs trussed one to another, and a good gag in his mouth, he had been tumbled neck and crop into a neighboring hay barn. Presently his man Tom, similarly secured, was tossed beside him, and the pair were left to their uncouth reflections for the night.

And now, as the time for concealment had gone by, Lord Foxham's followers were summoned by a preconcerted signal and the party, boldly taking possession of as many boats as their numbers required, boldly pulled in a flotilla for the light in the lee rigging of the ship. Long before the last man had climbed to the deck of the Good Hope the sound of furious shouting from the shore showed that a part at least of the seamen had discovered the loss of their skiffs.

But it was now too late, whether for recovery or revenge. Out of some forty fighting men now mustered in the stolen ship, eight had been to sea and could play the part of mariners. With the aid of these a slice of sail was got upon her. The cable was cut. Lawless, vacillating on his feet, and still shouting the chorus of sea ballads, took the long tiller in his hands and the Good Hope began to dit forward into the darkness of the night and to face the great waves beyond the harbor bar.

Richard took his place beside the weatner rigging. Except for the ship's own lantern, and for some lights in Shoreby town, that were already fading to leeward, the whole world of air was as black as in a pit. Only from time to time, as the Good Hope swooped dizzily down into the valley of the rollers, a crest would break—a great cataract of snowy foam would leap in one instant into being—and, in an instant more, would stream into the wake and vanish.

Many of the men lay holding on and praying aloud; many more were sick, and had crept into the bottom, where they sprawled among the cargo. And what with the extreme violence of the motion, and the continued drunken bravado of Lawless, still shouting and singing at the helm, the stoutest heart on board may have nourished a shrewd misgiving as to the result.

But for that while, at least, these fears were all misplaced. Lawless, as if guided by an instinct, steered the ship across the breakers, struck the lee of a great sand bank, where they sailed smoothly for a while in smooth water, and presently after laid her alongside a rude, stone pier, where she was hastily made fast, and lay ducking and grinding in the dark.

CHAPTER V.

THE GOOD HOPE [CONTINUED.]

The pier was not far distant from the house in which Joanna lay; it now only remained to get the men on shore, to surround the house with a strong party, burst in the door and carry off the captive. They might then regard themselves as done with the Good Hope; it had replaced them on the rear of their enemies; and the retreat, whether they should succeed or fail in the main enterprise, would be directed with a greater measure of hope in the direction of the forest and my Lord Foxham's reserve.

To get the men on shore, however, was no easy task; many had been sick, all were pierced with cold; the promiscuity and disorder on board had shaken their discipline; the movement of the ship and the darkness of the night had cowed their spirits. They made a rush upon the pier; my lord, with his sword drawn on his own retainers, must throw himself in front; and this impulse of rabble ent was not restrained without a certain clamor of voices, highly to be regretted in the case.

When some degree of order had been restored, Dick, with a few chosen men, set forth in advance. The darkness on shore, by contrast with the flashing of the surf, appeared before him like a solid body; and the howling and whistling of the gale drowned any lesser noise.

He had scarce reached the end of the pier, however, when there fell a lull of the wind; and in this he seemed to hear on shore the hollow footing of horses and the clash of arms. Checking his immediate followers he passed forward a step or two alone, even setting foot upon the down and here he made sure he could detect the shape of men and horses moving. A strong discouragement assailed him. If their enemies were really on the watch, if they had beleaguered the shoreward end of the pier, he and Lord Foxham were taken in a posture of very poor defence, the sea behind, the men jostled in the dark upon a narrow causeway. He gave a cautious whistle, the signal previously agreed upon.

It proved to be a signal far more than he desired. Instantly there fell, through the black night, a shower of arrows sent at a venture; and so close were the men huddled on the pier that more than one was hit, and the arrows were answered with cries of both fear and pain. In this first discharge, Lord Foxham was struck down; Hawksley had him carried on board again at once; and his men, during the brief remainder of the skirmish, fought (when they fought at all) without guidance. That was perhaps the chief cause of the disaster which made haste to follow.

At the shore end of the pier, for perhaps a minute, Dick held his own with a handful; one or two were wounded upon either side; steel crossed steel; nor had there been the least signal of advantage, when in the twinkling of an eye the tide turned against the party from the ship. Some one cried out that all was lost; the men were in the very humor to lend an ear to a discomfortable counsel; the cry was taken up. "On board, boys, for your lives!" cried another. A third, with the true instinct of the coward, raised that inevitable report on all retreats: "We are betrayed!" And in a moment the whole mass of men went surging and jostling backward down the pier, turning their defenceless backs on their pursuers and piercing the night with craven outcry.

One coward thrust off the ship's stern, while another still held her by the bows. The fugitives leaped, screaming, and were hauled on board or fell back and perished in the sea. Some were cut down upon the pier by the pursuers. Many were injured upon the ship's deck in the blind haste and terror of the moment, one man leaping upon another and a third on both. At last and whether by design or accident the bows of the Good Hope were liberated, and the ever-ready Lawless, who had maintained his place at the helm through all the hurly-burly by sheer strength of body and a liberal use of the cold steel, instantly clapped her on the proper tack. The ship began to move once more forward on the stormy sea, its scuppers running blood, its deck heaped with fallen men, sprawling and struggling in the dark.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Reduce the Taxes.

Cleveland Plaindealer.

Tax reduction. Not on whisky and tobacco, but on the necessaries of life. That is what the people demand and will have. Will the Republican party, blind in its unreasoning bigotry, stand in the way? So much the worse for it. Will any Democrat, through some mistaken motive of public interest or private prejudice, stand in the way? So much the worse for him.

ROSEBUDS OF MARRIAGE.

When Girls Should Marry--For Young Men Early Marriages May Be Desirable, but not for Girls.

The Age Young Women Should Reach Before Wedding—The True Value of a Maiden's Freedom.

In Early Marriages They Cannot Receive the Deep Joy that Surrounds the True Union.

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Written for Gazette.

IT must be generally conceded that the married state is that in which the greatest happiness is possible; and it might be inferred, then, that one could not enter it too early. But those who may recall the son Matthew in Pilgrim's Progress, who made himself ill by eating green apples—green apples which might have been wholesome and delicious had he waited until they were ripe, can recall an illustration quite contradictory of such inference.

Fortunate for him, as it may seem to the mother of a son, if her boy shall marry early, yet his instance is a singular one, if, on reaching something less than middle age, he has not dropped his wife so far behind him as to leave himself practically unmarried, having a nurse, a housekeeper, a humble friend, possibly a slave, but certainly no companion, no wife, in the wide sense of the word. His early marriage might have been superficially considered an advantage to his morality, and so to his health; but when the mother has brought up her boy, as it is her duty to do, to understand that the same personal purity is required of him that is required of her girl, and that his passions are to be under the same control that his sister's are, at whatever age, then the question of that morality will not enter into the affair at all.

But however the mother of a son may look at the subject of early marriages, the mother of a daughter is justified, it seems to me, in a rather decided opposition to them. If, instead of being a great and happy portion of the school of life, marriage constituted the whole of it, or life existed only for the sake of marriage, still those entering its portals must be the better for suitable preparation. I am unable to suppose that at the age of eighteen or twenty any preparation has been sufficient. The age is lovely in its tenderness, and enchanting with its illusions; but wisdom wears a severer face, and marriage deals with stern facts. Some girls there may be, of rare ability, who are competent to take upon their young shoulders the responsibility of a house. Its work, or the direction of those who do its work, the oversight of a husband's wardrobe, the bearing and nursing of children, the physical attention to them in health and sickness, and the daily direction of their moral and mental education, together with all the other indoor and outdoor cares incidental to the position of one who is the head of a family, and who has the happiness of a home and a husband on her heart and conscience. But these cases are few and exceptional, and the great multitude of girls under twenty are not equal to such a strain upon nerve and muscle without an arrest of development. A few years later they may remember themselves at that age as still children; they may feel some reproach toward those who laid upon them then a burden greater than children should bear. Even were skill, experience, discretion, well established, industrious habits formed, a universal belonging of the maiden of eighteen or twenty years, I think it would be as much a cruelty to demand all this exertion of her as it would be if she were six or eight years younger.

Before twenty a girl has hardly had the chance to receive the complete instruction from text-books to which she has a right, to say nothing of the domestic education of the kitchen, the needle, the sick room; she has had little chance to learn anything of the world of human nature; she has intuitions, not experiences; she has lived more with dreams and ideals than with realities. She may make a charming wife at first, and a tender mother always, maternal instinct and solicitude taking the place of all the superiority that added years might have given. But she must stop there, taxed to the utmost; she has no time, nor strength, and perhaps—as inclination grows by use—no inclination to read, to study, to keep pace with a husband's advance, or even to appreciate it. I will not say that when, in a few years, she has lost the appearance of youth, when she has no more a fresh color and a smooth face, when a pretty toilette no longer becomes her, that the husband who continues to cherish her will take credit to himself for doing so; but it is evident that she encounters the danger of this feeling on his part. Nor do I think it an argument worth mentioning that the woman early married is so moulded and bent to her husband's will that clashing and incompatibility become impossible; because in marriage the rights and sacrifices should be mutual, and I will not so insult the husband as to suppose him unreasonable enough for this moulding to be necessary, or selfish enough to wish thus to suppress individuality, unable to find pleasure himself in renunciation, or negligent of civilized, not to say Christian duty.

Charming wife and tender mother as she may be, however, it is not to be doubted that when her education is more thorough and her experience more extended, she will be a nobler wife and a far better mother. She will have lost some softening trifle of the arrogance of youth; vanity, levity, love of admiration will have been so chastened as not to play the part of death's heads at the feast; she will have learned self-sacrifice and forbearance; she will have acquired tact and discretion and the sacred art of silence; she will have become harmonious; and she will know how to order home as she did not know how before. Her knowledge will have opened avenues and outlooks of which her family will have the advantage; her judgment will have ripened, her whole nature deepened; she will take life at a higher plane, and her husband and her children, her whole world and the generations to come, will have gained by the delay. If it were but for the sake of those generations to come, born of mothers full grown in mind as well as in body, the delay would be worth while. A young mother, with her children about her, is often a lovely sight; but as lovely a sight in a different way, if not so touching and appealing, is the mother to whom a few added years have given an immense added leverage in the task of bringing her children up and lifting them to a higher level even than her own.

But meanwhile, the generation that is here has its own claim on the young girl; the father and the mother should have especial regard to their personal preference in the matter. To exert every care and effort for a daughter, to practice self-denial, and to spend half his income on her education and accomplishments, and then, uncertain of results, to surrender her to another, usually a stranger, without any interval of enjoyment of her sweet maturer society, must be a peculiar trial to a father. Most fathers are unselfish enough to disregard themselves, but their equities remain the same; and it would seem that, if they wish, they should be able to retain their daughters for a period, as the country can demand, for a limited time, the services of the warrior it educates.

Moreover, the girl herself claims consideration. Give her a few years of absolute freedom from deep emotions, a little period to flutter before she settles on her rose, time for her music, her art, her books, her charities, her social pleasures, before she takes life in its seriousness. Anything else cramps her, dwarfs her, hinders her from her right to the full stature of a wife, is a relic of the Zenana and of the complete subjection of woman. She has a right, too, to happiness carried to its highest power—happiness which cannot be given to her at seventeen or twenty, because she is incapable of receiving it. She may be happy then, indeed, as the bud may feel the warm morning airs blowing gratefully about it, but only the bosom of the wide-blown flower can receive the sunshine of full heaven. A woman wastes her opportunity of happiness in not waiting for those ripening years. The nature that is thoroughly developed is capable of feeling far more than that which is still on its way to development, and it is to be doubted if a woman under twenty-five can receive to its utmost the deep joy, the boundless content that surround true marriage as sunshine and blue sky surround the earth.

HARRIETT PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

The Flying Dove of Peace

A richly frosted gladdening, flying Love, a Dream of Life screen calendar. An imported deal band. An imported frosted snow scene and a full set of magnificent floral cards. Fourteen artistic pieces. Sent to any one who will buy from a druggist a box of the genuine Dr. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS (price 25 cts.) and mail us the outside wrapper from the box with 4 cents in stamps. Write your address plainly. FLEMING BROS., Pittsburgh, PA.

Dr. C. McLane's Liver Pills are a sure cure for Sick Headache, Biliousness and Dyspepsia. They are peculiarly adapted for ladies and are absolutely safe. Prepared from the purest materials.

STEEP DOCTOR'S BILL.

Dr. Simmons Wants One Hundred and Forty-Three Thousand Dollars For Attending Samuel J. Tilden.

NEW YORK, April 30.—Dr. Charles S. Simmons has brought suit against the executors of the estate of the late Samuel J. Tilden to recover pay for his services as Mr. Tilden's physician. He wants $143,000.

Said the man of figures to-night, referring to it: "Dr. Simmons must have visited Tilden every day at $100 a visit for four years."

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in the postoffice at Fort Worth, Tex., Monday, May 7, 1888. To obtain any of these letters, the applicant must call for "advertised letters" and give the date of the list; also, all letters advertised shall be charged with 1 cent, in addition to the regular postage, to be accounted for as part of the postal revenue as per section 530, page 146, United States postal laws.

Ladies.

Barnett, Carrie
Beal, Mrs I M
Buchanan, Maggie
Bacon, Mallie
Bell, Mary J
Clark, Georgy
Childress, Katie
Carson, Mrs
Campbell, Magy
Clayton, Maidel
Combs, Gertie
Con ent, Mattie
Collons, Mrs
Collons, Lou
Co eman, Louisa
Cummings, Mrs Robt
Donnell, Tyola
Derrick, Lon
Davis, Mrs T J
Davis, Mary
Davis, Leanes
French, Maggie
Frier, Katie
Ferguson, Mamie
Gregery, Addie
Grimes, Josephine
Holmes, Julia
Heines, Miss
Hines, Emma
Harrison, Mamie
Hall, Laura (2)
Hill, Jacob
Holman, Mattie
Johnson, Molly
Jackson, Callee
Jackson, Susie
John on, Malvina
Kyle, Matilda
Lowry, Susie
Latham, Miss Gen
Lathrop, Marry
Murphy, Alice
Muggin, Minnie
Moore, Annie
M stello, Lizzie
Minton, Mary
Marr, Mrs R W
McNaler, Hannah E
Mc Delan d, Ellen
Owen, Belle
Parker, Lessie
Rutledge, Retta
Rodgers, Mrs J C
Richards, Julia
Richardson, Mrs H
Ray, Lizzie
Scott, Mrs Ida
Sherwood, Grace
Steward, Mrs Gem
Torney, Mary
Trace, Mrs Jas L
Vernon, Bradne
Ward, Alice
White, Eliza
Wilson, Mollie

Gents.

Allen, J W
Alexander, Geo M
Anderson, J W
Anderson, N B
Ainesworth, J M
Butler, George
Burns, W T
Barnard, Lon
Beasley, George
Bird, Geo C
Blackwell, Eliza
Black, Wm
Black, Grant C
Blythe, M
Blount, W H
Blakley, Frank
Boone, J V
Bolton, D O
Boyd, A H & Son
Bowers, Charley
Bell, Billie
Bynum, Ward
Brown, Enon
Brockman, John O
Cash, Howard
Casey, John
Carter, J F
Calvin, Chas E
Chapman, G F
Chappell, J L
Codd, Samuel
Cooper, Will
Collier, P H
Cobb, K D
Covington, Wiley
Donaway, Sam
Dorish, Will
Dubl, J A
Denton, The
Byer, B F
Dixon, John
Daily, Dannie
Elliott, Wm M
Elkins, Wash
Fanelli, Domenico
Flanagan, William
Flanagan, G W
Fencher, Richard (col)
Farmer, Samuel C
Fallon, J R
Fansler, J M
Foadick, E A
Gun, W J
Glen, John R (6)
Goss, W E
Garrett, Frank
Gilson, B H
Gorton, Abe
Guilford, W J (col)
Huntington, R M
Holcomb, A L
Hague, John W
Hill, Thomas
Hickkok, Thomas
Harr