

WE ALL.

A STORY OF YOUTHFUL LIFE AND ADVENTURE IN ARKANSAS

BY OCTAVE THANET.

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"THE BISHOP'S VAGABOND," "EXPLATION," NOW RUNNING IN SCRIB-NER'S, ETC.

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material, clean and whole. Aunt Val-

ley having a thrifty son, saw no reason why she should give up the good part of

a frock because the other parts were

worn, she simply made as much of a

dress out of her material as she could and

pieced out deficiencies with something

else, only particular that the addition

should be gay; by consequence her pres-

ence commonly reminded one of a second

'For the twentieth time repeating her tale.'

she gesticulated, for the twentieth time

repeating her story. "And t' tink it

ben Abram Lin Kum, the mule dat like

po' Mist' Henderson de bes' dat be de cause er me wakin' an' watchin'!'

thought she said Melodeon. "

Dawsey again.

word.

bank.

general hum of approval.

turning on his heel.

"But she sald, before, it was Me-

"She did," said Cecil. "But at any

rate, Abraham Lincoln was getting all

the credit now. She dilated on his in-telligence and from him she passed sadly

to the lamented Mr. Henderson's rare

The crowd had no good word for him.

Indeed, when a tall, grinning black man

run him out of the country, there was a

"You widn't objeck, wid ye, Rafe?"
some one said, addressing a sullen-look-

ing negro who, so far, had not said a

"I sin't complainin', " he answered,

'Had he ought to complain?' Mitch-

"Wa'al.ole man Dawsey chiseled him

outer \$800 pension money, sellin' him a

fyarm for sixteen, an' promisin' him long time and not givin' it, an' sellin'

up minnit the note come due. Say, it plumb soured Baxter; an' I cail Rafe

Some one else added to the story. The

the same time he gradually edged his

Anyone who stood in the door could see

Rafe Baxter and a little knot of negroes

gathered about some plows on the river

*'I ain't complaining.'' be answered. turning on his heel.

Very soon Baxter disengaged himself

Then she too mounted her mule and

"Abraham Lincoln's lame, " said

By this time they had enough, both of

A week passed without any news of

Yet it was by no means a week devoid

For one thing the teacher was ill, an

hankful. He had met so many ragged

the store and Mitchell and went home.

and walked to the hitching pole where his mule stood. He mounted and rode

out of sight, smiling broadly.

went her way.

Baxter a mighty decent darkey."

detective listened to each talker.

robust person negrer the door.

ell asked, in his sluggish voice.

Now, a dozen colors flashed in the air, as

hand rainbow.

CHAPTER IX .- THE DETECTIVE.



were sitting on the uneven steps of the stone piazza. In the dusky vista behind them, shoulders of pork swing-

ing from huge hooks, shining pans, rusty iron pots and kettles and huge meat blocks dimly shaped themselves to one side; and on the other the paraphernalia of drugs and groceries were displayed against a background of readymade clothing, dry goods and bonnets.

Cecil found endless amusement in "the stone," which seemed to him an untidy imitation of the "fairs" and such like shops in cities-places where respectable people only ventured out of curiosity, with the prospect of having their pockets ploked.

'Who's come?'' said Ally. It was a week after Cecil's arrival. Larry had been safely stowed away by Aunt Valley, who was, so Cobbs re ported, "turribly skeered up when she seen Larry a comin'.''

"Why?" exclaimed Sally.
"Wa'al, I cudn't make sout jes

why," Cobbs answered, musingly but mought be she 'lowed 'twas ' some meanness ole man Dawsey got in hand to do 'er. Larry he hol-lered aout, 'It's all right, Aunt Valley, ain't doin' of ye any harm, says Larry . 17 "But what harm would Larry do her,

anyhow?" Sally persisted. Cobbs didn't know; he thought it was ''long er Larry's being connected with ole man Dawsey.''

Still Sally (though she dropped the subject) pondered over this.

To-day was the first time that they had

heard from Aunt Valley. True the wagen had gone to the station for supplies more than once-after all they were only a day without butter-but the chilhad not ventured to send any messenger less trusty than Cobbs to Aunt Valley, and Cobbs regarded the regular black smith work as much too important to be put aside for Larry. "And he is right enough," sensible Ally declared when Sally would have criticised; "folks got to have their wagon tires mended, for the hauling and the mills got something out of gear, somehow, and Cobbs' got to mend it.''

But yesterday Cobbs had received a letter from the colonel, a letter for himself, which required a great deal of pondering over, behind a pair of huge steel-rimmed spectacles, and nually a consultation with Ally. Then it was announced that Co be himself would go in the mornng with the wagon to the station.

Sally had been waiting, evidently excited, and Ally, under his phlegmatic exterior, showed signs of interest Who's come?'' he repeated, Impa-

tiently. He jumped up as he spoke, motioning to Cecil to follow, and drew Sally nearer the river bank quite out of ear-shot,

should any of the lonngers in the store chance to be listening. "We are going to tell you," Sally said to Cecil, ''papa said we might, but it is a dead secret to everybody Cobbs and the overseer. Cobbs went to

fetch the detective. He's come. Cecil's composure yielded a little to he demands of the occasion; he had read Gaboria's novels and a detective was a wonderful creature to him.

"'Let's get closer and hear him talk,"'
Ally proposed, "he's talking now." 'Do you reckon he'll find out 'bout

old man Dawsoy to-day?" Ally was not sure, maybe by to-morrow he thought.

'You know all about detectives, don't you, Cousin Cecil? " said Sally, turning

her brilliant eves on Cecil, wistfully. He was half sorry to dampen their sanguine faith, but he confessed that "Pinkerton's men' usually took longer than a day to probe a mysterious crime. Then the three went around to the

other end of the store where the detective was. 'You mus'nt be surprised at his look-

ing so poor and mean, '' whispered Sally, "he's in disguise. '' They found the detective to be a very

commonplace, fat young man, who was neither any cleaner nor any less ragged in his garb than the other loungers sround the store. When he spoke he used the dialect of the country. But he spoke seldom, Cobbs had introduced the company generally with: "Picked up my new helper at the blacksmith shop, anyhow, if I didn't get my

The new helper's name, it appeared, "That irn't his real name," Sally

away, casting not a glance behind; but Aunt Valley watched him until he was hastened to inform Celli, out short by Ally's warning frown. 'He looks like an awful champ," Cecil said to Ally.

"But he's getting them to talk, " said Ally , very low . Not for the first time Ceoil was struck

by a certain shrewdness in Ally, whom was usually quietly despising.
"Look at Aunty Valley," the uncon-

scious Ally continued, "ain't she giving It to Dawsey?' Aunt Valley had come to the store to trade

She was in her Songay gown; a remarkable combination of no less than

Ally told him, "went to our school;" that he had very dismal visions of that

But his politeness never failed him and I doubt whether Ally suspected in what a tumult of disgust his young guest's soul was sometimes, sitting in a narrow boat next to some particularly grimy and unkempt comrade of Ally's, or forced to draw up to a hospitable board (covered with brown oil cloth) and trying to eat strange mixtures of grease and dirt, the very sight of which sent cold chills down his back. Ally ate like the unfastidious savage he

was, but Cis thought often that the hor-

rors of an ocean voyage were much overrated, he preferred them to fried pork. Yet he was by no means unhappy. There is a constant ripple of small excitement on a plantation. Every morning, for instance, the mail rider, who was a boy hardly older than Ally, rode his white Texan pony up to the store. and the letters were collected and names called by the head clerk in the store, assistant postmaster. Col. Seaton was the postmaster, and the postoffice was neatly built into the far corner of the store. which was not asking much of the store, either, since it consisted of nothing more than a writing desk with a frame of letter boxes.

Cecil heard from his father, short letters, but how eagerly he read them! Sally and Alau heard every day, either from Col. Seyton or their mother. The invalid in Little Rock was better; next week Mrs. Seyton hoped to come home.

Twice a week, sometimes oftener,

"Well," said Alan, "next to her dying, I reckon her getting well is the best thing that can happen." best thing that can happen. 'We oughtn't to wish anybody dead, said Sally, "it's a great deal nicer for her to get well." "No, it sin't," answered Ally, bluntly, "and you know it. If she was

dead she couldn't be forever tolling mamma off, could she? or coming here and succeping round and dying when I tried to have ice cream. No, sir.' "Well, she ain't always mean. She gave me a paper doll once," Sally inter-ceded, "and mamma said its like being

a murderer to wish folks dead." Ally declined to discuss the moralities He proposed instead that they go and ask Cobbs when the wild hog hunt was coming off. "Because Cis and I am to go, " said

Ally. 'Oh, Ally, paps wouldn't let you!" "He said himself last time I could go next time.

'But he thought he would be here.' 'Shaw, Cobbs can take me. He knows more about pig killing than anybody; papa says so himself."



Then she too mounted her mule and went he way.

"Cobbs won't take you-not while papa is away, " said Sally, firmly. Alan only grinned. The great hog hunt, or rather its dis-

cussion with Cobbs, and the listening to thrilling tales of former hunts was another excitement. Then almost every day the wagon went to the rallway station. To watch for its

coming, to open the freight boxes and the express packages, here again was an But these were every day breaks in the monotony. Ther, was something far more stirring. Not every day did the loafers at the store have a proclamation from the governor of Arkansas to read offering \$500 reward to each and any of them who should discover the perpetra-

tors of a crime committed in their own

neighborhood. They somehow felt vaguely important and spelled out the words for themselves. And certainly not every day did Sally come to Cecil, with a pale face and sparking eyes, orying: "Oh, what do you reckon, Cousin Cecil? They are go ing to lynch Old Man Dawsey to-night! Sally's information came from a dia-logue which she had overheard, she being in the "dark closet" where the meat was kept, and the speakers. Aunt Cindy r nephew, Rafe Baxter, outside on the stens.

Two white men had proposed th lynching. Like Baxter, they had los their little worldly all through Dawsey's hard-hearted greed. Baxter himsel was in a state of mind rape for any vio lence. The negroes of the settlement were more inclined to pavic than re-venge, but Aunt Sally and Baxter, together, had succeeded in arousing them Aunt Cindy was a pacific soul. She dis couraged Rafe's riotous schemes. 'Let de Lawd punish dat wicked man, honey,'' she said. "Doan' you go pro-jickin' raoun' bad white folkses; you get in a right smart er trouble fust ye

"I'll nev' get in trouble lickin' ole Dawsey," Rafe answered. "We all doesn't aim t' kill him; jes' guv him de bud good, an' warn 'im t' light out en dis kentry. Oh, doan' ye worry; he am't got a friend on earth.

"Waal, but he got a w'ite skin, " said Aunt Cludy, "tell ye, nigger, de w'ite folkses won' enjure havin' de culled folkses lynch w'ite raskills. Now, honey, wait on de Lawd, dat man git his de-

At this olimax of the conversation, however, Aunt Cindy must needs get up; and they both moved away, nor co

Sally catch a word of Baxter's sullen

reply "But I'm sure he won't give in and they will go and whip Dawsey just like he said, '' was Sally's breathless conclusion. Ally laughed, at first, "We shall be rid of a grand rasoal," said he, "what are you looking so queer over, Sis?"

"Do you really expect they'll whip him very hard?" Sally inquired. "Not half so hard as he deserves, I

know that 17 Sally was silent but her face changed, finally rather timidly she said: "Don't you think it would do just as well to scare him awfully, tell him they were fixing to whip him and maybe swing the switches round and make a noise in the air like Cobbs does when he is driving Net and Jake: and then let him off if he's sorry and will go away and never

come back?''
Ally's blue eyes opened wider, his stolid face assumed by degrees an expression of indignant scorn before which poor Sally qualled.
''I do believe,'' said Ally, slowly,
''you'r sorry for old Dawsey!''

"No, I aint," protested Sally, "but it must hurt so to be whipped!'

"He ought to be hurt," said Ally, firmly, "it's only justice." Ally had reached the age when a boy is a great stickler for justice-"why, I've heard yon wish him a thrashing many a time, yourself, just like he gave Mr. Hender-"I know," Sally admitted meekly,

"but then I was mad at him. It's so hard to hurt people when you ain't mad

at them. "When I'm mad, I stay mad," said Ally with much ioftiness, "but that's just like girls, get mad at nothing and

get over it for nothing.",
Sally, crushed not only by her consciousness of her individual weak-mindedness but by thiz stinging estimate of her weak-minded sex, looked ready to cry; and, doubtless again, like a girl, took refuge in an entirely different reason Anyhow, paps wouldn't like itwhile he was away, and to have the darkeys lynch a white man. It would mad the white folks."1

Ally bit his lip. He flung the stick in his hand away with an angry motion. He muttered: "Well, why couldn't you say that in the first place?'

Cecil wondered what the how was thinking about as he thrust his hands into his pockets and frowned at the river. Sally did not venture to interrupt. "Yet she is four times as bright as he." Cecil said to himself, "what does she see in him? If I had a sister I'd treat her po-He is a young cub!" Really Ally was no franker than broth-

ers in general, who are not apt to use a harmful flattery to their sisters but rather to help them amend their faults by faithfully and carefully pointing the latter out; and he was, in general, very kind to Sally; sometimes he almost forgot that she was a girl, he liked her so much. I dare say Ceoil's sister would have been taken to task quite as roundly as Ally's. Finally the boy looked up.

"It can't go on, for a fact, Sissy," said he, with a deep sigh. "I'm sure Cobbs will say that it would make a racket. We've get to stop it."
"I hate to tell on them," said Safly,

Cecil smiled at another inconsistency; but here brother and sister were in full accord. "No, we sure can't tell on them to nurt them, said Ally.

Cecil suggested consulting with the detentive having him warn Dawsey "Then, you see, Dawsey would feel toward Mitchell and wouldn't suspect him, '' said the small man of the world, who had read detective novels. Sally's lip quivered with an impulsive speech promptly suppressed, but Ally spoke out bluntly: "I don't just like

Pretending to be friends all the while you'r fixing to do him a meanness. Cecil was too polite to smile or to dreahis shoulders, as he had, learned to do h France; besides, his father distinct the habit and he was trying to unlearn accomplishment; so, he said gravely, that spies the not pleasant, but they were a necessary every any now.

'On't reckon we got to do it.' said

Ally. I think you were mighty think of it, cousin Cecil," said Sally; all I could think of was to write him a note telling him to keep away to-night. that wouldn't have done much good, I recken."

"Not a bit," said Ally, "I know what you thought of Ally," said Cecil. .. What? 'Talk it over with Cobbs."

Ally grinned as usual. " Cobbs know a heap," said he, cheerfully. "That was just what I was thinking. Then we can find out if Mitchell has got any good

of the handkerchief.''
"Boys," said Sally, her cheeks flushing with a sudden thought, "why couldn't we go and look over that place where we found the handkerchief? know Cobbs went next day, but may be he didn't go into the creek and on to Uncle Joe Simmon's place. There's a piece of right clavey, land on the other side, you know.' "Do you reckon there would be tracks" in it?" said Ails "this it?"

said Ally, "but it's dry a a "It wasn't that night. Don't you remember how wet the road was who we went for Cousin Cecil. There would sure be footprints if they went over that way to Uncle Joe's house.''
"But how do you know they went that

way?' Well, they didn't leave auv trace any other way; and it they went down wading in the creek why if folks were after them they wouldn't know where they crossed and wouldn't find their tracks.'

"Maybe," said Ally, "any how we'll But first we've got to get that rascal out of his hole. Come, let's go to

[TO BE CONTINUED.] Proof of Affection Dry Goods Chroniets

Cynic - "The old days are past Women do not fall in love any more! 23 Wentman- Absurd, my dear fellow. ust look inside one of our fashionable Just look inside one of mill inery stores. **

A WALK UNDER THE SEA.

The Wonders of the Ocean World, by Prof. Alexander Winchell, Author of "Sparks from a Geologist's Ham-mer," "Geological Excursions," etc. [Copyrighted 1890 by Author.]

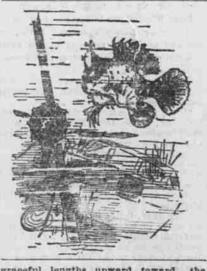
The deep, mysterious sea! We listen

to its loud resounding roar along the beach, but it brings us no tidings of the world buried in its silent depths. Ships he there, with their unreturning sallors still at their posts, or fallen asleep in the embrace of the lethean waters. There lie those steamers which went out from their docks blessed by a hun-

dred waving adleus, but never returned to receive a wanderer's greeting. Men and women went on voyages into those voiceless abysses, and no messenger has returned to whisper a syllable of their fate. Oh, vast, insatiate sea, that has engulfed fleets and argosies, and rendered no account of the destinies to which the hast consigned them, we challenge thy unresponsive deflance, we dare thy secret depths!

Come with me, reader, to the foam girt shores of rocky Nahant. We have learned to solve the mystery of the deep sea. We will go down under its billows and bring back tidings of the silent, watery realm. How incessantly the great waves break on these porphyry cliffs! They are white with rage at the unmoved resistence of the firm land. See, from beyond come the higher swells. like a caravan of heaving mountains, to continue the attack upon the shore. The surface of the sea is afoam with moving masses, which testify to a pitch or excitement at which we stand and tremble while transfixed by the sublimity of the всепе.

Here are the forms of seaweeds strewn along the shore—strange forms, beautiful, decorative forms, which grow in the gardens under the surf—torn up by this battle of the billows and the shore. They tell us of quiet retreats where the seamosses grow, and the tempest seldom intrudes. Down into those peaceful gardens we glide-along the stormy slope which separates them from the howling beach—the drifting slope where the sands are moving to and fro, and the fragments toru from the porphyry cliffs are beating their angles against the buried ledges. Onward we glide, discoverers in a new realm, until our feet touch the gardens of the ulvae-the green and black and purple nlvm - rooted in the restful mud, stretching their



graceful lengths unward toward the stormy surface, and the stimulating sun-No storm is raging here. light. agitations which stir above reach this retreat as tonder caressess, and the swaying fronds nod trustful dalliance with the rude forces of the waves, Beroud the fringe of the kelp, along parterres still more protected, we tread upon the fooling even a mean man like Dawsey. tender forms of the bronze and pink and

in the dim vestibule to the dark abysses which lie beyond and below. The crea-tures of the shore have scurried about us on our way-repelled by fear and attracted by the novelty of trespassers on their domain. Within this haff milefar within it—are the homes of the fishes with which are familier. This is the realm of the arfful crab and his case-mated allies -- skulking in the forests of seaweed to escape the hungry search of the roving shark: In this zone hordes of swimming and crawling creatures protect their lives by strategy, and prolong them by process. Now an autumoal chill perthe element which bathes vades us. On that summer which witnessed our start, day temperature of the water was perhaps 70 deg.—now it is 40 deg. A twilight has settled down on us. Looking upward toward the day which we have left, it is but a vellowish, dusky haze which overhangs. Clear as the water appeared to be, the sediment fleated from the land. seen through the distance of half a mile, shuts out the blue sky. "The dust of our continents to be" is settling down

relic-freighted sea bottom will be up-lifted into daylight, and other populations will settle on it and call it theirs. We pass on. Our distance from the shore becomes such that a mile of water hangs over us. The sediments from the land are diminished; but total darkness anuts us in. We grope. Nothing is vis-ible. No sound is heard. There seems to be no life. The species which dwell in twilight do not pass the wall of darkness, There are no more seaweeds-only dis toms and calcareous alga-plants with frames of silies, and the curious power of unconscious locomotion, swarming in the depths, and plants like vegetable

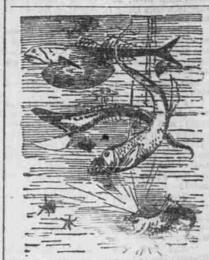
around us, and in another age the

It is a fearful realm which we are entering. There are no enemies to encounter. The pitfalls have been buried beneath the smooth slime which thouseds, perhaps millions of years have thrown down. But it is an unfrequented abode. There are no charts to show the way. There are no footpaths show the way. There are no too parties show the way. We know not what we shall be follow. We know not what we shall be to be to be the shall be the shall be the shall be to be the shall be the sh meet. Twilight is extinguished. The sparse sediment from the land can no longer be detected, but the forms of live

croscopio and multitudinous, ficat in clouds around us and over us. They are dead forms—abandoned homes of they creatures which swarm about in the sunlight near the surface. Abandoned, they are now settling down through the abodes of midnight and silence, and we are strewing the cold sea bottom with a white and chalky coze. We are two miles beneath daylight-shut in by a wall as impervious as if it were granite. Reyond us stretch the slopes of the ocean's floor, down three miles deeper. These are the abysmal plains. They cover half the earth's surface. Our thermometer has sunk to the freezing point. It is some degrees below freezing, yet this sea water does not solidify. The pressure is four to five tons on every quare inch of surface. The darkness is total: the silence is that of non-existence. We listen for the roar of the waves at the surface above. A storm is raging there. A stout steamer is creaking with the strains she can not long eudure. The mate is crying to the sailors in an agony of anxiety for the safety of his iron ship, and the hundreds of pas-sengers intrusted to its strength. We listen intently, but not a creak of the ship-not a blow of the wild waves sends a sound into the abysses where we are buried. Yet but three miles separate us from the storm. Can three miles create transitions so vast?

ing things, plant and animal-things m

We crawl over the plains. No hills and valleys are here-no diversity of peak



and gorge and plateau. We are mired in the Globigerina and Pteropod oozethe chalky precipitation from the tiny populations which have spent their lives in sunlight near the surface—coze the accumulation of a million years—the continuation of the chalk cliffs of England, once an abysmal sea bottom like this. But in the profoundest depths the rock has changed to a reddish clay, and this remarkable product is world-wide in its distribution. Here, too, de-scends the dust blown from the throats of volcanoes, and floated by the trade-winds around half the circumference of the globe. Here is the dust from Krakatoa, after floating years in the upper air, and painting a ruddy glow in a hundred sunset skies. And there falls the meteoric dust-the ashes of burntout meteors that flew swiftly for a thous and years through the interplanetary spaces—dust which flashed upon the vision of men who founded the early el pires—mingled with cosmic dust newly arrived from its slow journey down through the dark and slient and motionless depths of water.

We stand and gaze out into the black ness and chill which rest againstrus like bodles imbeded in a wall of masonry'. Days may pass, months and years, and not a sound comes out of the solitude which imprisons us; not a gleam reminds us that nature is not dead. We stand a century, and nothing stirs-nothing in those voiceless plains of death, though above us sweep the still, majestic currents which bring frost from the pole... This mud is the dust of centuries, which has been gathering since the ocean descended to take possession of its mystorious bed, shutting three-fifths of the man. Mingled with the clay are the relics of larger creatures have lived in the sea where sunlight cheers its populations-teeth of sharks, ear-bones of whales-not the accumulations of vesterday or of a century. They are the relics of creatures race has died out-Tertlary whales, the representatives of past cycle of geologic history. Nothing changes here. Cold and darkness prevent decay.

tender forms of the bronze and pink and yellow mosses which only the fiercest storms have hitherto brought to the beach for our admiration—caramiums, rinners, and the first of the second their fairy companions. He seek the fair of the second their fairy companions. He seek the fair of the second their fairy companions. He seek the fair of the second through the centuries, chilled into changelessness like mammoth carcasses encased in loe, still dreaming of the middle ages of the world. Here are grotesque articulates, perpetuated portraits of the quaint accestors of the ster and the crab-archaic fishes whose retarded development has left them ages behind in the march of progress. Few and widely scattered are these wanderers out of the world's antiquity, and they have not strayed to greater depths than three and one-third miles. No ray of light, we said. But a ph phorescent gleam breaks through the

wall of night. In the distance is a fishlike form bearing a curious appendage which seems to serve him as a lantern. It sheds a ghastly glow into the thickness of the solltude. This creature, then. has use for his eyes. Shut out from nature's sunlight, he is a feeble star to himself. His lantern-glow reveals the presence of other grotesque forms, with-out starlight and without eyes, Fisher Fishes they are, but stranger than fancy ever pictured. One has a mouth of five times the length of the body's diameter. The mouth of snoth opens to twice the length of the animals body, with a bag-like pouch, which would hold the entire body six times over. Another has glaring eyes like a teasaucer, strained to take in thit phosphorescence from his neigh-bor's lantern. Life is even here—arti-que, obsolete life, which the ages have ent by a devious path astray, arriving at our times a million years behind

But we must pause. Here is too much suggestion for us to contemplate. Our weird walk must come to an end. Leaving the reim of the palæozoic ghosts and shadows, we hall again the light and warmth for which we were made

Does the story sound like a fairy tale? We have not been down to visit the specter realm; its objects have t brougt up to us by the dredges of the and the American



Pelons, it is magical, 25 cts.

DEBR & SKIN

MER

EYAHO URINARY CATARRY, THROAT, NOSE, LUNG DISPASES





DILOGRAPH

With those who are most may to u
We live beside each other to you
And speak of myriad thinge
The full sweet word that lies
Beneath the commouplace of comm

Then out of sight and out of reach they go— These close, familiar friends who loved us so And sitting in the shadow they have left, Alone with loneliness, and sore hereft. We think with vain regret of some fond word That once we might have said and they he

For weak and poor the love that we express Now seems, beside the vast, sweet, on Now seems, beside the vast, sweet, one fessed;
And slight the doeds we did to those undone. And small the service spent to treasure with And undeserved the praise for word and deed That should have overflowed the simple need.

This is the cruel cross of life, to be Full-visioned only when the ministry Of death has been fulfilled, and in the place Of some dear presence is but empty space. What recollected services can then Give consolation for the "might have been" —[The Houstheepst

Ancient Gold Fringe. Dry Goods Chronicle.

The earliest term applied to the gold fringes that bordered the garments of the ancients, and that are supposed to have given the idea of lace, was Auriphrygium. word, though the work was not necessary rily executed by them. Canon Brock defrom Aurifrisis and Auphrygia, and con-

The Phrygian embroiderers in gold and silver were world famed, and hence the rives the more modern word 'Orphref' of goldsmith siders that these borders were the combined prods and embroiderer. "

(ES) 1

there was no school. It must be con-fessed that for this Cecil was devoutly three gowns, sleeves of one, body of liftse boys and girls who seemed on the another and skirt of a third, all of gay most familiar terms with Ally and who