

LET HER ROLL.

I know, I know, Where streamlets flow And ripples fling the sun To hollows far Where shadows are, And tinkle as they run. I know, I do, Where me and you, Lithe-limbed and glad of soul Skipped pebbles where The shallows flare, And where the rapids roll. The past was gone, The morrow's dawn Held nothing to affright, Nor me, nor you; Life's skies were blue, And kisses meant goodnight. And nights were wee 'Twixt thee and me, We stretched our days out long! Ere sweet Goodnight Showed ruffles from sight Sweet Morrow came along! And your two hands Were just the bands That held my world together; And held in stress By just a tress My soul ne'er tugged its tether. Let's live the then All o'er again In mem'ry to soul! The days were glad That we two had, So let the old world roll! -J. W. Lewis, in Houston Post.

THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE

By EMERSON HOUGH

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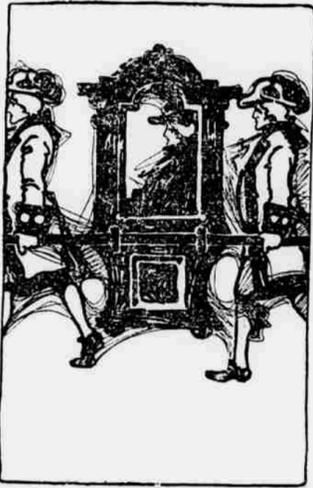
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CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

He cast on the table the Indian moccasin which had been shown the same party at the Green Lion a few evenings before. Eager hands reached for it. "Treachery!" cried Castleton. "I bid Du Mesne four pounds for the shoe myself." "Oh, ho!" said Pembroke, "so you too were after it. Well, the long purse won, as it doth ever. I secretly gave our wandering wood ranger, ex-galley slave of France, the neat sum of £25 for this little shoe. Poor fellow, he liked ill enough to part with it; but he said, very sensibly, that the £25 pounds would take him back to Canada, and once there he could not only get many such shoes, but see the maid who made this one for him, or, rather, made it for herself. As for me, the price was cheap. You could not replace it in all the exchange for any money. Moreover, to show my canniness, I've won back its cost a score of times this very night." He laughingly extended his hand for the moccasin, which Wilson was examining closely. "Tis clever made," said the latter. "And what a tale the owner of it carried. If half he says be true, we do ill to bide here in old England. Let us take ship and follow Monsieur du Mesne." "T'would be a long chase, mayhap," said Pembroke, reflectively. Yet each of the men at that little table in the gaming room of the Green Lion coffee-house ceased in his fingering the cards and gazed upon this product of another world. Pembroke was first to break the silence, and as he heard a footfall at the door, he called out: "Ho, fellow! Go fetch me another bottle of Spanish, and do not forget this time the brandy and water which I told thee to bring half an hour ago." The step came nearer, and as it did not retreat, but entered the room, Pembroke called out again: "Make haste, man, and go on!" The footsteps paused, and Pembroke looked up, as one does when a strange presence comes into the room. He saw, standing near the door, a tall and comely young man, whose carriage betokened him not ill-born. The stranger advanced and bowed gravely. "Pardon me, sir," he said, "but I fear I am awkward in thus intruding. The man showed me up the stair and bade me enter. He said that I should find here Sir Arthur Pembroke, upon whom I bear letters from friends of his in the north." "Sir," said Pembroke, rising and advancing, "you are very welcome, and I ask pardon for my unwitting speech." "I come at this hour and at this place," said the newcomer, "for reasons which may seem good a little later. My name is John Law, of Edinburgh, sir." All those present arose. "Sir," responded Pembroke, "I am delighted to have your name. I know of the acquaintance between your father and my own. These are friends of mine, and I am delighted to name ye to each other. Mr. Charles Castleton; Mr. Edward Wilson. We are all here to kill the ancient enemy, time. 'Tis an hour of night when one gains an appetite for one thing or another, cards or cold joint. I know not why we should not have a bit of both?"

"With your permission, I shall be glad to join ye at either," said John Law. "I have still the appetite of a traveler—in faith, rather a better appetite than most travelers may claim, for I swear I've had no more to eat the last day and night than could be purchased for a pair of shillings." Pembroke raised his eyebrows, scarce knowing whether to be amused at this speech or nettled by its cool assurance. "Some ill fortune?"—he began politely. "There is no such thing as ill fortune," quoth John Law. "We fall always of our own fault. Forsooth I must explore Roman roads by night. England hath builded better, and the footpads have the Roman ways. My brother Will—he waiteth below, if ye please, good friends, and is quite as hungry as myself, besides having a pricked finger to boot—and I lost that little we had about us, and we came through with scarce a good shirt between the two." A peal of laughter greeted him as he pulled apart the lapels of his coat and showed ruffles torn and disfigured. The speaker smiled gravely. "To-morrow," said he, "I must seek me out a goldsmith and a haberdasher, if you will be so good as to name such to me." "Sir," said Sir Arthur Pembroke, "in this plight you must allow me." He extended a purse which he drew from his pocket. "I beg you, help yourself." "Thank you, no," replied John Law. "I shall ask you only to show me the goldsmith in the morning, him upon whom I hold certain credits. I make no doubt that then I shall be quite fit again. I have never in my life borrowed a coin. Besides, I should feel that I had offended my good angel did I ask it to help me out of mine own folly. If we have but a bit of this cold joint, and a place for my brother Will to sit in comfort as we play, I shall beg to hope, my friends, that I shall be allowed to stake this trifle against a little of the money that I see here; which, I take it, is subject to the fortunes of war." He tossed on the board a ring, which carried in its setting a diamond of size and brilliance. "This fellow hath a cool assurance enough," muttered Beau Wilson to his neighbor as he leaned toward him at the table. Pembroke, always good-natured, laughed at the effrontery of the newcomer. "You say very well; it is there for the fortune of war," said he. "It is all yours, if you can win it; but I warn you, beware, for I shall have your jewel and your letters of credit too, if ye keep not sharp watch." "Yes," said Castleton, "Pembroke hath warrant for such speech. The man who can make sept et le va thrice in one evening is hard company for his friends." John Law leaned back comfortably in his chair. "I make no doubt," said he, "that I shall make trente et le va, here at this table, this very evening." Smiles and good-natured sneerings met this calm speech. "Trente et le va—it hath not come out in the history of London play for the past four seasons!" cried Wilson. "I'll lay you any odds that you're not within eye-sight of trente et le va these next five evenings, if you favor us with your company." "Be easy with me, good friends," said John Law, calmly. "I am not yet in condition for individual wagers, as my jewel is my fortune, till to-morrow at least. But if ye choose to make the piny at Landsknecht, I will plunge at the bank to the best of my capital. Then, if I win, I shall be blithe to lay ye what ye like." The young Englishmen sat looking at their guest with some curiosity. His strange assurance daunted them. "Good sir," said Law, "let us first of all have the joint." "I humbly crave a pardon, sir," said Pembroke. "In this new sort of discourse I had forgot thine appetite. We shall mend that at once. Here, Simon! Go fetch up Mr. Law's brother, who waits below, and fetch two covers and a bit to eat. Some of thy new Java berry, too, and make haste! We have much yet to do." "Now we must to business," cried Castleton, as the dishes were at last cleared away. "Show him thy talisman, Pem, and let him kiss his jewel good by." Pembroke threw upon the table once more the moccasin of the Indian girl. John Law picked it up and examined it long and curiously, asking again and again searching questions regarding its origin. "I have read of this new land of America," said he. "Some day it will be more prominent in all plans." He laid down the slipper and mused for a moment, apparently forgetful of the scene about him. "Perhaps," cried Castleton, the zeal of the gambler now showing in his eye. "But let us make play here to-night. Let Pembroke bank. His luck is best to win this vaunter's stake." Pembroke dealt the cards about for the first round. The queen fell. John Law won. "Deux," he said, calmly, and turned away as though it were a matter of course. The cards went round again. "Trois," he said, as he

glanced at his stakes, now doubled again. Wilson murmured. "Luck's with him for a start," said he, "but 'tis a long road." He himself had lost at the second turn. "Quint!" "Seix!" "Sept et le va!" in turn called Law, still coolly, still regarding with little interest the growing heap of coin upon the board opposite the glittering ring which he had left lying on the table. "Vingt-un, et le va!" "Good God!" cried Castleton, the sweat breaking out upon his forehead. "See the fellow's luck!—Pembroke, sure he hath stole thy slipper. Such a run of cards was never seen in this room since Rigby, of the Tenth, made his great game four years ago." "Vingt-cinq; et le va!" said John Law, calmly. "I'll lay thee 50 to one that the next turn sees thee lose!" cried Castleton. "Done," said John Law. "You lose, Mr. Castleton," said Law, calmly, as the cards came again his way. He swept his winnings from the coin pushed out to him. "Now we have thee, Mr. Law!" cried Pembroke. "One more turn, and I hope your very good nerve will leave the stake on the board, for so we'll see it all come back to the bank, even as the sheep came home at eventide. Here your lane turns. And 'tis at the last stage, for the next is the limit of the rules of the game. But you'll not win it." "Anything you like for a little personal wager," said the other, with no excitement in his voice. "Why, then, anything you like yourself sir," said Pembroke. "Your little slipper against £50?" asked John Law. "Why—yes—," hesitated Pembroke, for the moment feeling a doubt of the luck that had favored him so long that evening. "I'd rather make it sovereigns, but since you name the slipper, I even make it so, for I know there is but one chance in hundreds that you win." The players leaned over the table as the deal went on. Once, twice, thrice, the cards went round. A sigh, a groan, a long breath broke from those who looked at the deal. Neither groan nor sigh came from John Law. He gazed indifferently at the heap of coin and paper that lay on the table, and which by the law of play, was now his own. "Trente et le va," he said. "I knew that it would come. Sir Arthur, I half regret to rob thee thus, but I shall ask my slipper in hand paid. Pardon me, too, if I chide thee for risking it in play. Gentlemen, there is much in this little shoe, empty as it is." He dangled it upon his finger, hardly looking at the winnings that lay before him. "Tis monstrous pretty, this little shoe," he said, rousing himself from his half reverie. "But heard you not the wager which was proposed over the little shoe?" broke in Castleton. "Wilson, here, was angered when I laid him odds that there was but one woman in London who could wear this shoe. I offered him odds that his good friend, Kittle Lawrence—" "Nor bad ye the right to offer such bet!" cried Wilson, ruffled by the doings of the evening. "I'll lay you myself there's no woman in England whom you know with foot small enough to wear it," cried Castleton. "Meaning to me?" asked Law, politely. "To any one," cried Castleton, quickly. "but most to thee, I fancy, since 'tis now thy shoe?" "I'll lay you 40 crowns, then, that I know a smaller foot than that of Madam Lawrence," said Law, suavely. "I'll lay you another 40 crowns that I'll try it on for the test, though I first saw the lady this very morning. I'll lay you another 40 crowns that Madam Lawrence cannot wear this shoe, though her I have never seen." These words rankled, though they were said off-hand and with the license of coffee-house talk at so late an hour. Beau Wilson rose, in a somewhat unsteady attitude, and, turning towards Law, addressed him with a tone which left small option as to its meaning. "Sirrah!" cried he, "I know not who you are, but I would have a word or two of good advice for you!"



TO THE OFFICES OF THE BANK OF LONDON.

"Sir, I thank you," said John Law, "but perhaps I do not need advice." He did not rise from his seat. "Have it then at any rate, and be civil!" cried the older man. "You seem a swaggering sort, with your talk of love and luck, and such are sure to get their combs cut early enough here among Englishmen. I'll not tolerate your allusion to a lady you have never met, and one I honor deeply, sir, deeply!" "I am but a young man started out to seek his fortune," said John Law, his eye kindling now for the first time, "and I should do very ill if I evaded that fortune, whatsoever it may be." "Then you'll take back that talk of Mrs. Lawrence!" "I have made no talk of Mrs. Lawrence, sir," said Law, "and even had I, I should take back nothing for a demand like yours. 'Tis not meet, sir, where no offense was meant, to crowd in an offensive remark." Pembroke said nothing. The situation was ominous enough at this point. A sudden gravity and dignity fell upon the young men who sat there, schooled in an etiquette whose first lesson was that of personal courage. "Sirrah!" cried Beau Wilson, "I perceive your purpose. If you prove good enough to name lodgings where you may be found by my friends, I shall ask leave to bid you a very good night." So speaking, Wilson flung out of the room. A silence fell upon those left within. "Sirs," said Law, a moment later, "I beg you to bear witness that this is no matter of my seeking or accepting. This gentleman is a stranger to me. I hardly got his name fair." "Wilson is his name, sir," said Pembroke, "a very good friend of us all. He is of good family, and doth keep his coach-and-four like any gentleman. For him we may vouch very well." "Wilson!" cried Law, springing now to his feet. "'Tis not him known as Beau Wilson? Why, my dear sirs, his father was friend to many of my kin long ago. Why, sir, this is one of those to whom my mother bade me look to get my first ways of London well laid out." "These are some of the ways of London," said Pembroke, grimly. "But is there no fashion in which this matter can be accommodated?" Pembroke and Castleton looked at each other, rose and passed him, each raising his hat and bowing courteously. "Your servant, sir," said the one; and, "Your servant, sir," said the other. CHAPTER V. DIVERS EMPLOYMENTS OF JOHN LAW. "And when shall I send these garments to your lordship?" asked the haberdasher, with whom Law was having speech on the morning following the first night in London. "Two weeks from to-day," said Law, "in the afternoon, and not later than four o'clock. I shall have need for them." "Sir," said he, "I should be glad to please not only a friend of Sir Arthur Pembroke, but also a gentleman of such parts as yourself. I hesitate to promise—" "But you must promise," said John Law. "Well, then, I do promise! I will have this apparel at your place on the day which you name. 'Tis most extraordinary, but the order shall be executed." Law but half heard him, for he was already turning toward the door, where he beckoned again for his waiting chair. "To the offices of the Bank of England," he directed. And forthwith he was again jogging through the crowded streets of London. The offices of the Bank of England, to which this young adventurer now so nonchalantly directed his course, were then not housed in any such stately edifice as that which now covers the heart of the financial world, nor did the location of the young and struggling institution, in a by-street of the great city, tend to give dignity to a concern which still lacked importance and assuredness. Thither, then, might have gone almost any young traveler who needed a letter of credit cashed, or a bill changed after the fashion of the passing goldsmiths. Yet it was not as mere transient customer of a money-changer that young Law now sought the Bank of England, nor was it as a commercial house that the bank then commanded attention. That bank, young as it was, had already become a pillar of the throne of England. William, distracted by wars abroad and factions at home, found his demands for funds ever in excess of the supply. More than that, the people of England discovered themselves in possession of a currency fluctuating, mutilated and unstable, so that no man knew what was his actual fortune. The shrewd young financier, Montague, chancellor of the exchequer, who either by wisdom or good fortune had sanctioned the founding of the Bank of England, was at this very time addressing himself to the question of the recoinage of the specie of the realm of England. He needed help, he demanded ideas; nor was he too particular whence he obtained either the one or the other. [To Be Continued.]

NOT SUPERLATIVELY POOR! Land That a Poverty-Stricken Man Was Not Bad Enough Of to Want. Bourke Cockran was condemning a certain popular novel, relates the New York Tribune. "This novel," he said, "is as poor and barren as Elmo county land." "Is Elmo county land very poor and barren?" asked one of Mr. Cockran's interlocutors. "Is it?" said he. "Well, I should say it is. Once two strangers rode on horseback through Elmo county, and the barrenness of the land amazed them. Nothing but weeds and rocks everywhere. As they passed a farmhouse they saw an old man sitting in the garden, and they said: 'Poor chap! Poor, poverty stricken old fellow!' The old man overheard them, and called out in a shrill voice: 'Gents, I hain't so poor an' poverty stricken as ye think. I don't own none o' this land.' In the Spring. Lowndes, Mo., April 4th.—Mrs. H. C. Harty, of this place, says: 'For years I was in very bad health. Every spring I would get so low that I was unable to do my own work. I seemed to be worse in the spring than any other time of the year. I was very weak and miserable and had much pain in my back and head. I saw Dodd's Kidney Pills advertised last spring and began treatment of them and they have certainly done me more good than anything I have ever used. I was all right last spring and felt better than I have for over ten years. I am fifty years of age and am stronger to-day than I have been for many years and I give Dodd's Kidney Pills credit for the wonderful improvement.' The statement of Mrs. Harty is only one of a great many where Dodd's Kidney Pills have proven themselves to be the very best spring medicine. They are unsurpassed as a tonic and are the only medicine used in thousands of families. Not as Other Women. Mrs. Brown—You don't seem to like Mrs. White? Mrs. Black—Oh, I like her well enough, but then she is so eccentric. She actually thinks one should dress for comfort and not for looks.—Boston Transcript. BALD HEADS COVERED With Luxuriant Hair, and Scaly Scalps Cleaned and Purified by Cuticura Soap. Assisted by dressings of Cuticura, the great skin cure. This treatment at once stops falling hair, removes crusts, scales and dandruff, destroys hair parasites, soothes irritated, itching surfaces, stimulates the hair follicles, loosens the scalp skin, supplies the roots with energy and nourishment, and makes the hair grow upon a sweet, wholesome, healthy scalp, when all else fails. Complete external and internal treatment for every humor, from pimples to scrofula, from infancy to age, consisting of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills, price \$1.00. A single set is often sufficient to cure. With Interest. Magician—Why, here's a quarter in your eye, sir! How'd it get there, I wonder? Village Chump—Well, I swan! It must be that penny I swallowed 25 years ago.—Boston Post. Moravian Barley and Speltz, two great cereals, makes growing and fattening hogs and cattle possible in Dak., Mont., Ida., Colo., yes everywhere, and add to above Salzer's Billion Dollar Grass, Teosinte, which produces 80 tons of green fodder per acre, Salzer's Earliest Cane, Salzer's 60 Day Oats and a hundred of other rare farm seeds that they offer. JUST CUT THIS OUT AND RETURN IT with 10c in stamps to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and get their big catalog and lots of farm seed samples. [K. L.] It is, of course the unexpected that always happens, but that doesn't make any difference to the I-told-you-so person.—Luck. Shake Into Your Shoes Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. People who like to tell their troubles dislike to listen to the troubles of others.—Chicago Daily News. Stops the Cough and works off the cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25 cents. He who thinks to deceive everybody deceives nobody but himself.—Ram's Horn. Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900. Circumstances do not make the only conditions in life.—Ram's Horn. Money refunded for each package of Putnam Fadeless Dyes if unsatisfactory. A word to the wise is superfluous.—Yale Record. OLD PEOPLE are not in a physical condition to experiment. You can't afford it. That is why we recommend Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin for old people. It acts upon the kidneys, liver and bowels, and if you keep those three organs in good condition you are sure to feel well. It's guaranteed by your druggist at 50c and \$1.00. PEPSIN SYRUP CO., Monticello, Ill.