THE WAY TO WIN.

Edward Stone stood impatiently upon the top step of his Uncle Dan's stately residents. There was not the slightest sign of life anywhere around, the whole front part of the house was closed and without eliciting any response he was about to conclude that there was no one within hearing when a head was thrust out of one of the upper windows.

"Young man go around to the side door."

Considerably startled by this unexpected address, the young man obeyed. Upon the porch, brushing away the leaves that covered it, was a young girl of fifteen. She looked very pretty as she stood there, the bright autumnal sunshine falling on the round white arms and uncovered head.

Sitting down her broom, she ushered him into the medium-sized plainly furnished room, which gave no reputation of the reputed wealth of its owner.

The young man took a seat, brushed a few flakes of dust from the lappel of his coat, ran his fingeres through his carefully arranged locks, and thus delivered himself.

"Tell your master that his nephew, Edward Stone, is here.

A faint smile touched the rosy lips, and with a demure "Yes sir," the girl vanished.

A few minutes later an elderly gentleman entered, with intelligent, strongly marked features, and a shrewd look in his eye which seemed to take the measure of his visitor at a glance.

"Well sir, what is your business with me."

"I am your nephew, Edward Stone."

"So my daughter told me. What do you want."

"I came to pay my respects to you sir."

"Yes; but what do you want me to do for you."

"I was thinking of going into business, and I thought I would come and talk it over with you and ask you to give me a lift."

"What better capital do you want than you already have? A strong able-bodied young man wanting a lift. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. What have you been doing?"

Edwards face flushed with anger at this unceremonious language; but feeling that he could not afford to quarrel with his wealthy relative, he gave no other indication of it."

"I've been in a store since I left school, two years ago."

"Saved nothing from your salary, I suppose?"

"No; it's only five hundred—not more than enough for my expenses."

"Humph? You are not able to dress yourself out of it, I preceive. I have known men to rear and educate a large family on five hundred a year, and if you are unable to save anything you certainly are not fit to go into business on your own account. When I was your age, my income was less than three hundred, and I saved half of it. What is your business you want to engage in.

"Stationery and books. Six hundred dollars will buy it, as the owner is obliged to sell; a rare chance. I don't ask you to give me the amount, only to lend it; I will give my note, with interest."

"Young man, I have several such papers already. You can have all of them for five dollars, and I warn you that it will prove a bad investment at that. I can give you some advice though, which, if you follow, will be worth to you a good many times over the amount you ask. But you won't do it."

"How do you know that?" said Edward, with a smile, who began to feel more at home with his eccentric relation. "I'd like to hear it, any way."

"Well, here it is. Go back to your place in the store, and save three dollars a week from your salary, which you can easily do: learning in the meantime, all you possibly can in regard to the business you intend to pursue. At the end of four years you will have the capital you seek, together with sufficent experience and judgement to know how to use it, and, better still, it will be yours, earned by your own industry and self denial, and worth more to you than ten times that amount got in any other way. Then come and see me again. You would rather have my money than advice, I dare say," said Mr. Stone as Edward rose to go; "but we'll be better friends in four years hence if I let you have it. Sit down, nephew then the train you will have to take won't leave until six in the evening. You must stay to tea; I want you to see what a complete little housekeeper I have, and make you acquainted with her."

"Polly!" he cried out, opening the door into the hall.

In prompt obedience to this summons a rosy-checked, bright-eyed girl tripped in. The neat print dress had been exchanged for a pretty merino but our hero did not fail to recognized her, and his face flushed painfully as he, did so.

"Polly," continued her father, "this is your cousin Edward. He leaves on the six o'clock train, and I want you to make his short stay with us as pleasant as possible. Polly's my little housekeeper," he added, turning to his nephew; "I hire a woman for the rough work, and she does the rest. When she's eighteen she will have all the servants she wants, but she must serve her apprenticeship first. It may stand her in good stead; she may take it in her head to marry some poor man, as her mother did before her. Eh! my girl?"

Mary's only reply to this was a smile and a blush. Our hero was considerably embarassed by the recollection of the mistake he had made but the quietly cordial greeting of the young hostess soon put him completely at his ease.

At her father's request—who was very proud of his daughter's varied accomplishments—Mary sang and played for her cousin; and his visit ended in singular contrast to the stormy way it commenced. Edward refused the five dollar note tendered to him by his uncle at parting, for his traveling expenses.

The old man smiled as he returned the note to his pocket-book.

"He's a sensible young chap, after all," he remarked to his daughter, as the door closed after their guest. It's in him, if it can only be brought out. We shall see—we shall see."

"A good deal for father to say," was Mary's inward comment, who thought her cousin the most agreeable young man she had ever met.

Three years later Mr. Stone and his daughter paused in front of a small but neat looking shop, on the plate-glass door of which were these words

EDWARD STONE.
Stationery and Book Store.

It being too early in the day for customers, they found the proprietor alone, whose face flushed with pride and pleasure as he greeted them.

"I got your card, nephew," said the old man, with a cordial clasp of the hand, "and called around to see how you were getting along. I thought it was about time I gave you the little gift you asked of me about three years ago. You need, it though."

"Not at present, thank you uncle," was the cheerful response. "Curiously enough, it is the same business that I wanted to buy then The man who took it had to borrow the money to purchase it with, getting so much involved that he had to sell at a sacrifice."

"Just what you wanted to do."

Edward smiled at the point made by his uncle.

"It isn't what I've done, though. I've saved four dollars a week from my salary for the last three years, and so was not only able to pay the money down, but had fifty dollars besides."

"Bravo" cried the delighted old man, with another grasp of the hand that made our hero wince "I am proud of you! You're bound to succeed. I see without anybod's help. I told your cousin Polly that, when she was eighteen, I'd buy her a house in the city: that she should furnish it to suit herself, and have all the servants she wanted, and I've kept my word. Come around and see us whenever you can; you'll always find the latch-string out."

Edward did not fail to accept the invitation so frankly extended, a very pleasant intimacy growing up between the three during the twelve months that followed. Our hero's business grew and prospered, until he began to think of removing to a larger place. His uncle had given him several liberal orders, as well as sent him a number of customers, but said nothing more about assisting him in any other way until Christmas eve. Entering the room, where Edward and his daughter were sitting he said:

"I musn't delay any longer the 'little litt' I promised you, nephew and which you have well earned!"

Edward glanced from the five thousand dollar check to the lovely face at his, and then to that of the speaker.

"You are very kind, uncle—far kinder than I deserve; but—

"But what, lad? Speak out! Would you prefer it in some other form?"

Edward's fingers closed tenderly and strongly over the hand that had taken.

"Yes, uncle—in this."

The old man looked keenly from one to the other.

"You are asking a good deal nephew, Polly have you been encouraging this young man in this presumption?"

"I'm afraid I have, father," was the smiling response.

The father's eyes moistened.

"Then go, my daughter. I give you to worthy keeping, and if you make your husband's heart as happy as your mother made mine during the few short years that she tarried by my side, he will be blessed indeed."

THE YOUNGER BOYS.

Jim Younger Reported Dead—And Cole said to be Rapidly Approaching His End.

Jim Younger died a few days ago in the Minnesota penitentiary. Jim, like Cole, was shot several times while endeavoring to escape from Northfield after the bank robbery. Cole is said to be rapidly approaching his end, which will leave only Bob alive.—*Osceola Sun.*

The foreign news item, or one similar in purport, has been going the rounds of Missouri papers for three or four weeks, and has subsequently appeared in this paper. Recently a *Democrat* representative met a gentleman whose acquaintanceship with the Younger Boys was such that he could speak with some authority. He says if Jim Younger was dead, his relations in St. Clair County were then ignorant of the fact; but it would be no surprise to them to hear of Cole Younger's death. In reply to enterrogation he said that soon after Jim was incarcerated, a young student of dentistry visited him. He extracted nearly the entire jaw bone on one side, supplanted it with a mechanical contrivance over and around which the flesh nicely healed, and about one year ago, for the first time since his incarceration, he was able to eat solid food. Cole Younger has been wounded twenty times, and most of the balls were yet in his body. The most serious, and one from which he suffered, was a load of shot which struck him just above the shoulders, near the base of his skull. This shot knocked him dowa and he was left for dead. Finally he recovered consciousness and crawled into the brush. The *Democrat's* informant made the further statement that Cole Younger said Frank James did not participate in the affair at Northfield, and if he was convicted of train robbery somebody would commit perjury. It was further intimated that a person—unknown to the general public—was the moving spirit and projector of these roberies, all of which were credited to the Youngers and James'. This man was living in retirement and unsuspected.—Clinton *Democrat*

A five-year old boy in South Carolina was given a pistol to play with, and shot himself through the head.

Love at first sight in Los Angelos led to marriage in five hours, and a complaint of battery in seven days.

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