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VOLUME I.

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NUMBER 7.

W.P. Campbell

THE TOP FLOOR.

Not a sparrow build their nests
Underneath the eaves;
I can almost touch their breasts
In the straw and leaves.
From the housetop o'er the way
Curious pigeons peer
At me as I rhyme each day—
Only tenant here.

How they peep, and coo and hiss
All the bright day long!
I can learn a trick from this:
Love—and then a song!
Song for six-pence! It is well:
For the music floats
Freely as the notes that swell
From the birds' clear throats.

Here's a song then: Life is sweet,
Though it hurries by;
Cheerily the world I greet,
Up six stories high.
Knowing little of its cares,
Closer to the skies;
Loves—who will not climb the stairs—
In the window flies.

And I hold a man may love
Nobly, truly, when
He is lodged so far above
All his fellow-men!
For he breathes a purer air:
Days are never dull;
Stars that tinge the atmosphere
Brighter seem to him.

Suns are warmer—or, at least,
Shine with greater grace;
Nature in his soul's high priest,
And his temple—his place!
And the world's rude voices rise
Murmuringly aloft:
For the distance to the skies
Melts and mutes them soft.

In a garret life must be
Far from busy throngs;
Little sparrow, chirp to me:
Teach my soul your songs!
Teach me that God's world is sweet,
Though I never see
With the print of children's feet
In the paths of love.

Sing and build your little nests
Underneath the eaves;
Though the heart that loves you rests
With life's fallen leaves.
Sing! for life is kind and sweet
As it hurries by;
Cheerily the world I greet,
Up two stories high!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.



THE TROUBLE-SOME

BY PATIENCE STAPLETON

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

While she spoke the basket in her hand tilted up and down, and a mysterious whine came out of it. Mrs. Minny, wide awake, was being entertained by the white-headed trier; they were discussing whether they would rather have a baby or a dog to play with; they decided in favor of the latter, for they never had a canine friend, while there was new baby every year or so; in fact, the oldest girl had a careworn look on account of her duties as nurse. In the door of the house appeared a white-headed child, who called out, shrilly:

"Lady wants to know what's squeaking out here."

"Says she's going to get up and see, if Dr. A. doesn't come and tell her," shrieked a second white-head.

Miss Patten opened the basket, and a fluffy mass of disapproval bounced out, spun around, and made a vicious dash at Miss Patten's ankles, while she stood a statue of patient endurance.

"I'm used to it. He hates the basket," she said, shaking him off. "I can't blame him, for I've fetched him clear from Boston."

"Says she just knows it's her dog," yelled the third white-head; and the doctor, with various inane ejaculations, coaxed the dog to the house. Luckily Mrs. Macon removed the infant, for, with a wild bark, Skye leaped on the bed, kissed his mistress's wan face, her hands, uttering joyful little curlics, and then, remembering old days, buried himself in a little round heap at her feet, looking at her with affectionate eyes.

"Put the baby down and see if he'll growl," commanded Mrs. Minny.

"You heartless thing!" scolded Dr. John.

Mrs. Macon gingerly laid the baby on the bed. Skye sat up, all interest and amazement, then with depressed de-meanor slunk to his feet and scuttled



SHE KNELT DOWN AND GATHERED BOTH TO HER BREAST.

over the side of the bed out of the room. How Mrs. Minny laughed! Miss Patten heard her.

"It's many long days since I could laugh," she said, grimly.

"She is only a child," said Oliver. He wished he had not come; he should have sent his clerk.

"Is Aunt Hannah out there?" asked Minny, softly.

"Yes. She brought the dog."

"Is she very, very angry with me?" piteously. "I did not want to be caught and made to go home. I want to tell her, though, if she worried how sorry I am."

"She can come if you will be quiet and let her do the talking," cautioned Dr. John.

"I'll be good," she answered, eagerly. "You know I do everything you tell me to. What will she think of him?"—with a look of pride at the red-faced bundle. "After that she can never call me frivolous again. Why, she's quite a young thing in experience beside me. Wasn't she good to bring my dog?"

Aunt Hannah meant to be severe and

could, perhaps to speak her mind a little; she had not forgiven the long, anxious months; but the sight of the girl lying there white and frail, the baby in her arms, softened the stern old face, and with a sob she knelt down and gathered both to her breast.

CHAPTER VII.

"Craig," said Dr. John, sitting down on a nail-chair, "why did you come here?"

"Because you sent for a lawyer and for Miss Patten. I connected the mystery with the young lady I had assisted to run away, whose fate has been a good deal of trouble to me ever since. I wanted to help her, if need be. Is she very ill?"

"Getting better fast. It was mad folly to start on a journey sick as she was. I don't blame you, Craig, for that long ride and the risk you ran; she is very winning, this troublesome little lady, and brave too. It is a wonder what a woman can endure, a slight frail creature whose hand you could crush in your fingers."

"But she had those papers, unsealably, 'plenty of money, had she not?'"

"She was traveling in the day coach, and has, I think, about five dollars in a shabby little purse. Miss Patten was right when she said we should not see Mrs. Minny until the money you gave her was all gone. Where has she been all these long months? By her finding the dog, Miss Patten probably knows now."

"Yes, and it was as I thought—something entirely original. Near Boston Mrs. de Restaud got acquainted with an elderly fellow who ran some sort of a retreat for aged pets, invalid dogs and cats. The idea was so novel Mrs. Minny decided to stop over and see the place. Finding Mrs. Blinn agreeable, and Syke contented in the society of his kind at the retreat, she remained. She met a sailor from Newcastle in the street one day, and he told her Miss Patten had not been home for a long time. So she decided to write anyone, but to remain hidden. One day a few weeks ago she came home from the village much upset, and noted oddly; she had either seen some one or read something in a newspaper, for the village storekeeper saw her poring over one, looking much upset. Two days later, leaving a note containing board for her dog, she disappeared. This Mrs. Blinn, who seems to be a good sort of a person, worried a great deal, looking for her everywhere, and in her search wrote to the postmaster at Newcastle, for she had heard Mrs. Minny speak of having been there. Through that letter Miss Patten found Skye, and then started for Denver."

"She may have seen De Restaud, or that servant o', his," mused the doctor.

"Well, now you are here—though I'd much rather a stranger had come—I want you to draw up a paper setting forth the facts in this case in proper legal phraseology."

"I fail to comprehend just what you mean."

"You see," explained the doctor, "the French people are particular about documents; and between the property of De Restaud's father and this child of Mrs. Minny's there is only a feeble child."

"Mrs. Minny's child?" repeated Oliver.

"Why, of course. Perhaps I had not mentioned it. A nice boy—healthy, I think, and bound to outlive his cousin across the sea. The little chap born in that poor place, that switchman's house, may be the heir of millions. So there must be a law in his title or the record of his birth."

"A child, and she here friendless, almost alone," Oliver's face saddened.

"Poor little thing!" he muttered, "what a hard world it has been for her!"

"She is sensible about it, too," went on Dr. John. "She wanted me to write for a lawyer and have everything straight."

"Did she suggest sending for me?" asked Oliver, oddly.

"No," she said. "No; she has forgotten you, old boy. Women are not particularly grateful. Then it has been a long time since she saw or heard of you. Your vanity may be hurt, but it is not better that she has forgotten?"

"Undoubtedly," Oliver said, coldly. He went toward the house hurriedly.

"A freight train passes here in a half hour! I will go on that; so get your papers ready and have the people here sign their statements. Miss Patten should also get that Mrs. Blinn to give an account of Mrs. de Restaud's stay at her house."

Mrs. Macon cleared the kitchen table and brought pen and ink. Oliver wrote swiftly, comparing his notes with the doctor's remembrance and Mrs. Macon's assertions. Finally she and her husband signed their statements, the doctor his, and then Oliver looked at the clock. How hard that writing had been to him no one ever knew. From the closed door came the murmur of voices—one that thrilled every nerve and set his heart for beating. A feeble cry now and then sounded strangely—the little that had come in this far-off place and that might mean so much in the future. Outside, the white-headed children played in the sunshine. Skye, liberated from his hideous basket, which he always regarded with terror and plaintive whines, rolled with then, glad of his freedom. How infinitely painful to record those facts before him, and to think of her as he had seen her first, that child woman in her clinging yellow gown petalled like a flower with its wide ruffle, her glowing hair, her beautiful pathetic eyes! She had gone so far from those days in bitter experience and suffering. Was she changed, grown saddened and old, care-worn with thought?—a calculating woman, forced to be for the child's sake? Odd, in his mental picture of her he could find no place for the child. He could remember her with the little Skye terrier and that childish manner, but as a woman, a mother, never.

Ill, friendless, homeless, no waif of the streets was ever more desolate

than she when she stepped off the train at this barren spot, forced to accept the charity of strangers. Her dead father would have risen from his grave could he have known. His every thought, his sister said, had been for little Minny. Well it is the dead do not know.

"How fortunate you were on that train!" Oliver said, suddenly.

Dr. John started. "Me? Yes, it was, and that I should have found our little runaway. I own up I looked for her all the time I was away."

The door opened and Miss Patten came softly in.

"She is asleep, poor dear," she said, gently. "I guess my eyes are red. I was upset, and she don't seem to think she done any harm in not letting me know where she was, she was so desirous and scared-like."

"When you return to Boston," said Oliver, "have Mrs. Blinn make a statement of Mrs. de Restaud's stay in her house. I must caution you also to be very careful of the marriage certificates and all other papers you may have concerning your niece."

"You can trust me," said Miss Patten, grimly. "I took 'em away from that farm of theirs when I was a visiting there, and I mean Minnie's baby shall have his rights, for he's part Patten, anyway, and would 'a' been my brother Sam's grandson. Sorry I be the ain't alive to see him. Minny says she saw a Boston paper that offered a reward for her whereabouts or any information concerning her, giving her name right out in the paper, and that was what made her go away from Mrs. Blinn's, who was a kind, good woman, if she is in a foolish business; but I don't know why dogs and cats shouldn't be took care of, and folks in Boston is always running to some new freak. Minny evidently thought Mrs. Blinn would tell on her and get the reward; but Mrs. Blinn said she'd 'a' done by Minny as her own child."

"Was that what made her come west?" asked Dr. John.

"The poor little soul thought it her duty to go to her husband, brute as he is," said Miss Patten, brokenly. "And to think that I said she was frivolous and hadn't no stability! As much grit as I've got, I wouldn't dare go to that wolf's den on the Troublesome and to be in that man's power. I always thought he wa'n't right in his mind. Minny cal'lated on account of the baby he'd be more kind, and for the baby's sake she ought to make up with him."

Oliver drummed idly on the window-sill. Dr. John walked up and down the room, that had grown so still one could hear the ticking of the clock.

"Wimmen," said the switchman, slowly, "don't git no credit for bein' brave and gin' through things 'count of what they thinks is their duty. My

wife thinks it's her'n to live here 'count of me, when she left a good home back east. That little woman in there is larlin' the woman natur' of endurein' for a man; but where my wife 'ud live and make comfort out of it, she'd jest lie down an' die a-frettin'."

"You've read her right," said Miss Patten, solemnly, "an' I'm gin' to take her home with me. She ain't gin' no further west, nor to no lone farms in mountain valleys, which was nearly the death of her afore."

Oliver glanced at the clock, then abruptly said good-by. He left no message for Mrs. de Restaud, nor did Miss Patten ask him for one. She was right in her ideas of what was proper, and he respected her for it.

"P'raps," she hesitated, "you'd like to see the baby. I could fetch him out without waking him."

"No," Oliver smiled; "a city bachelor, as you called me once, Miss Patten, has no interest in infants. I—I think I should be rather afraid of him."

He and the doctor walked up and down beside the track, waiting for the train. The latter had his big pipe but not his flowered dressing-gown. His embroidered cap was at the retreat for invalid pets. Skye had not chewed it. Mrs. Minny asserted, for she meant to keep it forever, especially now, as he was such a dear man.

"She—she—likes the baby?" Oliver asked, awkwardly, as he lit a cigar.

"I am sorry to say she does not manifest any rupture at all. I think she was more delighted to see her dog. I always have the idea when I see her with young Francois that she is a little girl playing with her doll. She is afraid of him if he cries, and moans because he has black eyes and looks like the Frenchman."

"Well," said Oliver, smiling sadly, "the chapter is ended. I have turned a page in my life's story. She will be safe and sheltered now, and I delegate to you my position as adviser. In the next moment Mrs. Minny makes you must be the assistant. There is my train; and so good-by."

Oliver thought the whole affair would pass from his mind, especially as Dr. John on his return said they had gone to Maine and Mrs. Minny had never mentioned him; but one day a month from that time at the switchman's house a letter came to Oliver. He looked at the scrawly superscription, the post-mark Newcastle, and he knew well Hannah Patten did not attempt an Italian hand. He smiled with pleasure; it was good

to be remembered after the long silence, and he had braved many dangers for that ungrateful young woman, the worst an encounter with her friend had brought.

"DEAR MR. OLIVER: To think you were so near and I could not see you! I cried when they told me. I am not going to pay your money back yet until I get my own from Mr. de Restaud. We have put our case in the hands of an old lawyer here who was a college-mate of my dear dead father, and he thinks I ought to get a divorce, and has written to Mr. de Restaud. We will watch the baby closely, for fear Henri will try to steal him. I have never thanked you for helping me run away. How good you were! I think of you often, but Aunt Hannah will never speak of you, and folks here think it is dreadful to be divorced. They say I am also that married a Frenchman—I suppose they think he is from Canada—and is going into the courts to get a separation from him. For no fault of mine I must be disgraced. Even Aunt Hannah admits I never ought to go back to him; it would be a shame."

"I had a nice time at that dog's home; it was a funny place, with the nicest old dogs and cats. Skye had a grand time. One dog was fifteen years old and had to be fed on gruel. Still, I think taking care of poor animals is better than theosophy and those fads, and Boston does have some real good freaks, and all other papers you may have concerning your niece."

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Gleaned By Telegraph and Mail.

PERSONAL AND POLITICAL.

The bill of Senator Martin, of Kansas, favoring the Oklahoma sooner was laid by the senate committee on public lands until next session to enable the committee to more fully inquire into its respective effect.

The deadlock was broken in the Oregon legislature a few minutes before final adjournment near midnight on the 23d by the election of George W. McBride to the United States senate to succeed Senator Dolph. The legislature was on the point of adjourning sine die when a final ballot was taken. One member who had supported Dolph, when his name was called voted for McBride, and the republicans immediately went over to the "dark horse," giving him the election. The new senator has served several terms as secretary of state in Oregon and is very popular. The silver men refused to support Dolph for a re-election.

The advocates of free silver, who have been in session at Washington, feel confident that they will be able to organize a new party. A platform was agreed upon which plants the whole party on the plank of free silver, eliminating all other demands of the populist platform of 1892.

A MOTION was carried in the British house of commons on the 25th urging upon the government the desirability of co-operating with other nations in an international congress to consider what measures could be taken in regard to the growing divergence in the relative value of gold and silver.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL RUSSELL on the 27th placed in the hands of President Cleveland his resignation, to be accepted upon the appointment of his successor.

ACCORDING to dispatches received from Cuba, the rebels in the province of Santiago de Cuba number about 120 men, the insurrection at Baire had been quelled, the Spanish troops had defeated the band of rebels reported to have assembled in the province of Matanzas and advised confirmed the report that Manuel Garcia, the notorious rebel leader, was killed during the engagement. The Spanish troops were actively pursuing the rebels.

THE president sent to the senate on the 25th the nomination of Congressman William L. Wilson for postmaster-general. Senator Vilas, chairman of the committee on post-offices, instead of calling a meeting of the committee to consider Mr. Wilson's nomination, polled the members of the committee and obtained unanimous consent to make a favorable report. The report will be made at the next executive session.

THE president has sent to the house his veto of two bills granting rights of way through the Indian territory to the Arkansas & Northern Railroad Co. and the Oklahoma Central Railroad Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GUY and Ellison Keel, brothers of Iverson Keel, who died from a bullet wound received in a fight with United States marshall some two months ago, went to Ardmore, I. T., on the 28th to avenge their brother's death. At night they opened fire on a posse of officers, who went to arrest them. Guy was shot in the head, but was still alive, and his brother was lurking around in town.

AN excursion train going to Mexico City, Mex., on the 25th, on the Interoceanic railroad met with an accident. While rounding a curve on the side of a mountain five coaches jumped the track and went down the canyon. Forty-two people were killed and thirty or more seriously injured.

In the United States circuit court at Fort Smith, Ark., on the 27th the jury returned a verdict against the outlaw Cherokee Bill of guilty of murder. He received the verdict with a contemptuous laugh.

THE White Ash coal mine near Cerrillos, N. M., was the scene of an awful explosion on the 27th, due, it was thought, to the accidental breaking into an abandoned chamber charged with gas. Thirty-seven men were known to be working in the four levels at the time of the explosion. Twenty-two dead bodies have been recovered. The scene round the entrance to the mine was pathetic. Frantic mothers with their children clinging to their skirts were praying and crying, while willing workers were trying to get further into the mine.

Dress reform was the theme of discussion at the session of the National Council of Women at Washington on the 27th. The hall was crowded as a result of the announcement of the topic and many of the prominent members of the council contributed papers. The dress committee made a vigorous protest against the present cumbersome skirts, high heels and constricted waists and characterized the modern civilized woman's dress as a demonstration of habitual idleness.