

THE MAN FOR SANDY.

I wouldn't give a copper plack
For any man that turns his back
On duty clear.
I wouldn't take his word or note,
I wouldn't trust him for a groat,
Which he might steer.
When things are just as things should be,
And fortune gives a man the plea,
Where'er he be,
It isn't hard to understand
How he may walk through house and land
With cheerful face and open hand
Continually.
But when, I spite of work and care,
A man must lose and failure bear
He merits praise:
Who will not to misfortune bow,
Who cocks his bonnet on his brow
And fights and fights, he kensna how,
Through long, hard days.
I wouldn't give an auld-bawbee
For any man that I could see
Who didn't hold
The sweetness of his mother's name,
The kindness of his brother's claim,
Far mair than gold.
Nor is it hard for him to do,
Who kens his friends are real and true,
Love sweet and strong,
Whose heart knows not from year to year
The shadow of a doubt or fear,
Or feels the falling of a tear
For only wrong.

But gie him praise whose love is pain,
Who, wrong'd, forgives and loves again,
And, though he grieves,
Leta not the dear one from his care,
But loves him mair, and mair, and mair,
And bides his time wi' hope and prayer,
And still believes.
Ay, gie him praise who doesna fear
The up-hill fight from year to year
And who grips fast
His ain dear ones through good or ill;
Who, if they wander, loves them still;
Some day of joy he'll get his fill;
He'll win at last.

—Pittsburgh Post.



(Copyright, 1935, by J. B. Lippincott Co.)

XII.—CONTINUED.

Ludlow rose from his knees and proceeded to dump the contents of the valises upon the bed, whistling softly to himself as he did so. "The scheme's as clear as diluted daylight, and it's worthy of a graduate of Scotland Yard," he said. "There's only one point that's a little misty; you've given yourself a part that'll ask for a heap of downright cold-blooded nerve, Hugh. What have you done with your respected, traditions of inherent cowardice, and the like?"

"Left them in the hole up on the mountain, I hope," replied Ringbrand, struggling into the clothing handed him by Ludlow. "Anyway, that's just what I want to find out. On two occasions within the last three days I have managed to scare up courage enough to stand up to danger like a man, but the conditions were such as would have made a rabbit turn and fight. What I want to know now is if the inspiration were merely an exaggeration of the instinct of self-defense, or if I really did gain a victory."

"Well, you're certainly in a fair way to settle the question if you carry out your programme. Has it occurred to you that your calm demand will probably be answered with a couple of rifle bullets?"

"I've thought of that, but I mean to take the chances—if I don't weaken and make a failure of the whole affair."

Ringbrand completed his hasty toilet, and they went down to the dining-room, where Mrs. Ludlow was waiting to serve the returned wanderer. He took his accustomed place and made a ravenous onslaught upon the hastily prepared supper that astonished and gratified the sympathizing hostess.

"How dreadfully hungry you were!" she said, calling Aunt Mima to replenish the empty bread-plate. "Haven't you had anything to eat all these days?"

"Not very much. I'll tell you all about it the first chance I get."

"Are you going away to-night?" she asked, when Ludlow went out to hitch up the horse.

"Yes; we are going up to 'The Laurels,' and it may be late before we get back."

"I'm so glad! If you're going there, I'll be good and not ask a single question—until to-morrow."

"Why are you glad?"

"Because Hester is worried, and I want her to know you are alive and well."

They heard Ludlow drive out to the gate, and Ringbrand pushed back his chair. "Have you anything else to tell me?" he asked.

She shook her head with precise energy. "Not a single, solitary word—except that you're to give my love to Hester."

"I'll certainly do that," he promised. "Good night." And he ran down the walk and sprang into the phaeton beside Ludlow, who drove off rapidly up the mountain road.

The colonel and his son were sitting on the veranda when the phaeton turned into the avenue, and Hester, grieving silently in the darkness of her room, heard Ringbrand's voice answering the hearty welcome of her father.

She ran to the stairway, stopped a moment to regain her self-control, and then went down to meet him. They had all gone into the parlor, and when she followed them Hester felt for a swift instant that the whole world might read her secret in her face.

Ringbrand rose to meet her, and took her extended hand in both of his. "I told you good-by for some purpose after all, didn't I, Miss Hester?" he said, smiling.

"I should think you did," she answered, reproachfully. "Where in the world have you been? And what makes you look so thin and pale?"

"I tumbled into a hole on the mountain," he explained, and, leading her to a chair, he seated himself beside her and recounted his adventures, carefully suppressing all mention of the

Dynuma, and leaving her to suppose that he had simply met with an accident.

"I should think you would have been starved almost to death," she said, pityingly. "How was it that some of the men didn't find you?"

Ringbrand had heard nothing of the search party, and she told him of the efforts that had been made to find out what had become of him. When she told how the men had scoured the plateau, shouting, he remembered the cry that had reached him just as he had placed the first round of the ladder, and he held her attention with a graphic description of the sudden hope and its disappointment, while Ludlow took the colonel aside and told him of the intended attack. Ringbrand saw the look of grim determination come into the eyes of the elder Latimer, and a moment later Ludlow came over and began to talk to Hester, while the colonel and his son left the room. When they came back the conversation became general, and Ringbrand was glad of this, for he felt that the one thing impossible under the circumstances was a tete-a-tete with Hester.

After a little, the colonel suggested to his daughter that she retire, adding that they had a little matter of business to talk about that would keep them up awhile longer. She went willingly enough, being in a beatific frame of mind which would have made her obedient to a much more unreasonable request, and when they heard the door of her room close behind her they drew their chairs together, and Ringbrand gave a rapid outline of his plan for the capture of the marauders.

Upon hearing it, Col. Latimer demurred at once because of the danger attending Ringbrand's part in the undertaking; but he acquiesced finally when Ludlow added the weight of his advice, and the young man glanced gratefully at his friend for the timely assistance. When the details were arranged, and Ringbrand had appealed to Henry not to fire unless it became plainly necessary, the colonel spoke again: "In that conversation in the cave, Mr. Ringbrand, did you happen to hear any thing that might throw any light on this?"—handing a soiled and greasy note to the young man.

Ringbrand unfolded it and spelled out the contents pencilled in crabbed characters scrawled irregularly across the sheet.

"dere Mis ester," it ran, "hit mout be a heap beter ef you loud not to stay on the mounting two nite sponse you go down T ludlos fer a spel yure friend."

"Where did this come from?" he asked.

"That's what's a-puzzlin' us. Hester found it wrapped round a piece of flint rock lyin' on the floor of her room this afternoon, and she reckoned somebody'd throw it in at the window."

"I think I know who wrote it," said Ringbrand, reflectively, recalling the words of the conspirators. "One of them asked: 'How about the girl?' and the other replied: 'Needn't mind about her; she'll look out for herself,' and then he added: 'I shouldn't wonder if Jed would be glad enough to take care of her if she'd allow it.' Jed is the one who will hold the horses, I believe."

"Blame his cursed impudence!" exclaimed the colonel, blazing up wrathfully. "What right has he got to be thinkin' about my Hester?"

"Not the least bit in the world, colonel," replied Ludlow, good-naturedly; "but don't let us forget that he had



Ringbrand unfolded it and spelled out the contents.

enough humanity in him to send this note; he knew quite well that he did it at the risk of his neck, and it's the first decent thing I ever knew one of them to do."

Ringbrand looked at his watch. "I think we'd better be taking our places, gentlemen," he said. "They set no time, but we had best be ready for them."

Henry extinguished the light, and the four men filed noiselessly out of the house to their several stations. The colonel and Henry, armed with repeating rifles and provided with buckets of water for use in case the fire spread too rapidly, concealed themselves in the shrubbery to the right and left of the small clump of laurel-bushes; Ludlow went down the avenue and crouched in the black shadow of a low-branched pine; and Ringbrand, armed only with the revolver which had been his companion in the cavern, took his stand against the trunk of a great oak, whose spreading limbs overshadowed the ambush selected by the mountaineers.

Up to the moment when the completion of the arrangements for the capture of the conspirators had begun to cancel the factor of excitement, Ringbrand had not reflected upon the peculiarly trying nature of the test he had proposed for himself. When the plan had suggested itself, he had welcomed it gladly, hurrying forward to its culmination with the eager impatience of one who imagines he sees the turning-point of his life in the perspective and runs impetuously to double it. After he had taken his position under the oak, however, the suspense, and the darkness and silence of the night, began to dampen the fire of enthusiasm;

the flood-tide of excitement turned and ebbed slowly away; and the heroic requirements of the part he had volunteered to take in the approaching drama stood out in vivid and disconcerting relief. Common sense awoke and demanded a reason for the hazardous plan, pointing the finger of ridicule at the melodramatic stage setting, and suggesting that nothing had been omitted save a calcium light to be flashed upon the scene at the critical moment. He saw the absurdity of it all, and how much more sensible it would have been to take Ludlow's suggestion, surrounding the house with a posse of armed men whose numbers would have made resistance on the part of the mountaineers useless and hence improbable.

And what was there to be urged against such a safe and practical plan of procedure? Nothing, or less than nothing; merely the demonstration of an abstruse metaphysical problem within himself; the application of a heroic test which had no place outside the realm of fiction. And with this thought it occurred to him that he had unconsciously planned the whole thing upon the lines that would have made it most effective in a story! And then the suggestion of the calcium light and the alarmed young woman looking down upon the theatrical tableau from her window came again, making him sick with disgust.

Looking at it from any point of view, the romantic project, which was more than likely to cost him his life in the executing, was merely a fantastic idea of proving himself in some way a knight without fear—a modern type of grotesque mediæval personage who went about slaying impossible dragons and disembodying mythological giants. It was absurd—ridiculous—preposterous! and from this point in the argument the descent to the Avernus of terror was easy. At the end of a half-hour he felt the premonitory spinal chill heralding a return of the well-known symptoms; in five minutes more the paroxysm was upon him, and he was struggling furiously in the grasp of his familiar demon, blind, deaf and helpless, with every fiber of his being straining itself for flight in an impulse so real that he turned and grasped at the rough bark of the tree to keep himself from being carried bodily away by the whirlwind of terror.

The attack did not last long, and about the time the blood began to tingle in his veins again he heard the muffled tramping of horses approaching along the dusty road. At the signal the very recollection of his late discomposure seemed somehow to vanish into the limbo of a remote past; his pulses quickened and his muscles thrilled with the vibrations of an accumulating energy that sang joyously as it leaped through the tense nerves and the throbbing arteries. His sharpened senses were unnaturally acute; he heard the woody clink of the rails as the men made a breach in the zigzag fence, then the smothered hoof-beats of the horses coming across the soft turf of the lawn; a moment later, in an interval of silence, he fancied he could almost hear the whispered instructions given to Jed.

When the two men emerged from the deeper shadows of the grove he saw them quite distinctly in the starlight; they came directly toward his hiding place, and when they paused within a few feet of the trees he could scarcely restrain the eager ferocity that prompted him to rush out upon them. In the instant of hesitation he had time to note that one of them carried an armful of kindling wood; the man gathered it into a firmer hold while they paused, and there was a smothered tinkle of breaking glass, and the pungent odor of kerosene filled the air.

"What was that thar noise?" asked the other.

"Hit's that thar blame' bottle o' coal-oil, that's what hit is; hit's done bu'sted an' run all down into my boots," replied the first; and they moved forward and disappeared behind the corner of the house.

Ringbrand kept them in sight as long as he could, and then ran across to the clump of laurels, going down on his hands and knees and staring intently into the gloom until he found them again, two darker blots of shadow crouching in the angle formed by the bay window in the parlor. While he was straining his eyes to catch the gleam of the match which would be the signal for their return, he did not hear the stealthy steps of a man who was approached him from behind, nor did he know of its presence when the gliding figure came quite close and stood with clubbed gun waiting for him to rise.

The appearance of the third brother upon the scene was due to the fact that Ludlow had chosen his position unfortunately and so was unable to see the men when they dismounted. For this reason, he waited until he was sure that the two incendiaries had started for the house, and the delay gave the holder of horses time to yield to a sudden impulse born of a desire to know if his warning to Hester had accomplished its purpose. Looping the horses' bridles together and throwing them over the branch of a tree, he followed noiselessly in the footsteps of his brothers; and coming out on the open lawn in time to catch a glimpse of Ringbrand as he ran across to the laurels, he crept forward until he stood with uplifted gun behind the unsuspecting sentinel. When Ringbrand rose at the flash of the match, the poised rifle cut a quick circle in the air and descended with a blow that sent him back to his knees with a thousand scintillating notes dancing before his eyes; for a single confused instant he thought the end had come, and then he felt the revivifying breath of the spirit of battle which seemed to inspire him with the reckless and invincible courage of his warlike ancestors. Leaping to his feet, he fell upon his assailant with irresistible fury; there was a sharp, breathless struggle, a fierce clutching for under-holds, and then Ringbrand, avenging the slight form of his antagonist over his head and dashed it, limp and helpless, against the bole of the oak.

While this bit of by-play was going on behind the laurels, another incident occurred which further disarranged Ringbrand's plans and left Col. Latimer and Henry in doubt as to what they should do. When the elder Dynuma stooped to light the pile of kindlings, Bud started back toward the ambush alone; and as the first match went out, the younger brother had time to reach the clump of laurels before Jeff could find and light another. Seeing but one of the men appear, the colonel and his son both hesitated, and Bud confronted Ringbrand just as the latter recovered himself from the grapple with Jed. There was no time for deliberation, and, realizing that the mountaineer could not use his rifle at close quarters, he flung himself upon the newcomer, taking him unawares and throwing him heavily just as a bright blaze sprang up beside the house and a howl of agony rang out on the still air of the night. A single glance revealed the cause of both. There was a terrible picture of a man wrapped in a winding sheet of flame and running toward him—a yelling human torch blazing from head to foot and swinging its fiery arms frantically as it ran.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE JESUIT FATHER IN CHINA.

Fearfully Narrow, Barren Life and Its Mental Effects.

Up summer and winter before sunrise, he leads the matins and his day's work is often done. Sometimes he reads the angelus and vespers; usually they are undertaken by the native catechists. Perhaps in the course of the long morning Ah San or Ah Si will present himself and pour forth complaint about a buffalo and a trampled paddy field; or he may be called to adjudicate in what should be an action for divorce. Sometimes of a morning he sallies forth, his yellow pigtail coiled around his head and an enormous satchel slung across his back, with store of iron shot and wadding for his rickety muzzle-loader; and, if he is lucky, will bring back a pigeon or two, or even a pheasant, to supplement the inevitable pork or fowl and rice.

The mail comes in once a fortnight and a day slips by unnoticed, thanks to home letters and a dozen numbers of La Croix, where, squeezed between the latest miracle and the life of some worthy saint, the doings of the outer world may be found recorded in a ten-line notice on "l'Etranger."

Sometimes an afternoon is whiled away in curing the rank tobacco of the place or in brewing rice wine or malt beer—because ten years of solitude have taught him to do things for himself—and when he has no such pastime on hands he gets through the day absorbed, as one hopes, in his little mediæval library of religious books—lives of the saints and sermons and essays.

Then is it wonderful that even a mind as broad and gentle as his should in constant journeyings on the one road have worn a rut for itself, deep sunk and gloomy as the traffic-channeled paths of the loess land in the north, till, when a rare glimpse of the outside world does break upon his view, his dazzled eyes can see nothing but trees walking, schismatics and freemasons, Jews and atheists, spiritualism and table-turning, with the fiend himself in a fiery cloud over all?—Blackwood's Magazine.

GODFREY'S TANKARD.

Historical Relic Sold at Auction in London Recently.

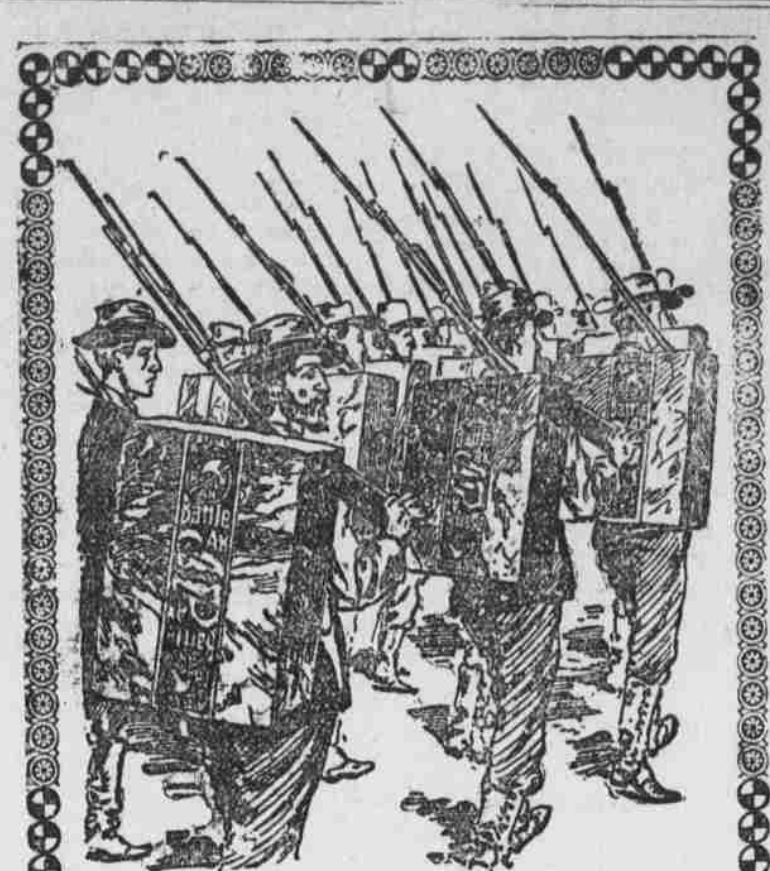
A curious historical relic was sold by auction recently in London. It is the large tankard of solid silver presented by King Charles II. to Sir Edmund Perry Godfrey for his valuable services during the plague and the fire of London, for which he received the honor of knighthood in 1666. The tankard, which is of plain silver, has a hinged cover and weighs nearly 35 ounces. Its front is engraved with the royal arms and the crest of the recipient, together with inscriptions in Latin and engravings of scenes connected with the fire, which are still in excellent preservation. The engraving of the post house men carrying corpses to the dismal plague pit, and that of the crowded blocks of houses, surrounded by flames, are very quaint and curious. Sir Edmund, who was born in 1621 at Sellage, in Kent, was a timber merchant possessing wharves at Dowgate City and at Charing Cross. He prospered, became Justice of the peace for Westminster, and member of parliament for Winchelsea. In history, as no reader of Macaulay and Green need be told, his name is most famous in connection with his mysterious murder, which was popularly attributed to the zeal with which he had devoted himself to unraveling the alleged popish plot. His body was found in a ditch near Primrose hill, face downward, and penetrated by his own sword, under circumstances which precluded the idea of suicide or robbery. The excitement caused by this still mysterious event is indicated by the fact that when the funeral procession left the city with great pomp and pageant for the burial ground of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, it was preceded by 70 clergy and followed by upwards of 1,000 persons of distinction.—Boston Herald.

A Regret.

"It's at these times," said Meandering Mike, as he settled himself with a pitcher of holiday beverage behind the barn, "thet I allus wishes me early edjucation had been more complete."

"Well, yer happy now, ain't ye?" asked Plodding Pete. "This here's a purty good drink."

"Yes, it's better'n nothin'. But ef I had only studied chemistry. Ef I had only gone up agin a few atomann' molecules an' things, so ez ter be able ter take hold and resolve this here egg nog back inter its original elements! Then we could remedy the disposition ter give the egg such an undue preponderance over the nog."—Washington Star.



"The Old Soldier's Favorite."

Battle Ax PLUG

A little bit of pension goes a long way if you chew "Battle Ax." The biggest piece of really high-grade tobacco ever sold for 5 cents; almost twice as large as the other fellow's inferior brand.

"THE BEST IS, AYE, THE CHEAPEST."
AVOID IMITATIONS OF AND SUBSTITUTES FOR

SAPOLIO

FIRST NATIONAL BANK. WELLINGTON, O.

Established in 1864. Capital \$100,000. Surplus \$14,000. Does a general banking business, receives deposits, buys and sells New York exchange, government bonds, etc. Drafts issued on all European countries.

S. S. WARNER, President. Wm. Cushion, Jr., Cashier
R. A. Wilbur, Assistant Cashier.

S. S. Warner, O. P. Chapman, Wm. Cushion, Jr., Edward West
J. T. Haskell, S. K. Warner, Chas. P. Horr, Directors.

The Wellington Box Co. wish to announce the fact that they are in positon to fill all orders that may come their way in the line of building material, sash doors, blinds, mouldings, and all kinds of mill work made a specialty and at prices that are to be wondered at. We also wish to say that we have just received a very nice lot of sidewalk material for which we are giving special bargains. Thanking the patronage for the past and hoping to secure our share in the future we are

Very respectfully,
Wellington Box Co.

ECONOMICAL

RELIABLE

DURABLE

DEVOE'S

Mixed Paint

BETTER THAN ANY WHITE LEAD.

Sold by the Benedict Hdw Co., Wellington, O.