

A SONG BY A CONTENTED FELLOW.

Oh, 'tis all to me, all to me,
Whether I have money or whether I have none.
He who has money can buy a wife,
And he who has none can buy a home.
He who has money can buy a horse,
And he who has none can buy a team.
He who has money can buy a suit,
And he who has none can buy a shame.
He who has money can buy a car,
And he who has none can buy a pain.
He who has money can buy a house,
And he who has none can buy a stain.
He who has money can buy a name,
And he who has none can buy a shame.
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MAURICE DALE'S REVENGE.

BY WILL F. JOHNSON.

The farm residence of Joel Meade stood near the track of one of the great railroads traversing the State of Illinois, and down the road west, a distance of five miles and back north three miles, lived his cousin Maurice Dale. Each of them had a large farm, but Maurice Dale's was larger and was in every way possessed of much more property than his relative; and to all his property he had added a fine, fair, well-tempered, and well-bred young gentleman within a radius of ten miles was in love.

It was a custom of Mr. Meade to have a family gathering at his home on Christmas time, and to have a Christmas tree and a general good time. And on such occasions he always had his cousin's son, Maurice Dale, come and stay a few days. Not that young Maurice was a favorite with him, however, but mostly on account of the relationship between them.

A few days before the Christmas which opens this story, Maurice Dale as usual accepted the invitation extended him, and came to the residence of his relative.

In addition to the good time to be had, there was a powerful motive for his coming—what was that? He was violently in love with Hester, and she was violently in love with him. He did not despair, but determined to try again. She was not rejected to see him, for, while their association had never been unpleasant, she had a secret aversion to his bold, black, and wild eyes, that recently after a long time, he had been able to win her.

There were two gentlemen invited to spend the Christmas with the Meades, and the next day after Maurice Dale's arrival they both came. First came Willard Moore, a well-to-do farmer and stock raiser, who lived about ten miles and back from the railroad two miles. He was a fine-looking, manly fellow, with a pleasant way about him calculated to charm the gentlest sex, and of course, the great admiration of the young men.

He lived back in the country, north twelve miles, and on account of the distance had not been a frequent visitor at Mr. Meade's house, but, having met Hester, he had straightway fallen in love with her, and looked forward to this visit with bright hopes of winning her regard.

He fancied was intended for him and not for Maurice; and possibly it was. "We will have a wait for the first dance," said Maurice Dale, with a significant look toward Hester. At which remark, Willard looked still more disconcerted, and Jack looked daggers, and Hester looked—well, not pleased, for Dale was acknowledged to be the best shot in all the country round.

They drove in a strong spring wagon for some miles into the woods, then halted, fastened the team securely, and stepped along the foot of the bluffs, reaching some and occasionally coming back. But the forenoon passed away in finding any game except an untrapped rabbit or quail occasionally.

Soon after dinner they started again in quest of game, separating and each going his own way. About 4 o'clock Mr. Meade came in with nothing to show for his hunt, but a few small birds. In a few minutes Jack Tracy came in with nothing but an old owl, which, for lack of something better, he had slain. Soon Willard Moore came, carrying a young turkey and wearing a happy smile.

"You've got the dance," said Jack, gloomily, and crying the luckless owl as it, were it to die, it would immediately, for his benefit, transform itself into a much larger and more palatable bird, "unless Dale has had extra good luck."

"Which I have," remarked that gentleman, coming among them, swinging a gamey gobble. "By George," said Willard, "that is a fine one! Where did you get it?" "In the woods," said Maurice, laconically.

"Ah! Pardon the doubt implied by my question," said Willard, sarcastically; "but I did not know but you might have captured it while on your way to a contemplative slumber of the shoulders was all the answer vouchsafed that speech."

They then hitched the horses to the wagon, and in an hour were at home again. Maurice Dale, who had been away from home for some time, was now home, and he was very busy engaged preparing the tree. Hester was, of course, anxious to know who was entitled to the first dance with her, and a frown passed across her face when she found it was Maurice Dale.

He was a fine-looking, manly fellow, with a pleasant way about him calculated to charm the gentlest sex, and of course, the great admiration of the young men. He lived back in the country, north twelve miles, and on account of the distance had not been a frequent visitor at Mr. Meade's house, but, having met Hester, he had straightway fallen in love with her, and looked forward to this visit with bright hopes of winning her regard.

On the following day Tracy rode out to the farm after mail, and on his way he overheard a conversation between two countrymen, one of whom was talking about killing a turkey the day before. After he had told all about finding and killing it, he said to his companion, "I let him have it, and your old woman come over and help us eat it to-day, but as I was carrying it home I met a fellow that wanted to buy it; I told him I didn't want to sell it, but he kept it, and finally offered me two dollars for it. Let him have it, I guess he had had luck hunting and didn't want to go home empty-handed."

"Who was the man?" asked Tracy. "I don't know, and I guess I oughtn't to have told it," was the reply, "as he was looking for a fine one, and he was down in the Hurricane creek bottom, was it not?" asked Tracy.

"Well, yes; as you seem to know all about it," said the man. "What sort of a looking man was he?" asked Tracy.

"He was a fair-sized man, with a black mustache and black eyes, and he looked at a fellow sort of sharp like, as if he was tryin' to look through you, and he smiled once, and then he smiled again, and then he made one half a grin of him."

"Maurice Dale, by George!" said Tracy to himself. "When he arrived at the farm-house again, the hired man came out to take his horse, and said to Tracy, 'Hester Dale killed yesterday was killed with a buckshot, when, if you remember, when you started on the hunt, you none of you had shot of that size?'"

"I think it was a pretty fine shot," said Dale, complacently, "and I am proud of having killed him." "It took a silver load to get it, though," remarked Tracy. "What do you mean?" said Dale, with a quick look. "Do you mean to insinuate that I bought it?"

"We will defer the discussion until after dinner," said Tracy. And as soon as dinner was concluded the gentlemen met upstairs to take a smoke, and as soon as they were out Maurice commenced the conversation by saying to Tracy, "You must be confoundedly jealous to spring such a thing on me."

"Maurice Dale," said Tracy, stopping and looking at him sternly and contemptuously, "can you explain how you killed the turkey with buckshot, when you none of us had any?"

Maurice grew pale with anger and fear, and seeing that he was caught, he determined to play a bold game, and he said, with a menacing look toward Tracy, "Whoever says I did not kill that turkey lies!"

"I shall not resent your words," said Tracy, "only to lay the facts before my friend and to cease to associate with you in any way whatever." He then told the gentleman what he had heard. The hired man was called and confirmed the story, and the matter began to look grave indeed.

Mr. Fields said to Mr. Dale, the evidence is certainly against you, and you certainly know that I could not tolerate such a thing. Now, if you wish to have the matter sifted further, we will have the gentleman who claimed to have shot the turkey, and if you would rather be dropped, we will say nothing further about it, and you can cut your visit short and take your departure at your earliest convenience."

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With her. Previous to his arrival, Jack Tracy happened to come and took Hester out for a drive, intending to be back by the time Willard should arrive; but when he arrived she was still so absent, and consequently he was most unreasonably indignant. When she came home she apologized for the delay, saying she had not intended staying so long. Willard, in his anger, said to Tracy, "Knowing that I had an engagement with Miss Fields, it would have been gentlemenly in you to not have interfered."

His tone more than his words irritated Tracy, and he replied hotly: "Since when, Mr. Moore, have you become the ruler of my actions?" "Come, gentlemen," said Hester, "no quarreling, if you please. If there is any blame, I will bear it."

"I beg your pardon," Miss Fields, said Jack Tracy, "I should not have spoken so in the presence of a lady, and with a bow he took his leave. And he had gone, Willard Moore said: "I am very sorry, Miss Fields, that I spoke so harshly to your maid."

"Oh, yes," said she; "but it is too bad for you two to quarrel, and especially over poor me."

That night Jack Tracy mounted his horse and rode off, and did not return till 1 o'clock the next morning. Maurice Dale, at his own home, retired to his room, and was also there at half-past 11 o'clock, for he was heard at that time, getting a drink of water at the well.

At quarter past 10 o'clock Willard Moore was sitting reading, with the window raised, as the evening was rather warm. There was the report of a pistol and he fell forward on the stand, a corpse. The first thing he saw, as he lay there, was a train whirled by with such a rush and roar, going eastward. Still she pondered on, when a train whirled by going westward. The sight of the train caused her to start up, and she found she had sat there for some time, and she had not noticed the train.

He was arrested, and at his preliminary examination it was shown that only on the day of the murder he and Willard Moore had quarreled; and that he carried a thirty-two caliber revolver, and that the shooting had been done with that weapon.

"I will, dear Jack," she replied. "Thank God for that," said Jack, fervently. At that moment Mr. Fields came in, and placing his strong hands on Jack's shoulders, said, "We will stand by you, Jack, the little girl and I, placing one arm around Hester's waist. 'We will do what mortal can do to prove your innocence.'"

Then the officer came and took Jack away, but notwithstanding his handcuffs, and the sullen looks of the people, he was happier than he had been for many days. He now knew that Hester loved him, and he was not alone in the world. He was now a man, and he was not alone in the world.

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first, when Maurice Dale was arrested, they believed he was the guilty one, but his vindication was so clear that the jury now believed him innocent. There was strong talk of lynching the prisoner, so certain were the people that he was guilty, and fearing an attempt of that kind, the prison was doubly guarded night and day for some time, until the morning of the trial, when the jury was called.

Of all this Jack Tracy was aware, and he must have despaired but for one person who never lost faith in him, and each day had a token of her confidence in him, by receiving a bouquet of flowers which she had ordered delivered, and many times she came herself with her flowers, and with words of love and hope.

"I know," said she, "that the guilty one will be found, and she never gave up her belief that Maurice Dale was the one."

Summer was drawing to a close, and the defendants and the jury were still in the prison. He still could not account for himself the night of April 10th, the night of the murder. The prosecution had, if possible, strengthened the chain of circumstantial evidence.

And it was to come of the 15th of September, and when the 1st of September came, with nothing done to prove Jack's innocence, Hester became very uneasy, and determined to take the train to the city, and see if she could not find a solution where man's reason had failed.

She thought and thought all that first day of the month, and late in the evening she sat in her room, and she thought of the circumstances over and over in her mind. A train whirled by with such a rush and roar, going eastward. Still she pondered on, when a train whirled by going westward.

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the train ran to the bridge at Hurricane creek, a distance of fifteen miles, in twenty-five minutes, a speed of thirty miles an hour, which placed him within two miles of the murdered man's house at 9:40, and with a well-traveled road direct to the house. Giving him twenty-six minutes to walk two miles and commit the murder at 10:15, and allowing him twenty minutes to walk six minutes to get a position to do the shooting, was not impossible for him to have accomplished.

Then it was shown that the train going west arrived at Hurricane creek at 10:10, giving him twenty-five minutes to ride two miles, which would take him, for, of course, the west-bound slackened its speed on the east side of the creek, and as he was on the west side, he necessarily had to cross to get to the east side, but it was also shown by witnesses that there was a wagon bridge parallel with the railroad bridge, so that difficulty was easily overcome.

When it was shown that the train ran to the station in twenty-five minutes, arriving there at 11:35, giving him twenty-five minutes to get home, put up his horse, and arouse his folks at half-past 11.

During the giving of the testimony Hester sat as if he were slowly dying, and certainly being drawn into an abyss that was certain destruction, and when the evidence closed, and he saw that he was lost, he broke down and wept and begged his fate, and admitted his guilt, and that, learning some days before of the charge in the time of the train to Lake place on April 10, he had laid his plans, resulting in the murder of Willard Moore.

He knew of Moore's habit of sitting up late at night, and calculated on being able to fire through the window and kill him just as he did. And he also knew of Jack Tracy's habit of riding late at night, and calculated that he would more than likely ride that night, being sure that he was having nothing particular to occupy his mind.

He was tried when court convened, was sentenced to die; but, through remorse and fear, he became a raving maniac, and was sent to the lunatic asylum, where he died there before a year had passed.

Jack was soon released, and every one of his former acquaintances made it a duty to try to prove to him that "they always knew he was not guilty."

A few months after his release, he and Hester were quietly married, and there is no happier couple anywhere than they are; and well they deserve to be, after all the troubles through which they have gone.—Chicago Ledger.

What is known as the "Flying Dutchman," running from London to Bristol, is the train which travels more rapidly than any other in the world. It completes a distance of 118 1/2 miles, making 100 stops, in two hours, making an average of 59 1/2 miles an hour. The train which runs between Paddington and Swindon, England, takes second place. The distance is 77 1/2 miles, the time 1:27, and stops none, and the average speed 59 1/2 miles.

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NECROLOGY.

A List of the Distinguished Dead of 1883.

1. Leon Gambetta, eminent statesman of France. Eliza Allen, Haystack Minister at Washington. Josephine Meeker, survivor of the Nevada, an eminent citizen of the United States. Eliza Allen, Haystack Minister at Washington. Josephine Meeker, survivor of the Nevada, an eminent citizen of the United States.

2. Wm. H. Hooper, ex-Delaware, of the United States. Eliza Allen, Haystack Minister at Washington. Josephine Meeker, survivor of the Nevada, an eminent citizen of the United States. Eliza Allen, Haystack Minister at Washington. Josephine Meeker, survivor of the Nevada, an eminent citizen of the United States.

3. Jean Chesinger, famous French sculptor. Wm. A. Seaver, editor of Harper's Magazine. Matthew F. Whittier, old brother of the poet. J. Edgar Johnson, a noted inventor. Wm. B. Napton, ex-Supreme Judge of Missouri. Wm. C. Campbell, of the original Campbell minstrels.

4. J. H. Connelly, a well-known inventor of Pittsburgh. Nelson Lindington, a millionaire banker of Chicago. Rev. J. C. Talbot, Episcopal Bishop of Indiana. W. C. Fendleton, a prominent Virginian. Hon. W. Shackelford, Congressman from North Carolina.

5. Hon. R. B. Newbold, of Pennsylvania, ex-Minister to Mexico. Henry Kip, Vice-President United States Express company. Ex-Congressman Larrabee, of Wisconsin. Prince Frederick Charles, of Germany. J. C. Fargo, of the American Express company.

6. Gustave Dore, celebrated French painter. Congressman Charles Delano, of Massachusetts. Joshua Hutchinson, of the celebrated "Hutchinson family" of singers. Ann Eliza Bray, English novelist. Sir Richard England, noted British General. Dr. George M. Beard, famous New York physician.

7. George Judd, the oldest practicing lawyer in Wisconsin. Judge James Patrick, the oldest editor in Ohio. Ex-Congressman Louis Leys, of New York. Col. C. H. Smith, Chief of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, at Washington. Alexander Dinty, of Louisiana, ex-Minister to Central America.

8. Ex-Gov. Edmund J. Davis, of Texas. Hon. C. B. Shoup, author of the Nebraska liquor law. Wm. E. Dodge, millionaire merchant and philanthropist of New York. Charles B. Thorne, a well-known actor. Marshall Jewell, ex-Governor of Connecticut.

9. Ex-Gov. Edwin D. Morgan, of New York. George W. Morrill, formerly a Major General in the army. Commander Francis Morris, of the navy. Ex-Gov. William E. Smith, of Wisconsin. Richard Wagner, the celebrated German composer. Meyer Magnus, German philanthropist.

10. Dr. Hugh Glenn, of California, the largest farmer in the world. Ex-Gov. Stephen H. Reynolds, of Iowa. George Davidson, veteran journalist, of Albany, N. Y. Saml. Medill, managing editor of the Chicago Tribune. Col. R. A. Parker, a very wealthy Pennsylvanian.

11. Joseph H. Moore, Consul to Calcutta, South America. Louis Waldo, an Indian, aged 20, at Lake George, N. Y. Charles H. Harrison (Gen. Tom Thumb), the famous dwarf, aged 45. Ex-Congressman Archibald McAllister, of Stoughton, Mass. Sir John Lubbock, of the British Museum. Ex-Gov. Thomas E. Swan, of Maryland. Gen. Fenwick Williams, of the British Museum.

12. Montgomery Blair, of Maryland, Postmaster General under Lincoln. Dr. Charles H. Davis, a distinguished lawyer of Chicago. Edward Ridley, a leading dry-goods merchant of New York. Milton H. Sanford, the well-known trader in furs.

13. Augustus M. Herrington, a distinguished Illinois lawyer. E. B. Hawn, a leading citizen of Indiana. George H. Mason, a prominent Massachusetts lawyer. Robert H. Brewster, of Chelsea, N. Y., a prominent Massachusetts author. Jure R. Black, of Pennsylvania, one of the greatest statesmen of the country. William Wirt Sykes, a well-known author.

14. Count of Chambord, head of the royal house of France. Walter E. Pool, member of Congress from New York. Dr. E. F. Haffield, eminent Presbyterian minister. Dr. E. F. Haffield, eminent Presbyterian minister. Dr. E. F. Haffield, eminent Presbyterian minister.

15. Hugh J. Hastings, noted New York editor. Gen. T. S. Fawcett, former United States Minister to Mexico. Gen. T. S. Fawcett, former United States Minister to Mexico. Gen. T. S. Fawcett, former United States Minister to Mexico.

16. Victor Le Franc, a Life Senator of France. Junius Brutus Booth, the actor. Dr. E. F. Haffield, eminent Presbyterian minister. Dr. E. F. Haffield, eminent Presbyterian minister. Dr. E. F. Haffield, eminent Presbyterian minister.

17. Col. George Knapp, senior proprietor of the London and Lancashire Cotton Corporation. Dr. E. F. Haffield, eminent Presbyterian minister. Dr. E. F. Haffield, eminent Presbyterian minister. Dr. E. F. Haffield, eminent Presbyterian minister.

18. Judge Elder, of the Dakota Supreme Court. Rear Admiral Sands, of the navy. Mrs. J. M. Manning, last survivor of the Alamo massacre. Gen. Charles H. Crane, of the United States army. Col. Barnabas Barron, a prominent liquor law.

19. Wm. Bonifant, a well-known actress. Ex-Congressman Charles J. Albright, of Ohio. Mrs. John Russell Young, wife of the American Minister to China. Harry C. Rice, an English novelist. Jean Paul, distinguished French sculptor.

20. Rev. L. W. Pombrook, oldest Congregational minister in New Hampshire. William Coffin, colored, at Philadelphia. Dr. E. F. Haffield, eminent Presbyterian minister. Dr. E. F. Haffield, eminent Presbyterian minister. Dr. E. F. Haffield, eminent Presbyterian minister.