

HOW THE KING LOST HIS CROWN.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

The King's men, when he had slain the boar, Strung him aloft on the fisher's oar, And, two behind and two before, In his boat he rowed to shore.

"An oar!" says the King: "tis a trifl! Why did the fisher drown and the good wife sign?"

"A trifl! a trifl! a trifl!"

"Then row or laugh who will; for I, Who laught at all and am only a clown, Can never more laugh now."

A man next to him stepped down the sand, And launching a skiff from the fisher's strand; For he cried, "An army invades the land! The forces are seized on either side; And I am here to make me straight, Across the lake to the castle gate."

The castle is new, but the walls were great, The towers foamed like the jaws of fate; And, locking an ear, the boat went down; The furles took at trifles!"

The swineherd against the wave began: "Methinks," said the fool, "we had plan If success were sent the drowning man!"

The monarch, moving his rock ahead, Bowed over the chessmen, white and red;

"An army on board and a hand to spare! The hand gained the wave and surprised the town!"

Our forces are woven of trifles!

The red usher reached the shore;

"The King is dead, the Queen is blown;

With a trusty few, the King made down;

And the town, the castle, the wave, the clown;

And the loss of the town has a crown;

And all these things are trifles!"

—Our Cont'd.

A MODERN NEMESIS.

Mr. Claverton married his pretty wife with his eyes open, knowing that she was a notorious fiit, and was more than half engaged to her cousin, Dick Alton, of the artillery. His friends called him an old fool, and his enemies said he deserved his fate, for nobody doubted that marriage would prove an equivocal blessing to him. But Mr. Claverton showed himself equal to the situation, for in the earliest days of the honeymoon he succeeded in impressing upon his wife that, though he might be trifled with, he intended to be master of his own house. Whether Mrs. Claverton took this wholesome lesson to heart, or whether she was prompted by laudable aspirations, it is certain that she became more sober and discreet in her conduct, and to all outward appearance, developed into a devoted and attentive wife.

But unfortunately things were not as they seemed in the Claverton menage. Mr. Claverton regarded his wife with suspicious jealousy, and showed a disposition to be somewhat harsh and exacting. He was one of those men who will look up a grievance in their bosoms and brood over it, and when it is mentioned into undue importance. If any one paid his wife the slightest attention, he chafed and fretted himself into a fever, though he probably said nothing to her on the subject. But gradually he began to keep a strict watch upon her, to look askance at her private correspondence, or to be inquisitive when she went up to town for a day's shopping or to pay a visit. He had thought lightly enough of the rumors of his wife's love of admiration in the heyday days of his courtship and honeymoon; but as soon as they were fairly launched into matrimony this fair weakness troubled him very much indeed, and caused him to be haunted by dismal forebodings as to what it might lead to.

Mr. Claverton, on her part, showed symptoms of rebellion at the restraints which her husband put upon her. She was not a strong-minded woman, and generally yielded to his wishes. But on several occasions she openly resented her husband's distrustful conduct, and Mr. Claverton instinctively felt that a secret and malignant force had arrived when he was intimate to her. But gradually he began to keep a strict watch upon her, to look askance at her private correspondence, or to be inquisitive when she went up to town for a day's shopping or to pay a visit. He had thought lightly enough of the rumors of his wife's love of admiration in the heyday days of his courtship and honeymoon; but as soon as they were fairly launched into matrimony this fair weakness troubled him very much indeed, and caused him to be haunted by dismal forebodings as to what it might lead to.

Mr. Claverton could hardly believe his eyes, but fierce and sudden, and hatingly, was his astonishment. Mr. Alton's head was turned away from him, and Mr. Claverton crossed the road and entered the hotel without being noticed. Passing unceremoniously through the vestibule he rushed up stairs and made straight for the room which Alton occupied. Though his movements were rapid his foot-steps had evidently given warning of his approach, for, on flinging open the door, he only caught a glimpse of the skirt of a dress as the wearer disappeared into the adjoining room. Dick Alton lolling out of one of the windows of the principal hotel, smoking a cigar and conversing with some one inside the room.

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"Yes, sir," said the outraged husband, waving his hand. "I have been seeking this interview for some time."

"Indeed! Pray be seated," said Alton, recovering his coolness and staring intently at his visitor.

Mr. Claverton dropped into a chair, partly from sheer weariness and partly because now that the supreme moment had come, he felt strangely at a loss what to say. He forgot all about the deadly weapon which he carried in his pocket, and was only conscious of keen and poignant emotion at the prospect of exposing his faithless wife to face to face.

"Captain Alton," he said, as soon as he recovered his speech, "you must be aware what has brought me here. You—you cannot deny that you have a certain lady with you."

Alton bowed rather defiantly, but said nothing.

"I—I have tracked you from place to place since you left England," continued Mr. Claverton, rather taken aback by the sang-froid of the man who had wronged her. "I vowed that you should never be alone again."

"Then you are the person who has been persistently dogging our footsteps!" exclaimed Alton suddenly, in a tone of astonishment.

"Yes, sir; who else should it be?" said Mr. Claverton, severely.

Before Alton could reply the door of communication with the adjoining room was thrown open, and a pretty girl made her appearance, looking pale and agitated. Mr. Claverton started violently at the apparition, and the leaden hand which he had on the shoulder of his wife's handsomely dressed cousin dropped to his side.

"Excuse me a moment, Mr. Claverton," he said, as he went out again, "my wife has fainted. You will find yesterday's *Times* on the table. It has just arrived."

Mr. Claverton mechanically unfolded the newspaper, and spread out the sheet before him. Overwhelmed by the intensity of his emotions, he was too agitated to read, or even think coherently for the rest of the evening, for it was evident that his wife's lover had compromised himself with somebody, and would, therefore, probably disappear from the scene. The keen satisfaction he experienced at this welcome intelligence gave him an excellent appetite for dinner, and sent him home at a decently early hour, in an amiable and considerate mood.

But he received a rude shock when he reached his home, and learned that his wife had gone out just before dinner-time and had not yet returned. The servants informed him that their mistress, upon receipt of a telegram, had ordered the brougham and driven to the station, sending back a verbal message by the coachman to her husband that she would write. The coachman, on being interrogated, said he believed Mrs. Claverton mentioned that she was going up to town, but that her manner was so agitated and nervous that she was half-drunken and conscious of what she was saying.

Mr. Claverton was struck dumb by this intelligence, and at once divined what had happened. The recollection of the conversation he had overheard at the club flashed upon him like a revelation. It was evidently not by a mere coincidence that his wife had disappeared suddenly and mysteriously the same afternoon that Dick Alton went off with his wife, and never returned to the death-bed of his mother in London. He never reached his destination, and though every inquiry had been made, his relatives had been unable to find him. Mr. Claverton was described as a stout, middle-aged gentleman, of medium height, with gray hair, inclined to baldness, and short, black whiskers. His wife had been a very fortunate client had been very strange and excited in his manner, for some weeks previous to his disappearance, and there was reason to fear that he had gone out with the magistrate expressed his sympathy with the wife and relatives of the missing gentleman, and said that no doubt the press would notice the application.—London *Truth*.

teeth and throbbing heart, he unlocked the mahogany case in which he kept his revolver, and carefully loaded all the chambers. He told the servants he was going to join his mistress in town, and, having fortified himself with a stiff glass of brandy, he caught the last train to London.

His brain was in a whirl with furious excitement, and the only definite idea he had in his mind was a fixed determination to avert that dire result. He did not pause to consider what he should do if he succeeded in this, but the presence of the revolver in his side afforded him savage satisfaction. On arriving at the London terminus, he drove to Alton's club, and ascertained from the hall-porter that the Captain had started for the continent by the evening mail. Mr. Claverton controlled his impatience as best he could till the next morning, when he followed in pursuit. Instinct, rather than reason, caused him to go straight to Paris, for it never occurred to him that the fugitive might have stopped short of the capital or branched off to Belgium. Guided by his knowledge of Dick Alton's habits, he made inquiries at the more expensive hotels, and at Maurice's he obtained a clew. An English gentleman answering the runaway's description, and accompanied by a lady, had arrived that morning and just left; and, although they had given the names of Mr. and Mrs. Winter, Alton's personal appearance was sufficiently striking to be easily identified.

Mr. Claverton did not hesitate to continue the pursuit. He had worked himself into a fever of feverish activity, and was accompanied with furious rage and jealousy. A burning thirst for revenge deprived him of his sober senses and made him unmindful of everything but the immediate object he had in view. He devoted several days to tracking the fugitives from place to place with relentless and untiring perseverance, undaunted by failure, indifferent to discomfort and fatigue, and only spurred up to fresh exertions when it became evident that Alton was endeavoring to evade him. His tenacious clinging to the memory of his former occupation, Mr. Claverton spent more than a week; and, though his fierce determination never wavered, he began to be conscious both of physical and mental prostration, which seriously interfered with his self-imposed task.

One afternoon Mr. Claverton found himself in the quaint old town of Mantes. He was there quite by chance, being en route from Evreux, when he thought he had succeeded in tracing the fugitives. Having a mind to make a visit to the offices of the *Times* in order to change his name at Mantes, he strolled listlessly down the main street, and was walking along, brooding over his wrongs, with his eyes bent on the ground, when he suddenly heard a familiar voice, and, looking up quickly, he beheld handsome Dick Alton lolling out of one of the windows of the principal hotel, smoking a cigar and conversing with some one inside the room.

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RIVER HORROR.

Burning of the Mississippi Steamer
er R. E. Lee.

Twenty-one Passengers Perish Before
the Boat Reached the Shore.

The famous steamer R. E. Lee was burned on the Mississippi river thirty miles south of Wicksburg, causing the loss of twenty-one lives and the total destruction of the boat and freight. The Lee was valued at \$187,000, and carried insurance amounting to \$50,000. Many acts of daring and heroism were performed by employees of the fatal boat in warning and assisting passengers to places of safety. The story of the disaster is thus told by the Captain, William Campbell:

"Truth and Justice, and PERRY'S PARADE CO. EXTRACT is the embodiment of truth. Actions speak louder than words," and its action on corals of every description has been remarkable. In Perry's Extract, you are suffering from "torpid liver" or "biliousness" and are not able to digest your food properly. It is a certain cure. It is not to be taken in large doses.

John Ireland, Democrat.

Pennsylvania—James A. Beaver, regular Republican; John Shultz, independent Rep.; John E. Dill, Democrat; Thomas A. Armstrong, Greenback; A. C. Pettit, Prohibition.

South Carolina—Hendrick McLane, Greenback; Republican; Hugh S. Thompson, Democrat.

Tennessee—Alvin Hawkins (present incumbent), Rep.; Joseph H. Russell, regular Democrat; J. R. Beasley, Greenback.

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See, Food and Beverage.

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