

### THREE LITTLE PIRATES.

There are three little pirates, over the way,  
Active, restless and bold;  
Jackie, the leader, sweet little Meg,  
And Dickie boy, three years old.  
I watch them each day as they work at their  
play,  
And I wonder at all their misdeeds:  
See them worry each victim, enforce each de-  
mand,  
As pirates necessity leads.  
But the crowning event in a record of crime,  
These pirates so happy and gay,  
Is a charge and a shout and a man put to rout  
With "What have you brought us to-day?"

These three little pirates, over the way,  
So active, relentless and bold,  
Never lose any chance, never waste any time,  
As they gather piratical gold.  
Their gold is their pleasure and frolic and fun,  
Happiness claimed as their right;  
'Tis the tribute they take, 'tis the booty they  
love,  
And they levy on all in their might;  
But the greatest event, which they never fore-  
go,  
These three little pirates so gay,  
Is the desperate ruse as evening comes on,  
And "What have you brought us to-day?"

As in days long by, that we read of in  
books,  
When pirates infested the seas—  
The weak, peaceful merchantman, seeking a  
port,  
Paid tribute to just such as these;  
Saw now the fond father, weary of work,  
As he comes to his haven of rest,  
Pays these pirate demands in all that he has,  
And knows that the trouble is blest.  
'Tis the happy reward that kills every care,  
And makes hardest labor but play,  
When they meet him with glee, this piratical  
three,  
With "What have you brought us to-day?"

And often I wonder, over the way,  
If these pirates, so active and bold,  
Will keep an account of the tribute they take  
And repay it when he has grown old.  
This tribute of labor and watching and love,  
Of struggle and sorrow and pain,  
That he pays without murmur, perhaps does  
not know,  
And offers again and again.  
Yes, I know that they will; they are sturdy and  
true,  
Be he ever so sad they will make his heart  
glad.  
With the love they will bring him each day,  
—James Paddock, in Detroit Free Press.



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### CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

"Immediately after our engagement  
we were separated. Business called him  
home to New York, and mamma and I  
returned to Boston. Then fell upon me  
the first bitter sorrow of my life. I can-  
not tell you the story that was brought  
to me—the cruel, cruel story that for-  
bade me ever to think of him again! I  
tried to believe it was false, but so fair  
an aspect of truth did it wear that I was  
forced to give credence. Overwhelmed  
with grief, anger and humiliation on  
discovering that I had been deceived, I  
acted foolishly and hastily, my one  
thought being to sever the bond that  
had so suddenly grown hateful to me. I  
sent the engagement ring back to him  
with the simple request to be released  
from a promise which I was no longer  
able to fulfill. Mamma was ill at the  
time—too ill for me to tell her then of  
this trouble; and that very day my phy-  
sician had ordered a sea voyage for her,  
as the only means of prolonging her  
life. Our arrangements were hurriedly  
made, and in two days more we were on  
the ocean, bound for the south of  
France. This may have been the reason  
that no word from Mr. North ever  
reached me; at all events, I received no  
answer to my message, and could only  
infer from his silence that my release  
was granted unconditionally.

"We remained in France until poor  
mamma's death last summer; then I re-  
turned to Boston, at the request of the  
administrators, to remain there until  
the estate could be settled. In the  
meantime I had learned the truth in re-  
gard to the rumor that had caused me  
to break the engagement, the fatality  
that had linked his name falsely and  
unjustly to the story of another man's  
wrong-doing. I was thankful for his  
vindication, even though I might never  
look upon his face again; and this I  
scarcely expected to do. I saw nothing  
of him, heard nothing of him, until, on



"A CRIMINAL!"

the very first day of my visit here, we  
met as strangers."

The resolute voice died away here in  
something very like a sob. There was  
silence for a few moments; then Mrs.  
Maynard said, quietly, though with evi-  
dent emotion:

"It is natural, perhaps, that after the  
manner of your dismissal—sudden, per-  
emptory and without any explanation  
whatever—Mr. North should now give  
you nothing but a stranger's greeting.  
Remember, he had sufficient occasion  
for resentment, being innocent of that  
of which you believed him to be guilty,  
and perhaps wholly unconscious of the  
supposed fault for which you con-  
demned him unheard."

it was no jealous curiosity on my part,  
but I could not help seeing—"

"I understand you, my dear Myra,"  
said Mrs. Maynard, calmly, as the dis-  
tressed girl paused here, at a loss for  
words to continue. "You rightly di-  
vined that Mr. North was my avowed  
suitor; but, happily for me, not yet ac-  
cepted."

"I have no right to complain of that,"  
interposed Miss Hilary, her pretty head  
lifted, her eyes bright with girlish  
pride. "It is not strange that he should  
admire you, love you, as his every  
glance and tone and action revealed  
that he did; why, he seemed scarcely  
conscious of my existence, so wholly  
absorbed was he in you! And to me the  
strangest part of it all was that he be-  
trayed no recollection of the past, no  
resentment toward me, no conscious-  
ness that we had ever met before. This  
pained me, but I accepted it as only  
what I ought to expect, and I resolved  
to go away as soon as I could find any  
reasonable pretext for cutting short my  
visit here, and henceforth bury out of  
sight that dead past in which he bore a  
part. It was only when he looked at  
me as he did to-day, as a lover might,  
you know, that I saw the depth of his  
duplicity; and I think now that I  
hate him for being so false to us both!"

Again there was a little silence, so  
controlled that no hint would have  
been given a casual observer of the  
tragic emotions that were contending  
in the hearts of these two women. It  
was Mrs. Maynard that spoke next, in  
a cold, hard, relentless tone:

"We both have great cause to con-  
gratulate ourselves, my dear Myra, on  
having discovered Mr. North's true  
character before it was within his power  
to wreck the life-long happiness of  
either. I hesitate to tell you the truth  
that has recently forced itself upon my  
belief."

The color died quickly from Miss  
Hilary's face again; there was a vague  
alarm expressed in her trembling tones  
as she responded hurriedly:

"Oh, let me know the worst, Mrs.  
Maynard! What is he? What has he  
done?"

"It would be nothing," continued  
Mrs. Maynard, bitterly, "for him to  
vacillate between two fancies—to al-  
ternate and hesitate in his choice between  
yourself and me—"

"Oh, dear Mrs. Maynard!" came in  
tones of whispered protest from the  
white-faced listener.

"It would be nothing," repeated Mrs.  
Maynard in the same hard, bitter tone,  
"that his conscience would reproach  
him for, or that society would seriously  
condemn; therefore, this phase of his  
conduct does not materially surprise  
me. But I am surprised to find that  
this man, who is habitually so watchful  
of his own interests, so careful of his  
own safety, so jealous of his own com-  
fort and happiness, should allow his in-  
terest in any matter to carry him to the  
length of becoming a criminal in the  
eyes of the law."

"A criminal!"

he had committed this deed! You can  
perhaps imagine the agony of self-  
reproach that this thought brought to  
me. Then by degrees the scope and  
possibilities of his motives were re-  
vealed to me; my perception of his char-  
acter and his capabilities widened. By  
a wonderful and unexpected turn of the  
wheel of fortune, the missing niece and  
half-at-law was discovered; the proofs  
of her identity and whereabouts fell  
into his hands. Instantly his active  
sympathies were all transferred from  
my interests to Annie Dupont's. The  
desire to ingratiate himself with the  
successful heiress would be perhaps a  
natural and sufficient motive for this  
change in him; but that another and  
still stronger motive exists, I have be-  
come reasonably convinced. And this,  
my dear Myra, is the keynote of my  
warning to you."

"To me?" Miss Hilary repeated the  
words incredulously with a little start  
of amazement. "To me? Why, Mrs.  
Maynard, what have I to do with this  
matter?"

"Perhaps I can satisfy you that you  
have a very important part to play in  
this interesting little drama," returned  
Mrs. Maynard, with a rather forced  
smile. "I date Mr. North's sudden in-  
terest in you, which you yourself no-  
ticed for the first time, to a certain day  
this week when we drove by the Cle-  
ment house and saw him about to step into  
a carriage that was waiting there. With  
him was a man who had called here an  
hour before, and left the house in com-  
pany with Mr. North; the mysterious  
man through whom all the recent dis-  
coveries about Annie Dupont were  
made. Mr. North had just had a pri-  
vate interview with this man, and  
doubtless had heard his story. And,  
as we drove slowly past, it was you  
that absorbed his whole attention;  
you at whom he gazed with such rapt  
interest that he did not see me at all.  
I bowed to him as usual; he paid no  
heed; his eyes were fixed upon your  
face, while a strange excitement and  
agitation were apparent in his whole



MYRA CLASPED HER HANDS.

manner. I did not see him again  
until he called this morning. During the  
few moments that we were alone in the  
conservatory he told me that An-  
nie Dupont had been discovered, and  
that he should soon be in possession  
of all the evidence necessary to estab-  
lish her legal position and rights; told  
me exultingly, as if he took a cruel  
pleasure in taunting me with my de-  
fect. He little knew that I had di-  
vined the truth, the secret that he was  
so jealously guarding, that he had dis-  
covered Annie Dupont under my own  
roof!"

Again Myra started with visible  
amazement. There was no clearly de-  
fined perception of Mrs. Maynard's  
meaning in her mind, yet the words  
had been spoken with too much sig-  
nificance to fail utterly in impressing  
her with their suggestive trend. She  
repeated them mechanically, with  
vague speculation in her tones:

"Under your own roof?"

"In you, my dear Myra," continued  
Mrs. Maynard, her white lips smiling  
faintly as she returned the girl's in-  
quiring gaze. "Don't ask me for  
proof. I know it; partly by intuition  
and partly by an endless chain of  
trifles that would vanish into thin air  
if I were to attempt to put them into  
words, but which are nevertheless as  
convincing to my mind as the most pal-  
pable evidence could be. I cannot be  
mistaken; I feel, I know, that it is so!"

"I will not ask for proofs, Mrs. May-  
nard," said Miss Hilary, still be-  
wildered and incredulous. "I will  
simply ask you how this can be true.  
Oh, it seems utterly impossible! I can-  
not believe it!" she added quickly,  
waving her hands toward the fire with  
a resolute gesture of rejection.

riced to his mercenary selfishness that  
forced me to speak these words of warn-  
ing and enlightenment. My responsi-  
bility ends here. You are free to deal  
with him as you think best, knowing  
all that he has done and is capable of  
yet doing if his selfish ends require it."

Miss Hilary rose quickly from the low  
hassock and stood facing Mrs. Maynard,  
her hands clasped, her head thrown  
back, her eyes glowing like stars. She  
was very pale but perfectly composed,  
and when she spoke her voice was firm  
and free from the slightest trace of ex-  
citement.

"I am grateful to you, Mrs. Maynard,"  
she said, "deeply grateful for the kind-  
ness that prompted you to speak as you  
have done. I am scarcely able yet to  
realize all that you have told me; I only  
know that it is very, very dreadful!  
But I can never think of Mr. North  
again except with feelings of utter ab-  
horrence. Even gratitude would be im-  
possible, if what you have suggested  
should prove to be true. I would forego  
any good fortune, rather than receive it  
at his hands! Can we not let him know,  
Mrs. Maynard, how plainly we see all  
his wickedness? How utterly we con-  
demn him? Need we go on in this pre-  
posterous way, affecting to countenance  
him when we know him to be so un-  
worthy?"

"No!" exclaimed Mrs. Maynard, with  
sudden resolution. "We will act this  
fear no longer. The very next time  
he comes here we will denounce him as  
he deserves."

Early the following morning, how-  
ever, instead of a call from the perfid-  
ious North, Mrs. Maynard received this  
hurried note:

"MY DEAR MRS. MAYNARD:  
"Before this reaches you I shall be en route  
to Charleston, on business intimately concern-  
ing yourself. When I return I will report to  
you in person. Faithfully yours,  
"A. NORTH."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### PLANTING NEW FORESTS.

Pennsylvania Woods Cut Away to Form  
Coal-Mine Props.

In the coal regions of Pennsylvania  
nearly every piece of available timber  
has been cut away to form props for  
the archways and for various other uses  
in connection with coal mining, says  
Meehan's Monthly. Nearly every stick  
and every piece of plank used in these  
regions now all have to be brought  
from a distance. The Girard estate has  
endeavored to solve the problem by  
making some small plantations as a  
test. Eight years ago a large number  
of larches and Scotch pines were  
planted; plow furrows were simply  
driven through the underbrush grow-  
ing up where the old forest had been  
cut away and one-year-old seedling  
larches and pines planted. The larches  
now average some seventeen or eight-  
een feet high and are particularly  
healthy and thrifty.

There can be no doubt, from these ex-  
periments, that forest planting in these  
regions would be an undoubted success.  
It may be noted that the larch was the  
most popular of forest trees in the early  
planting on the western prairie, but the  
leaves were attacked by a fungus; the  
timber, therefore, did not properly ma-  
ture. It finally fell into disfavor for  
forest planting.

On these early experiments the larch  
has suffered much in reputation, but it  
must be remembered that the western  
prairies furnish unfavorable conditions  
for the larch. It is a mountain tree,  
one thriving in comparatively poor soils,  
and the low altitude and rich earth of  
the western prairies was entirely for-  
eign to its nature. Girard plantings  
are some fourteen hundred or fifteen  
hundred feet above the level of the sea;  
these are the conditions of its own  
home, and the remarkable healthiness  
of these trees show that they appreci-  
ate the position in which they find  
themselves.

### A PREHISTORIC HABIT.

Dried Herbs Did Duty for Tobacco Long  
Before Raleigh's Time.

The habit of smoking dried herbs in  
pipes is evidently of enormous an-  
tiquity, for both in the British islands  
and in many parts of Europe and Asia,  
to say nothing of America, the supposed  
native land of smoking, pipes of soap  
stone and red clay, which could not have  
been used for any other purpose than  
the burning of some form of fragrant  
weed, have been discovered in graves and  
tumuli which date far beyond the dawn  
of history. With regard to these is-  
lands, Pearson's Weekly thinks there is  
not the slightest doubt that smoking  
was practiced long before tobacco was  
introduced by Hawkins and Raleigh. In  
the Historie of Plantes, published in  
1578, occurs the passage: "The per-  
fume of dried leaves (of coltsfoot),  
laid upon quick coles taken into the  
mouth of a funnell or tunnell helpeth  
such as are troubled with shortness of  
winde and fetch theyre breath thicke  
and often." This points only to the  
medicinal use of the practice; but if  
there were any doubt as to the an-  
tiquity of smoking for pleasure among  
our ancestors it would be disposed of  
by the following statement of Dr.  
Petrie, one of the most learned of Irish  
antiquarians. He says: "Smoking  
pipes of bronze are frequently found in  
our Irish tumuli or sepulchral mounds  
of the most remote antiquity. On the  
monument of Donogh O'Brien, king  
of Thomond, who was killed in 1207,  
and interred in the abbey of Corcum-  
rae, in the county of Clare, he is rep-  
resented in the usual recumbent posture  
with the short pipe or dhudeen in his  
mouth."

Too Modest.

He—Give me a kiss.

She—You should be ashamed of your-  
self.

"Ashamed of what?"

"Of asking for a kiss when you have  
such a chance to take one."—Texas  
Siftings.

### A Frightful Situation.

First Anarchist—Vot vas dere madder  
mit Schimmelspeel?

Second Anarchist—His wife vill gif  
him to a holiceman oh! he vill come  
home; and oh! he comes home she vill  
make him work!—Puck.

OVER 1,700 different kinds of soup are  
known.

### DAD AND THE DOLLAR.

Results of Bad Financial Teachings—Only  
Sixty-four Cents, Eh?—Lesson on Silver  
Entered With Fists.

Entered boy with badly bruised face  
and eye swelled shut.]

"My son, what on earth does this  
mean?"

"It means that Tom Jones lied to me."

"But you should never fight. I must  
punish you severely."

"He hit me first and called you an  
old turncoat, and —"

"Called me an old turncoat?"

"Yes. It was this way, pa. He told  
me he would give me a dollar to saw a  
cord of wood, then when I got it done  
he would only pay me 64 cents."

"Only 64 cents!"

"That is all he would pay me."

"Perhaps you misunderstood him, my  
son."

"No I didn't. I guess I know 64  
cents when I see it."

"I mean about the price."

"No, sir, he said he would give me a  
dollar."

"Well, put your hat on, my son. I'll  
go over and see that he pays you a dol-  
lar, according to contract."

Going they meet boy (badly battered)  
accompanied by his father.

"There's Tom, pa."

Jones—How's this? Your son as-  
saulted mine, and I've come to demand  
satisfaction.

Smith—Yes, and so have I. Your  
lazy runt of a boy can't hire my boy  
and agree to pay him a dollar a day  
and then only pay him 64 cents. Be-  
sides, he assaulted my boy first.

Jones—You're a liar, you son of a

[They both clinch and so do the  
boys.] For a few minutes the air is  
blue with profanity and hair. Then  
the crowd, which has assembled, sepa-  
rates them. [Bystander picks up silver  
dollar and hands it to Smith's son.]

"Here's a dollar dropped out of your  
pocket during the scuffle."

[Boy takes it.] "That is the same  
dollar I paid him for sawing wood—  
boo-ho!"

Smith boy—Tain't a dollar. It's only  
64 cents.

Smith—Is that what the Jones boy  
paid you, my son?

"Yes, pa, it is."

Smith—Mr. Jones, I beg your pardon  
I see through it all now.

"My son, that is a dollar. How ri-  
diculous you have made me appear."

"Pa, it was only last week I heard  
you argue for an hour that silver dol-  
lars are worth only 64 cents, and that  
it is a disgrace to coin them, and—"

"Oh! Ah! Well! you see—a—"

"No I don't see Ah! with both eyes  
about swelled shut, now. I'll lick h—  
out—"

"Sh! my boy—a—you must beg his  
pardon—"

"What! Be swindled out of 36 cents,  
then be pulverized, then ask pardon—  
I'll be ramshackled if I'll do it—I—"

"My son, it is all a mistake. That is  
a dollar and will buy as much as any  
other dollar and is just as good as any  
other dollar."

"Then why did you say last week it  
was a dishonest dollar?"

"Oh! I—ah; well, I've been taught by  
the politicians and subsidized newspa-  
pers and office seekers to say so, and—"

"Is that all the reason you had for  
saying so?"

"My son, you are a fright."

"Pa, you look as though you had  
been through a thrashing machine."

Jones—And it's all on account of the  
tariff.

Smith to Jones—Don't you think it's  
time to stop this rot about a silver dol-  
lar not being worth as much as a gold  
one.

"You're right; I do. Let's give the  
boys a dollar apiece and go and join the  
populists."

"Agreed."—Nonconformist.

### CRAZY QUILT CURRENCY.

Ten Kinds of Money, No Two of Them of  
the Same Legal Status.

The complex character of our cir-  
culation will be more fully understood  
by considering the qualities imparted by  
law to each of its constituent parts.

1. The gold coins of the United States  
are full legal tender to any amount  
when of standard weight; if below the  
standard weight they are legal tender  
at valuation in proportion to their ac-  
tual weight.

2. Standard silver dollars are legal  
tender to any amount, except where  
otherwise expressly stipulated in the  
contract.

3. The subsidiary silver coin are legal  
tender to the amount of \$10; they are  
redeemable in lawful money by the  
treasurer or any assistant treasurer of  
the United States, when presented in  
sums of \$20 or multiples thereof.

4. Minor coins are legal tender to the  
amount of twenty-five cents; they also  
are redeemable in lawful money if pre-  
sented in sums of not less than \$20.

5. United States notes were made a  
legal tender by the acts authorizing  
their issue, except for duties on imports  
and for payment of interest on the pub-  
lic debt. Since the resumption of specie  
payments on January 1, 1879, they have  
been received for duties on imports. They  
are redeemable in gold or silver coin  
at the office of the assistant  
treasurer of the United States at New  
York, if presented in sums of not less  
than \$50.

6. The treasury notes issued in pay-  
ment for silver bullion purchased under  
the act of July 14, 1890, are a full legal  
tender except when otherwise expressly  
stipulated in the contract; they are re-  
deemable in gold or silver coin at the  
discretion of the secretary of the treas-  
ury. It has been the policy of the de-  
partment to redeem them in gold coin  
if so demanded by the holder.

7. Gold and silver certificates are re-  
ceivable for customs duties, taxes and  
all public dues; they represent the  
kind of coin deposited and reserved in  
the treasury for their redemption; they  
are not made a legal tender by the acts  
of congress authorizing their issue.

8. Currency certificates are issued  
upon the deposit of United States notes  
in sums of \$10,000 and are made pay-  
able to order of the depositor; they  
are redeemable in the kind of money de-  
posited and are not a legal tender.

9. National bank notes are secured  
by deposit of United States interest

bearing bonds with the treasurer of the  
United States; they are redeemable in  
lawful money but are not a legal ten-  
der, although receivable for all public  
dues except duties on imports; and also  
for all salaries and other debts and de-  
mands owing to individuals, corporations  
and associations within the United  
States, except interest on the public  
debt and in redemption of national  
currency. They are also receivable at  
par for any debt or liability due to any  
national banking association.

All of the various forms of money  
above described, excepting national  
bank notes, are available as part of the  
lawful money reserve held by national  
banking associations.

It is thus apparent that we have ten  
varieties of coin and paper circulating  
as money, no two of which are subject  
to the same requirements as to re-  
demption nor clothed with the same  
legal tender and debt paying qualities.

### INTRINSIC VALUE.

The Present Value of Gold Is Not Intrinsic,  
But Arbitrary and Fictitious.

When "money changers" invent ar-  
guments to defend their system of  
plunder, and subsidize writers to give  
them rational import, the student of  
finance and political economy can afford  
to smile, but when a person, apparently  
honest, openly defends the metallic su-  
perstition of a single gold standard in  
the latter quarter of the nineteenth  
century, and that, too, with an ability  
and spirit deserving of a better cause,  
the very gods (if there are any) must  
weep in despair.

Ellen B. Dietrich, in the issue of June  
1, dwells upon the intrinsic value of  
gold and says: "There is no objection  
to promises to pay restricted to the ex-  
tent of a solid ability to pay."

Pay what! intrinsic value?

If so, gold possessing no intrinsic  
value whatever has no "solid ability"  
to pay. It has commodity and mon-  
etary values, separate and distinct, but  
intrinsic value, none. Do you mean  
pay wealth?

If so, gold has not, even with its com-  
bined monetary and commercial values,  
the solid ability, by virtue of its limita-  
tion, to pay one-tenth of the world's  
obligations. There are thousands who  
never see a gold dollar or its representa-  
tive, yet who produce wealth in corn,  
potatoes, clothing, etc., each and all  
exchangeable through money princi-  
pally, and such is my dislike for gold  
I never take it except under  
protest, and if the thing were  
boycotted universally it would  
have neither monetary or commercial  
value except to dentists or jewelers. I  
have no desire to bring in any side  
issues, such as wages, pint measures, or  
the like; but I have dealt with one  
point only, intrinsic value. Those  
properties which sustain life—sun-  
shine, water and air—have no commer-  
cial value because of their abundance.  
Their value is, therefore, intrinsic ex-  
clusively. The value of gold is ficti-  
tious monetary value, which, when de-  
stroyed, reduces the metal to a com-  
modity less valuable than many other  
metals. Gold plays the part of watered  
stock in the world's markets, and it is  
only a question of common sense when  
the people will repudiate, or rather,  
demonize all metals.—J. C. Hannon,  
in Twentieth Century.

### CHOKE THEM OFF.

Money Made of Paper or Green Cheese  
Just as Good as that Made of Gold.

We hope sometime to see congress  
wise enough and patriotic enough to  
take the gold-bugs by their rascally  
throats and choke their infernal wind  
off! How? Restore the sole right to  
issue money to Uncle Sam—and that  
money will be just as good if made of  
paper or of green cheese as of gold.  
The intrinsic or commodity value of  
the metal in a \$10 coin has nothing to  
do with its debt-paying or purchasing  
power. If the gold-bugs don't believe  
it, demonize gold and prove it to  
them!

We do not believe in metal money,  
nor in "basing" ten or twenty dollars  
of paper on one of coin—for the pur-  
pose of enabling sharks to bring on a  
panic when they see fit, to line their  
coffers at the expense of the people.

Nor do we believe in basing money  
on debt (government or other bonds),  
for that necessitates debt.

If it had not been for the machination  
and tinkering of the national bankers  
there would not be a United States gov-  
ernment bond in existence to-day—nor  
would any have been issued.

The government issued greenbacks  
during the war and swapped its interest-  
bearing notes (bonds) for its non-in-