

BE CAREFUL.

You are going away from home, my son,
Be careful how you're led;
For we all must go—so the adage says—
As we have made our bed.

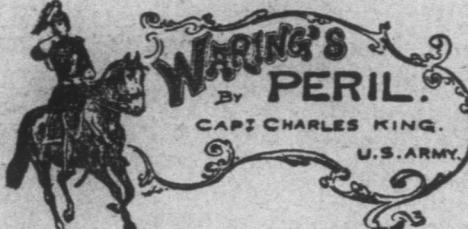
You carry away a boy's true heart
And a strength through love attained;
Oh, bring us back in its place, my son,
A manhood all unstained!

You are going away from home and friends—
From a mother's loving care,
From a father's counsel wisely given.
From a heart of praise and prayer!

Going away to the gay, bright scenes
That will fire your bounding heart—
That will tempt, perhaps, your untried feet
From the better way to part.

"Whatever we sow we shall reap," my son,
Be it grain or noxious weeds—
Be it laurel-wreaths or cypress-boughs;
Then scatter goodly seeds!

—Mrs. M. A. Kidder, in N. Y. Ledger.



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II.—CONTINUED.

"Well, for consummate impudence this beats the Jews!" exclaimed Brax. "Orderly, my compliments to Capt. Cram, and say I wish to see him at once, if he's back from stables."

Now, as has been said, Cram had had no time to change to undress uniform, but Mrs. Cram had received the orderly's message, had informed that martial Mercury that the captain was not yet back from stables, and that she would tell him at once on his return. Well, she knew that mischief was brewing, and her woman's wit was already enlisted in behalf of her friend. Hurriedly pencilings a note, she sent a messenger to her liege, still busy with his horses, to bid him come to her, if only for a moment, on his way to the office. And when he came, heated, tired, but bubbling over with eagerness to tell her of the fun they had been having with Brax, she met him with a cool tankard of "shandy-graff" which he had learned to like in England among the horse artillery fellows, and declared the very prince of drinks after active exercise in hot weather. He quaffed it eagerly, flung off his shako and kissed her gratefully, and burst all at once into laughing narration of the morning's work, but she checked him:

"Ned, dear, don't stop for that yet. I know you're too full of tact to let Col. Braxton see it was any fun for you, and he's waiting at the office. Something tells me it's about Mr. Waring. Now put yourself in Mr. Waring's place. Of course he ought never to have made that engagement until he had consulted you, but he never dreamed that there would be a review to-day, and so he invited the Allertons to breakfast with him at Moreau's and go to the matinee."

"Why, that rascal Ananias said it was to breakfast at the general's," interrupted the battery commander.

"Well, perhaps he was invited there too. I believe I did hear something of that. But he had made this arrangement with the Allertons. Now, of course, if review were over at ten he could just about have time to dress and catch the eleven-o'clock car, but that would make it very late, and when Bay Billy broke away from Ananias nobody could catch him for over half an hour. Mr. Ferry had taken the section, Mr. Waring wasn't needed, and—Why, Ned, when I drove in, fearing to find him injured, and saw him standing there the picture of consternation and despair, and he told me about his engagement, I said myself: 'Why don't you go now?' I told him it was what you surely would say if you were here. Neither of us thought the colonel would object, so long as you approved, and he wrote such a nice note. Why, Ned, he only just had time to change his dress and drive up with Jeffers."

"With Jeffers? With my—er—our team and wagon? Well, I like—"

"Of course, you like it, you old darling. She's such a dear girl, though just a little bit gushing, you know. Why, I said, certainly the team should go. But, Ned, here's what I'm afraid of. Mrs. Braxton saw it drive in at nine-thirty, just after Billy ran away, and she asked Jeffers who was going, and he told her Mr. Waring, and she has told the colonel, I'll wager. Now, what you have got to do is to explain that to him, so that he won't blame Mr. Waring."

"The dickens I have! The most bare-faced piece of impudence even Sam Waring was ever guilty of—to me, at least, though I've no doubt he's done worse a dozen times. Why, bless your heart, Ned, how can I explain? You might, but—"

"But would you have me suppose my big soldier couldn't handle that matter as well as I? No, sir! Go and do it, sir. And, mind you, I'm going to invite them all up here to the gallery to hear the band play and have a cup of tea and a nibble when they come down this evening. He's going to drive the Allertons here."

"Worse and more of it! Why, you conspiracy in petticoats, you'll be the ruin of me! Old Brax is boiling over now. If he dreams that Waring has been taking liberties with him he'll fetch him up so short—"

"Exactly! You mustn't let him. You must tell him I sent him up with your team—yours, mind you—to keep his engagement, since it was impossible for him to come back to review ground. Of course he wouldn't expect him to appear afoot."

"Don't know about that, Ned. I reckon that's the way he'll order out the whole gang of us next time. He's had his fill of mounted work to-day."

"Well, if he should, you be sure to acquiesce gracefully now. Whatsoever you do, don't let him put Mr. Waring in arrest while Gwen Allerton is here. It would spoil—everything."

"Oh, match-making, is it? Then I'll try." And so, vexed, but laughing, half indignant, yet wholly subordinate

to the whim of his beloved better half, the captain hastened over, and found Col. Braxton sitting with gloomy brow at his littered desk, his annoyance of the morning evidently forgotten in matters more serious.

"Oh—er—Cram, come in! come in, man," said he, distractedly. "Here's a matter I want to see you about. It's—well, just take that letter and read. Sit down, sit down. Read, and tell me what we ought to do about it."

And as Cram's blue eyes wandered over the written page they began to dilate. He read from start to finish, and then dropped his head into his hand, his elbow on his knee, his face full of perplexity and concern.

"What do you think of it? Is there any truth?" and the colonel hesitated.

"As to their being seen together, perhaps. As to the other—the challenge—I don't believe it."

"Well, Cram, this is the second or third letter that has come to me in the same hand. Now, you must see to it that he returns and doesn't quit the post until this matter is arranged."

"I'll attend to it, sir," was the answer.

And so that evening, while Waring was slowly driving his friends about the shaded roads under the glistening white pillars of the rows of officers' quarters, chatting joyously with them and describing the objects so strange to their eyes, Mrs. Cram's "little foot page" came to beg that they should alight a few minutes and take a cup of tea. They could not. The Allertons were engaged, and it was necessary to drive back at once to town, but they stopped for a moment to chat with their pretty hostess under the gallery, and then a moment later, as they rolled out of the resounding saloon, an orderly ran up, saluted, and slipped a note in Waring's hand.

"It is immediate, sir," was his explanation.

"Ah! Miss Allerton, will you pardon me one moment?" said Waring, as he shifted whip and reins in the left hand and turned coolly up the levee road.



"WELL, FOR CONSUMMATE IMPUDENCE HE BEATS THE JEWS!"

Then with the right he forced open and held up the missive.

It only said: "Whatsoever you do, do here before taps to night. Come direct to me, and I will explain. Your friend, CRAM."

"All right," said Waring, aloud. "My compliments to the captain, and say I'll be with him."

But even with this injunction he failed to appear. Midnight came without a word from Waring, and the morning dawned and found him absent still.

III.

It was one of Sam Waring's oddities that, like the hero of "Happy Thoughts," other people's belongings seemed to suit him so much better than his own. The most immaculately dressed man in the regiment, he was never satisfied with the result of the efforts of the New York artists whom he favored with his custom and his criticism. He would wear three or four times a new coat just received from that metropolis, and spend not a little time, when not on duty or in uniform, in studying critically its cut and fit in the various mirrors that hung about his bachelor den, gayly humming some operatic air as he conducted the survey, and generally winding up with a wholesale denunciation of the cutter and an order to Ananias to go over and get some other fellow's coat, that he might try the effect of that.

These were liberties he took only with his chums and intimates, to be sure, but they were liberties all the same, and it was delicious to hear the laugh with which he would tell how Pieres had to dress in uniform when he went up to the opera Thursday night, or how, after he had worn Ferry's stylish morning suit to make a round of calls in town and that young gentleman later on went up to see a pretty girl in whom he felt a growing interest, her hateful little sister had come in and commented on his "borrowing Mr. Waring's clothes." No man in the battery would ever think of refusing Sam the use of anything he possessed, and there were half a dozen young fellows in the infantry who were just as ready to pay tribute to his whims. Nor was it among the men alone that he found such indulgence. Mrs. Cram had not known him a fortnight when, with twinkling eyes and a betraying twitch about the corners of his mouth, he appeared one morning to say he had invited some friends down to luncheon at the officers' mess and the mess had no suitable china, therefore he would thank her to send over hers, also some table cloths and napkins and forks and spoons. When the Forty-sixth infantry were on their way to Texas and the officers' families were entertained over night at the barracks and his rooms were to be occupied by the wife, sister and daughters of Capt. Craney, Waring sent the battery team and spring wagon to town with a note

to Mrs. Converse, of the staff, telling her the ladies had said so much about the lovely way her spareroms were furnished that he had decided to draw on her for wash bowls, pitchers, mosquito frames, nets and coverlets, blankets, pillows, slips, shams, and anything else she might think of. And Mrs. Converse loaded up the wagon accordingly. This was the more remarkable in her case because she was one of the women with whom he had never yet danced, which was tantamount to saying that in the opinion of this social bashaw Mrs. Converse was not considered a good partner, and, as the lady entertained very different views on that subject and was passionately fond of dancing, she had resented not a little the line thus drawn to her detriment. She not only loaned, however, all he asked for, but begged to be informed if there were not something more she could do to help entertain his visitors. Waring sent her some lovely flowers the next week, but failed to take her out even at the staff german. Mrs. Cram was alternately aghast and delighted at what she perhaps justly called his incomparable impudence. They were coming out of church together one muddy morning during the winter. There was a crowd in the vestibule. Street dresses were then worn looped, yet there was a sudden sound of rip, rent and tear, and a portly woman gathered up the trailing skirt of a costly silk gown and whirled with annihilation in her eyes upon the owner of the offending foot.

"That is far too elegant a skirt to be worn unlooped, madam," said Mrs. Cram's imperturbable escort, in his most suave and dulcet tones, lifting a glossy silk hat and bowing profoundly. And Mrs. Cram laughed all the way back to the barracks at the recollection of the utter discomfiture in the woman's face.

These are mere specimen bricks from the fabric which Waring had built in his few months of artillery service. The limits of the story are all too con-

torted brute began to back, thereby placing the frail four-wheeler in imminent danger of being upset.

"Steady there! Hold your hand, sir! Don't strike that horse again. Just stand at his head a moment and keep quiet till I get these ladies out," called Waring, in tones quiet yet commanding.

"I'll get 'em out myself in my own way, if they'll only stop their infernal yellin'" was the coarse reply.

"Oh, M. Wareeng," exclaimed the lady in undertone, "the man has been drinking, I am sure. He has been so rude in his language."

Waring waited for no more words.

Looking quickly about him, he saw a plane lying on the levee slope. This he seized, thrust one end across the muddy hole until it rested in the cab, stepped lightly across, took the child in his arms, bore her to the embankment and sat her down, then sprang back for her young mother, who, trembling slightly, rose and took his outstretched hand just as another lash from the horse's back and another lurch followed. Waring caught at the cab-rail with one hand, threw the other arm about her slender waist, and, fairly lifting the little madame over the wheel, sprang with her to the shore, and in an instant more had carried her, speechless and somewhat agitated, to the top of the levee.

"Now," said he, "let me drive you and Nin Nin wherever you're going. Is it to market or to church?"

"Mais non—to bone maman's, of whom it is the fete," cried the eager little one, despite her mother's stern orders of silence. "Look!" she exclaimed, showing her daintily little legs and feet in creamy silk hose and kid.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GAVE LAND FOR CLOTHES.

And Now the Tailor's Heirs Get \$727,500

for the Real Estate.

The estate of the late Hamilton M. Heuston was called up in Judge Coffey's court in San Francisco the other morning for final settlement. A web of romance has been woven about the circumstances attending the life and business career of the deceased, touching the manner in which he obtained possession of the real estate that at last became the basis of his great fortune, says the Examiner.

Mr. Heuston was in early times a tailor. During his transactions in the course of business a pioneer settler became indebted to him for a suit of clothes, and not being able to pay cash induced his tailor to accept two fifty-vara lots in settlement of the account much against the creditor's desire. These two lots were located at what is now known as the northwest corner of Market and Powell streets, and on them the Baldwin hotel stands. A year or two before Mr. Heuston's death Baldwin sued to secure a deed to the real estate on payment of an agreed price, claiming that right under the provisions of a written contract. Heuston was willing to sign the deed provided he could get \$1,000,000 for the property, but Baldwin said he would pay only \$700,000. After a long trial judgment was given against Heuston, and he was ordered to make the deed for the amount named in the contract and offered by Baldwin. Before Heuston was called on to comply with the court's edict, and pending an appeal to the supreme court, he died and the estate passed into the probate court. Seeing that the litigation if begun again would be likely to last a long time, the parties interested made a compromise, and W. F. Goad, the administrator, was by Judge Coffey directed to deed the property to Baldwin on the payment of \$727,500. To this Mrs. Lucy C. B. Heuston and Mrs. E. L. Blunt, the widow and only child of the deceased, agreed, as did the collateral heirs. The written consent of Attorneys Boyd, Fifield and Hoburg to this arrangement was also filed. Baldwin paid the money and the two fifty-vara lots, originally taken as the price of a suit of clothes, became his property. The appraisers of the estate estimated that the property, if uninhabited by Baldwin's leases and contracts, would be worth \$1,018,000.

The Gourd Down South.

One begins to encounter the gourd as a domestic utensil about one hundred miles south of Mason and Dixon's line, where the local pronunciation is something like goord. The dipper and soap dish made from the gourd go along with the old well-sweep and the plantation dwelling with separate "quarters." A skillful negro can fashion marvelously graceful and convenient utensils from the gourd. The dipper is the simplest of all. For it the manufacturer chooses a gourd with a round body and a natural handle. A disk is cut from the body, the meat is taken from the gourd, the shell is carefully dried, and you have a dipper that will last for months, perhaps for years. Spoons of excellent shape and durability may be made from the gourd, as also cream skimmers and the like.

Indifferent to American Customs.

Wide awake as the Chinese merchants of New York are to the value of trade among their own people, they feel or affect a cold indifference as to dealings with the "foreign devils" among whom they live. A Chinese merchant from whom a white man sought to buy a pair of Chinese shoes showed three or four pairs with no sign of interest, and finally when the customer wished to see others, answered: "No more," and prepared to give his attention to other matters. Most of the Chinese merchants in the Bowery region disregard ordinary American methods of attracting customers, and the suggestion that purchases be sent home for the purchaser ordinarily disregarded. The advent of a white man into a Chinese shop is received with mild curiosity by the Oriental loungers, but seems a matter of small interest to the merchant.

"Maman! maman! C'est M'sieu! Vayreng, j'est Sa-am."

"Oh, M. Wareeng! I'm so glad you've come! Do speak to that man! It is horrible the way he beat that poor horse—Mais non, Nin Nin!" she cried, reproving the child, now stretching forth her little arms to her friend and screaming with delight.

"Dash! dash! dash your infernal hide! I'll learn you to talk with me again!"

"Dash! dash! dash your infernal hide! I'll learn you to talk with me again!"

Let love set seal upon your own; for thought it has been said that Orpheus could not fail to find Eurydice in hades no one may know how long he sought

INDIANA STATE NEWS.

THE OLD MAN from Willow Patch Had a Mission on the World's Fair Grounds.

The Columbian guard thought he must be crazy and possibly the Columbian guard was justified in so thinking. He had long chin whiskers and a smooth-shaven upper lip. His eyes were apparently fixed on something above one of the buildings, and in his hand he held an enormous silver watch. "What are you trying to do?" asked the guard.

"You tend to your business an' I'll tend to mine," was the prompt response.

"You'll lose that eight-day clock," suggested the guard, facetiously.

"Well, that's nothin' to you," retorted the old man, finally bringing his eyes down to earth and looking at the guard. "I'm more'n twenty-one an' I know what I'm doin'."

"You don't act like it," said the guard. "I think I'd better take you in, anyway, for a lunatic."

"You ain't smart enough. One of them three-card Monte Carlo men tried to take me in an' got fooled. But seein' as you're so all-fired smart I'll just tell you what I'm doin', an' then you can mosey along. I told the old woman before I left Willow Patch, down near Kankakee, that I'd bring her home the correct time. She ain't got no confidence in the town clock an' wanted the time right from this here time ball on the world's fair grounds, an' I been sittin' here nigh onto half an hour so's not to miss it when it drops. When it goes I'll just set the old watch an' go home to me."

The stables at the Connersville driving park were totally destroyed by fire. Nine horses perished and the total loss is estimated at \$7,000, with insurance of \$1,500. The stables will be rebuilt and the races will come off September 12, as originally intended.

A BLACK beetle has made its appearance in Wayne county. It is of about the same shape but far more destructive than the Colorado potato bug, from the fact that it attacks almost every species of vegetation.

The O'Brien Wagon works of Lafayette, have gone under. Liabilities, \$100,000.

Five more insurance companies have been blacklisted at Indianapolis for not complying with the law.

FIRE THE OTHER DAY DESTROYED ALL THE BUILDINGS AT THE WABASH FAIR GROUNDS.

ALBERT SPICKMAN, aged fifteen, was kicked to death by a stallion at Tell City.

ELEANOR MULLEN, alias Katie Fay, sent to the state reformatory by the Indianapolis police court for non-payment of fine and detained many months without color of law, has been released by the criminal court. The mother of the girl will sue for heavy damages.

MR. AND MRS. JAMES LYNCH, of Muncie, celebrated their golden wedding anniversary at the Delaware county poor-house a few days ago. They are each aged over 90 years, and Superintendent Watson had prepared for them a special spread. They have been inmates of the infirmary for nearly forty years.

D. O. JACKSON, a prominent odd fellow and city clerk died at his home in Decatur the other evening, after a long and painful illness.

A LARGE stable, with five mules, at Fairview mine, near Brazil, was destroyed by fire.

A COMPANY OF CHICAGO AND NEW YORK CAPITALISTS is being organized by Lieut.-Gov. Mortimer Nye to build a railroad from Laporte to Chicago via Westerville and Valparaiso. Gov. Nye says the road is assured.

WHILE bathing in Spring creek, four miles west of Columbia City, Stephens Paign, aged 15, was drowned. He could not swim and got beyond his depth.

THE GREAT CLOCK TOWER.

WONDERFUL TIMEPIECE WITH NEITHER MAIN SPRING NOR PENDULUM.</p