

THE ROCK-A-BY LADY.

The rock-a-by lady from Hushaby street
Comes stealing: comes creeping;
The poppies they hang from her head to her
feet.
And each has a dream that is tiny and sweet—
She bringeth her poppies to you, my love,
When she findeth you sleeping!

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum—
"Rab-a-dub!" it goeth:
There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum,
And, lo! thick and fast the other dreams come
Of popguns that bang and tin tops that hum,
And a trumpet that bloweth!

And dollies peep out of those wee little dreams
With laughter and singing;
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty
gleams,
And up, up and up, where the mother moon
beams.
The fairies go winging!

Would you dream all these dreams that are
tiny and sweet?
They'll come to you sleeping;
So, shut the two eyes that are weary, my
sweet.

For the rock-a-by lady from Hushaby street,
With poppies that hang from her head to her
feet.
Comes stealing: comes creeping.
—Chicago Record.



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CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

The restraint and discipline to which I was subjected brought on an explosion that winter. It was soon after my twenty-first birthday. I had been waiting a little for my austere guardian to inform me that I was no longer under his direction, when I was resolved by hook or crook to make my way to Mississippi. In the meantime I resolved upon a little unwelcome personal liberty. A young people's sleighride to a tavern up in gap of the mountains, with a supper and a dance, had been projected. I well knew it would be fruitless to ask permission; so I resolved to attend by means of that expedient which the sailors call "taking French." In other words, I climbed out of my chamber window at nine o'clock, when the family were asleep. Disaster attended our homeward way in the early hours of the morning. The harness broke; delay attended its repair; it was long after daylight when we reached the village. I know that my clandestine absence must have been discovered, and I resolved to put a bold face on the matter. The deacon's family were at breakfast when I walked in.

The tyrant at the head of the table glared wrathfully upon me.

"Where have you been, sir?"

"Up at Snediker's, with the sleighing party."

"Wretched youth! Your depravity is astounding. I will see you in the woodshed after breakfast."

I made no reply, but ate with considerable composure, while the commiserating glances of the deacon's big boys sought my face. Sad experience told them what was coming.

The meal over, the deacon indulged in a long addendum of thanks for what we had received, mingled with pious denunciations of the depraved conduct of one of the family. He rose from the table and, with a motion to me, marched out into the woodshed. I followed promptly.

He reached down a great hickory limb from the shelf and, bending and trying it in his hand, he addressed me with a sternness that was seasoned with a savage kind of glee as he anticipated the diversion he was about to provide for himself.

"Dorr Jewett, take off your coat. I have too long neglected my duty. The devil is clamoring for your immortal soul. I will chastise the adversary out of you. Take off your coat."

I snatched up a heavy oak stool that stood by and put myself on the defensive.

"If you lay a hand on me I'll knock your brains out!" I cried.

He fell back aghast. I suppose the idea of resistance to his authority never entered his head.

"What do you mean, you young imp?" he stammered.

"I mean what I say. I've done nothing to be punished for; if I had, your authority over me was at an end some weeks ago. You old canting hypocrite, I defy you to touch me!"

My blood was up, and I said more than I had at first intended to. He saw that I would surely break his head if he should advance on me, and

he did not attempt it. But never was man in a greater rage! His leathery face almost turned green.

"Out of my house, you young reprobate—you spawn of Belial!" he squeaked, in a voice shaking with fury.

"I will go with pleasure. Will you send my trunk over to the tavern?"

"Yes. Clear out!"

"I want those books you took away from me."

"Take all your traps and leave!"

I turned on my heel and went into the dining-room. Bidding the family good-by, I put on my cap and went over to the tavern. I had not a cent in my pocket.

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CHAPTER V.

THE Taming of a Land Shark.

I had no definite plan as to how I was to accomplish my darling wish of going to Mr. Bostock. The landlord was a clever sort of man who thoroughly disliked the deacon, and, as he had been quite friendly with my father, it occurred to me that I could claim his hospitality for a little while, till I could get the means to pay him. I found him alone, and briefly described what had happened. I thought he would go into convulsions. His fat sides shook with laughter.

"Well, now, that's glorious! The best thing I've heard for a year. Tried to lick you, did he? Would you really have knocked him down with the stool?"

"Indeed I should, if he'd come within reach of it."

"But did you really and truly call him a canting old hypocrite?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm poor enough; but I'd have given five dollars to hear it. The man heard the truth about himself for once. You're welcome to stay here till you can do better. Did the deacon say anything about settling with you?"

"Settling? I don't understand."

"Don't you suppose he owes you money?"

"What for?"

"Why—he's your guardian; or was. Hasn't he ever said anything to you about the state of your account, or given you any money?"

"Never. What do you mean?"

"The old shark! He's trying to swindle you, as he has some other orphans."

As soon as the landlord's indignation had cooled, he gave me an explanation that surprised me. He said that the mortgage on which my father's farm was sold was small in amount, and that the farm sold well. There was a surplus, which had been paid in to the hands of Deacon Halleck, as my guardian.

"Tom Brough, the lawyer's clerk, was here last night, talking about it. He says that, with a liberal allowance for your board and for guardian's fees, the deacon ought to have five hundred dollars for you."

"Five hundred dollars!" I faltered.

"How am I to get it?"

"Ah—there is the trouble! I suppose Tom Brough has no business to blab the secrets of the office; but when he has a glass in, he'll tell me anything. He says that Deacon Halleck has made a great deal of money out of estates, and defrauded many widows and orphans, by large bills, delays and all kinds of law-obstacles. He says that is just what will happen to you. No matter, Dorr; I'll stand by you. I'll get some lawyer or other to take your case, and you can stay with me till it's decided."

I sat pondering on this revelation.

"It'll take time," I said.

"Yes—of course."

"And perhaps the deacon might make it appear that he don't owe me anything."

"He's capable of swearing to anything; and you'll have to take your chances with him, of course. But I'd follow him up."

"He's rich and has position and influence; I'm nobody," I said, continuing to pile up the obstacles.

"You have friends, I tell you! Just take my advice!"

"Thank you, Mart, I believe I'll try another way first."

"What way?"

A sudden inspiration had seized me. "I can't tell you; it's between the deacon and me; I'm going right back to see him."

It was not more than an hour from the time that I left the home of my late guardian when I entered it again. There was a little den off the dining-room where deacon kept a desk, the pigeon-holes of which were filled with his notes, leases and mortgages. I knew his habits, and relied upon finding him here at that hour. He looked up from some accounts that he was poring over, and scowled as he saw me.

"What brings you back here?" he demanded.

"I was in too great a hurry to leave, just now. I've come back to have a settlement with you."

He turned sharply, and faced me.

"What do you mean?"

"I want you to account to me as my late guardian. It's my belief that there's as much as five hundred dollars coming to me."

A contemptuous smile curled his thin lips.

"You're getting along famously, indeed! What other gossip have you heard over at the tavern?"

"Will you settle with me?"

"Look here—you impudent jackanapes! There is nothing to settle. The very small amount of money that came to me for you after the sale of the farm has been more than consumed by my charges for board, washing and care. You owe me money yourself."

"I shall put my claim in the hands of a lawyer."

"Go ahead," he said, defiantly.

"Well, Deacon Halleck—that's the end of that business, for the present. You'll hear from my lawyer in due time. There's something else I want to talk about."

He turned his back upon me, and busied himself again at his desk.

"Your barn was burned last December."

He wheeled his chair sharply about.

"What of that?"

"I know who set it afire."

"You do?"

"Yes."

His defiant manner was gone; the wrinkles of his face quivered and he had hard work to return my steady look.

"Well—" and then came a pause.

"Who did it?"

"You did it."

He jumped up, strode to and fro, shook his fist at me and poured out a torrent of words.

"You rascally young liar! What do you mean, coming here and insulting me with such a ridiculous story? Do you suppose you can blackmail me—in this way? I'll have you arrested—I'll—"

His wrath, and his fears, too, as his face plainly showed, choked his words. I quietly took a chair.

"I'd advise you to take it cool, sir! You'll remember we've done talking about my claim; we are on another subject now. I merely say to you that I have the evidence that you burned your own property to realize a large insurance on it. I shall go from here to a magistrate and make complaint. If you know of any reason why I should not you had better state it."

He sat down and stared hard at me. He tried hard to conceal his thoughts; but I saw plainly that his mind was halting between fear and bluster.

"Preposterous!" he muttered.

I said nothing.

"Who do you expect to believe this silly story?"

"I refuse to discuss that. It will be time to talk about that when my proofs are presented."

"What are your proofs?"

"You'll know in due time."

He hesitated, then said, with an effort:

"You haven't any proof. I'll talk with you no more about it."

I thought the game was lost, but I resolved to play it to the end.

"Very well," I said. "You defy me to make a criminal complaint against you. I will do it at once."

I turned and walked out of the house. A window was raised, and I heard the deacon's voice calling me back.

I had triumphed!

When I was again alone with him he locked the door.

"This is all very absurd and foolish," he said. "Of course I never set fire to my barn, and if you know anything about it you know that I did not. But I don't court trouble. I haven't been over my accounts with you; possibly I do owe you something. Suppose I pay you the five hundred dollars you claim, will you tell me what evidence you have that I burned the barn?"

"Yes."

"What will there be then to prevent you from making your foolish complaint?"

"There will be nothing, Deacon Halleck. Understand me. I know what I'm doing."

"OH, DORR, DON'T BETRAY ME!"

nothing of the kind. I make no bargains. But you'll probably agree that my evidence against you in a criminal case would not be worth much if it was shown that I had just been making an amicable settlement with you, and that I had received from you the full amount claimed against you as guardian."

"You're a keen one," he said. "Do you mean to stay here?"

"No. I am going south very soon. I may never return here."

He turned to his desk and wrote off a receipt for five hundred dollars, in full of all claims against him as guardian. I signed it. From a drawer of his desk he took a package of bills, and counted out the amount. He watched me till I had counted it and put it away.

"What was your proof?" he demanded.

"Your own guilty conscience, Mr. Halleck! I have heard it whispered twenty times, since that night, that you burned your property to get a high rate of insurance. I have suspected you, as well as others; but I knew no more than they, which was just nothing. But as soon as I charged you with it, conscious guilt looked out of your face. You were made to be a small rascal, deacon; you can't conceal a crime. I predict that you'll betray yourself after I have gone."

The anger with which he heard the beginning of my declaration changed to abject terror as I went on. He wept, wrung his hands, almost groveled at my feet.

"O Dorr, don't betray me!" he whined.

"Think of my family, think of my good name, think of my position in society and the church!"

I assured him that I would not mention the accusation, and left him in his terror and misery.

The next morning the village was horrified to hear that Deacon Halleck had committed suicide. He was found hanging by the neck to the rafters in the garret. Fear, I think, not conscience, had destroyed him.

CHAPTER VI.

A DISAPPOINTMENT—AND A WELCOME.

Of course, there had to be a coroner's inquiry, and I was called as a witness. So long was this investigation that May had come before I was released. The first week of June found me steam-heating down the Mississippi in one of the great river palaces of that day.

Everything was new and wonderful to me, and I thoroughly enjoyed the journey. The river craft, of all sizes, shapes and means of locomotion; the width and majesty of the downward sweep of the vast flood, draining half a continent; the verdure and luxuriance of the southern spring, passing into summer; the army of passengers, the people, white and black, so different from those to whom I had been accustomed; the sights and sounds of the river by day and by night, and, as we entered the cotton belt, the spectacle of immense tracts of rich black land on the bottoms or the uplands, bursting into the "mimic snow of the cotton field;" these were the things that kept

my mind in a kind of rapture all the way. To the speedy meeting with my benefactor I looked forward impatiently. Never, I believe, did man cast his former life behind him more entirely than I had done.

I was ashore at Vicksburg before the steamer was fairly moored. It was not the picturesque little city of today, but a scattered town of barely four thousand inhabitants, straggling along the river bottom and trying to climb the heights. I arranged with one of the dozens of loafing negroes to carry my trunk, and, escaping from the crowd of passengers, cotton-buyers, and "roustabouts," that the dozen steamers lying with their tall smoke-pipes along the river front had brought here, I climbed well up the bluffs and engaged quarters at a quiet place kept by a one-eyed Frenchman, who would talk without the slightest excuse or provocation.

After supper, as we sat out in front and watched the twinkling lights on the river, and heard the hoarse shouts of the steamboat men to the negro roustabouts, as they unloaded cargo or "wooded up," I asked my host if he knew anything of Mr. Pierce Bostock, a wealthy planter of the vicinity.

"Bossytook, sair? I nevair hear ze name."

"I believe he does not live right here; it is a few miles below."

"I cannot tell; I know him not."

A small shadow fell upon my exuberant spirits. I had taken for granted that everybody in Vicksburg knew of the great and rich Mr. Bostock.

As we sat there, my host inquired of several loungers, one after another, if they knew the object of my search. Not one had ever heard of him.

"I do not say here is not such man," said the Frenchman. "But I have been here four year, and I have not hear ze name."

"Who was it?" a man asked, coming in for a drink.

"A planter named Pierce Bostock."

He gulped down his brandy, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and began to meditate.

"Bostock? I declare I have heard the name. I'm up and down the river all the time, and things gits away from my head in a week; but if I ain't clear outen the channel a man with some such name was mixed up in a fight some time ago. Wasn't it so, Frenchy?"

"I tell you I know not ze name."

Rather dejected, I was about to retire, resolved to start out in the morning and make a systematic search for information, when a communicative old negro approached me. He had heard my inquiries and told me that "bout seven year ago, or mobbe longer," he was "one of Marse Bostock's boys."

He remembered the place well; he could tell me just where to find it. I slipped a half dollar into his hand and encouraged him to go on.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ABBREVIATION OF NAMES.

Good Taste Demands the Use of the Full Christian Name When Possible.

The newspapers note a marked tendency toward the use of the full Christian name in books and social matters. One now seldom sees the name of an author on the title page of a new book with the mere initials. Ralph Waldo Emerson practically began this in the United States, and even Thomas Wentworth Higginson's later books have followed this plan of signature. The full name is impracticable in newspaper work, especially when there are two or more; but in cases where there is but one single Christian name, both on account of the appearance and for the sake of certainty, it is highly important that it should be given in full. Nobody with a good eye or ear can be satisfied to see or hear such a name as C. Sharp or J. Jones, not to mention J. Smith, and the number of names that appear in this slipshod manner in the newspapers is something surprising. The explanation is that reporters find it next to an impossibility to obtain names correctly, because everybody has a large number of acquaintances concerning whom no occasion has arisen for learning the full and correct names. An intolerable abomination also is the abbreviation of such names as John, James, Joseph and Charles into Jno., Jas., Jos. and Chas. Not less distressing is the habit of mentioning in print the familiar names of elderly people with the prefix of "uncle," "aunt," "grandfather," "grandmother," "squire," and the like. This class of people may be deferentially mentioned as Mr. or Mrs., followed by the correct initials, where there are two or more, or with the first Christian name always spelled out where there is but one and preferably so if there are two.

French Women Who Wear Trousers.

For the privilege of wearing trousers the French government charges women a tax of from ten to twelve dollars a year. This by no means gives every woman who is willing to pay the tax a right to wear trousers. The government, instead, confers the right as a tribute to great merit. Trousers are, in fact, a sort of decoration given to women as the ribbon of the legion of honor is given to men. The only women to whom has been granted the right to wear trousers are George Sand, Rosa Bonheur, Mme. Dieulafoy, the Persian archaeologist, Mme. Foucault, the bearded woman, and two feminine stonecutters, Mme. Fourreau and La Jeannette.

The Editor Always Discouraged.

When anyone proposes to start a new newspaper he is gravely reminded that there are nineteen thousand five hundred and seventy-three (the very latest figure) newspapers printed in the United States and Canada. But he is now learning to retort that Benjamin Franklin's mother advised him not to start another newspaper "since there were already two in the country."

—Doing nothing for others is the undoing of one's self. We do much good to ourselves when doing much for others.—H. Mann.

HERODOTUS says that Cressus was the first sovereign to make coins of gold.

LAST APPEAL FOR SILVER.

The Friends of the White Metal Make a Final Struggle for Its Recognition.

When it became evident that the repeal bill would finally pass the senate the friends of silver made their last rally in defense of a bimetallic standard by appealing to the country and sounding notes of warning in the ears of the advocates of unconditional repeal. Long speeches gave way to earnest protests. Before the final vote Mr. Teller (Col.) began with a discussion based on propositions which he regarded as incontrovertible, that the supply and demand of money determined its value, and that the amount of money in circulation determined the price of a commodity. Mr. Teller contended there had been a general fall of prices for twenty years, beginning with the demonetization of silver in 1873. The price of corn and pork had been affected in a large degree by optional trading. Wheat was selling in London, Paris and New York to-day at a lower price than ever before, Mr. Teller said. Within ten days wheat had sold in New York at 66 cents, and the best wheat from Minnesota and the Dakotas had been put upon vessels at New York lately for 70 cents. He denied it was a blessing to the country or the man who buys it to have cheap wheat.

In reply to a question whether he agreed with those on the democratic side of the chamber who favored cheap prices for everything, Mr. Teller said:

"I am sure that I don't know what the democratic majority wants or what it proposes to do, but I know about as much of what it wants as I know what the majority (the republican) side of the chamber wants—just about the same. The difference between the majority of this side and the minority of the other side is so trifling (so far as this session is concerned) that I don't know where the difference begins or ends. And I do not know anybody who does. They all seem to be in accord in producing cheapness. Every effort made on both sides so far has been in favor of the reduction of the volume of money of the country. It has been in favor of contraction, which, they all know, means low prices. If that is the democratic doctrine, and if cheapness is what democrats want, it seems that doctrine and that desire have pervaded this (the republican) side of the chamber quite as much as, and I think, a little more vigorously, than the other."

Mr. Teller did not believe any legislation to increase the volume of money by legislation favorable to silver would be had in the next four years. There would be no effective legislation in that direction until the great American population was heard from. It was said prosperity would follow the repeal of the Sherman law. This country was not to see prosperity immediately. The world was disoriented and out of shape on account of the monetary conditions and there would be distress, stagnation, paralysis of business wherever the gold standard prevailed and nothing else.

At one time during the closing debate Mr. Teller said with much feeling: "To me this is the most terrible moment of my life. To me it brings more fear than anything that has occurred since I entered public life. I fear we are entering upon a financial system from which there is absolutely no escape. I know there will be no favorable legislation for silver until the American people are heard from at the ballot box and heard from in a way that will compel attention to their desires. Mr. President, I am not a pessimist; I have never been. I am an optimist. I have never seen disaster and distress growing out of policies simply because they did not meet my approval. I have had faith in the American people. I have faith in men. I can see the silver lining in a cloud as quickly as any man living. There never is a storm so dark I cannot see the coming light on the mountain top, but I cannot contemplate this condition of things without absolute terror. It strikes to my very soul and I want to enter this as a warning to the American people that if they do not resist they will enter upon a system of industrial slavery that will be the worst known to the human race."

Mr. Wolcott (Col.), after advocating the right of debate in the senate, closed his appeal thus: "Out of the millions of annual appropriations no dollar blesses our great section, and now you are to deprive it of its chief industry because a contracted currency appeals to eastern greed and meets British approval. The real struggle has only begun, and will not end until silver is rehabilitated as a money metal and a standard of value. The action you contemplate is as if you should take a vast and fertile area of eastern lands, destroy the structures upon it and sow it down with salt that it might never yield to the hand of the husbandman. These are grave and sad days for us. We shall not eat the bread of id