

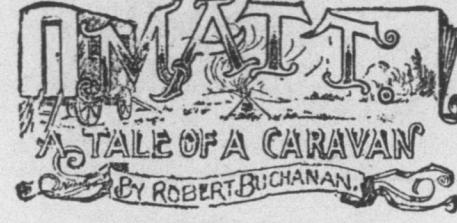
HE SUNG THEM OLD SONGS.

No, his sermon didn't move me;
He would preach to me for years
'Fore he'd make me feel like prayin',
Or melt my old eyes to tears;
But, I tell you, I was softened;
An' the tears began to fall;
Soon's he busted out a-singin'
Songs I loved when I was small;
Them old songs that will forever
An' forever to me cling—
Them tender, thrillin' melodies
Poor mother used sing!

Say! as I set there, a-litt'nin',
Drinkin' in each word an' sound,
Seemed to me a thousand angels
Was a-hoverin' around!
Tears! well, say! they got a-flowin'
So's I couldn't see at all!
'Cuz I heard poor mother singin'
Same's I heard when I was small!
Gee! how happy I was feelin'!
All my cares an' pains took wing
Long afore their songs was ended
That poor mother used sing!

Oh, if you would touch a sinner,
If you'd make his tear-drops roll;
An' jes' kinder git him thinkin'
'Bout the welfare of his soul,
You must lay aside your sermons
'Dun the Devil's wood an' the gall,
An' jes' bust right out a-singin'
Songs he loved when he was small!
Yes, jes' bust right out a-singin'
Songs that to his heart still cling,
Them old tender, thrillin' melodies
His mother used sing!

—James Rowe, in *Yankee Blade*.



CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

Brinkley knew by this last phenomenon that the spray concealed the entrance of some large subterranean cavern. If any doubt had remained in his mind it would have been dispelled by the appearance of a solitary pigeon, which, leaving its companions, wavered lightly, flew back through the spray with a rapid downward flight and disappeared.

He was floating a little nearer with an enjoyment deepened by the sense of danger, when a figure suddenly appeared on the rocks close by him, wildly waving its hands.

"Keep back! Keep back!" cried a voice.

He looked at the figure and recognized William Jones. He answered him, but the sound of his voice was drowned by the roar from the rocks. Then William Jones shouted again more indistinctly, and repeated his excited gestures. It was clear that he



BRINKLEY TOOK THE WARNING AND STRUCK OUT FOR SHORE.

was warning the swimmer against some hidden danger. Brinkley took the warning, and struck out for the shore, and then back to the place where he had left his clothes.

Watching his opportunity, he found a suitable spot and clambered up upon the rocks. He had just dried himself and thrown on some of his clothes, when he saw William Jones standing near and watching him.

"How are you?" asked the young man, with a nod. "Pray what did you mean by going on in that absurd way just now?"

"What did I mean?" repeated William, with a little of his former excitement. "Look ye, now, I was waving you back from the Devil's Caldron. There's many a man been drowned there and been washed away Lord knows where. I've heared tell," he added, solemnly, "they are carried right down into the devil's kitchen."

"I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Jones, but I'm used to such dangers, and I know how to take care of myself."

William Jones shook his head a little angrily.

"Don't you come here no more, that's all!" he said and, muttering ominously to himself, retired. But he only ascended the neighboring crag, and, squatting himself there like a bird of ill-omen, kept his eyes on the stranger.

Having dressed himself, Brinkley climbed in the same direction. He found William seated on the edge of a crag, looking the reverse of amiable, and amusing himself by throwing stones in the direction of the sea.

"You seem to know this place well," said the young man, standing over him.

William Jones replied, without looking up:

"I ought to; I were born here. Father was born here. Know it? I wish I know'd as well how to make my own fortin'!"

"And yet they tell me," observed the other, watching him slyly, "that William Jones, of Aberglyn, has money in the bank, and is a rich man."

He saw William's color change at once; but, recovering himself at once, the worthy gave a contemptuous grunt and aimed a stone spitefully at a large gull which just then floated slowly by. "Who told you that?" he asked, glancing quickly up, and then looking down again. "Some tomfool wi' no more sense in 'un than that gun. Rich! I wish I was, I do!"

Brinkley was amused, and a little curious. Laughing gayly, he threw himself down by William's side. William shifted his seat uneasily, and threw another stone.

"My dear Mr. Jones," said the young man, assuming the flippant style which

Matt found so irritating: "I have often wondered how you get your living."

William started nervously.

"You are, I believe, a fisherman by profession; yet you never go fishing. You possess a boat, but you are seldom seen to use it. You are not, I think, of a poetical disposition, yet you spend your days in watching the water, like a poet, or a person in love. I conclude, very reluctantly, that your old habits stick to you, and that you specialize on the disasters of your fellow creatures."

"What d'ye mean, master?" grunted William, puzzled and a little alarmed by this style of address.

"A nice wreck now would admirably suit your tastes? A well-laden Indian, smashing up on the reef yonder, would lend sunshine to your existence and deepen your faith in a paternal Providence. Eh, Mr. Jones?"

"I don't know nowt about no wrecks," was the reply. "They're no consarn o' mine."

"Ah, but I have heard you lament the good old times, when wrecking was a respectable occupation and when there were no impudent coast guards to interfere with respectable followers of the business. By the way, I have often wondered, Mr. Jones, if popular report is true, and if among these cliffs or surrounding sand hills there is buried treasure cast up from time to time by the sea and concealed by energetic persons like yourself?"

William Jones could stand this no longer. Looking as pale as it was possible for so rubicund a person to become, and glancing around him suspiciously, he rose to his feet.

"I know nowt o' that," he said. "If there is summertime I could find it; but such things never come the way of honest chaps like me. Good mornin', master! Take a poor man's advice and don't you go swimming no more near the Devil's Caldron!"

So saying, he walked off in the direction of the deserted village. Presently Brinkley rose and followed him, keeping him steadily in view. From time to time William Jones looked round, as if to see whether the other was coming; lingering when Brinkley lingered, hastening his pace when Brinkley hastened his. As an experiment, Brinkley turned and began walking back towards the cliffs. Glancing round over his shoulder, he saw that William Jones had also turned, and was walking back.

"Curious!" he reflected. "The innocent one is keeping me in view. I have a good mind to breathe him!"

He struck off from the path, and hastened, running rather than walking, towards the sand hills. So soon as he was certain that he was followed he began to run in good earnest. To his delight, William began running too. He plunged among the sand hills, and was soon engaged busily running up and down them, hither and thither. From time to time he caught a glimpse of his pursuer. It was an exciting chase. When he had been engaged in it for half an hour, and was almost breathless himself, he suddenly paused in one of the deep hollows, threw himself down on his back, and lit a cigar. A few minutes afterwards he heard a sound as of violent puffing and breathing, and the next instant William Jones, panting, gasping, perspiring at every pore, appeared above him.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Jones?" he cried, gayly. "Come and have a cigar."

Instead of replying, William Jones looked completely thunderstruck, and after glaring feebly down and muttering incoherently disappeared as suddenly as he had come.

Brinkley finished his cigar leisurely and then strolled back to the caravan.

CHAPTER IX.

A DISCOVERY.

The young man of the caravan was now thoroughly convinced that one of two things must be true: Either that William Jones had been instructed to keep a watch on him, or that he (William Jones) had a secret of some sort which he was anxious not to have revealed. After both suppositions had been duly weighed the second was accepted as the most likely, and it forthwith received the young man's consideration.

If there was a secret, he argued, it was in some way connected—firstly, with William Jones' worldly prosperity; secondly, with the reports current of treasure hidden in times past among the sand hills of the dangerous caverns of the sea. Was it possible, after all, that these reports were true and that in some mysterious manner Jones had become acquainted with the hiding place? It seemed very improbable, for many reasons, one of the chief being the man's extreme poverty, which appeared to touch the very edge of sheer starvation.

A little inquiry in the neighborhood, however, elicited the information that Jones, despite his abject penury, was certainly well to do and had money in the bank of the neighboring market town; that the ruined village of Aberglyn belonged almost entirely to him, and that, in short, he was by nature, and habit a miserly person, who would prefer hoarding up whatever he possessed to purchasing with it the commonest necessities of life.

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"My dear Mr. Jones," said the young man, assuming the flippant style which

that he was watched again. The figure of William Jones followed in the distance, but keeping him well in view.

It was certainly curious.

I walked over to the cliffs and looked down at the scene of yesterday's bathing adventure. A strong wind was blowing and the waves were surging up the rocks with deafening roar and foamy spray. The place looked very ugly, particularly near the caldron. All the passage was churned to milky white, and the sound from beneath was, to use an old simile, like the roar of innumerable chariots.

He glanced over his shoulder and saw the head of William Jones eagerly watching, the body being hidden in intervening rock.

"Strange!" he reflected. "My predatory friend can't keep his treasure, if he possesses any, down in that watery gulf. Yet, whenever I come near it, his manner tells me that I am 'warm,' as they say in the game of hide and seek."

To test the matter a little further he set off on a brisk walk along the cliffs, leaving the caldron behind. He found, as he had suspected, that he was no longer followed. Returning as he came, and resuming his old position, he saw William Jones immediately reappear.

That day he discovered no clew to the mystery, nor the next, nor the



"WHY MATT, YOU LOOK MAGNIFICENT."

next again, though on each day he went through a similar performance. Strange to say, Matt had not put in an appearance, and for reasons of his own had thought it better not to seek her.

On the morning of the third day—a dark, chilly morning, after a night of rain—Tim put his head into the caravan, where his master was seated at his easel, and grinned delightedly.

"Mr. Charles! She's come, sor!"

"Who the deuce has come?" cried Brinkley.

"The lady, your honor, to have her picture taken. Will I show her into the parlor?"

But as he spoke Matt pushed him aside and entered. She wore her best clothes, but looked a little pale and anxious. Brinkley thought, greeting her with a familiar nod.

"So you've come at last? Tim, get out, you rascal. I thought you had given me up."

He assumed a coldness, though he felt it not, for he had made up his mind not to "encourage" the young person.

"I couldn't come before, they would not let me. But last night William Jones he didn't come home, and I broke open the box and took out my clothes and ran straight off here."

Her face fell as she proceeded, for she could not fail to notice the coolness of the young man's greeting.

"Well, since you have come, we'll get to work," said Brinkley. "It's chilly and damp outside, so we'll remain here to visit the fairies."

"Yes," she cried, "and every time he goes the fairies give him summertime."

"Each time you followed him," asked Brinkley, thoughtfully, "he disappeared at about the same place?"

"Yes," said Matt; "and the light and him sunk right down and never came up again."

"TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHINESE COURSHIP.

A WOOLING AS IT IS CARRIED ON IN THE FLOWERY KINGDOM.

In his own flowery kingdom the heathen Chinese who desires to become a Benedict does not dream of approaching his desired bride until he has heard what her father has to say. The interview with papa on these occasions is largely occupied by a prolonged haggling over the amount the suitor is to give until the bargain is adjusted to mutual satisfaction.

Then the suitor, highly perfumed with assafedita, which is the smart among Chinese, as it was among the Carthaginians, calls on the bride's mother and is introduced to the bride, whom, it must be understood, he has not yet seen. The visit consists largely of bowing, scraping, flourishing the hands, cringing in every posture, every kind of ceremonial and very little conversation.

The lover does not speak one word to his intended, and seldom glances toward her. Usually singing and dancing girls come in and furnish diversion. He remains in her presence for two hours or longer, during the whole of which time he does not get a moment alone with his intended, or even a fair look at her face—for it is not etiquette for him to scrutinize her too closely. When he has gone he sends her presents.

It is a good omen if he sends a gift of egg shells painted every kind of color.

All his visits are conducted on the same plan. He does not get a direct and full view of her face until they have "gone away," that is, until she has been brought in her palanquin to his house.—N. Y. Recorder.

RATHER HARD ON THE PRISONER.

A story comes from Paris of a venerable and benevolent judge, who, at the moment of passing sentence on a prisoner, desirous of meting out absolute justice, invariably consulted his assessors on each side of him as to the proper penalty to be inflicted.

"What ought we to give this rascal, brother?" he would ask, bending over to the assessor on the right.

"I should say three years."

"What is your opinion, brother?" to the assessor on the left.

"I should give him about four years."

Whereupon the good old justice would address the prisoner thus: "Prisoner, not desiring to give you a long and severe term of imprisonment, as I should have done if left to myself, I have consulted my learned brothers, and shall take their advice. Seven years."—Harper's Young People.

A VICTIM OF THE GLASS.

The woman was vain, excessively vain, but she was pretty, and possibly felt in her own heart that would excuse her. Whether it would or not, she was at a reception one night and a stranger was there also.

"My, that's a pretty woman," he said as she passed.

"Yes," responded the person with him, "but she is the victim of the glass."

"You don't mean to say she drinks? What a pity."

"Oh, no, I mean the looking-glass."

—Detroit Free Press.

LOST AND FOUND.

Uncle Ben (on a visit)—I see you are losing your first teeth, Charley.

Charley—Yes, Uncle Ben, I am losing my first teeth, but I am finding my second ones.—Harper's Young People.

THE MONEY SUPPLY.

The Demonetization of Silver Has Largely Reduced the Value of All Commodities Measured by the Single Gold Standard.

Whether it is a sound conclusion or not, the all but universal conviction of mankind is that gold or silver, or both, constitute the basic money of the world. This theory is sustained by the experience of history as fully and absolutely as any fact relating to human affairs.

Such being the case, the primary quality of about one-half this basic money could not be taken away by legislation without seriously undermining the foundation of credits and enormously reducing a circulating medium, the currency of which was in the main only token money, subject to redemption in gold or silver coin.

We are told, in effect, that this paper currency represents a constant and pressing danger; that while there is such a disproportion between the amount of paper and the stock of gold we cannot really have "sound" money. Of course, gold can be got from the sale of more bonds, but the Journal of Banking says that "just as long as bonds are offered for sale the gold to purchase them will be drawn from the treasury itself." But the same periodical makes it perfectly clear that the banks of Wall street—the organized money power—are not at all satisfied with the bond issue scheme. There is money in it for them, of course, but the profit is too small in comparison to the power and influence they wield. A bond issue is "a mere palliative." The banks can "easily accommodate the treasury by furnishing gold for export or for payment on bonds when they have it in their power to demand it back at any time or make the government go to protest."

But even this situation is not satisfactory. The presence in the circulation of so much paper currency requires a remedy more radical than any of these devices." Yes, indeed! "It requires that a large portion of the \$35,661,428 of government paper should be retired." There you are in great shape, and there is the scheme