

THE WHEAT AND THE CHAFF.

There is an old tale of the golden age days. When the gods with men parleyed and moved. That a critic who dealt all blame and no praise Was once by Apollo reproved. The god handed back to the critical fool A handful of unwinnowed grains. Said he: "Leave the wheat, as seems ever your rule; You may have all the chaff for your pains."

Now, this guide to your choice is suggestive to-day. Though told of a fabulous time, To any and all who its teachings obey In every country or clime. For the wheat and the chaff are mixed for us still.

As they were in those mythical grains; And if we choose now to see only ill, We shall have only that for our pains!

All pathways are checked. Gray shadows and night Alternate with the sun's cheering rays. Our eyes grow accustomed to darkness or light As we fix upon either our gaze.

And we can be clear-eyed, or we can be blind, As each one his vision so trains; If he chooses the dark need he wonder to find He can see nothing bright for his pains!

From the noxious swamps see the marsh lily lift Its delicate, queenly blue head; From water and slime and dark earth it will sit.

The nutrient best for its need. Poisons lurk in these things. It could draw evil thence As well as the good that it gains. Shall it choose, then, those noxious elements whence Hurt and death will proceed for its pains?

In our fellow-men are the elements mixed; Forever good mingles with sin. On their errors, their faults, shall we keep our gaze fixed? O'erlooking divine sparks within?

Ah! a lesson in judging our frail brothers, then, We may learn from these fabulous grains. If we seek but the chaff, can we fairly grieve when

We receive only chaff for our pains? —Emily C. Adams, in N. Y. Sun.

CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

The old man, knowing his son's temper, did as he was told, and William continued to potter aimlessly about the room. He was certainly trembling very much, and was almost overcome with a nervousness for which he himself could not account. For he was no coward. To get possession of a prize on the high seas he would have faced a storm which might well make brave men tremble, not to mention that he knew that he had on more than one occasion humanely hastened the end of the shipwrecked sailors whom he had found and pillaged on the shore. After these acts he had been able to sleep the sleep of virtue without being haunted by dead men's eyes. But now the case was different. He had not to deal with a victim without friends, a man whose body, described as that of a "shipwrecked mariner," could be buried and forgotten without more ado. In all probability there would this time be a hue and cry, and William Jones trembled lest his share in the ghostly business might ultimately be discovered.

True, he was not actually the culprit, and so even at the worst he might escape the gallows; but to a man of his sensitive and affectionate nature the thought of transportation

he got up and went to the door; he could see nothing, but he heard the patter of falling rain, and the low, dreary moan of the troubled sea. Hour after hour passed, and Matt did not come. William Jones began to doze by the fire—then he sank into a heavy sleep. He awoke with a start, and found that it was broad daylight. The fire was out, the rain had ceased to fall, and the morning's sun was creeping in at the windows. He looked around and saw that he was still alone. He went into Matt's room—it was empty. She had not returned.

He was now filled with a vague uneasiness. He made up a bit of fire and was about to issue forth again in search of the truant, when all further trouble was saved him—the door opened and Matt herself appeared.

She seemed almost as much disturbed as William Jones himself. Her face was very pale, her hair wild, her dress in great disorder. She started on seeing him, then, assuming a devil-may-care look, she lounged in: "You're up early, William Jones," she said.

"Yes, I am up early," he replied, gruffly; "cause why?" "Cause I ain't been to bed. And where have you been?" "Just you tell me that."

"Why—I've been out, of course," returned the girl, defiantly. "That won't do, Matt," returned William Jones. "Come, you'll just tell me where you've been. You ain't been out all night for nothing."

The girl gave him a look, half of defiance, half of curiosity; then she threw herself down, rather than sat, upon a chair. "I am tired, I am," she said, "and hungry and cold!"

"Will you tell me where you've been, Matt?" cried William Jones, trembling with suspicious alarm. "Course I will, if you keep quiet," said the girl in answer. "There ain't much to tell neither. I were away along to Pancroos when the heavy rain came on, then I lay down behind a haystack and fell asleep, and when I woke up it was daylight and I come home."

William Jones looked at her steadfastly and long; then, as if satisfied, he turned away. About an hour later he left the hut and walked along the shore straining his eyes seaward. But instead of looking steadfastly at one spot, as his custom was, he paused now and again to gaze uneasily about him. At every sound he started and turned pale. In truth, he was becoming a veritable coward—afraid almost of the sound of his own footsteps on the sands.

CHAPTER XIV. THE CARAVAN DISAPPEARS. Several days passed away, during which William Jones showed a strange and significant affection for his own fireside. He went out a little in the sunlight; but directly night came he locked and barricaded the door as if against thieves, and declined, on any inducement, to cross the threshold. Even had a three-decker gone ashore in the neighborhood he would have thought twice before issuing forth into the dreaded darkness.

For William Jones was genuinely afraid; his hereditary calm of mind was shaken, not so much with horror at a murderous deed, as with consternation that his life-long secret had been discovered by one man, and might, sooner or later, be discovered by others. He did not put implicit faith even in Monk; it was his nature to trust nobody where money was concerned.

As to returning back to the cave until he had quite recovered his equanimity, that was out of the question. Even by daylight he avoided the spot with a holy horror. Only in his dreams, which were dark and troubled, did he visit it—to see the face of the murdered man in the darkness, and the hand of the murdered man pointing at him with cold, decaying finger.

The day after the murder he had been greatly unsettled by a visit from Tim Linney, who demanded news of his master and said that he had not returned to the caravan as he had not returned to no very violent ebullitions of grief. When he was done Matt sat by the fire and looked long and keenly at William Jones.

"What are you staring at?" cried he, fidgeting uneasily under her gaze. "Nowt," said Matt; "I were only wondering."

"Then don't go wondering," exclaimed the good man, rather inconsistently. "You mind your own business and don't be a fool!" And he turned testily and gazed at the fire. But Matt, whose eyes were full of a curious light, was not to be abashed. "Ain't you well, William Jones?" she asked.

"I'm well enough—I am."

"It's queer, ain't it, that the painter chap never come home?"

"How should I know?" growled William. "Maybe he's gone back where he come from."

"Or maybe he's drowned? Or maybe he's summated like he happened to him?" suggested Matt.

"Never you mind him, my gal. He's all right, never fear. And if he ain't it's no affair of yours, or mine neither. You go along out and play."

Matt went out as directed, and it was some hours before she returned. She found her guardian seated in his old place by the fire, looking at vacancy. He started violently as she entered and made a clutch at the rude piece of ship's iron which served as a poker.

"Be it you, Matt? Lor, how you startled me! I were—I were—taking a doze."

"I've been up yonder," said Matt. "Up where?"

"Up to the painter chap's cart. He ain't come back, and the man is searchin' for him all up and down the place."

Fortunately it was very dark, so that she could not see the expression of her hearer's face. She walked to the fireplace, and, taking a box of lucifers from a ledge, began to procure a light, with the view of igniting the

rushlight fixed to the table. But in a moment William blew out the match and snatched the box from her. "What are you doin' of?" he cried. "Wasting the matches, as if they cost nowt. You'll come to the workus afore you're done."

The days passed and there was no news of the absent man. Every day Matt went up to the caravan to make inquiries. At last one afternoon she returned, looking greatly troubled; her eyes were red, too, as if she had been crying.

"What's the matter now?" demanded William, who had left his usual seat and was standing at the door. "Nowt," said Matt, wiping her eyelids with the back of her hand.

"Don't you tell no lies. You've heard summat? Stop! What's that there under your arm?"

All at once he had perceived that she carried a large roll of something wrapped in brown paper. He took it from her and opened it nervously. It was the crayon portrait of herself executed by the defunct artist.

"Who gave you this here?" cried William Jones, trembling more than ever. "Tim."

"Who's he?" "Him as come looking arter his master. The painter chap ain't round; and now Tim's goin' away in the cart to

tell his friends. And he give me this—my pictur'; he give it to me to keep. His master said I were to have it; and I mean to keep it now he's dead!"

William Jones handed back the picture, and seemed relieved, indeed, when it was out of his hands. "Dead?" he muttered, not meeting Matt's eyes, but looking right out to sea. "Who told you he was dead?"

Matt did not reply, but gazed at William so long and so significantly that the man, conscious of her scrutiny, turned and plunged into the darkness of his dwelling.

An hour later a loud voice summoned him forth. He went to the door, and there was Monk, of Monkshurst. It was the first time they had met since they parted on the night of the murder. Monk was dressed in a dark summer suit, and looked unusually spick and span.

"Where's the girl?" he cried, after a whispered colloquy of some minutes. "Matt, where are you?"

In answer to the call Matt appeared at the door. No sooner did she perceive Monk than she trembled violently and grew very pale.

"Come here, Matt," he said, with an insinuating smile. "See! I've brought something for you—something pretty for you to wear."

As he spoke he drew from his waistcoat pocket a small gold ring, set with turquoise stones. But Matt still trembled, and shrank away.

"I don't want it—I shan't wear it," she cried. "Nonsense, Matt!" said Monk. "Why, it's a ring fit for a lady. Come, let me put it on your finger."

So great seemed her agitation, so deep her dread of him, that she could not stir; so that when he approached, laughing, and caught her round the waist, he slipped the ring on her finger before she could resist. But it only remained there a moment. With a quick, sharp cry, she tore herself free, and, taking the ring off, threw it right away from her upon the sand. Then with a wild gesture of fear and loathing, she rushed into the cottage.

William Jones walked over and picked up the ring, while Monk stood scowling darkly after the fugitive. "What the devil alls the girl?" cried the latter, with a fierce oath, pocketing the present.

"Dunno. She's never been the same since—since the painter chap went missing. I'm afeared he turned the gal's head."

"He'll turn no more heads," muttered Monk under his breath. He added aloud and with decision: "There must be an end to this. She must be married to me at once."

"Do you mean it, master? When you spoke on it fast I thought you was joking."

"Then you were a fool for your pains. She's old enough and bold enough and vixenish enough; but I'll tame her. I tell you there must be no delay. My mind's made up, and I'll wait no longer."

Sinking their voices they continued to talk together for some time. Now Matt was crouching close to the threshold, and had heard every word of the above conversation, and much that followed it. When Monk walked away and disappeared, leaving William Jones ruminant at the broken gate, she suddenly reappeared.

Curiously enough all her excitement had departed. Instead of weeping or protesting, she looked at William Jones—and laughed.

Monk had left his horse at the coast-guard station. Remounting, he rode rapidly away through the sand hills in the direction of the lake. As he approached the spot of the old encampment, he saw that the caravan had gone.

He rode on thoughtfully till he gained the highway, when he put his horse into a rapid trot. Just before he

gained the gate and avenue near to which he had first encountered Brinley, he saw the caravan before him on the dusty road.

He hesitated for a moment; then hurried rapidly forward, and, arriving close to the vehicle, saw the Irishman's head looking round at him from the driver's seat. He beckoned, and Tim pulled up.

"Has your master returned? I am informed that he has been missing for some days."

Tim shook his head very dolefully. "No, sir; sorry sight have I seen of him for three days and three nights. I'm going back wid the baste and the house, to tell his friends the bad news. Maybe it's making fun of me he is, and I'll find him somewheres on the road."

"I hope you will," said Monk, sympathetically. "I think—hum—it is quite possible he has, as you suggest, wandered homeward. Good day to you."

So saying, Monk turned off by the gate which they had just reached, and rode away up the avenue.

Tim looked after him till he disappeared. Then the same curious change came over him which had come over Matt after she had been listening to the colloquy between Monk and William Jones.

He laughed!

CHAPTER XV. A BRIDAL PARTY AND A LITTLE SURPRISE. A week passed away. The shadow of the caravan no longer fell on the green meadow by the lake, and the struggling population of Aberglyn, unsuspecting of foul play, had already forgotten both the caravan and the owner.

And if facts were to be taken into consideration in estimating the extent of her memory, Matt, too, had forgotten. It was common talk now that she, the grammarless castaway, the neglected protegee of William Jones, was to be married to the master of the great house! Nay, the very day was fixed; and that very day was only two sunrises distant; and Monk, of Monkshurst, had in his pocket a special license, which he had procured, at an expenditure of five pounds, from London.

[TO BE CONTINUED.] HOLIDAYS IN COLONIAL TIMES. Public Officials Took Life Easy When New York Was a British Colony.

Public functionaries performing official duties in halcyon days of old New York, when it was a British colony, had a pretty easy time of it. Their pay was liberal and was sure. His majesty, the king of Great Britain, was careful of his servants, and there were plenty of holidays. A contrast between the number of these and the number legally observed at present shows how much more time for pleasure and recreation the old-time officials were permitted to enjoy. The legal holidays in the New York departments are New Year's day, Washington's birthday, Decoration day, Independence day, Labor day, election day. Thanksgiving day and Christmas day—eight in all, exclusive of the Saturday half holiday. These are the eight days observed in the city and in the federal departments of New York. Here is a list of the holidays observed at the New York custom house in the last year of English rule:

New Year's day, the queen's birthday, anniversary of King Charles' execution, Shrove Tuesday, Ash Wednesday, Lady day, Good Friday, Easter Monday, Easter Tuesday, St. George's day, King Charles' restoration, king's birthday, Whit Monday, Whit Tuesday, prince of Wales' birthday, powder plot anniversary, Christmas, Christmas holidays (three days), Fast day, Thanksgiving day, election day, college commencement day.

These were the stated holidays. Special ones were added from time to time as occasion seemed to justify, as "holiday in token of the safe arrival of a packet," holiday "in commemoration of the king's safe return from a sea voyage," "holiday in commemoration of the opening of a new street," "holiday in commemoration of the repulse of the Indians," and other similar occasions of public office closing. The English officials in New York believed above all things else in having a good time. They did not regard a public office as a public trust. They disliked pernicious activity, and, above all, desired plenty of time for recuperation from their arduous duties. Some of the pretexts for abandoning work seem, at the present time, very quaint. A clerk in charge of one of the government departments closed it abruptly one morning, leaving this sign to account for his absence:

GONE TO SEE A WHALE IN THE RIVER.

Several whales had been seen in the harbor before that. Diligence did not characterize the public servants. Their minds inclined to holidays, and the local inhabitants who had no voice in affairs had no alternative but to acquiesce, the king's will prevailing, and a majority of the employees of the government officers being the younger sons of aristocratic Englishmen, who had influence enough at court to have them billeted upon the people of the colonies. It need hardly be added that no contemporaneous reformer had the hardihood to propose that these English functionaries should work "on time." The American government put an end to wholesale holidays as it did to alien officials in New York.—N. Y. Sun.

The Ultimate Sacrifice. Two tramps were trudging along the dusty roads on a hot afternoon because the harvest hands wouldn't let them stop in the shade to rest, and they had had nothing to eat or drink since the night before.

"Hungry?" asked one. "Yes, but I'm drier," was the gloomy response.

"What would you give for a nice, cold glass of beer?"

"Willie," responded the other earnestly, "I'd almost work for it."

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etc. 32—The Urinary Organs, etc. 33—The Reproductive Organs, etc. 34—The Prostate Gland, etc. 35—The Seminal Vesicles, etc. 36—The Vagina, etc. 37—The Uterus, etc. 38—The Ovaries, etc. 39—The Fallopian Tubes, etc. 40—The Cervix Uteri, etc. 41—The Vagina, etc. 42—The Uterus, etc. 43—The Ovaries, etc. 44—The Fallopian Tubes, etc. 45—The Cervix Uteri, etc. 46—The Vagina, etc. 47—The Uterus, etc. 48—The Ovaries, etc. 49—The Fallopian Tubes, etc. 50—The Cervix Uteri, etc. 51—The Vagina, etc. 52—The Uterus, etc. 53—The Ovaries, etc. 54—The Fallopian Tubes, etc. 55—The Cervix Uteri, etc. 56—The Vagina, etc. 57—The Uterus, etc. 58—The Ovaries, etc. 59—The Fallopian Tubes, etc. 60—The Cervix Uteri, etc. 61—The Vagina, etc. 62—The Uterus, etc. 63—The Ovaries, etc. 64—The Fallopian Tubes, etc. 65—The Cervix Uteri, etc. 66—The Vagina, etc. 67—The Uterus, etc. 68—The Ovaries, etc. 69—The Fallopian Tubes, etc. 70—The Cervix Uteri, etc. 71—The Vagina, etc. 72—The Uterus, etc. 73—The Ovaries, etc. 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