

CONTENTMENT.

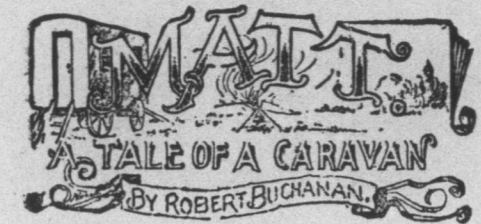
Slappy the face 'neath the tattered bonnet,
Merry eyes matching the ribbons on it;
What matter the old, torn shawl and gown
With her sunny hair, for a golden crown,
She's the richest queen in all the land,
With the happy face under the bonnet.

Her kingdom, the billowy meadows fair;
Her subjects, the birds and butterflies there;
Her wine, the dew in the flower's cup,
Which she quaffs with glee, ere the sun is up;
She's the proudest queen in all the land,
With her winsome face under the bonnet.

She cares not for fashion, cares not for fame;
She knows not sorrow—no, her, but a name;
She wears bright jewels, the wild flowers
sweet,
And they lift their heads, her smile to meet,
She's the happiest queen in all the land,
'Neath the old and faded bonnet.

To those who are blest with wealth untold,
Comes not such joy as her life doth hold;
They think they are happy—how little they feel
The sweet content her eyes reveal;
We may find, if we search through all the land,
A queen 'neath a tattered bonnet.

—Good Housekeeping.



CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

At this moment Matt, looking bright as sunshine, leaped out of the caravan. "There's my proof," said Marshall. "Miss Monk, this amiable bridegroom of yours denies being concerned in harming Mr. Charles Brinkley. Is he telling the truth?"

Matt's face darkened, and she looked at Monk with eyes of cordial detestation.

"No," she said, "he's lying."

"Matt," cried Monk, fiercely, "take care!"

"He's lying," she repeated, not heeding him. "I see him do it with my own eyes, and I see William Jones helping him and looking on; they thought that no one was nigh, but I was. I was hiding behind them sacks and barrels in the cave."

Monk now felt that the game was almost up, for he was beset on every side, and the very ground seemed opening under his feet. The wretched Jones, in a state bordering on frenzy, remained on his knees, wailing over his ruin. The two strangers, Lightwood and Marshall, looked on as calm but interested spectators. Matt, having delivered his home-thrust of accusation, stood and gazed into Monk's face with cool defiance.

"It is a plot!" Monk cried, presently. "an infamous plot to ruin me! You have been tampering, I see, with this wild girl, whom you foolishly suppose kin to me by blood. Arrest me, if you please—I shall not take the trouble to resist, for I am perfectly innocent in this matter."

He added, while they looked at one another as if somewhat puzzled:

"As to the girl's relationship with my dead cousin, the very idea is absurd. Where are the proofs of her birthright?"

"Here," said a quiet voice.

Monk turned his eyes and started back in wonder, while William Jones shrieked and fell forward on his face. Standing before them in the sunshine was—the reality or the semblance of—the murdered young man of the caravan!

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you persistently refused to do justice to this young lady."

As he spoke, Monk uttered a savage oath and rushed towards the road; but Marshall was after him in a moment and sprang upon him. There was a quick struggle. Suddenly Monk drew a knife, opened it and brandished it in the air; so that it would have gone ill with his assailant if the herculean Tim, coming to the rescue, had not pinioned him from behind. In another moment the knife was lying on the grass and Monk was neatly handcuffed by the detective.

"Now, governor, you'd better take it quietly!" said Marshall, while Monk struggled and gnashed his teeth in impotent rage. "You're a smart one, you are, but the game's up at last."

Monk recovered himself and laughed fiercely.

"Let me go! Of what do you accuse me? It was murder just now, but since the murdered person is alive (d—n him!) I should like to know on what charge you arrest me."

"Oh, there's no difficulty about that!" said Brinkley, looking at him superciliously. "In the first place you have by fraud and perjury possessed yourself of what never legally belonged to you. In the second place, you attempted murder, at any rate. But upon my life, I don't think you are worth prosecuting. I think, Mr. Marshall, you might let him go."

"It's letting a mad dog loose, sir," replied Marshall. "He'll hurt somebody."

"What do you say, Miss Monk?" said Brinkley. "This amiable looking person is your father's cousin. Shall I release your bridegroom in order that you may go with him to the altar of Hymen and complete the ceremony?"

"I hate him!" cried Matt; "I should like to drown him in the sea."

Brinkley laughed.

"Your sentiments are natural, but un-Christian. And the gentle Jones, now, who is looking at you so affectionately, what would you do with him? Drown him in the sea too?"

"No, no, Matt," interposed, William Jones, abjectly; "speak up for me, Matt. I have been father to you all these years."

Matt seemed perplexed what to say. So Brinkley again took up the conversation.

"On reflection we will refer William Jones to his friends, the 'coast-guard chaps.' I think he will be punished enough by the distribution of his little property in the cave. Eh, Mr. Jones?"

Jones only wrung his hands and wailed, thinking of his precious treasure.

"And so, Matt," continued Brinkley, "there will be no wedding after all. I'm afraid you're awfully disappointed!"

Matt replied by taking his hand again, raising it to her lips, and kissing her.

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Matt, shyly. "Did you always think so?"

"Certainly."

"Even when I told you I liked you so much, and you told me 'it wouldn't do'?"

It was Brinkley's turn to blush now. It was clear that Matt, despite other changes, still retained her indomitable frankness.

"Even then," he replied, laughing. "But I say you were a precocious youngster. You proposed to me, you know!"

"I know I did," said Matt, "and it wasn't leap year then."

She added still more shyly: "But it's leap year now!"

Their eyes met. Both blushed more and more.

"Matt, don't! It won't do, you know! Yes, I say so still. You're a rich woman and I'm only a poor devil of a painter. You must marry some great swell."

But Matt replied:

"I shall never marry anyone but you!"

"You won't? Do you mean it?"

"Of course I do."

He caught her in his arms.

"My darling Matt—yes, I shall call you by that dear name to the end of the chapter. You love me, then? I can't believe it!"

"I have loved you," she answered, laughing, "ever since I first came—to be took!"

And she rested her head on his shoulder just as she had done in the old days when she was an unsophisticated child of nature.

"So there's to be a wedding after all," he said, kissing her. "Matt, I've an idea!"

"Yes?"

"When we marry suppose we arrange to spend the honeymoon in—e caravan!"



A BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

He Is Supremely Contented in His Single Blessedness.

I do not marry for many reasons. One reason is that I am of a very affectionate temperament. I feel quite sure that it is better for me to love all women, as I do now, than to have to profess to love but one woman—my wife.

Let me think of some more reasons. As a bachelor I get a great many invitation cards and pleasant attentions wherever I go. My married friends don't have anything like as much luck, and their wives make them angry by wondering why it is so.

It is exceedingly nice when I dine out to be paired off with an unmarried girl. My married friends look across the table at me enviously. Any sort of married "frump" is good enough for them.

As I am, I can do exactly as I like; go to bed at nine or three at my own sweet will, and breakfast in bed or up at any hour. Most husbands can by no means do as they please, even in so small a matter as this. They are expected to be at home by ten or eleven o'clock, or face cold coffee, cold eggs, cold toast and cold looks next morning.

Every married man marries for himself for his pleasure and comfort. Am I to blame if I choose to remain single for the same purpose? There is no absurd cant than the talk about it being a man's duty to the race to take a wife.

Of course, too, there is the dreadful possibility of the marriage turning out ill. It is next to impossible for a man to say definitely: "I can be happy with such a woman for my life." I know sweet young girls who five years from their wedding day were untidy, coarse, negligent women, even openly loving their children to the neglect of their husbands, or openly indifferent to both husband and children.

This sort of thing is frightful to think of. Married men in some cases seem to get used to it, but it wears and kills the brighter part of them.

I do not write altogether as a novice in matters of the heart. I have been in love over and over again. Somehow, though, I have always put off popping the question until some other fellow has done it on his own account. Of all these girls whom I might have married, only one now, as a married woman, seems to answer the expectations I had formed of her. The realization of this makes me more and more fond of my bachelor freedom and irresponsibility. Besides, I have a gray hair or two, and my habits are getting fixed.

An astonishing number of men like myself remain single for reasons much like those I have mentioned. Unmarried, we have one bird in the hand—contentment. How can we tell that we may get hold of that gay, long-tailed parrot in the bush—married felicity, if we suddenly change our state?

There is an ideal woman I should like to marry. Some day I may meet with some one who is tolerably like her. Then, if I am not too old, I will woo her.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

And All Is Forgiven Now.

She (severely)—When was the first time you were drunk?

He—When you intoxicated me with your charms.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Not an Expensive Sepulcher.

"When I met Blinkers he was buried in his thoughts."

"Humph! A shallow grave."—*Chicago Record.*

Reversed Precedence.

"Are they husband and wife?"

"No; wife and husband."—*Puck.*

OPENS HIS CAMPAIGN.

Col. Breckinridge Asks for Re-election to Congress.

LEXINGTON, Ky., May 8.—Col. Breckinridge made his first speech in his campaign for re-election to congress to an enormous crowd in this city. After referring to his past career and services, and stating his position on the tariff, he spoke at considerable length on his recent trial at Washington. He acknowledged his guilt, and said he had fallen in a moment of weakness and passion, but had done all within his power to prevent a public scandal except the one thing, marriage, which at no moment had he considered. Did he think for a moment, as claimed by his enemies, that his sin had made him unfit to represent his hearers in congress; that a re-election would be looked upon by the world as a vindication; that a vote for him was either a vote of approval or of condonation of his misdeeds, he would not ask for a re-election, nor accept the votes of his hearers, nor live in their midst. But of what he had been guilty he had made public acknowledgment, and his re-election could neither take from nor add to the punishment he had suffered. He was glad exposure had come. He cared not now for the closet door to be opened, for there was no skeleton there. He could now look up through the blue skies of the upper world, and feel that there was no cloud there. He would wear with him the scars of the past, but would no longer carry the dread of exposure. He would come out of the storm, in some respects, conqueror.

Col. Breckinridge said that the extent of his guilt was truthfully confessed by him without justification or palliation, and he asked no condonation. In conclusion he said:

"If some one in your midst can better do the work you want done for your representative, choose him; I shall submit: some one whose life has been stainless; whose morals young men can imitate with profit; whose days have been pure and whose nights have been sinless; whose ability is ample, whose experience is wide. For 100 years this district has been represented by men. They have not always been sinless men, and whether you elect or reject me, hereafter when some one comes to write its history, whatever blame may attach to me, he will write of me that, over with that blame, he loved the poor fellow for his fellow men, he labored for good causes; and as this historian turns over the pages of the record in which my utterances are contained he will rise from them with the belief that I was loyal to my principles, faithful to truth, devoted to you."

WILL STAND BY IT.

Democratic Senators Decide in Caucus to Support the Tariff Bill.

WASHINGTON, May 5.—By a vote of 37 to 1 the democratic members of the senate adopted a resolution in caucus on Thursday agreeing to support the tariff bill of the finance committee, including the compromise amendments that have been agreed upon in the conference of the last two weeks. These amendments do not materially affect the income tax provision. The vote in the caucus was as follows:

Years

Bate, Gordon, Pascoe, Berry, Gorman, Pugh, Blackburn, Gray, Sherman, Bankhead, Harris, Roach, Brice, Hunt, Smith, Caffery, Jarvis, Turpie, Call, Jones, Vest, Williams, Camden, McLaurin, Voorhees, Cockrell, McPherson, Wright, Daniel, Mitchell, White—37, Faulkner, Morgan, Palmer.

Senator Hill (N. Y.) voted alone in the negative. The six absent senators were: Mills, Murphy, Lindsay, Irby, Butler and Gibson.

THEY FAVOR SILVER.

United States Senators Send a Cablegram to the London Bimetallite Conference.

WASHINGTON, May 5.—Following is a copy of a cablegram sent to the lord mayor of London, apropos of the bimetallic conference held in that city, by several United States senators:

"We desire to express our cordial sympathy with the movement to promote the restoration of silver by international agreement, in aid of which we understand a meeting is held under your lordship's presidency. We believe the free coinage of both gold and silver by international agreement at a fixed ratio would secure to mankind the blessing of a sufficient volume of metallic money, and which is hardly less important, secure to the world of trade immunity from violent exchange fluctuations."

The document was signed by Senators John Sherman, W. B. Allison, D. W. Voorhees, George F. Hoar, Nelson W. Aldrich, David B. Hill, Edward Murphy, A. P. Gorman, O. H. Platt, Calvin Brice, Joseph M. Carey, William Frye, C. K. Davis, S. M. Cullom, Henry Cabot Lodge.

CAUSE OF HARD TIMES.

Congressman McGann Wants to Have a Congressional Inquiry.

WASHINGTON, May 2.—Mr. McGann (dem., Ill.), as chairman of the house committee on labor, has framed a terse joint resolution proposing the appointment of a committee of three senators and three members of the house to inquire into the cause of the present industrial depression and idleness and to report within thirty days, both on causes and probable remedies. The resolution will be laid before the house on Wednesday.

The resolution is to make the inquiry on broad lines, so that the effects of the tariff uncertainty, silver legislation, etc., will all be considered without reference to the politics involved. Mr. McGann says he thinks it can be done and that it might do a positive good, irrespective of the political theories which suffer.

Tourists Rescued.

GRATZ, May 8.—A diver yesterday morning succeeded in reaching the party of tourists who have been imprisoned in the stalactite cavern at Souraich since Saturday, April 23, owing to a sudden rise in the water and the fact that the passage in it became blocked with timber and boulders. The diver found all seven of the tourists alive, but they were almost insane from the nervous strain.

Four Killed by an Explosion.

LONDON, May 8.—An explosion occurred in the large Cordite works at Waltham Abbey, 13 miles from this city, killing four men, and injuring a dozen or more. The buildings were wrecked.

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DR. HUMPHREYS' SPECIFICS.

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4—Fever, Chills, Inflammations, etc.25
5—Fever, Chills, Inflammations, etc.25
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12—Fever, Chills, Inflammations, etc.25
13—Fever, Chills, Inflammations, etc.25
14—Fever, Chills, Inflammations, etc.25
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16—Fever, Chills, Inflammations, etc.25
17—Fever, Chills, Inflammations, etc.25
18—Fever, Chills, Inflammations, etc.25
19—Fever, Chills, Inflammations, etc.