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Select Poetry.

THE SUNDAY NIGHT.

BY C. M.

Oftentimes, as the daylight dies,
And the distant chapel bell
Re-echoes to the sunset skies,
Come the dreams we love so well;
Our thoughts go back long years ago;
And children's voices softly flow,
As in the Sunday twilight dim
They sing together some sweet hymn.

On Sundays, as the sunlight fled
And the twilight mists arose,
When skies were paling overhead
And the day grew to a close,
The children of our house would raise
Their voices in a hymn of praise:
And as I dream, I seem to hear
The echoes swelling sweet and clear.

We used to sing—I with the rest—
Till the daylight passed away;
Each had the hymn he loved the best,
And we know them all to-day;
And when we hear the church-bells chime,
There lives that fair old Sunday time,
While in our dreams the sweet refrain
Of long ago comes back again.

Select Story.

THE CAPTAIN'S SWEETHEART.

BY H. C. H. VERIN.

Through the open doorway of a colonial mansion in South Carolina the October sunlight poured in a mellow flood, gleaming on the polished floor of the hall, dancing in waves of reflected light upon the rafters of the ceiling. The house was ample and sedate. The hallway with its high wainscoting of wood, above which hung the family portraits ladies, with wondrously arranged and powdered hair, sitting pensively upon the shore of minature lakes, upon which swans disported, or standing beneath drooping willows.

There were men, too, grave-featured men, in mail, and more modern ones, smiling, tricked out in all the bravery of lace and damask. These were ancestral Rodmans, brought by John Rodman when first he came to America some fifty years ago. A great fireplace filled almost the entire end of the hall. Opposite the entrance a helmet and crossed lances occupied the space between the mantel and the ceiling. A carved staircase descended almost to the floor; then made an abrupt turn and ended in two finely-carved posts quite in the centre of the room.

The house was more imposing than most of its rivals in ——— county, finished throughout with carved woodwork and mirrors, brought especially for it by old John Rodman from England.

All was quiet on this bright afternoon. On a couch covered with a design in crimson lay an embroidery frame, together with the novels, "The Reward of Constancy" and "The Impertinent." Near by was an open harpsichord, with music scattered all atop of it. Behind this a lute hung upon the wainscoting. The October breeze blew in from the fields, stirring the leaves of books on the couch, rustling among the pages of music, making the chords of the instrument itself vibrate gently. Without, the twittering of birds sounded. The strip of sunlight on the floor grew longer and longer until it almost touched the dry logs in the fireplace.

Slowly passing down the staircase, first in shadow, then in sunshine, came a fair young girl, in a white gown, with her golden hair gathered in a loose knot high upon her head. A few curls had escaped from their fastenings and were hanging in pretty confusion upon her neck. With one hand clasping the banister-rail, the other the locket at her throat, she descended listlessly. Suddenly she raised her head, her eyes shone brightly with expectation, a delicate flush came to her cheek and in the corners of her mouth there lurked smiles and dimples. On the lane sounded the beating of horse's hoofs. She ran to the door, as, with a great clatter, a young officer in the English uniform dismounted quickly before the house.

"Oh, Hugh!" she exclaimed, as he ran up the steps, "I was so afraid you would not come. I have been watching since noon for you—I vow I have."

"Prue, I could come no quicker. Our general had singled me out for duty this afternoon. I have been so angered! But now—now that I see you in that frock—I can forgive him," and, with a laugh, he drew her gently into the hall and kissed her.

"Be careful," she whispered, "if we are seen. There's mother—I left her napping in her chamber—but if she chanced to awake! Oh, Hugh, be careful."

"How long, dear Prudence, am I to be thus put off—thus kept waiting? When may I see your mother, entreating for this little hand? Prue, when?"

"Nay, not now; perhaps when my Lord Cornwallis doth win or lose; then, mayhap. Still, I know not."

"Always 'I know not.' Alack! I am sick to death of that answer." He arose, striding angrily up and down the room.

"Contentment and patience! dearest Hugh. You know mother would not give her consent now. We must feign loyalty to the Congress. This tedious war has set us much awry. I do not even think she would let you come here were it not for Elizabeth's pleasure. Is it not strange? Father was English, Elizabeth is and I—she paused and flushed, then continued—"I—I fain would be, while mother and Dick are all for Washington and liberty."

"Your brother is a traitor!"

"Hush!" she cried quickly, "he is my brother and your cousin Elizabeth's husband. Shame upon you, Hugh!"

"Your pardon, mistress; I will not say thus again."

"Do not, I pray you, Hugh! I am the traitor. Sometimes I feel I must run mad when I hear mother and Dick talking of our wrongs and England's tyranny. As they upbraid the English and his Majesty, George III, then I feel the veriest, vilest traitor, for my heart is with you, and where you are, there is my country."

"Beloved," he cried, pressing her to him—but she quickly escaped from his caresses. Running over to the harpsichord and seating herself, she began to play softly the minuet music as her sister-in-law, decked out in the bravest finery, slowly descended the stairs.

"Good day, fair Bess!"

"Good day to you, sir cousin! And how comes it you are not with your troops in town? Is Captain Trevor turning truant to his duty?"

"Nay, good mistress, my duty now lies but to my pleasure. I come to bear the music to you that I spoke of. Also a new scarf that I just received for you from London. 'Twas fortunate that I came by it. These are difficult times for importing fripery. But see! How does it meet your favor?"

"Most bravely—indeed, I do protest 'tis vastly fine!" cried Elizabeth, with a laugh and a deep courtesy.

"Is it not extravagant in mode and fancy?" volunteered the Captain.

"Aye," replied Prudence. I'm sure 'tis French. None other knows how to cut so sweetly. I never will countenance any other fashion save the French. I but bless me, Prue, I clean forgot, your mother wants to see you in her room. As Prudence, hurrying up the stairs, vanished out of sight, Elizabeth, turned to Hugh saying:

"Pray, cousin, tell me how stand the fortunes of war. What does my Lord Cornwallis? Hear you aught of my husband? I am nigh dead with worrying. He is with Marion, but where I know not. I get no word of him, nor may I go to him. What a fate is mine, hemmed in by those I love, my kinsmen, from him I love the most, my husband!"

"I've no news, Bess. I dare swear your husband's well. But why did he turn rebel?"

"He should not have turned, say you? No! Nor did he! Why blame him for as much loyalty as your own?"

"He is brave. I would he were with us."

"I would he were with me," sighed Elizabeth.

"I never have seen him but once and yet I thought he looked frail. He is most fair in feature, is he not?"

'More fair in character," replied his wife.

"Mistress Lisbuf, where are you?" cried a little darkey girl, who came running, out of breath, into the hall. When the child saw who was there she paused abruptly, much terrified; her eyes seemed to start from their sockets.

"What would ye, Judith?" gently asked Elizabeth, but the child answered not, but turned and fled, dropping on the floor the large apple she held in her hand. As the fruit struck the floor it burst open, disclosing a small carefully folded piece of paper. With a cry Elizabeth started forward but Hugh anticipated her, seizing the note quickly from its hiding place and holding it behind him.

"Give it me!" she demanded, haughtily.

"Not quite so fast, cousin. It may be of interest to his Majesty. Its secrecy points to its import."

'No, no; give it me, Hugh—it's mine."

"What! you turned traitor. Bess?"

"Nay, but I wish my letter—I insist."

"I cannot give it to you. 'Tis my duty."

"It may—I mean it is of naught, Hugh."

"I fain would not, yet I must see for myself, Bess."

"My dear coz, sweet coz, give it me," she pleaded.

"Nay, dear coz, sweet coz, I may not." As he slowly unfolded the letter Elizabeth sank pale and faint upon the couch. "Egad!" cried the Captain, "I find it is of passing interest. Well wrote, Master Dick. I must be off at once. Good bye, cousin. I grieve to pain you. Here, take your letter. Hold! on second thought, you may read it, but I will keep it." He held it out before her. Tremblingly she read:

"It will be home to-night at 10. Leave the door unlatched. Acquaint no one with my purpose. I must be gone within the hour. I cannot go without a sight of your dear face. R. R."

"What will you do?" she asked.

"Take him prisoner."

"Have pity," she cried, sinking on her knees before him. "Have pity; you cannot be so cruel. Had you not been here—in truth, no one will know. Oh! Hugh. It is so much to me, so little to you."

"Little? Elizabeth, it is my duty!"

"But none will know," she urged. "I would know. Nay, tempt me not; it is my duty. Would you make me a traitor? He himself would do as I am doing for his country and you would praise him for it. A traitor I must not be."

"What is all this talk of traitors?" asked Prudence, suddenly returning. Silently he gave her the note. He almost feared her entreaties.

"Down on your knees," cried Elizabeth; "down Prudence, and entreat for [illegible] in Prue's face checked her.

"Nay," was the quiet answer, "I will not entreat him. 'Tis wrong to persuade him from his duty."

"But he will kill Dick—my husband! your brother! Do you understand, girl?" As she ceased Elizabeth staggered to her feet and seized Prudence's arm.

"I understand, Elizabeth; but it is the fortune of war."

Elizabeth sank weeping upon the couch. Captain Trevor turned and left the house. His spurs clanked loudly as he descended the steps. The sound of the horse's hoofs died away in silence as he rapidly rode on his errand.

Prudence, unmindful of all, stood unmoved and unmoving in the gathering shadows of the autumnal twilight. Heavy clouds arose just after sunset, sweeping over the landscape like dark blankets, shutting off the sky and the stars, casting over the face of the earth one great shadow in which all form was swallowed up.

Elizabeth paced up and down her chamber in impatience and terror. Vainly she peered from her window; all was blackness; no sound was to be heard save the rustling of her own gown. Finally, no longer able to endure her anguish, she seized the candle-stick that set upon her dressing-table and descended to the hall. Her heart beat quickly as she slowly swung open the great door and stepped out upon the porch, protecting the candle's flame with one hand.

"Halt? Who goes there?" cried a gruff voice from the shrubbery.

She dropped her candle as she realized that the house was surrounded by the English. Faintly she answered:

"I, Mistress Elizabeth Rodman."

"What would you, Mistress Elizabeth Rodman? questioned the deep voice.

"I would see your captain."

"Tarry there."

After what seemed an interminable delay, her cousin approached, followed by a private bearing a lantern.

"This is no place for you, Elizabeth," was his first remark.

"Oh! Hugh, is there no hope? Remember poor Andre last fall and Nathaniel Hale. Bethink you, is there no expedient? O, bethink you?"

"None! lest he delay or rather come not."

"God grant he may not!" she murmured.

"Amen," he added. Then continuing sternly, in a loud voice, he said: "Get in Mistress Rodman, get in!"

As the door closed behind her, a man came running up the steps, full into the light cast by the lantern which disclosed the fair hair and delicate features peculiar to the Rodmans. His cap was gone, in its stead a great kerchief-like affair was bound about his head. He was very pale. In an instant Hugh had seized the heavy knocker of the door to prevent Elizabeth from coming out. Rodman was at once seized, and though the noise was slight Elizabeth had heard it and was callingly wildly, "Let me come to him! Let me come to him!"

"Be of good cheer, Bess, I am taken, but fear not, only be patient," called the prisoner. There was a dull sound as of a body falling on the other side of the door, then all was quiet. "Come away!" muttered Trevor, "she has swooned."

The prisoner nodded. Silently they passed down the long flight of steps into the night of impenetrable shadows. "It grieves me," whispered Hugh as he approached and walked beside his captive; "it grieves me sore to treat you with such scant courtesy, by my faith it does."

"'Tis naught," replied the other gently; "you do but your duty!"

"A tedious duty by my liking for you and your family."

"Speak not of them, but yet I would know how they fare, if ill or well, happy or unhappy."

"Well—but for your mishappening."

"I sorrow a little for Bess, but not for little Prue. She has a pretty spirit."

"That I protest she has," exclaimed Hugh with vehemence.

The other smiled rather sadly.

"Methinks, 'tis true you love the lass! Nay, answer not, but tell me where are we yet to go?"

"We were to go at once to Yorktown, but now I learn we may not come there."

"I am glad," said Rodman; "I am not keen to see my Lord Cornwallis. I would not that he view me in such a sorry guise."

"You have met. Why, how comes that?"

"We met him at Madam Payton's ball"—

"How? 'Twas there I met your sister, 'Mistress Prudence,' yet I saw not you."

"No! Well I saw you," laughed Rodman. They paused before a low-roofed, rambling house. The sign it bore was "The King's Head."

The landlord showed them into the best room, while the soldiers went to the inn's kitchen.

"Now, Master Wolford," cried the Captain, "fetch us some of thy most amiable and warming stuff. We are much fatigued, and over dry in the throat."

"Nay, none for me," said Rodman, "I am but an indifferent tippler, but within would I lie me down to rest. I am done to death with these rough roads."

"Thou art pale and delicate like, perchance?" volunteered Wolford.

Rodman flushed. "Nay, not I; on second thoughts, fetch me a drink and a pipe, if you can come by such a thing."

When the landlord was gone, Hugh said: "Say first, Master Rodman, that you bear me no ill will, then say what ye will have with me in the way of favor."

"I bear you no ill will. Nay, make not so much of light, my eyes do ache. One candle will suffice. But as to favors—send for Mistress Elizabeth."

"Well, I will send to fetch her."

And quitting the room for an instant he gave the order, and presently the landlord and he returned together.

"Here is your tobacco and liquor, Master Rodman," said Hugh.

"Well, set it by; I will sleep a bit till Bess comes."

The solitary candle had almost burned out, a faint glow of light shone in the east, the two men were fast asleep, when there came a gentle knocking at the door.

Hugh sprang up to open it. Going into the entry he perceived in the cold light of the growing dawn that their visitor was Mistress Elizabeth.

"Why did you send for me?" she asked. "What does all this mean, cousin? I am all a muddle—first you come, then you go—and now—"

"Pray be quiet, cousin," he interrupted; "you must in and haste if you would see him."

"How?"

"Yes, Dick, thy husband. Nay, speak not nor tarry not, but enter, for I hear him up," and he pushed her through the door and closed it.

As he stood before the door he heard a great bubbub below. Hurrying down he met a messenger who breathlessly told him "that Cornwallis had surrendered to Washington that very morning."

Hugh tore upstairs and, bursting into the room, told Elizabeth of his news. In the midst of her exclamations of mingled pleasure and regret he interrupted her with:

"Where is Master Rodman, Dick?"

"He passed through your lines last night at 11, after visiting me," answered Elizabeth with a smile.

"Why—why," stammered Hugh, "he whom I left here with you—that fair youth—where is he?"

"Here," said a soft voice, coming from the corner, as the figure stepped out into the light which fell through the small window. It took off its head-covering, a wreath of yellow hair fell down above its shoulders, and there in the dawn stood not Dick, but Prudence, blushing like a rose.

"Have not I a pretty spirit?" she said mockingly, "and have not I played you a pretty trick, sir? Nay, speak not, for I will now do you a worser service, for I propose to be"—she courtesied very low—"your wife, Mistress Prudence Trevor."

A Bunch of Roses.

The last time I was traveling in Touraine I chanced to have particularly strong letters of introduction from common friends to Angelus Rueil, a jolly old property owner of the Faubourg St. Pierre des Corps, on the outskirts of Tours.

Rueil lived in a house that had once been a grange, upon an income which was modest, yet sufficient to supply all his wants. With him lived an old woman, not far from the dark side of 50, who it was sometimes suggested was not in the full possession of her reason.

This report had sprung into existence after the Fete de la St. Jean, when the woman had been suddenly seized with a nervous fit, caused in some inexplicable way by the sight of a nosegay of red roses in the dress of a young peasant girl who had come to the festival from the country.

The day following my arrival at Tours I went to deliver my letters to Rueil and was received with the utmost cordiality.

"I have suffered horribly at the hands of the Germans," he said. "Listen to my tale of woe; I will tell it to you with the greatest freedom and candor."

As he said these words M. Rueil rose from his chair, and opening a massive oak cabinet took out from it a little box covered with dust and having in its lock a small rusty key.

With great gentleness and care he opened, and placing it so that I could easily see its contents said in a voice that shook with emotion awakened by past memories:

"Here is a bunch of faded roses that once were fresh and sweet, but are now dry and almost odorless.

"They were worn by a young girl, a native of my own country (the Ardennes) on the very day of the burning of Bazcilles. They are Louis Van Houlte roses—autumn roses—the last flowers of once happy France.

"Although they are dry and dusty, you can see with the help of this glass that on the petals of each rose there is a blackish colored crystallization.

"Well," he went on in a low voice that was almost a whisper, "that is blood—German blood."

He took from my hands the magnifying glass and examined with the greatest attention these peculiar relics.

Then he went on:

"You remember with what heroic obstinacy the inhabitants of Bazcilles, tracked like wild beasts, defended step by step their houses and property; how men, women and children used their guns, and never yielded an inch without leaving several blank spaces in the German ranks.

"On that day, terrible and never to be forgotten, Rose Launois fought like a man discharging one barrel of her gun after another with the coolness and determination of a brave soldier. I was by her side, and from behind a bank formed by the collapsed side of a private library we let blaze at the slowly advancing Prussian soldiers.

"There were three others besides ourselves—three men—and it was positively devilish to see us, four men and a young girl, standing side by side fighting like demons against preposterous odds, and yet by some strange luck not even hit by the enemy's bullets.

"I can see that lovely girl now. She stands again before my eyes, her hair falling over her shoulders, with flushed face, two rows of gleaming teeth, and her grand, flaming eyes fixed on the ever approaching mass of dark soldiers that at any moment might pick us off with their rifles or reduce us to a little pile of dead.

"More clearly still do I again see that bunch of red roses—autumn roses, full blown and gorgeous, living in their fresh splendor as if in protest against the bloody horrors of war and disaster.

"It was not long before our three comrades had fallen to the ground, each with a German bullet in his heart, and we, in order to shoot better, had climbed callously over their corpses, still warm and palpitating.

"We were actually standing in blood—this girl and myself. It covered our boots and soaked our ankles with its warm moisture.

"Suddenly I fell backward. A blade of cold steel had entered my breast!

"The Germans had forced their way into the house through the kitchen garden, and one of them, a blond Hercules, had given me a sudden thrust with his bayonet. Although this Teutonic giant had given me, I believed, my ticket for heaven, I was able—strange as it may seem to note exactly all that was going on around me.

"I seemed to have passed into the next life and yet still to be living in this.

"I can distinctly remember that this German Hercules was alone in the room. His companions had hurried on in their search for blood and booty through the village. His first act was to disarm Rose, tie her arms and thrust his hideous, bloated face close to the lovely cheeks of the heroic girl.

"The atrocious scene was rendered all the clearer by the horrible glare of the fire which was leaping from one house to another till the whole village was enveloped in a mass of flame.

"How it was that at this moment, in spite of my gaping wound, I found strength to move and even to get up from the ground is more than I can explain. Just as the state has the power of conferring special privilege when exceptional circumstances seem to demand it, so undoubtedly there are miracles that are affected by the will of heaven.

"I got up, terrible as a demon of vengeance, and quietly moved behind the cowardly German.

"Coldly, without trembling or hesitating, a murderer in the cause of justice, I summoned to my aid more strength than I thought I possessed and plunged my long hunting knife up to its hilt in the back of the unsuspecting monster. The blade was keen as a razor and sharpened on both sides like a two-edged sword. It had pierced the heart from behind and remained stuck fast like a cross.

"The next instant the heated blood poured with great throbbing jets out of the man's mouth, and a few drops fell upon the petals of the bunch of roses in Rose's bosom."

Angelus Rueil stopped for a moment. His memories seemed to choke him.

"War is torrible indeed, is it not?" He went on after a long pause.

"Rose Lamnois has been out of her mind for several years.

"The dignified woman who received you was Rose, and she then became the companion of my life.

"I love her as my own child. We live a lonely life here; no one comes to see us. Mlle. Rose is very fond of gardening. She keeps that beautiful little garden you see from these windows, but there are no rose trees there. She is afraid of roses, especially red roses. The sight of these flowers will bring on a fit. But some day I may give her a boquet of them."

"And what day would you choose?" I asked.

"The day when her brain can no longer receive a shock, when there is no danger of the beautiful flowers causing her fear—the day when she lies dead under the turf."

Cast up by the Sea

A Galveston paper says: The Norwegian bark Elsa Andersen came into Galveston a day or two ago with a strange-looking vessel in tow. This was a very small brig of English build, dismasted and in need of repairs, which had been sunk more than fifty years ago, judging from its ancient appearance and awkward rigging, so sailors who have looked at it told a Philadelphia *Times* correspondent. On the afternoon of the 17th of February, off the coast of the Faroe islands, where the Elsa Andersen had been blown by a recent gale, there was a violent upheaval of the sea, about two miles distant from the spot where she was riding, that sent several waves sweeping over her which did much damage and threatened to submerge her entirely. When the alarm which this sudden sea had caused subsided there was seen about a mile off a wreck which had not been there before the upheaval of the bottom of the sea, a phenomenon corresponding to an earthquake on land. The wreck excited much interest among the officers and passengers of the Norwegian vessel, and an order was issued to approach the strange craft, when it was seen that the remains of her rigging, stumps of masts, and the hull itself were covered by thousands of sea shells, causing the wreck to present the appearance of the miniature ships of shellwork to be purchased at any seaside town. The leaks which had sunk the vessel were now stopped by an accumulation of barnacles, and the derelict rode the waves like a duck.

A boatload of sailors was dispatched to board the wreck, and they found the hold and the under decks water tight, save for a few feet of water, which, covering the cargo, had sunk her. But this cargo and the other contents of the ship were entirely destroyed, most of the former having been devoured by the denizens of the deep. In what had evidently been the captain's berth were found several iron-bound chests, which had resisted to some extent the ravages of time and the sea, but, on being opened, the contents were found to be reduced to a sort of pulp, with the exception of a leather bag. This had become hardened until it was necessary to break it open with an ax, when from it poured a number of rusty disks, which, being cleaned, proved to be golden guineas of the year 1809 and amounting to the sum of five thousand and twenty-five dollars. There were also several watches of gold and a stomacher of pearl; these, however, proved valueless, having been blackened by the action of the water.

The wreck was attached to the Elsa Andersen by a cable and towed to Galveston, where it attracted crowds of visitors. On the fourth day after its detachment from the bottom of the sea by the quake, the water was all pumped out of the derelict, when it was found to contain three skeletons, two of them of men and the other a woman's, this last being of a person of gigantic build and in life of nearly seven feet in height. About the neck of one of the male skeletons was a chain of gold, to which was attached a silver crucifix and evidently a rosary.

A Chance Shot.

From Detroit Free Press.

The strange-looking man sat in one corner of the smoker and hadn't much to say while the drummer and the western real estate man were telling their stories. He roused, however, after a peculiarly peculiar one by the drummer.

"That reminds me," he said, of something that happened once in the Rockies, during the good old times when everything was new out there. Like every mushroom municipality, we had among us gamblers and greenies, toughs and tenderfeet. One of these tenderfeet was the most cowardly fellow, in some ways, I ever saw, and how he had ever come to such a place I couldn't understand. He was afraid of everybody, and a boy could bulldose him, but he was bright-minded, with a fine turn for business, and was honest. A pistol was a horror to him, and he wouldn't take a drink of whiskey under any circumstances, which, by the way, required considerable courage. In this case it did, at least, as it afterward turned out, for one day he refused to drink with the ugliest, most dangerous man we had, and a row ensued. The tough whipped out a pistol and would have killed the fellow, but some one caught his arm, and the other man went down on his knees and begged for his life. It was no good, however; the tough was drunk and was determined to kill him, and to prevent an open murder, some one suggested that they fight it out in the street, and a revolver was put into the hands of the tenderfoot. He didn't know how to handle the gun at all, and while one man showed him what to do, four or five more held the tough. Then they were put at ten paces, and a more abject, scared specimen I never saw than that tenderfoot. He could hardly stand up and his pistol wobbled about as if it swung to a string. The tough enjoyed it more than anybody else, for he felt sure of his victim. After he had watched the shivering wretch a moment he pulled up his gun, and at the same time the tenderfoot pulled his up and tried to aim it. Then, bang went the tough's gun and almost simultaneously followed the report of the tenderfoot's. The tough dropped like a shot ox, and the tenderfoot threw up his right hand and howled with pain and fear. We rushed up and found the tough dead, with a bullet through his heart, and the tenderfoot with his fingers and hand bruised and bleeding, but not seriously injured. The bullet from the tough's pistol had struck the trigger of the tenderfoot's and discharged it with fatal result."

The strange-looking man had apparently no more to say and his listeners looked at each other questioningly.

The drummer coughed suspiciously.

"May I ask," he said, "how it happened that the tough's bullet didn't take the tenderfoot's finger off before it reached the trigger of his pistol?"

"Simple enough," replied the strange-looking man frankly; "he didn't have his finger on the trigger; he had it on the trigger guard, and he would have been pulling on it yet, to make the gun go off, if luck hadn't been against the tough."

The strange-looking man relapsed into his former silence and nobody had the cheek to try to tell any more stories.

For the gait money—walking matches.

There are more fools than sages.

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