

The Washingtonian

TERMS—The "WASHINGTONIAN," is published every Saturday morning, at \$1.50 in advance, and \$2.00 if not paid in advance. The proprietor will assume the risk of remittance made through the mails. No subscriptions to be received for less than six months, nor any paper discontinued until the arrears are paid except at the option of the Editor.

Advertisements will be inserted at the rate of \$1 per square, for the first three insertions and 25 cents for each continuance. Those not marked on the manuscript for a specific time will be inserted until forbid, and charged accordingly. Square 10 lines. Liberal reductions made to yearly advertisers.

THE WASHINGTONIAN.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY WILLIAM B. LYNCH, LEESBURG, LOUDOUN COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

Vol. 84.

SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 24, 1889.

No 7.

A Well-Dressed Man or Lad is the Admiration of the WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD.

We are thoroughly satisfied with the trade we have had thus far this season.

A glorious boom we might say, but still we have Thousands and Thousands of Dollars worth of Goods which we want to move before the season is past.

Where else can be found such bargains as our cheap counter?

Boys' - and - Children's - Suits.

The very best fabrics in the market being sacrificed at the prices of cheap stuff.

A few dozen more of those monstrously cheap Suits for Men, some less than half of former price. Don't Delay, You may Miss Them Entirely.

EMPIRE CLOTHING COMPANY,
LEESBURG, VA.

August 10, 1889.

FERTILIZERS ALL CROPS

POWELL'S PURE BONE

POWELL'S DISSOLVED S.C. BONE

POWELL'S PREPARED CHEMICALS

POWELL'S TRIPTOP BONE FERTILIZER

POWELL'S BONE & POTASH FERTILIZER

W.S. POWELL
217 & 219 BOWLY'S WHARF BALTIMORE, MD.

SPECIAL PRICES & DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLETS SENT ON APPLICATION
RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

SULPHUR
MUR. POTASH
KAINIT
PLASTER

TANKAGE
GROUND FISH
SULPH. POTASH
BONE BLACK
MAGNESIA
SALT

LOUDOUN MARBLE WORKS,
LEESBURG, VA
P. P. PERRY.
DEALER IN AND BUILDER OF
Tombs, Headstones

MONUMENTS

Now Ready.

Having added to the MERCHANT TAILORING a line of

Champion Mowers REAPERS & BINDERS.

We have on hand a large stock of Repairs for above machines, also on hand, The Whittely Steel Binders, made principally of Steel, with open back for cutting long Wheat or Rye. They also have a new arrangement for raising and lowering the platform.

which he is prepared to furnish to the people of Loudoun and adjoining counties, at the very lowest prices.

through strikes and financial panics—the thirty-three best years of his life, and then a request to resign.

The fine old fellow's tongue was tied, and he did not even make an effort to move. He just sat still and twirled his cap in his fingers while over and over and over the words followed each other through his partially-stunned brain—requested to resign.

Even the cold-blooded, selfish and calculating official was momentarily affected.

'We might find a crossing or a target or something of that kind for you to put in your time at; that would be easy for you and might help you out a bit. We don't want to be hard on you, Rainsford—indeed, that isn't the question. It's a matter of business and expediency, for you may be sure that the directors do not run this road for glory and can not afford to work it in the interest of a lot of pensioners. So—'

'That will do; Mr. Lockwood,' said Dick, hoarsely, as he slowly arose on hearing the word pensioner. 'Never mind the crossing—I am an engineer, not a gate-keeper. You shall have my resignation just as you desire.'

With a heavy, dragging step, Engineer Rainsford descended the long flight of steps which led from the general superintendent's office to the street. But he did not turn his face homewards. Strangely enough he sauntered towards the little cemetery on the outskirts of the town and paused before a grassy mound at the head of which was a white marble slab that told its own story in the words: 'Sacred to the memory of Martha Rainsford.'

Dick sat there silently for half an hour, and when he rose to go only said, oh! very quietly:

'I'm glad you went first, wife, I wouldn't have wanted you to see me discharged, Martha.'

As for Lockwood, when Dick left his office he threw himself into the very chair Rainsford had vacated. He stretched his legs, pulled very hard on his cigar, and muttered to himself:

'It's a dirty work, Lockwood, but it's business. 'Business or bust' is my motto from now on. Poor old cuss, he takes it badly to heart, too. Well, it's done and I'm glad of it. I shall like it a good deal better when I am rid of all such confounded old fossils as Dick Rainsford.'

It was the thirty-first day of the month, though the thirty-first day of the month was still very young. It was about two a. m. on a pitch-dark night, and the limited mail train on the United States Midland railroad was running west, fifteen minutes before midnight.

In the sleeping-car Superintendent had been just preparing to turn

back on to the wet coals in the tender he had done his work and done it well.

But when the train came to a standstill and the remorseful superintendent and grateful passengers stood around the blackened and lifeless body of their plucky savior, they knew, sadly enough, that Dick Rainsford had indeed resigned.

W. H. S. ATKINSON.

A Safe Investment.

Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure you can buy from our advertised Druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of Throat, Lungs or Chest, such as Consumption, Inflammation of Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, etc., etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon.

Trial bottles free at MOTT & PUSSELL'S Drug Store, Leesburg, Va.

WHAT IS HE WORTH?

A QUESTION THAT AFFORDS A BROAD FIELD FOR SPECULATION.

'What is he worth?' This is a question so often propounded that we pass it by scarcely stopped to consider whether or not the answer given it is a proper one. But when we stop to think of it, the question affords a broad field for speculation in almost any particular case. What is a man worth? For example, a book-keeper receiving a salary of \$2,000 a year. Considering the inquiry in a purely financial view, we calculate that it requires \$50,000 bearing 4 per cent. interest to yield \$2,000 a year. If a man is worth the price he commands—and men who receive salaries are more apt to be undervalued than overvalued—the book-keeper is equal, financially, to the capitalist who has \$50,000 which he loans out at 4 per cent. and lives on his income. But some men get much larger salaries. Ten thousand dollars per annum is not an unusual salary in some branches of business for managers of institutions or large industries, and that is equivalent to a capital of from \$200,000 to \$250,000 drawing 5 per cent. in one case and 4 per cent. in the other. Let the man who receives only a thousand dollars a year pause to consider, before moaning over his hard lot, that he commands the income on \$20,000, or perchance \$25,000. If he persists in considering his situation in life an unfortunate one, let him imagine a reversed condition of circumstances. Let him ask if he would choose to be placed in the condition of some acquaintance whom he may know, and who, having \$25,000 at command, is deficient in ability to secure or fill a lucrative position and one commanding honor and respect. It is not probable that the annoyances likely to be caused over a safe and prudent investment for the capital, with the chances of loss staring the investor in the face, would fully equal such as are ordinarily encountered by those in responsible positions—liability to dismissal or loss of place through sickness or other causes.—OFFICE.

JOB PRINTING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

SUCH AS

PAMPHLETS, CARDS, BLANKS, LABELS AND BILLS, &c EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH

AT THE OFFICE OF THE

WASHINGTONIAN, LEESBURG, VA

Having fitted up the office with New and Fashionable Type, we can assure the public that any Printing entrusted to us will be done with promptness and taste, and at moderate prices.

THE LEATHER BAG,

or The Schoolmaster's Story.

The villains of my story were two poor men named Peter and Bryan. They lived on the banks of a lovely Irish lake, and supported themselves by fishing and ferrying the gentry who came to visit the ruined castle beyond.

They made a poor living in this way, and from being lighthearted they grew morose, and grumbled about the tyranny of the rich and their hard fate in life.

One night a richly clad young man rode up to the farmhouse and asked to be piloted across the lake.

'I am young Mr. Firth,' he said. 'My father owns the mills and I'll pay you well.'

As he spoke he shifted a double bag of leather that hung over the saddle, which gave out a chink as if filled with gold.

'I'll speak to my partner,' said Bryan, withdrawing into the hut. 'Yonder,' he whispered in Peter's ear, 'is young Firth with the mill-hands' wages in his saddlebags. He wants to be ferried over the lake.'

'Well?' said Peter.

'There must be four hundred pounds in those bags. A fortune to us.'

'But the law would soon put a stop to our enjoyment of it.'

'And who is to know if young Firth goes to the bottom of the lake?' asked Bryan. 'I tell you, luck has come to us. Don't trust it away.'

Peter looked him full in the face and rose up and took the oars from the wall.

'We'll ferry Master Firth over the lake,' he said aloud; and the two tramped out together.

Young Firth had alighted. He led his horse, with the saddle-bags, to the edge of the lake. The long boat, in which so many ladies and gentlemen, parties of fifteen often, had crossed to see ruins, lay there.

'King will behave himself well,' said the boy, 'He's a horse with brains and a heart, aren't you, King?'

The horse whinnied and rubbed his nose against young Firth's shoulder.

Peter and Bryan took their places, and the boat moved heavily out into the middle of the deep lake. There Bryan lifted his oars into the boat and Peter followed his example.

The boy, with his elbow on the saddle and his hand turned so that the back of his fair head rested on the palm, was looking up at the moon, thinking of his sweetheart, perhaps. He dropped his eyes to Bryan's gloomy face in surprise.

'What's this for?' he asked.

As he spoke, Bryan brought his fist, with a stone he held hid in it, against his head and Peter caught his ankles and tripped him. He fell into the lake like a dead thing, and vanished under the dark water. Bryan seized the saddle-bags, but King, seeming to know something was wrong, turned and bit him furiously.

He struck out with his hoofs, crashing against Peter's knee, and sprang over the side of the boat.

'So much the better,' said Bryan furiously. 'If he swims home we never be suspected.'

He dragged the chinking bags toward



Its peculiar efficacy is due as much to the process and skill in compounding as to the ingredients themselves. Take it in time. It checks diseases in the outset, or if advanced will prove a potent cure.

Nothing like it has been advanced.

Home should be without it.

FOR WHOSE BENEFIT: It takes the place of a doctor and costly prescriptions. All who lead sedentary lives will find it the best preventive of the best cure for Indigestion, Headache, Biliousness, Constipation, Mental Depression. No loss of time, no interference with business while taking. For children it is most efficacious and harmless. Cures Colic, Diarrhoea, Bowel Complaints, Feverishness, and Feverish Colds. Invalids and exhausted persons will find it the mildest and most beneficial they can use. A little dose at bedtime insures refreshing sleep and brightens the morning sharpens the intellect, cleanses the stomach and sweetens the breath.

A PHYSICIAN'S OPINION: 'I have been practicing medicine for twenty years and have never been able to put a more valuable compound than would be the Simmons' Liver Regulator, promptly and cheaply move the Liver to action, and clean the digestive and assimilative powers of the system.' P. M. HUSTON, M.D., Washington, Ark.

Mark of Genuine: Look for the red wrapper on front of Wrapper, and the initials and signature of J. H. Zeilin & Co., in red, on the side. Take no other.

ONLY GENUINE

has our Z stamp in red on front of Wrapper.

J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

GOD'S GIFTS IN SLEEP.

'So He giveth His beloved in sleep.' (New version.)

How rich His bounty is! While sleeping, Purged so deep in graves of rest We might be in death's silent keeping; How then, are His beloved blest, 'He gives in sleep,' where we were sowing, His warm rains fall, His dews descend; Who wake to find our harvest growing, Cured for and guarded by a Friend.

'He gives in sleep.' The world forsaking, The soul forgets its ache and care, While rich and crimson currents making The heart can life's demands repair. We are so frail. Could we be letting Our thoughts a constant toiling keep? O, blessed time of sweet forgetting, When His beloved are asleep.

'He gives in sleep.' Perhaps above us Bright angels watch the night away; Whose departed ones who love us have blessings for the coming day. 'He gives in sleep.' On sweet unfolding, In our weak faith has turned to sight, Our joys may be beholding, Whose mercies of the night.

'He gives in sleep.' Perhaps above us Bright angels watch the night away; Whose departed ones who love us have blessings for the coming day. 'He gives in sleep.' On sweet unfolding, In our weak faith has turned to sight, Our joys may be beholding, Whose mercies of the night.

'He gives in sleep.' Perhaps above us Bright angels watch the night away; Whose departed ones who love us have blessings for the coming day. 'He gives in sleep.' On sweet unfolding, In our weak faith has turned to sight, Our joys may be beholding, Whose mercies of the night.

'He gives in sleep.' Perhaps above us Bright angels watch the night away; Whose departed ones who love us have blessings for the coming day. 'He gives in sleep.' On sweet unfolding, In our weak faith has turned to sight, Our joys may be beholding, Whose mercies of the night.

'He gives in sleep.' Perhaps above us Bright angels watch the night away; Whose departed ones who love us have blessings for the coming day. 'He gives in sleep.' On sweet unfolding, In our weak faith has turned to sight, Our joys may be beholding, Whose mercies of the night.

'He gives in sleep.' Perhaps above us Bright angels watch the night away; Whose departed ones who love us have blessings for the coming day. 'He gives in sleep.' On sweet unfolding, In our weak faith has turned to sight, Our joys may be beholding, Whose mercies of the night.

W H O L E S A L E G O O D S.

— 0 — 0 — 0 — 0 — 0 — 0 — 0 — 0 — 0 —

We are thoroughly satisfied with the trade we have had thus far this season.

A glorious boom we might say, but still we have Thousands and Thousands of Dollars worth of Goods which we want to move before the season is past.

Where else can be found such bargains as our cheap counter ?

Boys' - and - Children's - Suits.

The very best fabrics in the market being sacrificed at the prices of cheap stuff.

A few dozen more of those monstrously cheap Suits for Men, some less than half of former price. Don't Delay, You may Miss Them Entirely.

LONGMAN.

LEESBURG, LOUDOUN COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

No 7;

1889. AUGUST 24,



Nothing as much to the process and skill in compounding the ingredients as in the time it takes to make it. It checks diseases in the outset, or if advanced will prove a potent cure.

Home should be Without It.

It takes the place of a for and costly preparations. All who lead busy lives will find it the best preventive of cure for Indigestion, Constipation, Headache, Biliousness, and Mental Depression. No less than 100,000,000 have been cured with success.

For children to be made to eat and sleep. No danger from the use of this medicine. Cures Colic, Diarrhea, Bowel Complaints, Feverishness and Febrile Colds, Irritability and Nervousness. It is the most potent and tonic they can use. A little taken at the first signs of indigestion, constipation, or nervousness, cleanses the stomach and sweetens the breath.

A PHYSICIAN'S OPINION.
"I have been practicing medicine for many years and have never been able to put up a vegetable compound that would give the same relief to the Liver as the Simmons' Liver Regulator, promptly and effectively move the Liver to action, and at the same time aid (instead of weakening) the digestive and assimilative powers of the system."
L. M. HAYES, M.D., Washington, Ark.
Marks of Genuineness: Look for the red and white wrapper, and the name of J. H. Zeilin & Co., in red and white on the side. Take no other.

ONLY GENUINE

our Z stamp in red on front of wrapper.
J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

GOD'S GIFTS IN SLEEP.

He giveth His beloved in sleep" (New Version.)

rich His bounty is! While sleeping, tried so deep in graves of rest might be in death's silent keeping; He giveth His beloved in sleep.

through strikes and financial panics—the thirty-three best years of his life, and then a request to resign.

The fine old fellow's tongue was tied, and he did not even make an effort to move. He just sat still and twirled his cap in his fingers while over and over the words followed each other through his partially-stunned brain—requested to resign.

Even the cold-blooded, selfish and calculating official was momentarily affected.

"We might find a crossing or a bar- get or something of that kind for you to put in your time at; that would be easy for you and might help you out a bit. We don't want to be hard on you, Rainsford—indeed, that isn't the question. It's a matter of business and expediency, for you may be sure that the directors do not run this road for glory and can not afford to work it in the interest of a lot of pensioners. So—"

"That will do; Mr. Lockwood," said Dick, hoarsely, as he slowly arose on hearing the word pensioner. "Never mind the crossing—I am an engineer, not a gate-keeper. You shall have my resignation just as you desire."

With a heavy, dragging step, Engineer Rainsford descended the long flight of steps which led from the general superintendent's office to the street. But he did not turn his face homeward. Strangely enough he sauntered towards the little cemetery on the outskirts of the town and paused before a grassy mound at the head of which was a white marble slab that told its own story in the words: "Sacred to the memory of Martha Rainsford."

Dick sat there silently for half an hour, and when he rose to go only said, oh! very quietly:

"I'm glad you went first, wife, I wouldn't have wanted you to see me discharged, Martha."

back on to the wet coals in the tender he had done his work and done it well.

But when the train came to a standstill and the remorseful superintendent and grateful passengers stood around the blackened and lifeless body of their plucky savior, they knew, sadly enough, that Dick Rainsford had indeed resigned.

W. H. S. ATKINSON.

A Safe Investment.

Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised Druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of Throat, Lungs or Chest, such as Consumption, Inflammation of Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, etc., etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon.

Trial bottles free at Morr & Purser's Drug Store, Leesburg, Va.

WHAT IS HE WORTH?

A QUESTION THAT AFFORDS A BROAD FIELD FOR SPECULATION.

"What is he worth?" This is a question so often propounded that we pass it by scarcely stopped to consider whether or not the answer given it is a proper one. But when we stop to think of it, the question affords a broad field for speculation in almost any particular case. What is a man worth? For example, a book-keeper receiving a salary of \$2,000 a year. Considering the inquiry in a purely financial view, we calculate that it requires \$50,000 bearing 4 per cent. interest to yield \$2,000 a year. If a man is worth the price he commands—and men who receive salaries are more apt to be undervalued than overvalued—the book-keeper is equal, financially, to the capitalist who has \$50,000 which he loans out at 4 per cent. and lives on his income. But some men get much larger salaries. Ten thousand dollars per annum is not an unusual salary in some branches of business for managers of institutions or large industries, and that is equivalent to a capital of from \$200,000 to \$250,000 drawing 5 per cent.

THE LEATHER BAG,

or
The Schoolmaster's Story.

The villains of my story were two poor men named Peter and Bryan. They lived on the banks of a lonely Irish lake, and supported themselves by fishing, and ferrying the gentry who came to visit the ruined castle beyond. They made a poor living in this way, and from being lighthearted they grew morose, and grumbled about the tyranny of the rich and their hard fate in life.

One night a richly clad young man rode up to the farmhouse and asked to be piloted across the lake.

"I am young Mr. Firth," he said. "My father owns the mills and I'll pay you well."

As he spoke he shifted a double bag of leather that hung over the saddle, which gave out a clink as if filled with gold.

"I'll speak to my partner," said Bryan, withdrawing into the hut. "Yonder," he whispered in Peter's ear, "is young Firth with the mill-hands' wages in his saddlebags. He wants to be ferried over the lake."

"Well?" said Peter.

"There must be four hundred pounds in those bags. A fortune to us."

"But the law would soon put a stop to our enjoyment of it."

"And who is to know if young Firth goes to the bottom of the lake?" asked Bryan. "I tell you, luck has come to us. Don't thrust it away."

Peter looked him full in the face and rose up and took the oars from the wall. "We'll ferry Master Firth over the lake," he said aloud; and the two tramped out together.

Young Firth had alighted. He led his horse, with the saddle-bags, to the edge of the lake. The long boat, in which so many ladies and gentlemen, parties of fifteen often, had crossed to see ruins, lay there.

"King will behave himself well," said the boy, "He's a horse with brains and a heart, aren't you, King?"

The horse whinnied and rubbed his nose against young Firth's shoulder.

Peter and Bryan took their places, and the boat moved heavily out into the middle of the deep lake. There Bryan lifted his oars into the boat and Peter followed his example.

IS THE ANSWER
BROOD.

There have had this far this season.
have Thousands and Thousands
to move before the season is past.
an cheap counter?

Children's - Suits

at the prices of cheap stuff.
cheap Suits for Men, some less
you may Miss Them Entirely.

COMPANY, VA.

MARBLE WORKS



BAKERS

W. H. LUCKETT,

NORRIS BROS.

THEY SAVED

THEY MADE.

SHOES, HATS, CAPS,

Palace Hair Dressing Parlor,

Thos. Lee Robinson,

PROPRIETOR and MANAGER.

HAIR TRIMMING & HAIR DRESSING

Washington, D. C.

W. H. LUCKETT,

NORRIS BROS.

THEY SAVED

THEY MADE.

SHOES, HATS, CAPS,

Palace Hair Dressing Parlor,

Thos. Lee Robinson,

PROPRIETOR and MANAGER.

HAIR TRIMMING & HAIR DRESSING

Washington, D. C.

NOTHING LIKE IT
It takes the place of a
regulator and cures
all the ailments of the
stomach and bowels.
It is the best thing
that has ever been
discovered for
regulating the
action of the
stomach and
bowels.
It is a
perfectly safe
and reliable
remedy for
all the ailments
of the stomach
and bowels.
It is a
perfectly safe
and reliable
remedy for
all the ailments
of the stomach
and bowels.

FOR WHOM?
Biliousness,
Headache,
Dyspepsia,
Constipation,
Flatulence,
Indigestion,
Nervousness,
General debility,
Loss of appetite,
Pain in the
stomach and
bowels,
All the ailments
of the stomach
and bowels.

ONLY GENUINE
has our Z stamp in red on front of
Wrapper.
J. H. ZELLEN & CO.
Philadelphia, Pa.

GOD'S GIFTS IN SLEEP.
"So He giveth His beloved in sleep" (New
version).
How rich His bounty is! While sleeping,
Buried so deep in graves of rest
We might be in death's silent keeping,
He then, are His beloved blessed,
"He gives in sleep," where we were sorrowing,
His warm rains fall, His dews descend,
We wake to find our souls are saved.

W. H. LUCKETT,
CALLS the attention of farmers and other
to his stock of FARMING IMPLEMENTS,
IRON BEAM PLOWS, BRADLEY CHILL
PLOWS, WARD CHILLED PLOWS.

NORRIS BROS.
Steam Saw and Planing
MILLS
Dealers in
LUMBER, SHINGLES AND LATHS,
AND MANUFACTURERS OF
Sash, Doors, Blinds, Frames,
Mouldings &c.

THEY SAVED
THEY MADE.

SHOES, HATS, CAPS,
Palace Hair Dressing Parlor,
Thos. Lee Robinson,
PROPRIETOR and MANAGER.

HAIR TRIMMING & HAIR DRESSING
Washington, D. C.

The time old fellow's tongue was
effort to move. He just sat still and
twisted his cap in his fingers while
over and over and over the words
followed each other through his par-
tially-stunned brain—requested to re-
sign.

Even the cold-blooded, selfish and
calculating official was momentarily
affected.
"We might find a crossing or a tar-
get or something of that kind for you
to put in your time at; that would be
easy for you and might help you out
a bit. We don't want to be hard on
you, Rainsford—indeed, that isn't the
question. It's a matter of business
and expediency, for you may be sure
that the directors do not run this
work for glory and can not afford to
procrastinate."

"That will do, Mr. Lockwood," said
Dick, hoarsely, as he slowly arose on
hearing the word pensioner. "Never
mind the crossing—I am an engineer,
not a gate-keeper. You shall have
my resignation just as you desire."
With a heavy, dragging step, En-
gineer Rainsford descended the long
flight of steps which led from the
general superintendent's office to the
street. But he did not turn his face
homewards. Strangely enough he
sauntered towards the little cemetery
on the outskirts of the town and
paused before a grassy mound at the
head of which was a white marble
slab that told its own story in the
words: "Sacred to the memory of
Martha Rainsford."

Dick sat there silently for half an
hour, and when he rose to go only
said, oh! very quietly:
"I'm glad you went first, wife, I
wouldn't have wanted to see me
discharged."

He muttered to himself before
he could get to the door:
"I'm glad you went first, wife, I
wouldn't have wanted to see me
discharged."

He muttered to himself before
he could get to the door:
"I'm glad you went first, wife, I
wouldn't have wanted to see me
discharged."

He muttered to himself before
he could get to the door:
"I'm glad you went first, wife, I
wouldn't have wanted to see me
discharged."

He muttered to himself before
he could get to the door:
"I'm glad you went first, wife, I
wouldn't have wanted to see me
discharged."

He muttered to himself before
he could get to the door:
"I'm glad you went first, wife, I
wouldn't have wanted to see me
discharged."

He muttered to himself before
he could get to the door:
"I'm glad you went first, wife, I
wouldn't have wanted to see me
discharged."

The villains of my story were two
poor men named Peter and Bryan. They
lived on the banks of a lonely Irish
lake, and supported themselves by
fishing and ferrying the gentry who
came to visit the ruined castle beyond.
They made a poor living in this way,
and from being lighthearted they grew
morose, and grumbled about their
tyranny of the rich and their hard fate
in life.

One night a richly clad young man
rode up to the farmhouse and asked to
be piloted across the lake.
"I am, young Mr. Firth," he said.
"My father owns the mills and I'll pay
you well."
As he spoke he shifted a double bag
of leather that hung over the saddle,
which gave out a clink as if filled with
gold.

"I'll speak to my partner," said
Bryan, withdrawing into the hut.
"Yonder," he whispered in Peter's ear,
"is young Firth with the mill-hands'
bags in his saddle-bags. He wants to
be piloted over the lake."
"Well?" said Peter.
"There must be four hundred pounds
in those bags. A fortune to us."
"But the law would soon put a stop
to our enjoyment of it."
"And who is to know if young Firth
goes to the bottom of the lake?" asked
Bryan. "I tell you, luck has come to
Peter looked him full in the face and
rose up and took the oars from the well-
"Well, ferry Master Firth over the
lake," he said aloud; and the two
tramped out together.

Young Firth had alighted. He led
his horse, with the saddle-bags, to the
edge of the lake. The long boat, in
which so many ladies and gentlemen,
parties of fifteen often, had crossed to
see ruins, lay there.
"King will behave himself well," said
the boy. "He's a horse with brains and
a heart, aren't you, King?"
The horse whinnied and rubbed his
nose against young Firth's shoulder.
Peter and Bryan took their places,
and the boat moved heavily out into
the middle of the deep lake. There
Bryan lifted his oars into the boat and
Peter followed his example.

The boy, with his elbow on the
saddle and his hand turned so that
the back of his fair head rested on the
palm, was looking up at the
moon, thinking of his sweetheart,
perhaps. He dropped his eyes to
Bryan's gloomy face in surprise.
"What's this for?" he asked.
As he spoke, Bryan brought his fist,
with a stone he held hid in it, against
his head and Peter caught his ankles
and tripped him. He fell into the lake
like a dead thing and vanished under
the dark water. Bryan seized the
saddle-bags, but King, seeming to
know something was wrong, turned and
bit him seriously.

He struck out with his hoofs, crushing
against Peter's knee, and sprang over
the side of the boat.
"So much the better," said Bryan,
furiously. "If he swims home well
never be suspected."
He dragged the thinking bags toward
him, and the two men rowed back to
the spot they had started from with
alacrity, both suffering fearful pain.
Peter could not move his leg, and Bryan's
right arm was burning as though
scorched with red hot iron; but they
reached the boat, and dragged their
prize to the cabin, locked the miserable
door, and lit their yellow tallow tip at
the smouldering peat fire.

"Let's see what we've got," said
Bryan, lifting the bags to the deal table.
"Our pain will be over soon, but our
money will last. God knows how much
there must be here, all in hard coin.
No bills to tell tales of how they were
come by. All hard, solid gold and
silver."

He could only use his arm, but Peter
dragged himself to the table, fastened
him to undo the stout leather fastenings
and pour the contents on the boards;
and Satan, children, stood behind
grinning; for the round pieces of metal
that tumbled out before their eyes,
chinking and clashing together, were
only bits of iron—little nuts and clamps,
or what not—I can't tell you just the
names of the things—that were used in
the machinery.

Young Firth had been to the bank, sure
enough, but the money was in a pocket-
book next his bosom. These bits of
iron he had brought to save delay on
Monday morning, when repairs were to
be made.
It was Peter who spoke first.
"We've done murder for this!" he
said, and Bryan flew at his throat as he
spoke, but slunk back and cowered
in the corner the next moment.
The wind moaned about the house
and rattled the rickety door, and blew
the peat smoke down the chimney into
their faces, and the candle guttered down
and went out; but neither spoke to the
other that night, and only the groans of
pain broke the silence.

But in the dawn, when it came gray
and soft over the lake, with flecks of
rain like a coming storm was heard, the
muttering of men's voices and oaths of
vengeance. Mounted on his gray horse
came old Firth from the mills, pistol in
hand, with a posse of constables about
him. After him tramped the mill
hands, and among them rode young
Firth, with a bandage on his head,
mounted on King and no other horse in
creation. For King, with more sense
than some men have, had saved his
master taking him by his clothes with his
teeth, until his senses returning, he
with God's grace, the two gained land
together, and the boy told his story.
They arrested the men, with their
emptied bags and bits of iron, giving
evidence of their reason for the attack.
But, after all, it was King who had
vengeance on them, for Bryan died of
the bite on his arm, and Peter died of
kick he got, both ending in mortifica-
tion. And the whole story is but
another proof that Satan is a teacher-
ous friend even to those who fake him
for a master. God bless us all and
protect us from him. And now you
may all go home, children.

Merrill Wins

2131 James Lane