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to look at of the plain, white shirt, I sized him

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the \$40 table— he things in

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gn,' he said

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ing anyway,
I took him

marked \$25

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n I told him

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one,' I said,

ed it to him.

of the pieces

Then he said:

pleases me.

my house,' he

e his card. 1

es over. He

k and counted

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vent out.
v I sized him
c 'mad when!

oods. He just

wn way till be

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ild. No, sir, 1

by their looks more."-N. Y.

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ly the horses

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se, gentlemen,

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Story of a Black Man's Grati-

You must take care of it, darling," weighted with the responsibility. She seemed to stop beating. knew that this yellow earth was of Effie said nothing and made no cry,

long, weary way to find it.

ome fire wood for her. strange and is worthy of being record- shricking brokenly: "What will el. She trusted him because she had father say? What will father say?" ben kind to him.

as huge and sardonic. "Drive them away, Billy," cried trust, at Billy's gratitude! e, and the ohedient king dropped his ax and threw a faggot of wood at the tree, which stopped the laughter and dispersed the merrymakers.

he's trust? Billy's gratitude? They

"Billy tired now," said the black e out of the nsive. If you ood," and he pointed to the result of his labor. d, and I took

you some tobacco."

"Billy's thirsty." "Then you shall have some tea." "No tea. Rum."

'No, Billy. Rum isn't good for ifty dollars,' I

ce. He was a fight and say wicked things." Makes black fellow feel good dared Billy rolling his dusky eyes. This last argument was effective, great trouble. he went into her/ hut -her father had

reading, and she had grown beyond halo. But it faded quite away. It was appreciating the stories for little girls, a cruel, mocking dream. having known them by heart three heat, the brightness of the light with- see, and she lay still. From under the fallen king, who slumbered in the the little yellow object which had de of the hut. Even the buzz of floated in the first dream. be aannoying flies assisted the general It was so real, so beautiful, that the flect and brought drowsiness.

e thief might come and take it.

Archer's hut stood on the edge of the valley, over against the toot of the 50 yards distant from it, hidden among the trees, was a high moss grown rock, madly, at Billy's honesty. - Exchange. ered the smallest and sweetest of natural springs. Thither the child ran-looking back often to see that no one approached the hut in her about 100 king back of the but in her about 100

returned, drying her face in her apron and shaking her wet "hair in the sun. No one had come, but King Billy was now awake and was slonching lazily off toward the bush. Effic laughed as she saw him, his great head thent forward and his thin, narrow shoulders bowed. She laughed to think of his laziness and that he should look so tired after such a very little woodchop-

ping. Stealing Effie's Gold Nugget He | She was still laughing at King Billy was Returning it When Killed as she opened the old workbox to take formation on the following questions: another peep at the yellow treasure and to make quite sure that the heat hadn't melted it away. And it was quite town Archer decided that the nugget slowly that the laugh died from her and be safer in his little daughter's pretty eyes and mouth-quite slowly because of the moments it took to realize and accept a misfortune so terrible sid John Archer. "It is for your -when she lifted the coarse socks and mother." And Effic stowed the little looked and saw no little gold nugget, nugget away in a corner of the old saw nothing. Then horror and great going? Or is everything wide open? workbox which had been her mother's fear grew in the blue eyes, and pale under the cotton and socks she was agony crept over the childish face and gold mine? under the father. She felt duly made it old, and the poor little heart

great value, for her father, leaving her but she closed her eyes tightly for a turns, especially "heavy parts, tragedy mother, who was very delicate, with moment and looked in the box again. some triends in Brisbane, had come a No, it was no illusion. The little nugget was not there. The first gold her Having hidden the little nugget father had found, which had been ingusy, Rffie came out of the hut to trusted to her care, which was to have look around and see if any one was been taken to her mother-it was gone. near who might have seen her. No. She put down the box quite quietly No one was near who might have seen and walked out into the day. But the beronly Billy, the black-King Billy, sun was shining very strangely and the aboriginal monarch, who loved rum mistily now, and the blue sky had nd tobacco and who was chopping grown black, and the trees seemed to move weiredly, and the locusts had This little girl's reason for trusting ceased humming from fear, but the King Billy, the black, was somewhat strange bird was somewhere near,

But as the child stood there despairing her sight grew clearer, and she As the child stood in the broad light, saw a black figure among the trees, and her tumbled hay hued hair kissed and she was conscious of a pair of dusky illumined by the bold rays of the sun eyes watching her through the leaves. and her round, trustful blue eyes shad. Then only she remembered, and she ed from the glare by two little brown knew who had done this cruel thing. hands, watching King Billy at his King Billy! And she had been kind work, a flock of laughing jackasses to him. Effic burst into passionate slighted in a neighorbhood gum tree sobbing. The black figure still hovered nd set up a demoniac cachination. among the trees, often changing its that made the ill omened birds so position, and the dusky eyes still adly merry? What was the joke? peered through the leaves. And the laughing jackasses flew down to the led to explain, but their amusement old tree again and laughed more madly than before-laughed at Effie's

It was 10 o'clock, and darkness and quiet reigned in John Archer's hut. Over among the tents behind the wattle gums a few gamblers and heavy grinning. "Too much work-plenty drinkers were still awake, and their voices, raised in anger or ribald merriment, might occasionally have been be enough, thank faintly heard from the hut. But her, on. You'te a good boy. I'll give who had sown his wild oats, was a true worker, and he had his little daughter, for whose sake he had built

the but away from the noisy camp. Archer had come home late and weary, as usual, had eaten his supper and gone to rest without, to Effie's in-"Good for miners; good for Billy." tense relief, speaking of the little gold "No, it's not good for miners," said nugget. The child was atraid to speak Refie emphatically. "It makes them of the loss, and she was not without vague hopes that a beneficent Providence would restore the nugget during the darkness and save her from this

For this she praved very earnestly urned to his work-and poured a lit- before she lay down to sleep. Or did the spirits from John Archer's flask into she sleep at all that night? She never a pannikin. Billy drank the spirits quite knew. But she thinks that it with rolling eyes, smacked his lips and was then that she first experienced that then lay down in the shadow of the hut terrible purgatorial condition which is neither wakefulness nor sleep when the The long afternoon passed very body and mind are weary enough to slowly for Effic. Her few frifling du- bring the profound sleep which they ties as housekeeper were soon done. require, but which the brain is too The little hut was tidied and the sim- overladen and too cruelly active to alple evening meal prepared and some low, when dreams seem realities and ours must pass before her father re realities dreams. It must have been a urned. How could she pass the time? dream when she saw something small She had only two books—a Bible and a and yellow float through the tiny winwhich dow on the ghostly silver moonbeams. she had won as a prize at school in And yet when, having closed her eyes, Brisbane. But she was too young to she opened them again it was still appreciate the first, especially as the there, hovering about in the darkness, type was very small and it was difficult less bright now and with a pale yellow

Then was it a dream when the old years before. She would liked to have curtain which divided her corner of the slept. Everything around her suggest- but from her father's moved slightly ed and invited the siesta—the steady toward her? It would be curious to out the hut, the distant murmur of curtain seemed to come a thin arm and miners' voices which came from berond yonder belt of wattle gums, the head with a great shock of hair. And otonous hum of the locusts in the the moonbeams just touched a face. I lorest, the occasional fretful cry of a black, for they found in a black hand the regular snores of the lettle relieve the lett

child lay still, scarce daring to breathe lest the vision should melt away and would have meant inevitably falling when in her dream came the voice of her father with the words, "Speak, the little gold nugget. If she slept, or I'll fire!" her lips refused to open. the seductive cool and shade of the the earth dead, with the little gold went out into the brightness and nugget he had come to restore pressed in the death agony against his heart,

where, too, was a little gold. And the laughing birds in the old blue, heavily timbered hills. About tree, startled from their sleep by the

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