PRINTER'S INK IS KING.

There is a host of men who boast
Of powder, cotton, steam,
But every hour the mighty power
Of printer's ink is seen.
It moves the world as easily
As does some mighty thing,
And men proclaim in despot's ears
That printer's ink is king!

The man of gold, of wealth untold,
Printer's ink may scorn,
Or knit his brow, nor deign to bow
To one so lowly born;
But printer's ink has built its throne
Where minds their tributes bring,
And God's most gifted intellects
Shout, Printer's ink is king!

King of the world of thought refined,
No abject slave it claims;
Where superstition's victims pine,
It bursts their servile chains.
In every clime, in coming years,
Will men proud anthems sing,
And round the world the echoes float,
That printer's ink is king!

THE BULLY OF THE VILLAGE;

—OR—

TOM TEMPLE'S CAREER.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "ONLY AN IRISH BOY," ETC

CHAPTER IX.

THE DOG AND HIS MASTER.

Tom had been in the woods, where by good fortune he had cut a stout stick with a thick gnarled top, something like the top of a cane. Armed with this weapon, he rushed between Mary and her pursuer, and brought down the knob of the stick with full force on the dog's back. The attention of the furious animal—a large bull dog—was diverted to his assailant. With a fierce growl he rushed upon Tom. But our hero was wary, and expected the attack. He jumped on one side, and brought down the stick with terrible force upon the dog's head. The animal fell, partially stunned, his quivering tongue protruding from his mouth.

'It won't do to leave him so,' thought Tom; 'when he revives he'll be as dangerous as before.'

He dealt the prostrate animal two more blows, which settled his fate. The furious brute would no longer do any harm.

'Oh, thank you, Mr. Temple!' said Mary Somers, fervently, a trace of color returning to her pale cheeks. 'I was terribly frightened.'

'I don't wonder,' said Tom. 'The brute was dangerous.'

'How brave you are!' exclaimed the young lady, in admiration.

'It doesnt take much courage to hit a dog on the head with a stick,' said Tom, modestly.

'Many boys would have run,' said Mary.

'What, and left you unprotected?' said Tom, indignantly. 'None but a coward would have done that.'

'My cousin James ran away,' said Mary.

'Did he see the dog chasing you?'

'Yes.'

'And what did he do?'

'He jumped over a stone wall.'

'Perhaps he didn't have a stick with him,' said Tom, considerately. 'I shouldn't like to have tackled the brute without that.'

'Yes, James had a gun. He had just come from hunting.'

'All I can say is, that it isn't my style,' said Tom. 'Do you see how he froths at the mouth? I believe the dog was mad.'

'How fearful!' exclaimed Mary, with a shudder. 'Did you suspect that before?'

'Yes, I suspected it when I first saw him.'

'And yet you dared to meet him?'

'It was safer than to run. I wonder whose dog it is?'

'I'll tell you,' said a brutal voice.

Turning, Tom beheld a stout young fellow, about two years older than himself, with a face in which the animal seemed to predominate.

'I'll let yer know. What have you been doing to my dog?'

Addressed in this tone, Tom thought it unnecessary to throw away politeness upon the new-comer.

'Killing him,' he answered, shortly.

'What business had you to kill my dog?' demanded the other, fiercely.

'It was your business to keep the brute locked up, where he wouldn't do anyone harm,' said Tom. 'As you did not I was obliged to kill him.'

'I'll flog you within an inch of your life,' said the other, with an oath.

'You'd better not try it,' said Tom, coolly. 'I suppose you think I ought to have let the dog bite Miss Somers.'

'He would'nt have bitten her.'

'He would. He was chasing her with that intention.

'It was only in sport.'

'I suppose he was only frothing at the mouth in sport,' said Tom. 'The dog was probably mad. You ought to thank me for killing him. He might have bitten you.'

'That don't go down,' said the other, coarsely. 'It's much too thin.'

'It's true,' said Mary Somers, speaking for the first time.

'Of course you'll stand up for your sweetheart,' said the butcher boy (for this was his business) 'but that's neither here nor there. I paid five dollars for that dog, and if he don't pay me what I gave, I'll beat him.'

'I shall do nothing of the sort,' said Tom, quietly. 'A dog like that ought to be killed, and no one has any right to let him run loose, risking the lives of people. The next time you get five dollars you'd better invest it better.'

'Then you won't pay me the money?' exclaimed the other, in a passion. 'I'll break your head.'

'Come on, then,' said Tom. 'I've got something to say about that,' and he squared off scientifically.

'Oh, don't fight with him, Mr. Temple—Tom,' said Mary Somers, much distressed. 'He's much stronger than you.'

'He'll find that out soon enough, I'm thinking,' growled Tom's big opponent.

This was no doubt true. Ben Miller was not only stouter and larger, but stronger than our hero. On the other hand he didn't know how to use his strength. It was undisciplined brute force, and that was all. If he could have got Tom by his waist the latter would have been completely at his mercy, but our hero knew that well enough, and didn't choose to allow it. He was a pretty fair boxer, and stood on his defense, calm and wary.

When Ben rushed in, thinking to seize him, he found himself greeted with two blows in the face, dealt in quick succession, one of which struck him in the nose, the other in the eye, the effect of both being to make his head spin.

'I'll mash you for that!' he yelled, in a frenzy of rage, but as he rushed on a second time he never thought of guarding his face. The consequence was a couple more blows, the other eye being assailed this time.

Ben was astonished. Indeed, I may say, he was astounded. He expected to 'chaw up' his small antagonist at the first outset. Instead of that, there stood Tom, cool and unhurt, while he could feel that his nose was bleeding while both eyes were in a very uncomfortable condition. He stopped short, and stared at Tom as well as he could, through his injured optics.

'Where did you learn to fight?' he asked, rubbing his wounds.

'Of Professor Thompson,' said Tom.

'Who's he?'

'He teaches boxing.'

'How did your fists get so hard?'

'They're not very hard,' said Tom, 'but they're rather harder than your nose or eyes. Do you want any more?'

'Not just now,' said Ben. 'I say, what'll you take to teach me boxin'?'

'I shouldn't dare to,' answered Tom.

'Why not?'

'When you'd learned, you could lick me easily.'

'Well, I wouldn't,' said Ben. 'I'm a rough customer, I expect, but you're a trump, and you've got grit, I vow if you haven't. There's my hand, to show that I don't bear no malice.'

Tom offered his hand, though he feared there might be craft in the offer of friendship. But it was honestly meant. Ben was not altogether a brute, and he really felt respect for Tom's pluck. He gave him a cordial pressure, and said:

'It's all right, isn't it?'

'Yes,' said Tom. 'I hope your face doesn't pain you.'

'Yes, it does, but no matter. It'll soon be better.'

'Now,' said Tom, 'I'm willing to pay you the five dollars you lost on the dog.'

'No,' said Ben. 'I guess you're right about his being an ugly brute. Maybe he was mad, as you say.'

'I feel sure of it,' said Tom. 'Look at him.'

'Well, I'll bury the poor brute. It wasn't his fault he got mad.'

'Good-morning,' said Tom. 'I'll see you again about the boxing. Now I'm going to accompany this young lady home.'

'You needn't put yourself to so much trouble, Mr. Temple,' said Mary.

'It's no trouble,' said Tom, politely. 'I see you are nervous. That's only natural.'

'You have saved my life, Mr. Temple,' said Mary, warmly. 'I cannot tell you how grateful I am.'

'I'll take that for granted,' said Tom. 'I am going to ask a favor.'

'I shall be sure to grant it.'

'Then don't call me Mr. Temple. I'm not used to that name from my friends. Call me Tom.'

'If you wish me to,' said Mary, bashfully.

'Yes, I do. When you call me Mr. Temple, it makes me feel as if I was your uncle, or grandfather, or some one equally venerable.'

Mary laughed.

'Perhaps you'd like to have me call you Uncle Tom,' she said.

'That would be better than Mr. Temple,' said our hero, 'but as there's another well known Uncle Tom, I would rather be called only Tom.'

'I'll remember, Tom,' said Mary, hesitatingly.

'That's right,' said Tom, with satisfaction.

They talked together pleasantly, until they reached Mr. Davenport's house. Imogene saw them coming from the front window where she was sitting, and her face grew dark with vexation and jealously.

CHAPTER X.

A GIRL'S SPITE.

'Really, Mary,' said Imogene, coldly. 'Mr. Temple must have a singular opinion of you.'

Even the mildest natures are capable of indignation at times, and Mary showed her sense of her cousin's injustice.

'I don't know why,' she said.

'It isn't the custom for young ladies to call on young men, and ask their escort.'

'Who has done it?' demanded Mary.

'It looks very much as if you had done it,' said Imogene.

'Your suspicion is ridiculous,' said Mary, with dignity.

'Considering that my father supports you, you might treat me with greater respect,' said Imogene, angrily.

'I am not likely to forget my dependence, Imogene,' said Mary. 'You take care to remind me of it often enough. You might spare me at least before Mr. Temple.'

'I suppose you wish him to think you a rich young lady,' said Imogene, coarsely, 'but it is of no use. He understands that you are a beggar, and are being educated for a governess.'

'I'd like to wring the girl's neck,' thought Tom, who felt for Mary, under the coarse abuse which her cousin thought fit to heap upon her. He thought it quite time to speak.

'I have just as much respect for Miss Somers as if she were an heiress,' he said, with a look of sympathy which Mary saw and appreciated. 'I was fortunate enough to meet your cousin a short time since, Miss Davenport, when she was exposed to great danger.'

'From which Mr. Temple's courage saved me,' said Mary, gratefully.

'Really, one would think you had been attacked by a wild beast.'

'That is really the case,' said Tom.

'A wild beast—in Plympton?' exclaimed Imogene, in amazement.

'Yes, the worst kind of a wild beast—a mad dog. Fortunately, I had a stick with me, and killed him.'

'After your brother James had run away and left me to my fate,' said Mary, a little bitterly.

Imogene's curiosity led her to inquire into the details of the rescue. Though not altogether pleased with the growing intimacy of Tom and her poor cousin, she was glad that it was only a chance meeting, and that it was only an instinct of common humanity that led to our hero's interfering in her behalf. Considering the youth of the parties. I may be charged with exaggerating her feelings, but Imogene is by no means the only girl of fifteen who suffers from jealousy. She was not in love of course, but she was covetous of attention, and the possible rivalry of her cousin made her very angry. She began to think, on the whole, that she had been too open in her spite, and that this was not the surest way of winning Tom's favor. She was clear-sighted enough to see that his sympathies in the present case were with Mary.

Softening her tone, therefore, she said:

'At any rate, I am glad it has brought you to the house, Mr. Temple. Pray come in, and let me offer you a plate of strawberries and cream.'

Tom was not heroic enough to withstand such an offer as this. He was fond of strawberries, and he knew there was no chance of getting any at the Middletons'. They would have thought it sinful extravagance to spend money on such a luxury.

'Thank you,' he said, and entered.

'You'd better go up stairs and change your dress, Mary,' said her cousin. 'Really the one you have on looks disgracefully dirty.'

'I fell while I was running away from the dog,' said Mary.

Just here James entered. He looked rather sheepish when he saw Mary.

'Halloa! Are you all right, Mary?' he asked.

'Yes!' she said, rather significantly. 'I am glad you were prudent enough not to run into danger on my account.'

'The dog came so suddenly,' said James, coloring, 'that I didn't have time to think.'

'So you jumped over the wall. I don't know what would have become of me if Mr. Temple hadn't come along.'

'Did you have a gun?' asked James.

'No; I had a stick that I cut in the woods.'

'He killed the dog with it,' said Mary, 'and afterwards he conquered the owner.'

'You don't mean to say you fought with Ben Miller?' exclaimed James, in surprise.

'He insisted on my paying for the dog or fighting him,' said Tom. 'I chose the latter.'

'Why, he's twice as strong as you,' said James. 'He could whip you and me together, that is if I would condescend to fight with such a low fellow.'

'I had to condescend,' said Tom, laughing, 'as he attacked me furiously.'

'What did you do?'

'I condescended to give him the worst of it. He won't want to fight with me again.'

'I don't understand it. He is certainly stronger than you.'

'He doesn't know how to use his strength. I can box, and while I warded off his blows, I put in a few that he didn't like.'

'Then you box?'

'A little.'

'I'll take care not to get into a fight with him,' said James to himself. 'If he can whip Ben Miller, he's more than a match for me.'

Meanwhile Mary had gone up stairs and changed her dress, as her cousin suggested.

Imogene, having Tom to herself, became very agreeable, loaded his plate with strawberries, and strove to ingratiate herself with him. But Tom did not so easily forget the spite which she had exhibited toward her cousin, and Imogene would hardly have felt flattered had she been able to read the real opinion which he entertained concerning her.

'Take some more strawberries—do, Mr. Temple,' said Imogene.

'Thank you,' said Tom, 'but I have eaten heartily. Besides, your cousin hasn't had any.'

'Oh, Mary doesn't care for strawberries,' said Imogene, carelessly.

'Yes, I do,' said Mary, who that moment entered. 'I think they are beautiful.'

Imogene frowned.

'Oh, well, empty the dish if you like,' said she, rudely.

'If she does, she won't have as much as we have eaten,' said Tom. 'Let me help you, Miss Mary.'

And to Imogene's vexation he deposited the remaining strawberries in a plate, and handed them to Mary.

'Thank you,' said Mary, and, chafed by her cousin's rudeness, she defiantly seasoned and ate the strawberries.

Imogene rose abruptly while Mary was still eating.

'Come into the parlor, Mr. Temple,' she said. 'I would like to show you a piece of music which my music teacher just brought me.'

'You must excuse me, Miss Davenport,' said Tom, bowing. 'I have not been home since morning, and I need to change my dress as well as your cousin.'

'Don't mind your dress. I'll excuse it.'

'But I feel dirty. I have been tramping about the woods. I wouldn't have ventured into a young lady's presence except under the circumstances.'

'I am sorry the dog is dead for your sake, Mary,' said Imogene, sarcastically. 'You might contrive to get rescued again in a day or two.'

'I would rather be excused,' said Mary Somers. 'I wouldn't have such a fright again for a thousand dollars.'

'It would pay you, as you are never likely to get so much money in any other way.'

'I am not likely to forget that I am poor, Imogene,' said Mary, in a hurt tone.

'Good-by,' said Tom.

When Tom had gone the luckless Mary had to undergo another attack.

'I should be ashamed to lay myself out to attract attention as you do, Mary,' said her amiable cousin.

'Who says I have?'

'I say so. It is really sickening to see how you try to attract Mr. Temple. You seem to forget that he is rich, or going to be, and that you will only be a poor governess.'

'I think it is mean, Imogene, to remind me of my poverty before strangers.'

'I wouldn't if you didn't put on so many airs. Really it is sickening.'

'If we were to change places I would not taunt you with your dependence.'

'Wait till I am dependent,' said Imogene. 'I flatter myself there is no fear of that. My father is the wealthiest man in the town, which is fortunate for you. Although you are permitted to share in the same advantages as his children, you ought always to remember your true position. You ought to be more respectful to me and James, for, though we are your cousins, we are far above you in social position.'

Poor Mary! It was not the first time she had been compelled to listen to such admonitions from her haughty cousin.

She left the room with an aching heart. Her material wants were provided for—she lacked not for food or clothing—but she sought in vain for the sympathy which the heart craves She felt that she was regarded with disdain by her uncle's family, and she longed for the time when she could throw off the thralldom of dependence and earn her own living.

'I hate her!' said Imogene to herself, as her cousin closed the door 'With her meek face and cajoling ways, she is artfilluy trying to get Tom Temple interested in her. She shan't succeed, if I can help it. I'll show him her real character. I wish pa would send her off to some cheap boarding-school.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Lime-Kiln Club.

As the hour for opening the meeting arrived and the triangle sounded its warning notes Sir Isaac Walpole ascended to the President's desk and said:

'Gem'len, it am my painful dooty to riz up beah an' inform you dat Brudder Gardner will not be present dis eavenin' fur de fust time since Paradise Hall was opened to de club. Yesterday was de day fixed upon by him an' de ole woman fur settin' up de coal stove Dey sot out in de bes' of spereits, nebber dreamin' of de dark shadder which hovered o'er de cabin roof an' ripped off de shingles wid its bloody claws.'

At this point the excitement and confusion in the hall became so great that Givesdam Jones had to slam Elder Toots into the wood-box and throw Humble Smith over three benches before order was restored.

'Our beloved President had sprained his back and busted his suspenders,' continued Sir Isaac, 'but was still full of de feelin' dat he would conker or die, when, at a critical minit, de ole woman's strength gin out an' de hull weight of a stove weighin' about six tons fell upon Brudder Gardner. When de nayburs got him out from under dat mass of iron he was speechless an' sanguine, an' it was nigh upon an hour befo' he came to an' axed to see his dog. Seben doctors hev surrounded de cabin eber since, an' our President has so fur recovered dat he kin tell de difference between chopped cabbage an clam chowder. His orders am fur me to occupy de cheer an' do de bes' I kin under de sarcumstances.'

Waydown Bebee offered the following resolution:

'*Resolved*, Dat we sympathize wid our beloved President to de fullest extent of de law, and dat his absence to-night am deemed an irreparable loss to de entire nashun.'

The resolution was unanimously adopted, and while the vote was being taken many of the members were seen to shed tears.

The Keeper of the Sacred Relics reported the receipt of the following valuable relics during the past fortnight:

A small looking glass said to have been the property of John Quincy Adams, and having his initials cut on the back. The frame has a hook at one end by which John could hang it up in the woodshed when he desired to shave.

A bust of De Soto carved from a block of basswood by an Arkansas boy 14 years old. Any one who ever met De Soto would recognize the bust at a glance.

A tobacco-box supposed to have been carried by Plato for many years. Its original cost was as much as fifteen cents, proving that the old man never minded the expense when he wanted anything.

A small piece of marble supposed to have been chipped off the tomb of Herod. This was passed around the hall and such members as had rheumatism licked the stone and declared they felt better.

A communication from Indianapolis contained the query:

'Does the Lime Kiln Club hold that Sir Isaac Newton was a great man, or will it agree with me that he was greatly overrated?'

'I doan' jist reckollect whar I met de pusson menshuned,' said the Chairman, as he scratched his head with one hand.

'Sah! I riz up to announce to dis meetin' de solemn fack dat Sir Isaac Newton am dead!' said Elder Penstock in his most solemn tones.

Trustee Pullback at once moved a vote of sympathy for the widow and children, but Brother Walpole checked further proceedings by remarking:

'Gem'len, if it am a fack dat he ar' dead, we needn't be in no hurry to commit ourselves. At de next meetin' Brudder Gardiner, who probably knows all about it, will decide de queshun on its merits.'

The secretary cleared his desk of all further business by announcing the following query from Griffin, Ga: Does the genius of this country keep pace with the demands of the hour?'

Judge Cadaver thought she did. If there was anything lying around loose which genius could not mop the floor with he was ready to lay down and die.

The Hon. Standoff Smith thought genius was ahead of demand, and going two feet to her one.

Col. Backholt Green was reflecting upon that very matter only the evening previous, and he had been obliged to confess that genius got up powerful early in the morning and was around all day.

Several other speakers followed in the same strain, and Sir Isaac Walpole finally remarked:

'I reckon genius keeps ahead. In fact I know she does. Indeed, she orter. It am tharfore decided dat genius am ahead by a large majority, an' de meetin' will now stan' impugned for one week.'

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Charlottetown, Oct. 8, 1884—tf

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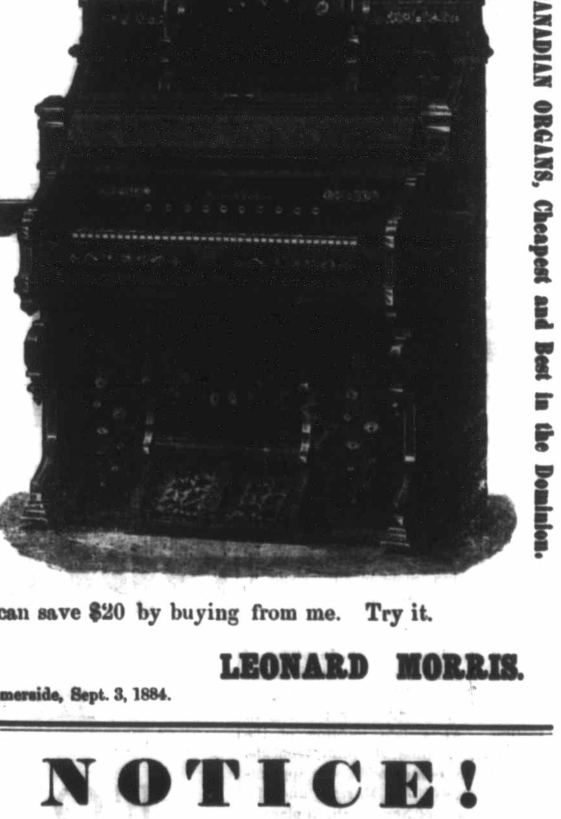

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D M	Day of Week.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.
		h. m.	h. m.
1	Mon	7 28	4 10
2	Tues	30	10
3	Wed	31	9
4	Thur	32	9
5	Fri	33	9
6	Sat	34	9
7	Sun	35	8
8	Mon	36	8
9	Tues	37	8
10	Wed	38	8
11	Thur	39	8
12	Fri	40	8
13	Sat	41	8
14	Sun	42	8
15	Mon	43	9
16	Tues	44	9
17	Wed	44	9
18	Thur	45	10
19	Fri	46	10
20	Sat	47	10
21	Sun	47	11
22	Mon	47	11
23	Tues	47	11
24	Wed	47	12
25	Thur	48	13
26	Fri	49	14
27	Sat	49	15
28	Sun	49	15
29	Mon	49	16
30	Tues	49	17
31	Wed	7 50	4 19

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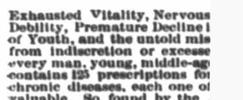

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