ow shalt thou bear the cross that So dread a weight appears? Keep quietly to God, and think

rity is little help, Of the eternal years. Set hours and written rule are good

Lone prayer can lay our fear Rites are as baim unto the eyes, God's words unto the ears

But He will have thee rather brood Upon the eternal years. Full many things are good for souls

In proper times and spheres; Thy present good is in the thought Of the eternal years. Thy self-upbraiding is a snare

sling is it far for thee To face the eternal years. Brave quiet is the thing for thee Chiding thy serupulous fears; \$ Learn to be real from the though

Bear gently, suffer like a child, Nor be ashamed of tears; Nor we assamed of tears; Kiss the sweet cross, and in thy heart Sing of the eternal years.

Thy cross is quite enough for thee, Though little it appears; For there is hid in it the weight

And know'st thou not how bitterness

An alling spirit cheers? by medicine is the strengthe One cross can salictify a soul ;

Vere what they were, because Upon the eternal years He practises all virtue well, Who his own cross reveres. And lives in the familiar thou Of the eternal years.

BULLY OF THE VILLAGE ---or--TOM TEMPLE'S CAREER.

THE

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

CHAPTER XXXI.

HERR SCHMIDT. It was twilight of the second day. They had exchanged the stage-coach for a rude wagon, which jolted uncomfortably over the rough roads. They had travelled for the greater part of two days, yet were less than eighty miles from San Francisco. It was a wearisome mode of travelling, and they were all tired. The party consisted of but four, Gates, Morton, Tom, and a stout Dutchman, who be-

'I don't call this travelling for asure, said Gates, as he was joited mein frau?

wailed his miseries most of all.

never left San Francisco,' younger, was more hopeful than the

rest, 'It won't last forever.' What is dat you say?' broke in the German, 'Forever! I hope not. I

'Oh, yes, you will, mein herr,' 'You will go back with a big lump of gold, and live happy

'If I do not get killed first,' said the German, dubiously. 'Where am I

going?

bled over backwards upon the floor of answered, cooly: the wagon, there being no back to the seat, and lay on his back incapable of point.

'Ich bin toldt!' he groaned. 'Ich man. denke dat my bones are broke in two.' 'Oh, no, mein herr,' said Tom. with your polite request, what then?'

They are too well covered for that. Don't you be alarmed, I'll help you up.' and he sprang to the side of his prohelp him to his feet. But Herr Johann your life.' inches from the floor of the wagon, he stricken. could do no more. In fact as bad luck would have it, it fell back with a whack, and caused the poor Dutchman whack, and caused the poor Dutchman whack. to redouble his groans.

said dolefully. 'Excuse me, mein herr,' said Tom, Teutonic traveling companion. 'I didn't know you were so heavy.

Mr. Gates, won't you help me? ' there was another fearful jolt, causing the prostrate body to give an upward great capitalist—a banker, I believe. Be content with what he will give you.' you to follow us.'

The can ten outset of and one, and you meet an upward my hands. You were not like these you to follow us.' bound and fall back with several addi-

or I shall be murdered.'

The horse was stopped, and by the to mine Katrine." united help of the other three, Herr Johann Schmidt was replaced on his 'I make no exceptions. You must all

'I wish I had not come out here,' he hewailed himself. 'Why could I not suddenly drew a revolver from his walk. In fact, though the idea of being stay ze house in my lager bier saloon, pocket and pointed it at the robber. where I was make much money. I shall not mever go back once more, and what will mein frau do?

Oh, don't mind about her,' said Gates, mischievously. 'She'll marry her man, and he'll take care of

Was I roared the Tenton, his all eyes lighted up with anger.

Den I will not die at all.' 'That's where your head's level,'

ng out if I were you.'

id Gates in a mischievous spirit. 'Of kinder?'

mid you were you know.'

'I have change my mind—I will go home to mein Katrine myself. She shall have no other hustand.'

'Good for you! I like your pluck, aid Gates. 'Give me your hand.' But Herr Schmidt was offended.

'I will nichts give my hand to der man who will wish to marry mein Katrine,' he said, obstinately. 'Oh, that was only to oblige you Herr Schmidt. I thought you might g like to have your wife and childre

'I take care of them myselt.' kick the bucket, I see you're riled, Herr Schmidt. My advice is, that you for their accommodation.' smoke a pipe. It will make you feel

This suggestion appeared to strike the German favorably, for though he reasons which it is unnecessary to parpulled out a pipe, which appeared to moking placidly—and to judge from appearances, much more comfortably n mind.

Meanwhile the road had entered the orest, and the trees cut off what canty daylight yet remained. 'How long are these woods?' en-

uired Gates of the driver. Two miles or thereabouts, sir. 'It is a lonely place.'

Yes, sir; but that isn't the worst of it,' said the driver with a certain significance in his tone. Isn't the worst of it. What is

Loneliness is better than bad com-

What are you driving at.' l'il tell you, sir. There's a set o esperadoes who infest these parts bandits we call them-and these woods

'That's pleasant news, Morton,' said intes, turning to the clerk. Evidently Morton thought so, for he ocked very much disturbed at the in-

· Why didn't you tell us this before? 'I didn't want to make you uncomfortable.'

'Then why did you bring us to these woods ? ' Because there is no other way.' 'What is dat you say?' interrupted

Herr Schmidt at this point. 'Oh, nothing very particular,' said Gates. 'I hope your life is insured.' What for.'

Because there is a gang of robbers in this forest, the driver says. If we the highwayman, sternly. meet them, they may take a fancy to cut our throats. 'Let me get out!' roared the Dutch-

man. 'I will nichts stay to have mein to the Teutou. throat cut. How will I get home to · It won't do any good, your getting

This seat.

Nor I, 'said Morton. 'I wish I had out,' said the driver. 'The robbers out,' said the driver.' 'Oh, well,' said Tom, who, being The best thing to do is to push on.' The driver's words were unexpected-

ly verified. Before he had hardly and shoot them.' finished speaking, two men sprang out think I shall never see mein frau and the road. One seized the horse by the his florid complexion would admit.

Two members of the band advances, his florid complexion would admit.

Two members of the band advances, and searched him, but nothing more bridle. The other advanced, pistol in 'They would not dare.' hand, to parley with the passengers.

> CHAPTER XXXII. CAPTURED BY HIGHWAYMEN.

'What do you want?' demanded Gates. Your money, said the other, briefly,

sudden joit the unhappy German tum-Your answer is brief, and to the ed man, and your life will not be worth

' I mean it to be,' said the highway 'Suppose we object to complying a sudden suspicion.

'I hold the answer in my hand.' 'Your pistol, I suppose.' 'You are perfectly correct. You

strate fellow-traveller, and tried to must surrender either your money or Schmidt weighed two hundred and The Dutchman, who had been starsixty pounds, and though Tom suc- ing, openmouthed, began to understand

ceeded in raising his head about six the condition of affairs, and was panic-'Give him de money,' he said, trem- you do us?

home to mine Katrine.' Serious as the case was, Gates could

'Mr. Highwaymen,' he said. 'I like these gentlemen.' Ir. Gates, won't you help me?' assure you it isn't worth your while to
But before Gates could come to help rob me. My Dutch friend here is a

Herr Schmidt was exasperated.

'Stop the horse,' roared the recum am only a poor saloon keeper, with a depth of the forest. bent Teuton. 'Stop him all at once few dollars which I made by selling lager. Let me go and I will go home

' Gentlemen,' said the highwayman empty your pockets.'

The latter did not appear discon-

'That won't avail you,' he said. 'Why not?' asked Gates. 'We are

four to two.' The robber put a whistle to his lips

and blew a shrill blast. In answer to this su men burst from the covert, all armed "You see," said the first

we are stronger than you thought said Tom, who had picked up the 'we are stronger than you thought.

phrase in San Francisco. 'I wouldn't Fire at me, and all your lives are sacrificed. Your triumph will be short. Don't shoot, Herr Gates,' said the were lost he should have little left to

Dutchmen, in an agony of apprehen live for.

Sion. 'I don't want to die. ¡What would become of Katrine and the in more than one way. First, with his arthur favor and anyarfungs load of

to die, that makes a difference. You who appeared to be the chief of the from time to time, in little casualations Will you let us go

incamoney. · Where? ' Where we shall lead you.

'It is unnecessary to ask."

'That is adding insult to injury. such a load to carry.' don't like that.'

lemen mean to give us some supper, and a night's lodging. If so, I go for accepting the invitation. There isn't Oh I'm 'To be sure you will, if you don't take their invitation as very kind.' They mean to make us pay dearly I'm sure to land on my feet,

> 'We may as well get something for too.' our money,' said Tom. 'That's so. Well, gentlemen, for turbed.'

did not deign an articulate reply, he ticularize, we accept your invitation. haven't much to lose. · Very good,' said the chief. ' Put have seen much service, and was soon up your revolver, then, first of all, or goes it? You look as if you were rather give it to me.' 'I would like to keep it'

'Impossible! Give it up.'

Gates handed over the weapon un-not kill us? willingly. Now give me yours,' said the chief to Morton

The latter with trembling hand surrendered it. He was deficient in courage, and had sat silent. pale with terror, while the conference had gone on. ' Now, my young bantam,' said the robber, turning to Tom' 'have you

Yes, but I should like to keep it.' 'Hand it over.'
'It doesn't belong to me.'

We'll take care of it for the owner. 'Here it is. Be careful how you journey. handle it, for it's loaded. It might hit my fat friend there.'

The Dutchman began to kick at this suggestion.
'Take care, Mr. Robber!' he exclaimed, 'It might go off all at once, and that would be an end of Johann be any building at all.

Tom. There are plenty of John Schmidts in the world. One more or lightly. less wouldn't make much difference.' me,' said Johann, sensibly, 'and mine announce to you the rules of the Katrine, and die kinder.' · Well, what next?' asked Gates.

'Can we go on?' 'No, you must go with us. First get down from the wagon.' What is that for?

Ask no questions, but obey,' said able,' said Gates. 'Very good. I suppose, under the circumstances, we must obey orders, ' Get down, Herr Schmidt,' said Tom

What for? What will be do? sasked the captain, addressing Gates. the terrified Dutchman. 'I don't know,' said Tom, gravely;

· Was? They stand travellers up in a line dollars in gold. 'Will they be so wicked?' groaned

> 'They dare anything; but the only was to be found. thing we can do is to follow directions."

already out. can go. adventure. If you do, you are a mark- was addressed to Tom

an hour's purchase.' 'I understand,' said the man. Gates turned towards the man with

I believe you are in league with to the mines. Now, old man, it's your these men,' he said, sternly. 'You turn.' have led us into a trap.'

'That is not so,' said the driver, earnestly. 'I swear it.' captain. 'We have never had any- twenty-five dollars, and stoutly assev

thing to do with him.' Then why don't you keep him as captain was too sharp for him. A skil-' We don't fly at such game. He is as much more.

on such.' 'I am a poor laboring man,' said not help laughing at the naivede of his Herr Schmidt, eagerly. 'Let me go, lated Johann, pitcously. 'Good robtoo, good Mr. Robber. I am not rich ber, give me back half.

The chief laughed.

Escorted by the eight highwaymen, in the direction of Gates and Tom. 'That is one beeg lie,' he said. 'I our four travellers walked into the

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MORTON'S SECRET. They walked for about a mile, threading the intricacies of the forest. 'Stop a minute,' said Gates, and he Tom did not particularly mind the a captive in the hands of robbers was not particularly agreeable, there was a by, and bewailed his fate.

it which he liked. Gates, too, was a was wise enough to give up all his gold, man who took things philosophically, and did not allow himself to be disturbed overmuch by any contretemps like the present. But the other two, namely, Morton and our Teuton friend, took it more to heart. Morton had a great deal to lose, and he was in terror

lest the papers and certificates of stock should be found upon his person. For them he had staked reputation and liberty. For them he was an exile and a fugitive, and he felt that if they

portly figure and superfluous load o one. I'm not married, and I might that to fire would only be to throw in the forest, quite difficult. Then a willing to take her myself, that is if way his own life and that of his companions. This he felt that he had no Tou marry my Katrianet' exclaim—moral right to do.

Gates was a sensible man. He saw listed in the forest, quite difficult. Then again he had withhim three hundred by thing happened to you.

Tou marry my Katrianet' exclaim—moral right to do.

would take money to go on, it would take money to go on, it would take money to go hack. On the whole the prove to be so, how would be be the prove to be so, how would be be the prove to be so, how would be be the prove to be so, how would be be the prove to be so, how would be be the prove to be so, how would be be the provent of a lie in use in 2,00 N personnect the competition was to grant the provent of the provent of the competition was to grant the provent of the competition was to grant the provent of the competition was to grant the competition was the competition was to grant the competition was to grant the

expressive of his unhappy frame of Tom and Gates walked on together 'I wonder if it's much farther,' said Gates, 'Our German friend doesn't look happy.' Tom laughed 'Perhaps I shouldn't be, if I had

'Perhaps,' suggested Tom, 'these er at home ' Just so. But I haven't. How is it Oh I'm an independent bachelor any hotel about here that I know of. I roaming the world for a living. I'm like a cat. However I'm tossed up,

' And if you had a Katrine and kind-

'Then I hope I shall be like a cat 'You don't seem very much dis

'No. It's my first adventure' and 'So with me. Well, Morton, how attending a funeral.'

'Will there be a funeral?' asked the terrified Dutchman. 'Oh, they will 'No, mein herr, I think not. They'l HICKEY & STEWART.

only take all our money. Mr. Schmidt groaned piteously, and for the fiftieth time execrated his folly in selling out a lager beer saloon, in which he was making money, to start in quest of the mines. Ah, little did the plump Katrine and the children, waiting eagerly to hear of his success, dream that he was even now in the

clutches of robbers! But the longest journey has an end-

They reached a rude wooden building, backed by a precipitous elevation. There was nothing peculiar in its appearance, except that it had no wind-

'Halt, gentlemen!' said the captain, Oh, never mind, Mein Herr, said it is here that we stop.'

There are plenty of John 'Is this our hotel?' asked Tom,

'Yes,' said the captain, relaxing his 'It would make much difference to stern features with a smile. 'Shall I house?

· What are they? ' Payment in advance.' Morton's face changed, and the Dutchman looked unhappy. 'I hope your bill won't be unreason

Not at all. than you have.' Thank you; you are very considerate. We'll begin with you, then,' said

'Oh, I'm a poor devil, I haven't ' Produce what you have.' Gates took out his purse, which

proved to contain a hundred and fifty 'Is that all?' Every cent.

'You are an honest fellow. I won't Tom assisted the poor man from the take all. Here!' and the robber rewagon. Gates and Morton were turned twenty dollars of the sum taken.

'Now,' said the chief of the high 'Thank you!' said Gates, with a waymen, turning to the driver, 'you little surprise. 'Really, for a robber Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell Mass But take heed,' he added you are very polite and honorable

Our hero produced all his money, as was shown by the subsequent search. 'Good!' said the captain. 'Here are twenty for you. It will take you

Herr Schmidt would have done well to profit by the example of his comcould not retain. But it was too much 'The man speaks the truth,' said the for his equanimity. He brought out erated that it was all he had. But the ful examination disclosed eleven times

'You are richer than you thought, said the captain, in a sarcastic tone. 'It is all I had. I am ruined!' ejacu

Not one penny,' returned the chief emphatically. 'You tried to defrauc 'We can tell better by and bye,' he me, and you merit no consideration at

Herr Schmidt wrung his hands, and protested that he was ruined, and that 'Let them cook you, then,' said the

captain. 'That will keep them alive for a month.' But even this suggestion did not mitigate the grief of the unhappy Teu-

Morton was reserved for the last. He though he had considerable more than either of his companions. But he also

No money was found but the bel

'A belt,' faltered Morton. What is in it? · Papers-no money, I assure you, 'If they are papers, I must see them, said the captain

They would be of no value to you. 'I must see them,' said the

he first heard the papers mentioned His heart best quick. Were these th



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