

it is said that he speaks of what he will do when he is crowned." "As to that," I smade answer, "are not his chances small? He is but three years as long. Besides Charles may marry "again." ""Ha, will " and the dome (the will the speaks of the speaks of the speaks of the speaks of the speak of the speaks of t

truck hin But here at last was something definite

land save only the son of my daughter Ludy." I took but little notice of this speech, although the dame uttered it with much warmth. I imagined that in spite of the that it would be easy to find out whether the woman's story were true or false, and upon this discovery a plan of action could

he formed. henself a "wise woman." Not that I paid much heed to these things, for my father although he denied not that some had it in their power to reveal the future, had generally made light of their professions, and had taught me to treat them with scorn. "Be that as it may," I said. "You have it that the new King married your daugh-ter." "Ay, I hold to that," she cried, "and poor and humble as I am, I say that I am grandmother to him who should be King of England when his father dies." "That remains to be proved," I said, for I was eager to get back to the ques-After this we fell to talking again, bu

weeks," replied my father. "Two weeks?" I said questioningly.

"Ay, two weeks. This dame hath i that, according to messages which have been received in London Town, he will not

ome until the 27th or the 28th day of the

month. There will therefore be time, if

ortune favors you, to do much of your

special melody, with new words by Gen. Albert Pike.

Emme.t made only \$500 on the song. The

I wish I was in de land ob cotton: old times wish I was in de land ob cotton; old times dar are not forgotten;
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land;
In Dixie land, whar I was born in, early on one frosty mornin':
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land;

Chorus: Den I wish Iwas, in Dixie, hooray; hooray! In Dixie land I'll took my stand, to lib and die in Dixie. Away, away, away down south in Dixie! Away, away, away down south in Dixie!

Ole missus matry "Will-de-weaber"; Willum was a gay deceaber; Look away, look away, look away, Dixle land! But when he put his arm around her, he smiled as flerce as a forty-pounder; Look away, look away, look away, Dixle land!

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber, but dat did not seem to greab 'er; Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

man of my mother. Humble of birth she might be, but I was very sure that her thoughts were other than those of a serv-ing woman, and that she had mixed her-self up with affairs of importance. Her great dark searching eyes, her strongly moulded face, her determined mouth all assured me that here was a woman of far-reaching plans, and one who would stop at nothing to carry those plans into effect. for all the fair promises that they make, Therefore if ever thou dost get back thine own, and if ever thy son is to be been ten years older. I should have con-sidered carefully. Still, they came into my mind, and I was on the point of put-ting them to het, when she rose from her chair and placed her hand on my shoulder. I remember even then thinking how tall she was, for as I should by the fireplace, and she came up to me, her face was level with mine, and I am not a short man. impatiently, 'but let us hear what you have discovered, Katherine; let us know "More mother than father," I heard er murmur again, and there she looked rom my father to me as though she were rying to discover the difference between the truth concerning the strange unings have heard." have heard." "It is no use telling of what I know, inless this son of thime be bold enough to make use of it," replied the woman. "I am a girl no longer, Master Rash-tiffe; I am not so simple as I was in those days when I was waiting maid to Mistress Rashcilffe. Enough to say that I have found out sufficient to make Charles Stuart, who is even now preparing to come back to England as king, eager not only to restore thy lands, but to give a place of honor to Master Roland here. Ay, but that is not all. The thing which T know to exist must be in our hands, us. "Well, Katherine," said my father, you have discovered what you set your heart upon, and which you solk of when I saw you in St. Paul's Church." The woman laughed mockingly. "In less than a week the king will be in England," she said, "and, oh! what a king!" and then she fell to stanning our faces areain. "The people be already crying, "God we the King!" add my father. Already by old neighbors who fought for Charles be looking forward to the time when he Punnes will be desciled like the gyptians of old, and when they will be rewarded for being faithful to the "But what is it." "But what is it." de be already erying, "God "It is this. James, Duke of York, is not "Well, and what of that?" "Well, and what of that?" "This, replied the woman. "You have heard of the Welsh girl, Lucy Wasters." "Ay, I have heard of her." "And you have heard of her son, a lad which goes by the name of sames Croft?" with the woman scornfully "Reward?" said the woman scornerity. "Will the eldest non of Charles I ever reward an honest man? I know him, Master Rashcliffe, He will be the dupe of every knowe, the pupet of every husty in England. He will make promises with out and but he will be too tidle to pet-

"Yes," said my father, "I have heard of him: but it doth not matter. "Ay, but it doth matter."

"Where is what?" "This black box." "Before I make known where it is I must have your promise. Nay, Master Roland, look not darkly at me, for this is no light matter. I dare not make known the hiding place until I am assured that you will undertake to go wherever it is, and then alone, and in secret, bring it hither."

"Why? is your business of import?

asked "Ay, or I would not have come all the way from St. Paul's Cross to Epping. For that matter I should never have got here did not a man coming hither give me a lift on his cart. But, young master, tell me. Hath a woman come to your father's ouse this day?"

"Reland Rashcliffe," she said, "will you undertake this thing?" I looked at my lather, who appeared to be pondering deeply. "Where is it?" I asked. "Where is most?" "What kind of a woman?" I asked. "A woman who hath forty-five years, but carries them lightly," she replied; "a woman who hath not the attire of a wom

an of quality, and yet speaketh as if she were; a woman who years ago lived at Rashchiffe Manor." "And if such a woman hath been there?"

I said. "Then must I go thither."

"But if she hath been there, and is gone?" "Then lack-a-day, I know not; ay, but

"Then I ack a day, I know not; ay, but even then I must know what she hath told Master Rasheliffe." "Come with me," I said; "I will take you to the house." "But is she there?" she asked eagerly. "Ay she is there?" I maying

"Ay, who else?" she replied. "If Charles dies, will he not claim the crown? Already it is said that he speaks of what he will do me when she was in England before they

again." "He will," cried the dame, "he will, but there will be no children." "Ho know, and that is enough," she "I do know, and that is enough," she there will be no children." "How do you know?" I asked.

"I do know, and that is enough," she replied. "Charles wil never have a child which shall be heir to the throne of Eng-"Unt frequency of the start of the start

and save only the son of my daughter

although the dame uttered it with much warmth. I imagined that in spite of the severe measures which had been taken with witches, and those who professed to fore-

cell the future, she had either consulted some of these people, or was perchance herself a "wise woman." Not that I paid

Was Given Two. Days to Produce It - Soon Was Being Sung by Everybody.

Dan Emmett ,the old-time minstrel, who died at Mt. Vernon (O.), recently, at the age of 89, was the author of the negro song, Dixie, which the south adopted as its

TO COMPOSE "DIXIE

Story Recalled by the Death

of the Old - Time

Minstrel.

IN BURNT CORK DAYS.

New Air Needed for Sp ci I Feature

of a Ferformanice, and Emmett

"I wish I was in Dixie," meaning the land south of Mason and Dixon's line,

was the exclamation of many a poor min-strel when cold weather and hard times

original words were:

form them. No housest man will be the better for his reburn, and no one will have justice unless that justice is forced

from him." "But have you discovered aught?" ask-ed my father. "You know what you promised me. Moreover, which I last saw the dame with whom you had lodgment at the back of Aldersgate street, she said you had your hand upon the proof." "And I am not one who makes promises hightly," replied the woman, "neither am I a woman who, having made up her mind, is easily tunned aside. Nevertheless, there remaineth much to be done. Master Rasheliffe. The matter is not child's play, and he who meddles with matters which affect the king is in danger of being ac-cused of treason. For Charles Stuart can act to purvise when it suits him. That is why I have not come to you before."

act to purvise when it suits him. That is why I have not come to you before." Here again the woman ceased speaking and examed me closely. "This son of yours that never fought in the wars?" she said questioningly. "Nay," replied my father. "During the first civil war he was too young to bear arms. After that my heart was embitter-ed. I would not have my son uphold the claims of a man who was slike faithless to both enemies and triends. Then, when Charles was beheaded, could I allow my yon to fight under Oronwell?" "He was a brave, strong man," replied the woman.

the

the woman. "Ay, a brave, strong man if you will. But not such a man as my son could fight under. Besides, I would not have him mingle with such a crew as this army fashioned under the New Model. Would I have my son become a pealmeninging hypocrite? Would I have him tenght to hypocrite? Would I have him taught to ery down with the Prayer Book? Would I have him made a sour-faced follower of old Nol, learning to make pions speeches in order to gain promotion? No, I had fought upder the king's standard, and, si though the king betrayed us all, I would not have iny son serve under my Lord Protector. Nevertheless, Roland is no weakling, as you see, neither is he a fool. Poor as I have been, I have seen to it that he hath learned something of letters.

Poor as I have been, I have seen to it that he hath learned something of letters. He can write like a clerk, and can read not only in the English tongue, but in Latin and in French." "Ay, in French. Besides without ever having served with the wars, he knows everything of fighting that I could tell him, and as for swordcraft, I doubt if there is a man in London town who could/starid against him." Again the woman looked at me eagerly, and then she broke out like one in anger.

and then she broke out like one in anger "It is well, Master Rashcliffe, for, mark you, if what I have discovered is true, he will need all his classored is true, you, if what I have discovered is true, he will need all his cleverness, all his learning, and all his knowledge of sword-craft. We play for high stakes, Master Rascheille, southing less than the throne of English. "Ay, I gathered as much," said my father thoughtfully. "Look you here," went on the woman. "You desire to gain back your estates;

"You desire to gain back your estates; you desire, moreover, that your son Ro-land shall not be a pennilesa, lackland squire fike you. Why, I discovered as 1. came hither that for years this manon house hath been little better than a farm kitchen, that such as Nicholas Beel; the kritchen, that such as andhoras Beel; the Diacksmith, who fought for Cromwell, and 'praise be his name, Elijah of the Marsh,' and 'Grace-abunding Reuben,' who used to be one of your hinds, be now fattening on your best farms."

"Ay, it is so," cried my father angrily, "The very kitchen wenches of twenty years ago laugh at me, and called me 'Landless Rascheliffe."

"And Charles Stuart will never give you back these lands unless he is made,"

said the wom "Ay, ay," said my father, "I know en-ugh of him for that; but to your tale, atherine Harcomb. Tell me what you

"I know that James, the new king's I know that James, the new king's brother, is full of hope that Charles will kill himself by revely in a year," replied the woman. "I know that he is next heir to the throne. I know that he is intrigu-ing to get back the Catholic religion to the country, and I know that heither a

"Because he, although Charles Stuart will doubtless deny it, is the next heir to the throne of England." "My father started back in amazement. "He is Charles' son," continued the

"Ay, but-"Charles married Lucy Walters-marfed her in Holland."

"But the proof, the proof!" cried father.

father. "It is this proof of which I come to speak," said Katharine Harcomb. But answer me this; suppose the proof could be obtained, suppose the box containing the contract of marriage between Charles Stuart and Lucy Walters could be ob-tained what then?"

silent Ev For a time my father was lently he regarded the woman's declarathe of great import, and I saw that arefully considered her words. "Charles would not desire it to

nown," he said at length. "Nay, that he would not," said the wo-man with a laugh; "but there is more than that, Master Rashcliffe.'

that, Master Rasheliffe." "Ay, there is," said my father thought-fully. "He who could be fortunate enough to possess that marriage contract would be able to make his terms not only with the

"Ah, you begin to see." "The man who possessed such could stir up eivil war in England," said my father; "such a war that might well make men forget the war between Charles

I and Cromwell." "Ay," said the woman; "but what ndre to our purpose, Master Rashcliffe, te could make the king restore the Rash-

cliffe lands, and gain for his son a place in England worthy his name." "And do others know of this secret,

Katherine?" asked my father. "Yes," replied the woman; "it hath been guessed at by many, but I alone know where the box containing the marriage contract is hidden. It hath cost me much ouble to find out, but at last I have don

I looked at the woman as she said this ashes were covered with spring leaves, which I saw shining in the light of the und I thought there was a furtive look in

her eyes. "And how did you find it out?" asked

my father presently. "Of that more anon," replied Katharin Harcomb. "Enough to say now that this is the secret I promised to tell you, a secret

which should give you the power to make your own terms with the king. All now lepends on goung Roland here." "On me!" I cried, speaking for the first time, although as may be imagined, I lis-bened eagerly to every word which had

been spoken. "Ay, on you," replied the woman, "for

that marriage contract is in hiding. It s hidden in a black box, 1 and

s hidden in a black box, 1 and 1 As all students of history know, the story of the black box containing the mar-riage contract between Charles II and Lucy Walters obtained great credence After the Restoration; indeed, it is prob-tble that belief in its validity had much to do with the Monmouth rebellion at a "atter date.-J. H. nay be obtained only with differentiar. The cause we should gain the power to compel And then as I thought of these things.

nay be obtained only with difficulty. The question is, Master Roland, will you un-dettake the work of bringng it hither?"

"How old is the king's son?" I cried, for her story had excited my imagination and appealed to that love for adventure which for a long time had been struggling

for expression. "How old?" repeated the woman; "he is a lad of about eleven years. At present he is with the dowager queen."

of footsteps. They were not the footsteps of a man; of that I was certain. They were neither firm enough nor heavy enough. Moreover, they were uncertain, and, as I thought, feeble. I stopped and looked along the road, and saw the form "And do you mean that he is the new meir to the British throne?" I cried. "Ah, that he is," replied the woman; "and the man who can find the marriage

of a woman coming towards me. Bright although the moonlight was, contract can go far to be one of the masters of England." "And if it be not brought to light?" | could not at first make out her age or her

station, but as she drew nearer I saw that she was evidently old and poor. "Whither go you, dame?" I asked as wied, "then if Charles has no other son, "That is not the thing of import," re-plied the woman; "the thing that is of weight is this: the man who hath the se-tret can make the king obey him." "Whither go you, dame?" I asked as "And what is that to you, young mas-ter?" By this time I was able to see the

not been led to make any promise. I had barely got in sight of the gate

where I had seen old Adam in the earlier part of the day, when I heard the sound

thing, she was herher wise no her cost, but I knocked at the door. she was the fairest maid to look upon that ever I clapped my eves on. It is "It is I, Roland."

that ever I clapped my eyes on. It is true her first beauty had left her, and at that time she was in sore trouble, for she that time she was to the Tower with soldiers on either side of her; nevertheless, every man fell in love with her as she went. The verse-makers have called her hard, defiant look in her eyes had gone

the nut brown maid, and well they might, for her hair was the color of ripe chest-nuts when they are picked from the trees Rather I thought I saw fear, almost ambunting to terror in them. Evidenti-my father had been speaking about mat in early October. It shone like the dow-ager queen's diamonds, and hung around her head in great curling locks. Her eyes were brown too, and sparkled like stars; even then roses were upon her cheeks, and ers which moved her mightily. longer bore the expression of one who would make her own terms, but rather as one who lived under the shadow of a great

"You are back soon, Roland," said my she walked like a queen." "But she was liberated from the Tower," father; "it is not an hour since you h said my father, "and went back to

"Nay," I replied, "but I met an ol woman from St. Paul's Cross who wa France." "But not before I saw her, Master Rash-eliffe." replied Katharine Harcomb, "and tot before she told me that she was Charles Stuar's wedded wife." coming thither, who declared she must see Katharine Harcomb.

The woman started to her feet as "She told you that?" "Ay, she told me that." "Where is she?" she cried, "let me se her without delay." "Tarry a little," said my father, "tel "But did she tell you where the marriage

contract was?" asked my father. "Of that I shall say nothing until I know whether Roland here will undertake the work I have spoken of," and again the woman's dark bright eyes scanned my me more of this, Roland. So without more ado I told him of my neeting with the dame, and of what

passed between us. "I would speak to her, I would speak face, as though she saw there an index to the thoughts which possessed my mind. "Roland," said my father, "I would e'en talk with Katharine Harcomb alone. Do her alone?" cried Katharine Harcomb like one bereft of her senses, and she made for the doorway as if to pass me. But my

you leave the room, and return in an father elosed the door quickly and see to be deep in thought. A moment later saw that hed had made up his mind. I did not much like this, for, as may I did not much like this, for, as may be imagined, I was much interested, and wanted to hear more of what the woman had to tell; but I obeyed my father quick-ly as every dutiful son should, and went out of the house into the park lands. The sun had now gone down, but it was not dark, neither did I think it would be throughout the whole night. For not only was there a moon, but the sky was clear. Indeed, the time was the middle of May, when the air was clear and the countryside

"Have any of the kitchen wenches see her?" he asked.

"her?" he asked. "Nay," I replied, "I myself opened the door, and she is sitting in the hall." "Then do you bring her here, Roland, and afterward do you leave us again." I have no doubt I shewed my disap-pointment at this, for I was eager to un-defstand the meaning of it all. My father took but little heed however, so doing his bidding I went to the hall, where the woman was still sitting.

when the air was clear and the countryside was beauteous beyond words. It is true the roses had not yet appeared, but the trees were well nigh in full leaf, for the season was early. Even the oaks and the woman was still sitting. It was at this time I called to mind that I had not heard her name, so without first telling her to follow me where my father was, I said quietly: "What is your name,

ashes were covered with spring leaves, which I saw shining in the light of the moon. No stars appeared that night, the moon was so bright, and no sound did I hear save the babbling of the trout stream that ran through the park, and now and then the titter of a bird which settled itself to rest. I walked along the grass grown drive which led to the gates; wondering about what the woman Katharine Harcomb had said, and thinking if ever the time would come when carriages would be drawn up to the house as they were in the days be fore the Long Parliament, and when my

No sconer had the horary door opened than I saw the two women exchange glances, but I had no opportunity of no-ticing more, for my father gave me a look which told me that I must leave them alone, which I did much to my impatience.

fore the Long Parliament, and when my old home would be full of gaiety. "This is a strange happening," I said to myself. "Ever since Richard Cromwell died my father hath spoken of a possible change to our fortunes if Charles should come back, not because the king would do aught for us of his own free will, but be-

alone, which I did much to my impatience. I did not go far away, however. It is true I left the house, for cool as the night had become the air seemed stifling, so I stepped on to the grass outside, and began to walk up and down in the light of the window ,behind which I knew my father and the two women were. How long I stayed there I know not, but it must have been more than an hour, for I noticed that the moon which stood high in the heavens when I went out had dropped behind the trees. In a sense the time seemed long. "It was a the house of M in spite of the way the woman had in-spite of the way the story of the king's marriage, the whole thing became like old wives' fables, and I was glad that I had

trees. In a sense the time seemed long. To a lad barely twenty-three, to be kept away from the knowledge of a secret which promised to vitally affect his future, was calculated to multiply every minute into five. Nevertheless I had so much to think about, that I thought but little of the time, and that in spite of my impatience: The mystery of the box containing the matriage contract between the new King.

for I was eager to get back to the ques-tion which had been broached by Kathrine Harcomb when first we had met

earlier in the evening. "Ay, that remains," replied the dame, angrily I thought; "and it is by you Mas-ter Roland Rasheliffe that this is to be know some day, and with this I was fair content. I had a work to do, and that was enough. "It may be that this priest knows mor

"But why have you chosen me?" I ask-"It may be that this prest above more than he has told you," I cried at length, "my first business therefore will be to go to Boulogne, and after that to seek out Master Elijah Pycroft." My father nodded his head approvingly, and yet I thought I saw doubt in his ed, for young though I was, ay and eager to undertake any work which meant move-ment and romance, I could not help ask-ing why I among all others should be

hosen for this work. "You shall know some day Roland," aid my father. "It is enough for you to "But what about the coming of the ow now you have a great work to do, King?" I went on. "You told me only to

work which if successfully done will nake you a power in England?" "But what is it?" I asked somewhat imday that we must go to Dover to meet him, and if, he comes to England on Tuesday of next week, there will be no time patiently, for it seemed to me that I was

for me to set out on my journey hefore seeing him." asked to do something, the nature of which was hidden from my eyes. "To bring hither the marriage contract," "The King will not arrive for two

"Ay, but where is it?"

"It is in England," replied Katharine Harcomb, and then she looked at me with keen. searching eyes.

At this I doubt not I made an impati ent gesture, for truly they seemed to re-gard me as a child who might not be

work before he comes hither." Now being hot of blood, and not being usted. "Nay, be not angry," said my fatuer al-nost gently I thought. And the sur-prised me, for although I was a man in rears he had not ceased to expect absolute and unquestioning obedience from me. In bruth he held strongly that every man should be complete master in his house, and that no one should dare to dream o

duestioning his will. But if I was not angry I was impatient. I had been on the tip-toe of expectation for hours, I had been told that I had a great work to do, and yet I had only re eived hints as to how that work was to be done. For to be told that the marriage contract was in England was to tell me nothing, as anyone can see. Still I held my peace and waited, wondering what was

sons. The first was, there was no man in my father's house who was fitted for such a post, even although I were rich enough to keep him; but more than this, it was deemed best that I should go quickly and to 'come next. "The marriage took place at a place call-ed The Hague," said the old dame with downcast eyes, "away across the sea in that outlandish country called Holland. It alone, so that no one should suspect what my business might be. Servants, as al-the world knows, have a way of talking was performed in secret by a Papish puiest. The priest had to swear that he would never reveal the marriage, never-theless my daughter Lucy, for the sake of about their masters' business, and if 1 had one he might unwittingly endanger me in my work. (To be continued)

theless my daughter Lucy, for the sake of her good name, so cajoled the priest that he drew up the contract, and gave it to her, unknown to the King. For fear it should be taken from her she determined to place it in safe keeping." At this the woman ceased speaking, while I who had here writing for some NEW YORK SUBWAY

while I, who had been waiting for some news which would give me some...ng like reason for action, feit as though she

were conjuring up a story. , "This showed," she went on presently, Donald, the contractor, announced today "that my daughter was not foolish as some have said, neither was she careless of

"But to whom did she give this precious document?" I asked, "and where is it

"She gave it to one in whom she trust-ed," said the dame sourly. "But he be-trayed her trust. He found out the value of the paper, and brought it to England. Since it hath changed hands again; but bettering Honewalk her the dame where

The mystery of the box containing the marriage contract between the new King, and Lucy Walters, and the woman's re-quest that I should go on a voyage of dis-covery kept me wondering so much, that at times I almost forgot that I knew very little of the whole business, and that my father was even then talking about t.ese things with the two women who had in such an unaccountable way entered my that although he never app

By this time I was able to see that she The moon had sunk far behind the trees I them, it is he who gives them info

Ole missus acted de foolish part, and died for a man dat broke her heart; Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land! the prospect of something to do, whil the nature of my work was all that youth might ask for. Neither did trouble much as to why I should be cho en. My father had told me that I should

Now, here's health to de next ole missus, an' all de gals dat want to kiss us; Look away, look away, look away, Dixie

land! But if you want to drive 'way sorrow, come and hear dis song tomorrow; Look away, look away, look away, Dixie

Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Injun batter, makes you fat or a little fatter; Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land! Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabbel; to Dixie's land i'm bound to trabbel: Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

The truth of the last clause of the saying that some men are born great, others achieve greatness, and others have greatness thrust upon them is exemplified by "Dan" Emmett. When he wrote under compulsion the catchy music and nonsense words of "Dixie" he had no idea that he was producing a work which was to be the battle song of one side to a mighty conflict, and which even now, wherever and whenever played, brings the flush of pleasure to the face of every loyal southron. We are told of the words which were

beaten into plowshares; here was a case of a measure of peace and jollity converted into a quickstep of war. The story of how, in 1859, at New York,

7 your

, J#

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Now being hot of blood, and not being aware of the many things which might hinder me, I was content with this rep.y. and determined not to fail being at Dover when the King should land. Without wasting time by retailing what was said further, I hasten on to say that by break of day on the following morning I was on my horse's back, clad in my gay-est attire, on my way to Folkestone Town, whither I hoped to get a passage to the Creat of France. I was in gay spirits. I I was on my horse's back, chai in my gay est attire, on my way to Folkestone Town, whither I hoped to get a passage to the Coast of France. I was in gay spirits. I had pistols in my bolsters, a sword by my side, and more money in my pouch than I ever hoped my father would give me. Servant I had none, and that for two rea-mer man in New Orleans, the promoters that later, in New Orleans, the promoters of a large entertainment picked it up at the last moment as the tune to be used for a large march and chorus. It struck the southern fancy, and soon thereafter was taken to the battlefields.

Discriminating experts have many times pointed out that "Dixie" is music of a low grade—as cheap, childish, and trifling as "Yankee Doodle." Doubtless this is one of the reasons why it became immortal. It was a song such as every one could sing. Then associations began to cluster about it. It became identified with hours of great enthusiasm, and at last became one of the symbols of that most enduring of things—a lost cause. Time was when the strains of "Dixie" provoked northern choler, but this period is happily past, and the old ministrel song the property of the nation-neces sarily in the repertoire of every band and orchestra that toots or scrapes for the multitude.

Tess-"What do you think of my new shoes?Quite nobby, aren't they?" Jess-"Yes, they are rather knobby, but I think any first-class chiropodist could re-move the knobs?"-Philadelphia Press.



practically completed and the new transit ine will be turned over to the Inter-

**BEADY AUGUST** 

New ork, July 14 .- John B. Mc-

hat the subway construction work is now

Katharine Harcomb hath discovered where

