he life of poor Tips at the Barker The life of poor Tina at the Barker ranche was, as may be supposed from its ominous commencement, a life of bondage. She was required to be astir at daybreak, to prepare the frugal family breakfast, to wash dishes, to dress the five ill mannered, ill-tempered children, to cock, to wait upon her hard task mistress—to do, in short, an amount of work far beyond her strength. It is doubtful if Mrs. Barker could have extracted a greater amount of work from a stout.

greater amount of work from a stout serving-woman than she managed to ob-tain from the delicately reared child whom an adverse fate had thrown into

seemed no escape. And yet the thought of flight haunted the poor young girl by day and by night. She was never allowed to go beyond the door yand slone. The children and the two curs dogged dren, who soon, considering her only a "servant gal," became her tormentors naking her life a burden to her. A life more wretched then this present exist-

more wretened than this present existence of Tina cannot be imagined.

The day's came and went drearily.

They were filled with hard toil, too hard for the little slender frame to hear. The nights—the only time Tina had to herself-were spent in tears and stifled sobs and prayers, with but small allowance of troubled sleep. Tina cleared one of the dingy panes that served as a window in the attic, and night after night she knelt by this window, looking up at the starry sky with clasped hands and eyes so full piteous entreaty to Heaven that the order must have wept for her.

No wonder then that the slender figure

grew yet slenderer, that the star-like face became yet paler, thinner, and intensely woeful in its expression, and that livid circles began to surround the hollow eyes glorious beauty no suffering could Tips was fast fading to a shadow, and it seemed as if but a slight shock was needed to sever the chord which bound her to life, and which was become

so fearfully attenuated.

Greatly to Hod Barker's surprise, no actual collision occured between Tina and his wife. Mrs. Barker was cruel. capricious, fiery-tempered and merciless, but her hand bad never yet inflicted a blow upon the little ringleted head. Tina was very silent, very submissive, working ceaselessly, and even her exacting

Mr. Barker?"

of the brutal farmer for the moment.—
"And about Ichabod too? Perhaps

they are not dead—"
"And p'raps Jacob Vellis isn't Jacob Vellis!" eried the farmer gruffly.—
"They're dead and buried in Frisco Bay,

"A boy that picked the gal "A boy that picked the gal up at Panama, a young dare-devil that persisted in runnin' his head into Vellis's jaws continual, and that Vellis was was finally obliged to get rid on."

'I don't know much more than I did before," said Mrs. Barker viciously. What was the boy's name? Who did

"He belongs to himself, come out to find his father. His name—What was it,

"Burns? Any relation to the rich Burns down in the San Jose valley?" asked Mrs. Barker. "Him that's 'lected Judge ?"

"Do' know," answered Barker. he is 'Lonzo would help kill the young whelp. Lon and Judge Burns an't friends by no means. You've heard -as neat a pigeon as a man could wish to pluck? That was over a year ago, when the judge wa'n't really a judge, only called so, and when Lon kept a faro bank out to the diggin's."

"I've heard of it," said Mrs. Barker. "If this boy comes of that breed he wants killing. It you go to Frisco to morrow, why don't you invite that new friend of your'n, Vellis, home with "I am clean tired

"I will-" Tina trembled convulcively, and a blue plate fell from her hands to the

"That's the way you earn your keep, is it?" cried the woman vindictively.
"You're going to begin to waste and break, are you? I'm to scrimp and save for you to throw away, am I? I've stood about enough of your fine-lady ways, and I mean to break you in: the

projecting roots upon the inner side of the fence.

The believed that the had crep in there to die.

She had hin there some minutes and was beginning to feel calmer and stronger, her heart lessening its deafening pulsations, when her pursuers came up the the road, their tramp echoing through the lonely night. Tina quivered in every limb, and clung in a sort of frenzy to her retreat, resolving not to be torn from it is life.

The time side of the limb and crep in the lonely night. Tina staggered heavily, and fell forward in the wet road, their retreat, resolving not to be torn from it is life.

The time side of the limb and crep in the lonely night. Tina staggered heavily, and fell forward in the wet road, her arms extended, her in the wet road plants. He had side to a prosecution on charge of big-

"She went this way," she heard Mrs. Barker crying out, as the pursuers approached. "I saw her making over the fence into the road. She'll pay for this night's work out of her wretched

"I'll take her in hand myself," said Barker brutally. "She's run off for good, as she thinks; We'll capture her long afore morning, and'll set down the law to her in a manner as she can't wipe

"I am clean tired out," said Mrs. Barker, as she slackened her pace. "I can't go a step further. You puff like a "I am tired too," said Barker

sooner the better."

She made a dash at Tina. The child hastily retreated, her eyes flashing, her cheeks burning, her bosom heaving.

"Don't you dare to touch me!" she velone and harding. It shed not better."

What alls "Your name is Mrs. Burns is it not?" the lady's captor inquired presently.

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was pros ed against her temple, and a sleek, so ken voice. "Have you ever been harsh, peremptory voice exclaimed:

"Not a word—not a movement! If "Yes; but the keeper of it was merely you wish to preserve you.

you will resign yourself to the situation.

Mrs. Burns sank back upon her seat, and the carriage rolled on beyond the region of the dock lights into the gloomy "I do "Burgoyne told of him—"

"I know him well, said the elder Wiswell stilly. "I was his partner and well stilly. "I was his partner and well stilly. "I was his partner and well stilly."

Francisco docks, amounted to a positive stupefaction. For a moment she could neither think nor speak. Then, with a conviction of her peril, she made a quick, wild spring toward the door. At the same moment the cold muzzle of a pistol

associate for years in New Jersey, where we kep a retreat for the mentally afflict-eds. Dotor Ballet is my correspondent,

was the but a few rods behind her? Her recent know when he fall to the ground is a few rods behind her? Her recent brivations and hard toil had told upon her health, and she was weaker than she than that which swelled-the heart of the factor with caracteristic control of the murmured, as her speed stackened. "Please let me die first and go to papa and mamma and Eddy. Dow'let them catch me catch m

he said. My wife has some money on her person. I do not care to remove it from her by violence, but it must be rendered useless to her. You must have

weet eyes shut, a merciful upconcions liable to a prosecution on charge of bigness enwrapping her senses.

And only a mile down the real was her brutal pursuer, dismounted, and carrying a lautern, employed in beating every bush and hollow by the roading every bush and the Doctor. My wife will the Doctor. My wife

Wiswell will consent to take charge of my unfortunate wife," said Burgoyne. "I have procured lodgings near here, Doctor, in order to be at hand, I should like to disguise my man Gazzam—he remembers you well, having been in your employ in New Jersey—and place him in your family as an additional guard against Mrs. Burgoyne's escape."

"Certainly, Mr. Burgoyne," responded the elder Wiswell. "If you choose to beard your man in my house at your

to board your man in my house, at your own expense, I am quite willing. We dannot take too many precautions. You will observe that I have had a wicket

ran against a man who was coming from any duties. The main business at such the direction in which he was going. In a time is to enjoy yourself Joy is a toni above all.

[More faith and less drugs; sunshine in the open air, and less finement in badly vent. at rooms; resignation to the agriculte, will parance was totally unfamiliar to Burgoyne, he seeming to be a Mexican. Yet, as he broke out into curses over his injury, Burgoyne started back, exclaiming:

"Jacob Vellis, as I live! And in disguise?" the collision the stranger received a above all.

Vellis in a namement. "Hush! Don't speak my name! How came you here? Take my arm, and we!! welk as we talk."

Medical works contain many curious facts in regard to the power of the mind on the conditions of the body. It is shown that the mind may kill and that it may cure. Readers have heard of cases where, through intense fear the hair had turned gray in the night. A criminal under sentence death was told by his keeper that it would lessen the pains and aganing of dring to be told by his keeper that it would lessen the pains and agonics of dying to be bled, and permission having been obtained from the authorities by physicians to such peculiarities are, in a great measure, the day appears on the convict, the day appears on the convict, the day appears on the convict, the day appears of the decrease of the day are such peculiarities are and character of the day are such peculiarities are and that they are such peculiarities are and they are an are also are an are and they are an are also are also are an are also med that, instead of hanging, he would be bled to death, and the dreadful prospeet may be very properly upposed to have penetrated his soul. When the time arrived, preparations were commen-enced as for the execution. Buckets

were brought, as if to hold the blood, and surgical instruments were exhibited to the gaze of the wrotched man. Being assured there would be no great pain connected with the opening of a vein or artery, and that he would die gradually and without struggie, he was stretched on a table and an arm made bare. A watch was placed so near that he could hear it tick, and he was informed that in so many minutes after applying the lancet he would cease to breathe. His eyes were then tightly bandaged, buckets set in position, and the lancet—was not applied, though the skin was slightly

and the first of the state of t

do not car is actually her husband—mauried to her by aminister of What do I know of her previous marriage? I haven't seen her first husband. And at my and all rates, Burgoyne is rich, and will prove a gold mine to as! We'll compell the woman to accept him as her husband, and our fortune's made."

The younger Wiswell assented.
While the pair were thus speculating, Burgoyne was strolling along the street toward his lodgings, where Gazzam awaited him.

He had gone but a few rods when he invalid struggling for should not have any duties. The main business at such a time is to enjoy yourself Joy is a tonic

ple who talk sensibly and well—people who are certain that they have somethin to say, and then express themselves i so ready and brief a numer as to excit our admiration and command our peet. But there seems to be som difficulty in attaining a proper medium between a fluency of speech, which is a

regulation. To man alone is given this worderful faculty. Yet, like every other gift, it is capable of being misused and gift, it is capable of being misused and when abused, it is characterized in scripture, as being in itself a "world of iniquity." "Words," says a celebrat I writer, "are the only things that never perish words endure while kingdoms vanish and generations pass away."

There is a great deal of vain, tho less useless conversation yielding no possible good to the speaked or hearer and it is dangerous for us to accuston ourselves to such conversation for i fluence on the mind. There is also a