

ded, I wonder. There cannot be any good in the world if that be so.' He thought of her and took out his purse; there was so little money in it, too, every cent made a big hole in his store; but the consciousness of a good deed was worth something. 'I mayn't have the chance to do many more,' thought the lad, buttoning his worn overcoat.

He slipped off without a word at a station and sent a telegram to Denver.

'Lo Samuel Blair—for he had caught the name from her talk—Your Aunt Hannah Blair is on the W. and W. train coming to you.'

It was only a straw, but a kindly wind might blow it to the right one after all.

When he was sitting there after his message had gone on its way, she leaned over and handed him a peppermint drop from a package in her pocket.

'You don't look strong, dearie,' she said; 'ain't ye no folks with ye?'

'None on earth.'

'We're both lone ones,' she smiled, 'an' how sad it be there ain't no one to fuss over ye. An' be kerful of the draughts, an' keep flannels allus on your 'chist; that is good fur the lungs.'

'You are very kind to take an interest in me,' he smiled; 'but I am afraid it is too late.'

Another night of weary slumber in the cramped seats and then the plain began to be dotted with villages, and soon appeared the straggling outskirts of a city, the smoke of mills, the gleam of the Platte River, and a network of iron rails, bright and shining, as the train ran shrieking into the labyrinth of its destination.

'This is Denver,' said the lad to her, and I'll look after you as well as I can.'

'I won't be no burden,' she said brightly. 'I've twenty dollars yet, an' that's a sight of money.'

The train halted to let the eastward-bound express pass, there was an air of excitement in the car, passengers getting ready to depart, gathering up luggage and wraps, and some watching the new-comers and the rows of strange faces on the outward-bound.

The door of the car slammed suddenly, and a big bearded man with eager blue eyes came down the aisle, looking sharply to right and left. He had left Denver on the express to meet this train.

His glance fell on the tiny black figure.

'Why, Aunt Hannah!' he cried, with a break in his voice; and she—she put out her trembling hands and fell into the big arms, tears streaming down the wrinkled face.

'I knowed Providence would let me find ye, Sam,' she said brokenly, and no one smiled when the big man sat down beside her and with gentle hand wiped her tears away.

'Why, I've sent John twenty dollars a month for five years for you,' he said angrily, as she told him why she ran away, 'and he said you could not write, for you had a stroke and was helpless, and I have written often and sent you money. It's hard for a man to call his own brother a villain.'

'We wun't, Sam,' she said gently, 'but just forgit; and I wouldn't be a burden for ye, fur I can work yit, an' for years to come.'

'Work, indeed! Don't I owe you everything?' he cried. 'And my wife has longed for you to come. There are so few dear old aunts in this country, they're prized, I tell you. Why, it's as good as a roval coat-of-arms to have a dear, handsome old woman like you for a relative.'

Then he found out who sent the telegram, and paid the lad, who blushed and stammered like a girl, and did not want to take it.

'I suppose you want a job?' said the big man. Well, I can give you one. I'm in the food commission business. 'Give you something light? Lots of your sort, poor lads, out here. All the reference I want is that little kindness of yours to Aunt Hannah.'

'Here's the depot, Aunt Hannah, and you won't see bars and injuns, nor the buffaloes; sunniest city you ever set your dear eyes on.'

He picked up the carpet-bag, faded and old-fashioned, not a bit ashamed of it, though it looked as though Noah might have carried it in the ark.

They said good-bye, and the last seen of her was her happy old face beaming from a carriage window as she rolled away to what all knew would be a pleasant home for all her waning years.—Exchange.

The Empress Eugenie, born on May 5, 1826, has now entered on her eightieth year.

For Children's Hacking Cough at Night,  
Woods' Great Peppermint Cure. 1s 6d.

## PATTY'S PRICE

No one could ever forget the winter at Valley Forge who was a member of the little patriot army that starved and froze there, hopeless and helpless. Much less could I, Lieutenant Frank Drayton, of the 'Essex Troop of Light Horse. For only thirty miles up the Schuylkill, at Reading, lived Miss Patty Warburton, the daughter of a retired merchant, who was acting as a brigade quartermaster in our army—and I was in love with her. In vain did I plead with General Washington for a leave of absence of only two days that I might go to see her. He always answered that the officers should stay in camp and be an example of fortitude to the men. His repeated refusals were all the more galling because I knew that my rival, Captain Hackett, of General Conway's staff, was entirely able to go and come when he pleased, largely because the latter general, through envy of Washington, took a personal pleasure in acting contrary to our Commander's wishes.

So all that winter I suffered the physical hardships of the camp and the mental torture of knowing that my rival and foe (although we both fought for the same cause) was enjoying the pleasure of Miss Patty's smiles and the luxuries of her rich father's home. So it went on until spring, when our beloved General at last gave a reluctant consent to a short leave of absence; and I mounted my black charger, Hector, and set out to do a winter's wooing in a day.

To my mortification my rival was already occupying the field, and added to Patty's smiles of welcome the supercilious airs of an assured victor. Patronising though he pretended to be, he at once made it apparent that he did not intend to let me have a moment with Patty alone if he could prevent it, and it was only by a ruse that I obtained my wished-for audience. Feigning despair, I announced in the evening that I would return to camp, and actually started. Ten miles I rode down the highway along the river, and then ten miles I galloped back. The lights in Reading were almost out when I arrived, and I put up at the inn, almost certain of being ahead of the Captain in the morning. An hour, half an hour, ten minutes, were all I wanted.

I dressed and breakfasted early and presented myself at the Warburton homestead almost before the family had risen from table. And then in the beauty of the early morning I took Patty out into the garden and told her my love and asked her to be my wife. The Captain was not such a laggard in love as I could have wished, however, for before Miss Patty could decently answer (for the sake of modesty, of course, she was obliged to show some hesitation), he put in a frowning appearance.

'Now, what a good fortune you have come, Captain Hackett!' said Patty, with a welcoming smile that pierced my heart like a knife. 'I have you now together in the broad light of day, where I may compare and criticise, find fault and praise, and eventually sum up and choose between you at my leisure.'

'It is as I thought, then,' growled the Captain, biting his lip; 'I have a rival.'

'Yes,' answered Patty. 'I have the great honor, an honor that seldom falls to one of my few graces, of being loved by two men. And as near as I can judge both of them are sincere and honorable, and most certainly both of them are as handsome gallants as a maiden could sigh for. And both of them are offering their lives for their country, too. Was ever a woman so perplexed? In faith, I can see no choice between you.'

'You are very complimentary,' I said most humbly. 'I'll be dashed if I can appreciate the compliment,' added the Captain surlily.

Now, I am not easily angered, but the Captain's remark was as near an insult as a gentleman may deliver in the presence of a lady. So I gave the Captain a meaning look which he evidently understood, for he continued:

'I perceive you wear a sword, sir.'

'Yes,' I answered hotly, 'and it is yours, sir, to the very hilt.'

'Nay, nav,' exclaimed Patty, 'I cannot permit this, gentlemen. You owe your swords and your lives to our stricken country, and you must not fight for so poor a prize as my hand.' And Patty eventually coaxed us into a promise not to fight each other.

'But you shall have all the chance to fight the red-coats you wish,' said she, 'and upon your success in that sort of fighting shall hang your fate with me. Now, listen: the first of you who brings me a button from a red-coat's breast, with just a little piece of the red-coat attached to it, shall have my hand, and my heart with it.'