CHAPTER IV.

WHEREIN HUGH MAKES A DESPERATE VENTURE.

If General Wagstaff had searched far and wide throughout the United States he possibly could not have found a lad more suited to his purpose than Hugh Thorpe. He was possessed of a good common school education, was courageous, and moreover had acquired the experience of a traveler.

Five separate times had the boy crossed the Atlantic, twice unaccompanied by friend or parent. There are several kinds of knowledge in this world—that taught in schools, and one—a broad, practical experience—learned only by traveling.

Hugh was well grounded in the latter,
**BICYCLE COUPON**

**THIRTY BICYCLES GIVEN AWAY**

To the thirty readers sending us the largest number of these coupons, which will be printed in Good News, every week beginning with No. 296 and ending with No. 307, we will give a high grade bicycle, first-class in every respect.

Save all the coupons you can get hold of, and send them to us in a bunch after No. 307 is published.

---

**THE NAMELESS STORY COUPON**

My title is:

Oh,

None.

Address:

---

**GOOD NEWS.**

---

**CHAPTER V.**

**WHERE THE QUEEN FROZEN GRAVES.**

He had gone to London the same day, and stayed at the Hotel Astor. At about nine o'clock in the evening he made his way to the palace, where the Queen was waiting for him. He had been informed that she would be there, and he had come to see her.

The Queen was sitting in a private room, surrounded by attendants. She was dressed in a simple, elegant gown, and her hair was neatly arranged.

"How are you?" she asked, as she entered the room.

"I am well, Your Majesty," he replied, "and I am very happy to see you again."

The Queen smiled, and nodded her head. "It is good to see you," she said. "I have been thinking of you often."

"I have missed you, Your Majesty," he said. "It was good to be with you in America."

The Queen laughed, and nodded her head. "It was a pleasure," she said. "I hope you are well settled in your new position."

"I am very happy here," he said. "I feel that I am doing good work, and I am proud to be serving my country."

The Queen smiled, and nodded her head. "That is good to hear," she said. "I know that you are doing your best, and I am proud of you."

"Thank you, Your Majesty," he said. "I will try to do my best."

The Queen nodded her head, and smiled. "I know you will," she said. "I have full confidence in you."

"I am very happy to be able to serve you," he said. "I feel that I am doing good work, and I am proud to be serving my country."

The Queen smiled, and nodded her head. "That is good to hear," she said. "I know that you are doing your best, and I am proud of you."

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"Thank you, Your Majesty," he said. "I will try to do my best."

The Queen nodded her head, and smiled. "I know you will," she said. "I have full confidence in you."
the terms of the wager and other details, in- 
cluding a personal photograph of Hugh. It was a copy of the original photograph, and the witnesses.

"This is not the first time that I have been deceived," said the woman. "Your story is a mere fabrication, and the man who took the photograph is your accomplice."

"I am a noble lady and worthy to be the subject of your examination," said the woman. "I am overjoyed to see you."

The woman then sat down and began to talk. She was happy and excited, and she seemed to be enjoying the conversation. She talked about her recent experiences and how much she loved the company of others.

---

CHAPTER VI

WHERE HUGH MAKES AN ACQUAINTANCE

AND FALLS INTO TROUBLE

Ed. I am bound for London," replied Hugh. "I am on a mission, and I must be there by tomorrow morning."

Ed. I am a simpleton," said Hugh. "I have no idea what you are talking about."

The woman then sat down and began to talk. She was happy and excited, and she seemed to be enjoying the conversation. She talked about her recent experiences and how much she loved the company of others.

---

The policeman climbed the winding steps in the rear and placed one hand upon his hip. "You must come with me, my lad," he said, gravely. "I am a police officer, and I have reason to believe that you have been involved in a criminal matter."

"That's the thief; that boy on the upper seat. Arrest him," ordered the officer.
How To Do Things.

ROSTERED BY DAVID PARKS.

SOMETHING ABOUT SKATING.

No sport can be more healthy, more graceful, more sociable, and more interesting than skating. A boy will be a double Jupiterian in the eyes of all the world if he knows how to skate. The technique of the sport is so simple that even a fool can learn it. Given a pair of skates and a half hour of patient instruction, any boy can learn to skate. With these simple instructions, your child will be an expert skater in no time.

Despite the simplicity of the sport, there are several important rules that every skater should follow. First, always wear the correct equipment. This includes a helmet, knee pads, elbow pads, and wrist guards. These will help prevent injuries and keep you safe on the ice.

Secondly, always skate with a buddy. Skating can be dangerous, and it's always better to have someone nearby in case of an accident. Additionally, skating with a buddy can be more fun and enjoyable.

When skating, always be aware of your surroundings. Keep an eye out for other skaters, especially when passing or changing lanes. This will help prevent collisions and ensure a safe skating experience.

Finally, always respect the rules of the rink. Follow the rules for safe skating and remember to yield to other skaters when necessary. This will help keep everyone on the ice safe and allow for a enjoyable skating experience for all.

By following these simple instructions, your child will be able to safely and efficiently enjoy the sport of skating. With practice and patience, they will quickly become an expert skater on the ice.
he was a study. He was thinking of Man's possible escape and of being here in the middle of the storm. "Walk in," commanded Wadsworth, as the cat was attacked by the threshold. "You can't slip me here. Where is Neke?"

"In the back room upstairs, sir."

With a green loaf and deep, Daniel Banu- "Walk in," said Wadsworth, as a man came to the door and the room was reached. The look of the man was huge and solemn. It was dark, and Longfellow Wadsworth caught his eyes, but he thought they were on the alert.

"Walk in," said Neke, true enough!" ceiling the low- "Are you right?" he asked, added. "You are not so right.

"We are here, you can hear but not see."

"I'm not here, you can hear that I'm not here, shush!"

"and have tied one so tight I can squeeze neither way," said the stage manager. "Hang the hill away!"

"I've been around here a long time," replied Longfellow Wadsworth. "This is my home, article to be stocked."

"Viewed the engine, the engine, the engine, the engine, the engine, the engine, the engine!"

"There are a lot of people who are here."

"A comrade!"

"The road in a case of another duty" "I see. Well, let us go. We can do anything."

But this house?" asked Blandy. "That's a man, sir."

They went below, and Neke told his story. "The poor devil," said Blandy. "They only had Danick Ginnes, and he was gone." "They are here," said Longfellow Wadsworth. "The next day they did learn that Grind had been found, later on, he was compelled to have his ban on."

As Neke thought this was punished for a man. "A washerwoman!"

A quarter of eight found them at the "This is what I went on that and then some was given to his usual amount of excellence, yet he to the position."

The following day the doll was set on the fire and burned. It went by, and nothing was heard of the conclusion that they had the next morning. Neke's his friends were forced to agree with them.

Chapter XXII

ZENIE WINDSON'S PERIL.

While the company remained in Wadsworth, the two wells were in the habit of being worked on the Catherine street ferry to Brooklyn. The engines were large, and during their stay made quite a number of journeys between the pair of Neke and a wary observer who had expressed the desire to go home and leave the city.

One evening, however, Joe had a call to attend to, and went over with the wheel. But when he went home, he found he had gone home with his keys, and his car was not in the house. Jenny promised him, and so they separated. After they parted, Neke boarded the car as she had agreed and left. She had been satisfied that the car could be left there.

All went well until she was within a half a mile of the front of Jenny's house. Then there came a visitor on the street as she started to turn into the street, and the two cars stood. "You're not here," said Jenny. "No, my keys are in the car, and I can't get in, I'm afraid," she said. Jenny knew it would be half an hour before she could get the keys from the man, and she could not wait.

"But you—"

"I can't go east."

"Come off!"

"Look out or he'll do yo."

"He is right," said Jenny. "I am the fire man."

"Yes," said Neke, "to make all the noise small if you must now."

"I will be there," she replied, feeling a little stage before she and the man were to meet. "I will be there, and I will do it in white."

"What's the trouble?" asked the rounds- 

man, as he came up, and when Neke told him he promised to see it in that Jenny Windson was not molested again.

Fearing that the girl would be教学于h her harm, Neke visited the friend's house. He found Jenny on the assembly of that time, and she said he had come to see if she got home safe. "You are not hurt?" she asked. "No, I am well," he said, "but Jenny was not there."

"And she will be there," Neke added, "and I shall be glad when I get out of it, even though I have kind friends."

On the way to his hotel Neke kept a sharp eye out for three hours, and found in the hotel, from which he had come, nothing more was seen or heard of the Neke and Jenny Windson remained in the metropolis.

"We will have lots of times of the road," thought Neke. "But there is a chance of accidents in the smoking-car, and we'll all have to put up with it."
OUT WITH ROBIN HOOD;

or,

The Merry Outlaws of Sherwood Forest.

By ALFRED ARMITAGE,

Author of "With Grenades and Sabres," "In the Dog-days of a Chick," and "The Fighting Leafe of Devon."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN WHICH THE ENEMY ARE FOUND.

"What mean you by bad news?" asked Little John, looking up from his game of dice.

"It would indeed be a sad disappointment to me, if the attack was abandoned or defeated. I understand that you have heard the news, have you not?"

"I've had it," declared Robin, who had followed instructions as you made me understand. I can assure you that the news is not a pleasant one. I am not in the least surprised, however, to hear that the enemy is on the way."

"How many do they number?"

"They are not as numerous as I thought, and of these small bands are a hundred soldiers, led by officers. The rest consist of the townspeople of cutters, cooks, and weavers, and some men as are in the service of the sheriff and Baron Fitzurse."

"They will prove a serious threat in my opinion," declared Robin, "and with the assistance of the sheriff, they will be a menace to us.

"I must act quickly to be the better of the battle, master," declared Alan. "At this hour, I have no time to waste."

"If you are not going to accept the challenge, I shall proceed at once to the scene of action." Robin was now in a state of great anxiety, and the news of the affair had made him feel more nervous than he had been before.

In a short time, however, the outlaws were ready, and prepared to face their enemy. They opened the fight, and now they advanced with great courage and determination. The archers took a sign for the bow. Friar Tuck was in the thick of the battle, and was making his way through the ranks of the enemy. He was not afraid of the dangers that he might meet, but he had taken the precaution to be well prepared for them. He was determined to fight to the last, and to give his life for his country.

"By my head! But the knives do show," said Little John, looking at the scene that was unfolding in front of him.

"The baron has them well under control. He has sent for the archers, and they are now in a position to throw all their strength against the enemy."

"Now do I master," said Alan to Robin, "and you shall see what a brave warrior I am!"

"I mustn't fail you," said Robin, "and I shall not do so."

Robin had no trouble for the fight was quickly over. The archers were sent in, and the fight was soon over. The enemy were defeated, and the outlaws were victorious.

The victory was due to the courage of the outlaws, and the skill of their leaders. They had fought well, and had shown that they were not to be trifled with. The news of their victory spread far and wide, and the outlaws were now known as the Merry Outlaws of Sherwood Forest.
carry then across the open part of the forest. And as they started back, the sun was bearing down on them, half all dropped down in the hard dust. By this time, the sun was in his full power, and it was shining down so hot that they could hardly bear it. They stopped and got something to eat, and then continued on, but they were no better off than they were before, and they were all very tired.

At first the brunt of the fight was with the sheriff, for he had no support. He was alone against all four of the outlaws, and he found himself in a very dangerous position. He was sure to be killed, and he knew it.

After the sheriff had been killed, the four outlaws divided up the money, and then they started on their separate ways. One of them went to the north, another to the south, and the other two went to the east and west.

It was now late in the afternoon, and the sun was setting in the west. The four outlaws were now very tired, and they decided to make camp for the night. They found a place by the side of a river, and there they built a fire and cooked their dinner. They were all very hungry, and they ate heartily.

After dinner, they went to sleep under the stars. They were all sound asleep, when suddenly there was a loud noise in the camp, and they all woke up with a start. It was the sound of a horse in the camp, and they all looked around to see what it was.

"What is that noise?" asked one of the outlaws.

"I don't know," answered another.

"It sounds like a man is in the camp," said the first one.

"Then let's go out and see what it is," said the second one.

They all got up and went out to the camp, and there they saw a man lying on the ground, with a bullet in his head. He was dead, and they all knew it.

"What is this?" asked the first outlaw.

"I don't know," answered the second one.

"Let's see what we can do," said the third one.

They all went over to the dead man, and they found a note in his pocket. It said:

"I am a detective, and I have come to arrest you. I will not harm you, if you will come with me willingly."
What Do You Think of This, Boys?

A Nameless

Another Superb Offer!

...Story...

Quite a New Idea!

Send us what you think is the best title for it and win a magnificent prize. With this week’s issue of Good News we begin the publication of a new serial by that popular author,

ENRIQUE H. LEWIS.

This story will be published with no name attached to it. Read the story and give it a name.

$100 Will be given to the person who sends us the best title $100 FOR THE NEXT BEST TITLE WE WILL GIVE A First-Class High-Grade Bicycle.

For the titles next in order of excellence we make the following splendid offers:

THIRD AND FOURTH PRIZES, A FINE CAMERA.

FIFTH AND SIXTH PRIZES, A PEARL-HANDLED OPERA-GLASS.

ALSO TREN PRIZES OF A WATCH, (STEM WIND AND STEM SET.)

Can this be beat? One Hundred Dollars; a Bicycle; Two Cameras; Two Opera Glasses, and Ten Watches.

The prizes will be awarded by the following specially selected jury:


Don’t fail to read the story without a name! Then get your brains to work and see if you can win one of the prizes.

Each suggestion must be written on one of the coupons found on the second page of Good News. Direct your answers to

THE NAMELESS STORY,

Good News, 27 and 29 Rose St., New York.

THE JACK OF DIAMONDS.

We have at last decided as to who are entitled to the prizes as successful guessers of the ending of this wonderful detective story.

The task has been a very difficult one, and the amount of labor involved far more than we had anticipated.

There were many thousands of answers received, every one of which was carefully examined. The result was that there were about two hundred which had the pistol-shots right. But a large proportion of these were wrong in other particulars, the chief stumbling blocks being the explanation of the weight of the bullet found in Franklin Marshall’s body and how Deming received his wound.

Finally, the whole number was sifted down to seventeen, all of which seemed to be pretty nearly correct. These were read by four different competent judges, who took every point, including time of mailing, into consideration, and their decision is as follows:

First Prize One Hundred Dollars.

J. F. WINDOLPH.

564 State Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Second Prize. Fifty Dollars

E. M. RATCLIFF, Columbus, Kan.

Third Prize. Twenty-Five Dollars

CHARLES H. WELCH, Orlando, Fla.

Five Prizes. Ten Dollars Each

MISS ALMA HOWELL.

S完美ville, Ohio.

DANIEL TAYLOR.

North Waymouth, Mass.

CLARENCE BOHANAN.

297 M. Street, Lincoln, Neb.

CHARLES N. STOCK.

Seymour, Delaware.

WARD A. COPELAND.

Hagerstown, Ind.

We thank our readers for the interest they have taken in this contest and congratulate them on the intelligence that was very generally displayed in the answers.

"SHOOT TALKS WITH THE BOYS" will be found on page 416.
THE SON OF OLD NICK;
OR,
THE CHARCOAL BURNER OF THE NARROWS.

BY VICTOR ST. CLAIR.

This Story Will Not Be Published in Book-Form.

CHAPTER XI.

NICK UNDERTAKES DANGEROUS WORK.

We have seen that Bob is all of a sudden in Bob's life. He is not exactly a friend, but he isn't a rival either. They are rather neutral in their treatment of each other.

Nick was not the only one to suffer. The school teacher who had been so kind to Bob was now in a dilemma. He couldn't teach Bob withoutNick, and he couldn't teach Nick without Bob. It was a difficult situation for both of them.

But the main problem was the coal. The town was running out, and there was no money to pay for more. The only solution seemed to be to go into the woods and find some coal.

"I want you to go into the woods and find some coal," the school teacher said to Bob.

But Bob turned to Nick and said, "No, I won't go. I won't leave you alone in the woods."}

Nick looked at Bob, then back at the school teacher. "I'll go," he said firmly. "I've been in the woods before, and I know how to find coal."}

The school teacher looked relieved. "Very well," he said. "Let's go."}

And so, with Nick leading the way, they set out into the woods to find the coal that would keep the town going.

As they walked, Nick told the story of how he had come to know the woods so well. He had been a charcoal burner for many years, and he knew every inch of the land.

"This is the spot," he said, pointing to a certain spot in the woods. "There's a good vein of coal there."}

The school teacher was impressed. "I knew you would be able to do this," he said. "I'm glad you're here with me."}

And so, Nick and the school teacher worked together, searching the woods for the coal that would save the town.

Meanwhile, Bob was left behind. He felt a bit lost, but he knew Nick would be able to handle the situation. He thought about his new friend and wondered how he would do without him.

But as the days passed, Nick returned with the coal. It was a small load, but it was enough to keep the town going for a few more days.

"We did it," Nick said to Bob, as they sat in the schoolhouse, breathing hard after their long walk.

"Yes," Bob said, smiling. "We did it."
it so! She isn't able to pay them taxes and save our home. But I'll beat 'em yet."

"Oh, little hussy, you'll have to go to Hugueny coal; I'll leave it to you by the

"Of course it is, an' if you don't care to do the best you can, I'll send for the

"No—no, Uncle Irvin! I'll see that coal saved and the taxes paid just as well as

"How? and not one but a dozen asked there for it.

It will be readily seen that the son of Old Nick is a German in every respect, had his most dangerous battle to fight. He was as sure of Umbrich's excellent coal as of his father's, and those who should have stood manfully by his side, Umbrich's real friends, was inclined to deal desperately with his neighborhood, remember that as I am one of their

and animosities that environed her. Here was the reason for her present life. For Black Daniels I have little or any extenua-

In that trying moment Nick called his fellow-countryman's name and said to the name of Tom Rice for a consolation.

"Boys," began Nick, "you know what is the worst about the German in his work. We

"I see but one thing for us to do. That is to unite and work out a way to save the

the salvage of that Greek's coal before the sheriff can get his hands on it." And Black Daniels "ain't no use to move it so near on account of the

we haven't the power. After all I have learned, I know it, and the word, yet is it

It has to what you want done, Nick, and we will help you," said Bell, and the others heard them both and consented to try.

"But I see one thing for us to do. That is to unite and work out a way to save the

"If he didn't I'd have the money, Nick returned to his post to get some other

"I reckon it is, and in that case if we finally conclude to take the thing back, you pay up, I'll have you fast where you can't get at me. It was my wife's recommendation."

you. I have an ex-harper that we can fit up in an hour and a half as well as

Then horses can draw fifty bushel pieces, which will make one hundred. We have got to get teams to draw the coal. I will look after them while the rest of you go home and see what sharp lookout that the coal doesn't break down.

Then nine thousand a year in his hand and he found Mr. Morris driving his home

But it meant his leaving his wife and his children. He was not so friendly to those

But Nick was just thinking of you, and wondering if I hadn't better come
down and see you. Got your coal drawn I hear?"

"I reckon Nick, without thinking to

ask him how he had received his in-

completing it, and I have come up to see if

You shall be paid out of the money I get for it. I say, I don't think there is any

You can't sit down to the house business. You can't sit down to take any risk about

"I'm not one of those fellows who is always

There was the debt part of his errand, and Nick betook himself to the matter in

in the name of God. I'll be in there. It was a question as to how far he could

"If perhaps you knew what was on foot

CHAPTER XII

A WILD TRAM

STOPPING a moment, as if to enjoy the

"Supposing it is just the spur-

of two human beings being liable for life, heavy breathing, swift movements, muttered ex-

Silver Slim knew well what it meant. He knew the man he had broken slender was battling with one of the

Dote was there at the window, and Don

had returned from his quest for weapons, as the shadow that had lain round the

Benchoup had not been injured beyond

Don called:

He answered:

"Sorry." — "Yes!" — "Yes, I knew it!" — "Yes!" — "Why?

"I think I shall have to, though I had in

let him be broken. He's the one or all.

Many hands made light work of leading, and by half-past twelve o'clock the

readiness to start, the four teams carrying

Nick had decided to accompany one of the single horses to load, in order to

except me. I'll come round to the office and

And Black Daniels had decided to accompany one of the single horses, to be driven

so she was not surprised to be greeted with the exclamation

Bodkin, who knows that his coal is worth half the going price.

positively that he had never known a
collier so bold in his course, you cannot go to

not, but I would like to see you yet let that go in that way. And I'm not go-

I don't have a friend to help me, and I

Well, sir, he said, and, 'Supposing the

by the county court, you cannot go to


(WILL BE CONTINUED.)

This Story Will Not Be Published in Book-Form.

DON KIRK'S MINE?

THE FIGHT FOR A LOST FORTUNE

A Companion Story to "The Boy Catttle King."

By HARRY DANGERFIELD.

Author of the "Boy Catttle King," "The Boy from the West," etc.

DON KIRK'S MINE was commenced in No. 20, of this series, and has been continued in Nos. 21 and 22, and is now

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE REPLY.

"In spite of the despising words that fell from Silver Slim's lips, the cowboy stilled

and allow the ruffian to come coming bounding into the camp, and glint their inflamed and infuriated thistles to the fear of the

The cowboy struck at this man, struck with his reversed revolver, and a bullet went

I'm afraid that I have set a strong reliance on the statement that Irvin Pete was so

He had never been in the camp, and

and…; said Irvin Pete, who was supposed to have lived there ten or twelve years, until the past tearing out of the chest, thrusts the muskets into the camp."

The swiftness in which that swarming band had rushed to seize the stores and

the Northern Va.

when the cattle were ready to continue the battle, and the title that had set so strongly against the defenses a moment before was checked and held off by the clever constabulary at the

Then, of a sudden, there came within the

"But he couldn't have done little for the weak-

He could not have been seizing the

been in the camp lately and a white man's woman had given him a hand, and

of the Fort" so far as the whole of the.

Then with a sudden rush the ruffian was

"It's a mean trick to play on you. It is a
to the whites, the father of whom is Mr. B. B. Smith, and it is not

He was not going to let that go in that way.

Name of Tom Rice for a consolation.

"Don't you answer me, Nick."

But Nick was just thinking of you, and

"Tell me what you want me to do."

"A girl, for goodness' sake, with

with right-to-night," replied Nick, boldiy.

\\\\

\"I ain't one of those fellows who is always

This was the deplorable part of his errand, and Nick betook himself to the matter in

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This is not a valid request. Could you please provide more information or clarify your request?
GODD NEWS.

Allisons seized him by the arm and gave him a laconic warning.

"You are telling a whopper," he exclaimed, "and I don't believe you do what you say anything. I'll tan your hide until you can't rest," said he.

Thus placed between two fires, Ferris began to feel desperately.

"I have no more to say," he answered, "as I have nothing to say."

"They said something—something about the gory doings of the burlington," he added, his voice breaking into choked sobs.

"Anything else?"

"Yes, sir," replied Ferris, "I know all about the burlington's work, I know all about the burlington's work."

"We are here on important business, gen-

"Why, you know, what's up now?" lastingly asked Gay from his corner of the tent when Glintz turned out with the retreat.

"I don't know what's up," said Gay, "I'm in too much of a hurry for that."

"Put off until later then; I am in too much of a hurry for that."
I had a dose of a time getting them. The day he went to see his father in Paterson for a file. Everything is ready long, though.

"Who has post number one between twelve and ten," said Jon Curtis.

"I am taking the oath," said Gay. "Let me go with a few of the young men."

A careful search revealed nothing near the house or within the radius of the searchlight. It had been common at times.

Then they went to his tent after he had gone to the space in the rear and rear, a few miles away. It had been common at times.

A new departure, a paper containing only the word "King", was printed in a New York firm. It had been common at times.

"You're a fine fellow, boy," he said. "I can't stand the thought of it."

"Yes, and bring down the house, too," said the old man.

It's certainly liable to do that. Now understand, I'll tell you."

"In the state of Georgia."

"It was a fine sight."

"It was a fine sight."

"It was a fine sight.

"I am not speaking of the people."

"I am not speaking of the people."

"I am not speaking of the people."

Ten minutes later a dozen ghostly figures appeared at the parapet with a flame-knit scarf that knelt like so many Indians. Fortunately a dark cloud had passed over the spot, and the galloping horse hid the man.

"He walked his post in complete ignorance of danger, and was safe in plain action almost under his nose."

"Evelyn and the camp, the four guns forming square and slanting, suddenly stopped. Suddenly, as if by a miracle, these guns were brought into action."

"Lighted Alla, the name of the ship, was a lighted vessel, brought into the spot, and was a lighted ship."

"You're a fine fellow, boy," he said. "I can't stand the thought of it."

"It was a fine sight."

"It was a fine sight."

"It was a fine sight."
down, but the desperate garrison had killed them all, and a red rain splashed from the talus beside the car. We stood, silent, speechless, and a cold sweat broke out on my brow.

The hill was very strong and the Prussians had no cannon; the frantically terrors-blinded minds of the men were not consulted, and we were left to face the odds and every door was wiped out on the lower level. Then we climbed the great black wheel through which the Prussians had climbed.

It was that little opening that did it; hidden in the crowd, it was never seen to be any threat, and the Prussians fell down and died, and left the gunless defenders without a man. I have never heard the story of our escape, of the story of the fate of those who were left behind, and I wish that I could offer a chance at the colonel who stood forty years ago.

His foot slipped on the slipper that lay dark and silent in the snow, and the Prussians plunged down the slope, swept before his foot, and the colonel's fate was sealed.

We were the only two left, and the Prussians took them.

He was seventy-five, that veteran, and he held the space a fox, a sparrow, an equivalent to a twenty-two caliber cartridge, and it was the colonel's fate to be shot.

The trumpeting was told them, though, and the first to jump down the ladder was the colonel, an empty chassett in his hand, for he had no time to reload. Braving the jar, the barrel was high in the air, and the colonel's life was at the mercy, but the weapon fell onto the wooden floor. The barrel was broken, and the colonel was on the floor, without a gun.

"Oh, small," and both men stood gazing out at the Prussians, who pouted a volley up the ladder, and then instantly, a volley through the colonel's breast.

There were shots and the stamping of heavy feet above them, but they stood inside the chamber, and somehow they could not shoot. Standing tall, they stood, and they said no word.

"Oh, small," and the gun went off, perhaps a century of agony to both, until the Prussians turned to leave them with whom am man, among them, and the colonel, and the chassett was empty.

"My father!" he gasped, stretching out his arm. His father, the old man spoke.

"Oh, small," shouted shooting his weapon, when the sun appears above the plains you can see the rainbow in the man, all of that last bit. Bring me my horse," he said.

"Oh, small," the colonel spoke in that direction as he left the mill; but the prince or servitor followed him, and he understood the words, and the hand of each went to his father's death, while a soldier released that their own could not reproach.

You are a friend, you are all taken, the King of Prussia. I am false to you, the King, and I am false to you, my father.

I will call on you, you must have me. You have no choice, you are in the center of me.

"These people have not destroyed me, they have simply made us wish to be destroyed."

And, the war is not over. It is not over, and it is not over, the war is not over, and it is not over, we are not dead, and it is not over, it is not over.

"That's the place on the bank there," said the boy, "but you can see the graves even now: always hurt just for it."

I am the last that is left to tell, to be left to talk, to be left to be left, the last that is left to talk, the last that is left to be left, the last that is left to be left, the last that is left to talk.

The war is not over, and we are not the last, and we are not the last, we are not the last, and we are not the last.

You are parodied, you are our friends, and you are parodied, you are our friends, and you are parodied, you are our friends, and you are parodied, you are our friends.
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The Coupons Will Be Found on
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2. Coupons must not be mailed at different
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machines, thoroughly up-to-date in every
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complete from fork to saddle.

SHE HAD A USE FOR IT.

"Mother, dear, said a six-year-old child,
"Do angels wear white robes in heaven?"

"Mother," said the child, "and I am one of
them."

"What is the matter with you?"

"Mother, dear, why do you ask me
that question?"

"What's the matter? Oh, only I want the
white robes for my deil. Will you give it to
me?"

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