

GOODBY.

Be kind, dear love, and never say "Goodby!" But always when we're parting—"Till to-morrow..."

PRIVATE SIMMONS.

Hurrah! hurrah! a soldier's life for me! Shout, boys, shout! for it makes you jolly and free.

That is the prologue. This is the story: Corporal Jhansi was engaged to be married to Miss Jhansi McKenna, whose history is well known in the regiment and elsewhere.

And they had so much to make them happy, too! All their work was over at 8 in the morning, and for the rest of the day they could lie down on their backs and smoke canteen plug and sweat at the punk candles.

There was the canteen, of course, and there was the temperance room, with the second-hand papers in it, but a man of any profession cannot read for eight hours a day in a temperature of 96 degrees or 98 degrees in the shade, running up sometimes to 103 degrees at midnight.

They lodged about cantonments—it was too hot for any sort of game, and almost too hot for vice—and fuddled themselves in the evening, and filled themselves to distraction with the healthy nitrogenous food provided for them, and the more they stoked, the less exercise they took, and the more explosive they grew.

It may have been the devil who arranged the thing, but the fact of the case is that Losson had for a long time been worrying Simmons in an aimless way. It gave him occupation. The two men had their cot side by side, and would sometimes spend a long afternoon swearing at each other, but Simmons was afraid of Losson and dared not challenge him to a fight.

Few children can be induced to take physic without a struggle, and no wonder—most drugs are extremely nauseating. Ayer's Pills, on the contrary, being sugar-coated, are eagerly swallowed by the little ones, and are, therefore, the favorite family medicine.—Advt.

and put it into a little cage, and lowered the cage into the cool darkness of the well, and sat on the well curb, shouting bad language down to the parrot. He taught it to say, "Simmons, ye so-oor," which means swine, and several other things entirely unfit for publication.

In the restless nights, after he had been asleep all day, fits of blind rage came upon Simmons and held him till he trembled all over, while he thought in how many different ways he would slay Losson. Sometimes he would picture himself trampling the life out of the man with heavy ammunition boots, and at other times smashing in his face with the butt, and at other times jumping on his shoulders and dragging the head back till the neckbone cracked.

"What's this?" demanded the major of gunners. "You, there, drop your rifle." "Why, it's Jerry Blazes. I ain't got no quarrel with you, Jerry Blazes. Pass, friend, an' all's well!"

"You thought it was—did you? And what makes you think?" he said, lashing himself into madness as he went on: "to hell with your thinking, ye dirty spies!"

"I'll learn you to spy on me!" he shouted; "I'll learn you to give me dorg's names! Come on the 'ole lot o' you! Colonel John Anthony Deever, C. B.!"

"I dare." "You lie, you mean sticker. You sneak'n sneaky butcher, you lie. See there!" Slane kicked the rifle away and stood up in the peril of his life.

"The temptation was more than Simmons could resist, for the corporal, in his white clothes, offered a perfect mark."

"Don't misname me," shouted Simmons, firing as he spoke. The shot missed, and the shooter, blind with rage, threw his rifle down and rushed at Slane from the protection of the well.

Some people are constantly troubled with boils—no sooner does one heal than another makes its appearance. A thorough course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the best of blood-purifiers, effectually puts an end to this annoyance. We recommend a trial.—Advt.

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P. N. 515—A handsome white Gauze Corset, perfect fitting and durable.

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But Jerry Blazes had not the faintest intention of passing a dangerous murderer. He was, as his adoring battery swore long and fervently, without knowledge of fear, and they were surely the best judges, for Jerry Blazes, it was notorious, had done his best to kill a man each time the battery went out.

"I see you!" said Simmons; "come a bit further on an' I'll do for you." "I'm comin'," said Corporal Slane, briefly; "you've done a bad day's work, Sim. Come out 'ere an' come back with me."

"Come to —!" laughed Simmons, sending a cartridge home with his thumb. "Not before I've settled you an' Jerry Blazes."

"You move 'and or foot, Slane," said Simmons, "an' I'll kick Jerry Blazes' lead in an' shoot you after."

"I ain't movin'," said the corporal, raising his head. "You daren't 'it a man on 'is legs. Let go Jerry Blazes an' come out o' that with your fists. Come an' 'it me. You daren't, you bloomin' dog shooter!"

"You lie, you mean sticker. You sneak'n sneaky butcher, you lie. See there!" Slane kicked the rifle away and stood up in the peril of his life.

Mrs. Jones hasn't a gray hair in her head and is over 50. She looks as young as her daughter. The secret of it is that she uses only Hall's Hair Restorer.—Advt.

But the Major was destined to lead his battery afield for many a long day with unshaken nerve. He was removed, and nursed and petted into convalescence, while the battery discussed the wisdom of capturing Simmons and blowing him from a gun.

Great, too, was the glory that fell to Slane's share. The gunners would have made him drunk thrice a day for at least a fortnight. Even the Colonel of his own regiment complimented him on his coolness, and the local paper called him a hero.

"What did I do it for?" said Corporal Slane. "For the 'orses, o' course. Jhansi aint a beauty to look at, but I wasn't goin' to 'ave a hired turnout. Jerry Blazes? If I ain't a warded something, Sim might ha' blowed Jerry Blazes' bloomin' 'ead into Hiriw shed for aught I'd a cared."

But not a soul thought of comparing the "bloody minded Simmons" to the squawking gaping school girl with which this opens. "That would have been too absurd!" Ruddyard Kipling.

A couple of thriving tobacco plant stand in the window of the Berkshire Cigar Company's store. A young lady stood looking at them Tuesday afternoon, and just then Shep Cone stepped from the door. The following conversation then ensued:

Young Lady—Can you tell me what kind of plants those are, sir? Mr. Cone—Tobacco plants. Young Lady—Do cigarettes grow on them?

"Why not, aunty?" asked the child. "Oh, for a number of reasons, the principal one of which is I haven't any children to take care of me as that old lady had."

"Well, I shouldn't want to live to that age." "Why not, aunty?" asked the child. "Oh, for a number of reasons, the principal one of which is I haven't any children to take care of me as that old lady had."

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