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Uncle Blucher's Wedding Trip.

Time is changed, boys, since I was a young fellow. I'm eighty now, and I've seen considerable living. When I was twenty-one the deer used to come out of the woods yonder and eat my buckwheat, and I used to go out with my rifle and shoot 'em down to suit it.

I mean to tell all about it while I'm talking though she says the young people will think she wasn't a bit genteel. Genteel isn't my brother, anyway—never was. Give me up and down just what you are worth—no airs.

We didn't take any in those times. We were new settlers, every one of us. Martha's mother and father had one big room for parlor, sitting room and kitchen, and there were married. Peter Grimes fiddled or us, and we had corn cakes and chicken, and sweet cake and coffee, and light biscuits and plum sauce, and fried pork for supper; and the person he ate as hearty and laughed as loud as any of us—though when it came to dancing, of course he wasn't there; and after we danced until morning, Martha and I started for home. I had a cart, it hadn't any cover, and I didn't ride very easy, and I was going to take her over in front.

We'd had a furnishing bee before and all my folks and all her had given us something; but Grandmother Smith had fetched over a feather bed for a present to Martha—and now says she:

"Put it in the wagon Blucher, and it will be comfortable seat for Martha."

So we did it. Martha sat on the bed. I perched up on the seat, and away we drove. Mother Smith she cried, so did Martha.

For a considerable time I had plenty to do, coaxing Martha to cheer up, telling her that she could go home as often as she liked; and pretending to scold her, though I wasn't angry, for a girl who loves her own folks, and is a good daughter, is sure to be a good wife.

But after a while, she cheered up, and as we rode along in the gray dawn, just a little mistier than night, she said:

"I'm so sleepy that I think I shall just cuddle down in the feathers and take a nap." "Do it," said I from my perch.

"So, after a while, I spoke to her without turning my head, and she didn't answer.

"Sound asleep, poor little chicken," thought I, and drive on.

It was a cloudy sort of morning. We'd passed through the marsh, and the mosquitoes buzzed about, but never roused the girl up. We'd come to the woods, and there you couldn't see your face, and still she was sound asleep, I thought, and I was glad she could have such a good rest. But when we'd come to the top of the hill, and I could see our little house, I couldn't stand it any longer. I felt as if I'd like to have her take the first peep along with me.

"Martha!" I shouted, turning around on the high seat, "Martha, wake up, lassie! We can see our home from here."

But then I stopped short, and thought I should die. Martha wasn't there. Neither she nor the feather bed was on the cart—it was just empty.

She'd fallen off somewhere—but where? And what might have happened to her? There were plenty of wild beasts in the woods then—the smaller kind, of course, but not pleasant to meet—and the swamps in parts was deep enough to drown in.

I couldn't stop to drive back slow and careful. I jumped down, leaving old Jed to take care of himself, and away I flew back into the woods calling "Martha! Martha!" and feeling about as I went, but nobody answered.

I tell you boys it was a dreadful hour for me; I almost fainted, or got a fit, or something, before I got through the woods to the marsh. But there—there I just stopped, and being so scared had made me so nervous, that I burst out a laughing.

There, in the midst of the soft mud, was the feather bed, all smeared and spattered, and on it sat Martha crying. The mud wasn't much over knees, if she'd waded out, and her Sunday-go-to-meeting blue merino, and she couldn't make up her mind to do it. She was safe, but she was cold, and oh, boys, wasn't she cross!

"I'm going back to ma," sobbed she, across the mud. "If you'd cared for me, you could not have lost me off."

"Oh, Martha! said I, but she wouldn't look at me.

I went into the mud and brought her out, and then I went for the wagon and got out poor Grandmother Smith's feather bed, and when we went home. It wasn't a pleasant journey to the wedding, I can tell you; but after Martha had cried an hour or two she began to get over it, and at last she told me how it all happened, as far as she knew.

She fell so sound asleep that she dreamt she was at home, and the old lady calling her to get up and get breakfast, and said she to herself in her sleep, "It's very cold this morning," and turned over to feel for the blankets; that started the bed, and off it slid, and there it lay in the mud, and there she lay on top of it; and when she waked up she could not remember where she was, but thought the roof had blown off the old house, or she'd been carried off by the old boy, until I'd driven too far away to hear her.

After that she owned up it was some her fault, and we made up, didn't we Martha? and stayed so; but that was my wedding tour. "Twasn't as fine as Martha's niece's was it?"

A Tramp at Bay

His Deadly Skill With a Revolver.

The little village of St. Elmo, Ill., situated on the Vandalia road, seventeen miles from Effingham, was, on the 11th of September, thrown into intense excitement by a series of the most dastardly, terrible murders that have ever been perpetrated in this section of the country.

The particulars are these: About 8 o'clock in the morning, Mr. John Scoles, a most respectable citizen of the village, with his family, returned to their residence, situated in the midst of a thickly built part of the place, from a visit East, where they had been absent for several days.

On entering the house he immediately discovered that he had been robbed of numerous articles of value, and from several indications was convinced that the burglar had just left the place, as he had left a freshly prepared breakfast on the table.

This fact induced Mr. Scoles to commence instant search for the thief. He searched carefully through the house, outhouses, and out in the rear yard, going toward his stable. As he did so he perceived a man running rapidly through the field to the rear looking back and showing unmistakable evidence of being the party wanted trying to escape. Mr. Scoles mounted a horse standing near and started in pursuit, watched by his excited family. When within about thirty yards of the man Scoles ordered him to halt. The villain did so, but with consummate coolness and murderous daring, he drew a revolver and fired, shooting Mr. Scoles three times, each shot giving him a fatal wound, one taking effect in the head and two in the body. Mr. Scoles fell from his horse and expired in about three minutes, lying until his family and two or three servants reached him, to whom he spoke a few words.

The news spread with electric rapidity throughout the village, and in about twenty-five minutes upwards of one hundred men, armed with hastily-seized rifles, revolvers, and shot-guns, were in close pursuit. Owing to the country being very level there, the rapidly escaping fiend was still in fair view of the pursuers. He was fleeing like a deer, urged on by his great desperation, but the numerous pursuers easily being mounted, swiftly overtook him. As soon as he arrived within halting distance Mr. Frank Barnes, who was in advance of the citizens, called on him to "halt, or you are a dead man." At this the desperate fiend turned, and holding a revolver in each hand, coolly commenced firing at a distance of about forty feet. The first shot fired from his right hand revolver hit Mr. Barnes, a very worthy young man, in the head, killing him instantly, the body falling with a thud to the ground. The second shot, given from his left hand, hit Mr. Frank Wiseman, another excellent citizen, in the head, also with deadly effect, he falling from his horse and expiring in a few moments.

Still coolly facing the advancing citizens, he aimed with his right-hand revolver and fired, killing a horse from under a pursuing farmer, whose name is not learned. Then giving a terrible demoniac yell he rushed toward the entire party of about a dozen horsemen. This bold and utterly looked for action by the demon disconcerted the party and caused them to turn and flee in all directions. Still intent with devilish, murderous deeds, he again aimed and hit a horse, wounding it so it fell, unable to move further, and the rider was obliged to escape on foot.

The demon then turned and easily jogged to some timber and undergrowth at some distance, in which he is now supposed to be hidden. He is certainly a terrible dangerous object, a wonderful dead shot with either hand, is well armed and fearfully desperate.

The country is alive, with armed citizens numbering several hundred, but all are feeling cautious of approaching his hiding place, and it is feared that when darkness comes on he will make his escape. He is unknown to any that saw him, but is supposed to be some wandering tramp. He appeared to be about thirty-five years old, low in stature, heavy-set, dark complexion, heavy dark hair, fierce black eyes, and would probably weigh about one hundred and forty-five pounds. The whole village is in mourning for the three respected murdered citizens, and the most intense excitement prevails.

As an instance of what hot temper and rash action can accomplish to ruin life, an affair that occurred at Sharon, Pa., on the 5th, is one of the best illustrations. A young lady, Miss Kate McGilvery, was out driving alone, and when on State Street she desired to get ahead of a wagon. She called out to the driver to turn aside so that she could pass. He was a deaf, infirm old man named Bell, and at first did not hear what she said, but after a second or third call did as requested. Mistakenly understanding Mr. Bell's delay, the young lady on her arrival at home told her father that the old man had tried to frighten her horse. Mr. McGilvery is very impetuous, and this made him so angry that he started down town to find Mr. Bell. He met him in front of a store, and without warning, knocked him through the window, cutting his head badly though not seriously.

Mr. Bell was removed to his residence, and his son Richard was so maddened by his father's condition that he determined to punish his assailant. He found him in front of the very store where the first assault had been made, and picking up a two-pound brass weight he hurled it at Mr. McGilvery's head, fracturing the skull. The wounded man died in a few hours. Miss Kate, the innocent cause of all the trouble, has lost her reason, and is now a raving maniac, though her physician has slight hopes that she may recover from the shock. Young Bell is now in custody.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

A PLUCKY DEED.

Some repairs being in progress to the roof of a house in High Street, Barnstable, Eng., by Mr. Stocker, builder, a ladder fifty feet long, was reared from the roadway. A man's laborer, named Charles Jones, when nearly at the top of the ladder, but not sufficiently so to deposit a heavy load of mortar on the roof, was observed by George Cross, the mason, who was waiting to take the load from him, to suddenly stop and be in a fainting condition. Cross immediately went down the ladder, and removed the load from the fainting man's shoulder on the roof. He then descended to the assistance of Jones, whom he found in a fit ready to fall, but this he happily prevented by getting across him and holding him tightly by hand and leg. Jones, in his fit, fixed his teeth in Cross's arm, and trembled violently as well as struggled to get free. For fifteen minutes the people below witnessed the struggle, afraid to ascend, until another brave fellow, named William Richards, a driver of a van, ran up the ladder to the assistance of the mason. In the meantime the fire-escape ladder was brought to the spot, and in the nick of time the ladder ascended, and the ladder-belt belonging to the escape being fastened round Jones, he was lowered, still in the fit, to the ground unhurt. The mason, Cross, was much exhausted, and when he regained the ground fainter.

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