Ceaver & Gestart

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THE EVENING CALL.

We live in the far West, in a little

settlement called Siam Town. My grandfather was named Ozias Steel, and as he was a deacon in the church, he generally received that title. I was called the deacon's little Becky. I was born in Maine, but when my parents died ay grandfather crossed the continent, and brought me back with him. He carried me all the way in a flat basket, filled with cotton batting, which he held on his knees. He often told me how he walked into the hotels or taverns where he stopped with me for luggage, and how much interest I excited, I was only three months old, and I found a mother at every resting place. Since then he had been all to me, and as ! remembered nothing else, I was perfectly happy. At sixteen, I had my schooling, and had settled down to be housekeeper, under the tuition of

our one servant, Sally Wells. It was a still night following a beautiful day. As I sat at my window I could hear all the insect voices hard at work-cricket, katydid and locust and the queer little toad. Away in the heart of the old woods a screach owl was hooting. Down in the town the bells were ringing for evening meeting, which they held on Wednesday.

Grandfather had gone to church. He had taken old Widow Glennings and her daughter with him, and the buggy would hold no more. So I stayed at home. Sally had gone to get some yeast cakes at the store, and I was alone. I didn't mind it. I had never known what it was to be afraid of solitude, though a crowd would have frightened me.

The room was our sitting room. It was early in October and the windows were open, but there was a little log fire on the hearth.

A lamp, with a green paper shade, decorated by a design representing three little kittens eating a pound cake stood on the table; near it my work basket. The chairs had rushbottoms, with the exception of two Boston rocking chairs, with chintz cushions; an engraving of the Battle of Bunker Hill, a portrait of Washington, and some family photographs hung on the wall, which was covered with a pale grey paper with a pink flower upon it. A clock and two vases stood on the mantle-piece, rag carpet was on the floor. and a secretary and book-case combined filled one recess. We had a best parlor, which was dusted every Saturday, but we never thought of using it.

I felt very lazy that evening, and though I had a very pretty sort of tape trimming, had no desire to take it up. I looked at the stars that twinkled and shone so brightly; at the splendid planet shining over the distant mountain peak. I hard a brook bubbling in the hollow, and I fancied after awhile, when the church bells had done ringing, that I heard some unusual sounds, men's voices calling to each other far away. and saw lights now and then in the fringe of woods that covered the hill. Belated drovers, perhaps, urging their cattle on to a safe stopping place, or wood cutters who intended to camp out to be ready for work in the morning. As I looked at the bright dots moving to and fro, I heard another sound near at hand-crunching of feet on the stony road, and looking toward the gate I saw a man open it and hurry in, and come up to the door. I was not sur prised that he opened it without knocking, for people were not ceremonious there, but I felt a little startled when I saw that he was a stranger. He was out of breath as though he had been running. His face was damp with perspiration, his clothes, which were good otherwise, were torn, as though he had made his way through thorny bushes, and it was evident that he was listening intently. I, too, heard something -what, I hardly knew.

As soon as he could do so he spoke. "Are you all alone in the house, young lady ?" he said.

"Yes !" I answered. "For God's sake tell me where I can hide !" he said. "The lynchers are af

I knew what he meant. I knew, too, that men were only lyuched for fearful crimes; but I had a woman's heart. Whatever he had done, he asked my

Yet where could he hide? There were five rooms in the house; each hall a small cupboard. There was no exit to the roof, no secret closets, no large furniture, and I heard them coming. Suddenly a thought struck me.

"Go into that room," I said, "Do not shut the door. Get into the bed you see there and tie the handkerchief on the bed-post over your head. Turn He obeyed me. I sat down by the

peeped in the window. Then the door opened. A rough face was thrust in. One man entered-another and another. I knew them all by sight.

"Excuse me, Miss Becky," said the leader; "but we are after a man, a stranger in these parts, who has done a murder. We saw him come this way. We rather reckon he'd got you to hide him by some lie. Have you seen him? Where's the deacon ?"

"Try not to wake grandfather," I said. "He's not well. You can look under the bed if you choose. There's no other place to hile in that room, as One of the men went on tip toe

into the room and looked under the bed, laughed softly and came out, "You may go over the house if you like,"said I, "and see if you can find

the fugitive." "He can't get away if he's any where about," said the man. "The house is surrounded."

They took some candles which I gave them and went through the house. They went to the stable, fortunately padlocked on the outside, so they did not see that it was empty. They beat the bushes and peeped into the chicken coop and went off together, furious at their disappointment and I was left alone with the man they had spoken of as that fearful thing a murderer. I shut the shutters and pulled down the blinds, and he came from his hiding place pale but calm, and stood looking at me a moment.

"You will hear the whole story tomorrow," he said. "Don't think me guilty. I should have been a blackhearted brute, indeed, if I had committed the crime they charge me with, but I am innocent. God bless you for your mercy-I can save myself now."

He opened the door and darted out into the night. A little later Sally came home. Later my grandfather, who heard a horrible story of a woman murdered in the settlement beyond.

I told neither of them anything. kept the adventure to myself for a few days after the truth was discovered, and it was known that another woman and no man at all had committed the murder, and then I told grandfather. A year after a package came to me

by express. It was from California-a little box of gold nuggets and a let-The sender, it said, was the innocent man I had saved from Judge Lynch. He had become a miner, had prospered and was happily married, and begged

me to accept the little present offered by one who would be eyer grateful. There was no signature, but I was glad to hear again from one I had never for gotten and Leyer shall.

How He Got Hu t.

"Oh, my child, how did your face become so bruised? Come to mamma and

tell her al' about it. "I-I-I was over 'cross the ro-a-d, playin' with Mrs. Howe's little g-i-r-l; boo-hoo-oo-oo."

"And did she hurt you like this?" "Y-y-y-e-s."

"Well, that was real naughty in her. What did she do to little Georgie ?" "Sh-sh-she knocked me d-o-w-n, anan-and then she hit m-e w-w:-w-1-t-h a b-r-i-c-k and pounded me w-wi-with a b-r-o-o-m s-t-i-c-k."

"Oh, dear, what a terrible child Well, don't cry any more, Georgie. What were you doing when this happened ?"

"Pl-pl-playing w-we w-a-s m-a-rr-i-e-d."-Detroit Free Press.

A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY. A red faced man rushed up to a

quiet old gentleman and said: 'How do you do, Mr. Jones?' 'Excuse me, but you have the ad-

vantage of me.' 'Are you not Mr. Jones?' 'No sir, you are mistaken, my name

'Are you sure ?' 'Of course I am. You are mistaken.

'Are you quite certain. Mr. Smith. that it is not you who are mistaken. May you not be Jones after all. Mr. Smith ?'

He Should be Grateful.

Old Judge Peterby has been laid up for some time with the gout. His lega are swelled to an enormous size. A doctor, who is also a church member, rebuked his impatience, and told him :

'What kindness?' 'His kindness in giving you only your face to the wall. It's your only two legs to suffer with. Suppose you had as many legs as a centipede?'

mighty for his kindness.'

ed. I knew men came up the path and THE MAIDEN'S TEAR.

BY H. S. KELLER IN TEXAS SIFTINGS. Drip, drip, drip! The golden leaves

lie in brown, sear patches upon the pasture land along the edge of the grim shadowo woods. All day long the sky clouds weep tears. And the trees, they bow and bend before the storm, and breaking, fall like stricken giants shivering from root to branchlet in the last expiring throes, And the dead leaves, heavy and wet, pile up in patch-

twisted and distorted stumps. "Ah! What a nasty night. I must hurry home. Poor Satan will be scared to death. Satan knows his master's step; he understands me if all the rest of the world does not. Good Satan! that !"

The mumbling of the hump-back man skirting the edge of the woods was brought to a sudden stop. His foot hit against something lying in his path. It was not a stone, but something soft and yielding.

"Oh ! oh ! please don't hurt me. I hain't doin' any harm," came from the dark, bundled-up object at the hump back's feet.

"Good heavens! It's a child. Say, you brat, get up and out of here quick If the Squira catches you here he'll sue -it's a girll" ejuculated the man starting back as a vivid flash of lightning revealed a slim slip of a girl.

The long, black hair, wet and limp hung about the sharp shoulder like snoky ropes. The mouth was drawn down at the corners in a sorry droop, and the eyes, great black eyes were sad, so sad, that even the old hump-backed miser felt a throb of pity pulsate through his flinty heart.

"Who are you, girl ?" "A brat, only a brat. They call me that up in the house where all the non

"Ah ! A pauper brat." "Yes, sir. Some calls me that. But -oh! I'm 'fraid, so 'fraid,' wailed the poor little morsel of storm-tossed humanity hugging up close to the old niser. This was a new, or forgotton feature in human nature to the man He had been in a habit of being feared and held aloof from by all. But this poor waif, this slin slip of a girl with sad eyes and limp locks almost hugs

him for protection. "Child, what are you afraid of? The darkness won't hurt you-though this damp ground isn't just the bed for

"Oh, no: I don't mind the dark, I'm so afraid sometimes of-of the growling, quarreling men and women they keep in the cellar up at the poor house. They're just like beasts. They glare at me with their red eyes, and shake their first, and beat against the bars 'till they're all blood. I'm 'fraid of 'em. I want to hide away from 'eu I could almost dig into the ground like a woodchuck does, only to hide away

"Poor thing! She's afraid of the crazy ones. I-but will my darling Satan like it if I take her home with

"Oh, sir, please take me 'way off-off somewhere where I can't see the people with red eyes who live in the cellar and eat like beasts." The thin arms almost encircled the short angular neck

or the old miserly hump-back. "Eh ! yes ; come -- come with me," returned the miser. Grasping the little hand in his, he jogged on along the quaint stump fence until he reached an opening. Following a path leading into the heart of the wools, the pair fi nally halted before a dilipilated hut. The door was pushed open. Off at the other side of the room shone a pair of green, wicked eyes. A loud purring, then a spiteful spit, spit, and Satan bounded through the darkness and rubbed his inky coat against the old hump back's ankles.

"Ah, sweet Satan, good Satan !

Glad to see me back, eh ?" The ashes upon the mud hearth were raked away, disclosing a small pile of glowing embers. The old man knelt down and piled, some pine cones upon the embers; then blowing with all this might, he soon had a blaze. Tossing a couple of pine knots upon the ignited mass, he chuckled as a huge flame went roaring up the chimney.

"Child, come here," he said, turning toward the girl, who was trying to stroke Satan's fur. But Satan was 'You should be grateful to the Alcov of all advances, and leaped beyond her reach each time, "Are you hungry ?" asked the mis-

> "Yes, sir." "Then est. There's a crust of bread upon the table "

chimney. The soft, sleepy purring of buttonhole of his vest. As he walked Satan kept on, and in a few minutes the black eyes were veiled by the blue veined lids as the little head leaned neither to the right nor the left, but enback against the wall.

"Asleep. Poor thing! A pauper brat. Afraid of the pauper lunatics. Satan seems to take to her. That is strange. He always spits and humps has hung heavy and sombre; and now his back, makes a cat bump-back that nightfall is here the scurrying of himself, when strangers come. Folks don't like me. They say I'm a miser. I love Satan and my gold. Satan understands me, and I understand my gold. Am I growing soft hearted? Why did I bring this pauper brat here? flow pretty she is. I've got enough es along the rude fence of gnarled, gold to make a fine lady of her. Would she turn away from me I wonder after I'd made a fine lady of her ? Ah! she wakes." The great black eyes of the girl opened. They were fastened upon the old miser in a strange look. The thin lips parted as she rose from her Patience, my dear Satan. What's seat and came toward him. "I-I. please sir, may I kiss you just once ?"

> Her hands were stretched out to the old man appealingly. He had befriended her. The old man felt for the storage of part of this year's a stanger dart pass through his heart. What did she mean? Why did she want to kiss such a grizzly old hump back?

"I-well, yes, if you like," came from his lips falteringly.

He closed his eyes as the girl's thin arms wound about his neck. Then, as he felt the soft, warm pressure of her pure lips upon his a great wave of human affection came over him, and he hugged the pauper brat to his breast When he opened his eyes again, the thin pathetic face was lifted up to him. Upon each lower eye-lash glitter ed a tear.

Each tear as it rolled down the pale cheek fell upon the flinty heart of the miser, and melted away the ice and hardness of it. "Why weep, girl," he asked.

"Because you are the only one I ever kissed."

"Because you are so good to a pauper brat, that I love you.' The sweet-faced old man who, years afterward beamed so lovingly upon a fair young mother, felt in his heart, that the maiden's tear had brought the fullest returns that heart could de-

NOT A BEGGAR.

How an Impecunious Fellow Raised the Windin Detroit.

"Gentlemen," he began in a smooth, nolasses sort of voice, "I am deadbroke but no beggar. I want to raise about three dollars, but I shall do it in a legitimate manner. Now, then, let me ask you to inspect this."

containing six links and passed it a round. After it had carefully been inspected by each of the party he contin-"I want to bet my overcoat, which is certainly worth \$10, against \$3 in cash

He took from his pocket a piece of

iron chain as large as his thumb and

from the others." The piece of chain was passed around again to be more closely scrutinized, and finally one of the party, who was a machinist, returned it with the re-

that none of you can separate one link

"And I want to put up that sum a gainst your overcoat that you can't do it vourself."

"Done !" said the stranger as he pulled off his coat. Coat and cash were put up in the ands of a stakeholder, and the stranger asked the group to follow him. He walked across the street and into a blacksmitn shop, and picking up a hammer and cold-chisel he deliberately cut out a link. The crowd stood around like so many pumpkins at a county fair, but when the stranger neld up the link and claimed the stakes the machinist recovered his wits sufficient-

"Sold by a professional deadbeat The money is yours, old fellow, but in exactly thirty seconds after you receive it I shall begin to kick, and you had better be twenty rods off !" "Thanks-glad to have met you-

good day !" replied the stranger, and he

was out of sight in seven seconds .- De.

ly to exclaim:

troit Free Press. A Western Farmer.

Portrait of the Big Farmer Who Raises Food Enough for Thousands of Throats.

The Buffalo Express says: He was a tail man, with rather sandy and long hair and an iron-gray chin whisker. He their feet, and that a prolonged stare wore a black suit of steel-mixed and a at these members would throw the vellowish-brown slouch hat. There was | boldest of them into embarrassment a red buttonhole boquet in his coat lap. and final rout. She had tried it severtable, dragged my work toward me, and A father and son are both under The waif gnawed the crust as she el. His stand-up collar was surround- al times with unvarying success, and began to sew and sing. I heard many sentence of death in a Farmersville, La., sat down on a block of wood near the ed by a black tie. An ordinary every- had hit upon it as the best way to get dreplace. The flames roared up the day watch thain hong from the second rid of a persistent masher.

up from the Western Union main office he joggled along carelessly, looking gaged in sort of communication with himself. The man was Mr. Oliver Darlymple, the most extensive farmer in the United States. Mr. Darlymple. although he lives in St. Paul, Minn., confines his farming operations to Dakota, where in Cass and Trail counties he has a two-thirds interest in 75 000 acres of as fine wheat land as the sun eyer shone upon. The product, as indicated by that so far threshed, will be about 600,000 bushels this year. Mr. Dalrymple employs in his farming operations 1,000 men,800 horses and mules, 200 self-binding reapers and 30 steam threshers.

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If subscribers order the discontinuation of newspapers, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

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"I have lived in St. Paul thirty years," said Mr. Dalrymple, "and seen it grow from 10,000 to 100,000.' When asked relative to his age he said: "You may tell them that I have not yet got to the gray-haired, broad-shouldered man of sin. My visit here is for the purpose of seeing if I can make fayorable arrangements with Buffalo elevator men

An Excellent Spine.

In the Scriptures it is related that Daniel was preferred above princes because he had "an excellent spirit" in him. A boy being asked, in his Sunday school class, why Daniel was thus preferred, replied : "Because he had an excellent spine in him." This boy's blander on the word "spirit" is amusing, but yet his answer hit the nail square on the head. Daniel got on because he had "backbone" enough to stand up against corruption.

There was never a time in the his-

tory of the world when "spine" was needed more than to-day. Fraud seems to have crept into every line of business. Formerly it used to be said that "corporations had no souls." It was meant by this that when men united in associations, and worked under a President and directors, they would do things as a body which they would be ashamed to do as individuals. But to-day it looks as if the old proverb had lost its peculiar force. Men have let down the bars more and more in business, till it sometimes seems as if any trick were thought justifiable if it led to making a dollar. It is difficult now to buy anything that is not adulterated. Dealers do not hesitate to misrepresent-or lie outright. Speculators are not particular whose money they use, or how they get it. Men hardly dare trust their dearest friends. And all this sort of thing is tolerated, so long as it

brings success. Thus it is that the boys of to-day need a doubly stiff backbone to stand up against dishonesty. Respectable asage leads them into temptation at every step. Fraud is gilded by wealth and voung eves are dazzled. Almost above all else, what youth needs to cultivate is an "excellent spine."-

Golden Argosy. The Masher Mashed.

I was riding out one evening in a car in which were two lovely, laughing young ladies, when a young man entered and took his seat, says a St. Louis reporter. He seemed to be very much taken with one of the girls, and soon began to make delicate endeavors to get up a flirtation. His efforts became bolder, and I noticed a signific glance passed between the girls, followed by a whispering conference. Presently I noticed that the girl who had mangled his heart had her eyes calmly fixed on the young man's feet

with a meditative smile on her lips.

He glanced down at his feet to see what was wrong several times, tried to draw them under him and moved them about, but the steady gaze of the young lady continued to be fixed on his pedal extremities. Restive would hardly describe the condition of the would-be masher. His face became the color of a boiled lobster, and finally, after twisting about uneasily, he hastily jumped up and left the car. As soon as he had left the girls were nearly convulsed with suppressed merriment. I happened to know one of them, and she explained the whole affair. She said she had often heard that men were very sensitive about