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NO. 6.

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One Dark Night.

The night was extremely dark, for
the stars that twinkled in the black
sky had no power to light the dull
earth.

Nervously, with a beating heart, a
young girl hurried down a country lane,
a parcel in her hands. She was Lon-
don bred, and had the town fear of
country lanes, and, if she did not
think "every bush an officer," dread-
ed that every bush might conceal a
thief. Eveline Moreton was employed
by a large London mourning establish-
ment, and she had been sent down ac-
cording to the advertisement to "fit"
a recently bereaved family. If the way
was dark and gloomy, Eveline's thoughts
were dark and gloomy, too. The poor
child was tired and hungry, for her
train had been detained for two hours
by an accident on the line. She had
been told to take a cab, but there was
no cab to be had, and North Lodge was
"quite a three-mile walk," the sleepy
porter had informed her. His direc-
tions had been clear enough. Eveline
was to keep straight along the dull
gloomy lane, till she reached the high
road, when North Lodge would be the
third house. Oh how she wished the
walk at an end; it was so dark and
dull and lonely. Eveline paused sud-
denly, and looked down the path she
had to pursue with frightened eyes,
for she distinctly heard footsteps. If
she had yielded to her first impulse of
childish terror she would have tried to
find some hiding-place behind the
hedge; but ashamed of her fears, she
walked on with a low nervous laugh.
The footsteps approached rapidly, and
soon a dark figure came in sight. Eve-
line shrank back to get out of its way,
but it moved also, so that it was still
right in front of her.

"Good night!" said a gruff voice.
"Good night!" repeated Eveline;
for, as Charles Dickens said, we are
never so polite as when we are fright-
ened.

"It is a dark night for you to be out
in, went on the man. Have you such
a thing as a copper about you to give a
poor fellow?"

Trembling Eveline took out her purse
to look for a penny; as she did so, it
was suddenly snatched out of her hand,
Eveline gave a little cry of distress at
the loss of the money; but she was
too much alarmed to utter a single
word of remonstrance. The man's
burly figure still barred the way.

"Let me pass," she pleaded. "I
have no jewelry. My purse was the
only thing I had worth stealing; you
have that, so pray let me go."

"Don't be in such a hurry, pretty
one," said the man, with a coarse
laugh, and he caught hold of her arm.
"I want to speak to you."

"Oh! pray—pray—let me go," cried
Eveline, dropping the parcel, for her
poor little heart was beating almost to
suffocation.

"Not till I've given you a kiss," he
said insolently. "You are a very pret-
ty girl."

And he drew her nearer to him, so
that his rough beard touched her cheek.
Eveline pushed him from her with all
her force, uttering a scream after scream.
Her terror gave her sudden strength,
and for quite a minute she kept him at
arm's length.

"You little 'vixen!" he exclaimed
with an oath. "I'll have that kiss in
spite of all your struggles; I will
by—"

He never finished the sentence; for,
at that moment, a well-directed blow
from a powerful fist felled him to the
ground.

"You cowardly blackguard!" cried
the new-come indignantly. "How
dare you insult a lady! Stand up and
let me knock you down again!"

But this the tramp wisely declined
to do. He rolled over in abject terror,
whining out an appeal for mercy, as
the young man spurned him with his
foot.

"I am indeed sorry that you should
have been frightened by the fellow,"
said the stranger, lifting his hat and
turning to Eveline.

The girl tried to thank him; but her
emotion was too great, and putting her
hand to her eyes she cried bitterly,
while the young man looked on sym-
pathetically, scarcely knowing what to
do or say under such embarrassing cir-
cumstances.

"My parcel!" she exclaimed sud-
denly, thinking of her employer's prop-
erty.

"Is here!" returned her new friend,
picking it up, as he spoke, "and your
purse too," he added, for in the struggle
the tramp had dropped Eveline's
shabby little portemonnaie.

Eveline took the purse, and then me-
chanically held out her hand for the
parcel; but Ralph Vernon—such was
the name of the gentleman who had
come to her rescue—shook his head.

"I'll carry it," he said dubiously,

"You don't think I am going to leave
you in the lane after what has hap-
pened. Where are you going?"

"To North Lodge," faltered Eve-
line.

"You will find the Thursbys in great
trouble," said Ralph Vernon, looking
at her curiously.

"I know it," returned Eveline, col-
oring. "I have come from London to
make up their mourning."

"Oh!" cried Ralph, a little surprised
for he had imagined that she was some
poor relative at least.

His manner was far more respectful
than before, and Eveline felt so glad
of his company that she soon brightened
up, even laughing at the recollection
of the tramp, as he crawled away on
his hands and knees, and then sud-
denly sprang to his feet, flying off like the
wind. It was too dark for Ralph to
distinguish the girl's features plainly,
but he could see that she was pretty,
and that her figure was slight and
graceful. Her voice, too, pleased him;
it was so sweet and refined.

This little dressmaker was a lady in
every sense of the word.

"Pray, take my arm," he said kindly
"I know you are very tired and upset
by the fright that ruffian gave you."

"But you have the parcel to carry,"
returned Eveline, hesitatingly.

"I can manage both you and the par-
cel," he told her with a laugh.

"You never carried a parcel before
in your life," observed Eveline, as she
accepted his arm.

"How do you know that?" he asked
good humoredly. "Well, if I have
never made myself useful before, it is
high time I began now."

They had left the lane and were in
the highroad. Strange to say, the walk,
which at the commencement seemed
so intolerable to Eveline, now appeared
marvelously short.

"I shall never see him again," she
thought, with a faint sigh, as they par-
ted at the gates of North Lodge, and it
was with a very weary little face that
she entered the presence of the lady of
the house.

He had told her that Mrs. Thursby
was a very amiable woman, but still
Eveline was agreeably surprised at the
kindness of her reception. She had
been to many houses on the same er-
rand before, but nowhere had she been
treated with such consideration.

She was at North Lodge for several
days, working away as if life had de-
pendent on it, and, as she worked, her
thoughts were of the handsome stran-
ger who had rescued her from the bruti-
tality of the tramp.

Once Ralph came up the carriage-
drive, and, peering from this window,
she looked at his frank face and stal-
wart figure with a queer little ache at
her heart.

He was making a call on the ladies
of the house, and no doubt was a lover
of an accepted lover of one of Mrs.
Thursby's daughters, those graceful,
fair-haired ladies who were so dignified
in their grief at the loss of their father.

She felt relieved when her business
was over, and she stood waiting in the
little railway station for the train that
was to carry her to London. There is
no place under the sun more depress-
ing than a country railway station, and
our little heroine had repeatedly glanced
at the clock, when a tall form
darkened the doorway, and she looked
up to see Ralph Vernon standing be-
fore her.

"So you are going back to town," he
said, shaking hands with her as if they
had been old friends. "I thought I
would like to come and say good-by."

"How did you know?" she asked in
surprise.

"Oh, Grace Thursby told me," he
answered, carelessly, "she is one of the
best girls in the world."

"She seems very nice to her inferi-
ors," observed Eveline, a little bitterly,
"I can imagine how charming she can
be to her equals."

"Who is her inferior?" asked Ralph
Vernon, quickly. "Not you, by Jove!
She was saying to me that you were a
perfect lady."

"Very kind of her, I am sure," said
Eveline, haughtily; "only I am at a
loss to understand how such a discov-
ery came about."

"There, now, I have offended you,"
said Ralph, contritely; "but I am such
a clumsy fellow."

"Not at all," returned Eveline, hus-
kily. "It is very kind of your affianced
wife to take such an interest in me."

"My affianced wife!" he said, with a
hearty laugh. "I should like my broth-
er John to hear you say that." He
was very close to her now, as they sat
on the hard bench. "Don't you know
that I fell desperately in love with you
that night when I rescued you from the
tramp—at least, I think I did, al-
though it was not till I saw you peep
at me through the window that I knew
how exquisitely pretty you were? Be
my wife, and let me take care of you,
not only on dark nights, but all your

life."

But Eveline shook her head, for, al-
though her heart prompted her to say
"yes," she felt that she had no right to
accept the sacrifice her impulsive and
hot-headed lover was willing to make
for her sake.

"It cannot be," she said, mournfully.
"It is a mad, Quixotic idea. I know,
from what I have heard Mrs. Thursby
say, that you are wealthy."

"Hang the money!" exclaimed
Ralph. "If you don't say 'yes,' I'll—I'll
go lion hunting in Africa, and get torn
to pieces by wild animals."

But even this terrible threat had no
effect upon Eveline; she was firm in her
determination to do right at any cost;
she would not even tell him where she
lived. And so they parted at the little
railway station, and Eveline went back
to London with less color in her cheeks
than when she had left it, and a strange
gloomy look in her beautiful eyes.

"It is all for the best," she thought;
but life had never been so hard to
bear.

The girl was brave—very—brave and
wanted to do right; but the struggle
between love and duty sapped her
strength, and laid her on a bed of sick-
ness, from which it seemed she would
never rise.

During her illness she was continual-
ly calling upon Ralph Vernon, in such
piteous accents that it drew tears from
the eyes of those who heard the poor
weak voice.

"Mother, I'm going to telegraph for
Mr. Vernon," said Eveline's sister
Nellie. "It is dreadful to look at her
white face and glittering eyes, and to
hear her calling upon his name from
morning to night." "But who is this
Mr. Vernon?" asked the poor mother,
helplessly.

"I don't know," said Nellie; "but
I found a card with his name and ad-
dress on it, and I intend to send for
him. It must be some one she cares
for, and I don't mean to let her die if
anything can save her."

"But perhaps he won't care to come,"
said the mother, with the prudence of
age and experience.

"Then he can stay away," returned
Nellie, her eyes wet with tears; and
there was a look of pain in her sweet
countenance, for her mother might be
right, and what would become of poor
Eveline if there should be no answer to
the telegram!

The next two hours were anxious
ones for Nell.

She stood up breathless with eager-
ness when someone knocked softly at
the door. In another moment Ralph
Vernon was in the room, and had
grasped her by the hand as if she had
been an old friend instead of a stran-
ger.

"Is she—?" he could not finish the
sentence, for he feared the worst.

"She still lives," returned Nellie,
and, taking him by the hand, Eveline's
sister led Ralph into the next room
where the poor girl lay.

Her mother was kneeling at the side
of the bed, but rose instantly and mo-
tioned to Ralph to take her place, and
as he did so, Eveline opened her eyes
and looked at him.

The sight of that beloved face had a
magical effect upon Eveline. She put
out her weak hand with a little cry
that told more plainly than words how
cruel her sacrifice had been, and, as he
gathered her in his arms, her lover re-
gistered a stern vow that, if her life
were spared, he would make her his
wife in spite of all the world—herself
included. And so he did, for Eveline
recovered from that very hour, and di-
rectly she was able to leave her room,
there was a quiet wedding, and the
two started for the South of France,
where they remained until Eveline had
recovered her health. They are an
exceptionally happy couple, and Grace
Thursby tells her husband that his
brother Ralph's wife is the sweetest
woman she knows.

How Meals are Served in New Orleans.

Few set tables. You are served in
the morning before you get out of bed
with a cup of coffee as good as can be
found anywhere in the world, and some
bread or little Creole pie-crust cakes.
There is no trouble about your meals.
There is a restaurant on every corner
or so, or you can have your meals serv-
ed hot, and at the most reasonable
rates. As a general thing, however,
they do not "go in heavy" for breakfast
here. Your coffee is supposed to satisfy
you until midday, when you take a
slight lunch at some saloon. About 9
in the evening you sit down to the big
meal of the day. Supper there is none,
unless you drop in at the theatre, after
which you eat something light. Thus,
at least, you will find the natives doing,
and those who have been visiting New
Orleans each winter for years will tell
you that it is the most comfortable way
to live here and best suited to climate.

The Old Liberty Bell.

The old bell which Philadelphia has
sent to the New Orleans Exposition has
had a noteworthy history, apart from
the one great deed which gave it world-
wide fame.

In 1751, the Pennsylvania Assembly
(a Quaker convocation, under the rule
of the Penns.) authorized a committee
to buy a bell for the State House. In
the letter sent by this committee to
Robert Charles of London, ordering the
bell, are these words:

"Let it be cast by the best workman
and examined carefully before it is ship-
ped, with the following words, well-
shaped in large letters, around it. 'By
order of the Assembly of the Province
of Pennsylvania for the State house in
the city of Philadelphia, 1752.' And
underneath, 'Proclaim liberty through-
out the land unto all the inhabitants
thereof.'"

As Philadelphia and the province
governed by Penn was at that time lit-
erally the only spot in the world where
absolute religious freedom prevailed,
there was a singular pertinence and
significance this inscription.

On the arrival of the bell it was
hung, and rung to try the sound, but,
having been badly cast, it cracked on
the first stroke of the clapper. The
good Quakers then resolved to re-cast
it themselves, which they accordingly
did in 1753.

In 1777, when the British threatened
Philadelphia, it was removed to the
little Moravian town of Bethlehem for
safety. Even then, the people who were
fighting so hard for their freedom
invested with a kind of sacredness the
bell which had rung out to proclaim
Liberty not only to this land but to all
the nations of the world who should
seek shelter here.

It was broken several years later, and
has since occupied a place in the old
State House at Philadelphia, next to
the room in which the Declaration was
signed that made us a free people.

It has now been sent under a guard
of honor by Philadelphia to the city of
New Orleans, on a mission of good-will
and friendship. If it will help to re-
store peace and brotherly feeling be-
tween the people of the two sections,
and to remind them that they are one
nation with the same heroic past, sure-
ly never before was metal cast for a
nobler work.

How a Senator Obtained a Wife.

"Some of them (the reporters) have
idle fancies," said the senator (Groome)
"and there is no telling what they may
lead to. Several years ago, when I was
a candidate for Governor of my State,
a gentleman in a neighboring town,
where I chanced to be, said that he
would oppose me on the ground that I
was a bachelor. He was older than I
was, not the best looking man in the
world, and had never been married; so,
to silence him, I said in a jest that I
would bet him a hat that I could find a
lady inside of three years who would
marry me, and that was better, I was
sure, than he could do. I succeeded in
backing him down but I got into an-
other difficulty. One of these news-
paper chaps somehow or other got hold
of what I had said—or, rather, what I
hadn't said—and the first thing I knew
I was published as offering to bet that
I would be married within three years.
A scribe in Baltimore, to get ahead of
his fellows, ventured to give the name
of the lady in that city to whom I was
engaged. From my green and salad
days to that time I had not thought of
getting married, much less of making a
wife of the lady mentioned. I happen-
ed to meet her, however, a day or two
afterward—for I knew her—and asked
her what she thought of the rumor.
She told me laughingly that it would
aid in my election she would not con-
tradict it until after I became Govern-
or. I believe that it never was contra-
dicted, and, as I subsequently married
the lady, it is now too late to deny it.
That newspaper reporter's fertile im-
agination secured for me the best 'wife
in the world.'—Washington Post.

CIVIL SERVICE NOTE.

One of the duties of Judson Macum-
ber, an intelligent colored man employ-
ed in the Austin Post Office, is to cut
a daily supply of kindling wood for the
stores in the building. A few days ago
the supply was short.

"Why don't you chop up two or three
days' supply of kindling wood, so we
can always have some on hand?" asked
Colonel DeGress, the postmaster.

"No, sah, I don't cut up no kindlin'
wood for de day ahead. We am liable
to hab our heads chopped off any min-
ute, and I don't hab no kindlin' wood
in de cellar for de Democratic niggah
what gits my place."—Texas Siftings.

A man who occasionally gets in a
word edgewise can be called a sharp
talker.

A little girl on seeing a peacock for
the first time remarked what a beauti-
ful bustle it had.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

If subscribers order the discontinuation of
newspapers, the publishers may continue to
send them until all arrears are paid.
If subscribers refuse or neglect to take their
newspapers from the office to which they are sent
they are held responsible until they have received
the bills and ordered them discontinued.
If subscribers move to other places without in-
forming the publisher, and the newspapers are
sent to the former place, they are responsible.

ADVERTISING RATES.

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1 square	\$2.00	\$4.00	\$8.00	\$12.00	\$18.00
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1 line	7.00	10.00	15.00	20.00	25.00
1 inch	10.00	15.00	20.00	25.00	30.00

One inch makes a square. Advertisements
and Executive Notices \$2.50. Transient adver-
tisements and local notices 10 cents per line for first
insertion and 5 cents per line for each addition-
al insertion.

Horses in Battle.

War-horses, when hit in battle, trem-
ble in every muscle and groan deeply,
while their eyes show deep astonishment.
During the battle of Waterloo, some of
the horses, as they lay upon the ground,
having recovered from the first agony
of their wounds, fell to eating the grass
about them, thus surrounding them-
selves with a circle of bare ground, the
limited extent of which showed their
weakness. Others were observed quietly
grazing on the field, between the hostile
lines, their riders having been shot on
their backs, and the balls flying over
their heads and the tumult behind, be-
fore, and around them, causing no inter-
ruption to the usual instinct of their
nature. It was also observed that, when
a charge of cavalry went past near to
any of the stray horses already mention-
ed, they would set off, from themselves
in the rear of their mounted compan-
ions, and, though without riders, gallop
strenuously along with the rest, not
stopping or finching when the fatal
shock with the enemy took place. At
the battle of Kirk, in 1745, Major Mac-
Donald, having unhorsed an English
officer, took possession of his horse,
which was very beautiful, and immedi-
ately mounted it. When the English
cavalry fled, the horse ran away with
its captor, notwithstanding all his ef-
forts to restrain him; nor did it stop
until it was at the head of the regiment
of which apparently its master was
commander. The melancholy, and at
the same time ludicrous figure which
MacDonald presented when he saw
himself the victim of his ambition to
possess a fine horse, which ultimately
cost him his life upon the scaffold, may
be easily conceived.

The Original Judge Lynch.

Who the original Judge Lynch was—
if such a personage ever really existed
—is a mystery. The earliest date as-
signed to this exhibition of a developed
"iron conscience" is, according to the
Galway Council Book, the year 1498,
when an Irishman in municipal authori-
ty in the county of Galway, and named
James Lynch, hanged his own son out
of a window for despoiling and murder-
ing strangers, "without martial or com-
mon law, to show a good example to
posterity." Another ancestral deriva-
tion is to be found in one Lynch, who,
about 1687, was sent to America to sup-
press piracy. As justice was not ad-
ministered with much rigor or formali-
ty in the colonies, it is presumed that
this Judge Lynch was empowered to
proceed summarily against the pirates,
and thus originated the term. The op-
inion which traces the expression to a
Mr. Lynch, founder of the town of
Lynchburg, in Virginia, is entirely un-
supported by any authority beyond
identity of name; but it is curious to
remember that so long ago as the reign
of Richard II. there was a current dog-
ged distich: "First hang and draw;
then hear the cause by Lydford law."

ODDS AND ENDS.

Parlor lecturer promise to be a pop-
ular form of amusement.

Beans are going up in consequence of
the great demand for export.

No coin of less value than a five-cent
piece circulated in New Orleans.

Mr. Dolley says that Charles Dickens
cleared \$225,000 out of his readings.

The grain crop in this country the
past year was the largest ever raised.

The Massachusetts railroads killed or
injured 457 people during the year 1884.

As long ago as 1710 London had a
one-cent evening paper—The "Evening
Post."

Butler county, Pa., will soon have all
its houses heated and lighted by natu-
ral gas.

A monument was erected over the
grave of "Kit Carson at Taos, N. M.,
on Jan. 2.

The Chinese in San Francisco paid
\$27,000 in fines into the police court
revenues last year.

An old Mexican woman in San Luis,
Cal., aged 98 years, has just cut her
third set of teeth.

Great Britain manufactures 700,000-
000 envelopes yearly. The United States
turns out 2,500,000,000.

For 200 years one-quarter of all the
cheap violins in the world have been
made in Mittenwald, Bavaria.

Senator John Sherman is to preside
at the Washington Monument dedica-
tory ceremonies on Feb. 22.

There are 347 female blacksmiths in
England, all of whom actually swing
heavy hammers and do men's work.

The ice bridge at Niagara this win-
ter is said to be the most massive for
many years, and is estimated to be over
sixty feet thick.

A California lunatic hospital, which
was intended to accommodate 500 pa-
tients, now has 1700, with new acco-
modations every week.