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TERMS CASH!

#### A Tale of Rue.

Of all the tired passengers of the  
midnight express bound eastward over  
the Old Colony road, perhaps there was  
not one more thoroughly used up than  
John Coleman, Esq., of the law firm of  
Coleman & Riggs, Ashtand, Massachu-  
setts. From the morning of Novem-  
ber 1, when he had started for San  
Francisco, till the evening of this De-  
cember 1, he had been constantly on  
the wing. To aggravate his fatigue, the  
trip, in a business view had been high-  
ly unsatisfactory, if not unnecessary.

But as he drew nearer home his  
scowl vanished, and the lines about his  
firm mouth softened. Stretching his  
long-suffering limbs across the seat, he  
spread the Evening Journal between his  
aching eyes and the glare of the bob-  
bing lamps, and indulged in tender  
speculations. How would Rue look  
when he appeared before her next  
morning, two days earlier than he had  
promised? She might be watering  
her plants in the bay-window, and he  
would walk in nonchalantly, as if he had  
left her the evening before, and say,  
"Good morning, Rue," and she would  
drop her watering-pot and rush toward  
him, all smiles and blushes, crying,  
"Oh, John! John! how glad I am  
to see you! how I've missed you!"

Dear, warm-hearted, impulsive little  
Rue! She certainly was fond of him.  
He wished he had never been such a  
brute as to reproach her about Mr.  
Lynde. He was convinced now that  
she had not really cared for the fellow.  
She had only been cordial with him in  
her free, girlish way. What charming,  
irreversible fate she had! The lover's  
reverie merged into a dream. Mr.  
Coleman was unconscious of the slack-  
ing of the train at B., and of the en-  
trance of two young gentlemen into  
the seat in front; but the name of  
Miss Rue Haywood, spoken almost in  
his ear, aroused him like an electric  
shock.

"Mr. Lynde is bewitched with her,  
that's plain," continued the voice,  
"He's having a fine time out of Cole-  
man's absence."

"Pluperfect," said an answering  
voice. "They say Miss Rue wouldn't  
mind Coleman's taking himself off for  
good."

"He's an able man. You know  
there's talk of running him for Con-  
gress."

"Oh yes; he's a 'diz,' and all that;  
but he's a crochety fellow. Makes  
Miss Rue walk Spanish, I hear. By-  
the-way, how are she and Mr. Lynde  
coming on with the operetta? I had  
to cut last rehearsal."

"Famously. Miss Rue's solo will  
bring down the house. Lynde thinks  
the entertainment will foot up at least  
one hundred dollars toward the new or-  
gan. He's jubilant. I believe that in-  
strument comes next to Miss Rue in  
his affections. Can't he get the music  
out of it, though? Ha! here's Ash-  
land!"

Winning beneath his newspaper, Mr.  
Coleman had recognized the voices as  
those of two college students returning  
from a lecture at B. Forgetful at  
last of travel stain, weariness and head-  
ache, he waited till the youths had left  
the car, then walked out at the oppo-  
site end, his whole energies engrossed  
in weighing the evidence so gratuitously  
afforded. How far could he rely on  
current gossip? What attitude should  
he assume toward Rue? Morning  
found him undecided. He must be  
governed by Rue's own manner. As a  
test of her feelings toward him he  
would ask her for his sake to withdraw  
from the operetta. If she loved him  
she would do it—Mr. Coleman had not  
provided for the latter contingency  
when Bridget ushered him into Mr.  
Haywood's parlor. Miss Rue and Mr.  
Lynde were practicing a duet for the  
operetta, both too rapt to observe the  
intruder—a fact inexplicable on musical  
grounds to poor Mr. Coleman, who  
did not know the notes apart, or care  
to know them. According to his in-  
ference, the young people were absorbed  
in each other, and he was off in lim-  
bo. Under these circumstances it may  
not be strange that his face, that in-  
stant spied by Miss Rue, was not the  
face of an amiable man. It promptly  
reminded Mr. Lynde of a waiting pu-  
pil, and having congratulated Mr. Cole-  
man on his safe return, he hustled his  
music under his arm and departed in  
haste.

Miss Rue wheeled the big easy-chair  
in front of the grate, playfully forced  
her sullen suitor into it, and perched  
herself on its arm to hear about his  
journey. Had he been ill? No? Then  
he must be fearfully tired. She  
knew his head ached. Shouldn't she  
try to magnetize it, and put him to  
sleep?

No, he preferred that she should not.  
He had kept his eyes closed too long  
already.

As well might a zephyr have attempt-  
ed to pet an iceberg. With a shiver  
Miss Rue slipped from her perch, and  
seated herself with her work in a  
neighboring rocker. What had come  
over John? She had never seen him  
like this before. He did not seem a bit  
glad to meet her. He turned away  
from the distracting vision, mentally  
preparing his brief—this astute lawyer,  
as ignorant of the nature of a girl as an  
elephant of the structure of a rose. Presently he began about the festival.  
He admitted that Rue had once confid-  
ed to him her intention of participat-  
ing in an operetta, but he had suppos-  
ed an operetta to be something like an  
oratorio, not a jumble of silly love  
songs. Did she think it becoming in  
herself, an engaged young lady, to car-  
ol amorous ditties from morning to  
night with a tuncful swain?

"They are burlesques, John—only  
burlesques. If I had dreamed of your  
disapproving, I wouldn't have prom-  
ised to sing; but I can't retract now."

"Not when I particularly request it,  
Rue?"

"Indeed, no, John. I have the lead-  
ing part. I can't refuse to act without  
offending Mr. Lynde."

"On the other hand, you can't per-  
sist in acting without offending me."

"Now, John, do be reasonable. How  
should I feel, announcing at the next  
rehearsal that I must be excused—  
Mr. Coleman was not willing to have  
me connected with the operetta? What  
would Mr. Lynde think?"

"Oh, if his opinion has more weight  
with you than mine, I will retire."

"John, you're too absurd. Can't you  
see how ridiculous it would look for  
me to throw up my part the moment  
you came home? People would say  
you were jealous of Mr. Lynde."

"The jackanapes!"

"And that you were a Blue-beard,  
John, I'm not sure, but they'd be  
right."

"If I'm a tyrant, Ruefelle, you're an  
amazingly fearless Fatima."

"I don't propose to be your Fatima,  
John."

What did Rue intend by that? The  
wrinkle in Mr. Coleman's forehead  
deepened into a trench, his brown face  
flushed like an oak in October.

"Please lay aside paradoxes, Ruefelle.  
Do you mean you don't wish to marry  
me? Rumor has told me as much."

In truth Miss Rue had meant noth-  
ing of the kind, but her lover's insult-  
ing tone exasperated her into silence.  
Had it come to this that she could not  
wink without first consulting his lord-  
ship? Her blue eyes flashed ominously,  
the steel hook in her fingers darted  
out of her crocheting with murderous  
rapidity.

"Rumor has told me as much," re-  
peated Mr. Coleman, as impressively as  
if he had been addressing a jury.

"And you let people talk about me,  
John, and listen to what they say?"

"I might have known that a girl who  
would not respect my dignity could not  
value my esteem. Tyrant or not, Rue-  
felle, at least I have no desire to rivet  
galling fetters. Henceforth you are  
free to smile upon Mr. Lynde or any  
other gentleman."

Had he omitted the last sentence, af-  
fectionate, kindly little Rue could even  
then have 'made up' with John, but  
this was too much for her temper.  
Snatching the golden circlet from her  
engagement finger, she flung it at her  
lover, with cheeks aflame.

"Take back your ring," cried she;  
"the girl who wears it should be a  
saint or a simpleton, and I'm neither."  
Good-bye, John."

Auburn head erect, chin in air, she  
swept out of the room with all the  
staleness possible to a slight girl of  
five feet two. She felt hers to be a  
righteous indignation. John had no  
reason—no earthly reason—to treat her  
so. She would not personate patient  
Griselda for the amusement of the vil-  
lage.

"John wants to bend the whole  
world to his will," mused she, angrily  
peeping through her chamber blind as  
he stalked away chewing his black  
mustache; "he wants to bend the  
whole world to his will, and I won't be  
bent. Our engagement is broken, and  
I'm glad of it."

For full fifteen minutes she was  
unequivocally glad.

"Yes, something of that nature,"  
was the grim reply. "How about the  
suit of Ingalls versus Wade? I find a  
flaw in the indictment."

Mr. Coleman was in the mood for  
finding flaws. His habitual self-con-  
trol had deserted him. Once he early  
annihilated Mr. Riggs for casually  
mentioning Mr. Lynde and his report-  
ed engagement.

"Oh! I recollect now; Coleman  
had a lien on the young woman him-  
self. Queer I should have forgotten,"  
mused the discomfited advocate, dip-  
ping his pen in the ink.

That night Mr. Coleman had a chill—  
no metaphorical heart ache, but a gen-  
uine physical, bone-shaking rigor that  
demanded blankets and hot brick and  
a heroic dose of quinine.

"He's caught malvira from some of  
these Western bog-holes," said the  
doctor aside to the landlady. "Unless  
we break it up he's in for a fever. See  
that he has a good nurse. I'll be round  
in the morning."

The landlady herself sat up with the  
patient, and a busy night he had till  
daybreak, when Mr. Coleman sank into  
a drowse. The weary watcher improv-  
ed this opportunity to steal away for a  
nap, and sent his son to take his place  
by the bedside. After an hour's sleep  
the sick man awoke refreshed, the ring-  
ing in his ears greater, but the throbb-  
ing of his temples less, the pain in his  
limbs no longer absolutely unbearable.

"Heigho! that you, Harry?" he said  
catching sight of the boy munching an  
apple for entertainment. "Where  
were you when I came home last night?"

"I didn't see you."

"At St. Mark's, sir, blowing the or-  
gan. Mr. Lynde has hired me for the  
quarter."

"Oh he has, has he?" Mr. Coleman  
turned over in bed, and scowled at the  
smoky lamp chimney. Soon he flopped  
back again. "Do you like this Lynde  
fellow, Harry?"

"Tip-top; everybody does."

Mr. Coleman groaned.

"Is the pain coming on again, sir?  
Can I do anything for you?"

"Nothing, thank you, my boy; I'm  
pretty essentially done for. I'd like to  
hear you talk, though. Tell me what's  
happened while I've been away."

"What's this Lynde been up to?"

"Oh, he's been flying round, you'd  
better believe."

"Been doing a stiff business, I sup-  
pose, driving out with the ladies?"

"He's been driving out with Miss  
Haywood some. I haven't seen him  
with anybody else."

The invalid suppressed another  
groan.

"They've been looking at dishes and  
curtains and things."

Mr. Coleman rose savagely upon his  
elbow. This was ten thousand times  
worse than he had dreamed. "The  
story I've heard, then, is true, Harry;  
Mr. Lynde is going to be married."

"Why, how did you know, Mr. Cole-  
man? He said it was a secret. He  
let me go all over his house yesterday  
—he's hired Lunt's cottage, corner of  
Vine street—and things shine, I tell  
you. You ought to see those carpets.  
Miss Haywood helped him pick 'em  
out. The other woman don't suspect a  
thing."

"What other woman?"

"Why, the woman Mr. Lynde is go-  
ing to marry. She lives down in  
Maine. She thinks after the wedding  
on Christmas she's coming with Mr.  
Lynde to his boarding-house; but in-  
stead of that, sir, he's going to fetch  
her right home to this bully cottage.  
I'll bet she'll be surprised."

Mr. Coleman dropped back upon the  
pillow with an expression a Raphael  
might have despaired of reproducing.  
He lay there a few minutes reflecting,  
then sat bolt upright, his towel-begirt  
head in bold relief against the mahog-  
any headboard.

"Blow out the lamp, Harry, please,  
draw up the curtains, and hand me my  
writing desk there on the table. I'll  
give you a dollar if you'll carry a mes-  
sage to Miss Haywood for me this  
morning."

"Bless my soul, Coleman, you're as  
tough as a pine knot!" exclaimed the  
doctor, bolting in as his patient sealed  
the note. "You had ague enough last  
night to shake a sensitive mortal into  
attending to business. Let's feel your  
pulse. Rapid yet, but softer. If you're  
prudent you'll be out in a few  
days."

#### Explosive Seeds and Trees.

A Story Told by a Traveler in the  
West Indies that May be True  
and May Not.

'Speaking about dynamites,' said  
a naturalist, 'I have brought a few  
specimens to illustrate that feature in  
low life—as there are dynamites in  
the lower animal kingdom as well as  
in the higher, and curious enough,  
we might say the same of the vegeta-  
ble kingdom. I remember a few  
years ago I was traveling on a small  
vessel between some of the West India  
Islands, and at one place had purchas-  
ed a number of curious seeds, placing  
them under my berth for safe-keeping.  
I was sitting at a small table, hang-  
ing on with both hands, in company  
with a negro passenger, when there  
came an explosion that sounded as if  
a barrel of powder had gone off. Some-  
thing whizzed by my face so close  
that I felt the wind, and another pro-  
jectile struck me full in the breast.

The negro was not so fortunate. He  
uttered a loud yell as the sound came,  
threw up his hands, and with the  
blood spurting from his face, went o-  
ver backward with a crash that  
brought the skipper and crew down  
the hatch in a hurry. We picked him  
up, and first he swore I had shot him,  
and then that I had hit him with a  
club, but in a moment he recovered  
from his fright and he began to inves-  
tigate.

'The man had been struck fairly on  
the nose—a blow so powerful that it  
was several hours before the hemor-  
rhage could be stopped. When I rose  
from my seat something dropped upon  
the cabin floor and I afterward picked  
it up, and what do you suppose it  
was? Nothing but a section of one  
of the seeds, and they were the explos-  
ives. The heat of the cabin had in  
some way affected them so that they  
went off like cartridges, and as each  
was made up of several pieces, it had  
somewhat the effect of grape-shot.

One struck the negro as related, another  
missed my head and shattered a  
looking-glass behind me, another  
struck me in the chest, while still a-  
nother, curiously enough, took off the  
handle of a pitcher, or monkey cooler,  
that stood on the table. Four of the  
seeds didn't go off and you may be  
sure I put them in a strong box. A  
number of seeds,' continued the speak-  
er, 'have a similar habit of exploding  
and it is generally a provision con-  
nected with the dispersal of seeds.

In the West I have seen trees explode  
with a report that could be heard  
nearly a mile; in this case the frost  
was the cause. There certain insects  
bore great holes in the bark of trees,  
rain finds its way in and freezes and  
away goes the tree as if you had plac-  
ed a torpedo in it, showing what the  
expansive power of water will do.'

A Tramp Defends Ladies.

Information is given of a sensation-  
al occurrence near Wadesboro, N. C.,  
on Tuesday evening. An Irish tramp  
called at a house occupied by two la-  
dies and asked for lodging. They at  
first refused his request, but finally  
agreed to lock him in a closet, where  
he was to remain all night. About 12  
o'clock the ladies were waked by a  
negro who had come into the room.  
He threatened to kill them if they  
made an outcry and demanded money,  
which one of the ladies said she would  
get. She then went to the closet and  
unlocked the door, when the tramp,  
who had heard the whole conversa-  
tion, sprang out, pistol in hand. The  
negro started to run, but the tramp  
fired, killing him instantly. Shortly  
after it was discovered that the sup-  
posed negro was a white man, who  
had blackened himself and invaded the  
house. He was recognized as a near  
neighbor of the ladies.

He Could Afford it.

"I did not see you yesterday, Misth-  
er Gilhooly," said Mose Schaumburg.  
"I was out of town yesterday. I  
went fishing with Col. Crandall Man-  
son and some others on Onion Creek."

"Oh, you vent mit dot rich panker."

"Yes, and he is one of the most  
straight-forward, honest gentlemen I  
ever met."

"Mine Gott, vy should he not be  
honest. He has got more den halluff a  
million tollars dot pank in, besides real  
estate. For halluff dot money I vill be  
a saint myself, right away."—Texas Sift-  
ings.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.  
If subscribers order the discontinuation of  
newspapers, the publishers may continue to  
send them until all arrears are paid.  
If subscribers refuse to accept or deliver their  
newspapers from the office to which they are  
sent, they are held responsible until they have  
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If subscribers move to other places without  
informing the publisher, and the newspapers are  
sent to the former place, they are responsible.  
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One inch makes a square. Administrators  
and Executors Notices \$2.50. Transient ad-  
vertisements and locals 10 cents per line for first  
insertion and 5 cents per line for each additional  
insertion.

#### Was Not Interested.

He rang the door-bell of a house on  
Cass avenue, and when the owner him-  
self opened the door handed him a sealed  
envelope.

'Receipt for the cholera,' he said, in  
a brisk, jerky voice, 'only twenty-five  
cents.'

'But my dear sir, I don't want it,'  
said the citizen, drawing back. 'I  
haven't any use for it. Cholera is  
something we never indulge in.'

'Take it, and I'll throw in the epi-  
demiological treatise by the great Dr. O.—  
'How the Cholera Travels,' in book  
form.'

'My friend,' said the Cass avenue  
man, gently but firmly, 'I don't care a  
continental how the cholera travels—  
whether it is in book form, on a steam  
yacht or in a palace car. What I par-  
ticularly desire just now is to see you  
travel; ta-ta!'

The agent took the hint and his de-  
parture at the same moment.—Free  
Press.

A Noted Hen.

A Cape Vincent man has construct-  
ed a sheet iron hen that promised to  
lay him a golden egg. It is finished up  
to life, full size, cackles, clucks and  
looks with one eye at a time so natu-  
rally that it deceives the oldest henhawk  
in the country. It is so fixed that when  
a hawk, mink or polecat pounces on it  
to it the back springs open and the wings  
fly up and force the assailant on to a  
ravenous buzz saw that makes seven  
hundred revolutions in a minute. Af-  
ter moving half a minute the saw stops,  
the hen closes up, folds its wings and  
begins to cackle as though it had just  
laid an egg. One winding up will an-  
swer for three massacres, provided the  
delicate machinery does not get clogged  
up with too much blood, bones and  
feathers. He set a newly painted one  
out in the sun to dry last week, which  
attracted the attention of a fine old cat  
belonging to Dr. Wood, who had been  
poking a great deal of fun at the fool-  
ish thing. The hen is there but the cat  
is hence.

Bill Nye on Venice.

Venice is one of the best watered  
towns in Europe. You can hardly  
walk a block without getting your  
feet wet, unless you ride in a gondola.  
The gondola is a long slim hack with-  
out wheels and is worked around  
through the damp streets by a brun-  
ette man, whose breath should be  
a sad warning to us all. He is called  
the gondolier. Sometimes he sings  
in a low tone of voice and in a foreign  
tongue. I do not know where I have  
met so many foreigners as I have  
here in Europe, unless it was in New  
York at the polls. Wherever I go I  
hear a foreign tongue. I do not know  
whether these people talk in the Ital-  
ian language just to show off or not.  
Perhaps they prefer it