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A PHYSICIAN'S OPINION.
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and have never been able to put up a vegetable
compound that would like Simmons Liver Regu-
lator, promptly and effectively move the Liver to
action, and at the same time aid (instead of weak-
ening) the digestive and assimilative powers of the
system. J. M. HIXSON, M. D., Washington, Ark.

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THE FIGHT AT THE
FARM HOUSE.

An Incident of the Zulu War.

A party of five horsemen well armed
and mounted, though the state of their
horses showed they had been ridden
hard, were proceeding at a pace in the
direction of Ladysmith, in the Colony
of Natal. Behind them lay the bleak
plateau of Helpmakaar, and beyond
that again, the steep, precipitous defile
that led to Rorke's Drift.

The party consisted of Major Maitland,
of the 24th Regiment; Lieut.
Cochrane, of the 23d; Dr. Goodeve, a
civilian medical practitioner, doing duty
with the troops; the principal medical
officer, Surgeon-General Andrews; and
Capt. Ferrars of the Natal Mounted
Police, who had been wounded in the
action of Isandhlwana.

Night was coming on, and they
were on the look out for some place to
put up at.

"We cannot go much farther," said
Major Maitland, pulling up his horse.
"I wish we could get shelter somewhere
for the night. The rain is increasing,
and it will be pitch dark in ten min-
utes. You know this part, Willie," he
added addressing Lieut. Cochrane; "ride
on and see if there is any sign of a
house."

"There used to be a farm about here,"
was the reply. "The light is not suffi-
cient to make out its whereabouts, but
I'll have a try."

"I don't think Captain Ferrars will
be able to go much farther, sir," said
Dr. Goodeve, coming up. "He's been
reeling in the saddle for the last few
miles, and I'm afraid the bandages
have become loosened."

"I think I remember passing a house,
somewhere in this direction, on my
way up," observed Dr. Andrews. "At
all events let us dismount and try if we
can discover it. Poor Ferrars is, I am
afraid, in a bad way."

The rain by this time was coming
down in torrents, and the party, lead-
ing their horses through the darkness
that had followed the last streak of
departing daylight, went plodding along
up to their knees in mud.

After they had proceeded some dis-
tance, Captain Ferrars, who was sup-
ported by the two doctors, begged to
be allowed to rest. "It's no use," he
said, faintly. "I think I'm done for.
Don't take any more trouble. Thank
you all very much for your kindness."
Dr. Andrews, he whispered, "there's a
pocket book inside my jacket; please
take it and give it to my wife. And—"
he added, faltering, "she would like a
lock of my hair, if you can manage it
by-and-by."

"Keep up your spirits, Ferrars," said
Major Maitland, cheerily; "you'll be
all right if you can get a little rest.
Cochrane has just discovered a ruined
kraal, which he remembers was in the
vicinity of Boshoff's Farm, and we
may soon hope to reach a place of shel-
ter."

He was answered by a deep sigh.
They proceeded through the thick
mud for some time, while the rain con-
tinued to pour down pitilessly, and the
outlook was getting a little dismal,
when a shout from Lieut. Cochrane,
informed them that they were on the
right track.

After making their way through a
thick plantation they reached a house,
and soon scrambled on to the stoop.
No answer was returned to their re-
peated shouts.

"Try the door, Cochrane," said Major
Maitland; "we must get inside some-
how."

"I have been all around the house, sir,
and every entry has been barred up,"
he replied.

"Then we must force the door. Bring
here a couple of rifles."

"Don't do that," said Dr. Andrews.
"It's an invasion of private property
and might get us into trouble. The
Duke of Wellington would have hanged
one for less. Here's a small square
window: could not someone get in by
that?"

"Never mind, doctor; the dear old
Duke is not here now, so we must take
our chance. As for the window, it
might be possible for an acrobat to
manage the feat, but I doubt anyone
here being able to do so."

A half-dozen blows from the butt
end of a rifle soon knocked away the
fastenings of the door, which had only
been barred across from the inside;
and the party entered.

Some matches were procured and a
light struck, which disclosed the usual
sitting-room of a Dutch farmer. Some
home-made candles were hanging on a
string against the wall, a couple of
which they cut off and lit, and then
proceeded to explore their surround-
ings.

The occupant had evidently left in a
very great hurry. A Dutch clock was
ticking solemnly in a corner; there
were plates, knives and forks, dishes
and saucers, salt, pepper, et hoc gen-
us omne lying about, "in most admired
disorder." And there was also a sub-
stantial sofa, which was at once util-
ized for Captain Ferrars.

Further examination showed a couple
of bed-rooms containing bedsteads with
interlaced reims for sacking, but no
bed clothes.

In the kitchen was their greatest
find, a large pile of cut firewood, and
a bag of flour. A good fire was at once
prepared, and Captain Ferrars on the
sofa placed in its vicinity.

"Has anyone got a drop of spirits of
any sort?" enquired Dr. Goodeve.
"I've given Ferrars the last drop in my
flask." But unfortunately none could
be produced. "It's unlucky," said the
kind-hearted medico; "a little brandy
would be priceless to Ferrars just now."

"Let us do the best we can," said the
major, "and collect all the edibles we
have amongst us, in order to knock up
a meal of some sort."

"Hullo!" said Lieut. Cochrane,
"what's that?" as a sound struck on
his ears.

"It's uncommonly like the cackle of
a goose," said Maj. Maitland. "If the
gulesiee bird has been obliging enough
to put in an appearance, he must, I re-
spect to say, suffer on account of his
confiding nature. I suppose they omit-
ted to carry him away with the rest of
the live stock."

Lieut. Cochrane, who had established
himself as head cook, took his rifle and
passed out to the rear of the building.
Presently a shot was heard, and in a
few moments that warrior returned
holding a fine goose by the neck.

This was welcomed with a shout of
approval, and the other contributions
were a packet of compressed tea from
Dr. Andrews, a sausage from the major,
and a tin of Van Houten's choco-
late from Lieut. Cochrane; the latter
condiment being reserved for Captain
Ferrars, who had by this time had his
wound attended to, and his clothing
dried.

In a little while, a by no means bad
meal (under the circumstances) was
turned out. The goose after being
plucked—in which operation all assist-
ed—was boiled in a thick casing of
paste made from the flour found in the
house, from which also were construct-
ed some dumplings of a rather primitive
kind, enclosing the major's sausage
chopped up small. This, aided by a
decoction of the compressed tea, put a
life into the weary, washed out party,
poor Captain Ferrars even rallying to
the occasion.

Their clothes having by this time
been dried, some little warmth began
to pervade their limbs, and they com-
menced casting about for a spot to
sleep in, when they were started by
loud shouts in front of the house.

Major Maitland went to the door, and
cautiously opening it, asked who was
there.

"A friend," was the reply. "For
Heaven's sake let me in. I am pur-
sued by Zulus, and have had a bad fall
jumping the fence in the dark. My
horse is staked, and I fear the poor
beast must be dead by this time."

They immediately went to his assist-
ance and helped him on to the stoop.

"Why it's Bridgman of the Commis-
ariat!" said Lieut. Cochrane, coming
forward.

"Yes! I've had a narrow squeak, I
assure you. I fell Dundee this after-
noon and lost my way. As the light
was falling I came upon a lot of Zulus,
who let fly a shower of assegais, and
also fired several shots, missing me,
though, I am thankful to say, ramming
in the spurs, I rode off without think-
ing much of where I was going, and

managed to give the devils the slip
in the dark, making for where I saw your
lights. I daresay you will receive a
visit from them, for they will be at-
tracted by the lights, as I was."

"Out with the light," said Major
Maitland, rapidly. "Slack down the
fire, put all the spare coats against the
windows, knock a loop-hole or two in
the doors and windows, put one saddle
in the small window, from behind
which one man can fire, and pile the
remainder on the stoop, in front of the
door. Lucky we have plenty of ammuni-
tion! Go out, Cochrane, and let the
horses loose on the veldt; they'll stand
no chance, pent up in the stable, should
we be attacked."

"Bridgman, have you any brandy?"
Ferrars, of the Mounted Police, is here,
badly hurt, and we have no stimulant
to give him."

"I've a flask untouched. It was fill-
ed before leaving Dundee, and I've not
had a chance of opening it since."

"Bravo!" said Dr. Andrews; "that's
capital. I hope we shall be able to pull
Ferrars through, after all."

Everyone now betook him to the
post to which he had been allotted and
silently awaited events.

They had hardly placed themselves,
when a most infernal yelling was heard
outside, followed by a volley of musket-
ry, and then the patter of bare feet on
the stoop.

Waiting until he thought he could
make the most effectual use of his
small force, the major directed that no
shot was to be fired without his word
of command.

As the stoop became crowded, and
others thronged round the house, his
voice rang out, "Ready! Fire!"

The five rifles poured their fire
through the improvised loop-holes, into
the dense mass round the house, and
the stoop was cleared like magic; on
which there followed a dead silence.

After an interval of some minutes,
a harsh voice, speaking in Zulu, was
heard giving orders, followed by what
appeared to be words of command; then
a rush of a body of men, who hurled
themselves upon the door, which gave
way with a crash.

"All to the door!" shouted the major,
and the next instant they were in
hand to hand conflict with the fore-
most Zulus. Those who succeeded in
entering were instantly shot down, and
slung back upon the others, forming a
sort of rampart to the defenders, who,
their eyes being more accustomed to
the light, could better discern their op-
ponent.

This melee continued for some long
time, but the darkness was so intense
that the Zulus became doubtful and
wavered. One had got hold of Captain
Bridgman's rifle by the muzzle, and
was trying to wrench it from him.

"Hold on, Johnny," he said, coolly;
"I'll talk to you in a minute," and man-
aged to insert a cartridge in his breech-
loader. Then pulling the trigger with-
out moving the rifle from his hip, the
Zulu fell back dead.

The known aversion of the native
warrior to enter buildings or works of
any kind when fighting—though he
fears nothing in the open—caused
them again to retire on finding so stub-
born a resistance; and the little party
had time to replace the door, which
they secured with the tough reims tak-
en from the frames of the bedsteads,
and were enabled to take breath.

All this time, Captain Ferrars was
helplessly moaning at his inability to
join in the fight.

"Is any one hurt?" said the major,
looking round.

"I've been hit," replied Dr. Goodeve,
"but I don't think it's much. A Zulu
struck me in the side with his
assegai, just as we drove them out."

"Come to the kitchen fire," said Dr.
Andrews, "and let me look at it."

"Oh, I am all right," he remarked, but
at that moment he reeled and fell.

"Get a light and hide it as much as
possible; stand round, everyone," said
Dr. Andrews.

them out. As the light increased, they
comprehended what had been done: a
large store of firewood stacked in the
outhouse was in a blaze, and burning
brands from thence were being brought
and laid round the house.

"Pick off every man who approaches,"
said the major. "All fire now indepen-
dently."

The figures of the Zulus became now
perfectly distinct in the light, and
those inside were able to pick off man
after man with unerring precision.

At length they appeared to come to the
conclusion that owing to the heavy rain
that had fallen, the attempt to fire the
house would not succeed, so they again
retired to re-arrange their plan of at-
tack.

It turned out that the light from the
burning wood-stack was of great ser-
vice to the little garrison, as it enabled
them to see the movements of their ad-
versaries while they themselves were
in shadow; waiting in some anxiety
to know what would be the next move,
feeling that their position was becom-
ing critical, and unless the firing at-
tracted some party, proceeding to, or
returning from the front, they must
make up their minds for the worst.

Looking round, the major said: "If
it comes to a last stand we'll make it
in this small room," pointing to one of
the sitting-rooms. "The door is narrow
and we can hold it while the ammunition
lasts; after that, do the best we can
with our clubs and fists. Our only chance
is to hold out, in case the firing should
be heard by our friends."

Captain Ferrars was moved into the
room indicated and all made ready for
the final struggle.

Everything was quiet for a consider-
able time, and a faint hope was begin-
ning to dawn that their foes had given
up the business up and retired.

Presently a shot was heard, and then
came a rush like a whirlwind, hoarse
yells and words of command; the doors
both back and front were attacked and
the house trembled with the shock.

"Keep cool, everyone. Keep your eye
upon the doors, and when they enter,
pour into the thick of 'em; then make
for the small room."

The house seemed to rock from the
force that was brought against it, while
one Zulu had found out the little win-
dow at the side of the door, and was
forcing his way in, head first. Captain
Bridgman raised his rifle to fire.

"Steady a bit," shouted the major;
"don't waste ammunition." And step-
ping quickly forward, brought his club-
bed rifle on the bare skull of the intru-
der, who fell head downwards, partly
in and partly out of the window.

The doors at length gave way and in
poured the enemy; one steady volley
did good execution on the crowded
mass, and then all made for the small
room.

They fastened a bedstead across the
lower part of the doorway, leaving the
upper part open, and then the four men
placed themselves well back, two on
each side of the door, through which
came showers of assegais; but the room
was so favorably placed that the interior
was in complete darkness, while the
assaulters were plainly visible.

One of the Zulu leaders outside was
now heard shouting instructions, and
after a little time, eight or ten men
appeared with pieces of blazing wood,
which threw a light upon the interior
of the room, destroying the only chance
of the defenders.

A native, bolder than the rest, got in
over the obstacle at the door, but was
soon despatched. Another and another,
however, quickly followed. Major
Maitland was wounded in two places.
Captain Bridgman was shot in the
mouth, Lieut. Cochrane was engaging
a couple of gigantic Zulus, and, though
wounded, managed to keep his assailants
at bay. Dr. Andrews, cool and col-
lected, and the only one unwounded,
had taken to his revolver, and placing
his back to the wall, against which Cap-
tain Ferrars had been placed for safety,
and in front of that gentleman, success-
fully held his own.

Each one of the little party now felt
that his last hour had come, but sternly
determined to fight to the end. Just
as the complete hopelessness of their
position was forced upon them, there
came a sharp volley of musketry from
the outside, followed by a quick drop-
ping fire, and then, the welcome sound
of English voices.

The Zulus turned to face their new
enemies, but disheartened by the con-
tinued dropping of their comrades be-
side them, and not knowing the
strength of the force they had to con-
tend with, made up their minds to de-
camp, leaving the little garrison free;
rescued literally from the jaws of death.

After a farewell volley at the retreat-
ing foe, the rescuing party entered the
house.

Foremost came the burly form of
Piet Uys, the brave Dutchman, who had
stood by the English from first to
last, their true and loyal friend, follow-
ed by a tall man in cords and boots, and
souched hat of the irregular cavalry.
This was Major Bettington, Commandant
of "Bettington's Horse," one of the
most dashing of partisan leaders,
who with some specially selected men

of his corps, constituted the relieving
force.

Piet Uys, it appeared, had heard the
firing at the commencement of the at-
tack, and riding forward soon discover-
ed how matters stood. He knew there
was no force nearer than Helpmakaar,
and that consisted only of infantry; but
in the morning he had passed, proceed-
ing from Ladysmith en route for Piet-
ermaritzburg, "Bettington's Horse."

Thinking over the chances, he made up
his mind to ride, and, if possible, over-
take Bettington, who, he calculated,
would halt at "Currie's Post," between
Bushman's Pass and the Umgani falls;
and if he succeeded could conduct the
party by a short cut across the country
to the scene of action.

Acting promptly on this, he rode
hard into Ladysmith, apprising the Resi-
dent Magistrate, Mr. Moody, of the
Zulu attack, and then went at racing
pace for "Currie's Post."

Mr. Moody at once organized a party
to proceed on foot with stretchers and
medical appliances for any that might
be wounded, should the relieving force
reach in time to be of use to the be-
leagured party.

Piet Uys succeeded in overtaking
Bettington, as he hoped, and the latter,
selecting fifty of his best mounted men,
followed the gallant Dutchman across
the country to the farm house, with the
result already mentioned.

"Well, Maitland, I'm glad to see you
safe," said Bettington, shaking hands
with him; "though you all seem to be
pretty well mauled."

"Yes! it was a close shave, and I
can't imagine how you came so opportun-
ely—in the very nick of time."

"For that you may thank my friend,
Piet Uys," he answered. "If it had not
been for his energetic and loyal action,
you would all have been gathered to
your fathers before this. However,
"All's well that ends well." And now
let us see what damage has been done."

They first turned their attention to
Captain Ferrars, who, poor fellow, was
in a critical state, as a bullet, rebound-
ing from the wall, had wounded him in
the side; but they did all that could be
done for him.

The day was now breaking, and a
trooper was sent off to Ladysmith to
explain the state of affairs.

Dr. Andrews addressed himself to the
task of binding up the hurts of those
that had been hit, and afterwards when
the sun had risen, they all went out to
take a look at the scene of the conflict.

The house and grounds had a forlorn
and dismal appearance. The trim flow-
er beds and kitchen garden trampled in
mud, the doors pierced with bullet
holes, the smouldering fire of the burn-
ing outhouse, all presented a very deso-
late outlook, while, in addition, there
were lying about the bodies of forty or
fifty dead Zulus. Many more must
have been wounded, as traces of blood
were subsequently followed up close to
the Zulu border, which was not half an
hour's walk from the house.

In the course of the day, carts and
stretchers arrived, and the wounded
were taken into Ladysmith, where also
was conveyed the body of Dr. Goodeve
for interment. There they were well
cared for by the kind-hearted Resident
Magistrate and, with the exception of
Captain Ferrars, who was unable to be
moved, were soon in a condition to pro-
ceed to their destination.

Piet Uys returned to his farm, only
to meet his death later on, while brave
Woodley fighting by the side of Evelyn
Wood (the man with the charmed life) at Zo-
biana Mountain, having previously re-
ceived the decoration of C. M. G. for
his courage and loyalty.

The other actors in this stirring little
episode are still alive and well, with the
exception of Major Bettington, who
died a year after, while in command of
the mounted police in the West Indies,
to which he had been appointed in re-
cognition of his services during the Zu-
lu campaign.

"Hallo, Maitland!" said a cheery
voice, addressing that gentleman in the
camp at Pine Town some months after
the occurrences narrated here.

"What, Ferrars!" said the major,
heartily shaking his hand. "I am right
glad to meet you, for I thought I had
seen the last of you after that affair at
Boshoff's Farm, but, thank God, you
are all right again."

"Yes, thank God!" said the other,
reverently raising his hat.

Logan Not in Cameron's Debt.
WASHINGTON, Jan. 11.—A story has
been in circulation to the effect that
Senator Cameron held a note against
General Logan and would present it
against the estate of the General for
payment. Senator Cameron said to-
day: "My attention has been called
to a statement of my holding a note
against General Logan. The story is a
falseness from beginning to end, as
General Logan never owed me a dollar
in his life. According to my knowledge
of General Logan he always tried to
live within his means and save some-
thing. He was not a borrowing man.
He never borrowed anything from me."

Delaware Nimrods

There are three men in Wilming-
ton who missed having rabbit for din-
ner on Thanksgiving Day under pec-
uliar circumstances. An employe of
a certain cemetery in this city has
been wont to beguile his fellow-work-
men with stories of the number of
rabbits in the cemetery. Last Wed-
nesday morning he bought a stuffed
rabbit and placed it in the grass at
the lower end of the cemetery. He
told his friend that there was a big
rabbit in that direction and he had
better go after him. This son of
Erin borrowed a gun and crept down
to the spot indicated. Sure enough,
there was the rabbit. He blazed a-
way and knocked him over. Filled
with delight he rushed to the spot,
only to find that he had been deluded.
He fixed the rabbit up and put him in
the grass again and went after the
superintendent. Now, the superintend-
ent is very fond of stewed rabbit, and
when he heard there was one in the
lot he concluded that it would be a
good side dish for the morrow. He
in turn shot "Brer Rabbit" and ex-
perienced a similar sensation to that
of the first hunter and said words a
great deal stronger. The two sold
mortals now combined to take in the
fourth man employed about the
grounds. This man set a snare for
the rabbit, which he was assured
haunted the spot indicated. That
night the dilapidated bunny was plac-
ed in the snare. Early next morning
the three were on the watch to see
No. 4 get the rabbit. The result was
such a storm of profanity that it ut-
terly incapacitated him from eating any
dinner at all.

There are three men in town whom
it is not healthy to ask: "How do
you like stewed rabbit stuffed with
cotton?"

A Startling Fact.

I knew a gentleman who married a
sweet and lovely girl. She was very
devoted to him, and when she discov-
ered his dissipated habits, she endeav-
ored to shield him. When he stayed
out at night, she would send the ser-
vants to bed, while she waited and
watched for him; and then, in her
night-dress and a pair of slippers on
her feet, she would glide down very
gently and let him in.

One night he came home late. The
servants were in bed. The house had
a front door, and then a marble vesti-
bule, and then an inner door. She
opened the one, stepped upon the cold
marble, and opened the outer door.
The drunken husband entered, seized
her by the shoulders, swung her
round, opened the inner door, quickly
passed through, and locked it before
his wife could enter. She would not
speak or cry out, lest she should dis-
grace her husband before the servants.