

Bellefonte, Pa., Nov. 2, 1894.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY. Ther's a prejudice allus 'twixt country and

town
Which I wisht in my heart wasent so.
You take city people, just square up and down,
And theyr mighty good people to know;
And whare's better people a-livin' to day,
Than us in the country? Yit good
As both of us is. we're divorced you might

And won't compermise when we could.

Now as nigh into town for yer pap, ef you Is the what's called the sooburbs. Fer

Is the what's called the sooburbs. Fer thare
You'll at least ketch a whiff of a breeze and a sniff
Of the breath of wild flowrs ev'rywhare.
They's room for the children to play, and grow tooAnd to roll in the grass, er to climb
Up a tree and rob nests, like they ortent to

But they'll do anyhow ev'ry time!

My son-in-law said when he lived in the town,
He just natchurly pined, night and day,
Fer a sight of the woods er a acre of ground,
Whare the trees wasent all cleared away.
And he says to me one't whilse a-visiting us
On the farm: "It's not strange, I declare,
That we can't coax you folks without raising a fuss, To come to town, visitin' there."

And says I, "Then git back whare you sorte

belong—
And Madaline, too—and yer three
Little children," says I, "that don't know a
bird song.
Ner a hawk from a chicky-dee-dee,
'Git back'' I-says-I "to the blue of the sky
And the green of the fields, and the shine
Of the sun, with a laugh in yer voice and yer

eye As hearty as mother's and mine."

Well--long and short of it-he's compermis

ed some— He's moved in the sooburds. And now They don't haf to coax when they want us to

come, I
'Cause we turn in and go anyhow.
For thare—well, they's room fer the song and perfume
Of the grove and the old orchud ground,
And they's room fer the children out thare, and they's room
Fer theyr gran'pap to waller 'em round.

THE DEAD MAN'S RING.

The Story of Lieutenant Clyde's Strange Adventure in Arizona.

BY EDWARD LIVINGSTON KEYES.

Christmas Day in Arizona. Not roads, telegraphs and other modern conveniences, but the old Territory of twenty-five years ago, when the nearmiles and more to the eastward, and of the fancy. The Arizona whose copper-colored denizens turned the coach in which Loring, Harvard's former stroke, rode, into his hearse; who burnt poor Cushing, brother of the naval hero, and his little escort, in Dragoon mountain and who sent a vol-

upon the banks of San Carlos. It is morning and down the narrow in its barrenness back of old Fort Reno those that have already gained the valley, but a moment later the bronzed bearded faces and worn blue garments. not to mention the thimble belts and carbines, tell us that it is a scouting party of regular cavalry. It is a long serpentine line this command makes, and the foremost troopers are swinging themselves into their saddles in the tion. And, throwing himself into the and "packs" picking their way down ity than he had displayed since he the dangerous defile. And dangerous joined, the lieutenant galloped after his it is. Three vacancies had been made comrades. in one troop during the past hour by Indians hurling and rolling rocks and

wound along below. sole products of the valley, encroach been traversed by many a good fellow are allowed to wear the blue. for the last time forever.

Though it is December, vet the temvery few, these troopers are accustomed to the climate and no murmur of complaint escapes them. On the contrary, occasional snatches of border songs break the monotony of the prod of the horses feet, and a good-natured joke, with its deserved sequel, a hearty laugh, is by no means a rarity.

It is doubtful if there was in the entire command a man who had not at least once since breaking camp remembered the day and contrasted it with other Christmases in happier lands and amid fairer scenes, and there was one the last hour had done little else. He was new to the service and it was his maiden scout: and Lieutenant Clyde. previous to entering upon the duties of the profession which he had chosen above all others, had been much of a dilettante and something of a sybarite; the roughness of the journey and the homeliness of his surroundings jarred carelessly along the bank of the Aceupon him. It was hard luck that this | quia. scout chanced to be his first for it was an unusual and an unnecessarily severe trial of both men and animals. The commanding officer had a fair war record, but he had quite recently been transferred to this cavalry regiment; his in experience in this new line provoked him and his ambition to make a "killing" caused him to disregard certain details, to lose sight of many ting. In the stone was cut a hand, things which should not have escaped his observation and attention. He had Around the edge, in Greek, where the forbidden the making of any fires lest the Indians should see the smoke and On the inside, woven into a monogram, learn the presence of the troops. Consequently three days had now elapsed since the men had tasted coffee or anything warm, save alkali water, and it was well understood they were not to his attention to the chain and locket. bivouac until the mountain range con-

fronting them was passed. But late in the afternoon the ochre-

natural parapet with its different colorscientists tell us, its age as unmistakably as do the ringe on a cow's horn eye.

cholia, together with that sense of reached the mountain's base he drew horse to the mouth of a narrow can-

Though clothed roughly, as everybody was in those days in Arizona, yet there was a refinement about the delicacy about the small shapely hands and bootless feet of the dead man seldom met with in the large army of miners and prospectors familiar to all who have lived upon the border.

No trace of the previous presence of would have wandered off in pursuit of and became riveted thereon. the first visitor to the lonely sleeper, for in those days men put on their pistols to go to breakfast, But why was this peculiar ring left upon the hand thrown carelessly above his head? Why this chain and mosaic locket left about his neck? To be sure, it did not show above the tightly-buttoned shirt collar, the Arizona of to-day with its rail- but would not the earlier discoverer do as Clyde had done-open the shirt for some evidence of identity or for some sign of the cause of death? He unest railway station lay a thousand clasped the chain-plainly a woman's -- from the manly throat, slipped the when even "Price's wire" was a matter ring off the cold, slender finger and

transferred them to his pocket.
"You look like a gentleman and I should like to bury you," the young about and left the room. man muttered as he stood there looking down upon the dead. "But the fact is I have nothing to dig with, and one of Cochise's "hatchways" in the if I had the coyotes can go down deeper in one night than I could in a week. ley into "Jake" Almy's noble breast It is queer that they have spared you this long, but there is no knowing how long you have been dead. There is trail of the rough mountain that towers | not the slightest indication of decomposition, but in this beastly land we come in single file moving objects. The dry up like mummies. In fact the onsage brush and mesquit hide from view | ly rot we know here come to us from Washington via the Indian Bureau."

The report of an Apache's rifle ringing out from the opposite wall of the canon, causing a peculiar singing, whizzing sound in his ears, brought Clyde's soliloguy to a sudden terminavalley, while as yet we see the rear saddle with far more activity and agil-

"I shall not mention this little side scout," he muttered, as he caught up boulders from high precipices upon with the pack train, and, when the the defenseless men and beasts that trail permitted pressed forward to his proper place in line. It should be re-They move out now across the broad marked that for a youngster Clyde valley, the white alkaline dust rising in | showed unusual discretion and wisdom clouds at each motion of the horse's in this resolution, for it was the first feet, for the trail is an old one and not deed man he had seen during his brief even the cholla cactus, the brush and service in Arizona, and besides he had the mesquit, which appear to be the been shot at. Fancy what might have been made out of this little adventure npon the narrow passage which had by some who for reasons inexplicable

Quite late at night Pleasant Valley was reached. Here the Maricopa perature is anywhere from 100 to 110 scouts that had been several miles in degrees; but, with the exception of a advance of the command were found waiting and rather dejected; they had discovered no sign. The ambitious, well-meaning commandant was more than a little disgusted, and feeling a large sized vacancy in his own interior departmen the gave orders that permitted the building of fires. With 'slap-jacks' and hot coffee a change came over the spirits of the troopers and they decided that the name of the valley was an appropriate one for that

night's bivouac. scouts were sent out in different direcyoung subaltern among them who for tions in hopes that a rancheria might be located or at the least a recent Apache trail discovered; the command was to remain inactive until their return. This gave Clyde the opportunity he desired and which pre-viously had not been presented. He shouldered his rifle, the weapon carried by all officers in the field, and strolled

Satisfying himself that he was beyoud sight of his comrades, Clyde seat. ed himself and proceeded to examine the trinkets he had come upon the day before. The ring was a large blood stone in the shape of a shield, and the band was made after the fashion of chain armor, gold and silver alternawith the forefinger pointing downward. words: "I remember; you forget." were the capitals L and H. It looked antique, and it was an odd device, but intrinsically its value was slight. He replaced this in his pocket and turned The former was one of these broad, oval "snaky" gold circlets worn by the colored footbills are reached. But no ago. The locket was quite large and another, seemed to be her favorites present me at once.

halt was made; on they push and at octagonal in shape. Its face showed a from the first. Holmes in two things length we see the head of the column castle in mosaic, with rocks and a lit-beginning the ascent of the mammoth the stream in the foreground; its three wealth and sophistry. Clayton was tones. "I fear that I have already lost upbraided him for seeking to win her pendants were composed of diamonds by far the better man in every way, ed sections, or strata, showing, as the and turquoise. The back was formed and, in time, though it had not been so by a gold case, upon which was the announced, it was very generally unword Roma. and the wrinkles under a horse's looked upon the face of a beautiful engaged. Holmes did not discontinue young woman painted on porcelain, evi- his visits, however. On the contrary, At this moment Lieutenant Clyde dently a portrait. After a long and he became even more attentive than strangely moved him.

At this moment Lieutenant Clyde critical study of the features Clyde formerly. Strange as it may appear the "Yes, my lady of was suffering from an attack of Melan- came to the conclusion that but one rivals continued to be friends. thing was lacking, otherwise the face nausea we all have known, consequent upon a long-delayed breakfast. As he fact. The coloring was superb and Holmes met at a late hour in this natural and the expression was fault very room. I can give you the story, out of line, dismounted and led his less. At the same time there was but as I was not present at the time you something that left the face souless and | will be quite at liberty to take it with yon a short distance to the right. It artificial. "It is like a Parian bust the proverbial grain of salt. They sat ooked rather cool and it had been his that has been touched up with the down over a bottle of wine and began intention to avail himself of an unli- brush. There is no soul in it; the chaffing each other pleasantly about censed rest. But this resolve was artist has just missed it," mused Clyde, his chances. Each felt confident of sucabandoned upon the discovery of the as he continued to gaze upon it. There cess. It was a strange, an improper dead body of a man lying in the very was an aigrette of diamonds peepplace he in fancy had reserved for him- ing from the coil of raven black hair but Holmes insists to this day that onand a little sparkling chain encircling ly himself and Clayton were present. the proud, beautifully arched throat. On the whole it was a rare and costly out? jewel to be found beneath the soiled well-cut handsome features, a certain hunting shirt of a dead Arizona wan- into morning, still the discussion conderer. There could be little doubt tinued. More than one empty bottle that the poor fellow who wore it had had been borne away and at length body, the peculiar ring, with the iniblessed that glorious face many and each seemed to grow conscious of a tials L. and H. (Lawrence Holmes), many a time.

knife or bullet as Clyde drew his hand fortune Clyde was ordered to New and the latter, showing some temper, over the hunting shirt covering the York on special duty. The ring which said: 'She has promised to marry me body of the handsome sleeper; not a he had never worn while in the land of it I can obtain that ring from you, mark upon the face or head to show the cholla and mesquit now graced his pointing, as he spoke, at his rival's that he had been one of the many vic- finger. He was hastening to a restau- finger. This was a double shaft at brief note from Clyde informing him tims of the Apaches or the target of rant to dine, and we find him there a Holmes, for it appeared that he wore that the latter, at his own request, had of some whiskey selling Greaser. Not moment later busily studying the some queer ring which Miss Thorpe a handkerchief or scrap of paper in his men. The room was well filled, and had repeatedly asked to be allowed to pocket to breathe his name or whisper at Clyde's small round table another wear, and which request he had rewhence he came. That his horse or man was sitting. As the young cavmule was missing did not strike Clyde | alryman wrote his order the eyes of his as peculfar, for the brute naturally vis a vis fell upon the Arizona jewel if I remember rightly, that he was su-The water. But the utter absence of all man flushed and paled; glanced from weapons and also of his boots seemed | the ring to Clyde, and from Clyde back | finger. Clayton's avowal greatly angerto imply that the lieutenant was not to the ring. But this passing panto- ed Holmes. He could not, in view of a mime was unobserved by the officer very recent and an unusually warm who did not, however, fail to remark | parting with the lady, believe that she the man's agitation and nervousness.

The latter was a well-made, fashion face was not a pleasant one. The At the same time his nose was of the he flung it upon the table, saying : shape that has influenced great commanders when choosing their general's. As he arose to leave the table he hesitated a moment as if about to address his desire to do so, suddenly turned

"These New Yorkers live too fast, Miss Thorpe's en mused Clyde. "A little of our Ari- was announced." zona programme would steady their nerves amazingly." With this reflection the stranger passed out of his mind and the young man's attention was given to his dinner.

ventional military recognition, but the in bearing the trophy to the woman he eyes of the civilian were fixed steadily loved—the very being who had offered upon Clyde, who did not fail to observe the scrutiny.

"Who was that man I saw you with this morning?" asked Clyde of the explain her acceptance of Holmes are sent shaft after shaft into the breast of major, as later in the day Glitten stroll- things that I now have little hopes of the woman before him who little ed into his office.

"He asked me the same question respecting yourself the moment you had passed," answered the elder officer ed Clyde. pleasantly. "Is it a case of mutual love at sight? He is the great stockbroker, Holmes. You have some capital and he is just the fellow to help you -or ruin you."

"On the contrary, I did not like his face," responded Clyde. "He sat opposite me at dinner yesterday, and he eyed me in such a peculiar manner that I fancied he was either a little off or else that he thought me a suspicious character."

"I know little about him personal replied the major, "beyond the tact that he is a power on the street and that he has a lovely wife. By the way, if you care for society let me introduce you to Swinton. He is a memwith everybody and everything." A few days later Mr. Swinton, and

Clyde were enjoying a tete a tete dinner at one of the former's clubs in the city. The dinner was in every way agreeable and entertaining to the two men, who already by that indescribable intuition which one cannot readily define felt themselves friends. As they arose to go into an adjoining room for their coffee and cigars Clyde to his astonishment, saw Holmes in evening dress enter the dining room. Turning The following morning the Indian to his friend and making a slight motion in the direction of Holmes. Clyde said : "Pray tell me who that man is and

what you know about him?" "That's Holmes-Lawrence Holmes, the stockbroker. I do not fancy him myself, though his wealth and ability command almost universal admiration. I have always felt that he was in some underhand way implicated in poor Clayton's misfortune, which led to the latter's disappearance and probably to or perhaps one of your Apaches unexhis death. However this may be, Clayton's whereabouts have been unknown to his friends ever since the beautiful Miss Thorpe, to whom it was recalls the tribe vividly to me. Tell me understood he was engagaged, gave quick." him his conge.'

"Do give me the particulars; or the specifications, as we say in the army," responded Clyde, showing much inter-

Swinton assumed a more easeful position and then turning to Clyde be said : great belle of a few years ago. Augusta of whom you told me last night?" ex-Thorpe?

Clyde bowed his head and the other continued:

"She was possessed of every grace ed. and charm and naturally had hosts of l admirers and numberless suitors. Among the latter it is only necessary to speak of Clayton and Holmes. These fashionable women of thirty years two men, though the antitheses of one

Opening this Clyde derstood that he and Miss Thorpe were

"This was about the situation when subject to discuss within these walls, If this be a fact, how did the story leak

"Well, to resume. The night merged feeling of jealousy of the other. The and above all the locket with its artistic One year later by a rare stroke of Holmes taunted Clayton unmercifully, peatedly and consistently declined to grant, giving as a reason for so doing, perstitious and that he had been warned never to remove the ring from his death of Mrs. Holmes. had made any such promise. But knowing her great desire to possess the ably dressed man of about forty. His ring, Clayton's allusion to the jewel showed that she had spoken to his rival so sinister as to suggest viciousness. then, jerking the jewel from his finger,

"'If she can be bought for a bauble, permit me to aid you in your purchase.' With this he left the club and the two men have never met since. In fact, Clyde, then, apparently forced against none of his acquaintances have heard easily aroused in others. of Clayton since the morning of the day following this episode. One day later Miss Thorpe's engagement to Holmes

"How very singular!" exclaimed Clyde. "How do you account for it?" "Why attempt to account for that which from the first appeared inextold the truth when he made his state-The following day he chanced to ment respecting the ring. I also believe ass his friend, Major Glitten, of the that in a fit of temper Holmes threw him such a rare prize for its possession. Why she rejected him, how to account for his sudden disappearance, how to

all is to be made plain." "Do you know Mrs. Holmes?" ask-

slaves. Since this affair I have simply been civil to her. Clayton was one of my best friends. He was a capital fellow and his disappearance has occasioned me much uneasiness. It would be some satisfaction to obtain reliable information of his death, for dead I feel that he is, and I cannot help but believe that Holmes and his wife are in some treacherous way responsible." "How long ago did this occur?"

asked Clyde, whose generous, sympathetic nature re-echoed the sentiments of his friend. "Let me see," answered the other.

Then after a few moments of mental ber of all the best clubs and an fait calculation: "Just one year and a half The two men sat and smoked in si lence. Swinton was recalling Clayton

as he last saw him, handsome, full of life, prosperous, popular and hopeful. Clyde was saying mentally. "That was just about the time I joined in Arizona." Then he spoke. Let us take a goodnight drink to the safe return of your "With all my heart," was the re-

sponse. "And do not forget, I shall call for you to-morrow evening to take you to the Chutneye' ball."

Scarcely had the two friends entered the ball room when Clyde grasped had provoked? This action, together Swinton's arm and in a strange voice, and also in an intensely excited manner, said: "Tell me who that women is there? That one! There cannot be two such throats and necks in the world!

"Why, man !" exclaimed Swinton, vou look as it vou had seen a ghost : pectedly."

"No, no," impatiently answered the other. "Not an Apache, but one that

"Of her many conquests in the past 1 can remember none quite so instantaneous," answered Swinton; then, catching the expression on his friend's face, he replied directly: "That is Mrs. Holmes.'

"Mrs. Holmes! Mrs. Holmes! Not "You surely must have heard of the the wife of the broker? Not the woman claimed Clyde, exhibiting such increased excitability that for a moment even the worldly Swinton was a trifle alarm-

> "My dear fellow," the latter replied in low and soothing tones, "pray calm yourself. You shall know her in a moment if you wish to."

"Yes, yes; she above all others. Do

"I beg of you not to ask me to offione dear friend through that woman. Do not require me to be the agency by which I might lose another. But I will arrange it for you, and at once."

A moment later Clyde was looking

"Yes, my lady of the locket," he said to himself as his thought went back to the lonely canon and the dead stranger. "The same superb throat and neck, the same divine coloring and the same absence of nature, the same lack of soul. Had the artist painted better than he knew?'

When Clyde left the Chutneys that ed, in spite of him. evening it was with Mrs. Holmes' permission to call upon her the following day. Not one word did he say to Swinton of his suspicion that the latter's friend, Clayton, and the dead Arizona wanderer were one and the same person. But the circumstantial evidence was too overwhelming to permit of the vestige of a doubt entering his own mind. The time of Clayton's disappearance and the finding of the wine was doing its baneful work. counterpart of Mrs. Holmes, might have convinced a far less credulous person than Clyde.

On going to his rooms the following day to dress for dinner Swinton was more than astonished to find there a received permission by wire from Washington to at once rejoin his regiment in Arizona.

Perplexing, inexplicable as this bit of news was to him, yet it was quite absorbed in the intelligence received later the same evening of the sudden

Weeks later there came to him a letter from Arizona, which gave him

every particular. With the confidence that Mrs. Holmes was the woman who had sent the friend of his friend into exile and oblivion. Clyde had called upon her the mornsmall, keen gray eyes were rather too on the subject, and this, perhaps, in close together, and about the thin, colorless lips there lurked an expression through Holmes' mind in a moment, matchless beauty. On the contrary, he was fascinated, charmed. At the same time he never for one moment forgot nor forgave that missing something; the absence of which made it impossible that she should awake in him that warmer feeling she had so

They chatted of the ball, of the books, the music and the flowers popular at that period; she most of the time thinking how different he was from other men whom she had known, and he engrossed with the idea that she was little better than a female Frankenstein, a modern Medusa. Then he artplicable? I firmly believe that Clayton | fully swerved the current of the conversation and made the human heart, its duties, requirements and possibilities the subject. Hereupon they failed artillery, in company with the same him the jewel. From this it is natural to agree. Her views were too abnormal, man. The two officers made the con- to conclude that Clayton lost no time too inhuman in fact to meet the approval of the severe, matter-of-tact young officer. He held her to be un-

sympathetic, unfeeling. But Clyde's whole soul was in his subject; he argued his cause well, and learning until I reach that sphere where dreamed of the brief, or facts, in the possession of her opponent. But she gave no outward sign that she had "As Miss Thorpe I knew her quite well, though I was never one of her him in his belief of her utter callousness. Her theory seemed to be that matters relative to the affections should not be regarded nor treated seriously. She even went further and gave it as her opinion, based upon experience and observation, that love was but a passing fancy, and she challenged Clyde to point to a single instance in real life where it had proved lasting after a this date. brief absence or where it had been so sincere that the loss of it led to despair or death.

This was the opportunity he wished. Without mentioning their proper names he selected herself and the dead Clayton for his characters in the life drama his position was lost sight of; not a detail that was not well and thoroughly developed. The dead man under the mesquit tree in the lonely canyon might not have been more graphically presented had the scene been spread upon canvas before her. At its conclusion she made a motion

indicative of unrest. Was she endeavoring to shake off the emotion his story with her repeated assertions that no living being ever died of a broken heart or of despair, impelled Clyde to act promptly. He drew the locket from his pocket and placing it in her lap said : Permit me to convince you to the contrary. I found this on the neck of the dead man whose story you have just listened to.'

She raised the jewel and there was a perceptible tremble of her hand as she opened it and gazed upon her own face. An instant later an expression denoting acute pain over-spread her countenance. The hand holding the locket tightened its clasp and with a spasmodic movement was pressed hard against her heart. Clyde watched her intently A moment later he saw the beautiful eves soften, he saw a heavenly expression steal into the ripe full lips and over the exquisite tace. "Ah, now she is perfect," he ex-

claimed mentally. "All that was lacking is now found. Oh, how beautiful One may see now that she has a soul a spirit.

But he erred. The moment that he spoke that spirit left her body.

Of course, to neither Clyde nor Swinton was the mystery ever fully explained. They could only guess that after

Clayton had received the ring from by taking her words literally and had owned to him her love for his rival. Driven frantic by this reception Clayton probably hurried away to become A moment later Clyde was looking a despairing wanderer, while Miss into the face of the woman who had so Thorpe, after marrying Holmes, discovered that the power he exercised over her was not real love. That Holmes did not reclaim his ring, which he must have recognized, from Clyde, was only to be accounted for on the theory that he was aware of the loss even the little sparkling aigrette. Also of his wife's affection, and feared to make any case of the ring at all lest the memory of Clayton should in some way be aroused by it. Which happen-

> -- Republicans are boasting that they are going to carry the county next Tuesday. This boast should put every Democrat on his metal. A full Democratic vote will snow them under to an extent they little dream of. Democrats, let us give them a dose of old-fashioned Democracy and show them that we still have a pride in the principles that we believe in. We can do this by arranging to have out every Democratic vote.

Hints to Young Authors.

"The first thing you need is to have something to say. If you have nothing that you are burning to tell, keep silent. Next you must remember that the way of saying a thing is very important, and so you must cultivate style. To gain a good style you must read the best authors. You will learn how to write only by reading, and not by writing out your own thoughts, while you are young; but by taking in great thoughts, the thoughts and

words of the great of all ages. "Read Dante, Milton, Shakespeare; have always on hand a task, in the way of a history or an essay, or some volume which you cannot read hastily. Gradually, by reading the best literature you will gain a good vocabulary, and learn to express yourself as the

masters do." When you write do not choose a high flown subject which does not interest, and is in no way real to you, but describe something with which you are familiar. Take your father's house, or the street your school stands on, or your own room, and try to make a pen picture of either of these. Write in plain simple language, as you would speak. Always write as if you were talking to somebody a child, or a dear mother, or your cousin Bob who is in Madras, or your aunt Emmeline, in the frontier fort, a week's journey from home.

Never think especially of publishing your work, or of making money by it. Money is paid only to those who unlerstand their art, not to beginners You will spoil your work and ruin all your chances if you let the thought of money enter into you first writing .-Harper's Young People-

Mattle Objects.

It is the usual practice for dissolute husbands to rush into print when they drive their wives from home, by advertising them as having "left their bed and board without just cause or provobeen touched by the force of his logic. cation," etc. We notice by the Somer-In fact, her every response confirmed set Herald the following new departure, which, we think, will apply to one half the cases advertised:

NO. 1-NOTICE.

My wife, Mrs. Mattie Powell, having this day left my bed and board without just cause, I hereby notify all persons against harboring or giving her credit, as I will not be responsible for any debts she may contract on and after E. T. POWELL.

NO. 2-A CARD.

In answer to the above notice I would state to the public that the above notifier did not own a bed, consequently I did not leave his bed; it was my bed bed clothes and all, and I took it with me when I left. I had to stand personwhich he pictured so faithfully that ally responsible for debts he incurred even his listener was conscious of a and for purchases made for our living, feeling not precisely similar to any she consequently my credit will remain unhad heretofore experienced. Not one impaired now, since I have left him. I incident, not a point that strengthened | did not leave without cause, but could endure the brutality of a drunken hus-MRS. M. POWEL L band no longer.

> -Remember that a full Democratic vote will give us an old-fashioned Democratic majority in this county, and where is the Democrat who will not rejoice in finding that his county has done its full duty on the day of the elec-

Salvationists' City Colony.

A Human Bee Hive in Which Poor Wretches Are Kindly Cared for.

Among the institutions which make up the city colony of the Salvation Army in London are the Penny Shelter -a place where the poor may find temporary lodging for a penny a night, or in return for some small service; the ex-Prisoners' Home-a receiving station for released prisoners, brought from the prison gates by a special brigade of the army assigned to that service; the Lodging House-or an improved shelter the Food Depot--a cheap restaurant where supplies are bought in large quantities at wholesale and sold at practically cost, or in case of proved destitution served free, usually on some plan of credit for future services; the Work Shop-where persons seeking refuge in the shelters who show a disposition work are supplied with various kinds of employment, from chopping and bundling wood to cabinet making : the Poor Man's Metropole a cheap hotel designed to offer a comfortable home to industrious and self-respecting people.

-Read the WATCHMAN.