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The Bedford Inquirer

A Local and General Newspaper, Devoted to Politics, Education, Literature and Amusements.

JOHN LUTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

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BY JOHN LUTZ.

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ITEMS.

On the 4th, Mr. Knapp, foreman of the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad shops at Leavittsburg, was killed by being run over by a switch engine, while standing on the track.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT was much easier last evening, and renewed hopes of his recovery are entertained. His strong will sustains him in his severe sickness, and his bodily strength is very small.

LARGEST HOTEL IN THE WORLD.—When the new Union Hotel of the Leland Brothers in Saratoga is completed, it will be the largest hotel in the world. It will have a frontage of one thousand and fifty feet, five stories high. It is to be built of brick, and divided into nine compartments, almost fire proof. The contractor is to finish the grand hotel by the 1st day of June next.

THE FIRST SNOW STORM.—A violent snow storm set in at St. Louis, about seven o'clock Tuesday morning, and continued until noon. Although the snow melted fast, there was still three inches on the ground when it stopped. A heavy snow storm began at Louisville at about noon. Snow fell on Monday night at Jacksonville and other parts of Illinois, and in Missouri and Kansas. In Omaha on Tuesday the thermometer was below the freezing point.

IN A LATE California speech, Mr. Seward said: "To our shores I would welcome all men who love liberty. I would have no rebellion in the land, if I could prevent it or suppress it. I would have the country exclude all rebels from its broad domain, and I would have it extend until there was no room for them outside of it with this country. In a world, I would have a sort of spider policy, which would extend itself abroad, take everything in and let nothing get out." Mexico and Canada take heed. Mr. Seward, it will be remembered, was the purchaser of Alaska, which General Thomas Sumner "utterly worthless."

THE SWEDISH IN MISSOURI.—An extensive cotton manufacturer near Stockholm, in Sweden, has just purchased twelve thousand acres of land in southeast Missouri, where he proposes to colonize some fifteen hundred families of Swedish emigrants, and to try, on a grand scale, the experiment of at once raising and manufacturing cotton. The great manufacturers of New England are already turning their eyes toward the South and its peculiar advantages under the new conditions of labor yet precisely such an experiment. If successful—and it can hardly fail—it will inaugurate a revolution the consequences of which are at present incalculable.

UNFULFILLED PREDICTIONS.—The predictions as to the extraordinary high tides which it was announced would occur in England on October 6th, have not been fulfilled. The Pall Mall Gazette says that the tides were in most places higher than usual, but not so high as the spring tides in March last. The highest ranges were on the west coast, but the wind was light and from the eastward. At Plymouth, on the south coast, the tide was two feet nine inches above the light given in the official tide tables, and similar increases occurred along the coasts of Devonshire and Cornwall. Extensive preparations were made at many places for the removal of goods and large crowds were assembled to witness the phenomenon, but dispersed when the ebbs commenced.

RECEIVED AN ANSWER.—A sub-committee of a School Board not a thousand miles from Lynn, were examining a class in a primary school. One of the committee undertook to sharpen up their wits by propounding the following question: "If I had a nine pie, and should give two twelfths to John, two twelfths to Isaac, two twelfths to Harry, and should keep half of the pie myself, what should there be left?" There was a profound study among the scholars; but, finally one held up his hand as a signal that he was ready to answer. "Well, sir, what would there be left? Speak up loud so that all can hear," said the committee man. "The plate!" shouted the little fellow.

THE COMMITTEE MAN TURNED RED IN THE FACE, while the other members roared aloud. That boy was excused from answering any more questions.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—A middle aged woman of Sunock, N. H., named Mrs. Lindsey, has, for some time past, refused to pay her highway tax. She was not actuated by any inconsideration in the payment of her rates, for she is worth considerable property, but she expressed a dislike to the principle of the tax. She was told by the surveyor that she must pay her tax in money or work it out on the roads. Her reply was that she would work it out. Accordingly, on Monday morning last, she bought a new hoe, joined the gang of men who were working on the highway, and labored until sundown, doing a good day's work. She said that she should be on hand the next day and continue her work. The affair caused considerable of a sensation in Sunock, and Mrs. Lindsey is pronounced to be a pretty plucky and apt illustration of woman's rights.

THE LARGEST CANNON.—The monster cannon cast in the end of the sixteenth century by the Emperor Feodor Ivanovitch, which is one of the principal "fossils" of the Kremlin, has hitherto enjoyed the reputation of being the largest piece of artillery in Russia, as has length found a rival and superior in the colossal gun recently cast at Perm. This military Titan, according to Perm. We get letters every day from young men who want to come out West. It is impossible to answer them all. We can say in general terms that a capable, honest and enterprising young man can do better here than in the East. The chances are in his favor. As Webster said, "There is room above." But there is no room here for men who expect a fortune to drop out of the skies or spring spontaneously out of the earth. It is a good deal here as elsewhere. We have to work for our own bread, and those who work hardest get the most and best."

Poetry.

THE NEW SLATE.

See my slate! I dot it new, Cos I 'broke the other, Put my 'tittle foot right froo, kinnies' after hother.

I tan make you lads o' sings, Fess as you tan tell 'em, T'is said B' and O' rings, Only I tan't spell 'em.

I tan make a funny pig, Wid a truly tall 'er, 'Tis the eyes, and most as big Pokin' in a pail 'er.

I tan make an elephant, Wid his trunk a baggin'; An' 'is dno—'says I tan't?— Wid his dno a baggin'.

An' 't smoke a tommie' out (Wid my 'tumb I do it, Rabbin' in the white about), Sparks a flyin' froo it.

I tan make a pretty house Wid a tree behind it, An' 'a little mossy mouse Runnin' round to find it.

I tan put my hand out flat On the slate, and draw it (Ticklin' is the worst of that! Did you ever saw it?)

I tan draw me rannin' 'bout— Mamma's 'tittle posset (State so datter, rabbin' out, Dess o' dno's better was it).

Now, and then, s' all I make a tree Wid a birdie on it? All my ginnies you all see, I tan't I'll make a mistake.

No, I dess I'll make a man, Jus like Uncle Rolly. See it tommie, fess 't tan! Bet my slate is jolly!

Miscellaneous.

DREAMS.

The Phenomenon of Dreams—Activity of the Mental Faculties During Sleep—Novel Ideas on the Subject—Remarkable Instances, &c., &c.

The New York Evening Mail publishes a very interesting article on "Dreams," from which we take the following extracts:

DREAMING. The mind, now liberated from the shackles of its earthly tenement, opens upon its career of flight. It annihilates space and time. The earth is too narrow for its wanderings and the infinite expanse is alone capable of furnishing a field for its rapid flight.

"How strange is sleep! when his dark spell lies On the drowsy lids of human eyes, The years of a life will float along In the compass of a page's song! And the mountain's peak and the ocean's bill Will scarce give food to his passing eye."

The stage of dreaming is characterized by the perfect closure of one or more of the avenues of special sense. When this occurs, the harmony between the world and ourselves is broken. The mind is no longer controlled by outward influences, but is struggling under the combined effects of its own innate powers and imperfectly transmitted sensations and impressions. We have lost the means whereby the perception of an impression of our senses can be tested by the co-operating scrutiny of any. Dr. Abercrombie says that "in dreams the impressions which arise in the mind are believed to have a real and present existence; and this belief is not corrected, as in the waking state, by comparing the conception with the things of the external world; and that the ideas of images in the mind follow one another, according to associations over which we have no control; we cannot, as in the waking state, vary the series or stop it at our will. The wonderful clearness at times of the mind in dreams, may have been observed by all who have given attention to the subject. This lucidity is particularly observed in imaginary conversation, public speaking and composing, the memory of which the individual seldom retains on awaking, but he is astonished at the exuberance of his ideas as well as the ease with which he expressed them. During sleep the mental organ presents the same phenomena as when awake, for in dreams certain elements only are actively excited—those having reference to the object of the dream—but the more passive organs are ready to change their state, as circumstances may arise to change the character of the dream. On being suddenly aroused, we are generally conscious of having dreamed, with little or no recollection, however, of the subject. But when we awake gradually—the necessity for longer sleep having ceased—the senses recover their functions one after another, until all are fully awakened. In such cases the dream is most fully remembered. To this general fact, however, there are exceptions, for when suddenly aroused from sleep, we retain vividly the strong impression then existing, because the senses of external relation are taken by surprise, and, even though awakened, the train of thought cannot be in all cases so quickly arrested. The mind is at all times subject to its proper stimuli; but during sound sleep that of external relation is cut off by the torpor of the special senses, and it is therefore impossible to be actively engaged then when all of its sense of communication are open to the world." We do not, whether we dream, or of the senses themselves do not form ideas. We do not, whether we dream, or of the senses themselves do not form ideas. We do not, whether we dream, or of the senses themselves do not form ideas.

PREMONITIONS IN DREAMS. The occasional premonitions communicated in dreams—"in visions of the night when deep sleep fallth upon man"—is a mystery which, as yet, has not, and never may be unraveled. Lord Stanhope relates the following singular instance of this description: "A Lord of the Admiralty, who was on a visit to Mount Edgecumbe, and who was much distressed by dreaming, and who was walking on the sea shore, he picked up a book, which appeared to be the log book of a ship-of-war, of which his brother was the captain. He opened it, and read an entry of the latitude and longitude, as well as of the day and hour, to which was added, 'our captain died.' The company endeavored to comfort him, by laying a wager that the dream would be falsified by the event, and

was declared the influence of those dreams through which facts are presented, and the judgment regulated. The imperfection of memory, also, in sleep, is a prolific source of error in regard to the actual powers of the mind are in this condition.

JUDGMENT IN DREAMS. But the power of judging is probably as good as when awake, for it decides only upon the premises presented in either case, and during sleep and in dreams the premises are usually scanty and at fault. When Dr. Johnson, in referring to a dream in which he had a contest of wit with another individual said: "Now one may mark here the effect of sleep in weakening the power of reflection; for, had not my judgment failed me, I should have seen that the wit of this supposed antagonist, by whose superiority I felt myself depressed, was as much furnished by me as that which I thought I had been uttering in my own character." No doubt the error of judgment and weakening of the reflective powers arose from a lack of all the circumstances in the case being presented to his mind. Certainly he has lost identity, because in his dreams he furnished argument for another person without comprehending that he was doing so, and therefore, a just conclusion could not be arrived at. But the feeling of chagrin or mortification which he experienced was a legitimate result of his judgment founded on the premises.

ACTION OF THE MIND IN DREAMS. The action of the mental organs will account for many of the singular associations during sleep and in the language of the fair Poetess will show that "It is thought at work amidst buried hours, It is Love keeping vigils 'er perturbed flowers; Oh! we wear upon us mysterious things, Of Memory and Anguish unobscured springs. In Passion, thro' the heart's convulsions, With bitter waves which it ne'er may still."

To illustrate the associate action of the mind in sleep we will transcribe the dream of Professor Mass, of Halle, and his analysis of its phenomena. The Professor says that "I dreamed once that the Pope visited me. He commanded me to open my desk, and carefully examined all the papers it contained. While he was thus employed, a very sparkling diamond fell out of his triple crown into my desk, of which, however, neither of us took any notice. As soon as the Pope had withdrawn I retired to bed, and was soon obliged to rise on account of a thick smoke, the cause of which I had yet to learn. Upon examination, I discovered that the diamond had set fire to the papers in my desk, and burned them all up. In explanation he observes, that "On the preceding evening I was visited by a friend, with whom I had a lively conversation upon Joseph the Second's suppression of monasteries and convents. With this idea, though I did not become conscious of it in the dream, was associated the visit which the Pope publicly paid to the Emperor Joseph at Vienna, in consequence of the measure taken against the clergy; and with this again was combined, however faintly, the representation of the visit which had been paid to me by my friend. These two events, but as the only reasoning to the effect, combined in my mind, and I dreamed, as explained above, that things which agree in their parts also correspond as to the whole, hence the Pope's visit was changed into a visit made to me. The sub-reasoning faculty then, in order to account for the most extraordinary incident, fixed upon that which was the most important object in my room, namely, the desk, or rather the papers it contained. That a diamond fell out of the triple crown was a collateral association, which was owing merely to the representation of the desk. Some days before, when opening the desk, I had broken the glass of my watch, which I held in my hand, and the fragment fell among the papers, hence no further attention was paid to the diamond. But as the representation of the smoking tube was again excited, and because the prevailing idea, hence it determined succeeding association. On account of its similarity, it excited the representation of fire, with which it was confounded, hence arose fire and smoke. But, in the event the writings only were burned, not the desk itself; to which being of comparatively less value, the attention was not at all directed."

One of the most remarkable phenomena connected with dreams is the shortness of time needed for their consummation. Lord Brougham says "that in detaching a man may frequently fall asleep after uttering a few words, and be awakened by the amnesia repeating the last word to show that he has written the whole; but though five or six seconds only have elapsed between the delivery of the sentence and its transfer to paper, the speaker may have passed through a dream extending through half a lifetime." Lord Brougham and Mr. Babbage both confessed this theory. The one was listening to a friend reading aloud, and slept from the beginning of the sentence to the latter part of the sentence immediately succeeding; yet during this time he had a dream, the particulars of which would have taken more than a quarter of an hour to write. Mr. Babbage dreamed a succession of events, awake in time to hear the conclusion of a friend's answer to a question he had just put to him. One man was unable to feel of suffocation accompanied by a dream of a skeleton grasping his throat whenever he slept in a lying position, and had an attendant to wake him the moment he sank down. But though awakened, the moment he began to sink, the time sufficed for a long struggle with the skeleton. Another man dreamed that he crossed the Atlantic upon a freight ship in Europe, and fell overboard when embarking to return, yet his sleep had not lasted more than ten minutes.

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a memorandum was made in writings of what he had stated, which was afterwards verified in every particular." We also introduce the following letter of the Hon. William Talbot, of Alton, to the same effect: "In the year 1788 my father, Matthew Talbot, of Castle Talbot, county Westford, was much surprised at the recurrence of a dream three several times during the same night, which caused him to repeat the whole circumstance in his wife the next morning. He dreamed that he had arisen as usual, and descended to his library, the morning being hazy. He then seated himself at his secretory to write, when, happening to look up a long avenue of trees opposite the windows, he perceived a man in a blue jacket mounted on a white horse, coming toward the house. My father arose and opened the windows; the man advanced, presented him with a roll of papers, and told him they were invoices of a vessel which had been wrecked, and had drifted in during the night on his son-in-law's (Lord Mount Morris') estate close by, and signed 'Bell & Stephenson.' My father's attention was only called to the dream from its frequent occurrence; but when he found himself seated at his desk on the misty morning, and beheld the identical person whom he had seen in his dreams, in the blue coat, riding on a gray horse, he felt surprised, and opening the window, waited the man's approach. He immediately rose up, and drawing from his pocket a packet of papers, gave them to my father, stating they were invoices belonging to an American vessel which had been wrecked, and drifted in upon his lordship's estate, and there was no person on board to lay claim to the wreck, but that the invoices were signed 'Bell & Stephenson.' I assure you, my dear sir, that the above is most faithfully given, and actually occurred; but it is not more extraordinary than other examples of the prophetic powers of the mind or soul in sleep which I have frequently heard related."

Here is another singular instance related by Dr. Blanchard Fugate, of Auburn: "Many years ago," he says, "when our family resided on the banks of the Mohawk, I paddled before the thunder of the steam water paddle boated along the shores of the Hudson, or the shrill whistle of the locomotive startled the silence of the glen and mountain; when the river in the summer was crossed by ford or ferry, and in winter upon the often treacherous ice; early in the spring, before the river had broken up, my father on the eve of departure for New York, dreamed that he was in an ice house, striving to get out by climbing up its slippery contents. The dream was probably related and forgotten. The succeeding day, on horseback, he commenced his journey, and was obliged to cross the river. The ice, by evaporation, having lost much of its strength, he was precipitated into the stream below. Timely assistance, however, rescued him from the impending danger, but the accident and the dream were ever after coupled in his memory. This dream was the result of mental association during sleep, and was perfectly natural under the circumstances, but nevertheless a premonition of danger. Had it aroused the reflective powers when awake as strongly as it did during sleep, the accident would probably have been avoided. It is curious to observe also how thoughts of the waking hours may be prolonged and modified in sleep. Dr. Fo-gate says, in a work on sleep: "Not long since I was examining the Croton water pipes in New York city, including some pits which were open in the streets where the great iron tubes were exposed. On falling asleep, I dreamed that in passing one of the pits I jumped down upon a tube about three inches in diameter, for the purpose of inspecting the work more minutely; but when in this position, on casting my eyes below an awful chasm presented itself, crossed in various directions by huge iron water tubes, but the bottom was invisible. However, the depth was seventy feet. In what way this information was imparted is indistinct, but such appeared the awful depth under my slippery footing I could fairly reach the surface above, but could lay hold of nothing, and therefore attempted to lunge to the top. I failed, and in falling lodged upon the place just left. This fall will never be forgotten, so long as excess in fricht commingled with horror, can leave an impression on my mind. I then thought to cry for help, but dared not lest my feet should slip and precipitate me down the dark chasm beneath. After reflecting long upon my perilous situation, I commenced feeling around the platform surrounding the top, and finally succeeded in fastening my fingers in a crevice between the planks, by which means I drew myself up. The dream ordinarily would have ended here, but my mind now turned upon the subject which had occupied my attention the preceding evening until a late hour. I thought in my dreams that what had just transpired was a prophetic dream, and to what it might point my reflections were directed, as to what would be the best course to elude the impending danger. During these reflections I awoke excessively excited. In this instance, in a dream, I dreamed that I was dreaming. It was a singular mental phenomenon, and of rare occurrence, but not alone on record."

CHARING THE JURY.—A Dutch judge in the Western country presided at a trial for murder, and in rising to deliver the charge, observed that the prisoner was playing chequers with his ensouled, while the foreman of the jury was fast asleep. Replenishing the ample judicial chair with his broadcast person, he thus addressed the jury: "Mister foreman and 'older juryman, der prisoner, Hans Viekter, is finished his game mit der Sheriff, and has past him, but I shall dake care he do't peat me, Hans has been tried for murder before you, and you must bring in der verdict, but it must be coming to der law. De man ain't kilt at all, as was proved he was in jail for sleep stealing. But dat ish no madder. Der law says der ish a 'toul you give 'em to der prisoner, but der ish no 'toul you see der prisoner ish guilty. Perishes, he has'ten't der stone a stitch of work in all dat times, and der is no one depending upon him for der levin', and he is no use to no body. I dink it would be a good plans to hang der for the example. I dink Mr. Foreman's, dat he better be hung next fourt' of July, as der militia ish going to drain in order, and der 'll be no fun goin' on here."

Mrs often go into business as though they had the most implicit faith that God in some way would prosper laziness.

FOILED BY A WOMAN.

"Madame, it is my duty to arrest you?" "You dare not!"

The lips were white with passion rather than fear, and the lady stood before me like a lioness at bay. Even then I could not help but note the splendid beauty of this grand lady. Tall and slender, eyes black and flashing; almost lurid now, the spectacle she presented, standing there in the middle of the apartment, was more the appearance of a queen than a haunted criminal.

"I must," I replied; "I do not doubt your innocence. Looking into your face, it is strange that any one could couple it with guilt; but I am constrained to do my duty; Madame, however inimical it may be to my feelings."

"Will you allow me to change my dress?" she said, in a tone almost pleasant. The hand lines around her mouth had relaxed, and the passionate glow on the face gave way to a pleasant smile.

"Certainly, I will wait for you here." "I wish also to send a message to a friend; will you permit him to pass?" "Certainly."

This was my first interview with Eugenia Cornille. I had seen her here for months, the leader of our gayest and most fashionable society. In her splendid mansion she dispensed with the most profuse and elegant hospitality.

A Spanish lady—a widow she had represented herself, and had been a resident here almost a year. No one ever suspected her of being anything than what she seemed, until one day I was ordered to arrest her as a murderess.

It was now alleged, said Mr. F., that this beauty was no other than the woman who had poisoned her husband in Havana, and fled with all his wealth. An immense reward was offered for her apprehension, and the circumstances that had come to our knowledge pointed her out beyond all doubt as the person we were in search of. Yet the person who recognized her the evening before at the theatre advised us to be careful lest she should escape us. I laughed at the idea. Mr. I and myself were surely sufficient to arrest a lady. We were old enough in the ways of cunning to defeat any such attempt. When the lady left me I stepped to the window, and said to Mr. I, who was waiting at the door: "The lady desires to send a messenger for a friend; suffer him to pass."

Almost at the same instant, the door of the apartment opened, and a youth, apparently a mulatto boy, came out and passed hurriedly through the room into the hall, and from thence into the street. It was, no doubt, the messenger, I thought, and I picked up a book and commenced reading. Nearly an hour passed, and still the lady did not make her appearance, nor did the boy return. The friend she sent for must live at some distance, I thought, or the lady is unusually careful about her toilet, and so another hour went by. At last I grew impatient, and knocked at the door. "Madame, I can wait no longer."

There was no reply. I knocked repeatly, and at last determined to force an entrance. Strange fears harassed me. I began to suspect, I know not what. It took but a moment to drive in the door, and once in the room, the mystery was revealed. The robes of the lady lay upon the floor; scattered over the floor were suits of boys' wearing apparel, similar to that worn by the mulatto boy. On the table was a cosmetic that would stain the skin to a light delicate brown. I was foiled, for a surety. The lady escaped in the disguise of the messenger. I should have detected the ruse; I felt humiliated, and determined to redress my error. I knew she would not remain in the city an instant longer than she could get away. I hurried to her bankers, but found that she had drawn the amount due her an hour before.

"Who presented the check?" I asked of the clerk. "A mulatto boy. It was made payable to bearer."

There was yet a chance. The French steamer left within an hour. It was possible she would seek that means of escape. I jumped in a cab and arrived there ten minutes before she left the wharf—just in time to assist an aged, decrepit gentleman into the cabin. There were a few passengers; none of them answered the description of the person I sought. I stood on the wharf watching the receding vessel until it disappeared. I was in the act of turning away when a hackman approached me with the remark: "Mr. F., did you see that old man on board? He had a long white beard, and hair that fell on his shoulders."

"Yes."

"Well, there's something curious about him."

"Why?"

"Why, sir, when he got into my carriage he was a mulatto boy, and when he got out he was an old man!"

I will not repeat the expression I used then—it was neither refined nor polite, for I knew the vessel would be far out to sea before she could be overtaken. I was foiled by a woman. Nor could I help rejoicing, now that the chase was over, that she had escaped.

Innocent or guilty, there was a charm about her none could resist. The splendor of her wondrous beauty affected all who approached her. It lingers in my memory yet, and I could not have the sin of her blood upon my conscience.

THE LITTLE ONES.—Do you ever think what a child does in a day? How, from sunrise to sunset, the dear little feet patter around—to us—so aimlessly; climbing up here, kneeling down there, running to another place, and never still, twisting and turning, rolling and reaching, and doubling, as if testing every bone and muscle for their future uses. It is very curious to watch it. One who does so may well and easily understand the deep breathing of the little sleeper, as, with one arm tossed over its curly head, it prepares for next days gymnastics. A busy creature is a little child.

"STUBBS," said one of his debtors, isn't it about time you paid me that little bill?" "My dear sir," was the consoling reply, it is not a question of time, it is a question of money."

A PUPIL in declamation, having been told to gesticulate according to the sense, in commencing a piece with "The comet lifts its fiery tail," innocently lifted the tail of his coat, and looked around for applause.

LUCK.

Dick stood looking in the window of a gift store. He ought to have been in his place at the office a half an hour before, but he stayed over night with Phil Barney, and over slept himself.

"I might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb," thought he; "I'm late anyhow, and I'll take a peep in here and finish my cigar. If I should buy any of these gift things, I shouldn't get a decent price. I never had any luck in my life. Some folks are always in luck. There is Tom Porter. He has not been on the street any longer than I have, and his salary is raised, and he has one hundred dollars in the savings' bank. It's too bad! I've a good mind to go out West, where wages are better and board cheap."

Just then, to use Dick's language, "his bad luck would leave him," his Uncle Richard, for whom he was named and whose good-will he particularly valued, drove up in a carriage, to call on an architect whose office was over the gift store.

"What are you doing here, Dick, at half after nine in the morning? Throw away that cigar; get in my carriage, and I'll take you to the office. I want to talk with you."

The architect was out, and Uncle Richard's feet, that had been in active use sixty-two years, carried him up and down the stairs and back to his seat about as soon as his eight-year-old nephew could walk from the window to the carriage.

"What does the savage old fellow want of me? This is just a piece of my bad luck," thought Dick.

Uncle Richard got in, and repeated his question, "Why ain't you at your office? At your age I began my work at six o'clock by filling lamps and sweeping the store. You have one of the best places in town, and I'm afraid you'll lose it if you hang around mornings in this style. Dick if you were not