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SELECT STORY. THE TALE OF A TELEGRAM.

of the romantic pictures que. So position..."
thought Maud, after her brief, com. "Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Fol-

As the new comer stood irresolute,

tatingly, "He may be back to-night, perhaps. Won't you come up to the house and rest? It is so warm! And my mother will be glad to see any few moments there was perfect stillness, as if he were trying to ing glance as he answered, also with

With that he put on his hat again and the two walked along together under the blossoming against the state of ed to psy my respects to-Mrs. Esta | most hysterical between laughter and under the blossoming acacia-trees, while there?"
the introduced himself as Marston "Yes, Folliott, just now pedestrianizing in that region. To which she responded with the information that she was

'Tom's sister." In this way they reached the house, where Mrs. Estabrook was discovered in the cool north parlor. She received her son's friend very hospitably, invit-ing him to await Tom's return, which

Mr. Folliott's manner was again besitating, as be half glanced toward Maud. "I really ought not to take advantage—" he began. But Mrs. Estabrook, a nervous, excitable woman, given to starts and "No, no! Pray don't say so. Really, it would relieve my mind, now that my son is away; and of course Peter nust choose this very time-Maud. Peter hasn't come back yet? No, not a man on the place, and this is such a solitary neighborhood! Burglars and

tramps would have us quite at their you will go peaceably." So the young man accepted the urgent invitation, and the afternoon wore away pleasantly, with music and conversation, and strolling about the

grounds. ladies with their guest were sitting on the breezy piazza when a telegraph messenger came up the steps, delivered his yellow covered missive and was off again like a shot out of sight.
"From Tom, probably," said Mrs.
Estabrook. "Mr. Folliott, you will ex-

ouse me ?" She broke open the envelope, while the conversation between the two young people went on. But it was suddenly interrupted by an inarticulate sound from Mrs. Establook, and look-

ing around, they saw her white and trembling. Mand ran to her mother, and put her arm about her. "I hope you have received no bad news—" began Mr. Folliott. But as he advanced, Mrs. Estabrook waved him ack, with a poor attempt at a smile.

"Oh no, not bad at all—only a little—a little—unexpected." Then she conveyed a silent summons to Maud's anxious eye, adding, with the same forced lightness, "If you will excuse our leaving you alone for a moment. Mr. Folliott, I have a little household matter to arrange with my daughter. That is all, indeed. It is only for a moment-only for a moment, I assure

As they withdrew she seduluusly returned Mr. Folliott's bow, all the while preserving a set smile strangely at sriance with her pale face. But no coner had they enterred the house than it dropped away, as she turned to her daughter and said in a hollow

whisper,
"Maud, that man is a burglar!" Maud stared at this startling an ouncement.

"What man, mamma ?" "That man out there—that Folliott.
as he calls himself. He isn't a friend Tom's. Just read this-from

Maud took the telegram, which was from her married sister, living some fifty miles distant. This was what it contained: "Have just learned from nurse-maid

of suspicious stranger making her acquaintance. Asked all about The Willows and number of inmates. Seemed to know something of Tom. Tall, dark, gentlemanly-looking, and has a scar on one cheek Look out for him. "Has a scar on one cheek!" eche-d Maud, faintly, after an instant's blank

silence. "Oh, Maud. what shall we do? moaned Mrs. Estabrook, sinking into a seat. "And we have actually invited him to tea-a burglar! Well, for a friend, I thought he seemed very un-certain about Tom."

"I noticed that too," answered

Maud, recalling a certain un-readiness of tone and manner which had struck her as strange at the time. "Mamma," she continued, "we must send Bridget or Maggie over to the village for help-

"No," almost scremed Mrs. Esta brook, "not another person must leave the house! Oh, how could Peter choose the very day Tom was gone ! When he knows how nervous I am, tool-and to think I told that-that desperado out there, that there wasn't ce is opposite the U. S. Patent Office, and a man about the place. Maud! Maud

"I think I have a plan, mamma," said Maud, raising her steady brown and. "Wait a moment." She flew

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The two ladies joined their unwell holding her breath to listen.

el into a feverish conversation with him. But her talk was of a singularly

warlike kind, turning mainly upon re-Maud Estabrook had just turned to retrace her steps up the avenue, when, glancing round, she saw a young man emerging from it.e shadow of the great willows that guarded the gate. As he pulled off his hat with a low bow, the sunlight brought out the she listened, furtively watching the ow bow, the sunlight brought out the she listened, furtively watching the ournished black of his clore-cut hair, stranger's face, and noting his justand threw into stronger relief his controlled uneasiness. Finally, like bronzed, handsome face, to which a one who takes a resolution, he began slight scar on one cheek gave a touch abruptly, "I really am in a very false

prehensive survey.

"I beg your pardon," said the strang er, fanning himself with his straw hat as he spoke, "but can you tell me if Mr. Estabrook is here?"

lict, "quickly interposed Maud, fearing that, in h's rising suspicious, she would lose her carefully prepared coup. "If you would like to remove any linger ing dust of travel, you have just time as he spoke, "but can you tell me if Mr. Estabrook is here?"

"Oh," thought Maud, "one of Tom's friends."

Then, aloud, "Yes—that is, he lives here, but he isn't at home to Maud volunteering to show the way,

accompanied him up the broad staircase, and smilingly indicated the room Mand gave him another quick look, where his knapsack had been left. No which summed up his whole appear ance, from his six feet of stature and quick as a flash, the girl shut the door the light ped-strian garb that set it and locked it on the outside, where she off, to the knapsack hanging over his had already placed the key. Then she broad shoulders. Then she said, hesi-tatingly, "He may be back to-night, listened to the movements of the trap-

The young man returned her inquirdoor and turn the handle, first softly, some hesitation: "Thanks. It is very then louder and louder. Maud clasped warm, certainly. I should be delight her hands tightly together, feeling al-

"Yes," answered Maud, holding her breath.

"You are not aware that you have locked me m ?" Mand hesitated for an instant. But ince the explanation must come, it might as well come at once. "Yes, she answered, clearly; "I did it inten-

"In-deed!" The blended accent was expected by the next morning at of this word made her feel hysterical again. "Perhaps you would not mind telling me why you did it ?"

"Because you are a turglar," an swered the girl, concisely. There was an indistinct mutter which night or might not have been an exoletive. Then, after a silence, he inquired, quite formally. "And might I sak what you mean to do with me!" "Keep you shut up here until my brother or the gardener comes back; and then..."
"Yes and then..."

"Then," replied Maud, with a sudden respiration, "we will let you go, if There was a sound of suppressed anghter at this. Then the voice re joined, politely: "Thanks. I will give you any assurances you require."

Maud went down to the dining-room, where she busied herself in packing a

basket. After this, returning upstairs, she called to her prisoner: "Mr.-Mr. Folliott!" "It you will open the closet you will find a rope. Please let it down and we will send you up some supper." The stranger obeye I, and a well filled basket was soon lifted through the

window into his room. Maud hospitably hoped he had everything he "Thanks; not quite," was the deliberate answer. "If I might ask for a couple of Tom's cigars?" "Tom, indeed! The wretch!" com-

mented Tom's sister to herself. Then, aloud: . "Oh certainly, if you will let the basket down again. At this point Mrs. Estabrook remonstrated. "Really, Maud, that is too much!

"Oh, mamma, anything to keep him quiet and good tempered," said Mand. "And you know he was to have tea "But if he should burn the house

down smoking them !" anxiously suggested her mother. "Well, perhaps it's safer to give him comething to use his matches with, answered Maud, with a masterly stroke of logic. "And they always do have mathes," she concluded, indefinitely. Her reasoning carried the day, so the sigars went up and the rope came down, for this was a point on which Mand was firm. She had no intention of leaving that rope in their burglar

ious visitor's possession.

The evening waned, and still there was no sign of Peter's return. The two ladies did not dream of sleeping, but kept watch throughout the night in the room adjoining that of their prisoner, bracing themselves with strong tea for their task. It was weary work, however, and the minutes crept

slowly into the small hours. The hall clock hal just struck the quarter before two, when the silence t the house was disturbed by a little sound which seemed preternaturally oud to their strained ears. Mrs. Estabrook sat erect to listen, while Maud turned up the glimmering lamp. Again came the sound, slight but distinct,

scratch, scratch—file, file." "Maud, what is that noise?" said Mrs Estabrook, with the calmness of despair. Maud declined to commit her elf prematurely.

"Maud," said her mother again, "it's down at the piazza window. It's it's confederate of the man in there! Oh, don't tell me! I know! Maud frowned thoughtfully. Her nother's idea seemed only too plaus-

"He'll get in, and let the other one out," pursued Mrs. Estabrook, breathessly; "and then they'll go through the house, and rob and murder us all. Oh dear! Oh-h!"

"Don't, mamma dear! pray don't!" entreated Maud, as the poor lady, over whelmed by her own picture, showed siges of becoming hysterical, and ut-tered several small screams Upon this, the occupant of the next room, who heretofore had given no sign o life, began to knock on the door tween the two chambers. Maud drew near, and the following conversation "Miss Estabrook !"

"Yes." "Excuse me, but is anything wrong?" Maud besitated. Mrs. Estabrook neantime had checked herself, and was

come guest, and Mrs. Estabrook rushing no answer, he presently spoke a twinkle of the eye. "Mother, this is at into a feverish conversation with again, "What is that noise I hear

> "We don't know," said Maud "But what? Is that what is alarm ing you?"
> Mand considered. "We are afraid

it is a—a burglar."

"What! Another?" exclaimed the stranger. Then he checked himself.

"Don't you think you'd better send me to dispose of him?" he suggested, with an admirable assumption of the boldness of innocence.
"Maud!" sharply protested Mrs

Estabrock. "One moment, mamma," rejoined her daughter. "I am not sure." She turned to the door again. "You are quite certain that he is not an-an assistant of yours?" she asked, in the

"Let me out, and you shall see Upon my honor—" Here the words were lost in a stifled sound. "Is the man laughing ?" demanded Mrs. Estabrook, in angry amaze; then, as a new suspicion entered her mind. "Maud, do you believe he is exactly in his right mind?"

politest terms she could select.

"I don't think he can be," Maud answered doubtfully; but seeing her mother's growing alarm, she hastened to add, "but we evidently have a certain control over him, and-really, mam-ma, I don't know but it would be better to let him drive the other away. No, but hear me out. They can't be accomplices, and if we must be in the power of either, why, I would much sooner trust this one. He is far superior to ordinary burglars," concluded Maud, with a fine air of connoisseurship in this particular branch of the danger-

Her opinion, as usual, prevailed, and their prisoner was informed that if he would not move until a given time, he should be released. As he readily agreed to the conditions, the girl stole out into the passage, turned the key very softly, and then flew back into her own room, which she locked in hot haste. Here she knocked on the inner door, and at the appointed sign heard the young man dash through the cor-rider and down stairs. There was a sound of rattling glass, an altercation of voices, a pistol shot, and then a brief period of suspense, during which the hearts of the two women stood still. Then steps returned along the passage, crossed through the next room, and stopped beside the door of communication where the steps of the steps.

communication, where a rap resounded.
"Miss Estabrook, I have come back," said a quiet voice. "And the-the man !" asked Maud. breathless. "Oh, I fancy he'll give you no more

trouble. Judging from the groan I heard as he beat a retreat, he won't what to say under the circumstances. "Not at all. It was a pleasure to me. He was infringing on my rights, you know."

Silence followed, broken by another rap. "Miss Estabrook, I am waiting to be locked up again." "Do you really mean..." Mand. "Certainly, I must insist, if you please. I'll stay here till you give me

the word." "Be quick, Maud," whispered Mrs. Estabrook, very distrustful of this extraordinary burglar. "The man is either a criminal or a lunatic. Run and turn the key, child, before he changes his mind." Thus urged, the girl made another

sortie. Once more the key clicked in tt.e lock, their prisoner was heard to cross the floor, and then all was silence Not for long, however. Suddenly there was a confused clamor at the outside door, while the bell pealed loudly through the house. Maud and her mother sprang up and faced each

other. "That man back again!" faltered Mrs. Estabrook. "Oh mamma, no!" said Maud reassuringly, "A burglar would never ring the bell. Why it's Tom!" she cried with sudden conviction. "Its my

with renewed proffers of assistance. Tom it was indeed, and very anxious about the safety of the household. As the brother and sister met in the gray of early dawn, he hastily explained how, having called in to see Amelia she had given him no peace until he promised to return at once to The promised to return at once to The dream, plighted their troth in a little Willows; how he had done so, in some village in New York, and swore to be vexation at what he considered her fussiness, until everything had suddenly been driven out of his mind by the sight of a blood-stain on the piazza. At which Maud shuddered, and was about vilts found it necessary to remove his to relate her version of the night's adventures, when Mrs. Estabrook's voice was heard in reproachful accents from show its well known modesty. Before above. They hastened upstairs, and found the poor lady inclined to hyster-ics at being left alone. She began an they parted. It was not long before ncoherent story, in which Peter and their vows were broken by an interpothe burglar were jumbled, to Tom's

bewilderment. "But who winged the burglar, then?" he asked. "Was it you, Maud?"
"Hush-sh!" breathed his mother, with warning finger upraised. "He's in there, you know. "In there! why, I thought you

he had gone ! And what on earth is

Peter in there for ?" "No, no, not Peter, the-the "The burglar!" Tom jumped up "You don't mean you've trapped the fellow? Bravo!" And he was hurry-

ing to the door, when his sister laid hand on his arm. "Oh, wait, Tom," she said. is the oddest part of it all." And she told the tale of their strange guest. "It doesn't seem like his being a burg iar, but I don't think he can be in his right mind," she concluded. "By Jove! I should say not! Want-

ed to be locked up again! Why the man must be a first class crank. Well, Ill have a look at him." He left the room, and the two heard the key turn in the lock. They held their breath to listen, but all they could distinguish in the next room was a confused sound of voices and laugh-

ter. Presently Tom came back, ac-companied by the suppositious burgand was "My mother and sister, Mr. Folhott," counting to each other their life's ex-Receiv- said Tom, with a wave of the hand and perience.—San Francisco Chronicle.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XXI NO 14 COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. LI, NO 3

think there is some mystery that needs clearing up. Go shead, Folliott, your turn first," concluded Tom, with a grin as he dropped into a seat. Thereupon Mr. Folliott explained that, in the course of his pedestrian tour, it occurred to him to look up a friend who was making a short stay omewhere in that neighborhood. This friend's name was Estabrook-George

Estabrook, not Tom-he had not known that Tom Estabrook lived in "But you'd be likely to know it another time," put in Tom with great en-

Mr. Folliott continuing, said that bis happening to mistake the place had led to the whole subsequent comedy of errors. He apologized for having ac-cepted their hospitality under false pretences, and remarked that he had made several ineffectual efforts to place himself in his true colors. When he realized the position, after being in, as he felt convinced that his explanations would not be credited, he thought he might as well accept the situation with what philosophy he could muster until the march of events should right

him again. "Now for our side," said Tom, when the story was finished. "Mother, where is the fatal telegram?" The

telegram was produced, and read aloud amid much laughter. "How about that sear, Folliott?" asked Tom, with mock gravity. "Does-

n't that need some explanation?" "The scar," answered Folliott, in the same tone, "is all that remains of an adventure I had some time ago. I never dreamed what an important part it was going to play in the drama of my life," and he glanced at Maud.

"Well we'll call it will get."

they struggle through the ground at the extreme temperatures of 41 degrees and 100 degrees, germinate most rapidly, other conditions being equal, at about 84 degrees. Corn does best at say 90 degrees, though it will ger-"Well, we'll call it quits if you will"

air of vexation, as her part in the small comedy came back to her with mortifying distinctness.

his face here again."

And in fact, when Peter, having fin-ished his jollification, did present himself at The Willows, it was only to receive a prompt dismissal. The real burglar was never found. heard as he beat a retreat, he won't feel in spirits for any more of this business to night."

"We—we are very much obliged to you," stammered Maud, rather at a loss that when Amelia first saw her future brother-in-law she gravely remarked that she could rot imagine how mamms and Maud could have made such a singular mistake. She was sure she never could. Which, from the cause of the whole misunderstanding, was

> Amelia was trying sometimes, as people without a sense of humor are apt

After Fifty Years. N AGED COUPLE MARRIED HALF A CEN-

with one of her daughters.

heart of years ago. The happy couple

are now wandering among the orange groves of the Southern country, re-

certainly rather trying. But then

Savage Fors of the Congo-"The most dangerous foes we have TURY AFTER BETROTHAL. to fear," said Stanley, the explorer, "are Some of the papers of the city announced among their marriage notices on Sunday, March 27, the simple fact that on the previous Saturday evening Menville Tharp and Eunice II. Teach-buffalo. There are large numbers of ant had been married in the Silver hippopotami along the Congo and its State House by Rev. Hiram Commings. Behind this plain statement lurked a story which goes to show that this life is not all prose, after all, as some cause they are so silent and so swift. pesimists have endeavored to maintain. You see a man bathing in the river," The groom, who is a native of New York, bears the signs of 79 Winters graphic touches; "he is standing near on his head, and the blushing bride is the shore, laughing at you, perhaps, a well preserved woman who has seen laughing in the keen enjoyment of his 72 Summers come and go, but the bath; suddenly he falls over and you world and the elements have treated see him no more. A crocodile has apher so kindly that she does not seem proached unseen, has struck him a brother come home, she repeated, as a over sixty years old. More than fifty voice from the next room was heard, years ago, before the era of telephones, and he is instantly seized and carried matrimonial agencies, divorce lawyers off. Or, it may be the man is swimand some other modern devices now but too well known, and when the land of untold wealth was a far off rather mystical abode of Spaniards and dig-ger Indians, Menville and Eunice, then about the age when life is a happy true to each other until "the sun grew distance, stealthily, silently, unper-ceived, the creature makes for its prey; cold, and the stars grew old, and the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold."
But it was the old, old story. Men the man knows nothing until he is seized by the leg and dragged under and he knows no more! A bubble or two indicates the place where he has gone down, and that is all." leaving the scenes of his boyhood he A Perilous Pursuit. they parted. It was not long before The natives of the Alaska Seal sition of Providence and a clergyman. islands greatly prize the eggs of some of the "cliff dwellers," and do not hes-The young Ohio immigrant married a daughter of his adopted State, and with the well-known energy of Ohio

itate to risk their lives in the most foolhardy manner to obtain the muchmen endeavored to raise the standard of the community, with which object coveted article of food. A common way of obtaining the eggs of birds making their nests here is to lower a in view he caused the population to innative down over the face of the cliff crease in time, by five stordy youngsters, the youngest of whom is now by means of a stout rope made of thirty years old. The loving girl in walrus or sea-lion hide. After he has New York also found another heart, to filled a pouch, which he carries with filled a pouch, which he carries with him, he is hauled up again by his comthe owner of which she entrusted her destinies. After twelve years of mapanions above. A curious and fright-tul accident happened at St. George trimonial bliss she became a widow, some years since, by which a native lost his life while engaged in gathering and some time after came to the coast eggs. He had been lowered over the cliff and was busily engaged in filling It was about this time that Menville Tharp became a widower. The minds of both then wandered back to the his pouch, when for some reason his companions were called away for a scenes of younger days, and though for thirty years they had not gazed on moment, leaving the egg-hunter dan-gling against the side of the precipice. one another's face, yet each yearned to look into the other's eyes and ascer-In that moment a hungry fox which tain if indeed the old love was after had been hovering near by, attracted by the grease and oil in the rope, seized it and in a moment gnawed it in two. master of their former home and to When the natives returned they found mutual friends to ascertain the other's the rope cut in twain by the sharp teeth of the fox, and their companion arushed into a shapeless mass upon the Mr. Tharp followed his letters and jagged rocks 1,000 feet below .- San came to the city to claim his sweet-1 Francisco Chroniele

So much has been said of Irish pota to cultivation that every farmer should aim to raise a liberal quantity. Good Irish or white potatoes always sell well in the spring.



THE MALIGNED METER. Man-I came to tell you about my gas meter. For the last three months-Gas office clerk-Yes, we know all about it. You've been out of town and all the pipes bave been sealed, yet the meter registers 13,274 feet. You'll have to pay it all the same. Man—You are mistaken, sir. I have burned gas all over the house, and the meter only registers sixteen feet. I thought I'd notify you of the discrepancy. Clerk—I—I—why, sir—(Falls dead).—Philadelphia Call.

RUMOROUS

A POLITE REQUEST DECLINED. Tramp—Say, you'll give a feller a lien to sleep in your barn, won't yer,

Poetic Farmer-What! when you can find a bed 'neath the canopy of beaven, and can fall to sweet repose with starry watchers 7 No, sir, never!
Tramp—I've tried that canopy business a good while, boss, but yer see it's

goin' to rain like thunder to-night, and I hate to get my Prince Albert wet. IN THE BOTTLE. Judge-"So, Patrick, you beat your

Prisoner-Yis, yer honor, but I was drunk. "You should try and sober up." "Share I am afraid to sober up." "What are you afraid of?" "Me woife, sir; whin I'm sober she

oates me." - Texas Siftings. Minister (to boy who is digging for worms)—"Little boy, don't you know that it is wrong to work on Sunday, except in cases of necessity?" Boy (going on with his digging)-

"This is a case of necessity. A feller can't go fishin' thout bait."—Life. How and When to Plant Seeds.

The first important step taken toward the cultivation of a crop is the obtaining of good seed. Next come considerations of soil and depth of planting. The temperature and moisture of the ground have more to do with the successes and failures yearly recorded than is generally acted upon. Wheat and barley, for instance, while they struggle through the ground at at say 90 degrees, though it will germinate at from 50 to 115 degrees. The said Tom, laughing. "I vote it an squash, bean and pea all germinate immense joke all around." "We didn't think it such a joke, did we mamma?" said Maud, with a little often fails because sown at a time of insufficient moisture, while millet, for instance, under similar conditions of

dryness will secure a good catch. "A joke to Oh no!" cried Mrs. Estable on the cook. "Really, Tom, it would sound better to thank Mr. Folliott for all he much to do with the depth of covering did for your mother and sister, and he required, and farmers with one accord locked up for a burglar! Though, of course, with you away and Peter taking advantage of it—" "I'll take advantage of Peter," these respective depths to suit the threatenedTom, "if he dares to show different soils into which the seed are placed, and yet it requires only a moment's consideration to see that a heavy soil which lies close to the seed admits of slighter covering than a shifting, sandy one. Many interesting experiments have been made from time Therefore Tom Estabrook was unable to time in testing the germinating powup at a depth of three inches, and nearall at from one to two inches. These and similar facts point to the

importance of every planter's acquaint-ing himself with the requirements of the seeds to be planted, and regulating time and depth of sowing to suit the same. They also explain many failures which have been laid to the quality of the seed; but this should not lessen the zeal of farmers in their endeavors for a good, pure article.

buffalo. We lost five men during my tributaries, and thousands upon thouming; he is totally unconscious of danger; there is nothing to stir a tremor of apprehension; but there, in deep water, under the shadow of that rock, or hidden beneath the shelter of the trees yonder, is a huge crocodile. It has spotted the swimmer, and is watching its opportunity. The swimmer approaches, he is within striking