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Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

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THE DEACON'S FRIGHT.

The President himself was not so well known or respected in Pear County as was James Hargrave.

The deacon, for Hargrave had long held that office in the Methodist church, was a solid business man. His farm was the envy of the neighbors and the pride of the county. He raised the finest cattle and sent the best crops to the market, while as for his butter there was nothing in the whole of the State which could surpass it in richness and delicious sweetness.

In the eyes of his wife—for of course the deacon was married—he had but one fault, and that was a grievous one.

He was a member of the well known social club which at certain times and seasons flung out its banner to the breeze on which the name of the Roaring Buffaloes was conspicuously printed.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," his wife frequently declared. "You, at your time of life, and a deacon, too, to go and march about calling yourself a Buffalo."

There was something inconsistent about it, perhaps, but still in palliation it must be noted that Hargrave had been one of the founders of the club away back, long before he married Tabitha and joined the church, and the old associations were too strong for him.

He had given up most of the pleasures of youth, but his club he could not forsake. Not that there was anything wrong in the club. No, it was orderly and well managed, and some of the best people of the town were members.

The Roaring Buffaloes had a lodge room of their own, and the slight refreshments necessary to keep up the roaring character of the members were kept on the premises.

"If a Buffalo wants whiskey he ought to have the very best," said the deacon when a question as to the propriety of having beer, wines and spirits kept in the club room was first mooted.

The meetings were held once a week, and no matter whether the rain descended in torrents, or the snow almost blinded the pedestrian, through summer's heat and winter's cold, Deacon Hargrave was always one of the first to arrive and nearly the last to leave.

This was more commendable seeing that his house was distant over two miles from the town, and his way was through a dense wood, the undergrowth forming an almost impenetrable barrier on either side of the narrow path.

Many a time did the good Tabitha plead with her liege lord to stay at home on dark nights, but all her eloquence was wasted. He would arm himself with a good thick stick and go through the wood laughing at dangers real and imaginary.

It was early in January, 18—. The night was as dark as any time since that phenomenal darkness which came over the Egyptians and which might have been cut with a knife.

It was club night, however, and the Buffalo would not stay away.

"Why, deacon, we didn't expect you," was the first greeting from his fellow members when he entered the lodge room.

"Why?"

"Wasn't it dark?"

"A trifle—yes, but I've gone that road my boy, for nigh on thirty years, so I don't need any light," answered the deacon proudly.

"But still—" and then there was a pause.

"Still what?

"Have you not heard?"

"Heard? What are you talking about?"

"The ghost," answered a young Roaring Buffalo.

"Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho!" laughed the deacon, as though the very word was provocative of mirth. His sides shook and his ponderous form seemed to be on springs, for there was not a muscle that did not quiver with merriment.

"You may laugh, but it is so."

"Yes; fact!" said another.

"Ghost?—where, when, who has seen it?" asked the deacon, somewhat impressed with the solemn manner of the members.

"In Hargrave Wood," answered the first who had expressed surprise at the deacon's appearance.

"A ghost! Ha! ha! ha! In my wood! Ha! ha! ha! Well, that is too good!"

"Laugh as you like, but it's true. Why, how is it, deacon, you have not heard about it?"

"Who has seen it?"

"I have," was the solemn answer of a man whose word was as good as many a man's oath.

That altered the aspect of affairs. It was now a matter of discussion instead of mirth, and Deacon Hargrave insisted on hearing a full and complete account of the member's interview or encounter with the supernatural visitor.

"Last night was as dark as—well, not quite as dark as to-night—but still too dark to be pleasant," the interviewer of the Hargrave Wood ghost commenced, "and I had to go to Lenahan's to see about getting his plow, for mine had broken—"

"Never mind the plow; tell us of the ghost!"

"As I was saying, I went to Lenahan's house, but he was not at home. His wife, who is a comely dame, invited me to stay awhile, and as I wanted to have an answer that night I accepted the invitation and waited. To make a long story short, it was nine o'clock before I left, and I thought I would go through the wood home, as it cut off a tidy distance—maybe half a mile or so, eh, deacon?"

"Nearer a mile," was the deacon's reply.

"Well, on I went, whistling just for company's sake, for I was rather nervous."

Here the deacon became fidgety, for it was his favorite idea that fear was only for children and nervousness an attribute of women. The narrator, however, appeared not to notice the deacon's manner, and continued:

"I had got to the narrow bridge which crosses the stream, when I thought that maybe a pipe would be a comfort. I took out my tobacco and loaded up my old cherrywood pipe"—the Buffalo was always very exact in his descriptions—"and then felt for a match. I put my fingers into each of my pockets, but not a match could I find. I was mad, for I wanted a smoke worse than anything. What could I do? I looked up, when right before me I saw two flames of fire—"

The deacon became interested and looked intently at the speaker, but the careful observer would have perceived the incredulous twitching of the mouth.

"Yes, flames of fire, I repeat. Was I frightened? Not a bit. I was too overjoyed for fear. I crossed the bridge, but there was the fire just—"

The deacon's face grew pale as he listened.

"As I walked forward the fire receded and I had to go without my smoke. I spoke to the object, but not a sound could I get in reply. When I left the fire disappeared, and I was alone. Now, if that wasn't a ghost, what was it?"

That was the small foundation on which was built the story of the Hargrave Wood ghost.

It was not much; but the solemn manner in which the story was told and the highly dramatic gestures caused the faces of the Buffaloes to be blanched as white as January snow.

The deacon was ill at ease, but was determined not to allow any one to see that he placed even the very slightest reliance on the story.

He tried to laugh, but it was a sickly effort, and his face gradually paled, when a brother member suddenly asked:

"Is not this about the time of year when old Jake was murdered in that very wood?"

"Yes; he was killed on the eleventh and his body was found in that very stream on the thirteenth."

"Why, yesterday was the eleventh."

"So it was."

"Then that would be old Jake's ghost, and it will walk again to-night," was the assertion of one of the oldest members, who had often entertained the roaring Buffaloes with stories of the supernatural.

"Don't go home to-night, deacon," suggested one of the members.

"Not go home! What would Tabitha say?"

"Ho!"

This was followed by a loud laugh, for all knew that the deacon was really afraid of his better half, and on only one point had been able to hold his own, and that was the membership of the club.

The hour for departure had come, and the good deacon started on his homeward journey.

He had laughed at fear, but it must be acknowledged that he had great difficulty in keeping up his spirits as he entered the narrow path of the wood.

Cold shivers passed continually over him, and, as he afterwards said, "it seemed that his backbone had turned to ice."

Still, on he went, thoughts of Tabitha overcoming his fast increasing nervousness. The bridge over the stream was reached. Although dignified by the name of bridge it in reality only consisted of some fallen trees which had been flung across the narrow chasm through which the stream flowed.

The deacon looked straight ahead, but no sign of the supernatural was visible.

Still he trembled, for the wind blew strongly down the little valley, and Hargrave was never, even in daylight, very sure-footed. He stepped on the bridge and a sudden gust of wind raised his hat and sent it scurrying along among the trees.

He trembled and tottered on the frail bridge, and then, as no one was looking, he lowered himself on his knees and proceeded to cross as became a Buffalo—on all fours.

Never had that bridge seemed so long, but the longest lane has an end, and the deacon was priding himself that the worst was over, when a blood-curdling shriek struck upon his ear.

His hair stood on end, every pore was opened and the cold perspiration burst forth. He was afraid to look up, and yet what could he do?

Again came the horrible shriek and the deacon offered up a prayer for his safety. He was trembling in every limb, his blood seemed frozen in his veins, and he felt he was fast losing all power over his limbs. A consciousness seized him that he was being watched.

A strange fear possessed him.

What if old Jake's ghost really did haunt that wood?

Fast the thoughts flitted through his brain and he remembered that he had often treated old Jake with sharpness.

Nay, on that very night when the old man had met with such a terrible death in the darkness of the wood he had turned him away from his door.

Jake had loaded himself with too much whiskey and had begged shelter of the deacon for the night.

But that washy pillar of the church upbraided him with his drunkenness and closed the door in his face.

All this he now remembered as he knelt on that frail bridge and listened to the unearthly shrieks.

It was horrible!

How he regretted the unkind and very unneighborly act.

Had he sheltered the old man his life would have been saved.

But in his self-righteousness he had sent the drunken man to an untimely end. The deacon prayed for pardon, but even as he did so he feared that forgiveness was not for him.

He suffered all the tortures of the lost, and the agony was so great that he wished for death to put an end to his miseries. Laugh at fear! Never again could he do so.

Mock at nervousness! No, for that night he was the most timid and nervous man in all New York State. He had tried to forget his cruel act towards old Jake, but conscience was now torturing him for it. Conscience would not slumber and would not bury the past in oblivion.

The minutes were developing into an hour, and he must rouse himself or perish in the cold.

He felt his beard freezing solid, while his clothes, which had been bathed in perspiration and dew, were as stiff as glass and seemed nearly as brittle. He pulled himself together and stood up.

There in front of him he saw a pair of eyes glaring like those of a phantasmagoric demon. They burned into his very soul.

What should he do? He dare not go forward, for those eyes were like daggers whose points already had penetrated his heart.

But he could not go back. No, he had but courage enough to turn his face away from the penetration of those balls of fire. Why had he not taken the advice of his friends and stayed in town that night, or, better still, have listened to his wife and missed the meeting of the Roaring Buffaloes? Why, indeed?

Buffalo for sooth! There never was a lamb more timid and helpless.

He looked steadily at those eyes; they seemed to get larger until, like great suns, they shut out everything else. They were getting nearer.

He would stand still, for in reality he dared not move.

The deacon thought his last hour had come. He thought of Tabitha and the farm and could not be reconciled to death.

He looked into the blazing orbs, now getting nearer and yet nearer.

His breath had sunk to a spasmodic gasp. Sweat ran down his face, swelling as though they would burst, his sinews became like whipcord, his eyes were getting dim with the perspiration which, despite the cold, came from every pore. He could hear the breathing of his awful antagonist. It was regular, while his was fitful. Now he was but a yard away. One more second of time and the deacon would be no more.

It was awful; never did human being experience so great torture.

He looked, and as he saw a monster in front of him he gave utterance to a shriek which echoed and re-echoed through the woods.

Again he shrieked, and as he did so he found himself being pushed from the bridge.

* * * * * * *

"Deacon! I say, deacon! Wake up, or are you going to stay there all night?"

The deacon opened his eyes and saw the wife of his bosom standing close to him and shaking him vigorously.

He looked round and found himself sitting by the table in his own kitchen.

"How did I get here?" he asked. Whereupon his wife laughed as though she had never heard so comic a question before.

"How did I get home?" he again asked.

"Where from?"

"The club."

Tabitha laughed and the deacon's face grew red with excitement. He jumped to his feet but sat down again quickly. His legs, he said, "were all pins and needles," but he missed the chair and lay at full length upon the hard kitchen floor.

Tabitha assisted him to his feet. He looked at the clock. Its hands pointed to the hour of nine.

At once the deacon thought he had been in a delirium of fever and that perhaps days, it might be weeks, had elapsed since he had met the spectre in the wood.

"How did I get home from the club?" he again asked.

"You did not go."

"Not go?"

"No. I asked you not to go out to-night, but you laughed at me. You ate heartily of mince pie for supper and fell asleep before I cleared the table, so I let you sleep."

"And was it all a dream?"

"I don't know what you are talking about, but you have never left this room to-night."

It was humiliating, but true. The deacon had missed the meeting of the Roaring Buffaloes for the first time in thirty years, but he had learned some lessons.

He was a changed man from that day. He never sneered at fear or mocked at nervousness, but he always had a welcome smile for the unfortunate and never turned a wayfarer from his door. His terrible nightmare had worked a mighty revolution in him, and he often tells the story with full dramatic vigor and power of "Deacon Hargrave's Fright."

LIKE JOHNSON.

"Let me tell you a little story about my trip to the East in the spring of '80," said Bob Babcock, in the Supervisors' office, the other day.

"All right; fire away, Bob."

"When I was a boy I attended school in a village in Massachusetts. I was studying at the time for the ministry. With that object in view I was placed in school; but the gold fever struck me in '52 and I came to California. I never made enough—or, rather, I never saved enough—to visit the East until '80.

"On my trip across the continent I suffered terribly from my teeth, and I determined that when I reached Boston I would have them attended to, before visiting my folks in New Hampshire. Reaching Boston, I went into an imposing suite of dental parlors. On taking the chair the dentist inquired:

"'Stranger in Boston?'

"'Yes.'

"'What part of the country are you from?'

"'From California.'

"'Well, I declare! I'm glad to see you. I've got a friend out there somewhere by the name of Johnson. He used to go to school with me, and how much you resemble him! Is this the tooth you wish filled? There's a large cavity in it. Johnson went to California in '55. He was a bright fellow; a young man of much promise. Does this tooth trouble you? It's slightly decayed.'

"'Mr. Goodall (that was the dentist's name), I wish you would fix my teeth as expeditiously as possible. The train making connection with the Gorham stage leaves at 12.05, and it is the only train that makes the connection to-day. I don't want to be compelled to stay over until to-morrow.'

"'Johnson, I think, went into the brokerage business in San Francisco,' continued the dentist, not noticing my interruption. 'The last time I saw him he was a sprightly boy—for you couldn't call him anything else very well; but you know twenty-five years make a great change in all of us. I declare, every expression of countenance and the tone of your voice remind me of Tom Johnson.'

"'Mr. Goodall, I entreated, 'will you attend to my teeth? I don't want to miss that train. It will leave in one hour and three-quarters.'

"'Very well, sir; but you do look, appear and talk like Tom Johnson, who went to California in '55.'

"The dentist went to work. He filled two teeth, and extracted another which had given me great pain. Frequently he would stop in his work and remark, 'Head like Johnson's,' 'Ears like Tom's,' 'Hair like Johnson's,' 'Feet like Tom's,' 'Voice like Johnson's,' 'Hands like Tom's.'

"After the dentist had concluded his manipulations I arose and extended my hand. 'Goodall, I am Johnson!'

"'Tom, I knew it! I am devilish glad to see you, old boy! Many years since we played over the Andover Hills. How have you been? How's times in California? What's become of Jim Berry? Tom, I'm devilish glad to see you!'

"'Goodall, it's now 12 o'clock and I must catch that train. I'm coming back to Boston within a week, and I'll drop around and see you!'

"'Do, Tom, do.'

"'How much do I owe you?'

"'Not a cent, Tom; not a cent. Do you want to insult me?'

"As I went out of the door Goodall remarked, 'Tom, don't fail to come and see me. We'll have a thundering good time.'"

"Did you know the dentist, Bob?"

"Never saw him before or since."—California Mavericks.

"Gall" Classified as Freight.

Scene—Kentucky Central railroad general office, Covington, Ky., before passage of interstate-commerce act. Sam Morse, the general passenger agent, sitting on an air-cushion to keep cool.

Enter theatrical agent. "Good morning, Mr. Morse. Want to run down the line. Can you fix me out?"

S. M.—"Certainly, sir, with pleasure; where are you going?"

T. A.—"Lexington."

S. M. (handing theatrical man's card to the clerk)—"Make out a pass to Lexington and return."

T. A. (taking the pass)—"Thanks. By the way, Mr. Morse, I would like to run over to Washington, while down that way. Can you fix me over your connecting line."

S. M.—"No. I have none of their blank passes; besides you could not ride on their passenger trains."

T. A.—"Why, how is that, coaches crowded?"

S. M.—"Well no, not that, but their classification requires that gall in large quantities shall be transported by freight."

Mother's Darling.

Says one of Atlanta's most lovable young men:

"I find more real pleasure in a quiet, intellectual conversation with my mother than in the society of any young lady that I ever saw.

"Now such a boy as that is worth winding and when won worth keeping."

THE PLAGUE OF HER LIFE.

Twenty-five years ago, just at sunset, a motley group might have been seen assembled on the piazza of a rude country inn, known as The Black Tavern, from its appearance. Its warped and twisted boards were blackened by the storms of many a winter, and its old faded sign creaked dolefully in every passing breeze.

It was in a quiet country hamlet, shut in from the busy world by green hills, many miles from any railroad, and retaining all the primitive ways of half a century ago.

The men had congregated, as was their usual custom, to sip some of Landlord Aiken's cider, tell a few stories, and retail stale jokes.

Suddenly a tall, stalwart man, with a peddler's pack on his shoulders, and leading by the hand a little girl, emerged from a cross-road and approached the group. The man and his pack were too common a sight in those days to attract attention, but the child clinging to his hand fascinated their gaze.

She was a girl of ten years, small for her age, with a bright elfish face, black hair and eyes, the latter large and brilliant. Her skin was brown from exposure to the sun, her dress old and faded, and her feet bare, but small and shapely.

"Good evening, friends," said the peddler, depositing his pack on the piazza, and taking off his straw hat to wipe his heated brow.

"Have you come far?" asked the landlord, pushing forward a couple of chairs.

The stranger took one and seated the little girl in the other, and threw his arm protectingly around her as he answered:

"From S——, three days since. It's fully twenty miles, but my little companion is not over-strong for such a journey."

"Is it your little girl?" asked one of the men.

"No; I have neither chick nor child. I am taking her to her friends. Can you tell me where Squire Wagner lives?"

"He lives over there in the graveyard," replied the landlord, pointing to a grassy enclosure on the hillside opposite.

"Is there any of the family living?"

"One—Miss Dorothy, who lives up in the old farmhouse yonder. The rest are all dead, unless it be Fred, the youngest, a wild harum-scarum fellow, who went off years ago."

"This is his little girl; he is dead," said the peddler.

"When did he die?"

"I've not time to tell you now," said the newcomer, as he felt the child start at the question. "What sort of woman is Miss Dorothy?"

"Oh, a sort of crab-apple species, you know. Had a disappointment in early life that dried up all her sweetness," said one man.

"The farmers hereabouts get her to look into their cider barrels to make vinegar," responded another, and a laugh went round.

The peddler looked troubled.

"Will she be kind to the little girl?" he asked.

"Oh, yes; she wouldn't hurt a worm, and she'll get plenty to eat. She isn't stingy, but she isn't one of the soft, loving kind," eagerly put in a man who had not before taken a part in the conversation.

"Well, I guess we may as well be going, sir," said the peddler, rising. "Can I leave my pack in your care, landlord, till I come back?"

An affirmative answer being given, he took the child's hand and set out for the low farmhouse a half mile distant, whose western windows were all aglow with the rays of the setting sun.

As they neared it, the little girl looked eagerly around to see what her new home was like. Some ducks and geese at play in a clear brook caused her to clap her hands.

They entered a neat yard, and passed up a narrow stone walk that led around the house, the girl looking with evident satisfaction at the beds of bright flowers on either side.

As open door gave them the view of a tidy kitchen, where a couple of women were arranging a bountiful repast, and two hired men were performing their ablutions at a spout in the rear. The peddler knocked softly.

"Is Miss Wagner in?"

"Yes. What do you want?"

And the elder woman stepped to the door. She was tall, and very energetic in her movements.

"I've brought you a little girl for company, ma'am."

"Me? Brought me a little girl for company? What do you mean, sir? I've no time for joking."

"But perhaps you have time to greet your brother Fred's little orphan child."

Miss Dorothy staggered against the door post.

"Fred!" she gasped. "He is——"

"Dead! and has sent his little girl to you."

For a moment the lady seemed overwhelmed, but recovering herself, turned to the child.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Gipsy, ma'am."

"What an outlandish name! Betsey, did you ever hear the like?"

"Never!" exclaimed the maid-of-all-work, advancing with uplifted hands.

"My papa called me so, and he's dead!" And breaking from the detaining hand of her friend, she dashed down into the orchard, and in a moment was ensconced in a large apple tree up among the thick branches, much to the consternation of a couple of robins, who had settled down to housekeeping close to the little girl's perch.

The mother bird, as she brooded over the fair little eggs, peeped over the side of the nest apprehensively, while her mate, on a twig close by, cocked his head on one side to watch the intruder, but never a chirp or rustle of feathers betokened their presence.

"Did I ever!" exclaimed Betsey, as the trio watched the flight and the nimble spring into the tree.

"Oh, dear, she'll be the plague of my life," murmured Miss Dorothy.

"She'll be a comfort and a blessing to you, ma'am, if you've only a mind to have it so. She has a loving little heart. Only to think how she waited upon her father, soothing and tending him to the last like a woman!"

He then told the lady how he met her brother at a lowly cottage, where his strength had failed, as he was trying to make his way home to his friends, but he was in the last stages of consumption, and died in two days. He entrusted his child and a few papers to the care of the kind-hearted peddler, who now drew the latter from his pocket and handed them to the lady, who was weeping quietly.

He then went down through the orchard to the tree where the little girl was.

"Come, Gipsy, your aunt is going to love and care for you, and you must love her."

The girl, who had sobbed for a few moments violently, now sprang down with a bright face. He led her back to the house.

"Her name is Gertrude, ma'am, but her father called her Gipsy. I hope you will be a mother to her."

"I'll take good care of her," said Aunt Dorothy, as she bent down and kissed the upturned brow.

The child flushed with pleasure, and allowed the peddler to depart with a quiet good-bye. She was seated at the table, and partook of a dish of berries and bread-and-milk with a relish.

A new life now commenced for the child. For months she had had no home, but wandered with her sick father, depending upon the charity of strangers, wherever they chanced to be. Now she was made comfortable.

The two women, though shocked at her wild, untutored ways, were kind, and tried to lead her in the way she should go, and she learned to love them both, even while her perverse nature led her to set at defiance all their rules.

Aunt Dorothy declared a dozen times a day that she "was the plague of her life," but yet the house seemed strangely lonely and still when she was absent.

She taught her to sew, and would leave her demurely seated in her low chair, an industrious little maid, and returning in a few moments to find her gone and catch the flutter of her garments up in some tree, where she was talking to the birds.

She attended the village school, was bright, and easy to teach, but the prime mover in all mischief, and a general favorite with the scholars. But best of all she loved to wander over the hills, picking flowers or playing in some mountain rill.

She formed an acquaintance with some rude wood-choppers, who, with their families, dwelt in some little shanties on the mountain-side.

The men smiled when she came, and the women loved the helpful little girl who kept the babies so still and told nice stories to the bigger children.

She saved a little two-year-old boy from drowning one day, and won thereby the everlasting gratitude of the parents; and when one of the poor women fell ill, begged some nice things of her aunt to carry to her.

One dark November night she and her aunt Dorothy happened to be alone. Betsey had gone to sit up with a sick neighbor, and the hired man lived some distance away.

About midnight Gipsy, who slept in a small room next to her aunt's, was awakened by a scream. Springing from the bed, she rushed into the outer room.

Two masked men stood by the bed, one holding a lantern, while the other held a knife to the woman's throat, and a voice that Gipsy recognized said:

"Stop that screeching and tell us where that money is you took for those cows today, or I'll soon settle you."

"No, you won't, Pat Daly!" said the child, springing to the bed and clasping her aunt around the neck.

Both men started, and the man with the lantern said:

"It's Gipsy!"

"Yes, Dennis Carter; and don't you remember how I saved your little Mike from drowning?"

"Indade I do. And not a hair of yer head shall be harmed, the blessed darlint that ye are! But how came ye here?"

"I live here, and this is my aunt Dorothy, who gives me a home and is so kind to me. You shan't touch her unless you kill me first. She sent your wife, Pat Daly, those nice broths and jellies when she had the fever, and she's every so good;" and Gipsy burst into tears.

The men consulted together while the child bent over Aunt Dorothy, who had fainted for the first time in her life.

"Oh, she's dead!" she screamed.

"No, she isn't; she has only fainted. She'll come to in a few minutes," said one man. "We wouldn't have come here if we'd known it was your aunt. Now, child, you must promise never to tell who we are, and you mustn't either of you tell of this night's adventure, as it would set folks to talking and make trouble, you see."

"Yes," said Gipsy. "I understand; and I won't tell, and I'll promise for Aunt Dorothy, too. Only be good, and go right away, and, oh, don't ever do so again."

"You don't hate us, Gipsy?"

"Oh no, indeed; I'm only sorry for you. Do go."

When Miss Dorothy recovered her senses she was alone with her little niece.

"Where are those horrid men?" she asked.

"They're gone, Aunt Dorothy."

"But what a brave child you are, Gipsy! But won't they come back? Call for help. Mur——"

The child's hand was on her lips.

"Don't, aunt. I've promised we won't tell anybody about this."

"Not tell! I'll have them arrested."

It took some time to prevail on the excited woman to be silent, but as she really did not know who her assailants were, and the child refused to speak, she resolved to keep quiet.

The next day, to Betsey's disgust, she had the hired man move his family into a part of the house, "for company," she said.

A week after Gipsy climbed the mountain side to find the cabins of Daly and Carter deserted, and the chill November wind sweeping through them.

She was now prime favorite with Aunt Dorothy, who seemed to forget she had ever been "the plague of her life."

Her First Sea Bath.

This is a truthful and most accurate description of how a woman acts when she first puts on a bathing suit and appears before the world in it. At first sight of it she giggles convulsively and titters out:

"Oh, I never, never can let anybody see me with that on!"

"Oh, yes you can. Put it on," cries some hardened companion who has been in before. "Everybody wears them."

"But I'll look awful!"

"Who cares? Nobody 'll know you."

Then she gets into it giggling furiously.

"Oh, I just can't go out in it."

"Yes, you must."

"But how can I?"

"Bah; nobody 'll notice you in the least."

"But I know I look perfectly dreadful."

"Well, everybody else looks so, too."

"I know, but I" (giggle), "I shall die if I see anybody I know."

"You ready?"

"Yes, I—I—guess so! Oh, I just don't believe I can go after all. Don't I look awful."

"Pooh! No! Come on!"

"I can't bear to. Tee, hee, hee, hee!"

But she does, all the same, giggling frantically until she reaches the water, when she shrieks out:

"Oh, it's cold! Ugh! Hee, hee! I'll look so awful when I'm wet! O-o-o-o-h; it's dreadfully cold!"

And when she comes out and is dressed again she bores everybody she knows by gaping over and over again:

"Oh, I think it's just lovely to bathe! I'm going in every day! Isn't it fun? I just love to lie down and let the waves run over me! I ain't one bit afraid now. I was awful'y frightened at first! I don't mind my looks one bit now! I'd like to have my photograph taken in my bathing suit! It'd be jolly fun, wouldn't it? I got some water in my mouth, and isn't it salty? Oh, it's just splendid! I'm going in three times some days! I believe it'll do me good! Oh, I'm wild over bathing! It's just too perfectly lovely and jolly for anything!"

THE SPIDER'S WARNING.

A narrow prison cell, a wan and haggard inmate, gloom and damp.

A single window only, barely a foot square, heavily barred and six feet, at least, from the ground.

Prostrated upon a wretched bear of straw in a corner was the prisoner, not asleep, but watching intently; and watching what? One might guess a dozen times and yet not hit upon the truth.

And the prisoner, lying upon his side upon his heap of straw, his chin resting upon his hand, and his elbow fixed upon the floor, watched a large spider's web spun in the corner.

A curious place for a spider to rear his airy castle—a corner of that dark cell, where the sunlight never came, and the fat flies were few and far between.

But the spider, perhaps, was of a social nature, and maybe he pitied the poor prisoner who pined within the loathsome dungeon, and so came to cheer him.

For no crime had the Frenchman suffered—for Dis Jonval