

and died.

romance,

flowers.

mances.

here?

and chat."

And so, in this city of music and dance,

-Pearl Rivers, in Harper's Bazar.

Good Samaritan.

"Don't you find it rather lonesome

"O no!" answered the stage door-

"You must hear them tell some amus-

"Any number of them. The other

night Wm. Harris, of Rhea's company,

told me of an incident that happened

when he was supporting Charlotte Cush-

man. They did 'Henry the Eighth' in a

small place one night, and after the

play was over the andience still re-

keeper. "Some of the actors generally

come back here to smoke their pipes

ing experiences of stage life."

The Most Successful Remedy ever disc sred, as it is certain in its effects and does not offster. Read proof below :

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BRLVERNON, Pa., NOV. 77, '90. DE. B. J. KENDALL CO.: Genta-I would like to make known to those who the fact that I think it is a most excellent Liment. I have used it on a Blood Spavin. The horse went on three tests for three years when I commenced to use your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I used ten bot-ties on the horse and have worked him for three years since and has not been lame. Yours since and has not been lame. Your Y. W.M. A. CURL

Enosburgh Falls. Vermont.

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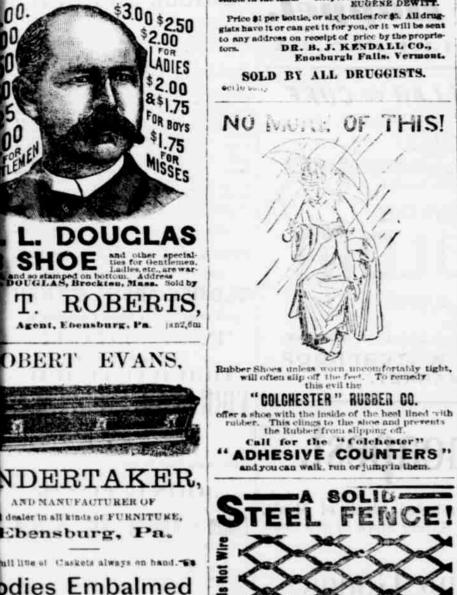
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OI WHITTHE, OLD WOMAN, SO HIGH ! C DIAMOND ROOMING TO COVER THE SET. FIR FRUTE THE LAND OF YOUR SIRTH? SHY COVERS THE BARTIL iend for illustrated circular to

GERNANDWS, N. Y., Nov. 2, 189. Dz. H. J. KUNDALL Co. Enceduration fails, Vi. Gents: In praise of Kendall's Spavin Cure I will say, that a year ngo I had a valuable young horse he-porter of the source of the sour HRET, JR., & Co., 23 Walnut Street, PHILADELPHIA.



For snared in webs of thought His flying dreams are caught; Age looks beyond the senses to the soul. Ah. could the singer's art Assume the lottier part once the lowlier in the realm of song! Ab, could life's grand r themes Flow like the early streams

Delight and Astonishment of an

GERMANTOWN, N. Y., Nov. 2, 1898. Unexpected Meeting.

I had just come out of the post-office when I caught sight of a face that seemed familiar to me.

It was that of a man about my own age, with bronzed features and a somewhat attenuated figure.

As I was trying to recall when and where I had seen him before our eyes met. I immediately perceived that our recognition had been mutual, for he

came toward me with a frank expression of pleasure and held out his hand, saving

"Helloa, old fellow, who'd have thought of seeing you here?." I don't know why he said this, and of course, I don't at ... mpt to defend it; but it is a style of address affected by some men who are as profoundly astonished if they meet you in a restaurant as if they had run across you in the mines of Siberia. I felt a little bit annoyed at his want of originality; however, 1 smiled pleasantly, and said, as I shook hands:

"Well, if you come to that, old fellow, who'd have thought of seeing you here?" We stood opposite each other for a few seconds, I simpering somewhat emptily at the nature of our greeting. and struggling to recall his name; and he with his head slightly on one side, and an expression of courteously suppressed amusement on his face, as if my presence on the steps of the postoffice was one of those inexplicable freaks of chance for which it is hopeless to seek to assign any reasonable I gave him a few seconds to digest his astonishment, and then, feeling that the silence was becoming a little eminfortably tight, barrassing, I said, inconsequently: "Well, what have you been doing all

can stand up and say there is no episode in his life he would not have expunged, forgotten or condoned? We had turned into a restaurant for a bit of dinner, and those thoughts passed through my mind as we ate our fish. My companion pondered sadly for a few seconds, and then, shaking himself together as though to throw off

an unpleasant train of thought, said: "Now, tell me about yourself, your wife and family." Before I had time to reflect upon what might be the result of my dis-

closure, I blurted out the simple truth: "I have no wife." He looked intensely surprised, as he said: "My dear fellow, I am very sorry. never heard"- He paused, inquir-

ingly, and again I blurted out: "I never had one." A look of extreme pain spread over his face as he heard this. He leaned across the table, and laying his hand on mine, said, with infinite sympathy: "I ee it all: I ought not to have asked you.

orgive me, old fellow, and forget that have said these words." I gave him a clammy hand and turned way, lest he should detect the concious guiltiness of my face. I had beome confirmed in a suspicion that had been gradually dawning upon my mind, that I had never set eyes upon my host before that day, and that I had been carried away by some inexplicable chance resemblance to some remote acquaintance, and by his own apparent cordial recognition of myself. There was no blinking the facts, however. Everybody that he mentioned was a total stranger to me, while every inci-

finished half of the audience were in tears. Every word of thanks that he White buds make white roses; they opened uttered came from his heart. He was a well-educated man, but he didn't try to Again: "Do you love me as ever?" she sighed. use any big words. He simply told them In rose-buils he answered her, kissed as behow grateful he and every member of "Not six, nor twice six, but two dozen budathe company were to them all. We were erving back of the curtain, and when he spoke of the landlord's father we all Two hearts have their own pretty rose-bud cheered and the audience cheered with us. After the performance was over And when she grows sad through the long the audience crowded on the stage and we were kept busy shaking hands for "Though absent, I love you," he whispers in the next hour. They felt they had done a good action and they fairly overflowed Ah! Love will have seasons of sadness and with kindly feeling toward us. The manager's wife had her little girl in So sure as the spring puts her tender buds her arms and all of the ladies kissed the But Love will find language for questions and child and the men tucked money into answers, So long as the Rose lives the Queen of Roher hand. When the landlord's father came upon the stage she rushed up to him and made the child put its arms around his neck and kiss him and then STORIES OF THE STAGE. she kissed him and everybody cheered. The splendid old fellow couldn't keep the tears back and he just stood there A Stranded Troupe and a Modern with the child in his arms and made a

speech. "'I tell you, neighbors,' he said, 'if you all feel as happy over what you have done for the people here as I do, you won't be ashamed of your tears. I have kept a good many show folks in my time and I know that they are just like other people. They have all got feelings, and every one of this troupe will remember this evening with gratitude as long as they live."

"I don't believe such a scene ever took place on a stage before."

"Did you get away all right?" I asked. "O, yes. The benevolent old gentleman took charge of the money for us,

I not into my nocket the handlcorchief

with which I had vainly sought to

New Mexico.

Laguna is built upon a rounded eleva-

in terraces, the same brown color, and

under the same pale blue sky. And the

ing down the slope, erect and supple,

holding together by one hand the man-

tle worn like a Spanish rebozo. The

village is irregularly built, without

much regard to streets or alleys, and it

has no special side of entrance or ap-

doorways to other apartments. It is

all hap-hazard, but exceedingly pictur-

esque. You may find some of the fam-

ily in every room, or they may be gath-

ered, women and babies, on a roof

which is protected by a parapet. At

the time of our visit the men were all

away at work in their fields. Notwith-

standing the houses are only sun-dried

bricks, and the village is without water

or street commissioners, I was struck

by the universal cleanliness. There

children and of rather careless house-

Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's

Big dinner parties of ill-assorted

guests are failures from a conversation-

alist point of view. A fireside, or a

Ill-Assorted Guests.

I see her in her later years. Passing through many a vale of tears. And yet within you o'er could trace Peace written on her wrinkled face.

New, leaning on a daughter dear, And a wee Annie playing near, Just as she once had loved to do, She passes down the svenue.

And a glad smile is onsher face. That lights it still with old-time grace. For, lo? she fears not coming alght. "At eventide there shall be light "" - G. Weatherly, in Golden Days-

A MIDNIGHT STRUGGLE.

Two Girls' Encounter with a Treacherous Intruder.

My sister Julia was always very ourageous. In our youth the country was wilder than now; but it might truly be said of her that she was not rought up in the woods to be seared by an owl. She would traverse the most unfrequented paths, wondering at my timidity. There was nothing masculine, how-

ever; in Julia's appearance; she was simply a sweet, joyous child, with an absence of fear in her character and a consequent clearness of perception in all cases of supposed or real danger. When I was sixteen and Julia eighteen, my father hired a laborer named

Hans Schmidt, a Hessian, who had been in the British service, and who, at the close of the war, had deserted from his regiment. He was a powerful man, with a heavy imbruted countenance; and both Julia and myself were struck at the very first with an intuitive dread. of him. The feeling in Julia hardly

excerations, half German, half English, chilled our very hearts, and we knew that there, in the midnight, only the lid of an old chest was between ourselves and Hans Schmidt. At times it started up, and once or twice his fingers were caught in the opening. Then, finding our combined weight too much for his strength, it would become grident that he was endeavoring to force out an end of the chest. But he could not work to advantage. Cramped within such limits, his giant power muscle was not wholly available: he could neither kick nor strike with full force, and hence his chief hope rested upon his ability to lift us up lid and all. Even then, its the absolute terror that might have been supposed to possess her, a queer feeling of vultation sprang up in Julia's neart.

"I was right, Mary," she cried# "they won't think me a fool now, will' they? I shan't be ashamed to see Harny Irv-

Poor Julia! Under the effeumstames, the idea was really indicrous; but nature will everywhere assert herself, and Julia hated a coward. Thump! thump! thump! Lid, and side, and end alternately felt the cramped but powerful blows. Then came the lift-the steady, straining, desperate lift; and Juila cheered me when the cover shook. and mose, and trembled.

"He can't get out, Mary, we are safe; only keep your full weight on the lid; and don't be nervous either; it's almost morning."

She knew it was not one o'clock. But one o'clock came. How I wished it was five! And two o'clock came, and three; and we hoped that our prisoner had finally wielded to a fate which must now appear inevitable. A small aperture at one end of the chest, where there was a fracture in the wood, supplied him with air; and hence we could not hope that he would become weak through sufficiation. He was evidently resting from the very necessity of the case, for his exertions had been prodigious. There was a faint strenk of morning in the sky: and there, upon the chest, we sat and watched for the cleam to broaden. Suddenly there was a tremendous struggle beneath us, as if the ruffian had concentrated all his energies in a final effort. At my end of the chest there was a crash, and immediately the German's feet protruded through the aperture that they had forced in the board. So horrible now appeared our position that 1 uttered a round, such as I do not think I ever at may other time have had the power to imitate. I did not know that I was about to scream, so terrible was the fright of which this was the involuntary outburst To get off the lid, in order to defeat the movement through the chest-end, would have instantly been our destruction; therefore, still bearing our weight on the cover, we caught at the projecting feet. In doing this, however, we pil . ally lost our halance, and a sudden bracing up of the muscular shape below so far forced open the lid, that the head, arms and shoulders of Hans Schmidt were thrust forth, and, with a fearful clutch, seized Julia by the throat. Herrified by the spectacle. 1 threw myself forward, bearing down with all my might upon his head, as I lay partially upon the chest. Just then a heavy crash was heard at the door below, the foot-tramps springing toward us as if some person were tearing up the staircase with the full conviction that this was an hour of need. The dim daybreak hardly revealed its identity, as he rushed into our room, but I had a faint perception that young Harry Irving had come to us in our peril. Some time during the morning I found myself in bed, with Julia and several of the neighboring women standing about me. Julia clasped me in her arms and cried, she was so rejoiced that the fright had not. killed me. "We are safe. Mary," she said. Harry Irving was near the house all night. He returned after seeming togo home. It was not right, he said to himself, for us to remain alone here all night, especially as our father was known to have money in the house. So he kept out of sight, but remained near. The least scream he would have heard as he at last heard yours; but I am glad you did not scream before, for now we have had an experience, and know what we can do. It was tedious; but I don't wish to be thought afraid of my own shadow, and I'm glad we had to hold the chest down a good

What minstrel then would say he had lived too long? -Christopher P. Cranch, in Harper's Magazine. "DEAR OLD FRIENDS."

WHEN REQUIRED.

T DEAD YET ALLIE LUTTRINCER.

MANUFACTURES OF OPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE AND TIN ROOFING.

tally invites the attention of his friends

ubite in general to the fact that he is still on business at the old stand opposite the n House, Ebensburg, and is prepared to out a large stock, or manufacturing to or his line, from the small st, in the best manner and at the lowest prices.) penitentiary work either made or sold establishment. ROOFING a SPECIALTY me a call and satisfy yourselves as to me ind prices V LUTTRINGER, d prices V aburg, April 13, 1883-11.

MOUNTAIN HOUSE arber :-: Shop

ret.quass Barber Shop has been oriened in adding farmerly occupied by O'Hars Bros office, on Centre street, where the barberin-



WHAT IS SAPOLIO

this time? "Well," he replied, "I've been in Australia."

"Oh, ah!" I ejaculated, as if it had for a moment slipped my memory; "why, you went there"-and I hesi tated, as though calculating within myelf the exact day of his unknown departure

"Three years ago," he put in shortly, "and quite long enough it is, too."

I ran over in my mind my acquaintances of three years ago, but could recall no trace of a recollection of my new companion; so, to gain time and to rather fresh information. I asked: 'And what sort of a time have you

"Oh, much about the same as before, he answered, with a slightly puzzled

I candidly admit that the sensible thing for me to have done would have CUT FROM NTEEL SOMETHING NEW. been to own up and admit that I had forgotten my friend's personality. Unfortunately, I amone of those painfully constituted people who shrink with CENTRAL EXPANDED METAL CO nervous horror from any thing in the nature of an explanation, and, in addition, I felt that I had gone too far to erv off without some appearance of insincerity. Besides, he seemed to con-

gratulate himself so warmly upon what he insisted upon looking on as our providential meeting, that my lips were scaled, and I felt confirmed in the idea that if 1 let things slide a little longer. his name would recur to my mind. He had slipped his arm through mine as we walked up-town with an easy

course you'll dine with me this evening. Now, don't say you are engaged." he dded, as I hesitated for an instant between my desire to have more of my ompanion and my disinclination to ine under false pretenses; "you know they'll be awfully disappointed if they hear I have met you and let you off without a long talk, and I join them to-

morrow. I felt constrained to consent against HALF THE COST of heisting saved to Storekeepers, Butel e's, Farmers, my better judgment and added, in a playfully solicitous manner: 'And how are they all?"

"Oh, they are all tip-top-all except the Colonel:" after a pause and with a slightly subdued air-"I don't think he ina30.90.1y has ever quite got over that affair." "Ah," I rejoined, shaking my head sympathetically, "one doesn't get over

that sort of thing in a day, you know; but the others?" What others?" he said, bluntly, I hesitated, and rejoined, vaguely: "Were there not some others?" He pondered heavily for a few sec-

onds before replying: "Yes, I believe there were some others, but they made no difference." I was just murmuring: "Very likely

not," when he turned to me abrubtly and said: "I hope you don't think he came badly out of that business?" His hand seemed to relax its pressure on my arm, as if he was preparing himself for some censure or act of coldness

on my part. I felt touched by this little proof of his sensitiveness to my good opinion, one hundred miles away.

mind a blank. My sole object now was to extricate myself from my false position without detection. 1 got absolutely and hopelessly involved in fable and falsehood, and after having thus lightly taken away the good name of the supposititious mother of my children, a ort of despair took possession of me, and a wild desire to avoid exposure or xplanation at any cost.

dent that I mentioned with a view to

drawing him out seemed to find his

The dinner was good, the wine excellent, and my host geniality itself. We at late and drank freely, and over our cups I klush to think of the people I married, the old friends I buried and the characters I took away. But he would have news, and what was I to do? Much of my information seemed to ailford him matter for astonishment,

and often he ciaculated: "You don't tell me so," as I conveyed some specially startling piece of personal news. However, the time for departure came

at last, and my mind was torn with conflicting desires to escape detection and to ascertain his identity. "You'll come and see us," he said cor-

dially, as we shook hands preliminary to leaving. "Yes, certainly," I replied; "but

where are you putting up now?" "Oh, the same old quarters," he returned. "What is the best way to get there" I asked, as a last and altogether desper-

ate hope. "You can't do better than take a cab." he said; and we parted never to meet again .- St. James' Gazette.

AN OLD-TIME INDIAN TERROR.

An Aged Indian Warrior Who for Ten Years Terrorized the Settlers of Arizona. They were talking about the Indian outbreak, says the New York Herald, when one of the party who had been for many years a resident of Ari-

zona Territory, remarked: "Why, down in Arizona we lived for fifteen years in a state of terror on account of a marauding band of Apaches that had things pretty much their own way all this time, in spite of all that the Government troops could do to keep them in check.

"I call to mind particularly Old Vietorio. There was a warrior for you. He commanded a band of some two hundred bucks. They were the Chiracahua Apaches, and the murders, robberies and depredations committed by that band during those ten years in which they were on the warpath are almost incredible.

"Old Victorio was nearly ninety years of age when the troubles began. He ruled those redskins with a rod of iron in spite of his years. And he was paralyzed, too, completely paralyzed. He was only able to use his left arm a little, just enough to lift a cigarette to his mouth.

"He was constantly in the saddle and had to be strapped on like a bale of goods. His band had the finest ponies to be found anywhere. They would sometimes appear at one place and in less than twenty-four hours you would hear of them at some place one hundred miles distant. All throughout

Southern Arizona and Northern Mexico Old Victorio continued his raids until the settlers finally gave up in despair. The Government troops appeared to be utterly powerless in the matter.

"Why, that band of redskins would sometimes plunder a wagon train right under the noses of the troopers, and by the time the latter were mounted and ready to start in pursuit, they would be out of sight. The next day, perhaps, the wires would tell of some fresh depredation committed by the same band in a section of the country over

night.'

mained in their seats. 'Henry the Eighth' is in five acts, but in Charlotte Coshman's version it ends with the Trouvers death of Katharine, that scene closing

the fourth act. "He was that: for when we were leaving I heard him say to his son: "Mr. Harris was playing Cardinal Woolsey and as he finished in the third 'Here, Charlie, put this money in the safe: it's them show folks' board for act had time to change his dress before the performance was over. Seeing that three days, thirty-six dollars. You see, the audience had no intention of leavmy son, the old man knows a thing or ing, Miss Cushman called to him: two yet. If we had kept their trunks we wouldn't have got five dollars on the

" 'Mr. Harris, you must go out and make an announcement; the audience do not know the play is finished." "The late Cardinal stepped before the

check my tears during the pathetic recurtain: 'Ladies and gentlemen-1 am cital --- Edward Weitzel, in Detroit Free sorry to inform you the performance is Press. over. The play concluded with the death of Queen Katharine. If you are AN ANCIENT AMERICAN TOWN. waiting for the funeral that will not

take place until next week." Some of the Queer Features of Laguna "I'll warrant he made a 'quick exit' after that. But tell me some of your own experiences, you were on the stage. tion of rock. Its appearance is exactly were you not?" that of a Syrian village, the same cluster of little, square. flat-roofed houses

"Yes-for one season." "Then you must have a number of amusing reminiscences stored away in

your hat." The stage door-keeper shook his head. "No; nothing of a humorous nature took place that trip. We played in too hard luck. I tell you " he went on, earnestly, "that was the hardest four months I ever experienced, and is we hadn't struck one man with a heart in his body I don't know what would have become of us all."

proach. Every side presents a blank wall of adobe, and the entrance seems "Who was he? How did it happen?" quite by chance. Yet the way we went "It was down in Richmond. Ind. We were to play there two nights-New over the smooth slope was worn here. and there in channels three or four Year's and the Saturday following. We inches deep, as if by the passing feet of had been playing to bad business ever many generations. The only semblance since we started and came into the town on our trunks. New Year's night of architectural regularity is in the plaza, not perfectly square, upon which we thought would certainly bring us a some of the houses look, and where the big house, but it didn't. There was a annual dances take place. The houses local minstrol show in town, and we have the effect of being built in terplayed to empty seats. The night folraces rising one above the other, lowing we played to four dollars. After but it is hard to say exactly what a the performance we held a consultation house is-whether it is any thing more and decided to close and go to Cincinthan one room. You can reach some of nati on our trunks. We could not pay the houses only by the aid of a ladder. our board bill and the landlord of the You enter others from the street. If hotel threatened to attach our baggage Sure enough, when we got up early you will go further, you must climb a ladder, which brings you to the roof, Sunday morning and went down to the depot we found the trunks in charge of a that is used as the sitting-room or doorvard of the next room. From this sheriff. That effectually prevented our room you may still ascend to others, or leaving town. you may pass through low and small

"There was nothing to do but go back to the hotel and wait until something turned up or the landlord turned us out. Back we went, and the manager tried to argue the matter with the proprietor, while the rest of us gathered around the stove in the office. The landlord was inflexible. Unless we could pay him his money he would hold our trunks. 'I run this hotel for money, not as a charitable institution, and I don't want you people around here any longer,' he exclaimed.

was no refuse in the corners or alleys, "At this moment a benevolent-look no odors, and many of the rooms were ing old gentleman with long white patterns of neatness. To be sure, an whiskers entered the office. He was old woman here and there kept her the landlord's father and part owner of hens in an adjoining apartment above the hotel. her own, and there was the litter of

"'What's the trouble?' he asked. "His son explained.

keeping. But, taken altogether, the "'Well, you people are in hard luck town is an example for some more civand I'm sorry for you.' said the old genilized, whose inhabitants wash oftener tleman, kindly, 'but let's see what can and dress better than these Indians .be done.'

"We all felt grateful to him at once. He paused a moment to consider the situation, then asked: 'Have you had breakfast?'

"'No, sir.' "The younger man had not permitted us to enter the dining-room that morning.

table, round if possible, and, say, four or half a dozen guests, are sufficient. " 'Then all of you go in and eat, and Charles (turning to his son), let them

More will break up into separate knots and fewer mean a tete-a-tete. "I had," have the rooms they occupied last says Thoreau, "at Walden three chairs in my house-one for solitude, two for "Charles started to make some objec- friendshin, three for societe "

Magazine.

paid every thing we owed and we had | took the character of fear, but was enough left to buy us all tickets to our one rather of loathing; yet, if she could have feared any thing. I think it would "He was a modern good Samaritan."

have been that man, for she had an intuitive perception that he was demonlike, even beyond what his looks demonstrated. One evening she read of a horrible murder that thrilled our blood, and upon turning her eyes from the paper they encountered those of Hans chmidt. There was something terrible in his glance, and from that moment she resolved that the villain

should be turned away. As her wishes and opinions were always of much weight with my father, the latter gave the Hessian his discharge. Soon after this, Julia and I were left alone in the house, both our father and mother being absent on a visit until the foll aving day, and we happened to be without a female servant at the moment (for we only kept one). So Julia and I had been remarkably busy since early morning making various household arrangements with which we intended to surprise and please the old people upon their return, and being unusually weary proceeded to our chamber at an early

resemblance was completed by the figures of the women on the roofs: or movmur in the evening. We had partially disrobed ourselves when Julia turned carrying on the head a water-jar, and hastily to the window. "I declare," she said, "the evening is

o pleasant that it is a pity to remain ndoors. I don't feel a bit sleepy: let's to down upon the lawn." We descended the stairs. How little I

magined what was in Julia's heart! Harry Irving came up just as we eached the lawn. He was only casualy passing the house. Julia engaged im in conversation and he came and joined us. My sister was more than isually lively and engaging.

"Where are Tom and Edgar, and Will?" she asked, alluding to his brothers.

"Oh," replied Harry, "they are over at uncle's. They will be coming back soon."

His uncle's farm was a mile off, and his own house was about half that distance. The three young men soon appeared upon the road; and, to my surprise, Julia arose and proceeded to meet them. Then she returned to Harry and me, and called us aside from the door. "Now, Mary, you need not be nervous," she said. "Keep quiet and do not speak above your breath. There is a man under our bed-there-there!" and she clapped her hands over my month

"-a man under our bed, and the young Irvings are going up to secure him!" They all provided themselves with heavy sticks; and then, guided by Ju-

lia, ascended the stairs. As to myself, I could not follow them. but remained trembling and moaning upon the doorstep. Never did 1 experience a greater sense of relief than when the assaulting party descended, looking partly ashamed and partly amused, having found nothing to justify their sudden armament. Julia was in an agony of mortification and wept piteously, for, although but half convinced that her apprehension had been groundless, the idea that she, who had never till now feared any thing, had placed herself in a light so ludierous in the eyes of those young men, was insupportable. The man, she said, must have taken the alarm and fled out of the back door, for she could not have been so deceived. Our young friends, more in pity for her mortification than from any belief in the reality of the night introder, offered to remain in the vicinity till morning, but she would not listen to the proposal, and they thus

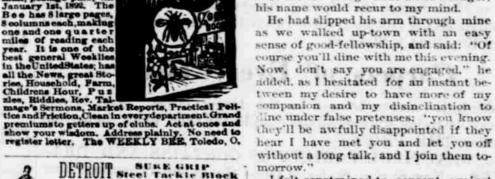
took their departure. I was very sorry to see them go, and watched their forms till they were out of sight, for the affair of the evening had almost frightened me into hysterics. wever, at once maked to the

while." Hans Schmidt had evidently decided upon the chest as a safer hiding place than that in which Julia first discovered him. Upon the very morning on which Henry Irving stunned and secured, the ruffian is our room, the officers of instice were searching for the old Hessian scoundrel as a supposed murderer, and he was soon afterward convicted and hung.

Julia became the wife of Henry Irving, and a most excellent wife-she was. Magnanimous and unrevengeful, she was perhaps the only one who felt no gratification at the fate of old Hans Schmidt, but rather a pity for the ignorance which had steeped him in crime .- N. Y. Evening World.

A Doubtful Female.

Lawyer (to female witness)-Will you



scouring soap which has no equal	speak otherwise than highly of his con-	"This old war dog, however, was finally rounded up and shot. He died in the saddle, fighting to the last, and his band, what was left of it, dispersed.	tions, but the kind-hearted old gentle- man stopped him. "'I'm not going to see these people	hermit Thoreau in his but at Walden was wiser than the man who looks for society in a crush. An unhappy hus-	chamber, and flinging herself on the bed, continued bitterly weeping. She had exhibited herself in a character	please tell this court and jury what your age is? Elderly Female-What's the use?	
for all cleaning purposes except in	He stopped and said, shortly: "Why, who knows any thing about it? I thought you and I had it all to	Of course the settlers heard of it and were delighted. Dismay followed, however, when Conchise took the field. This Indian ran things pretty much the	there's women and children among 'em and they stay here until to-morrow at least.'	wife inflicted huge parties upon him, was standing in a very forlorn con- dition leaning against the chimney	which she despised, and her man under the bed would be the talk of the neigh- borhood. I followed her, but neither of us could compose ourselves suffi-	They wouldn't believe me if I was to tell them.—Texas Siftings. Hygienic item. Teacher—So you can't remember the	
the laundry. To use it is to value it What will SAPOLIO do? Why it will clean paint, make of cloths right, and give the floors, tables and shelves a new appearance. It will	"Yes, yes;" I faltered, and added, "you know you have been away for some time, old fellow."	same way for five years, and then came	"But father,' the son persisted, 'they wont be any better off to-morrow and we'll have them on our hands.' "No matter! Besides, I'm going to	piece. A gentleman came up to him and said: "Sir, as neither of us are ac-	eleven; and then "tick, tick, tick," it	names of the great lakes. Can't you keep them in your bead? Johnny-No, mum, if I was to keep them lakes in my head I might get	
and the grease of the dishes and of the note and hans Von one coore	"There is something in that, but	"What's up?" queried his com-	all of you go in and get breakfast and I'll be back shortly.'	I crowds must not expect the great men	at length ceased weeping and lay in thought, only an occasional sigh betray- ing her wakefulness. Again the clock	Educational Item.	
Beware of INITATIONS. THERE IS BUT ONE SAPOLA. ENOCH MORCAN'S SONS CO MEW YORK.	don't let people talk about it. I know he relies upon you and me." There was something so touching in	"Niagara Falls are on the move in our direction. In the course of time Chicago 'll have 'em. Hooray! Woon-	signed by the mayor and a dozen of the	because when a lot of ladies were pre- sented to him he only remarked to each of them how hat it wasGentleman's	reached the final stroke when Julia, springing lightly from the bed, flung herself upon an immense chest at the	school now, Johnny? What part of the exercises do you like best? Johnny-The exercises we get at re- cess Texas Siftings.	
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