

The Huntingdon Journal.

J. R. DURBORROW, J. A. NASH, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

The HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every Wednesday, by J. R. Durborrow and J. A. Nash, under the firm name of J. R. Durborrow & Co., at \$1.00 per annum, in advance, or \$2.40 if not paid for in six months from date of subscription, and \$5 if not paid within the year.

No paper discontinued, unless at the option of the publishers, until all arrears are paid. No paper, however, will be sent out of the State unless absolutely paid for in advance.

Transient advertisements will be inserted at TWENTY AND A HALF CENTS per line for the first insertion, SEVEN AND A HALF CENTS for the second, and FIVE CENTS per line for all subsequent insertions.

Regular quarterly and yearly business advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

Length	3m	6m	9m	1y	3m	6m	9m	1y
1 inch	40	80	120	160	40	80	120	160
2 "	80	160	240	320	80	160	240	320
3 "	120	240	360	480	120	240	360	480
4 "	160	320	480	640	160	320	480	640

Local notices will be inserted at FIFTEEN CENTS per line for each and every insertion. All Resolutions of Associations, Communications of United or Individual Interests, all party announcements, and notices of Marriages and Deaths, exceeding five lines, will be charged TEN CENTS per line.

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All advertising accounts are due and collectible when the advertisement is once inserted.

PROOF PRINTING of every kind, in Plain and Fancy Colors, done with neatness and dispatch.

Hand-Bills, Blank, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice, and every thing in the Printing line will be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.

Professional Cards.

A. P. W. JOHNSTON, Surveyor and Civil Engineer, Huntingdon, Pa. Office: No. 113 Third Street. aug21,1872.

B. T. BROWN, J. M. BAILEY, BROWN & BAILEY, Attorneys-at-Law, Office 212 East of First National Bank. Prompt personal attention will be given to all legal business entrusted to their care, and to the collection and remittance of claims. Jan. 7, 71.

DR. H. W. BUCHANAN, DENTIST, No. 228 Hill Street, HUNTINGDON, PA. July 2, 72.

D. CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, No. 111, 3d Street. Office formerly occupied by Messrs. Woods & Williamson. [ap.12,71.

DR. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community. Office, No. 523 Washington Street, near east of the Catholic Parsonage. [Jan. 4, 71.

J. GREENE, Dentist, Office 212 East of First National Bank. Moved to Leister's new building, Hill Street. [Jan. 4, 71.

S. E. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office 319 Penn street, nearly opposite First National Bank. Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business. Aug. 5, 74-6mos.

GEORGE D. BALLANTYNE, M. D., of Pittsburg, graduate of Baltimore Hospital Medical College, offers his professional services to the citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity. Office 927 Washington Street, West Huntingdon. July 2, 74-6mos.

G. L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Brown's new building, No. 329, Hill St., Huntingdon, Pa. [ap.12,71.

H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law, Office, No. 111, Hill Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap.19,71.

L. S. GEISSINGER, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office 229 Hill Street, East of St. M. S. Peter's. [Feb. 5-1

J. FRANKLIN SCHOCK, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Prompt attention given to all legal business. Office 229 Hill Street, corner of Court House Square. [Dec. 4, 72

J. SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, Hill Street, near doors west of Smith. [Jan. 4, 71.

J. R. DURBORROW, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will practice in the several Courts of Huntingdon county. Particular attention given to the settlement of estates of decedents. Office in the Journal Building. [Feb. 1, 71.

J. W. MATTER, Attorney-at-Law and General Claim Agent, Huntingdon, Pa., Solicitor claims against the Government for back pay, bounty, widows and invalid pensions attended to with great care and promptness. Office on Hill Street. [Jan. 4, 71.

K. ALLEN LOVELL, J. HALL MESSER, LOVELL & MUSSER, Attorneys-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention given to COLLECTIONS of all kinds; to the settlement of ESTATES, &c.; and all other legal business presented with fidelity and dispatch. [Nov. 6, 72

R. A. ORBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Patents Obtained, Office, 321 Hill Street, Huntingdon, Pa. [May 31, 71.

WILLIAM A. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention given to collections, and all other legal business attended to with care and promptness. Office, No. 229, Hill Street. [ap.19,71.

Hotels.

JACKSON HOUSE, FOUR DOORS EAST OF THE UNION DEPOT, HUNTINGDON, PA. Nov. 12, 73-6m.

MORRISON HOUSE, OPPOSITE PENNSYLVANIA R. R. DEPOT, HUNTINGDON, PA. J. H. GLOVER, Prop. April 5, 1871-1y.

Miscellaneous.

H. ROBLEY, Merchant Tailor, No. 815 Millin Street, West Huntingdon, Pa., respectfully solicits a share of patronage from town and country. [Oct. 16, 72.

W. M. WILLIAMS, MANUFACTURER OF MARBLE MANTLES, MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, &c., HUNTINGDON, PA.; PLASTER PARLOR CORNICES, MOULDINGS, &c.; ALSO SLATE MANTLES FURNISHED TO ORDER. Jan. 4, 71.

250 CHOICE BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE.

At \$50 per Lot—Three Year Payments! These lots lie within 300 hundred yards of the new school house in West Huntingdon; fronting 60 feet on Brady street and running back 150 feet to a 20 foot alley.

Also, ground by the Acre, for building purposes, for sale. Inquire of E. C. SUMMERS, Huntingdon, Nov. 28, 73-1y

Printing.

TO ADVERTISERS:

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING

BY J. R. DURBORROW & J. A. NASH.

Office in new JOURNAL building Fifth St. HUNTINGDON, PA.

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM

IN CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

CIRCULATION 1800.

HOME AND FOREIGN ADVERTISEMENTS INSERTED ON REASONABLE TERMS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.00 per annum in advance. \$2.50 within six months. \$3.00 if not paid within the year.

JOB PRINTING:

ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH, AND IN THE LATEST AND MOST IMPROVED STYLE, SUCH AS POSTERS OF ANY SIZE, CIRCULARS, BUSINESS CARDS, WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS, BALL TICKETS, PROGRAMMES, CONCERT TICKETS, ORDER BOOKS, SEGAR LABELS, RECEIPTS, LEGAL BLANKS, PHOTOGRAPHER'S CARDS, BILL HEADS, LETTER HEADS, PAMPHLETS, PAPER BOOKS, ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.

Our facilities for doing all kinds of Job Printing superior to any other establishment in the county. Orders by mail promptly filled. All letters should be addressed, J. R. DURBORROW & CO,

The Muses' Bower.

Go, Then—'Tis Vain.

Go, then—'Tis vain to hover
This round a hope that's dead;
Alas! my dream is over,
'Tis vain—'tis vain to tread!

Farwell!—I'll never see thee,
Such truth as mine to see—
Some one who'll love me,
Perhaps more best will be.

Farwell, sweet eye, whose lightness
New life around me shed;
Farwell, fair heart, whose lightness
New life around me shed.

Go, now, those charms surrender
To some new lover's sigh—
Go, who, though far from tender,
May be more best than I.

For the Journalist.

My Benefactor.

I remember, I remember, and the counsel I receive,
Priority admissions given by a senator far from here;
Unveiling the secret of his own sublime success,
As he held my troubling interests within his fond care.

Said he—"then old misfortune stalks across your
Withhold the obligations of an ungrateful youth;
Your moral independence leads you better self
And drag your will withal from the thing that's
Your own."

"Zakow first to cultivate a placid turn of mind,
You'll find it works completely with the bulk of
Be willing to go to a millionaire's behest,
His will will lay the way to wash the mire from
Your feet."

His words were soft and musical, of course it won
My ear, I then resolved with myself to be a fool no more;
My moral benefactor plied me well with sage
And I'll live his journey like a little pig on ice.

But qualified success comes my firm resolve to
Get my living benefactor fit into the masonry's
And with my constant exercises beyond its limit
He quietly remarked "I was mistaken in the man."

A Story of Mexican Life.

GENEVIEVE'S PERIL.

BY PAUL BLUME.

There was a narrow street, the name of which I have forgotten, that bisected the Calle de la Plata at right angles. On the northeastern corner stood a house of two stories, with iron balconies projecting from the windows on the upper floor, while those below were securely guarded by strong iron bars, which reached from the bottom to the top of the window casings, and were firmly imbedded in the masonry of which the house was constructed.

A double door, heavily plated with iron knobs, was the only entrance to the abode, and this door was wide enough to admit a pair of mules and a carriage. It opened into a good sized court yard, in the centre of which a stone fountain of rude workmanship supplied excellent water to the inmates of the mansion. Entirely around the four sides of the secondary ran a stone portico. On the lower or fourth side were three spacious chambers, all connecting in one of which at a venerable man with gray hair, who was busily engaged at his easel, for he was a painter, and of no mean reputation. All about his studio were scattered prints and paintings, some completed, some only begun, while near his side reclining upon a cushion on the tiled floor, sat a beautiful girl, just ripening into womanhood. The painter was Louis Chaubert, and the girl was his daughter, Genevieve.

Mons. Chaubert had been a resident of the city of Mexico some five years at the time of which we write. In the line of his profession he had been so successful that he had been counted a wealthy man. Every body of pictures in the country had heard of Mons. Chaubert, and those who had a desire to gratify their taste, had visited the painter's studio. But Mons. Chaubert had many visitors in the shape of young gentlemen, who were attracted to his house more by the loveliness of his daughter than by a desire to pay homage to his art. Well acquainted with the sentiments and manners of the great world, Mons. Chaubert strove to withdraw his daughter as much as possible from the eager gaze of these butterflies; but still he could not prevent his being frequently surprised in her presence by one or another of them, who artfully contrived, by entering into conversation with her, to detain her for a few moments. Genevieve never felt her vanity flattered by the compliments of these dandies, nor a partiality for any of them entered her heart. Among some of these frequenters of Mons. Chaubert's house, where some who were both wealthy and connected with distinguished families, but that had no effect on Genevieve Chaubert.

It was walking one evening with a friend, a young Frenchman, by the name of Charles Durand, and as we came to the gate of Belen and passed out upon the caseway, we stopped and gazed towards the west, to notice the beautiful sunset.

"It will not be dark for nearly two hours yet," said Durand. "Suppose we go on a picnic further. I would like to get a few pond fishes."

Assenting to his proposition, I went forward, looking down into the water, which flowed each side of the road, in our search for the lilies. We had gone about a half mile without discovering any, when we seated ourselves on a stone beneath an arch of the aqueduct, and began to converse on ordinary topics. So pleasantly had we employed ourselves, that we had not noted the flight of time, and it was already growing dark, when we began to retrace our steps.

Suddenly we saw out on our return, when we suddenly heard female voices crying for help, just a little in our advance, and on the other side of the aqueduct. Hastening in the direction from whence the cries proceeded, we found an elderly lady and a younger one struggling with two Mexicans, who were dragging them away by force in the direction of a couple of mules, which evidently belonged to the rascals. Durand instantly drew his pistol and fired at the scoundrels. As I was unarmed, I could only watch the result of his shot before determining what I could best do to assist the unfortunates. My intention was only momentary, however, for the ruffians, seeing they were discovered, ran quickly to their animals, and in another minute they were out of sight.

We now hastened to the ladies, as it was obvious how much both, particularly the elder, exhausted by their exertions and fright, needed our support.

I offered my arm to the elder and Durand to the younger lady, when they both thanked us in French for our timely assistance. Durand was delighted when he found they were his country women, and

at once began to inquire into the cause of the attack.

"Alas! we know nothing of the motives which caused the scoundrels to try and capture us," said the elder lady. "The fact is, we had no business to wander so far out of the city unprotected, and had it not been that Genevieve hurt her foot, we should have been inside the gate while it was yet daylight."

"We are very happy that we can offer you our protection," I replied.

"You are very good, monsieur," she replied. "You may be sure this will never happen again with us."

"Then turning to the young girl, she said: "Louis will be very unhappy when he hears of the peril which threatened us. We must tell him, for we have no secrets in our little family." Then addressing me, she said: "Louis is my brother, the father of Genevieve. I suppose you have heard of Mons. Chaubert?"

I bowed my head and replied that I knew him by reputation only.

"He is a good man," she answered, "he will be glad to make your acquaintance this evening; after the service you gentlemen have rendered us, Mons. Chaubert will always be happy to consider you his friends."

"Truly, the service was very trifling," I said; "I only regret that it was not in our power to apprehend the scoundrels."

"This is a queer country, monsieur," continued Mlle. Chaubert; "one never feels safe unless well guarded. Louis has promised to return to France next winter, and Genevieve and myself talk of scarcely anything else now. Only think, we have been absent five years. Once I thought it would be impossible for me to live abroad so long, but I find we can accommodate ourselves to almost any state of life. Have you ever been in France?"

"Yes, mademoiselle," I replied, "I spent two years there."

"And you were delighted were you not?"

"Well, I liked the country and the people, but I am not much of an enthusiast, and must confess that I would not care to make my home among your countrymen."

"Why, monsieur?" exclaimed the lady, "I am surprised to hear you speak thus—Surely you could not have mingled much in society. People rarely grow weary in France. But here we are at home. Now, gentlemen, please follow us to the presence of Mons. Chaubert."

We found the painter very uneasy at the absence of his sister and daughter. When the ladies explained the service we had rendered, as we sat beside our lamp, I saw plainly that he was in love with the painter's daughter. We called once or twice during this time on the ladies, and received a hearty welcome. Mons. Chaubert had forbidden his sister and daughter to go out in the city unattended, and Durand or myself had the pleasure of acting as an escort when Mons. Chaubert did not go himself.

One morning I was sitting in my room, when Durand entered in a terrible excitement.

"What on earth is the matter, Charles?" I inquired.

"What do you think?" he cried; "that puppy, Merido, insulted Genevieve and hurt her!"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Yes, Senor Merido," as you call him, and now I am going to seek him, only having stopped to ask you to accompany me."

"This sounds very strange," I said—"Angel Merido was always considered a gentleman. He is the last person I should have supposed would have committed such an act."

"He's a villain," cried Durand; "I'll tell you something, but it must not be repeated to Mons. Chaubert. Merido has been pestering Genevieve some time with love letters sent by a small girl. She would not inform her father, fearing it would make him unhappy. The wretch, finding that Genevieve did not respond, began to threaten her."

"So she told you?" I said.

"Yes, and more," replied Durand—"Come, let us go off."

After a long search, we found Merido sitting at a Fonda with a couple of his friends. They were drinking wine.

Durand walked up to the spot where he was sitting and slapped him in the face with his glove.

"With the ferocity of a tiger, Merido sprang at Durand. In an instant the Fonda was a scene of confusion, and the landlord ran to the door and called for the police. The belligerents were prevented from assaulting each other, however, and amid the commotion, I got Durand to retire. We went directly to our rooms, well-known to each other, for we had been in the city some time before.

"Sure enough before the afternoon passed, one of my friends bore a challenge, which he placed into the hands of Durand."

"Now this is something I like," cried the chivalric Frenchman. "I shall kill that reptile; that will be a comfort at least."

"And for doing which, you will have to leave the country?" I replied.

"I don't know about that," responded Durand.

"But I do," I replied. "Merido is related to wealthy and influential people. If you kill him, they will either have you arrested or assassinated; that is, if you don't happen to run away."

"I must fight him; that cannot be avoided. Will you be my friend?" said Durand.

"Of course," I replied, "though, to tell you the truth, I would not do the same thing for any other friend I possess."

It was in a grove of lime trees, with the fruit still green on the boughs, that Charles Durand met Angel Merido to fight and kill him. The spot selected was about a league outside the city. The weapons selected were pistols. This was a source of regret to me, for Durand was an excellent swordsman, but I had never heard him speak of pistols, and I was quite sure he had no practice with them.

Two friends accompanied Merido. I also was with Durand. We went out on horseback.

The ground having been measured off, Merido was the first fire. My heart throbbed as I placed the weapon in Durand's hand. He was as cool as if he were going to play billiards. He had been eating a bunch of grapes.

When all was ready, we took our stations, and the word being given, Merido fired, and I saw Durand slightly start. I sprang forward to his side, and asked him if he was hit. He replied in a low voice: "The rascal has cut away part of my ear. Don't you see it is bleeding? But stand aside, his time is now coming."

I stepped backward and watched Durand as he deliberately aimed at his antagonist. There came a ringing report, and Merido, clapping his hand to his side, staggered forward a few paces, and was caught in the arms of his friends, just as he was falling to the earth. He had been shot directly through his lungs.

"I want to see Durand," exclaimed the dying man.

Charles went to his side, and Merido gazed up into his face with a look of hatred.

"Stand down to me," he said.

Durand knelt close beside him, when the Mexican, by a strong effort, raised himself on his elbow, and spat in Durand's face.

Charles calmly took out his handkerchief and wiped his cheek. He could not retaliate on a dying foe.

"Listen," cried Merido, gasping even as he spoke. "You have killed me, but I have five brothers, and my uncle is a judge, so I don't think your days will be very long on this earth. If the law failed to convict you, they would hunt you to death. And this is all for that French girl, Hark, you Frenchman!" he continued, "when you passed your countryman by the aqueduct, they were being carried off by my contrivance. I always hated you for that interference. Ah! if I had but dared to stab you ere I die!"

During the abuse, Durand knelt with his arms folded, gazing upon his dying foe, whose friends had gone to a farm house to search for a vehicle to convey him to the city.

I put my hand on Durand's shoulder. "Come, let us go off," I whispered. "You have no time to lose."

Straightway we rode back to the city, and ere the shades of night fell, Charles Durand had taken his seat in the mail-coach for Vera Cruz. He did not even stop to bid Mons. Chaubert's family adieu, but carried his message and explained to the painter what had taken place.

The Meridos were one of the oldest and proudest families of Mexico. Being very wealthy, they had for a long period been numerously represented in government positions. They exercised a great deal of power in a certain way, and to be foe of the Meridos was equivalent to knowing misfortune. On the second day after Angel Merido's death, he was committed to the tomb with a degree of quietness that was not often witnessed among influential families of the country; but there were reasons why there should be no ostentation, and chief among them was the desire to have as little publicity as possible about the manner of Angel's death. By this means they hoped to all but Durand into a general security, that they might more easily compass their aim. They little suspected that they were lowering the body of their relative into his grave, that Charles Durand was at that moment entering Vera Cruz in disguise, and seeking to escape from the city. When they really did discover the fact, their fury was unbounded, and they swore somebody must die. As if Durand was safe beyond their reach, they turned their hatred upon Louis Chaubert. His daughter had been the innocent cause of Merido's death, but beyond this, she was in no way responsible for what had occurred. Mons. Chaubert had the respect of the community generally, but that would not insure him repose, if the Meridos desired to persecute him and his family, and as their animosity became more and more evident, Mons. Chaubert was forced to seek the protection of the French Minister and get away from the city. He set out for Vera Cruz, and I followed by the next coach, for, although singularly enough, my name had not been mentioned, I thought it better to leave, ere attention was directed to me. When I got to Vera Cruz, the vessel that bore the surprise of Madam Durand was safe beyond her white sails spread to the wind.

Ten years had passed away, and I was one day standing on the Battery, watching the ships coming and going on New York bay, when I felt a hand laid upon my shoulder, and on turning round, stood face to face with Charles Durand, who was holding a boy of about eight years of age by the hand. Of course, my surprise was very great, and my happiness very sincere in meeting him. He had married Genevieve, and this was his son. Mons. Chaubert died soon after his return to France, and Durand had been living in the same city with me for a couple of years, and I never knew it until I met him. I went with him directly to his home, and the surprise of Madam Durand and her aunt in again beholding me, was something I shall never forget. I have had many hearty greetings in my day, but nothing like that which I received from my French friends. I found madam but little changed. She was still very beautiful, but a trifle too stout. Mlle. Chaubert I never should have recognized. She was now a widow, and the child in her arms was the very little of which she had grown very thin, and her eye-sight failing, she now wore spectacles.

Some time after the renewal of our acquaintance I called at Durand's house and found him questioning Genevieve, who had been crying.

"You are just at the right moment," cried Durand, addressing me. "My little Louis is quite sick; can one or two occasions there has come to this neighborhood a man who has endeavored to coax my child to walk with him. Failing to accomplish his purpose he gave him to dry a box of bonbons. The boy ate them, and was taken ill. We sent for a physician and the child is now in danger, but what do you think of my wife's say? The other day, as she was out shopping, she noticed after a while that a man had been following her from place to place, and she declares that it was one of the Meridos."

"I'm sure of it," exclaimed Madam Durand. "He is the image of that dreadful man that my husband—"

"Yes, I understand," I replied, as I noticed her hesitate to finish the sentence.

"But, madam, this is a bad place for any one to practice acts such as you fear; make yourself comfortable. If you are correct in your suspicions, I think I can make your mind easy. I know the hotel where those speaking the Spanish tongue resort. If any of the Meridos are in the city they surely abide in the house in question. I will investigate the matter."

It was eleven o'clock that night when I left Durand's, and on my way I stopped at the Hotel Barcelona. As I approached the door I saw there was some excitement in the house. A few words with a gentleman I knew, explained the cause. A Mex-

ican by the name of Antonio Merido had been shot down by a stage on Broadway, and ran over. He had just been carried into the house with his head fearfully crushed. Before morning he had died.

Reading for the Million.

What Ailed Hannah.

Hannah was neither a blonde nor a brunette; she was a kind of happy combination of both. She was a tall, graceful and stylish young woman, of marriageable age. She was industrious and tidy in her habits, scrupulously particular in her attire and conversation, and in some particulars an interesting and attractive person. She was not averse to the society of young gentlemen, nor were all young gentlemen averse to her society. She had several admirers who doubtless visited her with serious intentions. Her most favorite suitor, however, was an individual by the name of Beard.

To please her fortunate lover, Hannah was willing to make any sacrifice. She even consented to accompany him on a Sabbath afternoon drive, notwithstanding her conscientious scruples about going out riding on the Lord's day; and I might enumerate numerous instances of rare self-denial upon her part, equally remarkable and surprising. The individual bearing the name of Beard took heart at the encouragement she gave him; his visits to Hannah became more frequent and prolonged, and to the interested observer who watched the progress of events, there was the promise of an earnest attachment, if not an immediate wedding in the habitation inhabited by Hannah.

One evening, during the individual by the name of Beard called upon Hannah. He sat down upon one end of the sofa, and he had resolved upon this particular evening to break the icy barrier that had existed between them, to make his wishes known to her, to avow his admiration for her person and character, or in more common parlance "to pop the question."

Hannah received him cordially, and invited him to be seated in the parlor. He sat down upon one end of the sofa, and he was hoping that by some circumstance, Hannah would sit down upon the other end of that romantic institution; but for some unaccountable reason Hannah did nothing of the kind. She walked deliberately to the opposite side of the room and sat down upon one end of a sofa there.

The individual by the name of Beard looked disappointed.

"Are you feeling pretty well to night?" "Splendidly," responded Hannah.

"Perhaps you were not expecting me?" "No, I was not."

"But you look troubled. Has anything happened?" "No, nothing at all," said Hannah evasively.

"Perhaps I ought to have sent word that I was coming, it is not at all necessary that you should take that trouble. I am always glad to see you."

The individual by the name of Beard took heart at her last remark, and crossing the room at hand upon the sofa close by the side of Hannah. To his astonishment and chagrin she deliberately turned her face away from him and seemed offended at his conduct.

"Have I said or done anything to incur your displeasure?" he asked.

"No, nothing at all," she replied, still looking the other way.

"But what is the matter, then?" "Nothing, nothing at all—at least nothing that I would like to tell you; that is, it would not be exactly proper to tell."

The heart within the individual by the name of Beard throbbed with a wild pang of jealousy; a feeling of doubt and distrust ran through his soul. The woman before him had been trifling with his heart's noblest affections. He impulsively grasped her hand and bent his head close to hers.

"Listen!" he began excitedly.