

## HOW A WIFE WAS WON.

The opening of the Grand industrial Exposition had brought me to the city in the early part of the spring in 1879. Tired from long standing and walking around; more tired still by the shows and wonderful exhibitions of the mighty progress of civilization at home displayed at the exposition, I turned my steps homeward one afternoon earlier than usual. I had taken leave of my friends making an engagement for a reunion later on in the evening, and directed my course to one of the quiet quarters of the city in which my hotel was situated. The less frequent the bazaars and show windows became, so much more insignificant became the number of foot passengers on the streets. But it seemed to me a much more stylish-looking part of the city than the public drives of the central portion, because here the high, grave looking houses were either government offices or were inhabited by city officials or wealthy private citizens.

Before me walked for some distance a young and elegantly attired lady. A curve of the street I succeeded in getting a fleeting glimpse of her profile, and felt myself thereby urged to observe carefully even the knot of golden blonde and sunshiny hair, half covered by the dark English hat, as well as the extremely delicate, graceful figure of the still youthful girl.

Suddenly her step faltered, she half turned, lingered for a moment, and then walked hastily towards me, past me, and back over the road by which she had just come. Not far ahead of us came sauntering along an officer, with a lady on his arm, gayly chatting and laughing. Could they have frightened my Unknown? A sudden interest stirred within me; I wished to gain some insight into her strange conduct, and therefore made a hasty turn, following her and keeping only a few paces behind.

Then I saw how she pressed the little clenched hand passionately to her heart and with tears in her violet eyes and a half sad half scornful expression, murmured something to herself which my excited imagination fancied to be: "O, foolish heart, why are thou not quiet; why mounts the blood to my cheek and compels me to turn back lest I betray myself?"

This childish ebullition moved me unconsciously, and a feeling of jealousy stole over me against that officer whom I had involuntarily thought of the connection with this young girl. If I had only dared to address her; but that I could not bring myself to do. She evidently belonged to the first class of society, and nothing was further from my thoughts than a desire to insult or intrude upon her. But fortune favored me.

A small package which she had hitherto carried slipped from her arm without her having remarked it. Quickly I picked it up and gave it back to its fair owner, with a few polite words. She looked at me with a surprised, somewhat haughty glance, as I remained standing before her rather longer than was absolutely necessary. Her large, violet, childlike eyes were still filled with tears and the delicate face was deathly pale.

"I thank you," she said, briefly, taking the package from my hand.

But I did not allow myself to be dismissed thus quickly.

"You are not well, my dear young lady," said I, "will you not command my services?"

Something in my voice, perhaps also my quiet, respectful manner, seemed to inspire her with confidence. She looked at me with wonder in her beautiful, tearful eyes, and said, less curtly than before:

"You are very kind, sir. I would like to have a drosche."

I bowed; and while she stood at the window of a flower store, I hurried down the street and soon found an empty vehicle, in which I joyfully, and with a gentle feeling of expectation of what would happen next, drove back to my little Unknown.

Meanwhile she had regained her self command; only her hand yet trembled as she in entering the carriage laid it lightly in mine, and it felt ice cold through her glove.

"Your residence?" I asked. She named one of the elegant streets in the West End, and as I called the address to the coachman I knew how certain I would be not to forget it myself. I closed the carriage door; she then bowed her lovely head at the open window and thanked me for my service but she spoke confusedly, and in her embarrassment her pale cheeks colored with a rosy blush, so that she appeared even much more charming than before.

"May I call to-morrow and inquire after your health?" I ventured to ask, but she seemed taken by surprise at the question and hesitated to answer, while the blush deepened on her cheek.

"Hi!" cried the coachman at this moment, the horses started off and as I stepped again on the sidewalk the vehicle was already rattling away.

As if in a dream I entered my hotel. I could not refrain from laughing at myself; this order, this interest about a young lady entirely unknown to me—more beautiful, more dazzling visions than this childish, shy girl had often during my life crossed my path without having attracted me particularly. I was a riddle to myself; however, I made the firm resolve to find out to-morrow some particulars about his new street acquaintance.

A few hours later I sat with a number of pleasant friends in one of the best restaurants under the indens. The conversation was lively and cheerful, and there were many ladies and gentlemen continually going in and out.

In the neighborhood of the table at which we sat and made ourselves merry was gathered a large party, joyous and gay like ours.

Some young girlish faces before us having attracted me I involuntarily looked around for my Unknown, but there—yes certainly, there he was next to the little blonde coquette, with the seductive little small nose and the showy felt hat—the officer of Lutzow street, the same before whom my little friend had taken flight, from although I had no foundation for the idea, since we had met many other men on the street I could not help thinking of the large, sohy handsome, but utterly base and insolent looking lieutenant of infantry in connection with her.

"Who is that pale officer?" asked I of my friend Erich.

"Where?"

I indicated the direction to him. "The one with the black beard, next to the little blonde lady."

"He?" said Erich and laughed.

"Why, he is the late betrothed, the handsome Paumwolf. I thought you surely must know him."

"No, no; but what is the story about him?" I inquired.

"Well, nothing more than that yonder blonde has, with some trouble it must be admitted, captured him for life, after he had caused nearly ninety-nine others to dream of the same happy fate. For myself I never could have attained such an elegiac calm, after breaking off a love affair. But he has been unfortunate. Young ladies with and without pedigree, with and without money-bags, bow down to him, after he has devoted himself to them for half an hour, entirely conquered by his irresistible fascinations. And it is just the same with the old ones. Many, to be sure, allege, indeed, that behind that sure brow there is nothing but a cornfield, and that a thrashed out one."

While Erich had been speaking my eyes had wandered away from Paumwolf. His pale face, framed in by curling black beard and hair, reminded me, in fact, of the Zens of Otricoli. To me it was in the highest degree repugnant.

"Enough tears have recently been flowing from beautiful eyes since his betrothal with Fraulein Josepha Maier has appeared in the Gazette."

"Maier?" I involuntarily asked.

"Yes, yes," laughed Erich, "simply Maier with 'a-d,' but passably pretty and immensely rich, of course. And since Fraulein Josepha does not look Jewish, Paumwolf can endure that his father-in-law is *spe* should have formerly been a cloth merchant in Frankfurt-on-the-Main."

The conversation having once turned on the handsome Paumwolf, it did not soon leave the subject. On the other side of our table the people were whispering about him, and one said:

It is quite incomprehensible to me that he did not rather take the little Gerdshof, whom he so recently courted. The girl is of altogether different stock from the Maier, and she seems to be head over ears in love with him."

"Yes, but the money—the money?" cried another, a very rude one," remarked a third. An idea suddenly seized me.

"Where does Fraulein Gerdshof live?" asked I of Erich.

He looked at me for a moment without speaking and then laughed aloud.

"Well, you certainly are amusing this evening with your abrupt questions. Besides being called Von Gerdshof of old Margravite nobility, her father is a pensioned general, but where she lives I do not know. Do you wish to console her for the loss of Paumwolf, old boy?"

I threw him a glance full of rage. A young assessor who sat our table and seemed to have heard our dialogue called out to me: "I can give you the address, baron—Kurprinzen street, No. 35."

Ah! that was the very dwelling of my Unknown. I felt all the blood rush to my heart; then thanking him for the information took my hat and stick, and without turning to reply to the jesting remarks of those remaining at the table, left the place to saunter, without aim or object, through the moonlit streets.

How, after long wandering hither and thither, I finally found myself before the much thought of house in Kurprinzen street, I surely cannot tell. I went on the opposite side of the street

and looked at the house standing before me in the clear moonlight. In the midst of blooming gardens the dainty villa rose, with its antique, vine-covered and many columned gallery in front, like the enchanted castles in story books. And the little fairy who wandered about therein? Was she still awake sheltered, behind the one single window of the gable-end, which was still lighted; grieving, perhaps, about the unfaithful Paumwolf? With pity, scorn and—yes I will confess it—burning jealousy in my heart, I at length turned my steps homeward to my quiet lodging.

After a rather sleepless and restless night, and several anxious morning hours, I made my way at the proper time for visiting, to Kurprinzen street. Now I was on the steps. Oh, the beating of my heart, the almost painful oppression that came over me! My pulses had not throbbled so wildly since long years ago, when the first volley of musketry whistled round my ears. In the lonely old family estate of Barwalde in the Mark, the last few years had passed away so quietly and monotonously; grave studies and a practical application of knowledge gained in early and distant travels had occupied me so exclusively that the etiquette of the great world had become strange and unknown to me. And yet it was not timidity alone which caused the blood to fly like lightning through my veins which made me remark with almost tender interest the elegant brass plate with the name engraved: "Von Gerdshof." Now! Courage! The bell is pulled! I am in for it!

An old servant dressed in livery answered my ring, and on my asking if the master was at home, took my card and left me with the conventional "I will enquire;" but soon returned and opened for me the lofty folding door to the left of the entrance. His assurance that the master would be pleased to see me sounded very consoling to me.

Within the elegantly furnished salon I found the general, an old dignified gentleman, with erect, military bearing a martial, but not unfriendly countenance, and a long gray beard, which however, was carefully shaved from the broad chin. After I had expressed to my pleasure at being able to help his daughter in her dilemma, and he had thanked me for the slight service—he seemed to be informed of everything, and to have expected me somewhat—we passed from the usual forms of politeness to a lively conversation that extended over every possible topic. The time passed as if on wings! almost an hour was thus spent in chatting with the smiable old gentleman, and yet Fraulein Eveline had not appeared. But when at parting the general said he hoped to see me often at his house during my stay in the city, I could not refrain from pressing his hand in deep heartfelt gratitude. Not long afterwards I received a delicately written card—decidedly a lady's hand-writing—in which Herr General Von Gerdshof did himself the honor to invite Herr Baron Von T.—to dine. I must confess I never had received an invitation with similar joy. What was the excitement and expectation of the first court ball, as compared with the impatient throbbing of my heart, with which I, on the appointed day betook myself to the dinner. A numerous company had already assembled; many of the persons present were not known to me, were indeed friends, so that I soon found myself most delightfully situated.

And the daughter of the house?

There stood Eveline with her friends, her graceful figure moving with bewitching grace among the guests; for she was obliged to assist that aged, somewhat conventional-looking lady in doing the honors of the house—the General's wife had been dead many years—and I could not help admiring the tact and self-possession with which she, in spite of her youth, so charmingly filled her position as hostess. Here she asked an old gentleman after the health of his sick spouse; there whispered some pleasant remark to a young lady about her tasteful toilet, or repelled a too gallant cavalier with a scornful glance or a saucy answer. With each and all she knew just the right tone to take. She was surrounded by all. Every one flocked about her, who, like an apparition out of a stoor-book, moved around among those moulded fashion-plates. And yet there lay in her violet eyes, when she believed herself to be unobserved, a sad expression which did not accord with the conventional smile of the sweet small mouth.

At length the signal for dinner was given, Eveline laid the tips of her dainty fingers on the arm of a tall blonde cavalier, a cousin of the family. To my great annoyance my portion was the Countess Soundso, no longer in the first bloom of youth. I must add I had secretly hoped to see Eveline's angelic head at my side. With a mien which was certainly not very amiable I offered the countess my arm and led her to the place designated for us. Though otherwise a most estimable lady she almost

drove me to despair with her loquacity, and while she even before so, inquired about my recent journey in the East and expressed a desire to hear something about my last new work, my glance strayed impatiently past the questioner in a vain search for Eveline. I had not had the opportunity to exchange one word with her. She had only nodded to me from across the room, pleasantly and confidently, as to an old acquaintance.

Pretty soon I felt a gentle touch on my arm, and a voice only too well remembered asked shyly and at the same time saucily:

"Does mien Herr no longer recognize his protegee?"

I turned quickly, and yes, there indeed was Eveline, who had been sitting next to me for full five minutes without my having observed her. My neighbor, the Countess, and Eveline's escort, the cousin in the Guards, very soon understood how much they might expect to be entertained by Eveline or myself during the four or five hours passed at the table. How the time sped and what were the General topics of conversation, we never knew. But I was entirely happy during the whole time. Not once did I discover in her eyes that melancholy drooping which had before made me anxious. Oh, if I could only succeed in making her forget Paumwolf. To this fond, proud thought I concentrated all my mind and efforts. With rapture I noticed how her eyes hung so earnestly on my lips as I told her of my distant travels, and of my restless wandering about from one distant land to another. But when I spoke of my dear solitary Barwalde, with its sombre fir trees, and rushgrown ponds: of my immense library and the beautiful grand piano which I often trusted to the hands of my observer, just to have some accompanying instrument to my beloved violoncello, when I said, "surely, Frauline Eveline also plays on the piano, and very much better, too, than my observer," a thoughtful smile spread over the dear, sweet face. She loved music very much, she replied, and it would give her pleasure to accompany me some day.

"I hope you will do that at Barwalde," I cried passionately. She dropped her lids over her clear violet eyes and a deep blush spread over her cheek.

Eight days afterward Eveline was my betrothed.

What did I care for all the Paumwolves in the whole world!

On one of the very first days of our engagement we met the betrothed pair, Maier and Paumwolf, on the street.

"Shall we turn back, Evi?" I asked, playfully, though I could not prevent a slight feeling of anxiety from rising in my heart. She became very grave for a moment; then, nestling closer to my side, looked up at me with her innocent, childlike eyes.

"You know I have left all that behind me," she said, softly.

I pressed her arm more closely to me. "Oh, Evi, my own sweet Evi!" I was so happy, so proud, that even the bold curiosity with which Lieutenant Paumwolf stared at us in passing could not irritate me.

Eveline and I have lived many years at our quiet old Barwalde, where the sun never seemed to have risen until Eveline's blonde head flitted through the house and grounds. But the happiest hours in our blissful life are those in which we sit contentedly together after the cares and duties of the day are over, and the tones of the piano and violoncello mingle their sounds on the still evening air.

The True Esquimaux.

"What nation of people inhabit the country?"

"The true Esquimaux. They do not extend into the interior any distance, but find their living along and in the sea. They are truly a race of sea people. They have a continual struggle for existence, and resemble children in their improvidence. If one chanced to secure an unusual supply of food his friends and neighbors invite themselves to a feast at his expense, and soon it disappears. There is perfect community of property and local interests among them. Hospitality is to them an unknown virtue, for what is one's equally belongs to them all. There is a village right at the Point of about 130 souls, and the entire population of the coast for 600 miles is only 700. The only animal that can exist with them is the dog, and they are very scarce. Yet not withstanding all these draw backs to what we consider even mere existence, I think they are the happiest people on earth. They are contented with their lot. They have no God no religion no government, no laws, no money nor any idea what it is, no marriage, and yet they are not heathenish in the least. They are very quick witted, and it was not long after we landed before they were able to understand our wants by the signs we made. They speak a tongue the like of which I never heard anywhere else, and I believe they are

indigenous to the country, a purely ice people. I do not agree with the theories of ethnologists respecting their origin, that they had been driven from their original homes by a stronger race. They have not yet grown beyond the stone age, using stone knives, and other implements. They could have iron, which is cast up by the sea from numerous wrecks, which it contains, but the conservative old men refuse to use it, holding that it is wrong. So they do have a sense of moral perception. This was further shown when it became necessary for me to change the law of property. I could not, of course, undertake to feed the entire village from my stores, as they evinced a unanimous willingness to have me do, and at first they threatened to carry off everything I had. But after they understood that this was not to be allowed they always respected *meum et tuum*.

"Their only weapon is a spear, of primitive design and workmanship, about seven feet long. It has an ivory point, and along its sides three prongs are set. They are curved and serrated on the lower edge. When they throw this into a flock of ducks, if the point misses its aim the prongs catch the bird around its neck, and the game is secured. They use a hand-board to accelerate the force and speed of the weapon, and are able to project it 60 or 70 yards with great force. At 25 yards they can drive it through a man.

"On a trip to the Meade Mountain I found evidence of a former population of whom the present residents have not even a tradition. There were ruins of huts centuries old along the north shore, and the discoveries seemed to astound the natives who were with me."

"How do the Esquimaux compare with our people in height and figure?"

"I measured 100 of them, and the average height was five feet and nine inches, and 160 pounds rather above that of average Americans, and I never saw a fat Esquimaux."

"What about their habits?"

"Well, they don't eat blubber nor drink whale-oil. I never heard of a case of the latter, and blubber is only eaten to prevent starvation. There has been a good deal written about the Arctic regions and the inhabitants thereof. The stories about their food are a portion of the romancing indulged in. The Esquimaux may slice a thin piece of blubber and lay it on his deer meat, the same as we put butter on our bread, but unless he is starving that is the extent of his use of it.—Lieut. Ray, in Indianapolis Sun.

An Expensive Boot Jack.

A Belgian hotel-keeper is especially "sweet" on Russian customers. "They are large, see you," he states; "they dispute not the accounts. Once lodged himself with me a Count—," he relates. "When he arrived I was not; I returned home from my circle; my wife was all frightened. She cry to me 'Gospeak to Mr. Russian; he beat all the waiters; he is in anger; but what an anger?' I asked of what it is question. One tells me the Count he insist that the waiters take him off his boots. They are brave Belgians; they will not. He strikes them and say stern follies. I had courage; I; I feared me not of him. I go to his room, and say, 'Mr. the Count I am the proprietor; what will you; Sir,' he say, 'I will thank you pull me off the boots!' My first sentiment is *de lui allonger une claque*—to give him a smack; but I master myself, and say, 'Wait only two minutes, Mr. the Count; I have an order to give.' 'I run to my wife, and tell to give me my dress coat, my gloves gray pearl my gibus, my pantaloon black, in two minutes behold me, of great *tenue*. I go back to the Count; I say him, 'Only in the dress of gala can the proprietor of this hotel take off your boots, and, my faith, I take him them off in one, two He raise himself, bow himself and thank me very politely. By-and-bye, in three weeks, he ask for his bill. I inscribe on it an extra, 'To taking off Mr. the Count's boots by the proprietor in a dress coat and gray pearl gloves, one hundred francs.' He frown his eyebrows when he read that, but he not say one word. He say that addition integrally. Never he ask me more to serve him as a pull-boot."

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