

THE DOUBLE ELOPEMENT.

A True Story.

THE little village of E... was one of the many mining towns in the interior of California, and in this village dwelt Dr. Hammond and his family.

So it often happened that their only daughter Artie was the belle of many social parties. There it was that she repeatedly met a young man by the name of Charles Bayay, and his fancy for Miss Artie's face, blue eyes, and dark, brown curls kept him constantly by her side.

But what I was going to tell you was this—that the doctor had made up his mind to spend the summer near Lake Tahoe, so that he could have a fine time hunting and fishing during the heated term, and, as a matter of course, he wanted to take his family with him, for he could not think of leaving them down there in the terrible heat of summer.

Now, Artie did not like this idea at all, so, after having a good cry about it, she came into the parlor where Mrs. Hammond sat, and said:

"Now, mamma, this is too bad; just to think of us going away off up into the mountains, where we can't see anything but Indians and sage-brush. I shall die, mamma, I know I shall, if you take me away up there."

"I? No, my dear," said Mrs. Hammond, gently, "and to tell the truth, Artie, I shall be glad to get you off up there, where you can't do so much running around. I am about sick of this going all the time."

"Well, I'm not," said Miss Artie, with an independent toss of her pretty head, as she went off to the window. She had not stood there long before she saw some one coming up the little lane which led to the house. Then she turned to her mother and said:

"Oh, mamma, Charley Bayay is coming here."

"Yes, just as I expected; you can't think of anything but Charley Bayay, now," said Mrs. Hammond, as she left the room.

She soon heard Artie and Charley talking very low together, so she began to wonder what they were saying, and finally she went to the door to listen.—She heard Charley say:

"Yes, darling, I will come with the buggy just at dark to-morrow, so we can go and get married in a short time. Your folks won't think of such a thing until its too late."

"But, Charley, suppose papa won't forgive us," said Artie.

"Oh, there's no danger but he will; and you'll go, won't you, Artie? Only think what a heavy, lonesome life it will be without you, darling."

As Artie looked up into a pair of very loving, hazel eyes, she smilingly said:

"Yes, Charley."

"Now, good-night, darling, and by this time to-morrow night you'll be my own little wife."

Saying this, Charley kissed her and was gone.

Now, as Mrs. Hammond had been listening all the time, she heard everything Charley said. So she said to herself, ironically, "your dear little wife by this time to-morrow night. Oh, yes, we'll see about that."

But when Artie came out, her mother was sitting at the table, sewing. She looked up and asked:

"Well, Artie, has Charley gone away so soon?"

"Yes, mamma," was all she said, as she left the room.

The next day passed off at last, and just at dark a buggy drove up to the front gate.

"Now," thought Mrs. Hammond, "I will show them a trick's that's worth two of theirs."

So she put on Artie's hat and cloak, and ran down to the gate. A gentleman very gallantly helped her into the buggy, but never spoke a word.

"Well," thought she he's afraid to speak, for fear Artie's father and mother will hear him. Ahem!"

So away they went, and Mrs. Hammond sat there thinking what a nice trick she had played on Artie by running off with Charley. Then she began to wonder if this was the way he treated Artie when they went out riding; and next, what would the doctor say? But what puzzled her most was that they were going in an opposite direction from what she expected. So at last she said:

"Well, Charley, hadn't we better go home?"

Imagine her surprise to hear the doctor's voice answer:

"What! Maggie, is this you? What in the name of all that's good, bad, and indifferent, are you doing here?"

"Oh, doctor, I thought it was Charley."

"Well, I'd like to know where you were going with Charley at this time of night."

"Indeed! And I'd like to know whom you thought you had in here, if not me!" answered Mrs. Hammond.

"Oh, I thought it was Artie!"

And what in the world ever put such a notion into your head as to take Artie out at this time of night?"

"Well, the fact of it is, Maggie, as I sat on the porch last evening, I overheard Charley and Artie talking about running off to get married; so I thought I'd just save Charley the trouble, and take Artie out for a ride. I began to think she was very still."

"Doctor," said Mrs. Hammond, "that is just what I heard, and my object in going with Charley was the same as yours in taking Artie off."

"We are a couple of pretty fools to be eloping in this way; here we are at home again."

Saying this, the doctor helped his wife out of the buggy, and then went into the house. One glance at the empty rooms convinced them that Artie was gone, they could easily guess where. So they made up their minds to make the best of it, and wait for the runaways to come home.

The next morning, when Mr. and Mrs. Charley Bayay came home to implore forgiveness for running off to get married, they could not understand the mischievous twinkle in Dr. Hammond's eyes, as he readily forgave them and said:

"Certainly, children; I ran off with your mother once and didn't know it."

Charley and Artie looked from one to the other, and asked:

"How? When? Where?"

The doctor only laughed and shook his head, as though the story was too good to tell, and that was all they could ever get out of him.

A Sharp Widow.

This came from California: A short time ago a widow lady residing in a village not a thousand miles from here, put her house at a raffle, and very soon disposed of the tickets, feeling disposed to assist her.

The evening arrived for the raffle to come off and the house was won by a gentleman who thought himself fortunate in obtaining a homestead so cheap. The next day he applied for a session and a title of the property. What was his surprise when he was coolly informed that it was unnecessary to give written title to the house—that there it was, and to take it; and the sooner the better, as she was anxious to build another on the spot where it stood. The winner discovered that he had drawn an elephant—he had a house but no lot.

Enemies an Advantage.

The greatest friend to a journalist is an enemy, although this is not true of other people. George Alfred Townsend, the great journalist, writes: "There is no friend to a journalist like an enemy. The nearer the attack, the more invulnerable it becomes a benefit." Wan Cobbett once said: "Every man's enemy brings me a new thought, two new friends, and five new subscribers."—Daily Independent.

It is related of Maria Van Duren, that on one occasion, on returning home, he found his wife in tears and greatly agitated. Inquiring the cause, she showed him an Albany evening paper, in which he was grossly vilified and threatened. "Ah," said the wily statesman, "don't fret my dear; I paid forty dollars to have that put in the paper."—Journal and Argus.

Double and Twisted.

A laughable circumstance once took place upon a trial in Lancashire, where Rev. Mr. Wood was examined as witness. Upon giving his name, Ottiwell Wood, the Judge addressing the reverend person said, "Pray, Mr. Wood, how do you spell your name?" the old gentleman replied:

"O double T,
I double U,
E double L,
Double U,
Double O, D."

Upon which the astonished lawyer laid down his pen, saying it was the most extraordinary name he had ever met in his life, and after two or three attempts, declared he was unable to record it. The court was convulsed with laughter.

Secret of Peck-a-Pick-g.

THE Detroit Post tells a good story as follows:—

A short time since as our reporter was visiting a town in the interior, he made the acquaintance of a well-to-do farmer who after making some inquiries in regard to the growth and prosperity of Detroit, inquired if there were any pick-pockets in the city. The reply was of course in the affirmative. The farmer laughed quietly a moment, and then said—I can't often tell my first experience in seeing the lions of your city, but I am not as sensitive over it now as I used to be, and I'll tell you about it. Some years before my father died, he went to New York city on business, and while there he bought himself a gold watch. He wore it as long as he lived, and when he died, a few years ago, it came to me. Of course I was strongly attached to the watch, and not a little proud of it, especially when I put it in my pocket upon the occasion of my first visit to Detroit. I haven't any doubt that I looked at it a hundred times a day, and you will not be at all surprised when I tell you that I had not been in the city two hours before it was missing, chain and all.

I informed the clerk of the hotel where I was stopping of my loss, and as I did not remember of being jostled by any one, and could give no clue to the thief, he said there was no use in calling in an officer. He advised me to offer a large reward for the return of the watch, a condition that no questions would be asked. I then put such an advertisement in the morning papers, and during the afternoon received a note informing me that I would be at the corner of B and L streets that evening at seven o'clock with the reward (\$100.) my watch would be returned to me. The note also stated that I must come alone, and if during the day I made any attempt to inform an officer the writer would not meet me—that I would be watched all the time, and the only way that I could recover my watch was by doing precisely as I advertised.

At seven o'clock I was at the spot indicated, and after waiting a few moments, a well-dressed man in passing me asked me the time of day. I replied that it was seven o'clock. At that he asked me to walk with him a short distance, and as we walked he inquired if I had brought the \$100. I replied in the affirmative, when he handed me my watch, received the money, and was about to leave me, when I stopped him, and told him I would give him \$10 more to tell me how he managed to pick my pocket.

"Oh!" said he placing his finger on his lip, "you promised to ask no questions, but I would show you, if it wasn't for that man standing over there on the corner. He is a detective officer and knows me," and the man pointed across the street.

I looked in the direction he had indicated, but could see no one that looked like an officer, though there were plenty standing in that locality. That tall fellow, with the stove-pipe hat, is the one I mean; but I must be off. Good by."

The man hurried off, and I saw him disappear round the corner; then I again tried to see the tall fellow with the stove-pipe hat, but if he had been there he had disappeared, and I started for the hotel, happy in again possessing my father's last present to me. At this thought I put my hand on my vest pocket, where I had placed the watch a moment before, and the next instant you could have knocked me down with a straw, for the pocket was empty. The thief had indeed complied with my request, and showed me how it was done. I didn't advertise it again, and I came home without telling the hotel clerk about that evening's experience."

Captain Rynders, who is not unknown to political fame in New York city, was driving a fine horse, worth ten thousand dollars, over the Paterson road, in New Jersey, on a Sunday morning some time ago, when the animal stepped through a dilapidated bridge and was permanently disabled. Rynders sued the company for the value of the horse, but was non-suited on the ground that the accident occurred on Sunday, on which day a man has no legal right to exercise a horse in New Jersey.

The capacity of the stomach in a small horse is about eight quarts, and that of a large horse thirty quarts; the largest of which there is any record having a capacity of thirty-three quarts.

It was a woman who first prompted the man to eat, but he took to drink on his own account afterward.

A Dutchman in Trouble.

A DUTCH correspondent of the Philadelphia Suncey Mercury thus tells how he was taken for a burglar:

"On dat lasd Montag night I ish out mit mine-self a drife. Vell, I don't dell you where it vas dat I ish, pekaus dat's nopody's bizness except mine own, and pesides dat's got nodings to do mit vot I wants to told you apout."

Pesure now ven I goes out mit mine-self in de night dime I always carry mit mine bandaloon bockets a tead latch toor key, so I can pe able to got mit de inside of mine poarding hause mitout haben to vaken up de whole naborhood.

I manages to got up on de dhird story floor where mine room ish situated, fust rate; und den I must fumble around in de dark so I can find out mine room feeling very dankful dat I didn't make no noises so ash to vaken up de odder beoples in de haouse. I didn't podder much mit hunting around for de matches pox to maken a light mit so I can undress und got mit mine ped; for I vas so tired mit mine-self dat I dinks if I undertook to do much hunting around I would vall mit mine body over de ghairs or some odder ardege, und maken apout as much noise ash would vaken up der hole blace. So I pegins mit mine untressing in te duk—no blesant shob after triuken peer de hole evening. I manages to got mine poos off mit a great deal of droubles; und de next ding I took mine coat off, und vas shob going to continue on by peginning to unputton mine suspender, ven I hears somapody near py dat ped call out, "Who ish dat vas?" Dat dings make me get so awful skeered like anydings, for I pelief dat ish a ghost for shure. Still I vhiste mit mine mouth so I can make mine courage sticky py me—den I holler pack mit dat ghost, "Shoo fly, ton't podder mit me," so he vill leave de room und understand dat I vasn't afraid apout him.

So soon ash I say dat dings, I hear a pig scream so loud ash a steam railroad whistle; den somapody shumps out of dat ped mit white clothes on, und rushes out of dat room like a race horse boltering dhieves und murder und every dings. Den I finds out ven I looks around dat I makes a pig mistakes, und ish not in mine room. I vas sure now dat de hole blace would pe raised up, und I didn't vant to pe found in dat odder poarder's room ven I ish only apout half untressed. So I bick up mine coat und poos so fast ash I can, und manages to got py my own room, which is right next toor where I makes a mistakes mit. So I vaites to saw vot de end vill pe. In a small vhide every beoples vot pelongs mit, dat poarding haus ish hunting all over der blace for de hauspreaker vot dhey all misdak me for. Dhey come mit mine room, und I make pelief dat I shust get avake; dhey dell me me how a dhief ropper ish drying to steal de hole haus away, und more awful dings, dat if I didn't know shust how der dings ish, I pelief I would pe skeered most to death. Den poarders hunt dat haus all up und down, but dhey couldn't find dat hauspreaker dhief. Pesure I know dat. Still I don't dell how mine misdake makes all dat drouple. Und den beoples peliefs it dar vas a real dhief py der haus up to de bresent moment.

Legal Anecdote.

ALL true Masons, we believe, despise unworthy brothers who make use of his connection with the order for improper purposes. None will enjoy the following which we clip from an exchange, more than our Masonic readers, who will say, "served him right"

Some young men in the town of—, having cut up one night, to the detriment of certain windows and ball-pulls, were lodged in the calaboose, and in due time next morning confronted before a live magistrate, who fined them \$5 each, and gave them admonition. One of the three foolishly remarked:

"Judge, I was in hopes you remember me. I belong to the same lodge with you."

The judge, apparently surprised, replied, with brotherly sympathy:

"Ah, is it so? Truly, this is brother J. I did not recognize you. Excuse me for my dullness. Yes, we a brother Masons, and should have thought of that. Mr. Clerk, fine our brother \$10. Being a Mason he knows the rules of propriety better than other men. Fine him \$10.—You can pay the clerk, brother J., good morning. Clerk, call the next case."

There's one fat man less in Cincinnati. He drank two gallons of sweet cider pocketed the wage, rose, checked, tried to make a remark, and fell over on the floor. That night he perished miserably, having earned the application of sui-cide.

SUNDAY READING.

The Dying Soldier.

"PUT ME DOWN," said a wounded soldier in the Crimea, to his comrades who were carrying him, "put me down, do not take the trouble to carry me any further, I am dying."

They put him down and returned to the field. A few minutes after an officer saw the man weltering in his blood, and said to him, "can I do nothing for you?"

"Nothing, thank you."

"Shall I get you a little water?" said the kind hearted officer.

"No thank you; I am dying."

"Is there nothing I can do for you?—Shall I write to your friends?"

"I have no friends that you can write to. But there is one thing for which I would be much obliged. In my knapsack you will find a testament; will you open it at the fourteenth chapter of John, and near the end of the chapter you will find a verse that begins with 'Peace.' Will you read it?"

The officer did so, and read the words "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

"Thank you sir," said the dying man—"I have that peace; I am going to that Saviour; God is with me; I want no more." These were his last words, and his spirit ascended to be with Him he loved.

Watch Yourself.

"When I was a boy," said an old man, "we had a schoolmaster, who had an odd way of catching idle boys. One day he called out to us—"

"Boys I must have closer attention to your books. The first one of you that sees another boy idle, I want you to inform me, and I will attend to his case."

"Ah," thought I to myself, "there is Joe Simmons that I don't like I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book, I'll tell." It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and immediately informed the master.

"Indeed," said he, "how did you know he was idle?"

"I saw him," said I.

"You did; and were your eyes on your books when you saw him?"

I was caught and never watched for idle boys again.

If we are sufficiently watchful over our own conduct, we shall have no time to find fault with the conduct of our neighbor.

There is an island on the coast of Virginia where the people in times past have not been "righteous over much." During the past year a missionary has labored among them with considerable success. Not long ago, as this good man was busy working in shirt sleeves on a new church which was in process of erection, a stout sea captain hailed him:

"Are you a minister he e?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I've got ten dollars for you."

"No, for the church?"

"No, for yourself. I like your way of doing things here. I've come to this island for some a good many years, and have always found them a thousand or fifteen hundred short when I got home. It will pay me to have you keep on preaching doctrines which make the people count their claims honestly."

Never intentionally wound the feelings of anybody. The good opinion of the world is the very best kind you can have, and the more the better. The man or woman who says he or she doesn't care a pin what the world thinks or says, gives utterances to what they know is absolutely false. We do care, and it is well we do; and those are gravely mistaken who say they do not.

A muddy stream, flowing into one clear and sparkling, for a time rolls along by itself. A little further down they unite and the whole is impure. So youth, untouched by sin, may for a short time keep its purity in foul company, but a little later and they mingle.

Evil and idle words may seem as they are uttered, light and trivial things yet if light, they are like the filaments of the thistle-down, each feathery tuft floating on the breeze, bears with it the germ of some noxious weed.

The Bible, so little in bulk, like the five barley loaves and two small fishes what thousands upon thousands in ever age it has fed! And what multitudes will feed in every land of Christendom till the end of time!