

THE LOST WILL.

THEN you are determined to dis-
bey me Rose?"
"Yea, since you command me to do
something which is unjust, and which
will make my life miserable. I consider
myself under no obligation to obey such
commands—even from my father?"
"Undutiful, disobedient child!" said
Colonel Cady, in a rage. "If you will
not treat me as your father, I will not
treat you as my child. Obey me, or leave
the house! Choose between the two im-
mediately!"
"I would choose anything rather than
marry that man, even death. I believe he
is a scoundrel and libertine!"
"Then is no use in prolonging the
conversation. You have chosen your
path, and henceforth you are no child of
mine; and in my house I will not hear
the honorable name of Jackson Garner
insulted by any one."

in her cushioned chair, and gazed out on
the beautiful landscape.
"I wish I had some money of my own,"
she soliloquized. "It was so strange
that Grandfather Gordon's will was lost.
I have heard say he willed to my mother
an immense fortune, but the will was
lost, and the one made a number of years
before that, when my Grandfather was
angry with her, was executed, and the
money all went to some charitable insti-
tution. Mama knew there was a later
will she saw it, and if I could only find
it I'm sure papa would have no desire for
me to marry Jackson Garner. He
thinks it would all be for my good to
marry this old man, since he has lost so
much of his property of late; but I had
rather live on bread and water than do
it, I would work my fingers off first!"
She sat there until the twilight came
stealing on, and a feeling of sadness stole
over her.
"I do wish Hester would come up,"
she said, half aloud.
But she had no more than uttered the
words when she heard a light, cautious
step on the stairs, and in a moment Hester
appeared, bearing a tray of tempting
food.
"Is it rather late for your supper child?"
she said, setting the tray on the table;
"but your father has been asking me so
many questions, I couldn't get away soon-
er, and I'm afraid I've told him some
things that ain't exactly true. I had to
equivocate, but I tried to keep truth on
my side."
"Has he got my letter?" asked Rose
anxiously.
"Ya, yes, at supper-time when you
didn't come down he began to look ou-
sily; finally he looked at me sideways,
and said, 'Where's Rose? isn't she
coming down to tea?' I looked as un-
conscious as I could. Why, you turned
her out doors?" "I said, 'and she took
you at your word?' I thought he grew a
little pale, but he began to storm like he
generally does, knocked a plate from the
table, and stepped on the cat, and stirred
things up generally. She's a little fool,"
he said; but let her go. A child who
won't obey me is no child of mine." She
left you a note," I said. He told me to
go get it, and I did. He read it through,
and then tore it in pieces and stumped
them under his feet. He didn't eat a
mouthful of supper, and he asked me all
manner of questions, to see if I knew
anything where you had gone; but of
course I didn't know nothing about it;
and so he stormed into the parlor, where
Jackson Garner was waiting for him."
"Then he's here? I'd much rather be
in the garret than in his presence," said
Rose.
Rose retired very early that night, and
was soon asleep on the little white bed in
one corner of the garret, while her father
was walking his room in great anxiety
and sorrow. He had told Jackson Gar-
ner of her refusal to marry him, and her
flight from the house; and the rich old
scoundrel comforted him by saying
she would soon be back, that she only
wanted to be a little contrary, it was the
nature of all women; still Colonel Cady
felt uneasy and undisturbed.
"Where could the little girl be?"
he said to himself, as he paced
his room back and forth.
He slept very little that night, but
the next day tried to appear as unconcerned
and unrepentant as possible.
Rose awoke in the morning refreshed,
but the day seemed very long and tedious.
She read, embroidered and gazed out
of the window but she couldn't sing for fear
she would be heard. That was a great
trial. Hester stayed with her very little
she dared do nothing to attract the atten-
tion of the Colonel. Towards sunset,
lonesome and uneasy, she went to a pon-
derous chest of old yellow papers which
had belonged to her grandfather, and
lifted back the heavy cover.
"Who knows?" said she, "Perhaps
grandfather's last will was lost among
these papers. I will look them all over
and see."
She sat down on the floor, and com-
menced pulling them out on her lap.
She looked at them one by one until it
was so dark she could not distinguish the
letters; then she went back to the win-
dow. In the morning she recommenced
the search, and continued it nearly the
whole day, but with no success.
That night when every one in the
house had retired, she robbed herself in a
white dress, and combing her long hair
out, letting it fall loose about her shoul-
ders.
"Every one is so afraid of ghosts about
here," she reasoned, "that if I am seen no
one will stop long enough to see who I
am."
She stole cautiously down the stairs,
and out into the beautiful starry night.
She wore no corset, and as she glid-
ed along under the maple-tree, she did
seem like a spirit, and the first sight of
her would have startled the stoutest
heart. It was nearly midnight, and as
she stood among the roses in a garden,
and pressed their dewy petals to her lips
a desire to sing took possession of her,
and so she commenced a low warbling
tune as she bent over the roses.
She had sang but a few moments, when
she heard a window open, and looking
up, saw that it was the window of her
father's room. She ceased singing im-
mediately, and glided along under the
inspales until the house was lost from her
sight. She crouched low in the shrub-
bery until the window was once more
closed, and all was still, then she went
back to the house again, and stealthily
went up to the garret.

The next day she continued her search
among the old papers, but night found
her still unsuccessful. At midnight
again she stole out into the garden, and
this time a neighbor passing home late
caught a glimpse of her, and fled in ter-
ror, supposing she was a ghost.
For several nights—more than a week
—she made her midnight visits to the
garden until there was a story circulating
through the town that the premises of
Colonel Cady were haunted. The old man
was a little superstitious, and as he
had seen the white-robed figure once, and
heard its low, and it seemed to him, un-
earthly voice, he began to believe himself
that his premises were haunted, and se-
cretly he believed it was a judgment
sent upon him for driving his daughter
from his door.
The low voice and the long hair re-
minded him of his wife, who had long
been in heaven.
Perhaps her spirit could not rest while
her child was a wanderer from her home.
The old man was in great trouble; he
had thoroughly repented the rash step
he had taken, and he commenced a hasty
search for his daughter. Meanwhile Rose
had been searching every day for the will
but she at length took the last paper
from the old chest, and a little disappoint-
ed, she threw all the old yellow papers
back again, and was about to close the
lid upon them when, holding the cover a
little carelessly in her small hands, it fell
making an enormous noise, and shutting
a large portion of her dress in with the
papers.
She raised it, a little frightened, lest
the noise had been heard, when, to her
astonishment, she saw that from the in-
side of the cover there had fallen a thin
lid, and a package, old and yellow, had
fallen with it.
Almost sure it was the lost will, she
caught it eagerly, and opening it,
found it to be as she expected, and that
she was a heiress to an great wealth.
"I'll remain in this prison no longer,"
she said, delightedly; and with the will
in her hand she rushed down to the par-
lor, where she found her father, looking
pale and dejected.
He looked at her a moment in bewil-
derment, then caught her to his breast,
and almost smothered her with kisses.
"My poor child," he said, "Jackson
Garner never will trouble you again. Can
you ever forgive me? I have suffered a
world of distress."
"All was forgiven, and when the Colo-
nel saw the will, which he had long ago
given up all hope of ever seeing, he
flourished Rose about the room, acting
like a delighted child.
"You are a shrewd little girl," he said
to be under your father's roof all this
time, while the neighbors thought you a
ghost, and I was sending men all about
the country to find you. I think I can
risk you anywhere, and I will tell George
Snow that I will give you to him, in
spite of his being poor, when I give you
to anybody."
Rose blushed, and in after-years when
she was the wife of George Snow, and her
old father dandled her children on his
knee, he delighted in telling them of
their mother's hiding in the garret, and
how he repented of his hasty words.

Unburnt Bricks.
In Mexico, Central America and Texas,
houses are mostly built of adobes, or un-
burnt bricks made of a mixture of two-
thirds fine sand with one third fine earth.
Stiff clay cannot be used, as the sun's
heat would crack it to pieces. In making,
one man puts the materials in a hole and
mixes them thoroughly, with the aid of
just water enough to form a stiff mud.
Two men carry this mud in a hand-barrow
to the moulder, who has a double wooden
mould 18 inches long, 9 inches wide, and
4 inches deep. Into this the mud from
the barrow is put, the mould being wet
to keep the mud from sticking. By
handles at each end, the mould is raised
from the level ground, leaving two masses
ready to dry in the sun. During Spring
and Summer they bake into partial dry-
ness in two or three days, and are then
carefully set up on edge to expose the
wet side to the sun. In a week or a fort-
night, according to the weather, they may
be used or stacked on edge for preserva-
tion.
In building houses of this brick, mud
made from the neighboring ground is
used for mortar. After the erection of a
wall two feet high it is left to dry a week
or more. Then another two feet of wall
is laid and left a week; and so on until
the desired height is reached. After the
final drying and inside plastering the
roof is put on. If the wall is left un-
finished through Fall and Winter its top
is covered with a bushy weed called ca-
chabilla, and this is topped with a foot of
earth, which keeps of the rain. Door
and window frames are either set in while
building goes on, or afterward in spaces
left for their insertion. To make a roof,
boards are laid on top of the walls, on
which are laid heavy joists about two feet
apart. Above these two-inch poles are
placed. A close covering of cachabilla
or willow brush is added, and four to six
inches of the same mixture that forms
the bricks, mud mortar being added,
finishes the roof, which is graded to shed
water. When a man can walk on this
without its yielding or cracking a final
layer is put on.
An adobe house is warmer in Winter
and cooler in Summer than wood or brick.
Furring and lath are needless; plaster
sticks well on the rough inside. A good
one will last over a century. They are
very cheap, and have been of late years
introduced into our Western States and
Territories, where they to some extent
replace log cabins. The brick has been
brought some what into use at the east-
ward, where the material (mixed with lime
to make it bind better) is pressed into
hollow bricks by machinery and dried at
a gentle heat. The hollows serve to con-
duct moisture down through the walls to
the ground and thus prevent dampness.

DOBBINS'
ELECTRIC SOAP,
The Best in the World!
STRICTLY PURE!
NO SAND! NO ROSIN! NO CLAY!
NO ADULTERATION OF ANY KIND!
Children Can Use It Safely. No Washboard
Required. No Boiling Needed.
His Sign.
THE Newburyport Herald tells of a
grocer who formerly kept shop there,
and was noted for his grasping disposi-
tion:
One day he nailed up a salt cod on one
of the shutters of his shop, and under-
neath it he wrote in chalk, "Codfish for
sale cheap for cash here." Presently, in
came an acquaintance, and said,—"What
do you have 'here,' on that sign about
codfish for? You don't sell codfish or any
other goods in any place but here. Any
fool would know where you sold them
without that word." "That's so," said
the grocer; "boy, wipe out the word 'here'
from the codfish sign." The boy obeyed,
and the next day another critic appeared.
Said he, "For cash: who ever knew you
to trust for any goods? Why do you say
that you sell codfish for cash, when every-
body knows that you sell all your goods
for cash?" "You are right," said the
grocer,—"boy, wipe of the words 'for
cash' from the codfish sign." This was
done, and shortly after a third critic came
to the shop, objecting to the word
"cheap." "Who ever knew you to under-
sell other dealers?" said he, "you don't
sell any cheaper than they. Your price
is just the same as theirs and more if you
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"for sale." Said he, "For sale! no one
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that," said the grocer, "boy, wipe out
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that a customer came in to buy some
goods, remarked to the grocer, what a
funny sign you've got out here; what
darned fool wouldn't know that is a cod-
fish nailed on your shutter." "So they
would," was the reply, "boy, wipe out
the word 'codfish' from that sign."
The boy obeyed and the fish remained
with no inscription.
A ludicrous incident lately oc-
curred on a Mississippi steamer, which we
relate as a warning to those who attempt
to change the personal adornments which
nature has given them. A man who was
journeying to Texas with his wife thought
he would enjoy the luxury of shaving
and shampooing. While this was going
on he concluded to surprise his wife, and
at his request, hair, eyebrows and whisk-
ers were changed from a fiery red to ra-
ven blackness. He hastened to his state-
room, but was met at the door by his
spouse, outraged by the intrusion of a
stranger as she supposed, and admittance
refused. He called himself her husband;
she said he was an imposter. He at-
tempted to explain. It was useless. A
crowd gathered around, and the laugh
became general. At last, in his perplex-
ity, the Hoosier exclaimed:—"I am
Sallie, look at my feet!"
One glance at the pedal appendages as-
sured her husband that he was indeed
her husband. "Yes, John," she said, "I know them
feet. They can conincin, but keep that
head out of sight."
A Fish Story
During the draft of 1863, there resided
in one of the rural counties in this
State an old patriot, by the name of
Abraham Fish, who had no less than
eight able-bodied boys, liable to draft, but
none of whom had enlisted. Upon the
day appointed for the drawing, the whole
family attended with the crowd before
the Provost Marshal's office, and what
was their amazement to hear the names
of five of the eight boys called out in
quick succession as drafted!
"Well, I declare," old Abraham re-
marked, with a sly twinkle in the corner
of his eye. "It's all right, I s'pose, the
gov'ment wants 'em, and I've got three
left yet. But I say it's no less than a
miracle, arter all!"
"Al' chance, father Abraham," chuk-
led a youngster who was exempt.
"I say it's a miracle," the old man,
persisted. "It's a miraculous draught of
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Some husbands, though anything
but sharp, are awfully shrewd.

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