

"We'll contrive to intercept them," whispered the policeman. "You just stand here with your two pistols, and I'll find my way down, so as to surprise them. If they show fight, fire."

He crept down stairs. I waited, trembling a little, but resolute. The men tramped about for a while, and said something about a dray around the corner. Presently they gathered in the parlor, and began to take up the carpet, thinking, no doubt they were working for Mr. Robert Haynes. Then the Star posted himself at the back door and called me down by sign.

It was quick work. The poor fellows turned pale—the jobbers—when they saw the pistols. The three were marched off in order, and in a few hours after Star and were entering the crowded passage of the B—depot. We wended our way to the ladies' room. Mrs. George was there, as beautiful, as cool, as graceful as ever. When I pointed her out.

"The devil!" blurted Star; "I thought you said she was ugly. That woman? Thunder an' 'ounds!"

My blood was up, however, and I felt no pity. Twist me round her finger could she? I walked coolly up to her. A large valise stood on end by her side.

"Mrs. George," said I, "I'll thank you for that ten thousand."

I never saw such a face on any mortal being in my life. All the vitality seemed struck out of it; it was white, dull and dead, with dusky, frightened, shining eyes almost starting from their sockets. I didn't know whether she meant to scream, or swear, or to run. She gave a gasp or two, and half rose, but Star's "Please keep your seat, madam," sent her back.

Upon my soul, after the first moment of gratified revenge, I pitied the poor woman; saw only my gentle, refined house-keeper, with her soft pleading eyes. It was well that the policeman got me out of the way, or for the second time I might have made a fool of myself.

Some years afterward, when a different sort of a housekeeper sat at the head of my table—a petite woman with blonde hair, and eyes that melted the heart in a man—I heard from Mrs. George. She was keeping bar in a San Francisco restaurant.

How He Won Her.

CISSY THORNE was sitting at her toilet table, skipping a novel, while her maid Emma brushed her long, thick silky hair.

"Well, Emma, did you go to the fair?" asked the brusher, laying down her book.

"Yes, miss, I did."

"And what did you see?"

"I saw horsemanship, where they rode standing, and jumped through hoops—wonderful."

"And did you go on one of the roundabouts that are worked by a steam-engine, which plays an organ?"

"No, miss!" replied Emma, with an emphasis.

"Do you know, Emma, I should like to, if no one saw."

"Lor, miss! they are crowded with such a low lot, they are."

"Low lots, as you call them, seem to have all the fun," said Cissy, with a half sigh.

"I went to a—fortune-teller."

"No! In a tent?"

"There were little tents about, but it was a yellow cart I went into; not in the fair exactly, but in the clump, before you come to it. She's wonderful!"

"Is she, though? What did she say? Tell me," cried the excited Cissy, who was troubled with longings after the supernatural.

"She told me all sorts of things which she could not have known natural; a mole on my neck; how long I have been in service—"

"Yes, yes, but the future; did she say anything about that?"

"She did more, miss, she showed it to me."

"No!"

"In a round glass. As true as I am standing here I saw him plain."

"Your future husband?"

"As is to be; yes, miss."

The two girls had been playmates when very little, and there was much more familiarity between them than is customary with mistress and maid. So Emma had to enter into all the mysterious details of the cabalistic ceremony.

"What fun?" cried Cissy. I should like to go! I will go! The fortune-teller's caravan is not actually in the fair, you say; and there will not be many people about if we start early."

"Lor, miss, what will your pa and ma say?"

"I don't know; I'll do it first and ask them afterward, for fear they might object. We will go to-morrow morning directly after breakfast, mind."

Mr. Thorne was a steward; I do not mean an official attached to a steam-packet, in charge of a china-shopful of white basins, but a manager of large estates in the country; a well-to-do man, who had a small property of his own, which he farmed in the most intelligent and neatest style, on the outskirts of the market-town of Littleton. Mrs. Thorne was plump, good-

natured, and lazy, yet somewhat sensitive; she fancied the country families were patronizing and she would not be patronized.

Cissy was their only child, and they thought much of her, honestly believing that there never was such another baby—child—maiden. Of course the paragon was never sent to school, and her governesses were selected principally with reference to their power of appreciating her merits.

Nevertheless, she was very charming, and had two lovers; I do not mean mere admirers, but two men who were ready to marry her if she would but choose one of them. But she could not quite make up her mind which of the brace to select.

"If this gipsy would only show me which I am to take, it would save me a world of trouble," she said to herself, with a smile; "but, of course, that is all nonsense. Yet if she did, I vow that I would be guided by it."

One aspirant was Pendil Frogmore, a landed proprietor in the neighborhood—very poor—for though his rent-roll was a fair one, his debts were enormous—but very handsome and well set up. Indeed, he had been in the Blues; I don't mean in bad spirits, but a man in armor; and his wife would be undoubtedly country.

Charles Wilson was the name of the other; he was a young London solicitor, who had just been taken into a good firm, and was now on a visit to his mother, an Indian colonel's widow, who resided at Littleton. Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Thorne were good friends, so all was smooth there. Mrs. Wilson had murmured, indeed, when she first saw her son's inclination.

"Would she be a companion for you, Charles! Would she be able to take an interest in the same things you did?"

"No, mother; and that is just what I want. I should hate a wife who was as clever as myself. But how can you fail to see her merits? She is such a very nice little party!"

"Partis, partis; how dreadfully bad your French accent is! I grant that she would not be a bad match for you from a worldly point of view."

Frogmore was the more handsome, Wilson the more pleasant. Really, if fate would settle the matter for her, it would save Cissy Thorne a world of trouble.

So the pretty bone of contention thought as she started with her maid Emma, for Littleton Hurst, at 9 A. M., for Mr. Thorne breakfasted early, and his daughter presided, Mrs. Thorne being a sluggard. Not a drum was heard, not a pandean note, as she stepped briskly along; the gingerbread husbands were covered up from the dust; the merry-go-rounds were still, the clown was darning his dress; the donkeys breakfasted frugally on each other's manes; the fire-eater was trying a diet of bacon, bread, and garlic, for a change. Business never commenced in the fair before the afternoon. But Miss Thorne's visit was not to the fair; to the right, some five hundred yards from the common there was a clump of sparse trees, and sheltered beneath them stood one of those yellow huts on wheels which act so vividly upon the imaginations of village children. This was the abode of the sibyl, and adventures turned aside toward it.

Emma went first up the steps, and tapped with the bright brass knocker; the door opened immediately, and a woman of the mystic race appeared—young, handsome as a Spaniard, though her splendid black hair was rather coarse, if you came to examine it too closely. Emma drew back, to let her mistress enter first.

"Walk in, my pretty lady!" said the gipsy. "Don't be afraid; I am quite alone here."

Although the fun of the fair did not commence till late in the day, it was evident that custom came betimes to the sibyl, for all traces of night disorder had disappeared from the miniature interior, which was spick and span, neat and clean; obviously prepared for visitors. The small apartment was still further reduced by a curtain, which ran on brass rings along a rod, inclosing a portion of the space.

The gipsy examined Cissy's hand, and began making shots—centres, though, most; bull's-eyes, some.

"You are an only child, and your father and mother would give you gold to eat if you wanted it; you had a bad illness four or five years ago; when a child you were in great peril from a dog." A lot more to the same effect, couched in vague language but very correct. Cissy began to be sorry that she had come. "There's two gentlemen as is very sweet upon you my pretty lady," continued the unpoetic sibyl. "If you marry one, you will be unhappy all your life; but if you take the other, you will be lucky, and live to be eighty, and ride in your carriage and a pair all the time."

The idea of this very protracted drive rather amused Cissy, and that revived her courage. After all, the woman might have made inquiries about her on the chance of her coming.

"And how am I to know which of these gentlemen to choose?" she asked in a bantering tone.

"Oh, that I can not tell, my lady? but you can look in the Magic Glass for yourself, and see if it shows you aught."

"Let me see it, then," said Cissy bravely,

ly, though the feeling of creepiness began to return.

The gipsy said that Emma should leave the caravan. But Cissy would not have that; so a compromise was effected; the maid was blindfolded. Then the gipsy drew slides across the little windows on either side, producing a deep twilight. Then the curtain at the further end slowly parted, revealing a wall of black cloth, tightly stretched, in the centre of which was fixed a circular mirror about two feet in diameter, and this gradually became luminous. Cissy's nervousness returned with increased force, and she grasped the hand of her blindfolded maid.

A table separated the girls from the mirror; and whether it was owing to the magic quality of the glass, or the angle at which it was placed, it did not reflect the figures standing opposite it. Indeed, it was more like ground glass than an ordinary mirror—ground glass with a feeble light behind it. Presently the surface became covered with ill-defined, shifting shadows, which gathered so thickly as to obscure the whole of it; and then it gradually cleared, and a head and shoulders grew upon it. It cleared a little more, and revealed—the undaunted face of Charles Wilson. Cissy stood aghast in awe-struck terror before this supernatural imitation, when suddenly, as she gazed, the face before her became convulsed with an expression of terrible agony. She uttered a little scream, and fainted.

Fresh air and cold water soon brought her to. She paid the gipsy, and started homeward.

"You seed him, miss?" inquired Emma. "Yes; and I'll never marry any one else, if I die an old maid. But oh! what can that dreadful expression on his face foretell? I fear that some awful calamity will happen some day."

A not improbable dread. There was one consolation; fate and Cissy's wish had hit it nicely. Girls are queer things, and she hardly knew that she preferred Charley Wilson as much as she did.

In due time he offered, and was accepted; and they were married, and went for their honeymoon to the lake of Como.

One evening Charley Wilson rowed his bride out in a very clumsy tub.

"How serious you are, Cissums!" he said, finding her less chatty than usual. "Did that bravo-looking beggar frighten you? Because his frowzy head shall be punched if he did."

"Oh no; oh, don't offend him!" cried the young wife. "I am sure he has got what the Indians call the Evil-eye."

"Has he? Well, never mind; the Americans have invented a potion which counteracts the effect."

"Really?"

"Yes; when we return I will get that gentleman from New York stopping at the hotel to concoct us an Eye-opener that will make it all right."

"Oh ho!" cried Mrs. Wilson; and her husband paddled on. "I say, Cissums," he said, presently, resting on his oars, "don't think that I am finding fault, because you have not got any faults, so that would be absurd; but are you not superstitious?"

"And if I am I have a right to be," said she.

"Ah! any particular experience?" and he wormed out of her the whole story.

"I am sorry I told you," she cried, when he burst out laughing. "You don't believe it! You had better call me a story-teller at once."

"Believe it, my dear! I am ready to swear to it. You did not see my ghost though; you were looking at me. I was in a dreadfully confined position, and that thief of a gipsy was so long about her preliminaries that I got a horrible cramp in my right calf, and made a face which I thought would betray me."

The bride burst out crying.

"And you bribed my maid, and laid a plot with a common gipsy to deceive me and nearly frightened me to death, and were laughing at me all the time—oh!" she sobbed.

"All's fair in love," said Wilson sheepishly.

"It was unworthy of you!" she continued. "You have married me on false pretences. I shall never feel the same towards you; I will never forgive you—never!"

What Ear-Wax is For.

Dr. Dio Lewis, in one of his lectures, while he was addressing the boys, singled out a red-headed little fellow, and asked what the wax in the ear was for. He said he selected a red-headed boy because the red-headed boys are generally the smartest. The boy stood up and said he did not know. The doctor would not take such an answer. If the boy didn't know, he must tell, at least what he thought the wax was in the ear for.

"Well," says the boy, "the wax is in the ear because—because—because it wants to be in the ear."

He questioned another boy, who claimed distinction by having a red head, and his answer was that it kept the passage to the drum moist. This was correct but it had further uses. Ear-wax is a deadly poison to insects. It sometimes accumulated and became hard, causing partial deafness, but a little warm castor-oil mixed with spirits would remedy that, or an injection of soap suds.

Balm for a Bleeding Heart.

THE interesting breach of promise suit which has been on trial in the superior courts for several days, in which Miss Florence L. Johnson, living near Morris-town, Shelby county, Indiana, sued Alonzo Tyner, formerly a resident of the same locality, but now engaged in the grocery business in this city, for \$10,000 damages for wounding her womanly pride and lacerating her heart, was given to the jury at the opening of the court yesterday morning. The parties of the suit are well connected, the plaintiff belonging to one of the best families of Shelby county, and the defendant being related to Hon. James N. Tyner, member of congress from the Eighth district. They have known each other from childhood, and the friendship thus excited between them ripened into warmer affection which was mutually confessed, and an engagement of marriage made in the fall of 1871. Extracts from the letters that passed between them, which were read during the trial, showed them to have been a very affectionate pair of lovers. The history of their love-making, as brought out by the evidence, would do, with a change of names and localities, for at least six courtships out of ten, though it concluded very differently from the average of such affairs. They had their quarrels and reconciliations, their jealousies and confidences. The green-eyed monster seems to have preyed very frequently upon the senses of Mr. Tyner; the evidence shows she acted very unpleasantly on several occasions on account of trivial causes. His sweetheart, who is a bright eyed brunette, very properly did not consider herself bound to obey all of his behests, although desiring to act in accordance with any reasonable wish of his, and as she was somewhat exacted, several quarrels occurred. Their differences were of short duration, however, and up to last June it seemed that love would finally obliterate the discordant elements in their natures, and a happy marriage follow. But from some cause or other, the flame of love in the breast of the young man went out as suddenly as a candle in a gale. For some time they had played the role of the ardent lover, when to Miss Johnson's great astonishment he came to her one day in the early part of last June and informed her that he would not marry her. As only five, or six days previous to this she had received a letter from him, containing the warmest profession of love and constancy, the surprise of the young woman was natural, but it finally gave way to a proud indignation, and she gave him release.

The engagement was reported as broken off, but the little world in which the parties moved went on as usual, until about the 1st of October last, when the marriage of Mr. Tyner to Miss Emma Elston, of Milroy, Rush county, was announced. This produced considerable feeling among the friends of Miss Johnson, as it appeared almost a direct insult to her for him to marry so shortly after breaking faith with her. Stung to the quick by this culminating act of disregard to her feelings, she determined to sue him for damages for a breach of promise, and accordingly instituted proceedings in the superior court, Tyner having become a resident of this county. The case was very ably managed on both sides, Voss, Davis and Holman appearing for the plaintiff and Porter, Harrison and Hines conducted the defense. Both parties have been in attendance through the trial, sitting but a few feet apart, and a number of their friends have manifested a great interest in the proceedings. The jury retired yesterday morning at half past nine o'clock and returned about the same time in the evening, being out nearly twelve hours. They returned a verdict for the plaintiff, awarding her \$2,000 damages. The defendant is worth about \$5,000 according to current reports, so the division is pretty equal. The sympathies of the majority of the spectators were on the side of the vivacious looking little brunette from the beginning of the trial.

Not Sued.

A Presbyterian minister was going out of church and there was a shower of rain falling outside, and the people were therefore detained at the doors, and did not pass out as rapidly as usual, and he said to a distinguished Baptist, who was walking with him, "What is the reason of this delay?"

"I think," answered the other, "there is a shower outside."

"Ah!" answered the doctor, "there are quite a number of your persuasion here; they ought not to be afraid of the water."

"No said the brother; "it is not the water, but the sprinkling that they are afraid of."

"Ah!" said the Presbyterian, "I know they are afraid of that; and yet it comes from heaven."

George McDonald well says:—"Never fail to do daily that good which lies next to your hand. Trust God to weave you like a thread into a great web, though the pattern shows it not yet. The grand harvest of the ages shall come to its reaping, and the day shall broaden itself until a thousand years shall show themselves as a perfect and finished day."

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