

1872

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The Juniata Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED IN 1846.

Published every Wednesday Morning, Bridge Street, opposite the Odd Fellows' Hall, MIFFLINTOWN, PA.

The JUNIATA SENTINEL is published every Wednesday morning at \$1.50 a year, in advance; or \$2.00 in all cases if not paid promptly in advance. No subscriptions discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

Miscellaneous.

CLOTHING!

Choice of Styles of the Season.

SAMUEL STRAYER, Patterson, Juniata Co., Pa.

I will sell my entire stock at Greatly Reduced Prices, from APRIL, 1872.

OVERCOATS, FURS, HEAVY BOOTS, Ladies' Shoes & Gaiters.

Under-Clothing, &c., AT COST.

Suits and Parts of Suits, HATS AND CAPS.

And Furnishing Goods.

Having a good stock, well selected, I hope to please all.

Call and see to be convinced.

Measures taken and Suits and parts of Suits made to order, reasonable.

SAMUEL STRAYER, Patterson, Pa.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

E. S. PARKER, (Successor to MARTIN & WALTERS.)

Having purchased the Store of Martin & Walters, on Main St., in J. M. Belford's store room, the undersigned would respectfully inform the public that he has new and carefully selected stock of GOODS of the very best quality, comprising in part, of

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, NOTIONS, HOSIERY, FANCY GOODS, QUEENSWARE, BOOTS & SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, CARPET BAGS, OIL CLOTHS, CARPETS, BLANKETS,

FURS, WOOD AND WILLOW WARE, and in short every article usually kept in a well selected store.

He intends selling exclusively for CASH or in exchange for COUNTRY PRODUCE. By so doing he will be able to sell goods as cheap as the cheapest. Call and examine his stock.

HIGHEST PRICES PAID IN TRADE FOR ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE.

E. S. PARKER, (Belford's Store-room) Main Street, Mifflintown, Pa.

NEW FIRM!

DOYLE & MARLEY, PATTERSON, PA.

At the Room Recently Occupied by George Goshee, Corner of Tuscarora and Juniata Streets.

Wish to inform the citizens of Mifflintown, Patterson and surrounding country that they have opened a full line of

NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS, Sugars, Syrups, Teas, Coffees, Spices, Fish, Salt, Soap, Tobaccos, &c.

Flour and Feed Always on Hand.

ALSO, COAL OF ALL KINDS, Snow Coal, Lime burners' Coal and Blacksmiths' Coal always on hand at the lowest prices.

RAILROAD TIES, LOCUST POSTS, and all kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for Goods and Coal, for which the highest market prices will be paid.

Persons wishing anything in our line will find it to their advantage to give us a call, as we feel assured that we can accommodate all.

George Goshee is our authorized Agent. All business transacted by him will be acknowledged by us.

DOYLE & MARLEY, Patterson, Jan. 23, 1872.

D. K. SULOVIC & CO., (Successors to D. P. Salovey.)

DEALERS IN Grain, Lumber, Coal, Salt, Plaster, CALCIUM PLASTER, CEMENT, &c.

The Highest Cash Prices Paid for all kinds of Grain.

Lumber, Coal, &c., Sold at the Lowest Prices.

Having boats of our own we can freight Grain, Lumber, Coal, &c., cheaper than any other parties. We therefore defy competition.

You can make money by calling on us before selling or buying elsewhere.

GRAIN WILL BE RECEIVED IN STORE TO BE SOLD BY THE 1st OF JUNE, 1871.

P. S.—Our grain is not elevated on men's backs.

Mifflintown, April 20, 1871.

THE JUNIATA SENTINEL Job Printing Office for all kinds of Plain and Fancy Printing.

Legal Advertisement

LIST OF DEALERS AND VENDERS OF Foreign and Domestic Merchandise in the county of Juniata, for the year 1872, as approved and classified by the Mercantile Appraiser:

Table listing merchants in Mifflintown with their names and professions.

WALKER.

Table listing merchants in Walker.

PAVETTE.

Table listing merchants in Pavette.

THOMASSTOWN.

Table listing merchants in Thomasstown.

DELAWARE.

Table listing merchants in Delaware.

SUSQUEHANNA.

Table listing merchants in Susquehanna.

MONROE.

Table listing merchants in Monroe.

PATTERSON.

Table listing merchants in Patterson.

PERYSVILLE.

Table listing merchants in Perysville.

TURBETT.

Table listing merchants in Turbett.

SPRING HILL.

Table listing merchants in Spring Hill.

TUSCARORA.

Table listing merchants in Tuscarora.

LACK.

Table listing merchants in Lack.

I will hold an appeal at the Commissioners Office, in Mifflintown, on THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1872, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 3 P. M., when all persons may attend who feel themselves aggrieved by the above appraisal and classification, as there will be no appeal after that time.

N. D. VANDYKE, Mercantile Appraiser.

BLOOMSBURG STATE NORMAL SCHOOL AND Literary and Commercial Institute.

The Faculty of this Institution aim to be very thorough in their instruction, and to look carefully to the manners, health and morals of the students.

Apply for catalogues to HENRY CARVER, A. M., Sept 28, 1871-6m Principal.

COAL, Lumber, Fish, Salt, and all kinds of Merchandise for sale. Chestnut Oak Bark, Railroad Ties, all kinds of Grain and Seeds bought at the highest market prices in cash or exchanged for merchandise, coal, lumber, &c., to suit customers. I am prepared to furnish to builders bills of lumber just as wanted and on short notices, of either oak or yellow pine lumber.

NOAH HERTZLER, Jan 1 Port Royal, Juniata Co., Pa.

NATIONAL HOTEL, LEWISTOWN, PENN'A.

BEAR & HANAKER, Proprietors.

Poet's Corner.

COURAGE TO DO RIGHT.

We may have courage, all of us, To start at honor's call, To meet a foe, protect a friend, Or face a cannon-ball!

To show the world one hero lives, The foremost in the fight— But do we always manifest The courage to do right?

To answer "No" with steady breath, And quick unflinching tongue, When fierce temptation, ever near, Her siren song has sung?

Select Story.

A TRUE STORY WITH A FAIRY IN IT.

"O Granny, if I had but one little piece of all this treasure, what a glad girl I should be!" Little Rose Dibble stood at the corner of two streets, holding fast to her grandmother's hand, while she gazed with wide open eyes into a window rich with gold and silver ware, which seemed to her an inexhaustible mine of wealth.

It was a dreary night in December, and chilly winds, carrying the snow-flakes hither and thither, blew her hair in golden tangles all about her white face.

"You will never have that, Rosie, through me." When her grandmother said that Rosie hastened her steps, holding her breath as she passed by the beautiful window; for the breath that came over her little lips was the breath of desire, so hard for a child to control.

She did seem to feel the cold that night, perhaps because the wind of adversity had been blowing cold upon her young life ever since she could remember.

And just then, too, her heart was so warm with the fire of sweet fancies! But the heart in Rosie's body was a tender one, and as the shiver which ran through her grandmother's frame, she tightened her hold on her withered hand, hurrying more swiftly along the snowy footpath.

They were soon out of the city with snow like a cloud about them, the bright lights fading like a dream in the distance, and their home, poor and cheerless though it was, a friendly sight.

They reached the door and went in. It was a poor shelter against the bitter storm, the two little rooms in the midst of the wide desolate common but Rosie barred the door, lighted a fire of sticks, and put a new candle in the iron candlestick; then she crept close to her grandmother's feet before the fire.

Her grandmother was the only friend Rosie had in the world, and Rosie was the one treasure her grandmother had left, so that the love they gave each other was undivided.

"Aren't you going to bed, Rosie," grandmother asked, at length, "while the room is warm? May be you'll have happy dreams before the dawn."

"No," said Rosie, shaking her head till the curls tumbled about her face again; "you must tell me a story first. Let it be of the summer time you used to know when you were like me."

"Little folks like you! Ah, Rosie, child, that was such a long, long time ago that it makes me dizzy to look back to it! But I dream sometimes of a bright summer time, when I shall leave this worn out house, drop off these wrinkles and gray hairs, and be at home in a pleasant garden, with the river of life flowing through."

Rosie looked up in amazement as the dear voice dropped into silence; but there was a smile on the wrinkled face and a glow, like that of the morning, over the gray pallor of the sunken cheeks.

"Ah," thought Rosie, to herself, "if I might only get there too, where it is always summer!" And she shivered, for the sticks had burned out, and the coals were burning to ashes.

But there was a tiny glow on one corner of the hearthstone, and, almost as if her thought had answered itself, a low voice like music rose from the midst of the ashes.

waiting to know if you will let me stay with you.

"But who are you?" cried Rosie, in amazement. "You wished but a minute ago," continued the fairy, "that you could go where your grandmother is gone. I am the Fairy of Kind Words and Generous Deeds, and if you take me into your heart, I can show you the way, and help you to get there."

"I will," cried Rosie, with a sudden resolve. And then, somehow, before she knew it, in some mysterious way, the door of her heart swung open, and the beautiful fairy slipped in.

Rosie felt her heart grow warm and satisfied, and hiding her sleepy eyes on her grandmother's cold knees, she fell asleep, while the candle, too, burned down to a little spark and went out.

In the morning a rich lady was riding by in her sleigh all covered with soft robes, and discovered little Rosie through the half opened door which the wind had torn from its fastenings.

Moved with pity, she took her to her own luxurious home, which was bright with everything but children's faces, adopting her for her own daughter. There the fairy stayed with little Rosie Dibble, until she, too, grew old. She heeded all the wise fairy's monition which had so strangely come to her, to the poor unfortunate for miles around; so that every voice lifted as she went by called her blessed; and every step she took was a step towards that beautiful summer land, where her dear old grandmother had gone. Ballou's Magazine.

"ALL THE FOOLS NOT DEAD."

How John Janney, of Shannondale, Pa., was Taken In and done For—A Clever Swindler and a Stupid Victim.

Mr. Johnney is a resident of Shannondale, this State. He is afflicted with an eye disorder, and came to this city in other words to have his eyes opened. Yesterday they were shut after the following manner:

"A NICE SPOKEN YOUNG MAN." Mr. Janney registered himself at the Merchants' Hotel, and yesterday, while waiting in the reading room attached thereto, involuntarily made the acquaintance of a young man named Reynolds. An oily-tongued, sleek-looking, well-dressed individual was Reynolds, who talked politics and proved himself, as Mr. Janney afterward said, "a nice spoken young man." The old gentleman and the young man became very intimate. After all the ordinary conversational topics had been exhausted, Mr. Reynolds proposed that the two should take a short walk. He had some business down town and he would take pleasure in introducing Mr. Janney. They started, and when about a half square from the hotel, were met by

ANOTHER NICE YOUNG MAN AND A LITTLE BILL. This young man presented a little bill to Reynolds, which he desired settled—he was going to New York, and must have the cash. Mr. Reynolds consulted his pocket book, but was sorry to say he had a few dollars in currency only and a five hundred dollar bill. Turning to Mr. John Janney, of Shannondale, Pa., he said: "Janney, old fellow, lend me seventy-five dollars to settle with this man."

"Certainly," was the reply, and the seventy-five dollars were handed over. "Thank you, thank you, I will repay you as soon as I get back to the hotel." By the way, I want to be back at half past five precisely, so as to catch the seven o'clock train, and I have left my watch in my trunk; lend me yours, and I will return it when I pay you the money."

Mr. John Janney hesitated for a while and then unhooked his watch and handed it over also. He then separated from Reynolds and the other young man and returned to the hotel. Here he seated himself by the clock and waited for Reynolds to return. Five o'clock—quarter past—half past—quarter of six—six o'clock—and then Mr. John Janney began to "smell a mouse" larger than that which the mountain brought forth. The mouse grew larger until it finally swelled into the proportions of a swindle.

Anybody who at this late day can be taken in by the confidence game, must either be an inhabitant of some interior Arcadi, or an idiot. Mr. John Janney, of Shannondale, Pennsylvania, has had his eyes opened. Where is Shannondale?—Press of Feb. 29.

Two soldiers, named McCargue and Cavanaugh, inmates of the National Asylum, at Milwaukee, were found dead in a ravine in the woods back of the Asylum barns a week ago. They were nearly blind, and have been missing for more than a month, having been covered up with snow until the thaw developed their whereabouts.

"I CAN marry any girl I please," said a young man boastfully. "Very true," replied his waggish companion, "for you can't please any."

A BROTHER'S REVENGE.

The following thrilling narration is told in the Press of the 28th ult. by a correspondent, who is with a military expedition on the plains:

Riding out above Julesburg, a rock was pointed to me at the foot of which had been enacted a tragedy the mere recital of which made my blood run cold. The place was in a deep canyon, surrounded by high bluffs, and there was a loneliness and silence in the frowning rocks that oppressed every visitor, and made them glad to hasten their departure from the gloomy dell. Many years ago two young men came from the East, and ascending the Missouri engaged in the fur business. They were bosom friends, and prospered in all their undertakings; money flowed into their coffers and they became wealthy; still they stayed in the West that had been so generous to them, and finally determined to make it their permanent home. One of the young men had a fair sister, who lived at St. Louis, where the partners went annually to sell their furs and divide the profits of their business. The girl, infatuated by the tales of adventure told by her brother, longed to visit the great West, and begged so hard that she might be permitted to go, that her brother finally consented. For a whole year she lived at the hunter's ranch on the head-waters of the Missouri, and when the time came for the partners to go down the river and sell their furs, the brother was sick and could not go. The girl was loth to leave her brother, but he urged her to go home and see their mother, saying he would soon be well and follow after her. Entrusting his darling to his friend and partner, the two set out in a Mackinaw boat, well manned and provided with every comfort. The brother grew worse and the summer wore away before he was able to travel. In the meantime the partner returned bringing him news from home and a division of the annual profits which were larger than ever before. The brother, pleased with the manner in which their business had been managed, readily yielded to the suggestion of his partner to delay his visit home, devoted the winter to active operations, and go down in the spring with furs. All went well until mid winter, when the brother received a letter from his home that nearly crazed him. The letter was from his mother, and gave a long and circumstantial account of the seduction and ruin of his beloved Nina by his partner. The girl had confessed everything and told how he had seduced her while bringing her home down the Missouri and then abandoned her. The poor girl, unable to bear her shame, had become a maniac, and soon would be a mother. The first impulse of the brother on reading this letter was to seek out at once and kill the villain who had ruined his family, but he thought the momentary suffering inflicted by a ball was not enough of punishment for such a scoundrel, and so devised a plan for revenge that no Indian could have outdone for cruelty. Keeping the receipt of his letter a profound secret, he went on with his business as usual and every day met his partner on the same terms of friendly intimacy as formerly. When the skins were packed and all in readiness to go down the river the brother went to Fort Benton and there had executed a will, leaving the name of the person who made it blank, after which he returned to his camp on the Jefferson Fort. He then represented that on the Platte great profits were to be made in the fur trade, and proposed to make a "swap," but he did not see how he was to do it. At last he thought of a plan. His horse had been taught to sit down like a dog whenever he was touched by the spur. Seeing a wild turkey, the Yankee made his horse perform his trick, and asserted that he was pointing game, as was his custom. The Kentuckian rode in the direction indicated by the horse's nose, and up rose a turkey. That settled the matter; the trade was made, and saddles and horses were changed. After a time they came to a deep and rapid stream over which the black horse carried his rider with ease. But the Kentuckian, on the yankee's old beast, found great difficulty in getting over, and when he had reached the middle of the stream he was afraid the horse would allow himself to be carried away, so he endeavored to spur him up to more vigorous action. Down sat the old horse on his haunches. "Look a here!" shouted the enraged and partially submerged Kentuckian to the Yankee on the other side of the stream, "What does all this mean?"

"I want you to know, stranger," cried the Yankee, preparing to ride away, "that that there horse will pint fish just as well as he will fool!"

A sharp Memphian, desirous of seeing Alexis, took off his coat, put a Saratoga trunk on his shoulder and walked up stairs, evading the police, who were instructed to keep everybody out of the Peabody House. He carried a two hundred pound trunk up two flights, didn't see the Grand Duke, and had his coat stolen.

A LIVING DEATH.

Results of a Horseback Ride—A New Sense Developed.

[From the N. Y. letter to the St. Louis Republican.]

Over in Brooklyn there is a young girl, who, seven years ago, was thrown from a horse. Her back, if not seriously broken, had at least ceased to perform its functions, her heart ceased to beat, and she was dressed for the grave; but about her face there lingered so much of life that her guardian and aunt refused to allow her burial. After a few days, wonderful as it may seem, she recovered the use of an arm, she breathed, and to this day she lies, her body perfectly helpless, the faculty of swallowing entirely destroyed. Life is maintained by injections, and weekly surgical operations enable this unhappy creature to remain on earth. One hand is tightly closed, and the other she uses with an almost natural freedom. She is partially blind, and can only faintly utter a few broken words—Her body is wasted until it is the size of a child of six or seven, but her face is still pretty, and bears no signs of her fearful experience. She inserts a knife in the closed hand, and cuts sheets of wax into proper shape, and moulds it, and colors it, and makes very beautiful wax flowers, lying upon her back with a raised elbow as usual across her breast. She has taken no food in the natural way since her injury, and is the most wonderful case, probably, in the country. As her parents left her well off, and she has an aunt whose devotion admits no mercenary thought, this young lady is comparatively unknown. But what a fate has befallen her—a living death! Who can tell what may be the action of her mind, for she is incapable of writing much or speaking but a few words, and withal seems to have developed an unknown sense, for when her aunt enters the room with a letter she herself cannot in the gloom of that apartment, the half-blind creature, dying perhaps, turns quite away from the letter, utters a strange noise, and faintly speaks the name of the person from whom the letter comes.

A KENTUCKIAN and a Yankee were once riding through the woods, the former on a fine black horse, and the Yankee on an inferior animal. The latter wanted to make a "swap," but he did not see how he was to do it. At last he thought of a plan. His horse had been taught to sit down like a dog whenever he was touched by the spur. Seeing a wild turkey, the Yankee made his horse perform his trick, and asserted that he was pointing game, as was his custom. The Kentuckian rode in the direction indicated by the horse's nose, and up rose a turkey. That settled the matter; the trade was made, and saddles and horses were changed. After a time they came to a deep and rapid stream over which the black horse carried his rider with ease. But the Kentuckian, on the yankee's old beast, found great difficulty in getting over, and when he had reached the middle of the stream he was afraid the horse would allow himself to be carried away, so he endeavored to spur him up to more vigorous action. Down sat the old horse on his haunches. "Look a here!" shouted the enraged and partially submerged Kentuckian to the Yankee on the other side of the stream, "What does all this mean?"

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this infuriated brother compelled the poor man to do, and then quietly awaited the end. Day by day the partner grew weaker and the brother gloated over his misery, often reading to him the letter from his mother.

The poor man promised to marry the girl and make all the reparation in his power to the family, but the brother was deaf to entreaties. At last the partner—dwindled to a skeleton—died, and the brother, after burying his victim's emaciated corpse in the sand, resumed his journey to St. Louis. There he gave out that his partner had died while on his way through the Rocky Mountains, and in proof of his assertion delivered his letters. The will was also proved, and the girl became the dead man's heir.—Two years afterward the brother was shot by Indians, and before he died confessed what he had done. Some hunters visited the place and dug up the skeleton, around the neck of which still was the chain by which the poor man when living had been fastened to the fatal rock. The point is still pointed out to travelers and the tale told of how the brother day after day cat his meals in the presence of his wretched prisoner, but would not give him so much as a crumb or a cup of water to slake his thirst.

It is announced that the Rev. John B. New, of Indianapolis, Ind., a Baptist minister, has died from a cold contracted during a recent out door baptism. He had to enter a river where the ice was broken for the purpose, and all dripping wet, had to walk nearly a mile to change his clothes afterward.

The Apache Indians who stole government horses from Camp McDowell, Arizona, and deserted from the reservation, have sent in a flag of truce and asked to be allowed to return and receive rations. On being told that they must first return the stock and surrender the thieves, they went back to the mountains.

The West Virginia Constitutional Convention has decided to retain the clause which disqualifies attorneys and salaried officers of railroads from being members of the Legislature, but struck out the clause disqualifying preachers. Members are required to take an oath that they will not take any consideration for their vote. Charleston was made the seat of government until changed by law.

An economical Iowan, who had a tooth ache, determined to remove his tooth in the Indian fashion. Accordingly he bent down a sapling in the woods, lay down himself, and attached a stout cord to his tooth and sapling. Then he touched the spring, and the next he knew he had jumped over a grove of about forty small trees, and was trying to get out of a small pond that he happened to slip in.

A sharp five year old school boy in Minn., was given a note by his teacher to carry to the principal. The note read: "M.—The bearer desires a severe punishment." Johnny "smelt a mice," however, and meeting a little Norwegian boy in the hall inveigled him into presenting the note. The principal carried out instructions, and the little Norwegian boy meditates upon the wickedness of young America.

Journalists are appreciated and understood in the Golden State. The California Assembly has ordered to engrossment, preparatory to passage, a bill exempting them from jury service. The passage of the bill was not asked for by the journalists, but it was conceded them as a matter of right, upon the ground that they were engaged in public duties quite as necessary, and even imperative, as jury service. Practically the courts everywhere make a discrimination in favor of journalists; but a formal law is more to that point.

Making dwarfs and beggars is a common thing in China. For the first a child of three or four years is taken, and a heavy porcelain vase is put over him, so that the head alone is free. This is taken off every evening, so that he may sleep, but is put on again in the morning. The child thus advances in age in this inflexible mould until he can no longer grow. Then the vase is broken. The horrible sufferings that must be experienced in this process are even exceeded by the practice in other establishments in Pekin, where beggars voluntarily submit to having their eyes taken out and their limbs broken to excite public commiseration.

A Chicago lover went to visit his girl one evening recently, but for some reason, possibly that the fire had materially changed his position in life, she received and treated him coolly. He remained standing in the parlor a few moments, but finally made a movement toward the door remarking that "he guessed he'd go."

"Oh!" said she, starting from a wonderful condition of semi-unconsciousness, "won't you take a chair?" "Well, I don't care if I do," was his reply; and he took a chair, thanking her kindly, and carried it home. He says it is a good chair, made of walnut, with stuffing, and green cover—just what he wanted. But he is down on that girl, and declares he wouldn't marry her—not if her father owned a brewery.

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