

—and I'll take the little one." This last was spoken to a stout teamster, and he took the wife in his arms as though she had been a newborn infant.

"It's only a few steps," said Drake, as he started to go. "I'll send your lantern back to Mike Fingal."

And with this the party left the bar-room and I went to the window and saw them wading.

off through the deep snow, and when they were out of sight I passed away. The horse came out and began to explain matters; but I was sick enough already, and with an aching heart I left the room.

On the following morning I came down to breakfast later than usual, for I slept very little through the night. About nine o'clock the driver came in and told us the stage would be

"What'll you have this morning, Jim?" I heard the landlord ask, as he set out a tumbler.

"Nothing," returned the fat man emphatically.

"I'm done, Mike Fingal, I'm done with the stuff. I'll drink no more of it. I wouldn't

have come now only poor Lockland was up and his sweet little wife was hanging about his neck. They were cryin' so that I could stand it, and I had to clear out. O, its dread-
poor things have suffered! But they shan' have my example any more."
"All ready," shouted the driver, and I was forced to leave.
The wind had all gone down: the air was

sharp and bracing, and slowly we swallowed away from the village.

I reached Buffalo two days later than I expected to when I started, and having transacted my business there, I went to Mississippi and so on down to New Orleans. Four years afterward I had occasion to travel that same road again, and stopped in that same village to take dinner. The bar was still open, but Michael Pingal had gone away. I walked out

after dinner, and soon came across a neatly painted office, over the door of which I read: "George Lockland, Attorney and Counsellor at Law." In less than five minutes afterward I saw a fat, good-natured looking man coming towards me, whom I at once recognized as Jim Drake. As he came up I said: "Excuse me sir, but I wish to know how Mr. Lockland is getting on now?" "George Lockland you mean?" he asked.

"Then you ought to know him now. He is the first man in the county, sir. Four years ago this month, coming, he was just about as low as a man can be. Did you ever know the Squire's wife?"

"I have seen her," I replied. I saw Drake

"But u should'se'c her now. Ah, it was a great change for her. That's their child—that little girl coming this way. Ain't that picture for ye?"

I looked and saw a bright-eyed sunny-haired girl of eight summers, coming laughing and tripping along like a little fairy. She stopped as she came to where we stood, and put up her arms—"Uncle Drake," as she

called the old man, and while he was kissing her, and chatting with her, I moved on. I looked back once more on that happy, beautiful face just to contrast it with the pale, frightened features I had seen on that night in the bar-room.

LIONS ATTACKING AN ACTRESS

A THUNDERING SCENE AT THE BOWERY THEATRE

A terrific scene, more exciting in its details than the very strongest blood and thunder tragedy that a Bowery audience ever witnessed occurred at the Bowery Theatre on Saturday night. The performances were drawing to a close, and expectation was on tip-toe to witness the brave and daring acts of Miss Minnie Wells with the Puma lions. The

young lady entered upon the stage, made her bows with courtesy to the audience, and immediately she went into the cage containing the lions—the crowded audience meantime watching the exhibition with breathless interest. Suddenly, while the young actress was going through her performance with the animals, piercing screams broke the awe-struck silence of the theatre, and the audience were horrified at the sight of the young lady in the lions' lair.

sight of a huge lion seizing the young lady by the throat and lacerating her in such a frightful manner that the blood poured in streams upon her dress. The actors and attendants upon the stage rushed forward and struck the enraged brute, and finally succeeded in causing him to relinquish his hold upon Miss Wells, who was dragged from the cage in fainting condition. She was carried home by her parents, and received prompt surgical at-

tendence. The scene among the audience was a chaotic one, with women fainting and men shouting with agony at witnessing danger which they were powerless to prevent. Information of the event was brought to the Franklin Street Police Station, and Captain Kennedy, of the Sixth Precinct, with a large force of police, was promptly on hand, and succeeded in restoring order, so that the theatre was cleared without further accident.

A FAMILY SUITOR.—A very pretty Oakland girl, not over eighteen years of age, brought suit for breach of promise against a young merchant, who had changed his mind and taken a richer bride.

The counsel for the plaintiff in summing up descended at length and with moving pathos upon "the enormity of the defendant's guilt in creeping into the bosom of this family (here the old lady pinned her shawl closer) "and deceiving and disappointing the faithful girl!"

PENNSYLVANIA capitalists propose erecting a new bridge over the Delaware, to connect Philadelphia with Camden, N. J.

AN Irish woman, who had married a Canadian man, was before a St. Louis court recently for trouncing her Asiatic spouse.

to be opened in New York, having a capital of \$25,000 with shares at \$50 dollars each.

A Detroit couple brought a sick child to police justice, a few days since, and demanded the arrest of a negro doctor, for poisoning.

BOLIVIA and Ecuador lately had been in a diplomatic quarrel, but Bolivia has apologized, and the two republics are again friends.

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